

THE ICF BUGLE

International Crane Foundation
Baraboo, Wisconsin,

Editor: Scott Freeman

International Crane Foundation Quarterly Newsletter.

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GEE WHIZ! ICF HATCHES A WHOOPER



(photos by George and Kyoko Archibald)

by George Archibald, ICF Director

Last year was not an encouraging year for Whooping Crane conservationists. Only two chicks survived to arrive at the traditional wintering grounds on the coast of Texas, no Whooper chicks were reared by Sandhills in Idaho, and only one chick was produced in captivity at the Patuxent Wildlife Research Center in Maryland. Several adult birds were lost over the year, and the annual December census fell from around 120 in 1980 to 109 in 1981. Tex, the lone female Whooper at ICF, was one of those precious few.

As many ICF members know, Tex is imprinted on humans rather than on cranes. She hatched at the San Antonio Zoo in Texas in 1967, and had health problems that necessitated hand-rearing. She did not meet another Whooper until she was transferred to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service's Patuxent Center as a subadult.

Despite Patuxent's years of effort to pair Tex with a male Whooping Crane, she never laid a single egg. She preferred displaying to her human keepers rather than to her handsome mate Canus.

In 1975 ICF proposed that Tex be sent to Baraboo. Patuxent agreed — accepting my offer to try and develop a pair bond with her, perform the spring courtship dancing, and induce her to lay eggs fertilized by artificial insemination.

I moved in with Tex for several months in 1976, and established a firm pair bond. During those first eventful weeks together, I learned to wake to an unusual alarm clock — Tex blasting 110-decibel calls beside my bed at dawn's first light.

The next spring I danced with Tex frequently and she laid the first egg of her life, at age 10. Unfortunately, the egg was infertile. We tried again the next spring and produced a fertile egg, but the chick died just before hatching. In 1979 Tex's egg was soft-shelled and broke.

I was too busy to spend the required hours with Tex the following two years, so Mr. Yoshimitsu Shigeta danced with Tex in 1980. Unfortunately, she

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Of Cranes, and 'Coons, and Red-boned Hounds

by Ron Sauey, ICF Co-founder

"Where's the other dog?" I asked, seeing only one of the two coon hounds which we had followed ten minutes earlier to a small copse of Chinese Elms on the east end of the International Crane Foundation's property.

"Aw, ol' Red's probably under one of the trees sulking," replied Willard Giese, Baraboo resident and long-time coon hunter.

Sure enough, a sweep with my flashlight revealed a dejected Red sitting on his haunches 20 yards away and looking for the world like one of George Booth's doleful terriers in a *New Yorker* cartoon.

"Red's mad," explained Giese, "he thinks he's done his part and now we're messing up our end of the hunt."

In spite of the hour, and the gravity of the recent events which had befallen ICF, I couldn't help smiling at the single-mindedness of this prized coon hound. Red, one of Giese's dozen coon dogs and perhaps his best, had undoubtedly treed a raccoon in one of the elms we were now sitting beneath, but despite our best efforts with a powerful spotlight we couldn't locate the animal. We waited another half hour, hoping the coon would shift position and reveal its presence, and watching Red or the other dog periodically walk beneath the tree, give voice, and then sit again when we made no response. But the coon didn't budge, and we reluctantly had to quit the chase, chalk up this particular round to the coons, and move to another area of the farm.

Had someone suggested three days earlier that I would be chasing raccoons around ICF at 2:00 a.m. in company with a Red-boned Hound, I would have thought them demented. Yet in the previous 72 hours a series of bizarre and tragic events had occurred at ICF, and I and others of the staff were suddenly faced with problems we'd never encountered during ICF's 10-year history.

Sometime during the night of June 22, Tex, ICF's famed human-imprinted Whooping Crane, the subject of scores of amusing newspaper and magazine articles, a star of several T.V. programs, and the recent mother of her first chick, Gee Whiz, was attacked and killed in her pen at ICF. The immense shock of Tex's death was compounded by the fact that George Archibald was scheduled to appear that evening on "The Tonight Show" to discuss his seven year "romantic" liason with Tex, a relationship that had flowered in June with the hatch of Gee Whiz. After some discussion among staff Joan Fordham, ICF's Administrator, decided to call George in Los Angeles and tell him that Tex was dead. Many startled ICF members learned of the death of their favorite ICF "character" on nationwide television when Johnny Carson gently asked George, "Should we tell the audience the sad news?"

