



QUARTERLY

SPRING • 1973

Volume XII No. 2



SPRING

APRIL WORK DAY **APRIL 28** APRIL WORK DAY

ACRES WORK DAYS ARE FUN DAYS!

TIME: 9:00 AM

MEET: Peoples Trust Gold Dome Bank
Bypass 30, Northcrest.

Work assignments will be made, we'll double-up on transportation. Bring lunch & drink, wear work gloves. There are jobs for all.

FIELD TRIP

MAY 5

FIELD TRIP

TOUR OF THE LIMBERLOST and
visit the MAXWELL WOODS!

MEET: Geneva Town Hall, Geneva, Indiana
(turn left off 27 on Line St. at school)

TIME: 10:00 AM Sharp! We go by bus-
first come, first serve. 30¢ each

Our guide is Harold C. Long. We will visit the Ceylon covered bridge & new park, the Brushwood School where Girl of the Limberlost attended, an Amish Bakery, Bunker Hill, Continental Divide, Beaver Dam & Trapper's Rendezvous, the Godfrey trail, Quaker Trace, Winchester Road & Ft. Recovery Trail, old post office sites and pioneer graves - the Limberlost Swamp and Loblolly.

BRING: Picnic Lunch and drink.

Afternoon, about 2 o'clock, we'll visit the Maxwell Woods on the Wabash River near Murray. Be prepared for a fine wildflower hike and enjoying some very large tree specimens. Naturalist-in-charge - Bob Weber

FIELD TRIP

MAY 26

FIELD TRIP

CEDAR CREEK AND CANYONLANDS

MEET: Peoples Trust Golden Dome Bank
Bypass 30, Northcrest

TIME: 9:30 AM Prepare to double-up!
Bring picnic lunch & drink.

Naturalist in charge - Pat Bolman

We will visit the Weikart Woods high above Cedar Creek and visit a portion of the Rodenbeck Reserve, Stelhorn and Martin properties in the Cedar Creek bottoms. We hope we have timed this trip right to enjoy some rare wildflowers. Bring mosquito dope.

REMEMBER, ACRES GOES RAIN OR SHINE!

Spring! Membership Time

Due to the 1969 changes in the Internal Revenue Law, the best way for ACRES to avoid detrimental classification is to enlarge its membership base and also broaden its contribution base.

The ACRES Board has set a goal of doubling our membership and numbers of contributors in the next two years.

It is most beneficial to ACRES if you take small memberships and make whatever contribution you can to the Land Acquisition Fund. Then, interest a friend to join ACRES too!

EVERY MEMBER GET A MEMBER - - - - -
ENCLOSED ARE TWO RETURN ENVELOPES. ONE FOR YOU,
ONE FOR A FRIEND. GIFT MEMBERSHIPS ARE NICE.
BRING A FRIEND ON AN ACRES OUTING!

STUDENT MEMBER	\$.50
REGULAR MEMBER	 2.00
SUSTAINING MEMBER	 10.00
PATRON MEMBER	 50.00

CONTRIBUTE TO ACRES LAND ACQUISITION FUND

Note: Our bulk-rate mail is not forwarded so be sure we have correct address and zip.

A C R E S, INC.

ACRES MEMBERS - One of the greatest delights our family has is to "get away from it all" on a late afternoon, or weekend and visit an ACRES area or two. It doesn't matter what the weather is or what time of year - it is beautiful therapy for a weary heart or jangled nerves. Try it! It really makes you glad for ACRES and our truly beautiful natural preserves welcoming you to visit.



"They Told Me So"

For a flash of flirting wings and bursts of songs I'll plant for the birds. How well I remember the emptiness of a new lawn, the silent winds from a few weed trees, the rare call of the spring robins accompanied by the lowly chirps of the english sparrow, and the birth of a plan to bring to my yard some of the songs from my country childhood.

