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A VOICE FOR THE NATURAL LANDSCAPING MOVEMENT

Wild Ones®

Journal

The natural world is a spiritual house.... Man walks there through the forest of physical things that are also spiritual things, that watch him with affectionate looks.

—Charles Baudelaire

It has been said that home is not a place, but rather a feeling. Yet it is at least equally true that place can contribute to (or detract from) the experience of being at home within one's self. A sense of place (I belong here) and the feeling of home (I belong) are often mutually inclusive, each helping to sustain the other.

Many of us seek this sense of home/place beneath the roofs of our houses, crafting a family room, den or master bedroom that provides a safe,

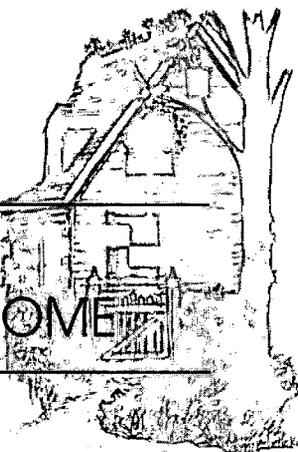
inviting ambiance. But for many, the indoors is insufficient to create a special spot—a place where one feels the upwelling of spiritual sustenance, where one can quiet the mind, smooth out the heart, and hear the whispers of the life force.

When I first sought such a place in nature, I became something of a gypsy. One season I would find "home" in a forest glen, the next by a wetland, then at a lake shore, followed by a wind-swept overlook. I found myself going to such locales at all times of day or night. And while these excursions were worth the bother, I began wishing for more ready access to a natural setting that infused a sense of the sacred into my soul. I wanted to be close to home.

This longing slowly grew until, one day, I found my fingers wrapped resolutely round the handle of a hoe. Before

me in my suburban backyard, smack dab in the middle of finely manicured lawns, was a jumble of freshly churned soil—the future site of my sacred place. Today, six years later, a patch of prairie that I call home flourishes a few steps from my

house. In the middle of this small natural oasis sits a lumpy boulder that serves as a not-so-easy chair. Surrounding it are veils of Compass Plants, Black-eyed Susans and Purple



A PLACE CALLED HOME

Coneflowers that conceal one who sits on the boulder from the boring cosmetics of the surrounding lawns and the wary stares of the neighbors.

(continued on next page)

By Philip Chard

The Wild Ones Journal is made possible in part by the generous support of Liberty Prairie Foundation.

(continued from page 1)

There is always music in my sacred place—the wind in the grass, the crickets, the snow sifting through the dry stems, the rumble of distant thunder, the shimmer of rain. And the aromas are as inviting as fresh bread baking in the oven. Accommodations for sitting are Spartan by modern standards, but the feel is real.

Creatures other than myself are ever-present, from the bees burrowing into the flowers to the migratory butterflies to the bunnies hiding in the winter shadows. Like me, they are drawn to the verve there, both the material sustenance afforded by nature and the enveloping energy of life once left to its own devices.

But the greatest wonder of my little prairie is the feeling that comes to me when I am there. I hear, see, feel, smell and touch our Mother Earth with an

uncommon intensity, one that conveys both the sense of place (I belong here) and the experience of home (I belong). In this home I learn and relearn the meaning of the word “sacred”. For that is what a home in nature is—a sacred place—one where we re-attach to the spiritual umbilical that binds each of us with the earth that gave us life. There, one remembers. The who, why and where of existence slip into place like puzzle pieces, once so perplexing but suddenly so simple. There, the wounds of living are given pause to heal.

Perhaps the healing power of such places stems from the mysterious interplay between one human being and the natural world. In this dance of mutual creation, where one supports the innate power of the life force by helping grow a location of free-form beauty, there is an intimacy of contact with life itself.

Whatever the explanation, I do know that my “home” is a spiritual wellspring. It is far more expansive than its borders

suggest. When I am there, it transports me to the sky and wind, clouds and storm, flowers and roots, soil and rock, water and air, and things dying and being born. It is a place where our Mother, the Earth, reaches out with a touch that we remember, somehow, from an unremembered time.

Your house, your bed, your car—they belong to you. But your garden, your prairie, your shadowed glen—you belong to them. They hold you, they take you in, they rock you in the arms of Mother Earth. ♣

—Copyright 1997 Philip Sutton Chard

Philip Chard is an award-winning newspaper columnist for the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel, where he has worked from 1985 to the present, and President of National Employee Assistance Services, Inc., Waukesha, WI. Mr. Chard is author of The Healing Earth: Natures Medicine for the Troubled Soul, published by NorthWord Press, 1994.



Bumble Bee pollinating Bottle Gentian

The Front Forty...

Lately, it seems a lot of gardeners, both amateur and professional, are becoming very worried about pollinators. Maybe this has something to do with all the “cides” that we put on our fruits and vegetables. I guess the bugs just don’t like “cide” orders with their pollen.

Gardeners are coming to their senses, though. I just read where some are starting to plant wildflower beds next to their gardens to draw in bees and other beneficial insects. Could the draw be a higher sugar content in the nectar of the

wildflowers? There has even been a book written called *The Forgotten Pollinators* by Stephen Buchmann and Gary Paul Nabhan. They talk mostly about plants in the Southwest, but their information on pollinator-plant relationships is interesting to all. You might want to keep this one in mind for holiday giving or receiving. As always, try it out at the library before you buy. This year, when we sit down at the Thanksgiving table, I’m going to be thankful for my wildflowers and pollinators as well as a bountiful garden harvest. ♣

—Judy Crane

Food for thought:

Why not pollinate some wild thoughts in your friends and family with gift memberships to Wild Ones?

—j.c.

Seedling Trees & Shrubs That Rabbits LOVE...

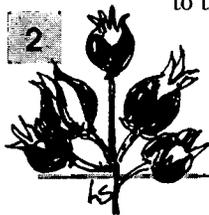


include Sugar Maple (*Acer saccharum*), Silver Maple (*Acer saccharinum*), White Oak (*Quercus alba*), Bur Oak (*Quercus macrocarpa*), Hawthorn (*Crataegus spp.*),

Hazelnut (*Corylus spp.*) Serviceberry (*Amelanchier spp.*), Chokecherry, Black Cherry, Beach plum (*Prunus spp.*), Black Walnut (*Juglans nigra*), Shagbark Hickory (*Carya ovata*), Red-twig dogwood (*Cornus sericea*), Raspberry and Blackberry canes (*Rubus spp.*), Leadplant (*Amorpha canescens*), New Jersey Tea (*Ceanothus americanus*), roses (*Rosa spp.*), Blueberry (*Vaccinium spp.*), and Cinquefoil (*Potentilla fruticosa*).

—Babette Kis

Editor’s Note: Protect these species with fencing, tree-guards or other rabbit-proof barriers.



Lucy Schumann’s page number art is of a Beardtongue pod (*Pentstemon spp.*)

BACKYARD ECOLOGY—YOU CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Some authors write to inform us, some to inspire us, some to invite us, and some, all three. In Part I of her most recent book, naturalist Sara Stein invites readers to go on a personal journey of discovery, information and inspiration. *Planting Noah's Garden; Further Adventures in Backyard Ecology* (Houghton Mifflin, 1997) is a worthy sequel or, better yet, companion to Stein's 1993 book, *Noah's Garden*, which sold tens of thousands of copies and passionately put forth the importance of backyard ecology.

