



THE PRAIRIE FALCON[©] - FEB. 1999

NEWSLETTER OF THE NORTHERN FLINT HILLS AUDUBON SOCIETY

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MANHATTAN, KS

PROGRAM PREVIEW

UPSTREAM DOWNSTREAM

DRU CLARKE AND THE MHS STREAM TEAM

7:30 PM, WED., FEB. 17, 1999

THROCKMORTON 1014, KSU CAMPUS



In 1993, the Manhattan High School Stream Team began to monitor water quality at several sites along Wildcat Creek, an important tributary of the Kansas River. This stream originates near Leonardville and ends in Manhattan, draining over 56,000 acres. Results from these studies have been reported at national conferences, and summarized in a forthcoming publication in an international ecological journal. This sort of "citizen science" can produce meaningful and useful data on water quality, and this project is an excellent model which needs to be duplicated at many sites nationwide. Some of the team members (Brandy Sherwood, Steve Hoyt, Nichole Garbarino, and Jared Delong) will talk about the data collected so far, and the implications of these data for the health of our local streams. Come join us for an educational and inspiring event. After all, "we all live downstream."

Before each program we invite our speakers to join us for an informal dinner and discussion. Feel free to join us this month at the Hibachi Hut on 12th St. in Aggieville at 5:45 PM. The program will commence at 7:30 PM on Wednesday, Feb. 17th. Refreshments are served after the meeting, please bring your own cup. All meetings are open to the public.

Field Trips

Sat. Feb. 13 — Beginning Birdwatching Walk — Join us this Saturday and every second Saturday at 8 AM in the Ackert/Durland parking lot on the KSU campus. We will carpool to a local birding hotspot, and should return by about 11 AM. Birders of every age and interest level are welcomed; children are especially encouraged to attend. Call Hoogy Hoogheem (539-7080) for more information.

2nd Annual Great Backyard Bird Count, February 19-22 — A project of the National Audubon Society and Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology, the Great Backyard Bird Count wants everyone - kids, adults, seniors, families, classrooms and community groups - to count the birds they see at their backyard bird feeders, local parks, and other areas. Reports are entered online at BirdSource (<http://birdsource.cornell.edu>), an interactive, state-of-the-art website developed by the Cornell Lab and Audubon. Spend as little as 15 minutes on any or all of these days, then log on to the website and follow the simple directions to enter your data. Within hours, your report will be incorporated with others to provide a snapshot of North American Avian Activity, viewable on the same website!

WHAT'S AT STAKE

The National Park Service continues to work on the Tallgrass Prairie National Preserve General Management Plan. At this stage of the planning process, a team of NPS planners has developed a "draft preferred alternative" for the future management of the Preserve.

If you care about how the Tallgrass Prairie National Preserve will be managed, please attend one of the following open houses. It's important, from Audubon's perspective, that the preserve be managed for tallgrass...therefore, allowing native grazers such as bison, pronghorn and elk, and moving away from the use of cattle (which, while effective grazers, are abundant already on private lands). What does the management plan have to say about Greater Prairie Chickens? What kind of visitor experience can one expect there? Have those and other questions in mind as you attend the open house. The NPS staff are friendly and want to hear from you.

Monday Feb. 8, 5-7:30 p.m.
Chase County Middle School
5th and Chase, Strong City

Tuesday Feb. 9, 5-7:30 p.m.
Council Grove Christian Church
106 E. Main, Council Grove

Wednesday Feb. 10, 6-8:30 p.m.
Great Plains Nature Center
6232 E. 29th St. North, Wichita

Thursday, Feb. 11, 5-7:30 p.m.
Topeka High School
800 SW 10th, Topeka

Friday, Feb. 12, 6-8:30 p.m.
Holiday Inn
200 McDonald Drive, Lawrence

If you can't attend or get this notice too late to attend, call the Tallgrass Prairie National Preserve at 316-273-6034 and ask that a copy of the draft management plan be sent to you or to your local public library.

Good News: The Clinton administration has announced its intent to seek \$1 billion in bonds, programs and other initiatives to help protect towns from the ills of urban sprawl. The protection of open spaces and sensitive habitats has become a hot quality of life issue across the country, with some 200 local and state ballot initiatives addressing this issue in the last election. If you support Federal assistance to help Americans everywhere protect open space and sensitive habitats, contact your Congressman and say so.

— Christopher Cokinos



KONZA PRAIRIE DOCENTS NEED YOU!

