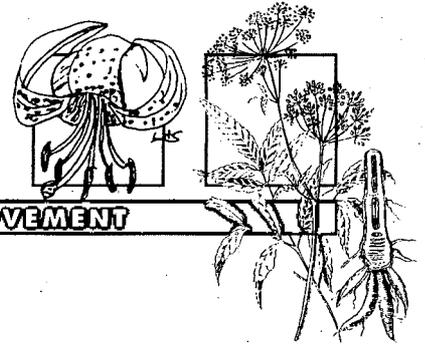


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A VOICE FOR THE NATURAL LANDSCAPING MOVEMENT

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Wild Ones®



Journal

AS OTHERS SEE US

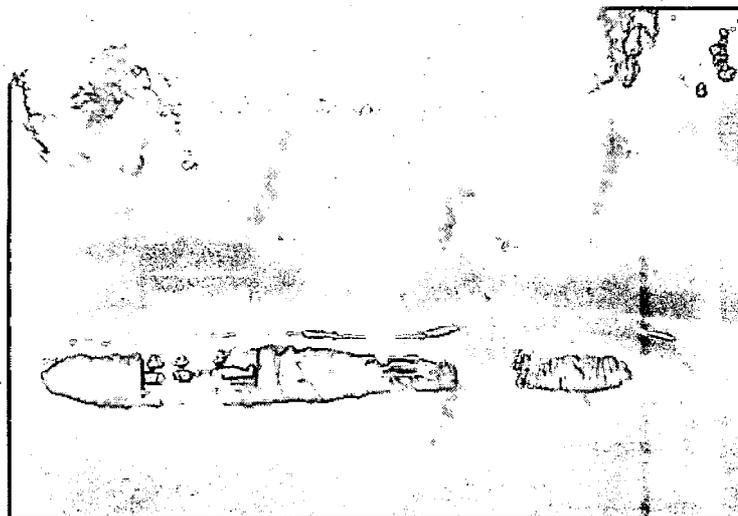
My visit to Milwaukee was part of a traveling fellowship, funded by the Winston Churchill Memorial Trust, to study naturalistic and native plant gardening in North America. I had been following the arguments for and against nativism in landscaping for some time and wanted to see for myself what natural landscaping was all about. As a professional garden designer practicing in Britain and with a background in biology and conservation, the restoration of natural habitat is a subject close to my heart.

I arrived in Milwaukee during the late afternoon of a hot summer's day at the end of June 1997, having spent the morning photographing prairie flowers at the University of Wisconsin's Arboretum in Madison.

There were some beautiful plants in bloom that day: Butterflyweed,

Spiderwort, Baptisia, Prairie Phlox, Golden Alexanders, Prairie Lily and the dainty Grass-pink Orchid. After concluding my walk through the arboretum, I decided to drive from Madison to Milwaukee via the Kettle Moraine so that I could get a feel for

(continued on next page)



A view from the Milwaukee area backyard of member Mandy Ploch. Visitors from outside the U.S. perceive our natural landscapes to be "extraordinary."

By Helen Shaw

AS OTHERS SEE US

(continued from front page)

a 'real' prairie. It turned out to be a longer journey than anticipated (I took a couple of wrong turns) and it was hot. (In Britain, where I live, it is rarely hot and distances are relatively short!) By the time I arrived in Milwaukee, I was exhausted, and had hoped to spend an hour or two relaxing before the evening meal, but Rochelle Whiteman had other plans. After gulping down a cold drink, I was bundled off to Lorrie Otto's place from where we took a tour of five (or was it six?), naturally landscaped yards before eventually returning to Rochelle's house for supper. This was my first introduction to the Wild Ones, and I should have known better. After all, these are not the sort of people who rest on their laurels; these are people who want to get things done and do! This was my first lesson, and one I learnt very quickly!

In Britain, wildlife gardening has had a following for some time now, but with the exception of wildflower meadows, which have become very fashionable amongst the landed gentry, most wildlife gardens consist of a border planted with perennials that provide nectar for the bees and butterflies, and a few berry-producing shrubs for the birds. The majority of plants in such gardens are non-native, and although these are much better

than sterile lawns or concrete, are still a far cry from a natural ecosystem. In contrast, what is happening to gardening in the suburban Midwest of America is something quite different and quite extraordinary. The natural landscape movement's philosophy and practice is not merely a token gesture toward wildlife, but a real attempt to put nature back around homes and buildings from whence it has been removed. I found this approach refreshing and in stark contrast to the highly contrived gardens we so often see perpetuated by the gardening press.

The wildness of these gardens touched a chord with the naturalist in me, but I have to confess that my instincts as a designer compelled me to want to manipulate, to tweak, to control what lay before me. I know that many natural landscapers have the same desire, and are perpetually struggling with their consciences about the extent to which they should interfere with their landscape. To address this apparent dichotomy between the need for the wild and the tamed, it is necessary to ask what natural landscaping means to the individual. [*Readers, what are your thoughts?*—Ed.] Is it an exercise in habitat restoration or a form of gardening? If the latter, which I suspect it is for the majority of natural landscapers, then a natural landscape may

be regarded as a work of art, since essentially this is what gardening is. Gardening, like any art form, is an expression of self and every natural landscape that I saw while in the Midwest had its creator's thumbprint clearly emblazoned across it. This is nothing to be ashamed of. Jens Jensen, an early proponent of native plant gardening, refers to landscaping as an art form. In his book, *Siftings*, which was first published in 1939, he promotes gardening to the highest accolade, proclaiming that "**art must be a guide, a leader in the evolution of mankind towards a higher spiritual goal. None of the arts is more able to do this than that of the garden.**" Art, by definition, is a human skill as opposed to nature, although it draws upon a set of aesthetic principles that were originally based on nature. Art and nature are therefore irrevocably bound together and never more so than in a garden. A naturally landscaped garden need not exclude good design principles, and if well designed, human intervention should be imperceptible. I would therefore suggest, that ecology and design can work together, hand in hand, to produce a balanced and harmonious place in which to refresh and renew the human spirit, as well as providing a home for the other living organisms with which we share this beautiful and precious planet. ☪

WET BEHIND THE EARS

I now 'sit at the feet' of JoAnn Gillespie. She's teaching me how to develop the pond I idealize. *No oxygenating plants—they'll migrate into the section intended as open water for people-soaking. Nothing over three feet tall so the view beyond won't be blocked. Plant in mixed 'bouquets' for a more natural effect.* Thanks, JoAnn.