A Plan grew from paper and nursery catalogs to border plantings and a pool for the birds. Now over twenty gorgeous species of birds have pleased and fed in the plantings. A pair of brown thrashers raised two broods last summer near the gay play of neighbor children. These beautiful brown birds gave me their lovely song in return for the many varieties of berries which beckoned them to my borders. They scrutinized the plants repeatedly for lost larvae to feed their babies which literally grew from the plan.

The white birches last winter held over two dozen cardinals at one moment, a breath-taking sight in red and white. The same trees dangled seeds to feed even more redpolls, hungry from the cold north.

The pines sheltered an injured evening grosbeak each night until she was well enough to join her flock that visited daily for a few months to enjoy the feeder, sumac, multiflora rose, juniper and barberry berries alternately with the flock of cedar waxwings.

Those planned plantings for the birds have produced studies in bird antics, poems, rich soil beneath the shrubs, subjects for color photography, and a haven for mental therapy. The birds repay in gifts of beauty, song and natural elimination of insects. No sprays are used or needed to promote the lush growth and blossoms ordinarily spoiled by the insects. The birds solve that problem by searching for them diligently.

How I'd like to see the roadsides again with the birds among the plants I remember so well; the larch, wild rose, wild plum, crabapple - deliciously seedy, green brier, tart wild grape, hawthorn and others which could give such joy to travellers as they give to me from my borders. Real conversation filled the fence rows with hazel shrub, bird havens and wildlife homes. I think wherever I may be I shall plant for the birds. Why do I think this way? Because after planning and planting, many little birds came and told me the plan works.

Maybelle Isham, Baker Sandhill Sanctuary
Bellevue, Michigan

Window on yesterday

■ A three-acre patch tucked in the corner of my north 80 has never felt a plow or produced a salable crop. Sounds like pretty shaky management, but that plot is virgin prairie, and to me the most valuable land on the farm. Our kids wander through the coarse grass and fragile flowers and occasionally probe for Indian artifacts. Classes from local schools, a few tourists, old-timers and botanists regard my prairie as a living example of the past.

It's easy to get sentimental about this kind of un-retouched nature that once carpeted three quarters of the Corn Belt. But virgin prairie can't be fully appreciated from a distance: You have to get involved. The grass has an odor midway between sweet and musty, and feels like elegant carpet underfoot. In mid-summer, wild aster, blazing star, yellow cone flower and many others spatter the terrain with haphazard color. There are interesting plants like the compass flower, whose leaves always grow in a north-south direction. The prairie changes every day from May till late fall. From adjacent fields, it's an arresting end-row oasis.

But my private prairie has more than sentimental or poetic value. Several agronomists have visited it. The Iowa State University Botany Department has identified more than 60 kinds of flowers and grasses that thrive only in such uncultivated fields. Outside of a few state-owned prairies, this unkempt vegetation has survived only in scattered spots along railroad rights-of-way and a few country graveyards. Scientists say this undisturbed soil yields many chemical and entomological secrets. In other words, there's no shortage of crop land, but native prairie is becoming scarce.

Early one spring, the ISU botanists burned off about a third of my favorite field for a regrowth experiment. I was a bit apprehensive, but the green plants emerged through the charred residue within days, much as they did a century ago when prairie fires swept through.

A string of tile and a couple hours' plowing would make my virgin prairie produce a whopping yield of corn. But once you turn it over there's no turning back. So I guess there's more than one way to measure the land's yield. The way a neighbor put it: "It took the Lord a thousand years to raise that crop; no use you trying to do better."

By REX GOGERTY

FARM JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1971

Many of us, when out on field trips or weekend outings, often yield to the temptation to bring back specimens.

Accordingly, one day last fall I gave into temptation, under the pretense of a rescue.

You see, I found an oblong egg. One of a clutch of six. The other five were broken and the sixth had a large crack. Being of kind heart and curious mind I brought the cracked one home. (This dramatic rescue by the way happened at the Izaak Walton League grounds in Marion.)