The Konza Environmental Education Program (KEEP) gives tours of Konza Prairie Research Natural Area. Many school groups and other organizations come to learn about our ecosystem, the tallgrass prairie. Volunteer tour guides (docents) are needed to help with this program. You decide when and how much time you have available.

If you love the prairie and would like to learn more about it, training sessions to become a Konza Prairie Docent begin Tuesday evening, February 23, at 7:00 p.m. in 221 Ackert Hall, KSU Campus, Manhattan. The first orientation session will be followed by several field trips and learning experiences, generally on Saturday mornings. Contact Valerie Wright, Environmental Educator (785/587-0381), or Phoebe Samelson, Docent Coordinator (785/539-2978). See the Konza web site at

<http://www.ksu.edu/konza>.

—Valerie Wright

Environmental Educator/Naturalist, KPRNA

TREE OF THE MONTH

*WHAT D.H. LAWRENCE MISSED

Hackberry (*Celtis occidentalis*) can tolerate the shade of an oak, as it waits for the death of the oak. When the old oak is unable to form new leaves, the warmth of the sun energizes the young hackberry, and it grows towards the light, as it fights the other saplings and stakes its claim to its portion of the forest.

Once the hackberry tree has a firm claim on its territory, it has another mission, ... reproduction. Its dark purple berries mature in early October, and most of the width of the berry is occupied by one seed (1/4" diameter). The flesh of the berry is thin, but it has a trace of sweetness. If you avoid sweet food completely for a month, the sugar in a carrot will taste almost as sweet as pure sugar. That is the sensitivity that is needed for an appreciation of this berry. Native Americans ate the berries and considered them a survival food, since the berries could be plucked from the twigs of a tree during the bitterly cold months.

On January 5th, there was snow on the ground, and I saw a squirrel jump from the snow to the rough bark of a tree. He climbed to a large branch and then raced out to the twigs which bent drastically under his weight. The squirrel pulled the twigs toward his mouth with one paw, and used his other front paw to rake the hackberries from the twig. When he had harvested the last one, he traveled to another limb that he raced along, and then launched himself into the air, traveling between trees with a joyful playfulness. Not uncommonly, squirrels break their bones, when they fail to maintain a new grip after a leap. This squirrel was an expert, and he was hot blooded. He had the warmth in the bare flesh of his paws to maintain his grip with controlled strength.

Perhaps the squirrel knew the danger, ... the dreadful pain of broken bones, and so he leapt, with his pulse racing with the thrill. But then again, perhaps he was merely an efficient harvester of berries, and he saved some steps by leaping between trees. He plucked one more berry, and tasted the sweetness.

The seed has a nutritious kernel. Would he crack open that seed with his teeth? I stared at him, and wondered.

— Thomas Morgan

Just because something is sacred
 doesn't mean it is rare
 I've seen several sacred kingfishers
 since we've been in Oz
 The azure blue, green and creme to buff
 of their feathers look airbrushed on
 Strokes of Nature easily besting
 Renoir, Cezanne

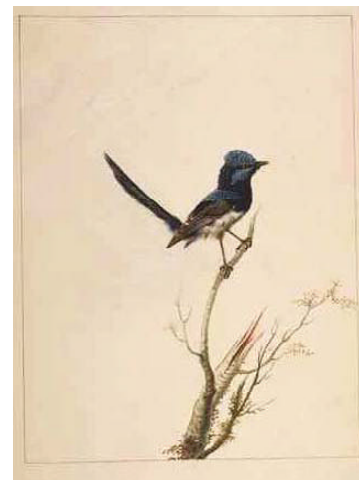
In Australia, superb is commonplace

I've encountered dozens of clusters
 of superb blue wrens, superb fairy wrens,
 little blues, whatever you call them
 They are superb, the male with his iridescent
 electric blue back, head and face, and stenciled
 in black, his midnight-blue breast
 This flash of flamboyance can still drop my jaw
 or quicken my heart, when we meet, roadside
 on the edge of the rainforest

Rewarding my faith
 a follower
 a True Believer
 in Nature

Jana K. Shaker
 28/11/98

(*Frieda and D.H. enjoyed the ocean-edge cottage they rented in Thirroul for three months in 1922, the surf booming beneath them. But, while writing "Kangaroo", Lawrence never looked inland; he never developed a true fondness for Australia; its people or its nature.)