Almost all my heroes are teachers. The first teacher I worshiped was Rosalie Carpenter who made sixth grade a time of enlightenment. She integrated our four-room school with fish and a snake and a generous spirit. Thirty-one years later I can brag that she and I are pen pals. Having written her about setting up the rain barrel outside my office, she replied, "Rain barrels—what memories I have of them. That was the only soft water we

had, and besides enjoying washing clothes in soft water, I learned my insect life stages at that rain barrel!"

Then there's darlin' Marlin—Associate Professor Johnson—recently retired from a nearby campus. He was the first to show me a prairie and speak directly to my conscience. He's pictured here with his walking stick collection, inscribed with places and dates—"SAWTOOTH MTS., JULY '86"—mementoes of field trips he's led. Cool idea, heh?

If you have a Rosalie or Marlin in your life, take the time to express your appreciation. A greeting on the inside back cover of this issue could be a start. Let them know you never forgot their lessons. ☪ —Joy Buslaff



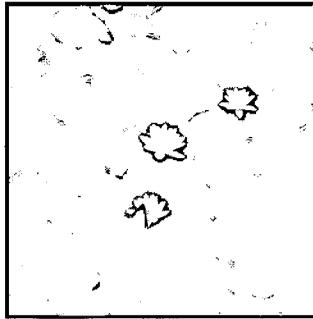
"The longer the island of knowledge, the longer the shoreline of wonder."
—Ralph W. Sockman, 1889-1970, American clergyman

A shore thing

Because water features are so rewarding, we rarely find a landscape design today that does not include them.

When I create water gardens, my emphasis is on *native* water gardens. The beautiful wetland flowers, rushes, sedges and grasses are aesthetically pleasing. Unlike other landscapes, they provide color and texture from spring through fall and are also extremely attractive in winter. These native gardens also serve many important wetland functions. They hold back water in times of flooding and release it in times of drought. Certain wetland plants uptake nutrients and thus biofilter water to make it crystal clear and sparkling. They impede erosion, thus stopping sediment from getting into our ponds, lakes and streams. Wetland gardens serve as places for fish to spawn and amphibious animals to lay their eggs. They're nesting places for many birds and some waterfowl. They serve as a food source for animals, fish and waterfowl.

On an industrial scale, we have found that wetland gardens are a plus to development. Most new developments must create some area for holding water. Many communities have a stormwater erosion-control ordinance that calls for the construction of a retention or detention pond to hold water from surface water runoff. If these are vegetated with native plants, they keep the water clean and create mini-ecosystems to replace those areas lost to development.



WADE IN

Wetlands are beginning to be used to serve as tertiary treatment areas for city sewage and are being used by farmers to treat animal waste before it enters our waterways.

With all this in mind, I'm sure your interest in a water feature in your landscape has been stimulated. Now, consider the following:

- Horticultural water gardens include non-native plants, and these plants (such as Purple Loosestrife) get into our wetlands and damage them.
- Horticultural water gardens use Koi (which are carp) as a fish source instead of native species, and we're trying to eliminate carp so they do not muddy our waters.
- Many horticultural plants come to us from tropical regions and have to be removed for winter storage. Native water gardens, on the other hand, are low maintenance. Plus—they compliment our prairies and woodlands.

Native water gardens can take many forms. Most commonly created is a native garden that serves as a small pond in your lawn. Native water gardens should have a portion of the water area as open water and a part that is vegetated. The pond should have a base of soil and sand, and the plants should be directly planted into the pond base. This method creates a low-maintenance wetland pond.

Most every yard has some depressed area that remains soggy all summer. These areas are ideal for wetland gardens.

Wetland gardens and ponds can be planted from April through October. They will succeed as a spring planting or as a dormant planting.

The Clean Water Act promotes the development and restoration of wetlands so that we will

once again have clean, sparkling lakes, ponds and streams. If we create a native water feature, we each can feel we have contributed in a small way to clean water for the future. —JoAnn Gillespie

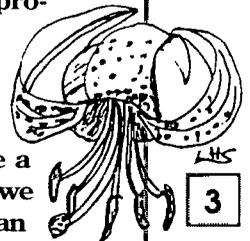
JoAnn M. Gillespie, Li.H.D. is owner of Wetland and Native Landscaping, a division of Country Wetlands Nursery & Consulting, Muskego, Wis.

Future issues will continue to detail water features in the natural landscape.

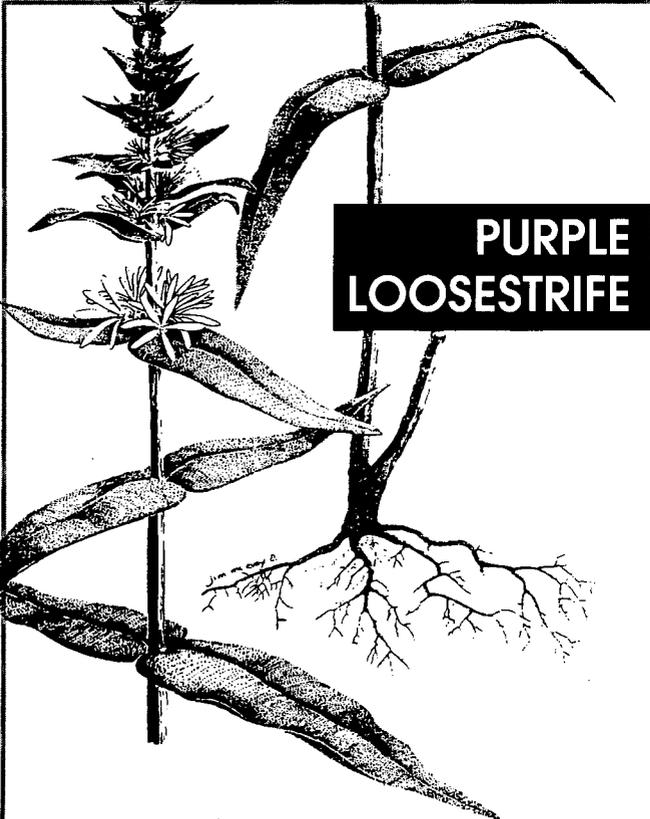
PHOTOS BY JOANN GILLESPIE
DRAWING BY LUCY SCHUMANN

By using native wetland plants, we are putting back many species which have been lost in the process of development and in the industry of farming.

LINE DRAWING: Turk's-cap (*Lilium michiganense*) flourishes in wet ground. Its striking orange flower adds color to the landscape. Fall planting from a reputable native plant nursery is recommended.



