

# THE ICF BUGLE

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World Center for the Study and Preservation of Cranes

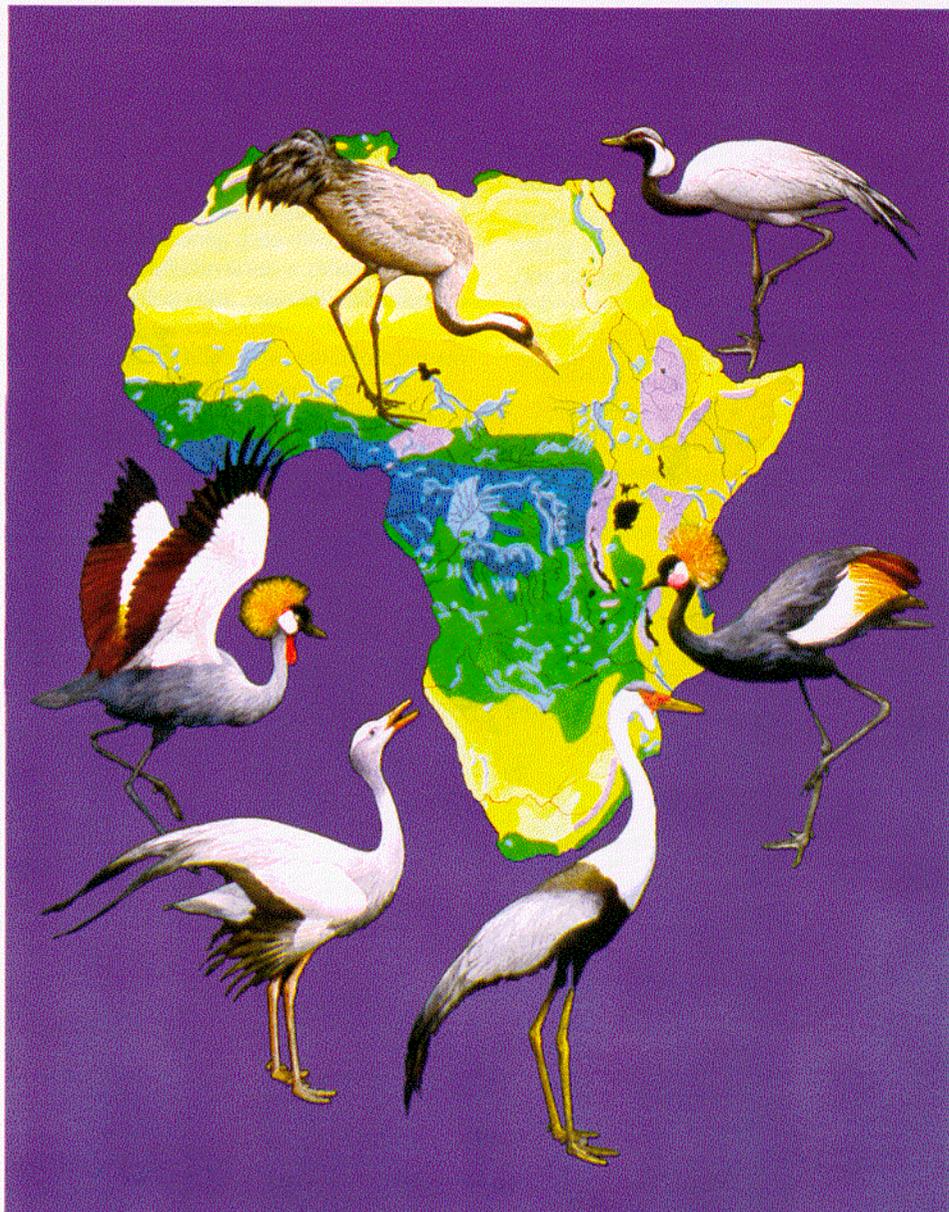
## Sharing Africa's Wetlands with Wildlife

by George Archibald, Director

Once upon a time, an African king was lost and dying from thirst in the desert. A herd of antelope came by, but they refused to lead the king to water. Later some elephants appeared, but they too refused to help the king. Then a flock of cranes spotted the king. They brought him some water and then carried him to an oasis. To thank the cranes, the king gave each one a golden crown. But the other animals were so jealous that they stole the crowns. When the cranes complained to the king, he gave them gold-colored feathers to wear as crowns instead—crowns that could not be stolen. These were the first crowned cranes and today, they still are found on the plains and wetlands of Africa.

