

THE ICF BUGLE

Volume 15, Number 2

May, 1989

World Center for the Study and Preservation of Cranes



Farewell to the Sauey Farm

by George Archibald, Director

On a snow-sparkling day in early December, 1971, Ron Sauey and I, protected from the elements by blue snowmobile suits, walked around the 65-acre property of Ron's parents, Norman and Claire Sauey, to evaluate the potential of the site for cranes. The peaceful rural setting, the manicured property with its red barns, and the warmth extended by the Sauey family were the ingredients that led us to start ICF in Baraboo.

On a sunny day in March 1989, again with snow all around, we moved the last crane at the Sauey farm to ICF's new site just five miles to the north. Seventeen years had passed since Ron and I took that first walk at the old site. And although the old crane pens are empty and the early-morning calls of cranes no longer float over the northern suburbs of Baraboo, the old site still lives through the rich memories of people, events, and cranes.

The volunteer era

Ron both lived and worked at the old site. In those early years, his home was also sanctuary to me and a multitude of volunteers. As those who knew us well will attest, Ron and I had slightly different views on the way in which ICF should develop. Ron wanted a "jewel box," perfect in every detail. I envisioned a rough-edged, dynamic organization... fighting at the frontline of international conservation. But a close friendship and undaunted determination blended our differences to strengthen the birth of ICF, a birth that never would have been possible but for the selfless efforts of volunteers.

We survived on volunteers. Every Wednesday
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For 17 years, the Sauey farm provided a safe and beautiful home for the cranes. Without the help of Norman and Claire Sauey, and the leadership of their son Ron, there never would have been an International Crane Foundation. Photo by Ron Sauey.

Old Site Memories

Joan Fordham, Administrator

I remember my time on the Norman and Claire Sauey farm — the Old Site — with a mixture of warmth and sadness. The opportunities were unlimited, or so they seemed, and the enthusiasm was contagious among all of us who worked there. There were hard moments when we made mistakes or when we could not do projects because we lacked financial support. But overall, the time was a wonderful, growing experience.

Little space, a lot of ingenuity

My first memory of the Old Site involves the offices, and also one of the stories that

I remember from my childhood, "The Cow in the Kitchen." The farmer's wife complained that her kitchen was too small, so her husband brought in the cow. She still complained, and the farmer brought the hens, and then the goat, and then the pigs into the kitchen. When the barnyard was empty, they let all the animals back out. Much to the amazement of the farmer's wife, the kitchen now had more than ample room.

That is how I remember learning to live with the remodeled horse barns on the Sauey farm that we used for offices. Three 10x10' offices contained everything: all of the staff, numbering about ten, with their desks, files, typewriters and phones. Visitors would wonder aloud how we accomplished

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day evening for five years, a local attorney, Forrest Hartmann, met with the ICF staff to pay the bills and manage legal matters for the fledgling organization. As another example, the Sauey's groundsman, Howard Ahrensmeyer, helped transform horse facilities into crane facilities. Ron's teenage cousin, Frank Femali, spent five of his summers at ICF doing everything from pulling out horse fences to artificial insemination. The list goes on and on. From 1973-78, Milly Zantow volunteered not only as our administrator, but also served as caring mother to both workers and cranes. I must mention other friends and helpers: Marie Oesting, Robin Squire, Charlie Luthin, Konrad Liegel, Karen Voss, John Baldwin, Barbara Brownsmith, and many more.

Visitors welcome

People were so important. When Ron and I met conservationists on our trips overseas, we often said, "Come and visit us if you are ever in the U.S." And they came! Japan's

foremost ornithologist, Prince Yoshimaro Yamashina, arrived in 1973 when we had only six captive cranes including two blind female White-naped Cranes, two crippled Red-crowned Cranes, and two Sandhill chicks.

In 1975, 70 colleagues from Canada, Japan and the U.S. gathered in Baraboo for earth's first international meeting on cranes. We were proud to introduce everyone to a downy Red-crowned Crane youngster, "Tsuru," the first crane hatched from an egg laid at ICF. By 1978 when the Soviet Union's foremost conservationist, Dr. Vladimir Flint, journeyed to ICF, there were more than 120 cranes on the Sauey farm. On that visit, he met his namesake, a young female Siberian Crane "Vladimiria." Flint said, "We must have a place like this in the Soviet Union." The next year, there was, at the Oka Nature Reserve south of Moscow!