A deadly threat to wetlands



PURPLE LOOSESTRIFE

"The process of weeding can be as beneficial to the gardener as to the garden. It gives scope to the aggressive instinct—what a satisfaction to pull up an enemy by the roots and throw him into a heap!"
—Bertha Damon, from A Sense of Humus, 1943

MECHANICAL CONTROL — Remove pioneering plants immediately, taking care not to leave stems or cuttings that can resprout or disperse viable seed. Small plants can be hand-pulled, older plants can be removed with a shovel. Once flowering's begun, cut and bag to prevent seedheads from spreading. Mowing, burning, and flooding have proven largely ineffective.

CHEMICAL CONTROL — Glyphosate (1% active ingredient solution covering 25% of foliage) is the most commonly used chemical for killing Loosestrife. Triclopyr (formulated for water dilution and covering nearly all foliage) may be the most effective herbicide as it is broadleaf-specific and does not harm sedges or monocots.

BIOLOGICAL CONTROL — Experiments continue with the introduction of insect enemies. The hero may come in the form of a weevil or beetle.

Continue to make follow-up visits. Seed can remain viable for years

Summer is here, the prairie and wetland plants are starting to bloom—although some plants are not as attractive as they seem. Purple Loosestrife (*Lythrum salicaria*) would, at first, seem beautiful, blooming from July to September with long purple to magenta spikes. Growing along moist roadsides and in wetlands, it is a tall (3 to 7 feet), hardy, semi-woody plant. But it's a European native that shades out food-producing American wetland plants.

Spreading primarily by seed (a mature plant can produce over 2 million seeds per year) it can rapidly dominate a wetland. Once a wetland is taken over by Purple Loosestrife, waterfowl decline in significant numbers, and Marsh Wrens are entirely displaced. Purple Loosestrife does not provide food or habitat for wildlife.

The current infestation at Wisconsin's Horicon Marsh has been traced to a single plant growing in an ornamental garden! Currently, about 24 states have laws prohibiting distribution, planting or cultivation of Purple Loosestrife and its cultivars, hybrids, and so-called sterile varieties (this includes *Lythrum salicaria* and *L. virgatum*). Violations are subject to fines. Sale violations should be reported to the Department of Agriculture, Trade and Consumer Protection at the Bureau of Plant Industry. Cultivation violations should be reported to county law enforcement or the Department of Natural Resources.

Once you have eradicated Purple Loosestrife, reseed the area with native forbs and grasses. There are many native plants that have similar structure, color and height. Some are: **Joe-Pye Weed** (*Eupatorium maculatum*), **Blue Vervain** (*Verbena hastata*), **Bergamot** (*Monarda fistulosa*), **Blazing Star** (*Liatris spp.*), **Great Blue Lobelia** (*Lobelia siphilitica*), **Swamp Milkweed** (*Asclepias incarnata*).

As July approaches, I will be out on the roadsides and wetlands, doing my small part to help rid this noxious plant from wetlands. I hope you will consider doing this also. Any amount of effort will certainly help to restore some of the natural checks and balances to maintain healthy and happy wetlands.

Remember, this plant is attractive, but it was not "Born to Be Wild" in the United States!

—Faith Emons

Information provided by the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources.

NOTE: Reference your field guide! The Wing-angled Loosestrife (*Lythrum alatum*) is native!



Family: Umbelliferae (Parsley)

Other Names: Spotted Cowbane, Children's Bane, Spotted Water-Hemlock, Snakeweed, Cowbane, Musquashroot, Beaver-Poison, Wild Parsnip, Musquash Poison, Children's Death.

Habitat: In meadows, swales, wet prairies, and low thickets; along river banks.

Description: A highly branched plant bearing dome-shaped, loose clusters of small white flowers on an erect, magenta-streaked, sturdy, smooth stem. The florets are about 1/16-inch long. There are no bracts beneath the flattened umbels, which are about 3 inches wide. The leaves are doubly divided, toothed and sharp-pointed, with veins ending at notches between the teeth. The lower leaves can be up to 1 foot long. The fruit is flat, round, with thick ridges.

Height: 3 to 6 feet. **Flowering:** June to September.

Comments: Any part of this plant is dangerous to ingest, especially the roots, which contain a yellow oil that smells like raw Parsnip and has the sweetish taste of Parsnip. Water-Hemlock is considered to be the most poisonous plant in eastern North America, since use of only a very small quantity can be deadly. Cattle, horses and sheep have died from grazing on it. It is a relative of Poison Hemlock (*Conium maculatum*), the plant used to poison Socrates.

From Huron writings in 1637 comes the following quote: "They kill themselves by eating certain venomous herbs that they know to be poison, which married women much more often use to avenge themselves for the bad treatment of their husbands, leaving them to reproach themselves for their death."

In 1708, Sarrazin-Vaillant wrote, "This plant causes convulsions and death without remission. In spring it tastes so good that children often eat too much of it. If they are not given a remedy before the first convulsion, they die without remission, because their tongue rolls in their mouth in such a way as not to allow anything to enter the esophagus, which is closed so exactly that if anything enters it, it comes out immediately. I saw three people die and I know of 12 to 15 who have done so in the last 10 years. Last month a good workman aged 60 years ate a piece as big as a finger thinking it the root of Macedonian Parsley. He died in an hour and a half. . . Those who eat it raw, die in horrible convulsions. Those who eat it cooked fall into a lethargic sleep and can only be saved by an emetic."

There is another species of Water-Hemlock found in our area. That is the Bulb-Bearing Water-Hemlock (*Cicuta bulbifera*). The whole plant has a fragile, feathery look. As the plant matures, tiny green bulbs appear in the angles formed by the leaf and the stem. Often there are no flowers, when they do appear they are in bunches of tiny white flowers. An 1878 Canadian report states, "Two children were

WATER-HEMLOCK (*Cicuta maculata*)

playing on the flats by the river, when one of them, a little boy, aged seven, pulled up a root, ate a small quantity and gave the rest to his sister. She merely tasted and, according to her own account, did not swallow any of it. In a few minutes the boy was seized with convulsions and in half an hour was dead. The girl was affected in like manner but emetics were promptly administered and in 24 hours the effects of the poison had disappeared."

Both Water-Hemlocks are host plants for the larvae of the Eastern Black Swallowtail Butterfly (*Papilio polyxenes*).

Medicinal Use: Too lethal for use. However, in 1833 it was reportedly used to treat chronic headache by wearing tender leaves under the feet, changing them daily. The Cherokee chewed the roots for four days as a contraceptive to become "forever" sterile. The Iroquois used the plant for reducing inflammations and sprains.

Name Origin: Genus name, *Cicuta*, is an ancient Latin name of the Hemlock, a deadly Old World herb. Species name, *maculata*, means "mottled or spotted," probably referring to the streaks or spots on the stem.