Much as the crane in folklore helped save the king, today the crowned cranes provide a focus for the conservation of wetlands—areas that are important for the welfare of both people and wildlife. This October, thanks to support from Lufthansa German Airlines and the Mary Livingstone Griggs and Mary Griggs Burke Foundation, ICF Advisor Emil Urban and I had the privilege to visit colleagues in Botswana, Kenya, and South Africa. Dr. Urban is a Professor at Augusta College and an authority on African birds. He has been a close associate of ICF since 1975. This fall, we traveled to Africa to develop plans for a 1993 conservation workshop that is to convene in Maun, Botswana. In South Africa, our destination was the village of Wakkerstroom in the southeast highlands of the Transvaal. In Kenya, we journeyed to the

continued on page 2



Africa is home to six species of crane (clockwise from top left): the Eurasian, Demoiselle, Black Crowned, Wattled, Blue, Grey Crowned Cranes. The map colors show zones of precipitation. This art work, created by one of Russia's foremost wildlife artists, Viktor Bakhtin, will be available as a poster in July from Terry Brooks at ICF.

# Africa's Wetlands

continued from page 1

village of Kipsaina in the western highland near Uganda.

## A Century of Changes

Before the European colonists arrived about 150 years ago, grasslands blanketed the rolling hills near Wakkerstroom, where untold thousands of springbok antelope migrated over the grasslands. Also in those times, the forested hills near Kipsaina were home to herds of elephants.

But after the Dutch arrived in Wakkerstroom, sheep replaced the antelope. And when the British felled the forests at Kipsaina, cattle replaced the elephants, which retreated to the forests and salt caves of nearby Mount Elgon. Local Africans worked on farms owned by European settlers; the numbers of livestock and people increased in a world now greatly changed by man.

Throughout this period of change, however, the wetlands carpeting the valley floors remained intact. After all, these were regarded as wastelands, where deep water and dense vegetation hindered livestock and plow. But the water and vegetation provided a place where crowned cranes could build their platform nests, escaping many of the terrestrial predators.

Local people also benefited from the wetlands, which supported large harvests of fish in streams and ponds. The wetlands also acted as gigantic filters to produce clean water which was carried to homes. In times of drought, the wetlands acted as sponges, slowly releasing water to maintain the level

of streams. Conversely during times of deluge, the wetlands absorbed and retained water to minimize flooding. In addition, the wetlands cradled a remarkable array of species ranging from fragile orchids to glamorous crowned cranes. So while wildlife on the uplands retreated, crowned cranes in the wetlands flourished. Rather than harming the cranes, farming actually helped them—fields and pastures provided an abundance of seeds and insects relished by the cranes.

In South Africa since colonization, the uplands near Wakkerstroom were divided into enormous ranches, while the long wetland adjacent to Wakkerstroom became a shared grazing area. Eventually the wetland was seriously impacted by grazing and burning. And although 12 pairs of Grey Crowned Cranes nest there, many of their young have been captured and eaten by the local people.

After Kenya gained independence in 1963, most of the British farmers left Kipsaina and the land was divided among the local people. As human population continued to increase, farms were subdivided into smaller and smaller units with each generation. Gradually, the wetlands were seriously damaged by overgrazing, drainage, and by flooding from dams. As the wetlands disappeared, the numbers of Grey Crowned Cranes declined.

Problems like these at Wakkerstroom and Kipsaina now occur throughout much of the range of Grey Crowned Cranes. Similar threats face Africa's other endemic cranes, including the Black Crowned, the Blue, and the Wattled Cranes. For example, in Nigeria, although the Black Crowned Crane is the National Bird, the cranes have disappeared

from the entire country in recent decades.

## Capable African Conservationists

Enter two remarkable ladies, Elna Kotze from South Africa and Cecilia Gichuki from Kenya. Elna and her husband, At, own and operate the Weaver's Nest—a "bed and breakfast" inn at Wakkerstroom that caters to bird watchers and conservationists. Cecilia and her husband, Nathan, are professional ornithologists who live in Nairobi. Over the past three years, the Gichukis have undertaken a remarkable conservation campaign for cranes and wetlands near Kipsaina. Emil and I were privileged to be with these kindred spirits this October, and to seek their help in developing plans for the upcoming workshop.

