



# Wild Ones<sup>SM</sup>

## Journal

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### GREEN AND NATURAL SPACES

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**W**hen I was a kid, there seemed to be plenty of neighborhood green spaces to explore: open lots that weren't yet built upon, small streams that wandered through the undeveloped landscape. I remember a tree fort that my brother and I built in the back lot and the observation outpost we fashioned out of cardboard and discarded framing wood that we found down along the river.

For us it was just pure enjoyment. I didn't know I was "having a learning experience," possibly sowing the seeds of my desire to be a naturalist. But lately I've been reading that the best way for kids to learn about the natural environment, to understand a

bit about the incredibly complex system in which we're just a few of the cogs, is simply to play in fairly natural surroundings. Such a place need not be a wilderness area. A green, natural place where humans haven't made any effort to sterilize or re-engineer the landscape will do nicely.

Sometimes it looks as if we're moving farther and farther away from giving our children the same chance that we had as kids to meet nature naturally. Our increasingly urban environment seems to gulp up the green spaces.

As an adult, I chose the lot we now live on because of the protected seven acres of common ground that back my property. I knew that over time the natural acres would provide my children with experiences I could never give them within the confines of my small suburban lot. It's a wild area where foxes sometimes venture and where squirrels and moles feel at home. It's a place where cardinals nest and deer occasionally appear.

*(continued on next page)*



**"GREEN AND NATURAL SPACES"** is reprinted here from the book *The Backyard Naturalist* by Craig Tufts.

Craig Tufts oversees the National Wildlife Federation's Backyard Wildlife Habitat Program and has appeared several times on "The Victory Garden" (PBS) to discuss ways of gardening to attract animals.

Tufts, who holds degrees from Cornell University, lives in Virginia where his family shares its 9,000-square-foot lot with hummingbirds, sharp-shinned hawks, box turtles, and more than 100 species of native plants.

## GREEN AND NATURAL SPACES

(continued from previous page)

Some of our newer housing developments, promoting 'urban convenience plus rural charm,' are sparing a few acres of former farmland or woodland from being built on or paved over. Maybe those of us in older neighborhoods should take a good look at the newer planning and see what we can do to revitalize our bulldozed acreages.

Perhaps you have an opportunity to speak up for the preservation or restoration of natural areas in your neighborhood. Perhaps you can ask where your homeowners' dues are going, and can point out the problems of trying to maintain 'park' spaces. Maybe we should launch a nationwide effort to get a portion of grass areas in parks turned back

into fields and scrub and woods, good places for our children and for wildlife.

I can't think of anything that would better encourage our over-urbanized young people to take an early interest in their natural worlds. Can you? If you agree our natural spaces should be kept intact, then we are indeed on 'common ground.' —Craig Tufts

The National Wildlife Federation administers a backyard wildlife habitat program. For information, call Craig Tufts at (703) 790-4438.

## REMINDERS

☞ It's a new year—time to start a phenological calendar. A what?! A record of natural events that allows you to compare one year to another.

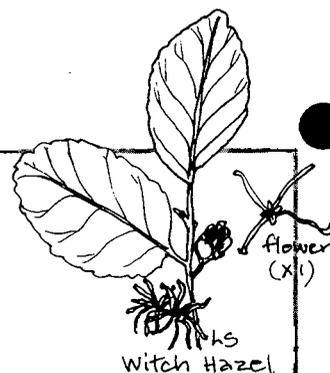
**PHENOLOGY:** *The study of periodic occurrences in nature, as the migration of birds, the blossoming of flowers, the ripening of fruit, and their relation to climate.*



☞ If you know of property with native plants that is scheduled for development, contact your chapter president or plant rescue coordinator.

Lorrie's notes

## THE JULIE MARKS MEMORIAL FUND



**NO GIRL**

Years ago when you saw that license plate you knew that the beautiful brunette woman whose car had just passed yours was Julie Marks, the membership chairman of the young Wild Ones organization. Many of us remember how she vowed to "crack 200." We did. She was also the person who suggested that Wild Ones provide the muffins at Audubon's Natural Landscaping Conference. We'll be doing that again this year. You will be able to nibble on a muffin and drink coffee during the morning lectures. (Please bring your own mug.)

You'll also notice on the poster that the keynote speaker during the lunch hour is sponsored by the Julie Marks Memorial Fund. Even though Julie succumbed to cancer in 1990, her name and the memory of her indomitable spirit must continue on. All summer long, photographers, artists, authors, classes and formal tours stop to admire and study her berms on Brown Deer Road. She had an artist's eye. In the '80s, after she had planted a woodland garden and then a prairie flower garden on the corners of her yard, she designed and molded the large, clay berms. They are sculpted into undulating humps seeming to mimic two sleeping animals. Her plans were to cover them with native flowers, but by the the autumn of '89 the cruel cancer cells had invaded her spine and she was confined to a wheelchair. Forty friends rushed to her side, and under the direction of Donald Vorpahl, planted 2,400 bare-rooted prairie plants. The following summer, the last in her life, she was able to experience her dream coming true (see *The Natural Habitat Garden*, page 19, and *Time-Life's Low Maintenance Gardening*).

Near the end of the season, a spray of asters lay on top of Julie's white-and-gold casket in the temple. And when the service was over, the little bouquet from her berm was carried behind the coffin and went to her grave with her body. One summer day during the following year, a friend was walking past the glorious display of flowers when she stopped, thrust her arms straight up into the air and shouted, "Hooray, Julie!"