ICF was small and offered very few public tours in those days, so special visits were delightfully informal. After a tour around the

bird pens, we would sit in the lounge, sharing stories of cranes in the field, breeding experiments, or efforts to convince others that cranes were worth saving.

Historic hatchings

My memories come in waves . . . crane hatchings, for example. The sound of peeping in a huge, spotted crane egg always thrilled us. That sound had particular significance at the old site in 1974, when peeps from all six Common Crane eggs imported from Sweden announced the success of the intercontinental transport of crane eggs. In 1978, after a 10,000-mile journey from the tundra of eastern Siberia, two Siberian Crane eggs arrived in Wisconsin. After two weeks of suspenseful waiting, we finally heard the peeps of promise; we danced in delight.

In 1982, our only female Whooping Crane, "Tex," laid a fertile egg. With a little help from aviculturist Mike Putnam, the egg hatched and today we have our handsome, seven-year-old male "Gee Whiz." Altogether, thirteen of the world's 15 species of cranes successfully reproduced at the old site.

Looking back, and to the future

The volunteer era ended after five years. By 1978, Ron and I increasingly felt the crunch of expanding work and limited resources. Aware that many nonprofit organizations dwindle away after an initial period of enthusiastic efforts, we expanded our Board of Directors from 4 to 18. Through the assistance of the Board, we began to increase ICF's financial base. We recruited and paid professional staff, in particular, our administrator, Joan Fordham. In 1979, in response to the need for more space and permanent facilities, we purchased our new site . . . and the decade of moving began.

My mind often drifts back to those years of creativity and toil. Pulling tanks of water to the pens on toboggans, dawn-to-dusk dancing with Tex, the thrill of hatchings, the agony of disease, and the deep friendships, are memories that will always bond me to the old site.

There's a lot of nostalgia connected with the old site. On that beautiful spot, we developed a concept of what ICF was to become. But there were limitations inherent in a farm which had been designed for breeding horses, not cranes—and our programs in public education and foreign training were rapidly growing. When we began the move to a new site, we had the opportunity to design facilities that reflected our worldwide mission. On the new site, we have room to create, to grow, and to realize our visions. Already, we are accumulating a new set of memories.



Ron Sauey played a key role as we assembled our crane flock at the old site. His white house stood within ear distance of the breeder pens, and Ron would often work with the birds early and late. Ron's passion for quality, his sensitivity to the birds, and his charm and grace with our foreign visitors all were ingredients essential to ICF's success. Photo by George Archibald.

system provided the security we needed. But in the interim, we had lost five birds.

The press was very interested in the story. It was a mixed blessing, since we wanted people to be aware of ICF, but we did not want them to focus on the bad news. Each morning it was my job to answer the phone, responding to questions of “any more last night?” and trying to communicate how we were solving the problem as fast as we could. Making sure that we told an accurate story, yet one that reflected the slant we wanted, was a real art. In general, the press seemed very understanding and the publicity did a lot to make the nation aware of ICF. But the price was high.

ICF grows up

The Old Site taught us many lessons. Fortunately, cranes are hardy birds and allowed us to make a mistake now and then without major problems. We learned how to keep records of illness, hatching, weight gain, and parentage. We developed procedures to ensure that the lessons did not have to be rediscovered. We learned how to budget our funds, and how to divide them into categories, so that various people had responsibilities for and discretion within their programs. We learned how to offer responsibility and challenges so that qualified people would want to stay at ICF. We learned how to raise funds by appealing to the higher instincts of our donors, not only to save the cranes, but to promote world peace. We learned how to provide a consistency of care for the birds that would not change when someone travelled overseas or went on to another job.

