



# THE PRAIRIE FALCON

NORTHERN FLINT HILLS AUDUBON SOCIETY  
P.O. Box 1932, MANHATTAN, KS 66505-1932

VOL. 28, No. 7

MARCH 2000

## Butterflies:

### The Flying Flowers of the Air

*JIM MASON Naturalist - Great Plains Nature Center*

Jim will explore the basics of butterfly and moth life cycles, describe plants that attract butterflies to the garden and emphasize the importance of habitat preservation to the continued existence of butterflies on the prairie.

Jim earned a bachelor of science degree in Biology from the University of Kansas in 1975 and has worked for the Wichita Department of Park and Recreation since 1978. In 1988 he began working as a naturalist with the Wichita Wild program and currently is a staff naturalist at the Great Plains Nature Center. Jim also created and maintains the Internet web site for the GPNC. He is a member of the Sierra Club, The Nature Conservancy, the Kansas Natural Resources Council, the Kansas Wildflower Society and the Ark Valley Butterfly Club. He served as an officer in the last two organizations and is presently on the board of the KNRC. From October 1991 to July 1993 he contributed articles for the Kansas Sportsman and the Kansas Wildflower Society newsletter. In 1992, he was recognized as the "Distinguished Young Professional" by Region 6 of the National Association for Interpretation.

A Wichita native, residing in the Riverside area, he and his wife Helen own 160 acres in Osage County, Kansas. They spend a lot of their spare time "rehabilitating" it and preparing it for their retirement.

7:30 p.m.

Wednesday, March 15th, 2000

Rm. 1014, Throckmorton Hall

*Before each program we invite our speakers to join us for an informal dinner and discussion. Feel free to join us this month at Marco Polos. We will meet for dinner at 5:45 p.m. The program begins at 7:30 PM. Refreshments are served after every meeting. Please bring your own cup. All meetings are open to the public.*

#### Field Trips

#### BEGINNING BIRDWATCHING WALK

Join us Saturday, Mar. 11th, and every second Saturday at 8 a.m. 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 Dave Rintoul, 532-6663 or e-mail him at [drintoul@ksu.edu](mailto:drintoul@ksu.edu) for more information.

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- D. RINTOUL
- B. TATARKO
- J. THRONE

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## MARCH BIRDING

DAVE RINTOUL

“Someone wrote that the prairie chicken’s booming was of great comfort to the pioneer. I can’t imagine why. Many things can be said of prairie chicken noise, but by no measure is it a comforting, civilized sound. It is a lonely, wild sound made by a lonely, wild bird. It has the quality of an ancient wind blowing across the smoke flap of a wickiup — companion noise to an Indian courting flute and the drum of unshod pony hooves on bluestem sod. In all of modern America, there is no more lost, plaintive, old-time sound than the booming of a native prairie chicken.”

*John Madson, Where the Sky Began (1982), Houghton-Mifflin, Boston, MA.*

Most Americans today have not heard, and probably the majority has not heard of, the prairie chicken. An eastern subspecies, the “Heath Hen,” formerly found in grasslands and blueberry heaths along the East Coast, has been extinct since the last one died on Martha’s Vineyard in the 1930’s. A southern subspecies, the “Attwater’s Prairie Chicken,” formerly found in Louisiana and Texas, is confined to a few breeding pairs in dwindling habitat along the Texas coast. But in the heart of its historic range, the Flint Hills, we can still find reasonable populations of this chunky and engagingly bizarre cousin of the common barnyard fowl. Some of their leks (display and mating grounds) are vanishing, however. The newest water tower in the Manhattan area, south of Marlatt Avenue near the Colbert Hills Golf course, was built smack in the middle of a prairie chicken lek. Not a good idea, but progress and economic development wield a pretty heavy hand around here, it seems.

But where leks still have not given way to progress, the greater prairie chicken males will make their way to their traditional booming grounds, where they while away the morning hours with foot-stomping, booming enthusiasm. Most of the more sensible females, on the other hand, will forego the pleasures of this company until April or May, when the weather holds more promise for egg-laying and chick-raising. If you are driving about the Flint Hills early in the morning, and hear a resonant, other-worldly “ca-O-O-O-O, H-O-O, H-O-O” coming from an ancient buffalo wallow, don’t panic. It isn’t really a return visit from the aliens who allegedly built the pyramids; it is just a bunch of *Tympanuchus cupido* engaged in the gallinaceous equivalent of male bonding. Later in the month the lesser prairie chickens (*Tympanuchus pallidicinctus*), which are found in the

southwestern part of Kansas (and parts of CO, NM, OK and TX) will start booming too. The “lonely wild” music of these prairie grouse is perhaps a vanishing sound on this planet, so try to get out and hear them this year.