This year the Marks Memorial Fund will bring Professor Hugh Iltis to the Natural Landscaping Conference on Feb. 10, 1996. His love of flowers, his concern for people and their continued life on this planet, and his indomitable spirit, which matched hers, would have really pleased our Julie. This environmental activist and beloved teacher was my choice for the honor this year. —Lorrie Otto

# Shooting stars

## Wild Ones you should know

*The opportunity to write about members of Wild Ones and to use my favorite flower as a title were real incentives to get this column 'out of the ground.' Although getting shootings stars to grow in your yard may be difficult, a wonderful spot to see them and give you encouragement to keep trying is the Chiwaukee Prairie, on the Wisconsin-Illinois border. Go on Memorial Day and see the prairie there covered with them.*

*The shooting stars in this column will be members who are willing to share their ideas, philosophies, successes and failures. It will give us all a chance to know other members and perhaps open the lines of communication on a personal level. Comparing my yard to others (the grass always seems to be greener on the other side) in Wild Ones has given me the opportunity to put into use what sometimes took others many years to learn. I hope this column can provide some of that camaraderie.*



CHRIS REICHERT

ard for her own property, and three years ago she joined Wild Ones.

The previous owners had been very negligent. They had left roofing and other junk in the yard, and so her first concern with her yard was to treat the soil. She started a worm bed and put in a cover crop of oats. Her recipe for healthy soil includes some interesting ingredients: she saves eggshells for calcium, hair from hair brushes for protein, and pencil shavings for keeping away the bugs.

On the land strip between her property and the fire department she put in flowers rescued from digs, including asters and Black-eyed Susans. When she heard about mudslides along the Lake Michigan shoreline, she was there to rescue

Trout Lilies. Soon she wants to expand this strip and start a woodland area. In the back of her house is an extremely shady area where she has put False Solomon's Seal and Jack-in-the-Pulpit, also rescued from digs. A rock garden takes up another portion of the yard, and in addition to all of these areas there's an herb garden, grape vines and a wild blackberry patch.

Chris has an interesting tie to the Schlitz Audubon Center in Milwaukee. Her grandfather, Fred Noeske, lived and worked on this property when it was pasture/farmland belonging to the Uihlein family. She's interested in finding out more about this history, and if you have information, please get in touch with her. You can always see Chris at the Wild Ones Milwaukee-North Chapter meetings and see her name in print for her work on various Wild Ones committees. Her biggest project to date is the Ecofest Environmental Awareness Fair at the Port Washington Middle School on April 28, 1996. 🍀

—Rae Sweet

*"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." — William Shakespeare*

**O**ur first bloom is Chris Reichert. Chris has resided with her family in downtown Port Washington, Wis., for eight years in a 150-year-old home with a 'postage stamp-size' lot located next to the fire department. She describes her property as a "totally impossible yard" with a combination of hill, clay and Norway Maples. Because she found her yard so "pathetic," Chris initially did not even want to work on it. Instead, she became involved in the activist/political angle of natural landscaping with the city of Port Washington and helped on community projects. She feels we should nurture and appreciate the natural environment that we do have and particularly instill this philosophy into our youth. However, her environmental concerns couldn't keep her away from being a stew-

**WORTH NOTING:** The Lake County Soil and Water Conservation District in Grayslake, Ill., will be offering a tree and shrub sale this spring of over 50 hardy species—many native. Prices are described as "affordable." Order forms or brochures are available by calling (708) 223-1056. Whether you're looking for windbreaks, wildlife plantings or single specimens, SWCD claims it can fulfill your needs.



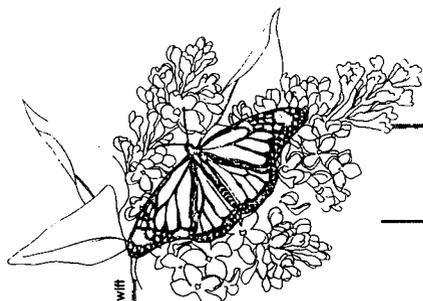


Illustration: Betty Swift

## BASICS OF BUTTERFLY GARDENING

Describing the ideal butterfly garden to Wild Ones members is likely to be as simple as saying "Keep on doing what you're doing!" A garden filled with prairie wildflowers and grasses has it all: fabulous nectar, the chance to find a mate, a nursery for the resulting offspring, and a darn fine place to hang out on a sunny afternoon.

Why are native plants important? Local butterfly species are adapted to the flora of their range; many will lay their eggs on only one or two chosen plants. Many of the lovely little blues choose lupine as a larval host plant. They won't be attracted to hybrids like Russell Lupine. Plant wild lupine (*Lupinus perennis*) to nurture the endangered Karner Blue. Check a guidebook (Peterson and Audubon are good choices) for preferred native host plants of butterflies in your region.

One shrub, however, is such a potent draw for butterflies seeking nectar that it's always mentioned in butterfly gardening articles. Butterfly bush (*Buddleia davidii*), a native of China, occurs throughout North America.