Tex's remains had been found early that morning by ICF aviculturist Lisa Hartman, who was worried about Tex's nervousness the previous day and had decided to make a special check on her. Lisa found more than just Tex's meagre remains in the pen. She also found a large female raccoon and a hole torn in the nylon flight netting along the roof of Tex's house. We called Sheriff Alan Shanks and one of his deputies came and destroyed the animal. Sheriff Shanks also warned us: "They'll be back tonight!" They? We got the animal, we insisted. Surely this killing, the first by a raccoon in ICF's ten years, was an isolated incident?

To be safe, however, five of the aviculture staff and interns decided to camp that night around the perimeter of the main breeding unit to ensure the birds' safety. An unnecessary precaution, we all thought, but better safe than sorry. The next morning, June 24, Ham, a young Eastern Sarus Crane, was found killed and partially eaten in his pen, a short distance from Tex's. None of the five people

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Breeding Siberians: Lights, Cameras, Action

by Scott Freeman,
Education Coordinator

For years the formula for breeding Siberian Cranes eluded ICF. Siberians — the most endangered of all cranes — had never been bred in captivity. Producing a Siberian chick became one of the most involved breeding challenges ICF has ever overcome.

The first breeding experiment we tried used lights. During the spring of 1976 we turned floodlights on in the Siberian pens to extend their photoperiod, eventually giving the birds 23 hours of light. We were trying to simulate the day lengths of their arctic breeding grounds, and it worked. Our only female, "Phyllis", came into breeding condition for the first time and laid a dozen eggs. She didn't lay fertile eggs, though, because our 70 year-old male, Wolf, wasn't doing his part.

Then Tilliman, a younger male, arrived from the Vogelpark Walsrode in West Germany in 1979, and fertilized four eggs the following spring. We tried to incubate the eggs artificially, but all the embryos died.

Finally, in 1981 we incubated the Siberian eggs underneath foster-parent Sandhill Cranes. The cranes-as-incubators technique worked, and the last piece was in the puzzle.

Dushenka, the first Siberian Crane bred in captivity, broke through its shell on June 4th, 1981. Within a few hours after hatching, Dushenka was likely the most photographed crane alive.

We had lights in 1976, cameras in 1981, and action in 1982. Four more Siberian Crane chicks have hatched this season, and all are growing strong. Years of effort and international cooperation are finally paying off.

The four Siberians in the Class of '82 were all fertilized by artificial insemination (AI), incubated underneath Sandhill Cranes, and hatched with help. Through AI, Tilliman was the father of one and Wolf — the 70 year-old! — the father of two. The fourth chick's father is undetermined because our only egg-producing female, Hirakawa, received semen from both males the week before laying the last egg to hatch.

The incubation underneath Sandhill Cranes went well for all the Siberian eggs, largely because four groups at ICF were re-routed this spring. The incubating pairs of Sandhills were not disturbed by people going by, and all sat very tight. Only one of the five fertile eggs failed during incubation.

Actually hatching the Siberians, though, was more of a problem. All four chicks had to be helped through at least one stage of the hatching process. We actually had to make the initial "pip" hole in one egg, and all four chicks made so little progress in breaking out on their own that we had to crack some of the shell away manually.

All made it safely through the hatching sequence, though, and ICF Director George Archibald christened each chick. The names were inspired by ICF's global conservation efforts:

*Gandhi, hatched May 13th, was named for India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, who has taken a personal interest in the conservation of Siberian Cranes.

*Poyang hatched on May 16th and was named after the wetland complex in China where the largest remaining flock of wild Siberians spends the winter.

*Ramsar was out of the egg on May 22nd, and named for the city in Iran where an international wetland protection agreement was signed.

*Sorokin, the final chick of the season, hatched on June 8th and is the namesake of Soviet crane specialist Sasha Sorokin.

All four birds are being reared in complete visual isolation from people, with the help of a crane puppet. Gandhi will be in an enclosure behind one-way glass for three months, Ramsar and Poyang will be isolated for two months, and Sorokin for one month. All the chicks have learned to feed and drink from the bill of a crane puppet — a technique we tested last year with Stanley Crane chicks.