Many gardening books have glossy photographs of the ideal landscape, a goal to achieve. They may inspire, but they can also intimidate the reader who has neither time, energy nor money to cultivate such a place. In *Planting Noah's Garden*, Stein talks about processes rather than ideal landscapes. "We must connect the dots," Stein writes, as she likens the traditional suburban landscape to a bare canvas of asphalt and grass. Each of us has the opportunity and obligation to take our dot on that canvas and fill it with native plants and habitat niches for native fauna. Creating and connecting those dots is not an end, but a continuous process of learning that we are all part of the larger community of Nature with whom we share this brief moment in time.

Part I, the first 261 pages of *Planting Noah's Garden*, is, as Stein tells us, "an adventure". One paragraph speaks of the Texas Hill Country, the next about the Sonoran Desert, all in a chapter about the author's niece's New Jersey suburban lot. We learn about Ruth Morse's desert plants; we meet Robert Ahrenhoerster, a prairie seed man in a buffalo vest; ecologist Neil Diboll; and Bog Man, Michael McKeag. Stein writes of the organizations that promote backyard ecology like Wild Ones-Natural Landscapers, Ltd., The Naturals and the New England Wild Flower Society. Stein tells of her membership in ALFASAC (Audubon Ladies Fresh Air and Standing Around Club), a group with no dues, no officers and no responsibilities other than to enjoy Nature at Her pace and on Her terms.

Along the way, the reader learns about seed, water and hedgerows. In a chapter named for Asian Bittersweet, The Weeds of Halloween, Stein convincingly argues that weeds are not plants that fail to meet some anthropomorphic aesthetic standard for looks, but are, rather, plant species that "degrade habitat". Privet and buckthorn, English Ivy and Russian Olive, Norway

Maple and a vine called Mile-A-Minute are all killing native ecosystems. In passionate prose, Stein pens:

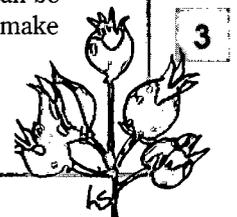
I wish this genie of invasive aliens were not too big to cram back into the bottle, but I know this can't be done. Containment, diminishment, vigilance—the sum total of aroused community response; that much I ask. I ask it because when people take it in their heads to loathe prairie dogs or gray wolves or timber rattlesnakes or when they perceive that wetlands, woodlands or grasslands interfere with their livelihood—or their development of their golf courses—they tenaciously and sometimes with considerably moral satisfaction put forth the effort to destroy them. If property owners were to attack destructive alien weeds with the same venom that they now mistakenly direct towards poison ivy, the weeds of Halloween would shrink as meekly as their rage.

Part II of the book is a comprehensive, well-written and illustrated manual on backyard ecology, covering seed germination, soil, light and other habitat requirements, buying plants on a budget, destroying aliens and building birdhouses. There is a comprehensive chapter on creating a wetland and another on improving woodlands, and more. Part II is a useful resource, but it is Part I that I read again and again. Stein's seamless style weaves an intriguing series of stories, editorials, thoughts, observations, hopes, despairs and inspirations. *Planting Noah's Garden* is, in the end, a book about hope and an individual's obligation to the other members of our natural community.

As I closed the book the second time, I was reminded of a story about a young boy who, while walking along a beach with his grandfather, saw innumerable starfish washed on shore. He picked up one after another and threw them back into the sea. His grandfather turned to the lad and said, "What are you doing? Look at all of these—by throwing a few back you can't possibly make a difference." The boy looked up to his grandfather, and said, matter-of-factly, "It can—for the ones I throw back." Each of us can be that young boy, and in our own yards, we can make a difference. Stein invites us to do so and shows us the way. ☺

—Bret Rappaport

Country is the personality of the land, the collective harmony of its soil, life, and weather.
—Aldo Leopold





Yeah, what was it like to be on Tom Brokaw's Nightly News (8/15/97) and then to see yourself as an example of NBC's American Spirit?

First of all, you must know that I never saw nor did I ever talk to Mr. Tom Brokaw. He was on vacation in Montana and left word that he "regretted that he could not meet Lorrie Otto in Wisconsin". The voice-over must have been accomplished by phone. It may also interest you to know that they wanted children in an environment which I had influenced. Children are not in school in mid-summer, so the producer, camera man and audio man made a special trip in May to interview Karen Winicki, the principal of Indian Hills Elementary

School in River Hills, Wisconsin. She has become famous in our state for her environmental

WHAT WAS IT LIKE?

outdoor programs in her school yard. She is a Wild Ones member we are all so proud of! And her environmental garden is probably the most extensive and beautiful in the entire state. Deb Harwell, formerly president of Wild Ones, had initially persuaded Karen to envelop all three entrances in wildflowers. Then Deb went ahead and did it with children spreading newspapers, then sand, then planting the potted native flowers and finally mulching them with leaves in October 1990. My part in all of this was the ongoing management of the landscape after Deb's husband moved the family to Kentucky!

During the 1960's, while I was persuading my neighbors to set aside 25 acres of woodland, my husband photographed me and our two children among the trilliums in Fairy Chasm. NBC used one of these old photos and then added their own video of the path and The Nature Conservancy sign which now proclaims ownership of this lovely managed green space. (Sharpshooters control the deer population while neighbors have biannual work days to pull out Garlic

Mustard, Dame's Rocket, non-native honeysuckle, buckthorn and Norway Maple trees.)

The faded video of airplanes dispersing DDT over the tops of trees was borrowed from the Historical Society in Madison. This collection included the dying birds in convulsions. (Oh, those truly terrible, awful times! Stabs in my heart to see them again! First it was the Robins dying, then the wrens, then all the insectivorous birds. By our little steam I found a Woodcock, then a Green Heron, both with worn shoulders of wing feathers stressed from the pounding on the ground in the throes of the dying process.)

They didn't use any of the tape from what I would call the Eames-chair-interview. They artfully arranged me in that low scoop sitting position so that the purple Thimbleberry flowers would encircle the top of my head. Tammy Fine, the woman who asked the questions, sat on a tiny net triangle of a stool directly in front of me. The camera was held next to her ear while I was to stare into her eyes and answer a list of prepared questions. All of that ended up on the cutting room floor. Instead, they chose to show me walking on the handicap trail, talking about homogenized landscapes, questioning aloud the choice of noisy lawnmowers over quiet, serene landscapes, and suggesting to the public that to be a good citizen is to protect and preserve the life that was here when we came.

They returned the next day to film me as the Audubon bus tour came to my yard and into my house. In that crowd there were writers and artists among members of Wild Ones, including Betty Czarapata, the un-named Wisconsin woman who wrote to NBC, convincing them to come.

I was impressed with the beautiful photography, the bright, pure colors and the quality of the sound. Each time a car went by, or a distant train, or a boat on the lake, or a plane in the sky, or a lawn mower in the neighborhood, they stopped filming. It was fun.