Other interesting things happen to our resident birds this month. Winter flocks of meadowlarks (both western and eastern) start to break up and form pairs. Eastern bluebirds begin to explore nesting cavities, so if you have a bluebird trail you should get out there and clean out those boxes. Great blue herons will clatter their bills at each other, steal sticks from their neighbors, and build their bulky stick nests in preparation for egg-laying at the end of the month. Maybe this year the herons at Tuttle Creek State Park will be allowed to raise their young without the excitement of either boat drag races or torrential flooding. And, near the end of the month, great horned owl eggs will hatch to produce the first avian entrants in this year’s race to reproduction.

But the big story in March is not what the resident birds are doing in Kansas. Rather it is migration, that mystical and moving phenomenon that brings birds back through here every spring. Duck migration will be fully underway by the end of the month, and the gorgeous nuptial plumages of some of the most spectacular waterfowl in the world will be on display for the discerning Kansas birdwatcher. A visit to Quivira NWR, or just to your local reservoir, might be rewarded with sights of northern pintails, northern shovelers, hooded mergansers, redheads, wood ducks, ring-necked ducks, or green-winged and blue-winged teal. Sandhill cranes will also be passing through Kansas; I ache in anticipation of the sight and sound of a flock of sandhills wheeling and bugling in a cloudless March sky on their way to Siberia via Kansas, Nebraska, and points

north. Bald eagles will be massing on the local reservoirs in preparation for departure to Canada; by the end of the month bald eagles will be a rare sight indeed. They will be replaced by eagle wanna-bes; turkey vultures will arrive by mid month and will spend the next few weeks hanging out on old barns and hoping for warm days and thermal updrafts.

Among the smaller birds, purple martins will put in an appearance by the end of the month, just in time to feast on the flocks of mosquitoes and midges, which have already appeared on warm afternoons here. Eastern phoebes will soon be wagging their tails on sheds and porch overhangs. American woodcocks have put in early appearances locally in March in previous years; most of these wall-eyed little birds will wait until April to pass through Kansas, however. These and other birds will be available for your viewing pleasure this month, and April should be even better. So get out there, take the kids, and enjoy some of the best that Mother Nature has to offer.

© (2000) Dave Rintoul



Greater Prairie Chicken  
Konza Prairie  
© D.A. Rintoul



There was an old silver maple beside the graveled parking space in front of my house in Manhattan, KS. The bureaucrats informed me that the only way for me to keep the parking area was to cut down the maple and cover all of the area with concrete. The tree was becoming ancient, even though no weakness could be seen in its youthful-looking limbs. Its bark was decorated with yellow lichen, and strips of bark were peeling back. The old tree had a facade of strength, but as I walked among its crisp, fallen yellow leaves, I knew that its life was over.

I wanted to take responsibility for this final decision, and I certainly had no desire to pay someone else to cut down the tree, so I began to remove the tree, limb by limb. I did not feel comfortable climbing high above the ground, so I removed each limb, while standing on terra firma. I shot an arrow trailing a length of orange twine which trailed a yellow rope. At the end of the rope, I attached a spare chain from a chain saw. I attached another rope to the opposite end of the chain, and pulled first on one rope and then the other, sliding the hardened steel of the cutting teeth into pale fibers of wood.

I had cut several branches that afternoon and my arms were tired, but I couldn't stop now. The sun had set, and the cutting chain was three quarters through a branch. I looked for cars on the street. Then I pulled the cutting teeth into the wood. Suddenly I heard a car approaching from the west. The limb began to creak. It bent towards the street and began to fall. My world narrowed as my awareness was centered in the motion of the falling branch, the whoosh of its falling, the crackling crash of contact with the street and the disturbed dust shimmering in the light which must be the glare of the car's headlights. I walked over to the woman's window and saw her hands clutching the steering wheel tightly with her knuckles turning white. She did not look towards my sweat-streaked visage,

but instead violently threw the gearshift into reverse, and backed off.