Native alternatives to *Buddleia* include wild lilac or New Jersey Tea (*Ceanothus sp.*), Mock Orange (*Philadelphus sp.*), Joe Pye Weed (*Eupatorium purpureum*), Sweet Pepperbush (*Clethra alnifolia*), Ironweed (*Vernonia noveboracensis*), Lantana and Milkweed (*Asclepias sp.*)\*

Some special considerations when planting for butterflies in your garden include:

**Location.** Find a sunny, sheltered spot where butterflies can perch to feed and warm themselves. Large rocks or a stone wall make great basking spots for these cold-blooded insects. Afternoon sun will not only bring in lots of butterflies, but will provide glorious light for viewing and photographing them. It's a plus if you can watch from a kitchen or living room window.

**Nectar.** Fragrance and color will draw in a passing butterfly; plant in masses for greatest effect. Access to nectar is important—showy

double blooms and hybrids don't provide a good perching or feeding source. Some butterflies, like the Red Admiral, take extra nourishment from rotting fruit, sap, animal scat, even carrion!

**Water.** Male butterflies appreciate a patch of wet sand or dirt, from which to sip mineral-rich water. This behavior is referred to as 'puddling.'

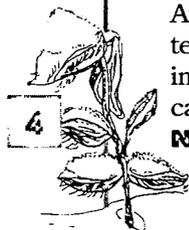
**Larval food source.** While adult butterflies will sip nectar from a number of flowers, females are particular about where they lay their eggs. Many larval host plants (nettle, thistle, willow) aren't desirable in a small garden, but there are exceptions. Plant parsley and fennel for Black and Anise Swallowtails; aster for crescents; snapdragon for Buckeyes; mallow and borage for the Painted Lady; and native grasses for satyrs and skippers. If you live near a park or wooded area, it may provide habitat for admirals and swallowtails, who will foray into your yard for nectar. Caterpillars are voracious eaters; if they're consuming all the foliage on the plant, move some of them to another (similar) plant.

**No pesticides.** Butterflies are extremely susceptible to pesticides, including Bt (*Bacillus thuringiensis*), which kills larvae. The more habitat you provide for birds and beneficial insects, the less you will be troubled by infestations.

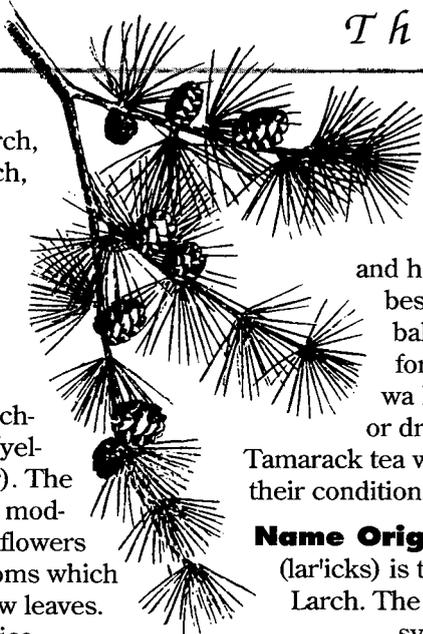
**Shelter.** Where do butterflies go when it rains? (You won't see many butterflies on cloudy days; they seem to sense when life-threatening rain is imminent.) Look in the foliage of trees and shrubs, under eaves, in a brush or wood pile. Don't tidy up too much in the fall; whether a butterfly overwinters as egg, caterpillar, chrysalis or adult, it needs a place to hibernate during the cold months. Meadow grass harbors the tiny caterpillars of ringlets and satyrs. The newly hatched larva makes itself a shelter (hibernaculum) by bending a grass blade against itself and fastening with silk. Wait until spring to mow, or at least leave a patch untouched. Leaf litter not only enriches the soil; it's home to many insects, including the pupating Luna moth. An undisturbed wood pile will shelter a diverse group of insects and small animals, including adult butterflies like anglewings.

Once you invite butterflies into your yard, you will discover a whole world of fascinating creatures in the grasses and flowers. The air will buzz, hum and chirp with life. But then, you already knew that! ☺ —Claire Hagen Dole

Claire Hagen Dole is a new columnist to Wild Ones Journal. She is publisher/editor of Butterfly Gardeners' Quarterly, P.O. Box 30931, Seattle, WA 98103. You may subscribe to BGQ for \$8 a year.



\*Butterfly weed (*Asclepias tuberosa*) is the milkweed usually offered by nurseries. Look for common milkweed (*A. syriaca*) or swamp milkweed (*A. incarnata*), whose leaves contain poisonous cardiac glycosides. Once ingested by Monarch caterpillars, the bad-tasting toxins protect caterpillar and butterfly alike from predators. Butterfly weed, though an attractive nectar source, is less toxic. (A note of caution: common milkweed spreads rapidly by underground rhizomes.)



**Other Names:** American Larch, Hackmak, Red Larch, Black Larch, Juniper Cypress, Hackmatack, Violin Wood, Eastern Larch.

**Habitat:** Swampy woods and around margins of lakes.

**Description:** This tree has a narrow, cone-shaped form. The leaves are slender with 3/8 to 1-inch-long, soft, bluish-green needles (yellow-green when they first appear). The bark is reddish-gray with a flaky, moderately rough surface. The male flowers are small, stemless yellow blossoms which are inconspicuous among the new leaves. The female flowers are more noticeable, pinkish and green cone-like bracts. The fruit is a red-brown color when ripe. **Height:** 60 to 100 feet.

**Comments:** Each autumn this tree sheds its needles in clusters or singly. It has the distinction of being the only deciduous conifer native to Wisconsin.