The assistant editor in New York reported that the piece was well received and that they have had many good phone calls. We have a copy for the annual meeting plus Steve Hazel's Wild Ones ballads. ☺

—Lorrie Otto

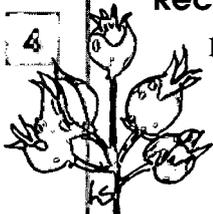
Wild Ones Journal Receives Grant.

Liberty Prairie Foundation of Grayslake, IL has pledged financial support for the *Wild Ones Journal* for three years. In a letter to Wild Ones

President Bret Rappaport, Liberty Prairie Foundation president Victoria Ranney Post wrote " We are impressed with the quality of the writing and editing of the Wild Ones Journal. It is a very important voice encouraging people to make their communities both beautiful and envi-

ronmentally sound. In order to help the Wild Ones spread the word through the Journal, we enclose a check for \$2000 with our commitment to do the same for two more years."

Needless to say, our gratitude to Liberty Prairie is boundless!



BIRTH OF A GARDEN

Most gardening manuals—whether natural landscaping or otherwise—advise the beginner to “think small”, to start on a modest scale and expand slowly, a corner at a time. This will allow you to learn about the

plants and how they adapt to your site, and perhaps, even more importantly, to enjoy your garden with a minimum of stress. I agree that small is

beautiful, but at the same time, I am here to testify that it is possible to do exactly the opposite—to create a prairie garden almost overnight—and still survive. And oh, yes, to enjoy every minute of it.

Last July, the Milwaukee North Chapter of Wild Ones planted my front yard as a group project for Flashback Television, Ltd., a British company that had contacted Lorrie Otto and Annette Alexander earlier in the spring about coming to Wisconsin to film native gardens. Flashback was doing a six-part landscaping and gardening series that would air in England in the fall. For one of these projects, they wanted to film a prairie garden in the making. I became involved in late June when Lorrie stopped by to look at my yard, and declared it “perfect” for the make over.

Landscaping books also recommend having an overall plan, even if you decide to toss it aside later. For my garden, I made a number of sketches and ultimately chose a design which featured two curvilinear flower beds, one along the front side of the house and a second free-form shape in the center of the yard (later we would add a third, smaller bed in the drainage ditch). I spent a morning arranging and rearranging hoses on the lawn, to get an idea of what the finished garden would look like. Don Vorpahl, landscape designer and Wild Ones board member, who served as consultant on the project, suggested only smoothing out a few curves. In order to “make a little more sun”, we cut down a Honey

Locust tree and we also took out an overgrown hedge and a scraggly yew next to the house. Rather than using herbicide, we followed the council of Bret Rappaport and removed the turf from the flower bed areas with a sod cutter. The removed sod is being composed on site for future projects.

Meanwhile, people I hardly knew were bringing me plants—there would be over 400 plants and some fifty different species donated before we’d finish. I was familiar with woodland plants, but the prairie flowers were mostly new to me, and I struggled to learn curious names—Rattlesnake Master, Spiderwort, Nodding Onion. I hovered over these wonderful gifts and worried about keeping them alive as they accumulated on my back deck during the weeks before the planting.

We hauled in truckloads of mulch and twelve tons of sand. Flashback arrived on schedule on July 20th and, happily, so did a dozen Wild Ones volunteers. Don orchestrated the mulching and planting, and the weather blessed us with overcast skies and a light mist. By noon on the 21st, the last plant was in. **Together, we took stock of what we had done, and in that moment I thought it was the most beautiful garden I had ever seen—and then the mist turned to a gentle rain, as if to agree.** ☘

—Carol Tennesen

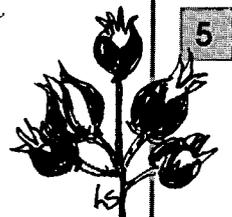
Watching something grow is good for morale. It helps you believe in life.

—Myron S. Kaufmann



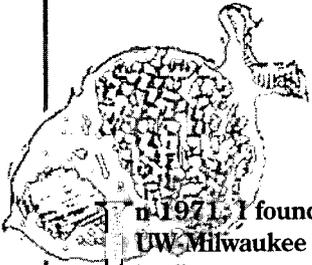
Wild Garden Makes Its Debut

Wolfe Communications Group announces *Wild Garden*, an exciting new national magazine that supports the use of native plants. The first issue of the glossy, color magazine will be available January 1998. Bret Rappaport has been asked to serve on the Editorial Advisory Board along with Sara Stein, the Wasowskis, Neil Diboll and Stevie Daniels. For more information contact the publisher at Wolfe Communications Group, 1421 Parker St., Springfield, OR 97477. Phone: (541)726-5819, Fax: (541)726-8548.



MILWAUKEE'S OAK VISTAS & PRAIRIES

What must Milwaukee have been like before lumbering, farming and city building altered the land forms and eliminated most of the native vegetation? The author searches early history books for clues to the pre-settlement landscape. He suggests that the area was a patchwork of small ecosystems, a mix of marsh and forests, lake shore and floodplain, small prairies and high bluffs which were kept open by fire—areas called oak vistas by the first settlers from Europe, and oak savannah today.

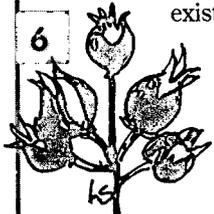


In 1971, I found myself standing in the woods on the UW Milwaukee campus staring at oak trees three feet in diameter at chest height. We observed the spreading canopy of oak trees that had obviously grown for many years out in the open, although they were presently surrounded by younger maples and a bushy understory. The professor explained that Milwaukee County was historically considered to be a beech and maple forest: this generalization has been accepted ever since John T. Curtis published his monumental description of Wisconsin plant communities. Even then, as a young student, I had walked many miles of urban roadside and railroad, and I already suspected the answer was not so simple. I've pondered the issue on a regular basis ever since that moment when I wanted to call out, "But what about these oak trees?"

As bits of evidence accumulated, I became more and more convinced that climax Beech-Maple Forest was not the only original plant community of Milwaukee County. It was a chance encounter with an old book that convinced me to go public with my suspicions. My mother, a librarian for many years, always saved books from the discard piles of public libraries. Most of them eventually went to Goodwill, but one, *The History of Milwaukee*, published in 1881, ended up in my hands when I was looking for a topic for a speech. The focus was on economic development, and as I read about Milwaukee's founders Mirandea, Vieau and Juneau, I was suddenly struck by a reference to prairie. The city was being built out of a wilderness, and the bluffs were described as they were being pared down and thrown into the marshes below—all by hand labor!

The book also documented the rapid transfer of land use and control from the indigenous population to the new settlers. As the destruction of native farms and villages was described, I found sixteen references to prairie and more than forty to oak vista! Here, indeed, was a source of information on the landscape! The development stories summarized below are interesting, too, because the process is still ongoing. Native habitats do exist in the Milwaukee area, even now.

The difference is that some people now recognize the rarity of the native vegetation that is left to us after some 200 years of city development.