The limb fell the wrong way, because I had faced the teeth in the wrong direction. As a result, the hinge of uncut wood had forced the limb to fall towards the street. I had attempted to change the direction of the fall with a rope, of course, but my ability to control it by force had been severely limited by the position of the hinge. I guess I was raised to believe that a man must find a way to get the job done. But as much as I hated to ask for help, I had to ask. Leon Hendricks came over to help after I asked. He went up the tree as easily as if he had been walking a trail with his chainsaw gripped in his left hand. He hitched a rope around the branch, above and below the site of the proposed cut. His hands were so quick that I didn't quite understand. He later told me that he had made a half hitch on either side. Then he made his cuts and withdrew the saw. The branch didn't snap from the force of its own weight. No, Leon had the fine touch of an artist. He touched the branch lightly. It fell and the rope jerked it back before it had a chance to gain momentum. It hung there, slowly swaying, a veritable prisoner of the man. I looked at it dangling there, and couldn't help thinking that on many occasions, I also have been a prisoner of this man, as I listened spellbound to his tales. If I could tell tales like Leon, I could express my love for the world much more clearly.

The trunk of the maple was only about 8 foot tall. After Leon removed the branches, I asked Ted Hopkins to help me cut down the trunk (because my saw was not long enough). When we felled the trunk, we discovered that the trunk was hollow, and there were thousands of ants (*Camponotus pennsylvanicus*) in the hollow place. I can't remember whether the ants crawled out before we loaded the wood on Ted's truck. These black carpenter ants are mainly nocturnal, probably to avoid being eaten by birds.

After that, I grubbed up the stump with a mattock and an ax. This was the kind of work that poor people do

because they must. I did it, because I was too bone-headed to quit. I will always remember my surprise when I cut the last root and turned the stump over, and the flat smoothness of the bottom bark was exposed to the light. I had read that silver maples have no tap roots, but reading that is different from turning over a stump with your own hands. I grubbed up the roots also, because I was afraid that the driveway might become unstable when the roots rotted away. The driveway is level to this day, but not as aesthetically pleasing as the crispness of fallen leaves.

In Manhattan, KS, a native habitat for silver maple is located besides the Linear Trail in the flood plain of the Big Blue River. Maples that survive there can inspire respect. The wood of the survivors is brittle, and when the tree is hit by the force of a flood, the branches may break, and thus prevent the shallow roots from being yanked out of the earth. After the flood subsides, the roots send up new sprouts. Seeds fall to the ground in early May and take root immediately in moist soil. Characteristics which limit the usefulness of this tree to people are the very characteristics that are most valuable to the tree itself. Silver maples bloom before redbuds bloom, and winter-starved critters may find sustenance for both body and soul in the buds and blossoms of this maple. The fertilized blossoms create structures with paired wings known as samaras.

The word, samara, has the sound of magic for me, as if the samara could magically move into my soul. The seeds within a samara are wonderful food. They are often an important food for breeding wood ducks, particularly when the breeding pair nests in a cavity within the maple's trunk. The seeds are eaten by many critters including finches, grosbeaks, squirrels, and me. I shucked some seeds and boiled them last April. They tasted wonderful even without salt. The burgundy colored water which was left over from cooking was especially flavorful.

© (2000) Thomas Morgan

### Padding in Ecuador

I just got back from exploring and paddling in Ecuador. Great start to the new year! Stunningly beautiful people and river canyons. My group ran the Rio Cosonga – a very steep Class IV, much like Island Creek in the Obed-Emory watershed in Central Tennessee; Rio Quijos – mostly Class IV Ocoee-style water on the lower sections. I also paddled in the Amazonian area near Tena on the Lower Mishualli-Upper Gauley type run, with a 45-min. portage around a gnarly cataract. The dollar is very strong down there, beer-\$.40, nice sweaters-\$6, and most meals-\$2-3. Lots to do besides paddling. I will be coordinating another Class IV paddler's trip January 2001, with Larry Vermeeren's group- an expert Colorado paddler, and also a trip for non-Class IV paddlers. For more information contact Thomas J. Hittle, P.O. Box 83, Manhattan, KS 66505-0083 or email him at tjhittle@kansas.net.



Looking ahead, mid-March to mid-April, welcome to a busy transition zone, with quite a rare gala at the end. The moon turns full on the 19<sup>th</sup>, sharing the sky with the daylight half-and-half, for the 20<sup>th</sup> is the equinox, coming a calendar day earlier than usual because we lingered an extra, leap year day in February. I have a vision that in the broad daylight sky on the other side of the earth some crossarms along the celestial equator will flash bright red, long white gates will hinge down, and that redball express, the sun, will come boiling along its ecliptic right-of-way (its apparent path across the sky) and the moment it touches the equator in crossing it, spring will be delivered to the northern hemisphere. That'll happen at 1a36 (timetable shorthand for 1:36 a.m.) in Kansas, so the only overhead excitement we'll see is whatever the still bright moon allows.