And as we grew, we lost some of the freedom of the earlier years. We could no longer take a group of visitors into the “non-breeder flock” due to liability problems. We could no longer let some of the birds fly free after problems with Siberian chicks getting caught in nearby trees, and farmers complaining that cows would not release their milk with Hooded Cranes stalking the barnyard. We could no longer take a crane around to the schools due to the stress on the animals. But whatever we lost, we gained in professionalism and respectability. We were no longer “those crazy environmentalists on the hill” but a significant institution making an international impact. Our reputation grew in the scientific community, and other breeding centers often asked for advice.

On the Old Site, ICF progressed from an enthusiastic but often wild child to a more sensible adult. We restricted our freedom by choice and by necessity, but we gained the ability to make a consistent difference in the survival of the cranes. In memory, the Old Site will always have a special warmth and spontaneity.



Koyoko Matsumoto (now Kyoko Archibald) and Joan Fordham supervise the 1980 hatch of chicks during their exercise time. At the old site, we perfected techniques for producing large numbers of endangered cranes.

Old Site Memories

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anything. Every once in a while we would all gather in one of the offices, and when we went back to our own crowded rooms, they seemed much more spacious.

The lack of space certainly is not what I would recommend. But the situation produced a closeness that probably will never be duplicated. Conflicts were quickly handled, usually with compromises on all sides. We gained a spirit of cooperation and a willingness to endure together.

Lack of funds also contributed to a special comradery. Everyone knew that funds were scarce. Any new idea had to be supported with ingenuity, since dollars probably would not be available. People became inventive and very careful with what they had. We also had to take short cuts that were not necessarily best in the long run, but that allowed ICF to survive during those first years. We always budgeted the income conservatively and spent only what had been approved. Therefore, we never found ourselves unable to pay the light bill — although there certainly were times when we came mighty close. Slowly our base of support grew and allowed more of our ideas to take shape.

During those early years, everyone helped out when needed. One day wood shavings for the cranes' bedding arrived. A semi-truck load had to be shoveled into the end of the barn reserved for them. I was left alone in the office, with everyone else lost in the shavings. Suddenly, George Archibald appeared at the office door, covered in dust. He told me I had

to get masks, since everyone was choking on the airborne shavings. A few calls around town, and I found someone to donate the masks. We hung a “closed” sign on the offices until I returned, and I'm sure that those who tried to reach us by phone during that time wondered what kind of incompetent staff we had.

Hard times

The most difficult period for me at the Old Site came during the siege of the raccoons. Because of a late spring, the berries were slow in ripening. A female raccoon tried to find food for her brood and climbed into a crane pen. She could have eaten the crane feed, but I suspect that her hunger encouraged her to attack the bird instead. My first knowledge of the problem came when an aviculturist ran to the office announcing there was a raccoon still in the pen, with remains of the crane all around her.

There was no remedy for the first crane, but we had to prevent a recurrence. The solution was neither easy nor quick to find. We decided to try electric fencing on the ground, surrounding the pens. We purchased the fencing, put it up and electrified it, all the while finding time to care for the birds and eggs in the incubator. And that first system did not work. The grass shorted out the fence, so that the raccoons climbed right over without a problem.

Every night we patrolled the area, trying to scare away the intruders. But each night they found a way in. In the morning we would discover another dead bird. Next, we tried putting electric wires at the top of the pens, working around the doors and gates. That

First Winter Count for Black-necked Cranes

by Mary Anne Bishop, Coordinator
Black-necked Crane Winter Count

The fragrance of incense seeped into the room where I lay in the dark. Although it was still two hours before daylight when the cranes would be visible on their morning roost, I felt very excited. We had come at sunset to the remote Phobjika Valley, our last stop on a hectic 22-day trip across the Kingdom of Bhutan's mountainous terrain. This morning we would count the wintering Black-necked Cranes.