An 1880 publication stated that Tamarack was used for poles, ladders, and sometimes for flooring, being worth \$12 per thousand. The roots, considered to be very durable, were used in weaving bags, and sewing the edges of canoes. At one time it was considered an excellent timber and was often used for building ships. It used to be the Colonial substitute for the 'compass timber' of English Oak used in the ships of the Royal Navy. Tamarack roots furnished the curved pieces so precious to the early shipbuilders. The wood is practically indestructible under water. It produces a durable, heavy wood, resistant to the degenerative effects of weather and exposure to soil.

Tamarack trees are subject to disease attacks by insects. The main offender is the Larch Sawfly (*Pristophora ericksonii*). This defoliator caused a serious loss in Wisconsin Tamarack swamps between 1900 and 1910, bringing its commercial use to a halt. Their gaunt skeletons, dry as tinder, may still be standing in northern bogs—a tribute to the tree's durability. New growth is coming back, fortunately. In recent years the Tamarack Casebearer (*Coleophora laricella*) has also been a serious pest, but it has not caused the death of the trees in most cases.

**Medicinal Use:** In 1672 a New England resident recorded: "I cured once a desperate bruise ... with the leaves of a Larch tree and hogs grease, but the Larch gum is best." It was said to produce a fine balsamic turpentine which was good for wounds and sores. The Chipewa Indians used the inner bark, fresh or dried, chopped fine for burns.

Tamarack tea was given to horses "to better their condition from distemper."

**Name Origin:** The Genus Name, *Larix* (lar'icks) is the ancient Latin name for the Larch. The Species Name, *laricina* (lar-i-sy'na) means "larch-like."

## TAMARACK

(*Larix laricina*)

Family: Pinaceae (Pine)

**Author's Note:** My husband and I tried growing a tiny Tamarack seedling on our property, in a wet habitat along the Mullet River north of Plymouth, Wis. After eight years, it grew only 2 to 3 inches. We

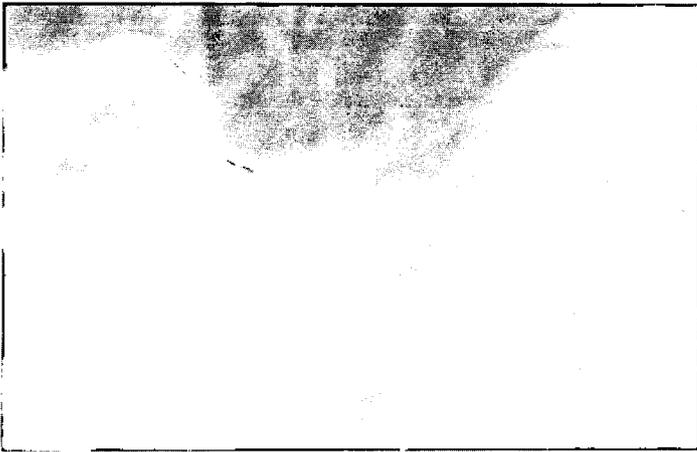
noticed recently that the tree is gone (probably eaten by deer). We were delighted to have hundreds of Tamarack on the land we purchased in Door County, Wis. We appreciate them so much more because of the difficulty we had growing our one little seedling in Plymouth.

Every time I walk by a Tamarack, I can't help but put out my hand and let the soft needles slip through my fingers. In autumn the needles turn a bright yellow before they drop, thereby lighting up the surrounding area like light bulbs. The trees have very shallow roots. Even seemingly insignificant roots, if cut, can topple a very large tree. We know—we cleared some Tamarack roots to level a pathway. Sadly, a week later the tree was brought down by a strong wind.

The bark of the Tamarack is very thin and fire-sensitive. Even a moderately severe ground fire will cause the death of an entire stand. The habitat of these trees is usually wet enough to discourage such ground fires. This was not the case on our Door County land this past summer, however. The area experienced a terrible drought (1 inch of rain between May 31 and Aug. 31). The surrounding wetlands and normally wet forest dried up. We worried about the vegetation and damage a fire would cause. Thankfully, autumn brought welcome rains. © 1996 Janice Stiefel

*NOTE:*  
Janice Stiefel's book, based on "The Inside Story" columns, will not be published as mentioned in the last issue. The publisher wanted full editorial control to change the text. Janice, in her wisdom, retained control of her thoughtful work.





## The front forty

### WHAT MAKES LORRIE DO IT?

**A**s long as I have been a part of this organization, I have marveled at our Lorrie Otto and thought about what makes her do it—*Continue to play an active role in the organization when her term could have ended years ago ... Help facilitate renewal of projects started years ago ... Help orchestrate and support yet new projects.* I don't know for sure, but would like to guess.

We moved last November and returned to the Milwaukee area this last Labor Day weekend to see the results of our efforts. I was fortunate to play a role in two rather public areas—Indian Hill School being the biggie. Seeing the project again was moving. Sometimes, while working on a project, we're incapable of seeing it for what it is. While passionately involved with the work on the day-to-day level, there were times that brought great satisfaction and, then again, frustration. It's only at a distance of space, time or season that you have an opportunity to really see what you've accomplished.

What I learned this Labor Day weekend is that we are pioneers in a tremendous movement for native landscaping. We need one another for support and counsel, and the communities in which we live need us to share what we have learned.

Once we've succeeded in our own yard, most of us can't wait to share seeds. Maybe you've noticed, it's our Lorrie who shares the most. For this movement to flourish, we need to educate our neighbors—share with the folks next door or the school down the street.