But as Old Man Moon wanes toward April the Big Dipper will brighten high overhead in the evenings, emptying its bowl in a kind of spring cleaning, while winter constellations try to *march* down the western sky toward a summer's rest. As usual they have trouble getting Taurus to go. With the Pleiades twinkling on his shoulder and Aldebaran, the right eye in his V-face, sparkling even more colorfully in the denser lower atmosphere, he resists backing into the twilight like a bovine rodeo star reluctant to be hazed out of the arena. Big Orion keeps crowding him along however, as the Big Dog with Sirius, the brightest eye of all, leaps

helpfully close behind. From above them the pentagon that's Auriga the Charioteer, followed by the long rectangle of the Gemini Twins, help herd the Bull too, like outriders in the sky.

Eastward, that great mixed metaphor of a backward question mark and triangle (massive head and trim hips), Leo the Lion, is *springing* higher every evening, while Bootes, that long-bodied, kite-shaped Plowman, flies right behind. The small half-circle of the Northern Crown (or Corona Borealis) follows Bootes like a silvery bullet, and in the rear, arms and legs seemingly going in all directions, comes Hercules, making sure this parade keeps moving. Moving much more shyly, Virgo appears below (to the south of) both Bootes and Leo. Her most visible stars can be seen as a letter F on its back, thus she resembles Cleopatra traveling on her barge, with trailing legs extended eastward and arms waving upward. Her bright star, Spica, decorates her navel and can be reached by diving off the end of the Big Dipper's handle to Arcturus at the lower end of Bootes, and continuing that arc to Virgo's midriff. Below Virgo flutters Corvus the Crow, a squashed square slightly larger than Leo's triangular hips.

Then as the thinning moon grows ever more shy, we reach April and the eye-pleasing farewell party of the three planets begins. They've been separately enlivening the sky each night for months, traveling spread out single-file with Mars' reddish

wink in the lead. Jupiter, shining his brightest, has been about half a sky behind, and Saturn, yellower and milder than Jupiter, a hands' width more or less behind that. But as April arrives with dark evenings they'll gather much closer in the west, combining sparkles to produce a juxtapose apparently not seen for nearly 80 years, and not due again for another 20.

In the twilight of April Fools they'll be a lively group scarcely wider than a fist. On the 5<sup>th</sup>, sharp eyes with a low western horizon will see some subtle pizzazz added to the picture as a new sliver moon appears just beneath them in the sunset glow. On the 6<sup>th</sup> Jupiter will slip into closed waltz position with Mars, less than a finger's width separating them, while quite close-by Saturn and a slightly more muscular crescent enjoy a slightly more open embrace. Then at mid-month the three planets form a rousing vignette within the focus of half a fist. After that Jupiter and Saturn drift lower each evening, disappearing in May. *Astronomy* magazine says the next such party will be March 26, 2020, though no other source I've found mentions this.

The morning show during this period features Scorpio settling to rest after a swim along the southern horizon that begins about 1 a.m. on March 15<sup>th</sup>, thence about four minutes earlier each night. On April 2<sup>nd</sup> there's a chance to attend a different, dawn party as the waning crescent moon pauses just under and to the right of Mercury with Venus a little more than a fist to the left.

(c) 2000 Peter Zachary Cohen

## Winter Wren - Denmark Birder

"Look, Grandpa!" she shouted "a mouse!" I got a glimpse of a small, brown ball racing across the lawn. "No", I said, "it was a bird, a Winter Wren" "How can it be a bird, when it was running like this?" I sure saw her point. The Wren was flying only an inch above the ground with wingbeats so fast, you could not follow. Here in wintertime you got to be on your marks to catch sight of this very special little fellow. But they are around all right. Not at the open, not at the feeders, but foraging on their own along hedges, in the thickness of undergrowth and along the fences. Being so small is an advantage when it comes to finding insects and spiders tugged away for winter where other birds have to give in. But there is a disadvantage as well. Being small means loosing body temperature faster. A hard winter with below zero temps (Celsius) will decimate the population. Why not migrate south like any other insectivorous? My granddaughter knew why: "It can not stand to