Author's Note: I have hesitated writing about this plant for years, because of its lethal qualities. However, after giving it more thought, I felt it important that people be made aware of the poisonous plants growing in their midst. Before touching or ingesting any plant, it is crucial that you know its identity, virtues and detrimental effects. My quote for you to always remember is, a knowledge of plants is so important ... with it you might gain great benefit, without it you might be dead." ☺

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His rent-a-car pulled into the driveway as chaos reigned. The boys, then ten and eight, were in some form of half dress looking for their school backpacks and homework. The girls, then five and three, were at the kitchen table eating breakfast. Jina was packing lunches and I just wanted my morning coffee. It was a bright September day, and the doorbell rang.

CRAIG TUFTS

Craig Tufts and I had corresponded for years. We had met for lunch in Chicago in the early '90s, but Craig had never been to our Deerfield, Ill., home. Finally, opportunity presented itself. Craig, chief naturalist for the 5 million-member National Wildlife Federation had attended a bird photography workshop at Wisconsin's Horicon Marsh and was flying out of O'Hare. The road from Horicon to O'Hare passes our house.

Craig's credentials are impressive. After graduating with a degree in wildlife conservation from Cornell, Craig joined the Peace Corps. Stationed in Tayona National Park in Columbia for two years, Craig worked with sea turtles and birds. In 1976, he was hired by the National Wildlife Federation as assistant naturalist with the nature center. Craig earned a master in Environmental Education degree from Cornell and later took over the Federation's Backyard Habitat Program to teach and promote the notion of shared stewardship responsibilities toward water, soil, air, plants and wildlife. The program educates members and the public about the basic habitat requirements of wildlife: food, water, cover and a place to rear young. Those who join the program receive a certificate. Certified habitats include a McDonald's in downtown Cleveland, a homeowner's group of 42 families in Waco with adjacent yards, the governor's mansion in Kansas and even a balcony of a high-rise apartment in Boston. There are more than 20,000 certified habitats. Craig has also started a similar program for schools. He currently serves as an honorary director of Wild Ones.

But on this day, Craig was first taken by the boys to their basement lab—a small room with snakes, salamanders, newts, frogs, toads, and dozens of books on wildlife and wildflowers. Craig explained to the boys about this creature and that; how to tell male from female, and what similar species can be found in the East. After the bus

took the boys off to school, a calm fell over the house as Craig and I wandered the yard for nearly an hour. Craig identified this tree and that shrub. He explained how to tell the difference between woodland plants that to me looked the same. As we passed a Marsh Milkweed, Craig talked about the "milkweed bugs," a host of different insects that call the milkweed home. I showed him the walking stick bug Jina had found the week before. We talked about the direction environmentalism is taking, about Wild Ones and natural landscaping.

Back in the kitchen, just before he left, Craig reached in the front pocket of his blue jeans. A telephone number? Business card? An article about the state of the environment? No. Craig took out a half dollar-sized oval stone. Well worn and flat, it would make a good skipper. Craig stopped me in mid-sentence and said, "See what I found by the stream up in Wisconsin." I looked at it in his hand. A stone, beige and brownish—probably sandstone. I looked at Craig. His eyes were wide and he smiled like a child with a new prized toy. He said "look at the pattern." I hadn't even noticed, but sure enough the stone had spirals of orange and a hint of yellow winding through it. Craig said "What do you think? I'm going to take it home." I commented something like "Yes, it's nice" or something polite, but don't really remember. What I do remember is thinking that it was somewhat odd that a man in such an important position, with so much knowledge and responsibility would find so much fascination with a little stone.

And then I realized it was my own perspective that was askew. See, it's not the formulas and strategies, studies and meetings and conferences. Protecting our natural heritage, protecting the environment and our children's future, understanding our proper place in Nature is not about those things and events. They are important; but what is essential is that each and everyone of us holds on to, or rediscovers, our deep-rooted *sense of wonder*. Rachel Carson lived it. The writings of John Muir and E.O. Wilson flow with wonderment. Ansel Adams and Eliot Porter captured it on film. And thus, it's not Craig's credentials and accomplishments that make him a special and irreplaceable part of the Natural Landscape Movement. It's that he's never lost his sense of wonder. I, now looking to rediscover it within, hope to never again see a stone as just a stone. ☺

—Bret Rappaport

Call 703-790-4438 for information about National Wildlife Federation's Backyard Habitat Program.

The front forty

This past March, Curt and I went down to Arizona to visit friends. We took our grandchildren to see the Sonoran Desert Museum. They have beautiful displays of native plants and give the local folks plenty of ideas for natural landscaping Southwestern style.

We went with Gordy and Elaine to their favorite place for buying cactus for their xeriscape yard. I talked a little with one of the workmen about their native plants and weeds. He told me that they have a lot of trouble with Buffalo Grass in that part of Arizona. It was brought in from New Mexico by ranchers and now has become a nuisance, chasing out native plants.

On the last day of our visit, we went on a hike into the Sonoran Desert to see the blooming wildflowers. In case you haven't heard, this was the year to see the desert in bloom. We had stopped to take some pictures and look around, while our friend Elaine trekked on ahead and up around a bend. I went to follow her and saw she was sitting in the path awestruck at all the beauty around her. I left her in peace to contemplate it awhile. ☘

—Judy Crane

P.S. Would the Wild One from Michigan please call again. I am interested in the book you mentioned, but I hit the wrong key on my answering machine.

Food for thought:
As my friend Elaine says, "Life is good."
—J.C.

My husband lightheartedly and happily talks about the day soon when we can say, "We have been turf-free for...."

Our wild metamorphosis is happening slowly, a little more with each Wild Ones meeting, with each story, with each season, with each new bug in our yard, with each new sprout I recognize in the spring, with each new seed head I remember in the fall.

I have always thought of myself as a nature lover. As a girl I played in the woods and meadows of our yard, enjoying what had once been farm fields and later filled with the wild shrubs and trees my parents spent so much time planting and caring for. I built birdhouses, got lifted on my dad's shoulders for a quick peek at the newly hatched robins, climbed trees, walked with my mother to admire the Trilliums, chased fireflies, and went on nighttime family walks to listen for owls and to watch the stars. Grown up, ten years ago I first heard Lorrie Otto give a talk, and felt like a kindred spirit.

And yet, ten years ago I admired the neatness of Yews all in a row edging the driveway. Six years ago I still fertilized our lawn. Three years ago I still planted Pachysandra. Two years ago I was too shy and uncomfortable to share natural landscaping principles with friends and neighbors. Last year I still had plenty of lawn of my own to mow.