So, what makes Lorrie do it? You'll have to ask her, but my guess is that the satisfaction of being involved, hands on, with a project outside your home is one of the most exhilarating experiences you can have. Seeing my old friend, the schoolyard, I was moved to tears. It was worth every effort. Lorrie knows this. Now I'm chairing our schoolyard native planting. Once you get your feet wet, it's addictive! ☘

—Deb Harwell

**L**ast summer Curt and I received a call from a young Germantown, Wis., couple that we could not ignore. They had just moved into their home in a new subdivision and wanted to have a natural landscape. So we grabbed up all of our information and headed over to their home. One look at their 'yard' and we could see why they sounded so anxious on the phone. It was the typical sub-clay and rock mess that's left for all new homeowners in the area.

After talking with them for awhile, we came up with some ideas for them. The woman and I sat and talked, and I reassured her that a few years earlier *our* land looked exactly like hers did now. She said she didn't have the patience for all the planting, etc. that had to be done—she wanted it all right now. Well, if you have no patience when you start using natives, you certainly will learn it along the way (as I am doing). Anyone who plants a seed for a Compass Plant, Big Bluestem grass, or a Red Oak tree is really in for a lesson on patience.

Of course, there are times when I look out at all we have done and wish it would grow much faster. Sometimes I just take a fantasy trip 50 years into the future. There I listen to the new people who have just bought our old homestead and how they wonder at all the wildlife in the area. They are trying to guess the ages of the 'young' oak trees in their yard. They want to find out the names of the beautiful flowers and grasses that grow in patches in the lawn areas. Someone has told them there are wild Hazelnut, Elderberry and Black Cherry growing out on their berm. Finally, an old-timer from the neighborhood stops by to pass the time of day and tells them when he was little, he heard stories of the couple who originally had the house and how they were members of a group called Wild Ones. Perhaps they will become members.

Meanwhile, back in the present, I see Curt and I have a lot more work to do before we are ready for this young couple. We definitely need a small pond and a few more shrubs and more flowers and grasses. "Now, Curt, grab that shovel and I'll get the ..." ☘ —Judy Crane

*Food for thought: Take a look into the future of your yard. Can you really pass on planting that oak seed?*



## SEE WHAT AN INFLUENCE WILD ONES HAS HAD ON US!

**M**y dream to preserve land unfolded softly and sweetly, although it seemed consciously like an unreachable goal. It was something that other people could do: people who had more money or business savvy than I had.

I had preserved land before, living in a deeply wooded one-acre lot for 13 years. Our neighbor, Maxine Franz, had then made us familiar with her love of native plants.

When I met Deb Harwell, who was president of Wild Ones, my mind was opened to introducing prairie plants to our now 'perfect' city yard in Whitefish Bay, a suburb of Milwaukee. At the same time, Kate Jolin was establishing a prairie on her land and would blissfully walk us through her lovely project.

Retirement allowed us to winter in Florida and Texas, traveling to campgrounds. I was saddened and appalled to see how land development and agriculture would rape the Earth and her beauty. I realized, in contrast, how my heart would sing whenever I was in touch with wilderness. In congested areas, it was only through the foresight of individuals or groups that land was preserved. I resolved to be one of those, as I witnessed in my lifetime how population and economic explosion feed off the land indiscriminately, if we don't plan well.

Through Wild Ones we rescued plants that would have been bulldozed by developers, transplanted them to our backyard, shared them with friends, and gave them to a grade school that developed a native garden. Our own native area was alive with butterflies, bees and birds, bringing delight to our lives.

At the Wisconsin State Fair, we, with other Wild Ones and the DNR, worked on a natural garden exhibit, then handed out brochures about it. We met others who were buying land to preserve—*What a novel idea!* Our neighbors acquired 11 beautiful wooded acres of highland overlooking the Pecatonica River. If they could do it, so could I!

Dick Franz then told me about Don and Helen Hagan who moved near Richland Center, Wis., on 80 acres and are restoring prairie. Don introduced me to Prairie Enthusiasts and their newsletter, *The Prairie Promoter*.

I took as many workshops on prairie plants and related subjects as I could at nearby nature centers. I said a prayer to the Great Spirit and now-Saint Maxine Franz, my naturalist 'in the sky.' My big challenge was to convince my husband, Lloyd, to participate in my dream. When I compared my passion for wilderness in terms of his passion for his genealogy and Luxembourg roots, he understood.

Gary Eldred phone me to tell me that Greg Nessler had inventoried a 17-acre bluff that included a prairie remnant with at least 40 species of wildflowers. Someone else was interested in buying the land—to put a road through the prairie for a house they planned to build. Days later I phoned Greg to say this all seemed so complicated, and it

felt too rushed. Greg challenged my commitment, for which I now am grateful.

The next day I made some phone calls to a realtor friend to gather information. I phoned Laura Nessler, who was very encouraging about the beauty of the land. I decided to go and look at the property. Lloyd didn't want to miss out on any fun, so he agreed to go along.

Except for a gas stop, we drove the 3½-hour route non-stop. We laughed about our rare impulsiveness regarding such a major endeavor. At 4:10 in the afternoon, we hiked up the bluff through dried autumn flowers, breathless from the effort and the intoxicating view of the valley below and the wooded ridge directly across it. As we walked down to meet the realtor, we heard a horse trotting on the country road. An Amish couple waved from their carriage as they drove by.