We're using the isolation technique on the Siberian chicks because they are extremely aggressive, and therefore difficult to rear by hand. By experimenting with different isolation times, we also hope to get an idea of the minimum isolation period necessary to produce a "wild" chick.

Gandhi, Poyang, Ramsar, and Sorokin have made 1982 a banner year in ICF's captive breeding effort.



photo by Kyoko Archibald



photo by Kent Taylor

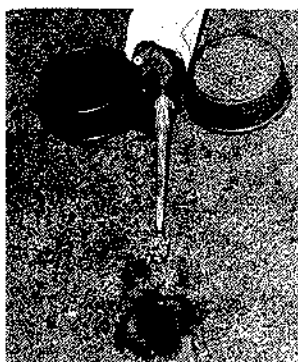


photo by Kyoko Archibald

From the Daily Reports

by Michael Putnam,
Supervising Aviculturist

Editor's note: ICF's aviculturists record all events and observations concerning the captive cranes on daily reports. Here are a few excerpts from an eventful spring.

8 April: Ronnie, a young White-naped Crane, has hot and swollen hock (ankle) joint. Treated by injecting a 10% furacin solution (in sterile saline) into the affected joint. He also receives 1.0 ml injection of gentamicin in the breast muscle. We wrap the hock joint for support. Within four days he shows improvement. A week later he injures it again and is treated once more. On 24 April he was doing well.

20 April: began artificially inseminating Tex with fresh semen shipped in from Patuxent Wildlife Research Center. First long distance insemination successfully performed with cranes.

27 April: candied first two Siberian eggs of season; both fertile.

2 May: felt egg in Tex's oviduct at noon. 3:00 p.m. following day she lays the egg. Sam, a yearling Eastern Sarus Crane, was found with a broken upper mandible. Aviculturists Rich Besser and Sue Rogers splinted the bill. On 4 May Drs. Stewart Taylor and Marge Losch reset the bill using a different method. They drilled three stainless steel pins perpendicularly through the distal (far) and proximal (near) portions of the broken beak. They then created a frame by cementing the ends of the pins to rods running parallel to the beak. The

"TEX"



photo by George Archibald

Editor's Note: Frank Femall volunteered at ICF for a total of four summers during the mid-1970's, and is now working in a bookstore in Chicago, Illinois. Two days after Tex was killed, we received this letter from Frank.

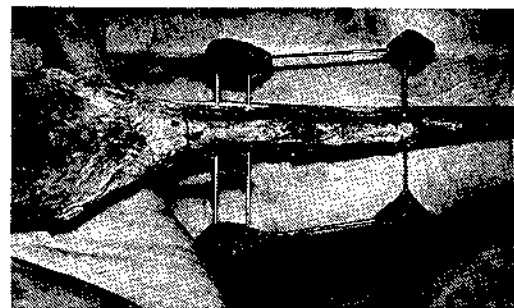
I was very sorry to hear of Tex's death — it broke my heart. I know how much she meant to ICF's dreams.

Tex was a very special creature. She put ICF on the map, and brought attention to the fact that life in no matter what form is precious — that if Whooping Cranes disappeared from this world it would be a tragedy.

Tex did not leave us with pessimism and doubt, however. She left behind a gift — a chick — and what a treasure it is. It proves that faith, love, and dedication have their rewards.

Here's to Gee Whiz, and may he or she grow tall and strong, and bring light to what many feel is a dim future for endangered species. And here's also to all the dedicated people over the years who have made ICF's dream a reality.

Your friend always,
Frank



Sam's beak repaired. photo by Kyoko Archibald

bill was thus held rigidly by a lightweight external frame. The frame also eliminated the need to wrap the beak, which sometimes causes infections. They removed the frame two months later by cutting off the connecting rods and pulling out the pins. Beak healed.

13-21 May: our first three Siberians for 1982 hatched during this period: Gandhi (13 May), Poyang (16 May), and Ramsar (21 May).

1 June: Gee Whiz hatches.

4 June: our first full second generation chick hatches. Named Gunther, a Red-crowned chick from Tsuru and Sauwaka.

23 June: Tex is killed by raccoons in the early hours of the morning. Staff begins all-night patrols, constructs electric fence, sets live traps for duration of summer.