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run all the way!" Make no mistake now. The tiny Winter Wren has an enormous ego. The male Wren is a macho guy. When I went out to refill the feeders and left the door open, our longhaired young Persian Cat showed herself in the door. She dared not go more than a couple of feet outside - never been allowed - and hid herself under our garden table. The usual gang disappeared. But out popped the Winter Wren from the closely entangled wiry web of the large Clematis, aggressively scolded the cat and moving around agitated, closer and closer to the confused cat, showing no respect. "Get out of my territory!" When spring comes he changes even more character. Singing with a truly surprising force - his entire body visibly vibrating with energy - he often chooses a wide open spot and tells everybody: here I am, here I rule. At the same time he starts building nests - thee-four-five different places. He forms the foundation and invites the ladies to have a close look. Being

the king of the undergrowth, he believes he is entitled to bigamy. When a female agrees to a spot, she gets another song, and he will finish the nest. Quite an engineer, this Wren. The nest is closed, forming a large round construction of moss. The final touch is carried out by both sexes, using feathers and other soft material. This is no easy doing. With a bodyweight of only a few grams, he can not shape the nest, unless the material is moist. So rainy days are when he is most active. If a dry spell sets in, you can see the Winter Wren dipping nest material in birdbaths. Five to eight eggs are laid, and having two, even three females in his kingdom, he sure is preparing the survival of the species against next winter. The Winter Wren may be small, but he is standing tall when it comes to defending what he believes is his.

Ole Post Hillerod, Denmark, Europe  
[olp@post5.tele.dk](mailto:olp@post5.tele.dk)



**Conservation Committee Notes**

The Manhattan Parks and Recreation Board has approved the development of Manhattan's newest park, North East Community Park. NFHAS has committed to planting a restored prairie area (28 acres), developing a birding/walking trail, and planting one acre of native trees in the woodland area. We will start this spring, and volunteers will be much appreciated! For more info, contact Leann Harrell, 494-2556.

Work has begun on a new project – the identification of environmentally sensitive areas in Riley County. This information was requested by Ann Feyerharm, Riley County Planner, and will be included in the county's GIS system for use when zoning questions arise. Jan Garton, Ann, and Hoogy Hoogheem have completed mapping of the Eureka Lake, oxbow area (wetlands and riparian woodlands) and will continue with other areas in the coming months. Jan hopes to have the mapping completed by April of this year.

Committee members continue to respond to proposed revisions to the Manhattan Comprehensive Land Use Plan. The process began in March 1999 with a rewriting of the Growth Vision part of the Land Use Plan. NFHAS has a stated

position which has been submitted to city staff, the Manhattan Urban Area Planning Board (MUAPB), and the City Commission, supporting the changes proposed by the City's Community Development Department. The Manhattan Chamber of Commerce submitted major changes to city staff's document, which we cannot support. At their Public Hearing on February 10<sup>th</sup>, the MUAPB directed Community Development staff to incorporate the Chamber's suggested changes verbatim and forward the document to the City Commission for consideration. The City Commission will hold a Public Hearing on this document on March 7<sup>th</sup> at 7 p.m., in City Hall, and will vote on the document at that time. Conservation Committee members will submit another written statement and speak at the meeting on March 7<sup>th</sup>. With our comments we are hoping to convince the City Commission to reconsider the changes that have been incorporated by the MUAPB. For more information, call or email Janet Throne at 776-7624 or [jetz@ksu.edu](mailto:jetz@ksu.edu).

As part of our effort to communicate national and international conservation concerns to our membership, Karen Garrett will be offering issue information and letters to sign at our

general meetings on the third Wednesday of each month. For more information, contact Karen at P.O. Box 555, Manhattan, KS 66505-0555, or by email at [kgarrett@ksu.edu](mailto:kgarrett@ksu.edu).

Our next meeting will be on March 8, 2000 at 7 p.m. at the home of Karen Garrett, 1607 Poyntz. If you'd like to join us we'd be thrilled! Feel free to call me with any questions.

*Janet Throne, Chair NFHAS Conservation Committee 776-7624 [jetz@ksu.edu](mailto:jetz@ksu.edu)*

**IMPORTANT NOTICE:** The Manhattan City Commission will meet March 7, 2000, to consider and vote on proposed changes to the Growth Vision portion of the Comprehensive Land Use Plan. The Growth Vision Statement reflects the values of the community and its vision for the future growth and development of Manhattan. Members of the Conservation Committee will speak to our concerns with some of the proposed changes. PLEASE ATTEND THE MEETING TO SUPPORT YOUR CONSERVATION COMMITTEE AND NFHAS BOARD. You will not be asked to speak, but we need a show of support for our positions. For more info: Janet Throne at 776-7624 or [jetz@ksu.edu](mailto:jetz@ksu.edu). The meeting will be at 7 pm at the Manhattan City Hall, 1101 Poyntz Avenue. Thank you for your support.