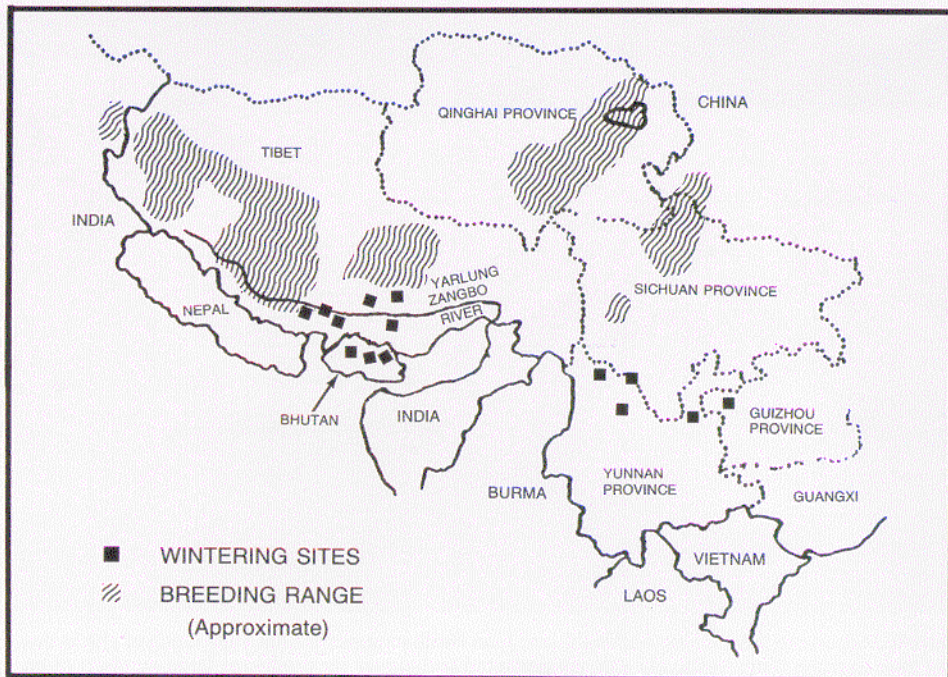
Just two days earlier in a nearby valley, we had paused to celebrate Losar, Bhutan's New Year, as the Earth Year of the Snake replaced the outgoing Earth Year of the Dragon. En route to Phobjika, it seemed as if every village hosted an archery tournament, the national sport, as part of the New Year's celebration.

I was almost asleep again when suddenly I heard voices in the next room chanting, joined by a set of cymbals. For the next hour, two Buddhist monks clanged cymbals, chanted, and offered their prayers.

When the first cranes called at daybreak, our early-morning visitors had already departed for their monastery. They had blessed the new prayer flags now fluttering from the tall poles around my host's home,



This Black-necked Crane family wintered at Cao Hai Nature Reserve in Guizhou, China. The young crane stands between its two parents. Careful winter counts of immature and adult cranes can measure reproductive success for endangered cranes. Photo by George Archibald.



Black-necked Cranes breed throughout the Tibetan Plateau from north of Qinghai Lake south to the northern edge of the Himalayas. In India's Ladakh region, a small population of fewer than 20 cranes defines the westernmost edge of the breeding range; nests are found as far east as Songpan, near Chengdu in Sichuan, China. In the winter, some cranes remain on the Tibetan Plateau and winter along the Yarlung Zangbo River in Tibet between Lhaze and Nedong. Several hundred Black-neckeds cross over the high Himalayas to winter in the valleys of central Bhutan. The remaining Black-neckeds winter at lakes on the Yunnan-Guizhou Plateau.

insuring luck to him and his family this Earth Year of the Snake.

"Trung, Trung," a fairy bird

Like the prayer flags, the Black-necked Crane, affectionately known as "Trung Trung," is believed to be lucky by the Bhutanese and Tibetans. Throughout its range, this crane is known as a supernatural "fairy" crane in local songs and folklore.

From a scientific standpoint, what makes the Black-necked Crane fascinating is its preference for breeding and wintering in some of the world's highest and most isolated lands: the Kingdom of Bhutan and the Qinghai-Xizang Plateau, better known as the Tibetan Plateau.

It is no wonder then, that the Black-necked remains the least known of the 15 species of cranes. It was not until the mid-1970s that improved roads made it possible for scientists and conservationists in Bhutan, China, and India to investigate the distribution and habits of this elusive bird.

During the spring and summer, breeding Black-necked Cranes are scattered throughout the Tibetan Plateau, an enormous region four times as large as the state of Texas and the highest land mass on earth. Nests have been recorded along lakes and rivers and in shallow wetlands at altitudes from 9,700 up to 16,100 feet, over three miles high!