MAHN-A-WAUK-EE-SEE-PE: THE MILWAUKEE AREA

O-nau-ge-sa, the overseeing chief of all the tribes in the Milwaukee area, had his village, or encampment, on an island at the mouth of the Milwaukee River. South of the island, the river emptied into Lake Michigan. The island was renamed Jones Island by the settlers, and describe several times as "sand prairie". In 1843, Milwaukee received federal funds to make a harbor. A new river mouth and channel were dug to the north of the island, while the original mouth was filled in to form the peninsula where the Milwaukee sewer treatment plant is found today. No trace of sand prairie vegetation survives!

Other well-known sites must have looked very different in those days. Elisabeth Street, now National Avenue, was oak openings overlooking the Menomonee Valley. Walker's Point was a prairie meadow near the Menomonee Valley ridges. Kilbourn Town's Spring Street (Wisconsin Avenue) was a grass and sedge meadow with White, Bur and Black Oak. The County Stadium bluff was a hardwood opening with carpets of mixed woodland and prairie flowers under the tree canopy. It was an encampment used as an overnight layover for people coming to the city from the west. There was a prairie at the edge of a settler's yard at the northwestern edge of Kilbourn Town. The prairie is noted because the man tried to plant stolen garden vegetables in order to convince government land salespeople that he had settled the land some time ago! There was wet prairie off of Loomis trail near what is now the City of Franklin. Forest Home Cemetery was know as Indian Fields and described as wet to mesic prairie. There is a reference to Watertown Plank Road as leading out of Milwaukee and ending in prairie between 16th and 24th Street in the early 1800's. The planks of this road were of virgin oak. Prior to the construction start of the St. Francis Seminary in 1856, the grounds were described as an oak prairie opening.

Located on the Sauk Trail a few miles north of the old city limits, near today's Bender Road, the book describes Indian Prairie. Traces of a few effigy and intaglio mounds can still be discerned. Even the old corn rows are apparent to the initiated eye. Historically, the wet prairie emerged from the banks of the river and gave way to an oak opening that was used as an encampment area. It was no larger than three to five acres.

Finally, one beautiful piece of property on rolling hills and chasms around Tenth and Spring (Wisconsin Avenue) was known even then as the best example of oak vista. This was the Porthier estate, covered with oak trees and wild flowers. Settlers wanted to save it as a park, but land developers won the political battle. The timber was cut and the meadow destroyed. The hills

were then scalped to fill in the chasms, and another tract of city dwellings was put up on the fill. Today, the buildings are gone and the fill carved through for the north approach to

The beautiful open-grown oaks may or may not survive in the Milwaukee County Research Park.

the Marquette Interchange. Tomorrow this may be the fate of the very last bits of Milwaukee oak savannah. Miraculously saved as County Land, today they have been put up for sale as "surplus". At the entrance drive to the new Research Park on Mayfair Road, three majestic oaks testify to past glory, but they will never reproduce on the asphalt surrounds.

Other Evidence for Oak Openings

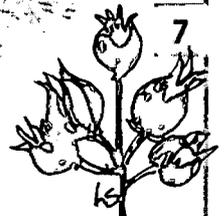
The assumption that Milwaukee County was completely forested has meant that some modern vegetation maps stop prairie right at the county line. However, plants know nothing of political boundaries, and historical burn range maps from Racine and Waukesha Counties indicate that fire often extended into Milwaukee County from both the south and west. All three counties surrounding Milwaukee to the north, west and south have present-day evidence of prairie

and oak savannah, supported by published descriptions of prairies that were removed from the landscape by development. Some soil samples, from more than one location with Milwaukee County, do not seem to be soils formed under wooded areas. The samples, acquired over the years by UW-Milwaukee researchers and the Wisconsin Department of Agriculture, suggest open meadows. Some existing vegetation in wet areas, although heavily degraded, also suggest wet prairie. Large, open grown oak trees, three to five feet in diameter, still grow along the Milwaukee River in places that would have made prime encampment sites. Finally, a forgotten lumber industry in Milwaukee cut trees of Bur, White and Black Oak, and some poplar, to provide timber and planks for the first plank houses (1834), the first plank roads (1840) and the oak timbers for the first railroad from Milwaukee to Prairieville, now called Waukesha (1851). Maple is not mentioned.

An old publication on the economic development of Milwaukee as a city is certainly not the only evidence of prairie and oak savannah in historical Milwaukee County. In reprints of some articles by Increase Lapham, an early historian, twelve of the areas identified as Native American encampments or burial sites were the very same areas identified in my reference book as "oak vista". I believe that these habitats existed because of the intentional clearing and management of the land by the Menomonee and Potawatomi. No one made a direct effort to document the plant communities in the areas. The indirect evidence and remnant habitats suggest that far from being a large and uniform deep forest, the area was a patchwork with a variety of ecosystems right next to one another, and that the wet prairies and oak openings were small, perhaps only three to five acres.

Thanks to Mark Feider for guiding me to Indian Prairie and Indian Gardens, which he rediscovered by using Increase Lapham's clues.

—Randy Powers,
Prairie Future Seed Company, LLC
and Wendy Walcott



EASTERN HEMLOCK TREE

(*Tsuga canadensis*)

Family: Pinaceae (Pine)

Other Names: Hemlock Spruce, Common Hemlock, Spruce Pine, Onondaga (O-Ne-Tah).

Habitat: Hilly or rocky woods. On rocky ridges, cool hillsides and moist soil.

Description: Hemlock is a native evergreen tree with flat needles, 3/8 to 5/8 in. long, on short, slender stalks. The needles are bright green above and silvery whitish beneath. The drooping cones are 1 in. long with rounded scales.

Height: 50-90 ft.

Comments: The bark has been widely used in tanning. The 1897 Handbook of Canada states, "There were [in 1891] 802 tanneries whose output was valued at \$11,422,860." The bark was also a source of dark red coloring, being applied to both wool and cotton. The Flambeau Ojibwe used the bark for fuel, when boiling their pitch the second time, because the heat from it was more easily regulated than that from a wood fire.

The Trail Settlers Guide of 1855 said, "Hemlock is very hard to cut down and difficult to burn up." The wood was rough-grained, soft, weak, and brittle. Even so, it was sawn into boards and planks and used for under-covering roofs, barn flooring, and fencing.

Pregnant ewes are said to lose their lambs when they gnaw on the bark of Hemlock. In 1892, it was recorded that "the stimulating effect of Hemlock is well known and greatly utilized. A tired hunter arises fresh and invigorated from his bed of Hemlock boughs, and the patient of the city physician, seeking health in our northern interiors, finds supreme comfort in a bath in which Hemlock leaves have been added."

When young, the tree is an ornamental evergreen. It is one of the host plants for the larvae of the Ruby Quaker Moth (*Orthosia rubescens*) which flies in March and April and the False Hemlock Looper Moth (*Nepytia canosaria*) which appears in July and August.

Medicinal Use: A tea made from the leafy twigs was used by the American Indians for kidney ailments. In steam baths it was used for rheumatism, colds, coughs,



and to induce sweating. An inner bark tea was used for colds, fevers, diarrhea, coughs, stomach problems and scurvy. Externally it was used as a wash for rheumatism and to stop bleeding. A 1924 report states, "It was tea made from Hemlock needles that cured Cartier's crew of scurvy. The tea was prepared in so mysterious a manner, no doubt, that Cartier did not know what it was, and later he laments that he did not have it.