THE MOVE:

Phase I Nears Completion

by Konrad Liegel,
Site Manager

After years of careful planning and site preparation, ICF's dream of transforming a 160-acre farm near Baraboo into a home for cranes, wildflowers and people is close to reality. As the **Bugle** goes to press, the construction and landscaping of the lovely Johnson Exhibit Building (named in honor of its benefactors, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnson of Racine, Wisconsin) and surrounding public area nears completion.

Nestled into ICF's rolling meadows, the Johnson Pod is an ideal structure for exhibiting cranes. The building is hexagonal in shape, with long pens radiating outward from a central housing and service core. The skilled craftsmen of Kendon Construction Company and Qualine Fence Corporation built over a half mile of fencing to enclose 12 pairs of cranes in spacious outdoor runs. Gasser Construction Company paved an entrance driveway, a service road, and a parking area for 50 cars and four busses, in addition to walkways between the parking area and crane exhibits. ICF staff, interns, and volunteers have planted bushels of wildflower and native grass seed in and around the exhibit building, while propagating or ordering shrubs and trees for planting this fall and next spring.

The largest landscape planting we've started in ICF's public area, though, is the 1.5 acre "African Crowned Crane Exhibit." Using funds given to ICF in memory of Mr. Ervin Mueller, ICF interns and volunteers have helped plant native short and tall-grass prairie species to simulate the African short-grass veld and tall-grass marsh. Two or three acacia-type trees will be planted later this year to help give the exhibit an African "look".

The Crowned Crane Exhibit is a product of close cooperation between ICF and the UW-Madison Department of Landscape Architecture and the Wisconsin Garden Club Federation. For the last two years, UW-Madison Landscape Architecture students have prepared planting designs for our public area under the guidance of Professors Darrel Morrison, Evelyn Howell, and Wayne Tlusty. One such plan is John Harrington's design for the Crowned Crane Exhibit, which I modified and refined. Horticulture intern Sharon Linville is implementing the plan this summer, with funds for her internship coming from the Wisconsin Garden Club Federation. Recently, through the urging of the Wisconsin Clubs, the seven-state Central Region Garden Club Federation started a fund drive to endow student scholarships at ICF. The fund now contains over \$3,700.

—Meanwhile, I've continued to work with students and volunteers on the restoration of wetland, prairie, savanna, and woodland communities on the property. We planted three more acres of the Wisconsin Garden Club Federation-supported "Federation Fields Prairie" this spring. In addition, UW-Madison graduate student Margie Patlak is continuing her baseline studies of the "Owen Gromme Marsh" in preparation for a restoration effort next spring. Researchers Scott Weber and Richard and Christine Anderson-Sprecher are removing undesirable weeds, shrubs, and trees from the prairie, savanna, and woodlands — preparing different sites for the planting of native groundlayer species next spring.

The landscaping and restoration work of the last few years has provided ICF with some valuable lead time. It takes four to five years for a prairie restoration to begin looking more like a prairie than a weedy field. Next year, when people begin to visit the site, they will see at least one prairie planting coming into its own, and several other recent restoration plantings which are an education in themselves.

Although we're off to a good start in developing the new site, we've got a lot to do before we can move completely. We are now drawing up plans for a hatchery and chick-rearing complex, preparatory to a funding drive we'll get underway this fall. We've already started a building fund for the hatchery, and members are more than welcome to support it!



photo by Kyoko Archibald



photo by Kyoko Archibald

Crane Counts, Wetland Bills

by Scott Freeman,
Educational Coordinator

Two outstanding events occurred in the lives of Wisconsin's Sandhill Cranes this spring: over 1600 people surveyed the population on April 17th, and the Governor of Wisconsin signed a wetland protection bill on April 28th. The cranes, the crane counters, and the wetlands law all have an important common thread: public interest.

Sandhill Cranes were nearly extinct in Wisconsin by the early 1940's. New state wildlife refuges and firm control over hunting rescued what was left of the crane population in the nick-of-time. Private citizens and landowners also began to take a keen interest in Sandhills, starting with the publication of "A Marshland Elegy" — Aldo Leopold's stirring essay on the crane's demise.