We discovered there was no place to park our small camper on the bluff. It was inaccessible to camping, which would be how we'd enjoy the land. It would be against our principles to level earth for this. This was a dilemma.

The owner and his wife joined us in the realtor's car. We explained how the prairie was so rare it should not be built on. The owner agreed, but said he had other interested parties and would sell to whomever would give him a good offer on the bluff *plus* 51 acres of valley below it. I gulped and said that we had driven out to see the 17 acres. This was more than I had bargained for.

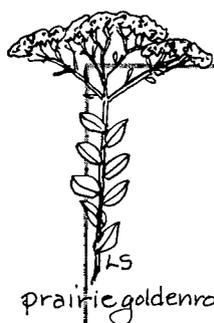
**It was dark. We would need to go back in the morning to walk the valley. Before we got into our car, we breathed in the cool night air. A full moon had risen over the ridge. In the silence we heard a coyote howling in the distance. This is better than a dream, I thought.**

We woke to a beautiful morning and borrowed waterproof boots from the owners so we might forge the west branch of the Kickapoo River. Lloyd crossed it and explored the woods on the long ridge. *We could* camp on this land—and fly fish *and* have a firepit *and* plant a prairie *and* a garden *and* share it with friends who would appreciate it *and* somehow save it for future generations.

Later we negotiated with the owners and reached a consensus, and the owner's wife jumped up and shouted with glee. (We think she wanted us to be the happy, next-door campers.) This whole process, except for my initial hesitation, flowed so easily. It all seemed to be a part of 'something bigger.' There are no coincidences.

Our intentions now are to make this a nature preserve, to enhance the prairie, restore prairie from tilled fields, create hiking paths. We're working with consultants to implement a plan for our objectives. We're also open to working with interested teachers and students who want to learn about prairies. It's even better than anything I could have dreamed of. —Mary Lee Croatt

7



prairie goldenrod

## CASSIDY'S SOJOURN DOWN THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED

**M**y office sits on the 28th floor of an anonymous Chicago skyscraper along the LaSalle Street Canyon lined with so many other such anonymous skyscrapers. Out the east-facing window, through the maze of steel and glass, I can see but a sliver of Lake Michigan. On the wall across from my desk hangs an oak-framed, poster-size photograph of my 1½-year-old daughter, Cassidy. It is not your typical office-type photo (I have some of those, too), but instead it is a picture of quandary, wonder and hope.

Cassidy, 30 pounds and standing all of 34 inches tall, wanders down a winding, sandy dirt path. Trees, birch and elm mostly, on the left overhang. Tall prairie plants splash the right side of the path. She is walking away—about 20 feet in front of me, the photographer. Nary a hint of anyone else near or far. The road leads into a forest, around a bend where she cannot see. Cassidy Paige strolls undaunted into the unknown. Her figure is dwarfed by the all-surrounding elements of Nature, much as her dad's office is dwarfed by the all-surrounding elements of humankind.

"Cassidy's Sojourn," as I call my picture, was taken last summer at the 1,200-acre University of Wisconsin Arboretum in Madison. It is a place where you can let Nature envelope you, young (very young) or old—it matters not.

The arboretum is a place where pioneer ecologist Aldo Leopold took "a worn-out piece" of farmland and restored it to a magnificent prairie—the one through which Cassidy strolled. Unlike traditional arboreta, the University of Wisconsin Arboretum does not showcase exotica from far-off lands. But, as Leopold proclaimed in remarks at the 1934 dedication, the arboretum's purpose "was to reconstruct, primarily for the use of the University, a sample of Original Wisconsin."

In addition to acres of native tall grass prairie, the visitor is greeted with stunning examples of marshes, pine forests, and woodlands. The prairie contains more than 300 plant species, which bloom in an unbroken succession

from April to October. The 43-acre Noe Woods has a stand of oak dating back to the time of settlement. Twenty miles of trails make the wonders accessible to the appreciative.

The arboretum is also the heart of the science of restoration ecology. There biologists, ecologists and a host of other 'ists' study Nature's wonders and learn best how to return land to its natural state. In a moving work on the subject, Stephanie Mills in *In Service of the Wild* defines ecological restoration as "the rapidly developing art and science of healing the wounds of the land."

As I turn from the stark steel and stress of the city that spreads out beneath my office window to gaze at "Cassidy's Sojourn," I am reminded of that sun-filled, fun-filled summer day at the University of Wisconsin Arboretum. But more than that, I am reminded of the Robert Frost poem and what it says about Nature and the choices our children must make. Wrote Frost:

*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could,  
to where it bent in the undergrowth.*

Should Cassidy, auburn hair and wide-eyed, choose the path of the past—one filled with the hubris of man's disregard for Nature—one whose 'testimonial' lies outside her father's office window? Or, should she choose the "road less traveled"—follow that path around the bend and into the forest, where one can learn to revere and respect Nature. The path to protect and preserve Her—the hoped-for path of the future.

The resolve in her stride shows an intent to follow Frost's lead...

*I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence;  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by  
And that has made all the difference.*

And that makes me happy. ♡ —Bret Rappaport

## THE PRESIDENT'S STATEMENT FOR THE NEW YEAR

WILD ONES HAS A LONG AND PROUD TRADITION: Its members have made significant contributions to the natural environment and the betterment of people's lives. We have grown significantly over the past 16 years and expect that growth to continue well into the next century.