On the morning of October 17 in Wakkerstroom, I was up at dawn to watch Blue Bustards, Blue Cranes, and Grey Crowned Cranes on the grasslands. By mid-morning, we had gathered in Pastor Ivano Bertolini's church for Wakkerstroom's first racially integrated worship service, an event that began a full day of activities built around the dedication of the Wakkerstroom wetland as a management area under the supervision of the Wakkerstroom Natural Heritage Association (WNHA), founded by the Kotzes and Dr. Tarboton.

At noon, we reassembled beside the wetlands for more song by a remarkable black choir, and then for a formal dedication of the wetland. WNHA has leased the wetland from the village and plans to 1) restrict grazing to certain zones, 2) implement controlled burning to minimize impact on nesting birds, 3) involve the local people in protection of the cranes and other birds, and 4) construct hides from which visitors can secure views of wetland wildlife.

A feast at noon, an afternoon excursion to the Bald Ibis colony, an outstanding slide show by ornithologist Dr. Warwick Tarboton, a banquet and a dance rounded out a day when peoples of diverse racial and cultural backgrounds joined together to salute their natural heritage. The driving force behind it all was Elna Kotze.

On October 24, I was up again at dawn, this time in Kipsaina to watch Yellow-billed Storks, Ross's Turacos, and Grey Crowned Cranes. By mid-morning I returned to the nearby headquarters of Saiwa National Park, a preserve that includes some 350 acres of wetland and forest surrounded by the Kipsaina farmland. Cecilia had organized a meeting of the local people, and about 150 of them had gathered under a large canvas canopy.

Over the past four years while Nathan and Cecilia were conducting research on Grey



The leader of the Kaisayat Environmental Conservation Youth Group, Edward Wesakania (second from right), is a Kenyan farmer whose land includes a narrow wetland where Crowned Cranes breed. Because Edward has placed his plant nursery close beside the wetland, he has a direct interest in protecting the marsh. During the dry season, seepage from the wetland provides water for seedlings in the nursery.

Crowned Cranes, they encouraged farmers to establish two conservation organizations—the Wetland Conservation Group and the Kaisayat Environmental Conservation Youth Group. The Gichukis discovered that if the wetlands remain intact they produce an abundance of clean water for fish ponds and tree nurseries located beside the wetlands. These economic advances, coupled with public education, are creating a brighter future for Grey Crowned Cranes and their wetlands in western Kenya.

The Kotzes and Gichukis represent two of the several teams now addressing the challenge of wetland conservation in Africa. For example, the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and the World Wildlife Fund have supported a major wetland conservation initiative in Zambia—the African nation with the most wetlands significant to Wattled Cranes. In Zambia, local communities are starting to gain economic benefits from the natural resources and tourism associated with the wetlands.

Although 37 African nations are home to cranes, crane and wetland conservation projects are underway in only a few nations. In most of Africa, cranes and their habitats are in rapid decline. To help other African nations join the conservation movement, ICF and the Government of Botswana will host an "African Crane and Wetland Training Workshop" in Maun, Botswana, from August 8-15, 1993.

The workshop will convene beside one of the world's greatest wetlands, the Okavango Delta. Elna and At Kotze, Warwick Tarboton, Nathan and Cecilia Gichuki, and others will help delegates develop clear, achievable "Crane and Wetland Action Plans" for each nation. The ultimate goal is to help assure the welfare of cranes and the diverse ecosystems of which they are a conspicuous and colorful part. If this goal is to be realized, we must follow the lead of colleagues like the Gichukis who are finding a fragile balance, one that allows both humans and wildlife to benefit from the resources of Africa's wetlands.

## Preview of Season

ICF will be open from May 1 through October 31, seven days a week from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. During May, September, and October, guided tours will take place on weekends only, at 10, 1, and 3. Between Memorial Day and Labor day, guided tours will be offered daily.

**Field trip to Sandhill Wildlife Area** with Dick Thiel. An evening program, tour of the refuge, & a morning view of crane flocks from blinds. April 17-18, near Babcock, WI. Fee: \$35/non-



Two Whooping Crane chicks receive training on how to survive in the wild from Aviculturist Marianne Wellington, dressed in a crane costume. In January, eight of ICF's Whooper chicks (including these two) were flown to Florida for release into the wild at Kissimmee Prairie. Photo by David Thompson.

member (\$30/member). Bring tent, sleeping bag & warm clothes. Fee includes Saturday supper. Registration required.