Public concern and action worked, and Sandhill Cranes are coming back. In 1976, ICF and the Wisconsin Wetlands Association (WWA) began counting them. From a brave start in one Wisconsin county, the annual Sandhill Crane survey began to build on the public interest in cranes and wetlands which Aldo Leopold kindled.

Last year ICF and WWA sponsored the crane survey statewide for the first time. Volunteer county coordinators recruited and trained participants in 33 counties around the state. A total of 760 people surveyed a marsh in their home county, and recorded the locations of over 2600 cranes. The crane count was maturing, and becoming an important vehicle for monitoring crane populations and inspiring public interest in wetlands.

In 1982 the count expanded dramatically. County coordinators again did the grassroots campaigning to recruit and train participants. This spring there were 43 counties and over 1600 participants involved. All participants were up before dawn to look and listen for cranes on the morning of April 17th. Miserable weather kept the bird count down, but the crane counters still saw or heard more than 2600 cranes.

People from all walks of life, from senior citizens to 4-H kids, turned out to count cranes.

The Sandhill survey has been an important boost to the long and difficult job of convincing people that wetlands are important. Wetland protection is currently the most controversial land-use question in Wisconsin, but education efforts are beginning to pay off. Grassroots interest in wetlands finally flowered in the Wisconsin state legislature this spring, in a bill numbered AB839.

AB839 is the first law to protect wetlands ever passed by the Wisconsin Legislature. Although it is not a comprehensive wetlands protection bill — a goal conservationists have been lobbying for each of the past eleven years — it does safeguard wetlands in urban areas. AB839 requires that a developer obtain a permit from the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources before ditching, diking, or filling an urban wetland.

AB839 is a real victory for the conservation of wetlands, and ICF salutes the people who made it happen. The individuals who coordinated the crane count and the letter-writing campaigns for AB839, the volunteers who run WWA and the Wetlands Taskforce, and the state legislators who took a special interest in AB839 all deserve our gratitude. But if one person could be singled out as contributing most to the growing public interest in the crane count and wetlands protection legislation, it is Karen Voss.

Long, long ago — in 1973 — Karen was the first student ever to do a research project on the captive cranes at ICF. She completed a fine Master's Thesis on the behavior of Sandhill Cranes at the University of Wisconsin, then for several years devoted herself to raising two daughters. When Karen and her family moved back to central Wisconsin two years ago, she began working as a conservationist in earnest. She spearheaded the last two crane counts, and led the lobbying effort for AB839. When Governor Lee Dreyfus signed the bill, he gave the pen to Karen.

Public interest is the key to conservation. It takes people like Karen Voss to turn that key.

The Board Expands

by Joan Fordham, Administrator

The Board of Directors has been a vital part of ICF's growth. Our 18-member Board is responsible for directing all of ICF's finances and activities. We've been able to mature as a Foundation during the last several years chiefly through their expertise. As ICF's Administrator, I've had the great pleasure of working closely with this group of talented and committed people.

The Board meets each May and November. The agenda for the May meeting focuses on ICF's programs and conservation priorities, and the November meeting on finances and the budget. After a thorough going-over the Board approves a budget for the next calendar year, which the staff must follow. Any deviation in the budget must be approved by the Executive Committee of the Board.

The Executive Committee meets monthly, or as needed, to help keep ICF on the "straight and narrow." We have always stretched your contributions to the very utmost, and the Board's recent help with financial planning has stabilized ICF's funding and let us operate even more efficiently.

Some new faces have been added since we last informed you about the Board's membership. Stuart Avery of Lincoln, Massachusetts is a civil engineer and Director of the Sierra Club's Wildlife Committee.

John Henry Dick is an author and wildlife artist from Megget, South Carolina. George Ranney, Sr. is the retired Vice-Chairman of Inland-Steel and lives in Libertyville, Illinois. John Day is Vice-President of the First National Bank of Chicago, and now lives in Chicago after working for several years in Japan. Huey Johnson, of Sacramento, California, is Secretary for Resources of the State of California. Frank Larkin is a conservationist from Greenwich, Connecticut.

We welcome these crane enthusiasts with a sincere thank-you. Their help comes at a crucial juncture as ICF moves to a new site, establishes branches overseas, and begins exciting programs in new countries.