But ten years ago we moved to this land because we fell in love with the woods and the familiar childhood plants. Eight years ago we started converting half our back lawn, loving the transformation to Violets and Trout Lilies and Blue Cohosh. Five years ago I started a prairie garden in the sunny part of the front yard, and each year there has been less and less lawn, and more and more bugs, crawly

METAMORPHOSIS

things, butterflies, moths, and birds. Three years ago a pair of Cooper's Hawks nested nearby, and some of that family have returned each year to delight us. Last year, we planted 44 native shrubs, and we dug a pond and were thrilled and laughing with the frogs who soon showed up. Last summer I told stories from *Song of The Dodo* to anyone who would listen. This year, the rest of the lawn vanishes, remnants remaining only as paths through the wilderness. This year, I will be more careful about

planting to match the soil, sun, and water. I'm starting to work harder on Latin names. *Sanguinaria* (sang-gwi-NA-ree-a) is one of the first I learned. *Smilacina* (smy-la-SY-na) was easy to remember—such a happy name for a favorite plant. *Dentaria* (den-TAR-ree-a)—Toothwort—amused me. My husband keeps lists of the plant species we discover.

Our wild metamorphosis may be slow, but we continue to learn and find richness and depth and pleasure in Nature, and more happiness with making a difference for the future. I share this story because I think it might be the story of others too, and I wish for everyone peace with their state of wildness, and joy in the anticipation of things yet to discover.

Part of the metamorphosis is a shift from merely appreciating to becoming caretakers and restorers ... and evangelists ourselves. Inclination becomes desire, becomes passion. As I learn, I want to share, and I want to learn more. And through it all I am remembering and appreciating the wild legacy my mother left me and I have her copy of *A Sand County Almanac* on my desk. ☘

—Nancy Aten

"When you learn, teach. When you get, give."—Maya Angelou

FLESH AMONGST THE FOLIAGE

You know that we Wild Ones are more than run-of-the-mill gardeners. We thrash around in underbrush to rescue Bottle Gentian. You find us in muck fighting Purple Loosestrife, and on smoky hillsides tending prairie burns. We volunteer to tackle Buckthorn and tug Garlic Mustard. Some of us will even admit to dumpster-diving for old carpet and pool liners to smother yet more lawn in favor of a native planting. We chuckle at this image of ourselves, but sometimes we put ourselves at risk.

GLOVES

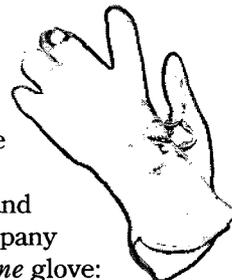
Work gloves had once felt stiff and unnatural to me, but are now standard tools that leave me fearless of ornery insects, acrid plant juices, sliver-filled wood, thorns, rocks and bricks, shards of glass, and rope burns. (However, I wouldn't feel fearless of insecticides without a hazardous materials suit!)

Rubber-coated gloves with breathable topsides are comfortable for a variety of jobs, especially muddy ones. Member Mary Lee Croatt reports that the gloves the Milwaukee-North Chapter sells from Ultimate Goods have a nubby surface that aids in cleaning seeds. Ultimate Goods, Box 4690 Rollingbay, WA 98061; (888) 880-1997, offers gloves in summer weight up to fleece-lined, and the cost is in the neighborhood of \$10 retail. [By the way, in case you've wondered why some folks bother to clean seed of its chaff, it's primarily to be rid of any small insects or fungus

that would prey on certain seeds and compromise their viability.]

If I could have but one pair of gloves, I would choose leather. Cowhide is very durable, pigskin is a little more supple. I wouldn't necessarily endorse one particular glovemaking over another, but for one fact: One glove always wears out before the other, and I know of one company that will sell you one glove: Womanswork carries a wide variety of working gloves (including insulated) to fit women, men and children. If you're not sure of your glove size, they'll even select the correct fit for you if you send in a hand tracing. A catalog is free from: Womanswork Gloves, P.O. Box 543, York, ME 03909-0543; 1-800-639-2709.

Cotton gloves are short-lived, they stretch and become misshapened,



There are only a very few plants to learn to avoid. Study the following plants in your field guides. When weeding these, don't rely on gloves alone. Put disposable plastic bags over your gloved hands and sleeves. Plant oils from the *Rhus* family can remain active on clothing, pet fur, and tools for many months after contact. And never burn any part of Poison Ivy, even if it's long dead. Its smoke is so dangerous that one must seek a physician immediately if it is inhaled. Reactions vary between individuals, both for skin contact and inhalation exposure.

A rash may develop within a few hours or up to five days after contact with the poisonous *Rhus*. Symptoms are itching, swelling, reddish inflammation, and then blisters that ooze and grow crusty. Untreated, a rash can last five days to five weeks. If exposed, treat by washing with a hydrocortison solution or by using colloidal oatmeal baths. A greater danger comes if you develop a secondary bacterial infection. So keep the area clean, changing sterile bandages frequently.

Some folks swear by the efficacy of Jewelweed (aka Touch-me-not or *Impatiens capensis*) juices to counteract the effects of Poison Ivy and Nettles, but we know of no formal studies. Member Chris Reichert reports success with products going by the names of IvyBlock® and Oak-N-Ivy Armor®. These over-the-counter lotions, applied prior to exposure, are supposed to bind with plant allergens, preventing them from penetrating the skin.

Hand-pulled Spotted Knapweed is now suspected of causing numerous problems: headaches, miscarriages, and cancerous tumors leading to amputation of fingers.

POISON IVY

Rhus radicans
Found in woodlands and near woodland edge; common.

POISON OAK

Rhus diversiloba
Similar in habit to Poison Ivy.

POISON SUMAC

Rhus vernix
Found in swampy areas; rather uncommon.

STINGING NETTLE

Urtica dioica
Roadsides, waste ground; common.

WILD PARSNIP

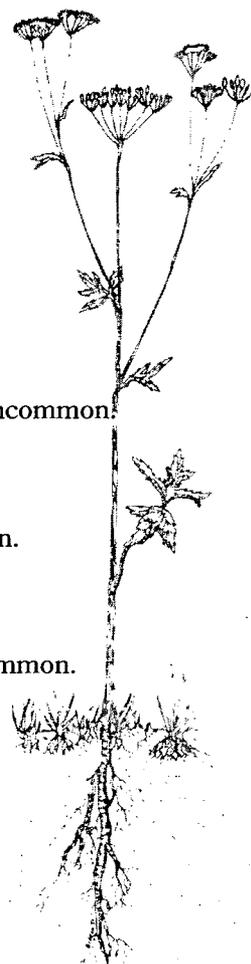
Pastinaca sativa
Open fields to woodland edge; common.

SHOWY LADY SLIPPER

Cypripedium reginae
Swamps, wet woods; uncommon.