In the fall, the Black-necked Cranes migrate south and southeast to lower altitudes between 6,000 and 12,800 feet. The cranes spend their winters in southern Tibet, Yunnan and Guizhou, all within China, and in Bhutan.

Endangered and declining

Currently, the Black-necked Crane is listed as an endangered species. Recent population

estimates have varied anywhere from less than 500 to 10,000 cranes! Despite the lack of accurate population estimates, the numbers of Black-necked Cranes appear to be declining. In at least one wintering area, Black-necked Cranes have disappeared. Although in the 1950s 30-40 Black-necked Cranes wintered in the Apa Tani Valley of India, just east of Bhutan, today there are none. This February, ICF's George Archibald visited another former wintering area on the Red River Delta in northern Vietnam. He found no cranes, although the Vietnamese will continue the search. In Bhutan, Dasho Paljor Dorji, President of Bhutan's Royal Society for the Protection of Nature, documented a decrease of 100 cranes over a ten-year period in Bhutan's Bumdiling Valley!

Many believe that the population declines are due to hunting in Tibet. Although ethnic Tibetans traditionally protected wildlife, the immigration of Chinese workers and military personnel into Tibet has introduced hunting pressures on both bird and mammal populations. Other factors contributing to the decline of Black-necked Cranes include the drainage of wetlands for agriculture on both the wintering and breeding areas throughout its range.

We organize a winter count

The growing concern for the Black-necked Crane has underscored a need for more complete information on its population status. As a first step to protect this endangered bird, an accurate count of the population is essential. Because of the remote nesting locations and vast distances on the Tibetan Plateau, as well as the secretive nature of breeding cranes, it is almost impossible to determine the population size on the spring and summer breeding grounds.

During fall migration and throughout the winter, however, Black-necked Cranes become social and flock in large groups at traditional areas. This flocking behavior provides an excellent opportunity to estimate accurately the total Black-necked Crane population and to monitor crane numbers and habitat changes over several years.

In January of 1989, I cooperated with the International Crane Foundation to organize the first coordinated Black-necked Crane winter count for the Kingdom of Bhutan, Vietnam, and the Chinese provinces of Yunnan, Guizhou and Tibet. We asked participants to count the Black-necked Cranes on a single day between January 1 and February 15. We chose these dates because the cranes are settled for the winter and have not yet begun spring migration.



The team of ICF member-volunteers count the Black-necked Cranes at Napahai Nature Reserve in Yunnan, China. The cranes winter here in wetlands and grasslands at 11,000 feet elevation, surrounded by farmlands and mountains 12,000-15,000 feet tall. Photo by Jim Harris.

Bhutan: winter home to 297 Black-neckeds

I felt very honored when Dasho Paljor Dorji extended to me an invitation to observe the Black-necked Cranes on their wintering grounds in Bhutan. Accompanied by Tshewang "Chowan" Rigzin Wangchuk of Bhutan's Royal Society for the Protection of Nature, we surveyed four valleys for Black-necked Cranes during January and February 1989.

Our first and farthest destination was Bumdiling, a remote 6,000-foot valley in far eastern Bhutan. Although Bumdiling is less than 100 miles from Bhutan's capital "as the crow flies," it took us three long days of driving and another two hour hike up the Kulong Chu River to finally arrive! Our efforts paid off: we discovered 169 Black-necked Cranes, including 17 chicks. During the day, the small flocks fed on the remains of last fall's rice harvest on the terraces that dotted the valley floor and the surrounding hillsides. Fortunately for us, at night all the cranes roosted either in a large flooded rice paddy or close

by on the edge of the river, making them easy to count.

We spent three days surveying Bumthang Valley and the adjoining Gyetsa Valley. We were disappointed to find only 4 and 11 cranes, respectively, at the two sites. Although residents recall as many as 25 cranes in the area five years ago, agricultural development has apparently caused a decline in the number of wintering birds.

At Phobjika Valley we counted another 102 cranes, including 9 chicks. The floor of this wide valley forms a large grassy marsh used by the cranes for roosting and feeding.