To prepare ourselves for this expected growth, a series of structural change were made in 1995. We set up a national board of directors and national officers. The local chapters can continue to operate as they have, but with a national organization, the entire group will function more coherently and effectively. A second change instituted in 1995 to take effect in '96 is a revision of the newsletter. Starting with the next issue, the newly named *Wild Ones Journal* (formerly *The Outside Story*) will run 16 pages as we expand our bank of contributors. The title change came about in an effort to reinforce our identity.

We are venturing into uncharted territory and may occasionally trip. But, as my grandmother said, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained." I look forward to being your president in 1996.

—Bret Rappaport

## "TWEAK"

DID YOU EVER QUICKLY PLANT SOMETHING IN YOUR YARD, JUST TO KEEP IT ALIVE, WITHOUT A LANDSCAPE PLAN IN MIND?

My first issue of this newsletter was a little like that. Now, with the wonderful guidance of Wild Ones members and a few days to do some advance preparation, our talented writers' words have the page 'habitat' I think they deserve. Our resident plant artist, Lucy Schumann, is back in town for this issue, and you're meeting some of our new columnists and illustrators.

So, how are we doing?

—Joy Buslaff

## SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE!

*Wild Ones' mission of education about native landscaping is fast gaining notoriety. To keep you up to date on broadcasts and publications that mention Wild Ones, we're introducing this "Spreading Like Wildfire!" column. [If you're new to native landscaping, you may not know that fire is often a welcome occurrence—setting back many non-native and woody species, cracking seed coats to encourage germination, and reducing ground litter to an ash rich in potassium and phosphorus.]*

**Organic Gardening, January 1996 issue.** Entitled "Joe Friday, Lawn Cop," this brief article describes the experiences of Delaware gardener Maryanne McGonegal who was instructed by Wilmington's License and Inspection Department to "cut the weeds and grass." Wild Ones is specifically mentioned as a group who help support "law-breaking natural landscapers," and information is given as to how to get in touch with us.

**Old Farmer's Almanac Homeowner's Companion for 1996**—Details were not available at press time.

**"Outdoor Wisconsin"/Wisconsin Public Television.** Wild Ones' champion, Lorrie Otto, gives a tour of her yard. Milwaukee's channel 10 has selected Jan. 25, 1996, as air date. Inquire with your local Public Television station about air time in your area. ❁

*Wild Ones Journal* is published bi-monthly by Wild Ones—Natural Landscapers, Ltd. Material for newsletters is welcome. Please send typed manuscripts to: Joy Buslaff, S89 W22630 Milwaukee Ave., Big Bend, WI 53103. If material is to be returned, please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



*"Immerse yourself in Nature, quietly listen, smell, watch, taste, and touch."  
—Jim Morris*



The lovely little Pasque flower is the emblem of both South Dakota and Manitoba.

## Book nook



Virginia Creeper

### PIONEER NATURALISTS

*The Discovery and Naming of North American Plants and Animals*

by Howard Ensign Evans; \$12.95;

paperback. A vast amount of historical information on the lives of over 100 naturalists is interwoven throughout these well-written, interesting stories, which capture the adventure of discovering new plants and animals.

### DIRT

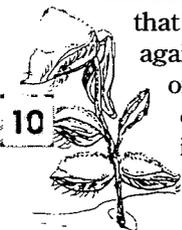
*The Ecstatic Skin of the Earth* by William Bryant Logan; \$22.95; hardcover. Here is a unique history of the soil that sustains us, as well as a memoir of one man's connection to it. Read this book. You'll learn about that which you are made of and which is essential to life on Earth.

### HOMESTEAD

by Annick Smith; \$19.95; hardcover. Ms. Smith writes of her friendship with Norman Maclean, who memorialized the Big Blackfoot in *A River Runs Through It*, and she eloquently makes the case for preserving the fragile wild environments that are our sacred places.

### GRASSLAND

*The History, Biology, Politics, and Promise of the American Prairie* by Richard Manning; \$23.95; hardcover. In an exploration of the grasslands that is sweeping and intimate, and that carries an urgent message, Manning makes the connection between botany and democracy, and shows us that the grasslands can live again. By a careful reading of nature's design, we can more successfully inhabit this and all landscapes.



Many of our advertisers sell only seeds and plants native to Wisconsin and the surrounding area. Some sell seeds and plants native to the Midwest, but which may not be specific to your state or area. Some may also sell non-native species. In an effort to promote the use of native plants, Wild Ones suggests using care in selecting seeds and plants from nurseries selling non-native species.

### HOMESTEAD YEAR

*Back to the Land in Suburbia* by Judith Moffett; \$22.95; hardcover. Ms. Moffett's year becomes a lesson in living in harmony with the land, developing a working attitude of thoughtfulness and care, and gaining an awareness of the interconnectedness of all living things—a lesson that will stay with her (and us, as well) beyond her homestead year.

### TALES FROM AN URBAN WILDERNESS

by Scott Hologue with Kenan Heise; \$19.95; hardcover. The story of wildlife's struggle for survival in a park where city and wilderness meet. Robert Cromie, book editor for the *Chicago Tribune* and Peabody Award winner, says "...if you are weary of searching through bound-to-bore titles which clutter up the book store these days, give *Tales from an Urban Wilderness* a chance. It's a sleeper that will keep you awake."