"In the beginnings, the Lanape of "New" England held and historically noted on the bark of birch trees, their Walum Olum or "painted record," All had cheerful knowledge, all had leisure, all thought in gladness." Kenneth Lincoln, *Native American Renaissance*

The Long Night Moon passes into the Wolf Moon, December passes into January- months of hibernation and a time to let the wolf reclaim the landscape ... even if it can only be the spirit of the wolf.

I had been feeling exhausted, working on reserve energy, so I took the opportunity of that last cold spell to drop work and hole up in my house for a couple of weeks. I slept and slept, and when I was awake I read and then slept again. When, finally, I couldn't sleep at night I knew I had gotten my rest. I was facing that critical and delicate time of rest with no activity- a perfect breeding ground for guilt. Before I could succumb to lazy guilt, and with a little equivocating, I decided a change of scenery was necessary; I would make a pilgrimage to the Southwest- toward Albuquerque. Perhaps toward something I had been missing.

I hit the road with some preferences in mind and the general philosophy of "You don't take a trip, the trip takes you." My route took me down through the Gyp Hills of Kansas, where nearing sunset I pulled into the Big Basin Wildlife Refuge. I found a loosely gathered herd of about fifty bison drifting slowly up out of the basin toward the upland prairie. I watched from a nearby hill as they grazed at the golden edges of lengthening evening shadows, some dark in the shade others reddish from the sunlight lying on their dusty, thick, woolly robes. One bison, who seemed to be a flank guard, caught my scent on the breeze, squared off and stared directly at me, smelling more than seeing me. The lead bull, aware of the guard's wariness, glanced over his shoulder toward me then back toward the flank guard as if making sure she was doing her job. Everyone went back to grazing; I slipped quietly away.

The next day I find myself up in the very tip of the Oklahoma Panhandle This is a broken country of red canyons and steep-sloped mesas. On my way into a canyon, formed by what the locals call the Dry Cimmaron River, I stop to watch a road runner. A golden eagle flies close enough for me to see to that bright golden mane shining in the sun. Beating her wings easily but with a sense of weight being lifted, she ponders the ridge, calculates the necessary lift with her perfect unequivocal thought and vanishes into a secret space between the blue sky and the sharp rock ridge.

On the hike up Black Mesa my thoughts are the inner conversations of trivial worries, what I should have said, and

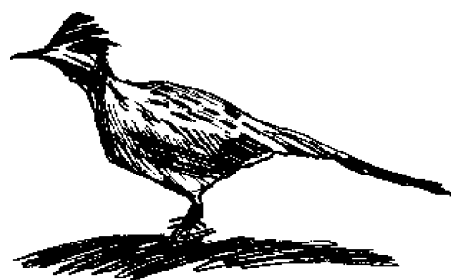
the most insidious of all- T.V. jingles of stuff I never would buy. As I walk in the easy, warm silence I notice other conversations taking shape- with this pink quartz rock I pick up, with the coyote tracks in the trail, with the raven messengers overhead. Listening begins in streams of feathery sounds- the accumulated breath of junipers and grass and tree cholla. Up on the mesa the grama and buffalo grasses are light and even in texture, spreading flat and smooth like a slice of warm buttery bread with sugar sprinkled over it. Then the volcanic rocks scattered around seem like raisins. I must be getting hungry! The vistas from the mesa are long and rugged. Volcanic cones rise up out of the distant yellow plains. Mountain ranges might be clouds or clouds ranges, and there is a sense of something lost and wandering out there. What is all this metaphor!? So what am I like? Buttered bread? Dry toast? A cloud that might be a mountain? Could mountains just be mountains?

It's a dark, starry night and I'm sleeping among the junipers, stretched out on a flat, smooth rock. Sometime during the night I feel a heavy muzzle burrowing and sniffing into my neck and shoulders through my mummy bag- a large canine! I wake with a start and a yelp and hear a scrambling away on the rocky ground. I look quickly behind me- a shadowy movement? I stop my breath to listen, then clap my hands for a reaction - nothing. A shiver goes through me, I lay back down and drift back to sleep.

During the long, winter night I wake up occasionally and notice the changes in the sky. In the very late night the constellations seem unfamiliar and strange, the stars are farther apart- sparse, as if the earth, in it's own dream, has drifted out to the edge of the universe. That's what attracts me to the desert- the sparseness of life at the edge of things. Like air that thins at high altitude, *maya*, illusion, thins- you can see out beyond, sometimes just for a moment you can get a glimpse of that lost, wandering thing. A time perhaps, or a place where.. "All had cheerful knowledge, all had leisure, all thought in gladness."