**NFHAS Recieves Gift of Stock**

Recently the Northern Flint Hills Audubon Society was fortunate to receive a gift stock from the family of Cecil Best. The family gave 70 shares to the NFHAS to provide support for the Cecil Best Memorial Trail.

The NFHAS has set up an account at Stifel, Nicholas, and Company to handle this type of gift. Both the taxpayer and the non-profit organization benefit greatly from the tax savings. For example, if you purchased some stock 3 years ago at a value of \$2,000 and today it is worth \$10,000, you could save on taxes in three ways. First, by transferring the stock to NFHAS at a value of \$10,000, you would receive a tax credit for your donation to a non-profit organization in this amount. Second, because you did not sell the stock you pay no capital gains on the \$8,000 you earned over the three years you held the stock. Third, you have reduced your income, thereby paying less in state and federal taxes.

NFHAS benefits too. As a non-profit organization, NFHAS will not pay taxes when the stock is redeemed (and can hold the stock for future growth, redeeming it when the time is best). Today it is easy to transfer gifts of stock to non-profit organizations. For those interest in making a gift of stock, please contact Greg Barron at Stifel, Nicholas, and Company for more information – at 785-776-1066 or 1-800-776-6199.

*Beth Tatarko*

**Audubon Adventure Outing for KIDS**

NFHAS is sponsoring a children's educational program "Audubon Adventure Outing" with Wonder Workshop March 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup>. There are four outings or field trips planned for each day 9 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. These coincide with parent teacher conferences and are prior to spring break. Each outing will last 2½ hours. One Audubon leader and one assistant is needed for each outing. Each group will have a maximum of 12 kids ranging from 1<sup>st</sup> to 6<sup>th</sup> grade. The following people have volunteered their time - BUT we still need one more volunteer for both morning and afternoon sessions on March 17<sup>th</sup>.

- |          |           |                               |           |                       |
|----------|-----------|-------------------------------|-----------|-----------------------|
| March 16 | 9:00 a.m. | Dave Rintoul and Dolly Gudder | 1:00 p.m. | John and Beth Tatarko |
| March 17 | 9:00 a.m. | Gerald Weins and ???          | 1:00 p.m. | Dusty Becker and ???  |

The purpose is to expose kids to Audubon and outdoor adventuring. Wonder Workshop will advertise the program and register the children as well as provide two vans. We will help underwrite the cost (snacks, transportation, time, and advertising). If you are a parent and want to bring your own children that would be great. If you have other ideas on how to make this project a success let me know. For example, where can we get binoculars?

Contact BethTatarko <[tatarko@flinthills.com](mailto:tatarko@flinthills.com)>



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**Subscriptions:**

Introductory memberships- \$20 per year; then basic membership is - \$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 call toll-free, 1-800-274-4201, or email 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 HOTLINE**

**Kansas (statewide): 316-229-2777**  
**Kansas City area (incl. W.MO): 785-342-2473**  
**Nebraska (statewide): 402-292-5325**

**NFHAS Board:**

President:	Hoogy Hooghem	(539-7080)
Vice President:	Dave Rintoul	(537-0781)
Secretary:	Dolly Gudder	(537-4102)
Treasurer:	Jan Garton	(539-3004)

**Committee Chairs**

Conservation:	Janet Throne	(776-7624)
Education:	Beth Tatarko	(537-0787)
Program:	Alice Blecha	(539-6643)
Fieldtrips:	Dave Rintoul	(537-0781)
	Gerald Wiens	(565-9282)
	Patricia Yeager	(776-9593)
Membership:	Steve Amy	(456-7053)
Finance:	John Tatarko	(537-0787)
Public Outreach:	Dolly Gudder	(537-4102)
Land preservation:	Paul Weidhaas	(539-4805)
Newsletter:	Cindy Jeffrey	(468-3587)
At-Large Board Members:	Dusty Becker, Barbara Hilpman, Phoebe Samelson, Jacque Staats,	
Audubon of Kansas	Chris Cokinos	

**Addresses & 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, Ph.# (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. U.S. Capitol Switchboard : 202-224-3121. President Bill Clinton, The White House, Washington DC 20500. Information about progress of 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 WWW at <http://www.audubon.org/campaign/aa/>