SPOTTED KNAPWEED

Centaurea maculosa
Rangeland and prairies; common.



but they do make a judicious conductor of plant-killing glyphosate when used in this way: Slip on a rubber glove, then over it put on a cotton glove, dip your thumb and forefinger into the herbicide, then stroke the leaf of that deep-rooted invasive that's growing in the midst of your prairie. You've targeted your invasive using only a few drops of poison.

AGAIN WITH THE GLOVES?

I've sent you to your local museum for historical records to submit to "The Landscape That Was" column. Wear your gloves—this time to protect the aging documents from *your* oils. Archival gloves, available through photo supply stores, protect rare and endangered antique papers and photos. 🐾

—Joy Buslaff

TETANUS *Clostridium tetani*

Tetanus, also known as lock-jaw, is not common, but it's often fatal. Tetanus bacteria, usually associated with rusty nails, is everywhere—in soil, street dust, and animal feces. Any puncture wound, especially a deep one where oxygen cannot reach, can be infected. Adults age 50 and over account for the majority of infections reported. Ask your physician whether you need an initial series or booster shot. And be sure to tell them about your outdoor activities, especially if you're doing work like that described in the following article by Joan Armstrong.

Thanks go to Kelly Kearns, Bureau of Endangered Resources, Wisconsin DNR, and Tony Burda, associate director, Illinois Poison Center of Rush-Presbyterian-St. Luke's Hospital for their assistance with this article.

ADOPT AN ATTITUDE

Until I was 10 years old, our family lived in the country. My twin brother and I spent every spare moment tramping around Big Izzy and Little Izzy marshes finding critters. When it was too wet, we lived in the woods building forts and climbing trees. To this day, my favorite climbing tree, a giant willow, still stands; and I can conjure up with perfect clarity the cranny in its generous crotch where we hid treasures, and tried to incubate cracked robins' eggs.

After the age of 10, we moved to the city and were introduced to confining yards and well-kept lawns. Till the age of 51, I was hemmed in by yards but always searched out woods in which to hike and renew the quiet grace I found in them. Woods and marshes will always remain God's sanctuary to me.

At 51 years old, I and my husband moved out to Potter's Lake, Wis., where the hill loves my prairie flowers. An extensive marsh flanks the west shore and lily pads grow in the east shore shallows. I've seen sandhill cranes, gray herons, hawks, muskrats, geese, deer, frogs and toads. The lake even hosts an occasional loon. The exhilaration over these treasures of nature has returned from my childhood haunts.

The strange, warm winter of 1998, with no carpet of snow, afforded me many hiking miles. As a wary female, though, I am usually restricted to the roads around the lake and in the subdivision north of the lake which was built under 100-year-old oaks. Without the camouflage of snow or foliage, the woods are bare and revealing; and the roadside views are shocking. These country people litter their yards, the woods, the marshes with yard waste, PVC pipes, loose drywall, lumber, pallets, car parts, carcasses of automobiles, water heaters, appliances, rusty barrels, tires, plywood, rain gutters, cement blocks and trash barrels despite a trash collection service which will pick up anything for free except appliances. There is very little enforcement of junk violations or dumping on public grounds or enclosing trash cans despite town ordinances. There is constant dumping or burning of yard waste every spring and fall because there is no yard waste collection service.

Ironic, isn't it? And sad. As I walk, I pick up litter and post "No Dumping" signs in the farmers' fields and in the marshes and public woods. I send out flyers informing the neighbors of junk ordinances and the phone number of the trash collection service. I haul water heaters out of ditches and appliances out of the woods. I help clean up the yards of the elderly. I take photographs of dump sites and send them to the police chief with formal complaints citing declining property values as the rationale for my interest. My real reason, though, is the sadness and outrage I feel at the desecration of God's sanctuary. I am fighting a losing battle and am yearning for the uncluttered beauty of the suburbs. 🐾 —Joan Armstrong

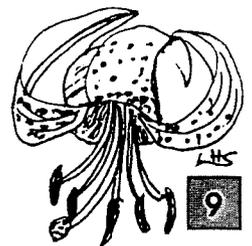
Wild Ones applauds those who participate in Adopt-A-Highway programs and those who just see litter and pick it up.

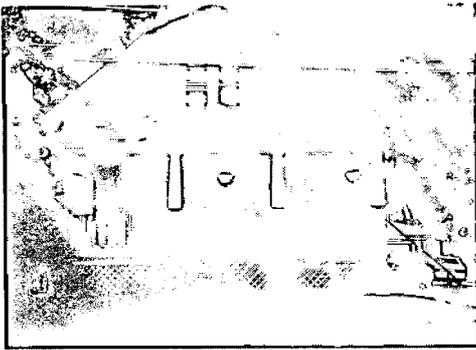
"The world is moved not only by the mighty shoves of the heroes, but also by the aggregate of the tiny pushes of each honest worker."

—Helen Keller

"Go, my sons, buy stout shoes, climb the mountains, search ... the deep recesses of the earth ... In this way and in no other will you arrive at a knowledge of the nature and properties of things."

—Severinus
(pope without imperial confirmation, 7th Century)





BEFORE & AFTER

At the end of a rough day at work, which scene would lift your spirits more? Judy Connelly and Wooly Dimmick planted prairie flowers, added turned posts to the porch and painted the details on a previously mundane bungalow. Now color, movement and style greet them and their guests.



The "Afterlife"

"The whole world is a garden, and what a wonderful place this would be if only each of us took care of our part of the garden." —Voltaire from Candide

The landscape that was

150
YEARS
AGO

From the *History of Waukesha County, Wisconsin* published in 1880.

After dinner, we proceeded on our way again through the heavy timber. The road not being cut through, it seemed as if we had to wind twice around every other tree till we reached Poplar Creek, about 16 miles from Milwaukee, when we came upon the oak openings; but, to describe the beautiful scenes surpasses my pen. They had the appearance of a large park, the verdure being very dense, filled with most lovely flowers, which stood as high as the horses' knees, while the trees were about the size and appeared to be about as near like each other as the very old orchards at the East.

—Mrs. Talbot C. Dousman

After crossing Poplar Creek, we came into the oak opening. I thought it the most lovely sight I had ever beheld. The country looked more like a modern park than anything else. How beautiful to look upon! How strange! We said in our enthusiasm, "Who did this? By what race of people was it done, and where are they now?" for there were but very few people here.