**Field trip to Lake Lulu**, a pristine glacial lake in SE Wisconsin, with Don Reed. See cranes and a variety of wetland types. Saturday, May 8, 9 a.m.-noon, \$5/non-member (\$3/member). Registration required.

## Plan Now For ICF's Bird-A-Thon

Last year's Bird-a-thon raised a record \$19,400 for the Ron Sauey Conservation Fund. Income from the fund supports the Ron Sauey Memorial Library for Bird Conservation. Since 1987 the fund has grown to over \$142,000. This year's Bird-a-thon will benefit both ICF operations and the Sauey Fund.

You can participate in the Bird-a-thon by making a direct donation, pledging an amount per species in support of ICF's crack birding team, or by forming a team of your own.

In addition, the Fifth Annual Bird-a-thon will feature a new way for members to participate. Members who are active in signing up sponsors may go out with one of ICF's staff and experience a day of bird watching in Wisconsin. This Bird-a-thon date will be Sunday, May 23, the day after ICF's Twentieth Anniversary Celebration. If you are an enthusiastic birder or a novice, a day in the field with ICF staff will be an event to remember.

In March, you will receive more detailed information about the Bird-a-thon and how you can participate.

## Announcements

The *Proceedings of the 6th North American Crane Workshop* held in October, 1991, is now available from Terry Brooks at ICF. The cost of \$20 includes shipping.

Members, please notify ICF of your **change of address** if you move.

The Education Dept. still needs funds to purchase a second **wheelchair** for visitors requiring assistance when visiting the site. Please send donation checks payable to ICF to Terry Brooks with a note "wheelchair fund."

The **Crane festivals** listed below are great ways to have fun and find out more about wildlife: **Wings over the Platte** in Grand Island, NE, March 19-21. Call 800-658-3178. **Monte Vista Crane Festival** in southern Colorado, March 12-21. Call 800-335-7254.

**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:** David Thompson

ICF offers memberships at the following annual rates:

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



# Hira's Fantastic Journey to ICF

by Ann Burke, Aviculturist  
and David Thompson, Education Director  
Illustrated by David Rankin

*Editor's Note:* This story is about a real Siberian Crane named Hira (pronounced Hē'ra, short for Hirakawa). We've written about Hira especially for children and hope you'll read the story aloud to a child on your knee. Afterwards, discuss instinct, imprinting, migration, or the importance of habitat.