Wishing to simulate living conditions as near as possible (if you call a crack down your shell living), I put the egg, which I later keyed out to be some kind of snake egg, type unknown, into a small margarine dish filled with damp sand; and placed it on the coffee table in our living room.

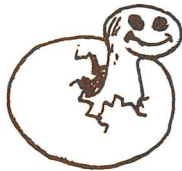
It was several days before Mother got out of me what was buried in the sand, and that it was a snake egg. The dish, egg, and sand were all banished to the kitchen.

So the whole issue was dropped for a couple of weeks, and the dish was covered over with mail, rubber bands, and other paraphernalia on the end of the kitchen table.

Upon inspection a week later I discovered a dark spot on the nose of the egg. My first reaction was that it had spoiled; but I left it anyway and two days later my snake egg hatched.

There he lay, egg tooth, tiny tail, little legs and a miniature shell. After expounding to my family about a snake egg there was little I could do but show them my turtle, named "Snake".

Pat
Bolman



QUARTERLY COVER ART is copied from an old lithographic color plate in a volume entitled "Report on the Birds of Pennsylvania", published in 1890 as authorized by a State Act of 1889. This book was loaned to ACRES by Mrs. Rolland E. Maxwell of rural route Huntington and copies of some of the other fine plates make up ACRES new set of Notepaper prints.

EARTH

I turn my face to earth
and cry out that my freedom,
yes, my very life
Now lie within the conscience
of my fellowman - and mine.
We have been defiant....
With greedy hands and eyes
We've plundered and laid waste.
Like locusts, heedless and
Without plan, we've looted
ravaged and defiled our home.
Betrayed the trust reposed in
us to cherish and preserve.
Returning nothing, taking all.
We deepen, do not heal, the
wounds in bleeding earth.
Inevitable disaster in our
present course.
No flower, no tree, so singing
bird; no beauty of the day or night.
A planet without any source
of life, too soon returning
to the chaos whence it once
was formed.
Our folly now must cease.
All false conceit and
selfish grasping thrown aside.
Man turns his efforts to the
cause of earth,
Else dies the earth - and man.

Margie Lee Johnson

NATURE CONSERVANCY SPRING MEETING - June 9, 9:30 AM
Mary Gray Bird Sanctuary, Connersville, Indiana
Program will include a visit to Weaver Woods to honor
the Weavers for their contribution to Indiana's nature
preserves. A luncheon will be served at noon at Mary
Gray, at a cost of \$2.50. Reservations should be made
by notifying Paul Carmony, R.R.3, Box 189, Alexandria,
46001, by June 1.

MOSQUITOES - WHY THEY BITE YOU



The antennae of the male mosquito are stick-like structures projecting from his head and are covered with long hairs. When certain sounds strike these hairs, they vibrate in unison. These vibrations are transmitted to the brain and impulses are sent to muscles which trigger flight. Where is the male flying? To a female - the hum of her wings is the vibration which attracts the male.

Even though fertilization takes place, in some species the eggs will not develop unless the female secures a blood meal from a vertebrate. The mosquito's problem of obtaining blood is not an easy one. First, the mosquito is not a strong flier. Second, it must penetrate a thick epidermal layer of skin and reach the blood stream of an animal. Third after cutting through the skin, it must gorge itself with more than its own weight within a period of two to five minutes. Its chances of being squashed are great!

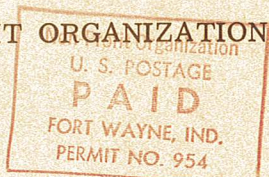
Mosquitoes are guided to a blood meal mainly by sight. Warm currents of air in the immediate vicinity of the host (you) may also play an important role. Exhaled carbon dioxide and some other chemicals emanating from the host may also serve as attractants.

By the time the mosquito emerges as a winged adult, it has already spent much of its life in water; first as an egg floating on the surface for one or two days, then one or two weeks as a larva, and two or three days as a pupa. As an adult mosquito, it has only two or three weeks of life remaining. During this time the life of a mosquito is hazardous because a slap of your hand may squash it!

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NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION



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