Coming back from someplace stark and beautiful into the Flint Hills, the richness of it is what strikes me. The closest word I can find is "fat". The buffalo know what I mean.

—Wayne Corn



“It had been a hard winter in northern Montana, so hard that ravens sometimes fell from the sky in midflight, their insides just snapping, it seemed, and like great ragged clumps of black cloth they’d fall into the woods, or into a pasture, landing a few weeks shy of spring. The stave-ribbed horses - those that the coyotes and wolves had not gotten - would go over and pick the crows up with their teeth and begin eating them, chewing the shiny black feathers. There was nothing else...” Rick Bass, *Platte River*, (1994) Houghton-Mifflin, Boston and New York.

Well, so far the winter hasn’t been quite that hard around here, but we are, as the author points out, still a “few weeks shy of spring.” And despite the grim fate of the ravens (or is it crows?) mentioned in the passage above, the corvids (the family of birds that includes ravens, crows, and jays) still seem to be doing quite well in Kansas. This month we will take a look at some corvids, and hopefully help you develop a bit more respect for these rugged birds and their place in our world.

Crows don’t really have a fan club. This may be due to their sepulchral coloration, or their habit of picking at road-killed skunks and possums, or their uncanny ability to nab the nestlings of other bird species in order to feed their own young. These are not traits that win friends, except perhaps among undertakers or congressional Republicans. But a closer look might convince you that the common American crow doesn’t deserve this disdain.

Many Native American tribes considered the crow to be sacred, and the bird has a prominent place in their mythology and cosmology. The crows were thought to have carried the first corn and vegetables from the gods to mankind, so the birds were accorded substantial respect. They are very wary and wily birds, and often one of the birds in a flock will stand guard, and warn the others of approaching danger. Despite their abundance and their significant size, I have yet to get a good portrait of a crow, even after many attempts. They like to keep a respectable distance between themselves and a human armed with a long black telephoto lens! And they are resourceful birds; over 650 different items have been identified in the food eaten by crows. This latter fact probably accounts for some of the antagonism that modern man has toward the birds, since some of those food items are also crops grown for

sale or consumption by humans! But they also consume vast quantities of insects, some of which (like crickets and grasshoppers) pose a threat to those same crops! Highly inflamed debates have focused on the economic impact of crow populations. Indeed, as A.C. Bent says, “Few ornithological problems have been of greater widespread controversy than the economic status of the crow.” We can debate about them all we want, but I have a feeling that the common crow doesn’t much worry about our piddly concerns, and they will be doing whatever crows do long after the current crop of debaters departs.



The other bird mentioned in the passage above, the raven, doesn’t get into Kansas very often. Although you can’t see one in this state most years, you can find their desert-dwelling cousin, the Chihuahuan (*nee* white-necked) Raven in the southwest part of the state. The Common Raven is a denizen of high mountains and arctic shores.

This imposing corvid also has a prominent place in folklore, not just in North America but across the Palearctic, wherever this cosmopolitan species is found. Ravens are seen as tricksters in the folk legends of many cultures. And they are clever birds, no doubt. But the Tlingit tribe of the Pacific Northwest also taught that Raven created mankind from a rock and a leaf. Raven then showed a leaf to these new humans, and said “See this leaf? When it falls from the tree and rots, there is nothing of it left. You are to be like it.” Thus Raven is not only the creator of mankind, but he also brought death into their world. That is pretty heavy stuff for a mere bird! But ravens deserve at least some of that respect; some ornithologists feel that these might be the most intelligent bird species. Bernd Heinrich’s book *Ravens in Winter*, is a good source of anecdotes about corvid cooperation and intelligence. Trickster, creator, or avian intellectual, these birds obviously evoke powerful feelings in their human fellow travelers.

So as we end this harsh winter month, still a few weeks shy of spring, maybe you now have a new respect for corvids. These swaggering chimeras of myth and reality don’t necessarily need a place in your personal pantheon, but perhaps you can give them at least your grudging admiration...

— Dave Rintoul

1999 RIVERS AND WILDLIFE CELEBRATION**(FORMERLY SPRING RIVER CONFERENCE)****RAMADA INN, KEARNEY, NE MAR. 11 - 14, 1999**

Sponsored by: Eagle Optics and the Kearney Visitors Bureau, the National Audubon Society's Rivers and Wildlife Celebration is the premiere wildlife event in the Midwest. In its 29th year, the Celebration is held each March in Kearney, Nebraska, to coincide with the world's largest gathering of Sandhill Cranes along the Platte River.