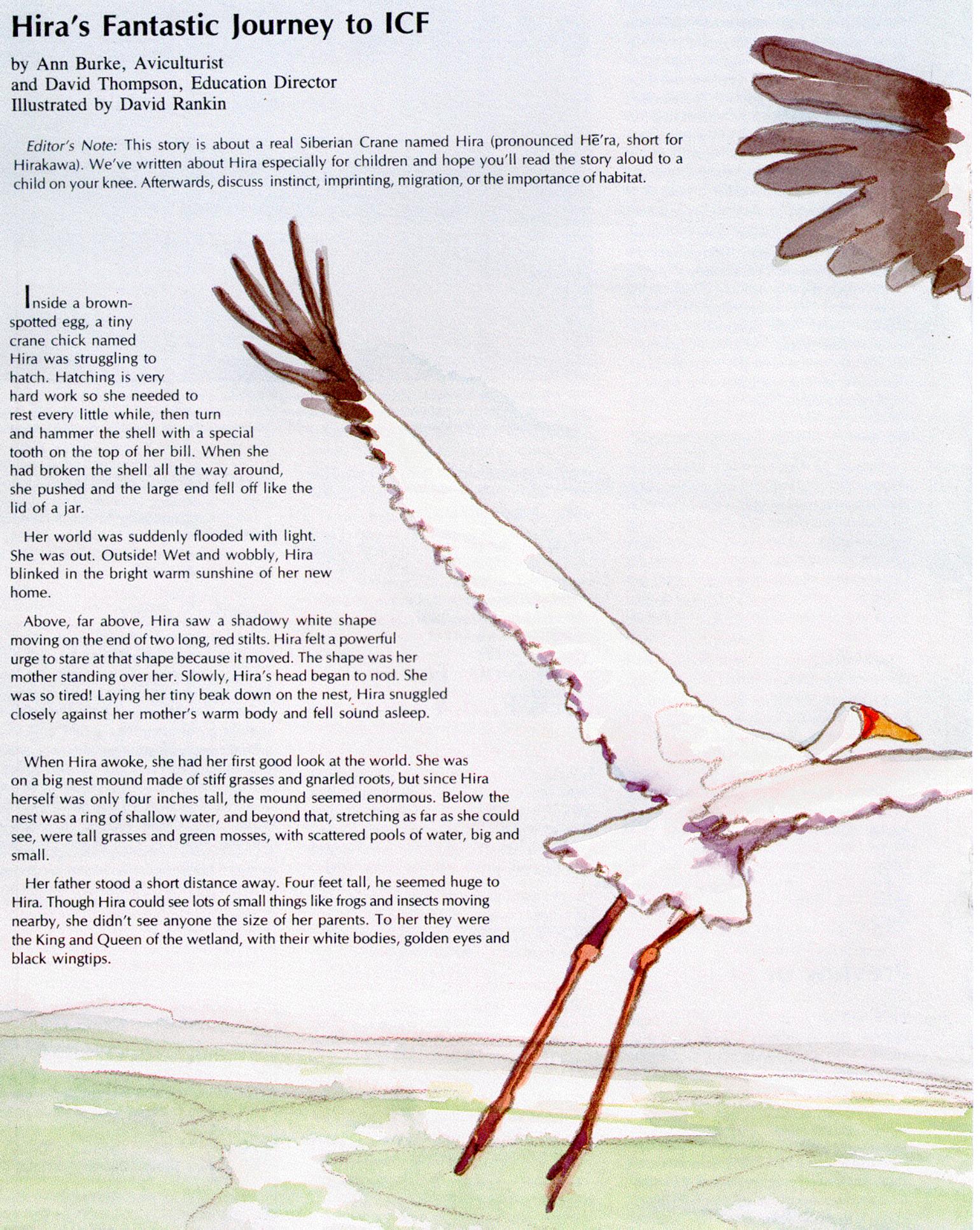
Inside a brown-spotted egg, a tiny crane chick named Hira was struggling to hatch. Hatching is very hard work so she needed to rest every little while, then turn and hammer the shell with a special tooth on the top of her bill. When she had broken the shell all the way around, she pushed and the large end fell off like the lid of a jar.

Her world was suddenly flooded with light. She was out. Outside! Wet and wobbly, Hira blinked in the bright warm sunshine of her new home.

Above, far above, Hira saw a shadowy white shape moving on the end of two long, red stilts. Hira felt a powerful urge to stare at that shape because it moved. The shape was her mother standing over her. Slowly, Hira's head began to nod. She was so tired! Laying her tiny beak down on the nest, Hira snuggled closely against her mother's warm body and fell sound asleep.

When Hira awoke, she had her first good look at the world. She was on a big nest mound made of stiff grasses and gnarled roots, but since Hira herself was only four inches tall, the mound seemed enormous. Below the nest was a ring of shallow water, and beyond that, stretching as far as she could see, were tall grasses and green mosses, with scattered pools of water, big and small.

Her father stood a short distance away. Four feet tall, he seemed huge to Hira. Though Hira could see lots of small things like frogs and insects moving nearby, she didn't see anyone the size of her parents. To her they were the King and Queen of the wetland, with their white bodies, golden eyes and black wingtips.



It was time to explore their wilderness home. She stood up, gave her tiny wings a good shake and stumbled across the nest. Finally, she stood and looked over the edge. It sure seemed like a long way down! She took one big step and tumbled head over toes into the cold water. Hira fought to swim, trying to keep up with her parents. Hundreds of mosquitoes buzzed around her head, biting her! She cried, swimming faster to get away. What was she going to do? She angrily snapped at a mosquito and then realized that it was quite tasty! From then on, Hira always snacked on mosquitoes, instead of letting them snack on her. She stayed close to her parents, who protected her from the hungry gulls, crows and foxes that shared her tundra home. After feeding Hira a hearty meal, the family returned to the nest.