Because we were unable to visit Khotakha Valley, Nima Dorji of the Royal Society conducted the count and found 11 Black-necked Cranes for a grand total of 297 wintering Black-neckeds in Bhutan!

Guizhou and Yunnan Provinces participate

In Guizhou Province, ornithologists Wu Zhikang and Wang Youhui of the Guizhou

Bhutan: A Himalayan Kingdom

Nestled in the heart of the eastern Himalayas, the tiny mountain Kingdom of Bhutan is a country of vast forests, rivers and fertile valleys. Until the 1960s, Bhutan was almost inaccessible from the outside world. Bhutan's 34-year-old monarch, His Majesty Jigme Singye Wangchuck, is committed to developing his country while preserving its ancient Buddhist and cultural heritage. Recently, under the patronage of the King,

Bhutan's first conservation organization, the Royal Society for the Protection of Nature, was founded.

The Royal Society has been working closely with Bhutan's Royal Forestry Department in monitoring the numbers of wintering Black-necked Cranes. The outlook for Black-neckeds is promising. The government recently designated parts of the Phobjika and Bumdiling Valleys as protected areas. Careful planning and habitat management should sustain sizeable populations of the cranes.

Academy of Sciences counted 205 Black-neckeds, including 22 young, at Cao Hai. This large natural lake and its surrounding marshes and agricultural fields support the largest known winter concentration for the species. In nearby Huize County in Yunnan, the two scientists found 105 Black-neckeds, including 15 young.

In Yunnan, a group of 14 ICF volunteers from all over the United States assisted the Yunnan Forestry Bureau in its Black-necked Crane winter count. At the 6,000-acre Napahai Nature Reserve, they found 76 Black-necked Cranes including 11 young. On wetlands near the deep mountain lake at Bitahai Nature Reserve, Mr. Li Zhixin, who manages these two neighboring reserves, located another 22 Black-neckeds for a total of 98 cranes! Normally, a handful of Black-neckeds winter at other locations in Yunnan, but the sites could not be visited this year.

We plan future winter counts

When the final tally was made, 705 Black-necked Cranes were observed in Bhutan, and the Provinces of Yunnan and Guizhou. Unfortunately for this year's count, no one could provide information from Tibet. Next year under the sponsorship of ICF, I hope to cooperate with scientists from Lhasa University in conducting a survey for wintering Black-necked Cranes in southern Tibet. Our goal is to identify important wintering areas in Tibet and encourage their protection.

This year's Black-necked Crane Winter Count is the first of many counts to come. Only through monitoring the crane numbers and habitat changes can we begin to reverse the dangerous population decline in Black-necked Cranes. In the long-term, we hope that a yearly winter count will build a cadre of conservationists, researchers, and government officials committed to Black-necked Cranes and wetland conservation.

THE ICF BUGLE is the quarterly newsletter for members of the International Crane Foundation (ICF). Articles review ICF programs as well as crane research around the world.

Co-Founders: George Archibald
Ron Sauey

Editor: Jim Harris

Assoc. Editor: David Thompson

ICF offers memberships at the following annual rates:

Individual	\$20	Foreign	\$25
Family	\$30	Sponsor	\$500
Associate	\$100	Patron	\$1,000

ICF'S Visitor Program: A Walk On the Wild Side

by Nancy Liggett, Tour Guide

Tall prairie grasses waving in the breeze brush the legs of children and adults. In front of the small group, two gangly crane chicks follow the volunteer that raised them. About two feet tall, the chicks still have fuzzy down mixed with their new gray and tan feathers. These "chick walks," where people and cranes interact without fences, are highly popular for summer visitors at ICF.

Last season, over 21,000 visitors enjoyed our exhibits and regularly scheduled tours. The carefully planned environment, the magnificence of the adult birds, and the charm of the chicks are powerful tools for capturing the visitors' attention, as well as motivating changes in their attitudes and behavior.

Change in human behavior is a critical step in preserving the world's endangered cranes. Throughout Asia and Africa, people are pressing into the wetlands, eating the fish, cutting the reeds, and overutilizing the habitat cranes need. Even in North America, development is encroaching on many Sandhill Crane nesting marshes. It's through

education that we can affect attitudes and change human behavior, so that people can learn to live with the cranes. We can't force cooperation.