—Chauncy C. Olin, 1836

From the first of May until the latter end of September, the prairies become immense flower gardens, present the eye every variety of the most fascinating colors. The first race that appears is a rich peachblow tint, the next succeeding a reddish poppy color, then the violet, the blue, the purple, and the yellow in regular succession. From their appearance in the spring until the frost ushers in, they are every fortnight succeeded by a new succession each exceeding its predecessor in beauty and richness of color. The fragrance constantly emitted by them and scattered around "on the desert air" with the morning, noon, and the evening breeze, almost persuades one that he is in the midst of the elysian fields, and nothing more than the presence of Flora and her beautiful train of lovely houries were required to finish the fairy scene, and make it a variety. It is not astonishing, therefore, that the march of enterprise should be toward the west, a region of country little else than a continuous garden fertility.

—Donald McLeod, 1846

BIG, WILD NEWS!

At last, Wild Ones has a staffer. Donna VanBuecken, of the Fox Valley Area, is our official administrative director. Donna will keep our organization organized and respond to inquiries at our new national phone number: 1-500-367-9453 (PBX users call 920-730-8436).

1-500-FOR-WILD

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.

The meeting place

*"What is this life if, full of care, we have no time to stand and stare.
No time to stand beneath the boughs, and stare as long as sheep or cows."
—William Henry Davis, 1871-1940, from Leisure*



ILLINOIS

LAKE-TO-PRAIRIE CHAPTER

Programs are held Tuesdays at 7:15 p.m. in the Byron Colby Community Barn at Prairie Crossing, Grayslake (Rt. 45 just south of Ill. 120). Visitors welcome. Call Karin Wisiol for info, (847) 548-1650.

AUG. 8—See special listing, bottom page 12.

GREATER DUPAGE CHAPTER

Call (630) 415-IDIG for current info.

ROCK RIVER VALLEY CHAPTER

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

JULY 16—Robert Ahrenhoerster, of Prairie Seed Source, presents "Insects and Insect Folklore at the Severson Dells Environmental Center in Rockford, 6:30 p.m.."

AUG. 22—Native landscape bus tour in Rockford area. Call Fran Lowman for details (815) 874-4895.

KANSAS

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

KENTUCKY

FRANKFORT CHAPTER

For meeting times and locations call Katie Clark at (502) 226-4766 or e-mail herbs@kih.net.

MICHIGAN

Meetings are held the second Wednesday of the month. Call Dave Borneman for info, (734) 994-4834.

MINNESOTA

OTTER TAIL CHAPTER

Meetings are held at the Prairie Wetlands Learning Center, unless otherwise noted. Call Tim Bodeen for info, (320) 739-9334.

JULY 11—9:30 a.m. Carpool to Buffalo State Park to view prairie in bloom.

JULY 27—7 p.m. Tour Fergus Falls Fish and Game Club's One Mile Prairie Project.

AUG. 15—9:30 a.m. Carpool to Dave Sanderson's prairie restoration.

AUG. 25—7 p.m. Tour Nature Conservancy's Foxhome Prairie.

OHIO

COLUMBUS CHAPTER

Meetings are held the second Saturday of the month at 9:30 a.m. at Inniswood Metro Gardens, Innis House, 940 Hempstead Rd, Westerville, unless otherwise noted. Call Martha Preston for info, (614) 263-9468.

JULY 11—Mike Hall leads field trip to Links Prairie Nature Conservancy and Buzzard Roost Nature Conservancy in Adams County. Meet at 7:15 a.m.; meeting place to be announced.

AUG. 8—10 a.m., Inniswood Metro Park. Tour prairie with Tom Kissell close to home.

OKLAHOMA

OKLAHOMA CHAPTER

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

WISCONSIN

FOX VALLEY AREA CHAPTER

Meetings are held at UW-Extension office, 625 E. Cnty Rd. Y, Oshkosh, 7 p.m., unless otherwise noted.

JULY 18—"International Crane Foundation & Aldo Leopold Shack." Bring a lunch for bus tour to the Baraboo area. Crane Foundation admission: \$4.50; Leopold Foundation: donations accepted. Leave Appleton K-Mart 8:30 a.m. and Oshkosh K-Mart at 9 a.m. Return about 6:30 p.m.

AUG. 15—"Mosquito Hill Tour." Steve Petznik leads us through 1975 prairie restoration, butterfly house, and woodland area. Meet at nature center off Cty S n.e. of New London, 9 a.m., or carpool from Oshkosh K-Mart at 8 a.m. Bring a lunch, returning mid-afternoon. Fee: \$2.

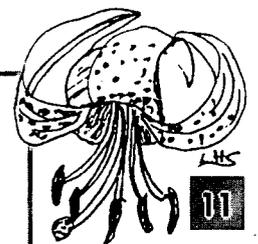
GREEN BAY CHAPTER

Meetings are held at the Green Bay Botanical Gardens, 7 p.m., unless otherwise noted. Call Julie Macier for info, (920) 465-4759.

(continued on next page)

AUGUST 1 — Schlitz Audubon's 21st "Lorrie Otto" Natural Yard Tour

Meet at the Schlitz Audubon Center, 1111 E. Brown Deer Rd., Bayside, Wis., for a day-long excursion. Bring a lunch, notebook and camera. Call the center to register: (414) 352-2880.



THE MEETING PLACE

(continued from previous page)

MADISON CHAPTER

Meetings are held the last Thursday of the month at Arboretum McKay Center, 7 p.m., unless otherwise noted. Public is welcome. Call Joe Powelka for more info, (608) 837-6308.

JULY—Date to be announced. Field trip to two or three local prairie restorations and/or native plant yard applications.

AUG. 15—Road trip to Milwaukee. Visit Lorrie Otto's and several other Wild Ones' yards.

MENOMONEE RIVER AREA CHAPTER

Meetings are held at 6:30 p.m. in Menomonee Falls. Call Judy Crane for info, (414) 251-2185.

JULY 15—6:30 p.m. See what Wild Ones volunteers have accomplished at Lime Kiln Park in Menomonee Falls. Call Judy Crane for details.

AUG. 19—6:30 p.m. If you read the *Front Forty*, this is your chance to see it in person: Curtis and Judy Crane's, N97 W16981 Cheyenne Ct., Germantown.

MILWAUKEE—NORTH CHAPTER

Meetings are held at the Schlitz Audubon

Center, 1111 E. Brown Deer Rd., Bayside, second Saturday of the month, 9:30 a.m., unless otherwise noted. Call voice mail message center at (414) 299-9888.

JULY 11—Field trip to Paul & Holly Olsen's naturalized yard.

AUG. 1—See special listing, bottom page 11.

MILWAUKEE—WEHR CHAPTER

Meetings are held at the Wehr Nature Center, second Saturday of the month, 1:30 p.m., unless otherwise noted. Call voice mail message center at (414) 299-9888.