Every day, Hira followed her parents through the water and soft sphagnum moss searching for food. Her parents taught her how to use her beak to find berries, plant roots, insects and frogs among the tall marsh grass. As the months passed, Hira grew and grew. By autumn, she was covered with beautiful brown and white feathers and stood almost as tall as her parents.



One day, Hira awoke feeling restless. The wind was cold and the sky swirling with gray clouds. Her parents pointed their beaks up into the wind, meaning they wanted to fly. They were calling her through the snowflakes—it was time to leave. They must travel to the warm southern wetlands in a place called China to spend the winter.

Hira was excited. With her neck outstretched, she ran several steps forward into the wind, flapping her wings. Suddenly she was high above the ground, flying next to her parents. As the three of them circled higher and higher into the sky, Hira looked down upon the vast wetlands. She would always remember her wilderness home.

Days passed as the family journeyed together. They flew during the day and stopped to rest and feed in wetlands at night. Then one day, Hira's parents urged her to fly faster—a storm was coming, blowing them towards the ocean! Hira desperately tried to keep up, but lost sight of them in the darkening sky.

Below, all she could see was water. She had no choice but to fly until she could find a place to land. As the hours passed, Hira grew tired. She flew lower and lower, until her toes began

to dip into the salty waves. And then, by luck, she spotted land far ahead. It was Okinawa, Japan's southernmost island. Using the last of her strength, she dropped on a cold, sandy beach.

Alone, tired and hungry, Hira closed her eyes against the stinging sand and slowly made her way across the beach as night fell. Coming to a sheltering grove of trees, Hira discovered a drainage ditch with shallow water in the bottom. Exhausted, Hira waded into the water, tucked her head under her wing and fell sound asleep.

Hira awoke the next morning feeling very hungry. Without wetlands to feed in, Hira would starve! And this ditch she was standing in was nearly useless! There were broken bottles and pieces of garbage—even an old shoe! Hira searched carefully for food but only caught one scrawny frog. It tasted funny, but she ate it anyway.

Yoshi was a 10-year old boy on his way to school. He hurried today because he wanted to show his new birthday hat to a friend. As he rode his bike, a gust of wind blew the hat into Hira's ditch. He quickly ran after it and then stopped short. He couldn't believe his eyes! There was a brown-and-white bird, just

as tall as he was! As soon as it saw him, the bird began to run away, flapping its huge wings. Unable to lift off, the bird suddenly stopped, turned, and faced him. The two creatures stared at each other.

Hira was startled. She'd never seen such a strange and awful creature. She had tried to fly, but felt weak—she didn't have the strength to lift off. Hira thought cranes were the kings and queens of the wetlands because they stood so tall, but here was another creature on two legs. Was it dangerous? Was it going to hurt her? And if not, what was it good for? It was certainly too big to eat.

Yoshi wondered, too, about the strange bird. His parents had told him that when you die, cranes carry your soul up to heaven. He also remembered seeing cranes embroidered on his aunt's wedding dress. From this he knew that cranes were symbols of happiness. Was the crane here to take his soul to heaven or bring him happiness? Well, he decided quickly, if the crane was here for his soul, it would have to wait. His friends were waiting to see his new hat. So he jumped on his bicycle and hurried off to school.

Yoshi told his teacher about the big bird. The teacher said, "This crane is lost and maybe very hungry. We have to help it!" So he called the police station. Two policemen went out to catch Hira. When the men brought Hira to the police station, the police sergeant had nowhere to put her, except in jail! So he called the Mayor. The Mayor didn't know what to do, so she took Hira to the zoo.

At first, Hira was frightened by the zoo. There were so many two-legged creatures making strange noises and stopping to stare. But they also took good care of her—there was plenty to eat and lots of clean, fresh water.

One day, an important visitor named Dr. George Archibald came to visit Hira. George and his friends had started a home for cranes in the United States called the International Crane Foundation, or ICF for short. George knew there were very few Siberian Cranes left in the world, because people killed them for food, and destroyed their wetland homes so that many crane families had nowhere to raise their chicks, and nowhere to feed or rest during their travels. George wanted Hira and other cranes to have as many chicks as they could, so there would always be beautiful cranes in the world. He asked the zoo director to let Hira come and live at ICF.