ICF therefore makes education one of its highest priorities, and begins planning for tours long before ICF opens to the public on weekends in May. Education Coordinator Marion Hill carefully selects and trains the volunteers who serve as tour guides. She says that friendliness is one of the things she looks for. "ICF is such a wonderful place because it's so friendly. We treat our visitors as though they were guests in our living room." Marion is retiring on May 1 after serving ICF's Education Department for seven years.

Gordon Dietzman, who has been a volunteer tour guide for three seasons, is replacing Marion. He thinks it's important to get visitors involved: "Asking questions can get them actively engaged, get them to talk. I ask if they've been to ICF before, or if they've seen a crane in the wild. We also need to get people to laugh, because a lot of the time, we're talking about negative things like the extinction of species. We have to interject some humor to convey an optimistic attitude."

ICF avoids memorized presentations and tries to keep the tours spontaneous. Some of the fun comes from surprises the birds provide. Gail Hempfling tells about the time a woman's hat blew into the crowned crane



"Napoleon," a male Whooping Crane, joined ICF's flock in January. He's a magnificent bird—bright and alert. Napoleon was caught in the wild last fall after breaking his wing at Grays Lake National Wildlife Refuge. His wing had to be amputated at the National Wildlife Health Research Center in Madison, and after prolonged quarantine and testing for disease, he was transferred to ICF.

Contributions

Received January - March 1989

Grants and Awards: R. L. Austin; Abigail Avery; Jonathan & Rosemary Avery; Lynde & Harry Bradley Foundation; Eleanor Briggs; John E. Canfield; Robert E. Carroll; Citizens Natural Resources Association; Victoria & Edwin Cohen; James R. Compton; John & Judy Day; Sue Earle; Joan & David Fordham; Richard Gnaedinger; H. J. Hagge Foundation, Inc.; Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes; Institute of Museum Services; Sture Karlsson; Robert Laux & Ann Casey; Madison Audubon Society; Mr. & Mrs. Peter Manigault; Chauncey & Marion Deering McCormick Foundation; Mr. & Mrs. Hugo Melvoin; Charles Merrill; Penny Rennick; Robert Uihlein Foundation; Paul Rome; Seebe Charitable Trust; Margaret Seeger; Silverbook Middle School; Mrs. John C. Stedman; Evelyn C. Steenbock; The Hubbard Foundation; Trust For Mutual Understanding; Charlotte Tucker; Paul Wachholz; Ruth Weeden; Solomon & Marianne Weinstock; Karen Wollenburg.

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A special thanks to Darcy Love and Ted Thousand for the donation of a typewriter in memory of Ted's father, Tony.



Walks in the prairie with tame chicks are ICF's most popular attraction. We're open daily from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., from Memorial Day to Labor Day, as well as weekends in May, September, and October. Guided tours start at 10, 1 and 3. Chick walks occur once daily at 11:30 a.m., when chicks are available. Admission is free for members. Photo by Marion Hill.

enclosure, and two of the cranes reacted by jumping the fence. She wonders who was more surprised, the cranes or the visitors.

ICF is unusual because it presents the birds as unique personalities. "We give our birds names, not numbers," explains Marion. "We know the funny things they've done, or who their parents are. We keep it moving quickly, from one fascinating story to another."

The carefully restored prairie, oak savanna, and wetland habitats at ICF immerse visitors in a beautiful natural world. But ICF has more than beauty in mind; the restorations provide a vivid springboard for discussions of the importance of habitat in crane conservation.

The rich diversity of restored areas attracts a wide variety of species. Visitors see many kinds of birds, insects, and other animals, once even a doe and her two fawns. "People really get involved when they see things in the wild," one guide explains. "They can see there is a reason for all this work and all this concern."

Karen Wollenburg, a volunteer tour guide, shares her first impression of ICF: "I can still remember going to ICF for the first time. There's a magical, spiritual aura about the place... it's the fantastic birds, perhaps, and the dedication of the people." The enthusiasm and interest the guides bring to the tours is part of the magic.