JULY 11—Same program as North Chapter above. Carpool from Wehr.

JULY 17-18—Prairie Days Celebration at the Wehr Nature Center.

JULY 25—Wehr's tour of naturally landscaped yards. All-day event. Fee charged. Call Wehr for info: (414) 425-8550.

AUG. 12—5:30 p.m. Second Annual August Night Out. Meet for an evening walk through Wehr Nature Center prairie. Afterwards, get together at a local restaurant for food, fun and fellowship.

AUG. 23—Trip to Madison Arboretum. Call Mary Ann if interested; we may get a bus if numbers warrant. (414) 421-3824.

Wild Ones' Home for sale

Members Noor and John Morey are moving out of state and will be selling their home and gardens in Grafton, Wis., later this year. It is a magical piece of land (site of Wild Ones' tour, Sept. 1993), home to an abundance of prairie plants and other wildflowers, as well as wildlife. There is a sandy beach, a ravine and a beautiful secluded wooded area on the bluff, overlooking Lake Michigan.

The house has been recently remodeled with natural nontoxic materials and has hot water heat, wool carpeting, wood and tile floors.

The owners would like to find a buyer who understands and appreciates the landscaping and who will want to keep it intact. For serious inquiries, leave a message for Noor or John Morey at (414) 377-7315.

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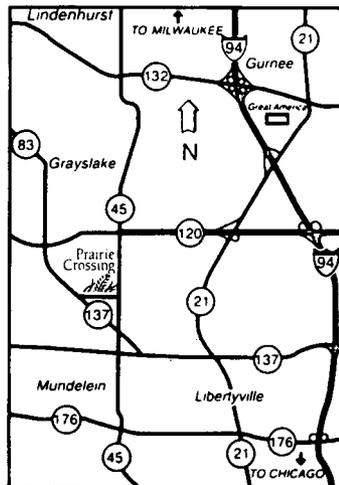
Wild Ones Annual Meeting

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AUGUST 8, 1998

AGENDA & PROGRAM

8:30-9:15 a.m. Registration and informal welcome
9:15-10:30 a.m. Annual Meeting
10:30-11 a.m. Break
11 a.m.-noon Neil Diboll, Pres. Prairie Nursery
Noon-1:30 p.m. Lunch
1:30-3:30 p.m. Walking tours of natural areas and gardens



Directions: from I-94, exit on Rt. 137 West. Head west for 3 miles and exit onto Rt. 45 North. Enter Prairie Crossing at the first light on Rt. 45 (1 mile south of Rt. 120). You will see the Byron-Colby Barn on left. (Use of the Byron-Colby Barn is underwritten by Prairie Holdings Corp.)

Detach and return by mail to:
Wild Ones, c/o 1411 Wild Iris Lane, Grayslake, IL 60030
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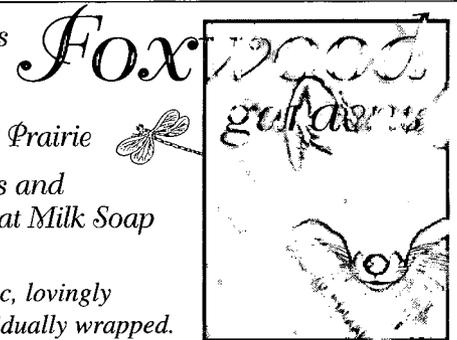
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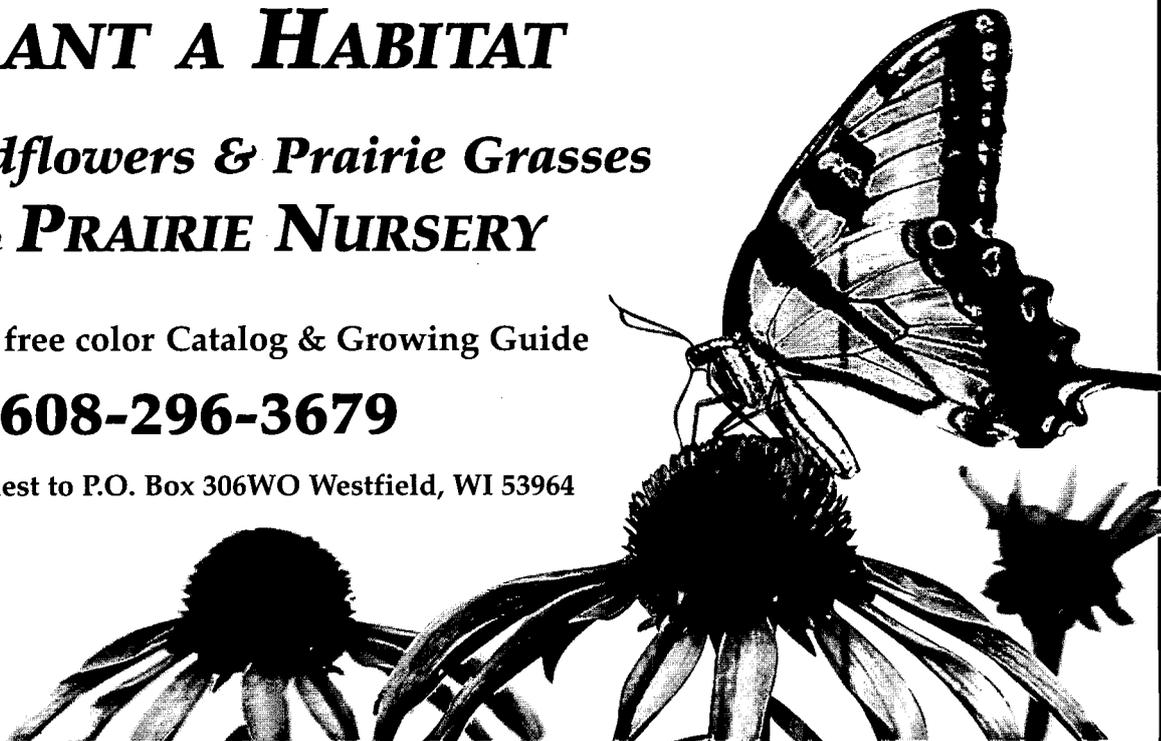
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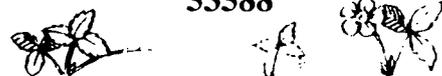
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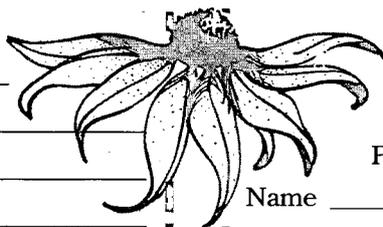
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