Name Origin: The Genus Name, *Tsuga* (*SOO-ga*), is from the Japanese name for one of the Asiatic Hemlocks. Species Name, *canadensis* (*kan-a-DEN-sis*), means "from Canada." The Onondaga name,

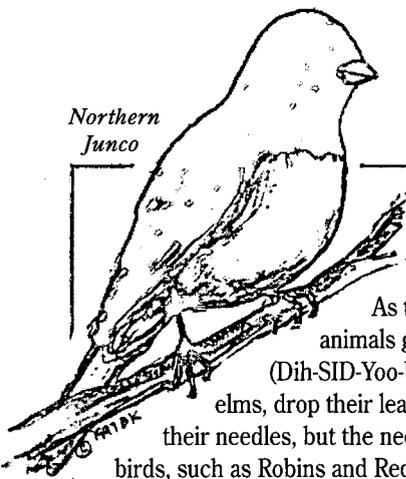
O-Ne-Tah, means "greens on a stick."

Author's Note: The beautiful shelf mushroom, Hemlock Varnish Shelf (*Ganoderma tsugae*), can be found at the base of the Eastern Hemlock. If you ever come across one, it will immediately catch your eye. It is kidney- or fan-shaped, red to reddish brown, often with a white or yellow margin, and is highly polished. Personally, I have never found one but when I do, I will recognize it. That's one reason why my camera is always with me. Porcupine relish the bark of the Eastern Hemlock on our land in Door County. Because many of the trees have been substantially de-barked on both their trunks and limbs, they may not survive. The Pileated Woodpeckers have also done a number on this species. Their telltale pile of sawdust at the base of a tree is a dead give-away.

Because they are surrounded by Tamarack, Spruce, Northern White Cedar, Birch, and Balsam Fir, it's hard to get a good, full view of the Hemlocks. However, against the bright blue northern sky, their spires are readily visible from the middle of our open meadow. Their majestic peaks stand out from the other trees like church steeples in an urban landscape.

© 1997 Janice Stiefel
Plymouth, WI

Northern Junco



Learning from the Land

HOW PLANTS & ANIMALS SURVIVE THE COLD

As the weather turns colder, plants and animals get ready for winter. Some deciduous (Dih-SID-Yoo-US) trees, such as maples, oaks and elms, drop their leaves in fall. Evergreen trees keep their needles, but the needles do not grow over winter. Some birds, such as Robins and Red-winged Blackbirds, fly south, where it is warmer, to find food. Other birds, like Northern Juncos, come from Canada to the northern United States to find food. Cardinals and Mourning Doves stay year-round. Insects, such as Mourning Cloak Butterflies, and mammals, such as 13-lined Ground Squirrels and chipmunks, sleep or hibernate during the winter. Mammals like deer, rabbits and squirrels stay awake and look for food. Many insects and spiders live through the winter as eggs or larva. Amphibians, such as frogs and toads, dig into the ground and hibernate.

DO YOU KNOW THAT...

- Woolly Bear Caterpillars live through the winter as caterpillars. In spring, they make cocoons and turn into Isabella Moths.
- Black and Yellow Garden Spiders survive the winter as eggs or as newly hatched spiderlings.
- After tree leaves fall, Eastern Cottontail Rabbits eat small trees or twigs of Sugar Maple, Silver Maple and oaks. They do not eat the bitter twigs of ash or Box Elder.

- Northern Juncos eat Gray-headed Coneflower, Purple Coneflower and Blazing Star seeds during fall and winter.
- Each kind of deciduous tree keeps its leaves for a certain number of days each year. When fall comes, a special layer of cells forms where each leaf is connected to the tree. This cell layer lets the leaf fall off easily.



13-Lined Ground Squirrel hibernating

THINGS TO DO

Ask an adult to help you do these things.

1. Look for rabbits or deer eating trees or shrubs in your yard. Which ones do they like to eat? Use a book like *Crinkleroot's Guide to Knowing the Trees* to find out what these animals' favorite trees and shrubs are.
2. Keep a notebook of the kinds of birds that eat seeds in your garden or at your birdfeeder in winter. Which birds do you see year-round? Which birds come from the north? Use a book like *A Field Guide to the Birds* by Peterson to help you identify the birds.

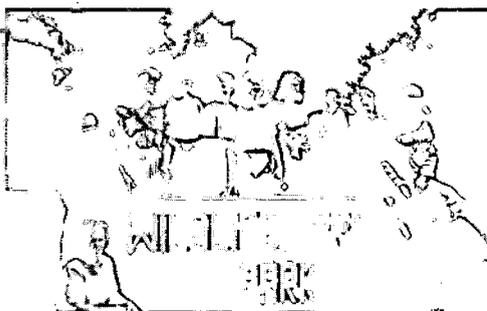
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Chapter News

A new Wild Ones chapter is forming in Menomonee Falls, WI. We are called "Menomonee River Area" chapter because the headwaters of the river originates in nearby Germantown, then meanders to meet Lake Michigan. Meetings will take place on Wednesday or Thursday evenings at Maude Schunk Library or the Community Center. Steve Mahler, owner of The Wild Bird Center, will speak in November; Delene Hanson, naturalist, and Loretta Hernday, master gardener, will speak in December. See Calendar for further information.

—Jan Koel, Menomonee River Area, WI Chapter

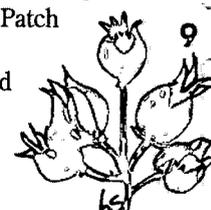
On Saturday, September 6th, a group of DuPage County Wild Ones left from the College of DuPage campus at 7 am, "bus-bound" for Peoria's Illinois Wildlife Prairie Park. Jan Smith, program coordinator for the day, arranged for a nature video to be shown en route. Upon arrival we took a walking tour of John Muir Grove and the Pioneer Farmstead. Lunch followed with guest speaker (and founder)

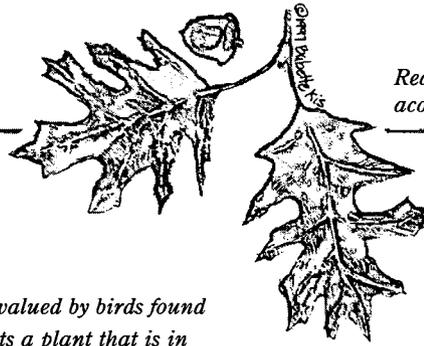


William Rutherford bolstering our mission of stewardship of land. We watched the bison and elk feeding from a lofty Prairie

Hall veranda, rode the train, toured overnight lodging accommodations and browsed along the butterfly trail. It was a delightful day, so action packed—and some members were found napping on the way home.

Four days later, Carolyn Finzer hosted a Garden Tour of her yard in Naperville with an Herbal Program presented by Marcy Raleigh of the Backyard Patch (Wheaton)... those Wild Ones attending were treated to an herbal luncheon on her backyard patios, surrounded by a "mini arboretum". Carolyn was featured as the Daily Herald's August 3rd Gardener of the Week!