As soon as Hira arrived at ICF, George introduced her to a handsome male Siberian Crane named Wolf, one of the oldest birds in the world. Wolf had a lot of whiskers on his face, and had a gruff manner, but Hira

liked him because he was bold and gave the humans a hard time. George was pleased that Hira and Wolf liked each other. George watched as they ate crane chow together, danced together and slept side by side, each standing on one leg.

One sunny spring morning, George noticed that Wolf and Hira had begun piling grasses and sticks together in one corner of their pen. They were building a nest! George was so excited—he could hardly wait for Hira to lay an egg. Just when he was ready to give up, George checked the nest for an egg one last time. He held his breath as Hira slowly stood up. To his delight, he saw that she had just laid a smooth, brown-spotted egg. George was really happy.

Over the years, Hira has laid 85 eggs, making her a world champion layer among cranes! Today she is busy laying eggs and teaching her many chicks and grandchicks the things she learned in the wild. Even though Hira can never return to her tundra home, ICF is working with scientists from other lands to make sure that Siberian Cranes will always live in the Siberian wilderness.

Is Hira happy now at ICF? George thinks Hira is happy, because at ICF, she has lots to eat, lots of space, and her caretakers know just what she needs.

But sometimes in the fall of the year, when she hears wild birds far overhead, Hira imagines she is flying to China with her parents. She dreams of her Siberian home, a huge wetland, green and blue, stretching far below her from horizon to horizon. She dreams that her children are now parents, standing by nests with their little chicks tottering on long legs.

George imagines the same things. He hopes the Siberian wetlands will always have white cranes. He hopes the numbers of Siberian Cranes will grow, so they will never disappear from the earth. Together at ICF, George and Hira are working to make that dream come true.

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## Contributions

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**Grants and Awards:** Amoco Corporation; Thomas Ashman; Mrs. James Balding, Jr.-Cotrell Fund; Janis Berg; Peter & Marie Bernays; Buchanan Family Foundation; Chicago Metallic Corporation; Clairon Metals Corporation; John & Judy Day; De Rance

# Announcing the 20th Anniversary Celebration of ICF

Dear members and friends,

Twenty years ago, Ron Sauey and I never dreamed ICF would become what it is today. Although Ron is gone, our dreams survive through the fine work of ICF's 22 year-round staff members, our 20 Trustees and many other volunteers, hundreds of colleagues worldwide, and you—our faithful members. On May 22 we will celebrate ICF's 20th birthday. I hope you can join us—and the cranes—for a very special day of recollection, celebration, and contemplation of what the future holds for the cranes and their keepers.

Sincerely,  
*George Archibald*

## MAY 22

**1:00 p.m.** Regular guided tour of the cranes.

**2:00 p.m.** Dedication of the International Guest House and Training Center, and initial release of the first detailed history of ICF, *So Cranes May Dance: A rescue from the Brink of Extinction*, by Barbara Katz. Barbara will be on hand to sign books.

**3:00 p.m.** Regular guided tour of the cranes.

**4:00 p.m.** Special lecture in the Cudahy Theater by Curt Meine, entitled "Conservation and Cranes: Yesterday, Today, & Tomorrow."

**5:30 p.m.** Hospitality Hour (cash bar) at Papa's Place.

**6:30 p.m.** Banquet at Papa's Place.

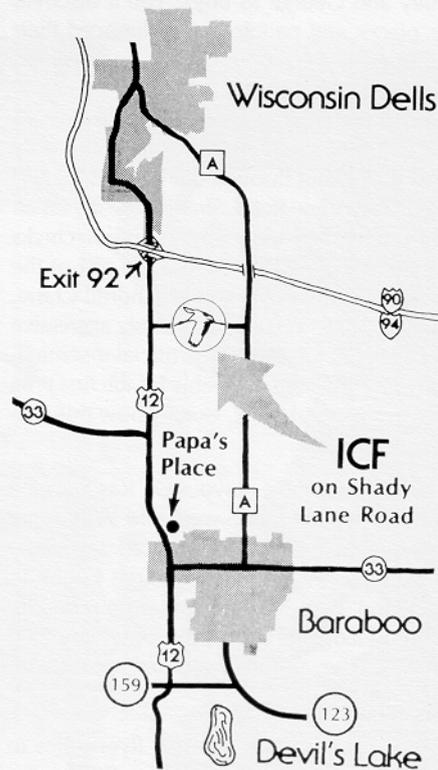
**7:30 p.m.** ICF Conservation Award presented to Luc Hoffman, a founder of the World Wildlife Fund.