Our crack team expects to see between 140 and 160 species. Your pledge will provide them with extra incentive at the end of their long day in the field. So pledge 20, 30, or 50 cents per species by returning the enclosed envelope. If you don't want to pledge an amount per species, you can make a direct donation.

All proceeds from the Bird-a-thon will be equally divided between ICF operations and the Ron Sauey Fund for International Conservation. Ron had the vision to understand that a few dedicated conservationists could make a big difference. Interest generated from the Fund's assets will be distributed to foreign countries where conservation funds are limited, and where timely support can have a real impact for the cranes.

Use the enclosed envelope to register your pledge or other support for ICF's first Bird-a-thon! We need your support.

The Bottom Line

Support ICF's Bird-a-thon!

by Bob Hallam
Development Coordinator

It's not too late to pledge your support for ICF's first Annual Bird-a-thon. As the *Bugle* comes off the press, ICF's crack team is preparing for a big day in the field.

The team plans to begin hours before dawn by calling owls near the Baraboo hills. Then they'll stalk warblers in the Wisconsin River bottoms, and hurry back to the Baraboo hills for upland birds. Next, the team will head for wetlands in Columbia County, followed by Horicon Marsh and sunset at Grand River Marsh. All who pledge support for the ICF team will receive a letter describing the day's activities and locations, along with a list of the species observed.

A Day of Special Tours at ICF

Saturday, June 10 is a special day, featuring three unusual tours at this most beautiful time of year. So come and make a day of it! There is no extra charge for the special tours, but for non-members there is the normal admission charge to the site: \$3.75 for adults, \$3.25 for seniors, and \$1.75 for children (ages 5-11). If you wish to leave ICF for lunch, you can ask for a pass to return after lunch without additional charge. You can even include a "chick walk" at 11:30 a.m., and a regular tour at 3:00 p.m., for a full day of fun.

All about displays 9:15 - 10:15 a.m.

Learn more about how cranes communicate. Birds have a simple system of signals based on calls and postures. After a slide talk about bird behavior, the group will walk to the Johnson Exhibit Pod, where the instructor will interpret any calls and display postures observed.

Weeds - a matter of opinion 10:30 - 11:30 a.m.

Come along with Marion Hill to learn the folklore and so-called "powers" of some of the plants in our restored prairie. Many beautiful bloomers and some of the not-so-beautiful will be showing as we explore our grandparents' botanical beliefs.

Butterflies and their plants 1:45 - 2:45 p.m.

Find out with Ann Swengel what butterflies and cranes have in common - they both have very specific habitat needs. After a slide show to help with identification, we'll go out and learn how to get close to the insects, and how to recognize when they are nectaring, drinking, courting, and defending territories.



This lovely photograph of Sandhill Cranes wintering in the San Luis Valley of Colorado is now featured as a poster for sale in ICF's gift shop. Do visit our gift shop to see the poster and many other new items. Or you can order the poster by mail, for \$13 (includes shipping, Wisconsin residents add 5% sales tax). Photo by Wendy Shattil and Bob Rozinski.

Volunteers Can Help Without Leaving Home

Volunteers play an important part in crane conservation. Tour guides, chick parents, and crane counters all help in Wisconsin. Every year, ICF takes volunteers to Asia to further crane research and public education. But now, volunteers can help without traveling to China or even Baraboo.

"Volunteering by mail" means you can feel connected to people helping wildlife, without the inconvenience of commuting or fitting your time to ours. If you think you can help, please write David Thompson at ICF. The skills needed include word processing, illustrating for publications, cassette

duplicating, printing, and many more.

Volunteers for ICF gain an inside look at conservation, and they also receive valuable professional experience. For example, Jim Van Winkle of Sycamore, Illinois, used his skill in desktop publishing to design and typeset our 73-page manual for tour guides. Danny Weaver of Agri-Graphics prints the thousands of color photos that we give to local people in Africa and Asia. ICF salutes these dedicated people!

Save Saturday
September 16, 1989
for
ICF's Annual Meeting

See your next newsletter
for details

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International Crane Foundation

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