Red Oak
acorn & leaves

RED OAK (*Quercus rubra*)

This column focuses on a plant species that is valued by birds found in the upper Midwest. Each submission presents a plant that is in its prime during the time you are likely to be enjoying this publication

The Red Oak takes me back to a sunny July day when I was just eight years old. I was helping Mom (or at least I thought I was) as she was gardening in her spectacular flower garden. As she was seeding, she noticed a plant unlike any of the others. An oak tree, she surmised. After explaining that this was likely the work of a squirrel and that we could transplant it on the very edge of the garden, I took my small shovel and tried to bring with it as much soil as my shovel would allow. Watering and monitoring "my oak's" progress became a part of life. Although I don't remember the year, I recall the September Mom pointed out the first acorns on "my oak". Today this tree, 35 feet tall, stands watch over the north side of Mom's spectacular garden.

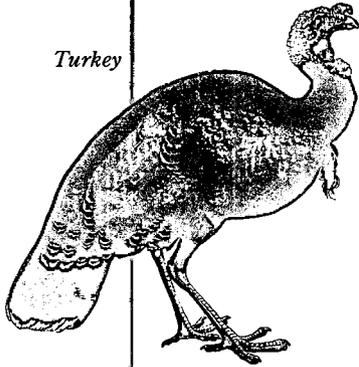
this tree transplants well in comparison to most oaks, it is susceptible to oak wilt, a fungal infection. Trees with oak wilt are found primarily on the northwestern edge of its range.

This Plant Needs: A wide range of light and moisture conditions are tolerated by this tree. It seems though, that moderation best satisfies this species.

Who Benefits: Besides moms and sons, countless birds rely on Red Oaks. In fact, Blue Jays are thought to be partially responsible for this tree's current range. Blue Jays stash away acorns and forget where they are placed and Red Oaks emerge from these forgotten acorns in spring. Spring brings multitudes of insects, including walking sticks, to this tree's leaves, and plenty of birds to keep them in check. I've found nests of many birds, from hummingbirds to hawks, gracing the sturdy branches of these trees. Woodpeckers also develop cavities where oak branches are lost, and chickadees and nuthatches use smaller cavities. Fall brings the promise of acorns, which are a nutritional jackpot for wildlife, including jays, pheasants, grouse, bobwhites and turkeys. In winter, wildlife eat remaining acorns and may roost in cavities in these trees. ☺

This column is written by Steve Mahler, owner of The Wild Bird Center, Menomonee Falls, WI. Steve welcomes your comments at 414-255-9955.

Turkey



Characteristics: Red Oaks are the most widespread and tolerant of oaks in eastern North America. These trees develop round crowns of stout spreading branches. When mature, they may reach 60 to 90 feet in height and have a width of 40 to 80 feet. In summer this oak harbors lustrous, shallow-lobed leaves. In fall this stately tree's leaves turn beautiful crimson, golden-orange or russet. Acorns, which ripen in fall, average over one inch in length. While

For Further Reading Landscaping Books & other items of Interest...

Landscaping for Wildlife

Carrol L. Henderson, 1987.

Learn about various landscape components necessary to support diverse wildlife in Midwestern urban areas, backyards, farms or woodlots. Useful appendices.

Making Birdhouses

Andrew Newton-Cox and Deena Beverley, 1997.

Includes step-by-step instructions and templates to build functional, plain or fancy birdhouses. Color photos.

Bat House Builders Handbook

Merlin D. Tuttle and Donna L. Hensley, 1993.

Learn the facts about these misunderstood mammals. Bat house plans.

Siftings

Jens Jensen, 1990.

Enjoy recollections of landscape designer and conservationist Jensen—a leader in Prairie Style landscape architecture.

For Children...

Backyard Birdwatching for Kids

George H. Harrison, 1997.

Learn how to attract birds to your yard from Wisconsin author and expert birder George Harrison. Packed with information and projects.

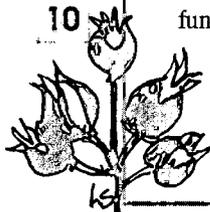
Bat House and Bat Condo Kits

Build a shelter for these beneficial mammals. Pre-cut and easy to assemble.

—MaryAnn Maki

Green nature enters human experience through innumerable childhood windows and is never forgotten.

—Charles A. Lewis, Green Nature, Human Nature



My adolescent years coincided with my mother's developmental years as an environmentally conscious gardener. Therefore, I was not a willing assistant on fall evenings when my mother had me take bags of leaves from the ends of neighbors' driveways and load them into our bright blue station wagon. I was in the sixth grade and this was embarrassing. Nor did I appreciate shoveling duck manure, which my dad hauled with that faithful blue wagon, from Mr. Everding's fowl and goat farm. Back then I didn't understand that good compost was gold to a gardener.

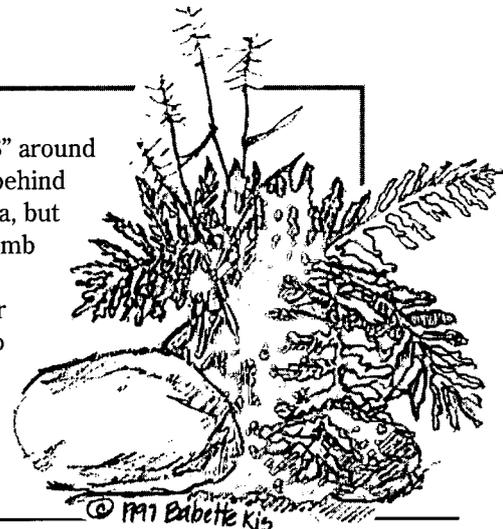
I never expected that I would need to learn how to landscape a yard, create a prairie garden or a woodland garden. I always assumed I would just live in a wooded or natural area; but my husband and I bought our first house in Sun Prairie, WI, where prairie gardens have not always been looked upon with favor, despite what the name of the city suggests.

When my mother saw our yard after we bought the house, she saw a blank canvas. She had visions of flowing paths weaving through waving grasses and native prairie flowers. I was busy picking out a lawn mower. My mom's housewarming gift to us? A hose—not for watering the plants, but to lay out the shape of the garden and paths.

Each time I saw my mother she had another gift—a box of ferns and violets for the “woodland” garden; sometimes roots, cuttings or seeds of Senna, Cup Plants, Rattlesnake Master, Spiderwort, Coneflowers and Black-eyed Susans for my sunny “prairie” garden; Lobelia, Wild Ginger and Vervain for the damp, semi-shady areas. You might think I would have been appreciative, but I didn't feel very confident. More like overwhelmed. I couldn't identify plants very well and I was skeptical. **One of our neighbors chuckled as she saw me planting violets and said, “What kind of jungle are you planting? Violets? You'll be sorry. They'll take over your grass. My mother's ripping them out of her yard.”** Then my mother suggested that I dig up and move or give away three young Norway Pines that looked just fine to me where they were. She said I should trust her, they were taking up space in the “prairie garden”, but I was thinking it might be nice to move into a condo where the landscaping and yard are taken care of. Then we have the composting bin debate. My mother, with her artistic eye and years of experience, doesn't believe in building a compost bin that will detract from the natural beauty. She has

discreet compost “HEAPS” around her yard that are hidden behind plant colonies. A good idea, but right now, I still want a dumb old compost bin.