**8:00 p.m.** Slide show by George Archibald, entitled "A Colorful Past and a Future with Promise for the Cranes."

## MAY 23

**9:00-4:00 p.m.** Free admission to ICF's site for residents of Sauk County and Wisc. Dells.

5:00 p.m. Gates close.



Please clip or copy the coupon below, and mail to: ICF, E-11376 Shady Lane Road, Baraboo, WI 53913. Reservation deadline—May 1.

Please check the items that apply (left) and fill in the \$ amount (right):

\_\_\_\_\_ Please make dinner/program reservations for \_\_\_\_\_ people. The cost is \$20 each. \$ \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ I cannot attend the 20th Anniversary events. Enclosed is my contribution for operation of the new International Guest House and Training Center. \$ \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ I wish to order \_\_\_\_\_ copy/copies of the book on ICF's history, available in May, at \$24.50 each. \$ \_\_\_\_\_ (Wisconsin residents please add 5.5% sales tax.)

Total enclosed: (Make check payable to ICF.) \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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# New Book on ICF's First 20 years

by Barbara Katz

What do lasagna, raccoons, a cashmere sweater, Richard Nixon, and mosquitoes have in common? All have played a role in the International Crane Foundation's history. ICF members probably recall that a raccoon killed Tex, the imprinted Whooping Crane who would only "mate" with ICF Director George Archibald. But for an explanation of why the other items are on the list, you'll need to read *So Cranes May Dance: A Rescue from the Brink of Extinction*, a book I've written detailing ICF's past twenty years.

In *So Cranes May Dance* you'll meet Ron Sauey and George as boys. You'll discover the places and people that influenced their decisions to pursue ornithology and develop the International Crane Foundation. Struggle through the early years of counting pennies and courting volunteers. Witness the deadly virus that swept through the flock at the old site on City View Road. Share in the joy when rare cranes laid eggs and beautiful chicks waited in the hatcher to join the rest of the flock. Dance with the gentle Sandhill Crane, Cam, and flee from the notoriously aggressive Sarus Crane, Joe. Join the artificial insemination crew and read, probably for the first time ever in a general book, exactly how this procedure is done.

Ride along with a nervous Dr. Ray Erickson as he transports a two-week-old Whooping Crane named Tex from her namesake state to the Patuxent Wildlife Research Center in Maryland. In the mid-1960s, airlines had little knowledge of or respect for endangered species. The airline personnel refused to, well, see Chapter Eight.

You'll accumulate frequent flyer miles to the Siberian tundra as you follow ICF's determined effort to help the Siberian Crane, a campaign that began in 1977 and almost



The author gets together with an old friend, a 53-year-old White-naped Crane named Casey, demonstrating that her artificial insemination stroking technique is as good as it was fifteen years ago. Photo by David Thompson.

didn't make it through that first season.

*So Cranes May Dance* takes the reader behind the scenes and beyond today's headlines. Along the way you'll meet memorable characters, crane and human, that have given ICF its identity as a place of learning, hope, and adventure.

ICF was just an idea in the fertile minds of Ron and George that blossomed into a unique conservation organization with the help of friends, family, colleagues, and interested passersby who stopped to help and never left. Nearly fifty of those people and most of the current staff were interviewed. For a few events, I even interviewed myself. I spent most of 1977 volunteering at ICF and have closely followed the Foundation's growth ever since.

Being close to ICF and its people made writing some passages of the book difficult.

ICF, like every grassroots organization, has had stressful times: financial worries, high personnel turnover, and controversial policies. But the ICF spirit endured and negative experiences taught many important lessons.

*So Cranes May Dance* has a foreword by the distinguished Roger Tory Peterson. There are sixteen color photographs of the cranes and twenty black-and-white photos of significant people and events. Line drawings by artist Diane Pierce grace each chapter. Published by Chicago Review Press, the book will be available in May but ICF members will have an opportunity to order copies before then. An order form will be included in the March Bird-a-thon mailing, but you can also order now by sending a check for \$24.50 (includes postage and handling) payable to ICF in care of Terry Brooks. Wisconsin residents please add 5.5% sales tax.

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## International Crane Foundation

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ICF's  
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See Page 7.