Attended by hundreds of people from across the country, the 1999 Celebration will continue the tradition of providing quality environmental education and memorable wildlife experiences for the whole family. This year's agenda offers great field trips, interesting speakers, educational programs, and a 25th birthday party for Rowe Sanctuary!

SPECIAL CHILDREN'S PROGRAM - BIRD IS THE WORD!

You asked for a more family oriented Celebration, and we listened. On Saturday, March 13, a program led by professional and volunteer environmental educators will be held for children 6-12 years old. Events run from 9:00 a.m. - 4:30 p.m. Indoor and outdoor activities are planned, weather permitting. Lunch and field trip transportation are provided.

THE COUNTRY STORE

More than twenty artists, organizations, and companies will exhibit information and merchandise to sell at the Celebration's Country Store. Hours are from 7:00 p.m.-8:00 p.m. on Friday, 9:00 a.m.-8:00 p.m. on Saturday, and 9:00 a.m.-11:00 a.m. on Sunday.

**CELEBRATE ROWE SANCTUARY'S 25TH BIRTHDAY,
FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 7:00 P.M. - 10:00 P.M.**

One of the things conservationists don't do often enough is celebrate accomplishments. We think birthdays are a great reason to celebrate and reminisce - and 25 years ago the Audubon Lillian Annette Rowe Sanctuary became the first land protected on the central Platte River for cranes and migratory waterfowl! To CELEBRATE Rowe's 25th birthday, we are planning a party with music, a cash bar, some special guests, and a few surprises. The fee to get in is \$2, or FREE if you wear a Rowe Sanctuary shirt (the older, the better).

Hotel Accommodations and Meals

There are many quality lodging facilities in and around Kearney. A block of rooms have been set aside at the Ramada Inn and the Hampton Inn at special prices for RWC participants. Please make your reservations well in advance, as rooms will fill up fast. You must indicate that you are participating in Audubon's Rivers and Wildlife Celebration to receive the discounted rates.

Ramada Inn

single - \$54, 2 or more adults - \$59, kids free in Nebraska call 1-800-248-4460
outside Nebraska call 1-308-237-5971

Hampton Inn (free deluxe continental breakfast)

single - \$58, double to quad - \$63
1-800-HAMPTON
1-308-234-3400

Other lodging facilities in the area:

Wingate Motel (free deluxe continental breakfast)
single - \$62, 2 or more adults - \$72
1-800-228-1000
1-308-237-4400

AmericInn (free continental breakfast)

flat rate - \$59.90 for room w/2 queen beds (1-4 people)
1-800-634-3444
1-308-234-7800

Fairfield Inn (free continental breakfast)

single - \$47, double - \$53
1-800-228-2800
1-308-237-0838

Country Inn & Suites (free continental breakfast)

1 or 2 beds - \$59, suites - \$89
1-800-456-4000
1-308-236-7500



Questions? Call Audubon Nebraska, (402) 797-2301, or email Kevin Poague at kpoague@audubon.org for information, registration materials, etc. Hope to see you there!

Last month we did a double-take (so to speak) with the Big Dipper, and I asked where you might find its companion, the Little Dipper...

If you can't answer, you're not alone. Many people mistake the Pleiades (or "Seven Sisters") for the Little Dipper. The Pleiades are a lovely open cluster of stars—and they happen to look like a little dipper or bowl. The attached chart shows you how to locate the Pleiades. Certainly they are worth a look in binoculars. You won't see the blue lines of nebulosity left over from the cluster's formation; only big scopes and photographs can show that streakiness. But you will see a bright brocade of intensely sharp blue-white stars. A stunning sight.

It's fun to challenge yourself when looking at the cluster: how many stars can you see with the naked eye? Try this frequently, and from different locations, and you'll start to get a sense of night vision, light pollution and seeing conditions. (Without my glasses, the Pleiades look like a smoke cloud; with them, on a good night, I can see more than a dozen stars.) Remember, it takes about 20 minutes of being in the dark—no staring at street lights or cars!—to get your eyes dark-adapted.

The Pleiades are a relatively new feature of the night sky, being as they are only about 50 million years old. I like to imagine Sandhill Cranes recording the first glimmers of the Pleiades in their brains as the great birds migrated across the plains. The cluster is 400 light years away and contains a couple hundred stars.

What about the *real* Little Dipper?