It has been about four years since we moved into our house, and I'm still a little overwhelmed when I think about what we have done and what we

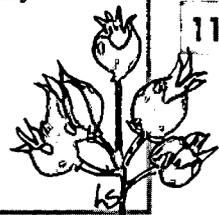


ON BECOMING A SECOND GENERATION WILD ONE

would like to do, but several things have happened to help me cope. Two years after we started planting and shaping the back yard, one of my neighbors told me she loved my garden and, when I wasn't home, she would walk through it to see what was happening there. Then the Madison Area Chapter of Wild Ones was formed and I met people with a wide range of knowledge about using native plants in landscaping. I also joined Friends of the Arboretum and found more literature to support the natural gardening with native plants approach. And the Meiers moved in next door to me. Now, the Meiers have a different approach to gardening and are probably amused by our antics, but they told me that they appreciated my garden and they even encourage me.

As I learn about gardening with native plants I am learning to enjoy my mother's gifts, and not just because I don't want to hurt her feelings. **I know now there are good ecological reasons to use these plants. Working with native plants allows me an opportunity to work with nature rather than completely subdue it and chemically treat it. Now when I think of my garden, I think of an opportunity to recreate an ecosystem for native plants. My garden is a classroom for teaching lessons on biodiversity, interdependence and history. It is here that I find personal challenges, respect for nature and spiritual growth. I certainly do appreciate the seeds of information that my mother planted.** ♪

—Lorelei Allen, daughter of Rochelle Whiteman, a Wild One founding member and current board member.





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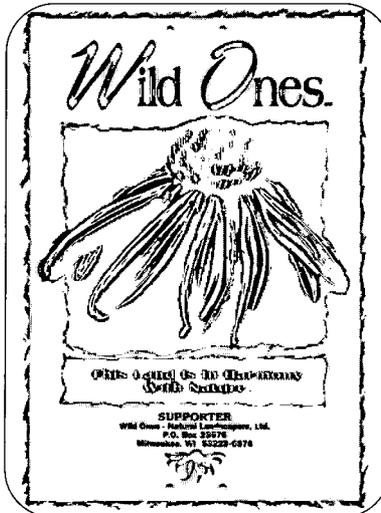
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Each sign costs \$18 (plus \$3 shipping and handling). Checks for \$21 should be made payable to Wild Ones. Mark the envelope "Sign" and mail to Wild Ones, P.O. Box 23576, Milwaukee, WI 53223-0576. Signs will be sent by first-class mail. Signs will be sent promptly if in stock. You will be notified only if there will be a significant delay.

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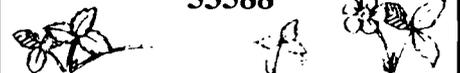
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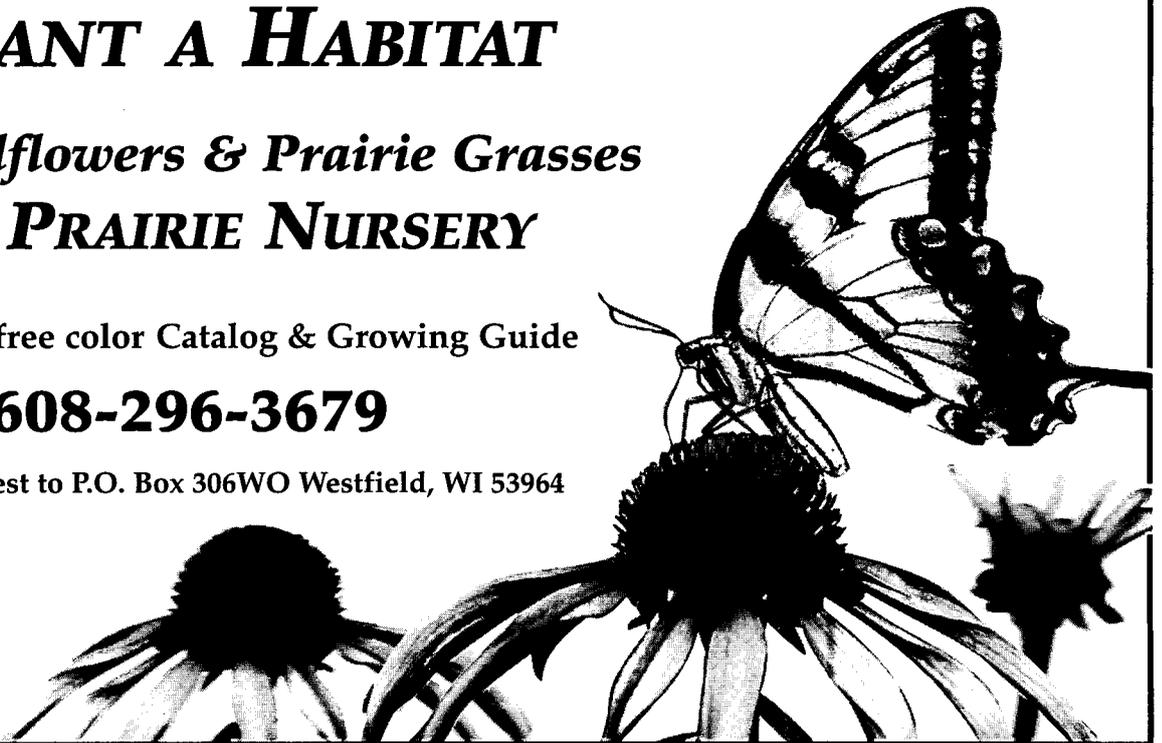
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Wild Ones—Natural Landscapers, Ltd. was incorporated in 1990 in the State of Wisconsin, under the Wisconsin Non-Stock Corporation Act for educational and scientific purposes. Wild Ones is a non-profit, tax-exempt corporation under Section 501(c)(3) 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.

NEW CASSETTE TAPE IS FOR "THE WILD ONES"

Wild Ones now has its own theme song! By popular demand, folk singer and guitarist Steve Hazell has produced a new audio cassette, "For the Wild Ones", featuring two original songs he composed for the January 1997 Fox Valley Area Wild Ones Natural Landscaping Conference. At Lorrie Otto's request, he performed at the August 9, 1997 National Wild Ones meeting in Milwaukee. In addition to the title song and "This Land's in Harmony", the tape contains eight other folk songs that complement the

Wild Ones philosophy. The tape is available from Steve Hazell at 1318 Washington Avenue, Oshkosh, WI 54901 for \$11 ppd.

—Carol Niendorf,
Fox Valley Area Chapter

Plan to attend Fox Valley Area Chapter All Day NATURAL LANDSCAPING CONFERENCE

Saturday, January 31, 1998 at the Oshkosh Convention Center, Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Pre-registration fee is \$20, \$25 at the door. For a conference brochure, call Carol at (920) 233-4853.



The meeting place

ILLINOIS

LAKE-TO-PRAIRIE CHAPTER

Programs are Tuesdays at 7:15pm in the Byron Colby Community Barn at Prairie Crossing, Grayslake, IL. (Rt. 45 just south of IL 120). Visitors welcome. For information call Karin Wisiol (847) 548-1650.