### HEDGEMAIDS AND FAIRY CANDLES

*The Lives and Lore of North American Wildflowers* by Jack Sanders; \$14.95; paperback. This book picks up where field guides leave off, describing what's interesting about the plants you have already identified, such as their natural history, folklore, habitats, horticulture, uses, origin of their names, and even their place in literature. Delicate line drawings by Dawn Peterson and Sander's own lively and informative style make this volume one of the best things that has ever happened to wildflowers. ☺

—Mary Pat Connelly

Mary Pat Connelly works at the Barnes & Noble Book Store of 7 North Waukegan Road, Deerfield, IL 60015; (708) 374-0320.



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# The meeting place

## Illinois

### NORTHERN ILLINOIS CHAPTER

Meetings held at 7 p.m., unless otherwise noted.

**January 18**—Mary Fisher-Dunham, plant propagator at The Natural Garden, teaches how to germinate seeds. Room SRC 1048.

**February 15**—"Table Topics" discussion groups tackle maintenance, pest problems, and more. Room K157.

**March 21**—President Bret Rappaport addresses everything you always wanted to know about village ordinances. Room M165.

### ROCK RIVER CHAPTER

Meetings held at Jarrett Prairie Center in Byron Forest Preserve, 7 p.m., unless otherwise noted.

**January 18**—Alan Branhagen, deputy director of Resource Dept. of Winnebago County Preserve, discusses natural landscaping with wildflowers, shrubs and trees.

**February 10**—Carpool to Natural Landscaping Conference in Milwaukee. Call Lisa Johnson for carpool info: (815) 234-8535.

**February 15**—Anne Meyer, local lecturer and owner of Endets Greenhouse, presents woodland wildflower wisdom.

## Ohio

### COLUMBUS CHAPTER

Meetings held in Rm. 116, Howlett Hall on Agriculture Campus/Ohio State University, unless otherwise noted.

## Wisconsin

### FOX VALLEY CHAPTER

Meetings held at Evergreen Community Retirement Center, Oshkosh, 7 p.m., unless otherwise noted.

**January 25**—Seed exchange and panel discussion on natural landscaping maintenance.

**February 22**—Randy Powers, Prairie Futures Seed Source, discusses innovative concepts in prairie planting and maintenance.

**March 28**—Katherine Rill, author, discussing plants of Winnebago County.

### MILWAUKEE-NORTH CHAPTER

Meetings held at Schlitz Audubon Nature Center, 9:30 a.m., unless otherwise noted.

**January 13**—Richard Barloga will tell us about the 40 easiest plants to grow in loamy clay soil.

**March 9**—Northern Illinois Wild One Vicky Nowicki presents her slide show "Going Wild in DuPage County."

### MILWAUKEE-WEHR CHAPTER

Meetings held at Wehr Nature Center, 1:30 p.m., unless otherwise noted.

**January 13**—Richard Barloga will tell us about the 40 easiest plants to grow in loamy clay soil.

**March 9**—Northern Illinois Wild One Vicky Nowicki presents her slide show "Going Wild in DuPage County."



### GREEN BAY CHAPTER

No meetings December through February.

### MADISON CHAPTER

Meetings held at McKay Center in the UW Arboretum, 6:30 p.m., unless otherwise noted.

**January 25**—Phil Pellitteri, UW Outreach entomologist, talks about insects in the garden.

**February 17-18**—Volunteers are needed to staff chapter's table at Garden Expo. Call Diane to help: (608) 837-6308.

**February 29**—Mark Leach discusses using native savanna flora for home landscaping.

**March 23**—Arboretum's Native Landscaping Conference!

Highly Recommended

FEBRUARY 10, 1996  
WISCONSIN ROOM  
UW-MILWAUKEE

## Natural Landscaping Conference

Annette Alexander, Dan Boelhke, Neil Diboll, Prof. Evelyn Howell, Dr. Hugh Iltis, Babette Kis, David Kopitzke, Steve Mahler, Lorrie Otto, Joyce Powers, Bret Rappaport, Lucy Schumann, Janice Steifel, Rae Sweet, Dan Trass, Don Vorpahl, Gerould Wilhelm

...talk about...

prairies, woodlands, books, plant propagation, using native plants to attract birds & butterflies, the natural landscaping movement & more!

Preregister before Feb. 1 or register in person at the conference. Send \$25 per person along with your name, address, daytime phone number, and make checks payable to:

MILWAUKEE AUDUBON SOCIETY  
P.O. Box 141  
CEDARBURG, WI 53012-0141

You must include a SASE if you want tickets sent to you before conference. Call (414) 375-1565 for further info.

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**Wild Ones—Natural Landscapers, Ltd.** is a non-profit organization with a mission to educate and share information with members and community at the 'plants-root' level and to promote biodiversity and environmentally sound practices. We are a diverse membership interested in natural landscaping using native species in developing plant communities.

Wild Ones—Natural Landscapers, Ltd. was incorporated in 1990 in the State of Wisconsin, under the Wisconsin Non-Stock Corporation Act for educational and scientific purposes. Wild Ones is a non-profit, tax-exempt corporation under Section 501(c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Code and is publicly supported as defined in Sections 170(b) (1)(iv) and 509(a). Donations are tax deductible as allowed by law.

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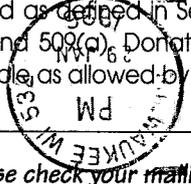
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