Well, it's a faint asterism with little to recommend it—except the presence of a very important star, Polaris, the North Star. This is the point in the sky around which all the stars and constellations appear to rotate. The North Star changes over time. In the past, it wasn't always Polaris, nor will it be in the future. But Polaris it is for now. (It's also a triple star system; small telescopes can just barely show two stars.) The "bowl stars" of the Big Dipper can point you to the North Star. Remember this and you'll be able to find north at night no matter where you travel.

Finding your way around the night sky can be intimidating, but with some practice and a couple of good books you'll be navigating the cosmos in no time. The following titles are among my stand-bys:

Turn Left at Orion. Guy Consolmagno and Dan Davis. Cambridge University Press, 1995. If you have a 2-to-3-inch spotting scope or telescope, this is an ideal book, full of useful basic information and page after page of deep-sky objects. The authors give you "directions" to find the objects as well as realistic drawings showing you what you'll actually see. Background information on the objects—from double stars to galaxies—rounds out a terrific book. I use this one all the time, and rely on its explanations to garner tidbits on how old or distant an object in the sky is. If you plan on using your small scope for more than just very casual grazing, this is the book to get.

Nightwatch. Terence Dickinson. Camden House, 1983. A new edition of this wonderful title is just out. I'm still using the older edition. I love this book. It has more-than-rudimentary discussions of all elements of the night sky—from the Big Bang to eyepiece filters—and the best star charts a beginner could ask for. The charts contain location information and descriptions of the object—and what the stargazer can expect to see. If you plan on using only binoculars, this a good book to use but it's great for small-scope owners. There are other books on binocular astronomy available which would supplement *Nightwatch*. Another great feature of this book: it's spiral bound so it opens flat on a surface. Believe me, little things like that make a huge difference on a long evening of observing.

Discover the Stars. Richard Berry. Harmony Books, 1987. Binocular or naked-eye observers will find this a nice title. It's compact too. The charts are helpful and clear and the text provides good background—though not always great "directions"—concerning the objects shown.

Peterson First Guides: Astronomy. Jay M. Pasachoff. Houghton Mifflin. Basic, basic, basic—but that's what the beginner needs. This slender, pocket-sized book is best at providing fundamental information about the cosmos and features star charts that are *excellent* for learning the major constellations. But don't rely on the charts for locating deep-sky objects like galaxies. I still use this little book when I need to brush up on the constellations of a new season. The book is so slender it's a treat to take outside on a night stroll.

Happy viewing.

—Christopher Cokinos

Northern Flint Hills Audubon Society
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Subscription Information

Introductory memberships are available for \$20 per year; after that a basic membership is available for \$35 annually. When you join the Northern Flint Hills Audubon Society, you automatically become a member of the National Audubon Society and receive the bimonthly Audubon magazine, in addition to the *PRAIRIE FALCON*. New membership applications may be sent to NFHAS at the address below; make checks payable to the National Audubon Society. Renewals of membership are handled by the National Audubon Society and should not be sent to NFHAS. Questions about membership can be answered by calling a toll-free number, 1-800-274-4201, or by electronic mail to Betsy Hax at the National Audubon Society (bhax@audubon.org).

Nonmembers may subscribe to the *PRAIRIE FALCON* newsletter for \$10 per year. Make checks payable to the Northern Flint Hills Audubon Society, and mail to: Treasurer, NFHAS, P.O. Box 1932, Manhattan KS 66505-1932.

RARE BIRD ALERT HOTLINES

Kansas (statewide): 316-229-2777

Kansas City Area (incl. W. MO): 785-342-2473

Nebraska (statewide): 402-292-5325

NFHAS Officers and Board Members 1998-9

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(* - Kansas Audubon Council representatives)

Addresses and Phone numbers of Your Elected Representatives - Write or call anytime

Governor Bill Graves: 2nd Floor, State Capitol Bldg., Topeka KS 66612 Kansas Senator or Representative _____: State Capitol Bldg., Topeka KS 66612, Phone numbers (during session only) - Senate: 913-296-7300, House: 913-296-7500 Senator Roberts or Brownback: US Senate, Washington DC 20510 Representative _____: US House of Representatives, Washington DC 20515 US Capitol Switchboard: 202-224-3121 President Bill Clinton, The White House, Washington DC 20500

Information about a particular piece of legislation can be obtained by calling the following numbers: In Topeka - 800-432-3924;
in Washington - 202-225-1772; Audubon Action Line - 800-659-2622, or get the latest on the WWW at <http://www.audubon.org/campaign/aa/>