November 11—Suburbia for the 21st Century. Mike Sands presents the Prairie Crossing development that is built on ecological principles and is a model of how man and the natural world can co-exist.

January 13—Peter Winkler, environmental consultant and teacher at College of Lake County, presents "Fire Ecology and Managing Preserved Natural Areas in Suburban Settings."

GREATER DUPAGE CHAPTER

Chapter meets the third Thursday of the month at the College of DuPage, unless otherwise noted. Call (630) 415-IDIG for more info.

November 20—"Landscape Genealogy: Tracing the Roots of Your Land" presented by Ed Collins. College of DuPage, Building K, Rm 161. 7pm.

January 15—"History of Man's Interaction With Nature" presented by Vicki Nowicki. College of DuPage, Building K, Rm 161. 7pm.

ROCK RIVER VALLEY CHAPTER

Meet at various locations. Call Jarrett Prairie Center, Byron Forest Preserve at (815) 234-8535, 7993 N. River Rd., Byron, IL for information.

November 20—Seed exchange and officer elections. Jarrett Nature Center. 7pm.

December—No meeting.

KANSAS

Chapter meets monthly. Call Michael S. Almon for info, (913) 832-1300.

OHIO

COLUMBUS CHAPTER

Meetings held in Rm. 116, Howlett Hall on Agriculture Campus/Ohio State University, unless otherwise noted. Call Joyce Stephens (614) 771-9273 for information.

November 8—Field day in our wildflower gardens at Chadwick Arboretum. Meet at the steps of Howlett Hall at 9:30am.

December 4—Holiday party! Wild Ones celebrate the holidays with the Master Gardeners of Franklin County, Columbus Horticultural Society and the Chadwick Volunteers. Bring a covered dish to pass to the auditorium of the Agriculture Administration Building at OSU, 2120 Fyffe Rd. 6-9pm.

OKLAHOMA

Meetings are held on the last Saturday of the month at 10am, Stillwater Public Library, Rm 138, unless otherwise noted.

November 29—Development of our chapter display and planning for local events. 10am.

December 27—Nature photography presented by Pat McDonald. 10am.

MICHIGAN

Call Dave Borneman for more info (313) 994-4834.

WISCONSIN

FOX VALLEY AREA CHAPTER

Meetings are held at the Fox Valley Technical College Regional Fire Training Center, 1470 Tullar Road, Neenah at 7pm, unless otherwise noted.

November 20—Use of Water in Landscape: Small Ponds and Mini-Wetlands. Presented by Annette Alexander and Rochelle Whiteman. Fox Valley Fire Training Center. 7pm.

GREEN BAY CHAPTER

Meetings held at Green Bay Botanical Garden, 7pm, unless otherwise noted.

November 12—Seed exchange, election of officers and social hour. 7pm.

MADISON CHAPTER

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

November 20—Party, seed exchange and officer elections. Bring a treat to share while we enjoy Mike Yanny's presentation of poetry and slides. 7pm.

MEMOMONEE RIVER AREA CHAPTER

Call for more info on monthly meeting call Judy Crane at 251-2185.

November 6—Steve Mahler, bird expert, discusses landscaping to attract wildlife. Community Center at W152 N8684 Margaret Rd., Menomonee Falls. 6:30pm.

December 11—"Landscaping with Native Plants" presented by Delene Hanson & Loretta Hernday. Menomonee Falls Community Center, W152 N8645 Margaret Rd. 6:30pm.

MILWAUKEE—NORTH CHAPTER

Meetings held at Schlitz Audubon Center, second Saturday of the month, 9:30am, unless otherwise noted.

November 8—Jim Uhrinak, arborist, will share his expertise and experiences. 9:30am.

December 13—Holiday party! Bring extra seeds and a snack to share. Mike Yanny will perform poetry, slides and art to show us his interpretation of the relationship between plants and people. 9:30am.

MILWAUKEE—WEHR CHAPTER

Meetings held at Wehr Nature Center, second Saturday of the month, 1:30pm, unless otherwise noted.

November 8—Jim Uhrinak, arborist, will share his expertise and experiences. 1:30pm.

December 13—Wehr Holiday Event. Bring extra seeds and a snack to share. Mike Yanny will perform poetry, slides and art to show us his interpretation of the relationship between plants and people. 1:30pm.

NATURE CALENDAR

November through December

When and Where

Event

In trees, shrubs

Bird nests that were hidden in summer can be seen

Prairies, fields and gardens

Northern Juncos eat fallen seeds

Edges of woods, gardens

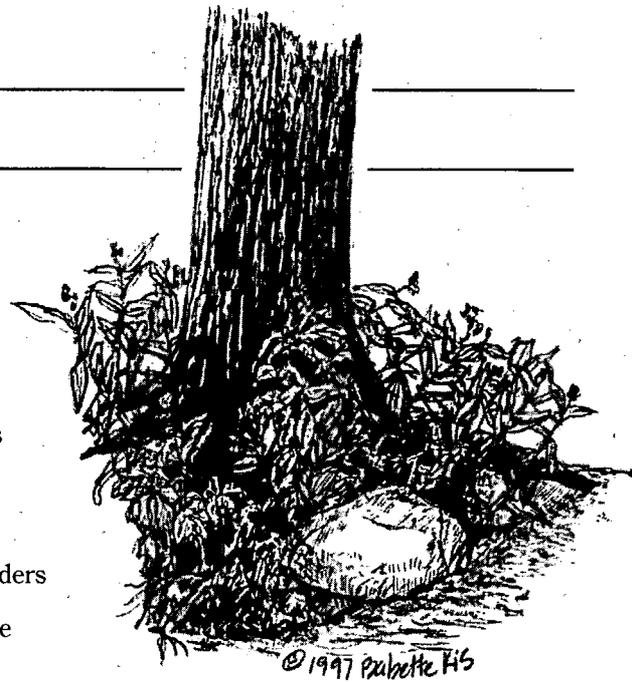
Waxwings eat hawthorn and bittersweet fruits

Woodpile or compost pile

Winter wrens eat insects and spiders

Over fields and along roadsides

Hawks swoop down to catch mice



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Attention Wild Ones

Have you discovered something interesting about your natural landscape? Do you have a time-saving tip for growing or planting? Do you know of an interesting seasonal event that takes place in coming months? If so, please write. Deadlines for sending typed articles or illustrations are as follows:

Jan./Feb. issue copy due Nov. 7
 Mar./April issue copy due Jan. 7
 May/June issue copy due March 7

July/Aug. issue copy due May 7
 Sept./Oct. issue copy due July 7
 Nov./Dec. issue copy due Sept. 7

All articles should be sent to: **Babette Kis, 6048 N. 114th Street, Milwaukee, WI 53225.**

If material is to be returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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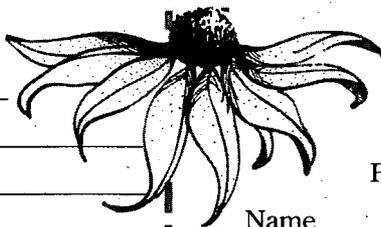
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