Field Trip

The University of Wisconsin-Extension is offering a seven-day exploration of the fresh and salt-water wetlands of south Florida this winter. **When:** Dec. 26-Jan. 1; **Where:** Sanibel Island, Corkscrew Swamp, the Everglades, and the Keys (travel to and from Florida has been arranged for the group but is not included in the fee); **Instructor:** Jim Harris; **Limit:** 20; **Registration Deadline:** Oct. 15, 1982. For a flyer describing the trip in detail write Doni Zintz, 1815 University Ave., Madison, WI 53706 or call (608) 262-1377.

GEE WHIZ! ICF HATCHES A WHOOOPER

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was afraid of him and didn't lay. Tex seems to prefer Caucasian men of average height with dark hair. She has a visible aversion to orientals, women, and red-haired men.

Our head aviculturist, Mike Putnam, met all the requirements for pairing with Tex. In 1981 he danced with her three times a day, seven days a week. Tex liked Mike, and for a time it appeared that she might lay. But unfortunately, an egg never came. Tex had disappointed us again, the year when a hatch would have been most welcome — in light of the poor productivity of Whoopers elsewhere in 1981.

This year Patuxent and ICF made an all-out effort to help Tex reproduce. From April 1st to May 20th I spent the day with Tex from dawn to dusk. I followed her behavior closely and tried to provide the stimuli she would normally receive from a male crane. My duties involved endless hours of "just being there", several minutes of dancing early in the morning and again in the evening, long walks in quest of earthworms, nest building, and defending our territory against humans that approached the 10-acre hayfield where we had established residence. I had a small shed to do my typing and reading as Tex stood by my side preening, foraging, and looking out for intruders.

By mid-April Tex's cloaca had enlarged, and she seemed ready for artificial insemination (AI). We started the AI with frozen semen supplied from Patuxent, but almost 50 percent of the sperm were dead in the samples. We then decided to import fresh semen from Patuxent. Dr. George Gee, Dr. Scott Derrickson, Drew Canine, and Steve Leathery carefully collected semen from an unmated male in Patuxent's Whooping Crane flock. The sealed tube was rushed to Baltimore airport for a flight to Madison. One of ICF's aviculturists collected the precious cargo, drove the 45 minutes north to ICF, loaded the sample in a syringe, and inseminated Tex. This process was repeated every two to three days.

On May 1st Tex was not her normal self. She was lethargic and only ate about 70 grams of pellets, in contrast to her usual 250 grams. I theorized that she was forming her egg, and stayed close to her. Male cranes do the same at such times, protecting the females who are clearly under great physiological stress.

The next morning Tex was active again, and at noon on May 2nd I could feel an egg in her abdomen. The next afternoon at exactly 3:00 p.m., after 1½ hours of effort on the nest, Tex's egg emerged. I removed it immediately, replaced it with a Sandhill egg filled with plaster of paris, and put Tex's egg under an incubating pair of captive Florida Sandhill Cranes. Cranes usually lay a two egg clutch, but unfortunately Tex didn't lay another egg this spring. She started roaming out of our territory in mid-May and I abandoned the effort.

After two weeks under the Sandhills, we candled Tex's egg and proclaimed it fertile. It was losing weight, however, at almost twice the normal rate — perhaps due to a thin shell. We took the egg away from the Sandhills after 18 days of incubation, and placed it in an incubator with high humidity.

The change in incubation didn't seem to help, though, because the egg continued the same rate of water loss. Finally, Dr. Bernard Wentworth of the Department of Poultry Science at the University of Wisconsin suggested a solution. By submerging the egg for five minutes in boiled water at 50° F. he was able to get the egg to "pull in" water, and thus offset further weight loss.

It worked. "Gee Whiz" hatched June 1st, and today is a growing and healthy Whooper. His name is a tribute to Dr. George Gee at Patuxent. Gee Whiz offers hope for the perpetuation of Tex's genetic line. Tex's parents, the San Antonio Zoo's famous Crip and Rosie, are deceased and she has no living siblings.

Although ICF's success with the Whoopers was acclaimed internationally because of the unusual circumstances leading to the hatch, a much greater contribution to the survival of *Grus americana* took place at Patuxent this spring. Five breeding pairs of Whoopers produced 28 eggs. Patuxent is now rearing eight

chicks, and sent 13 fertile eggs to Grays Lake National Wildlife Refuge, Idaho where they were placed into the nests of Sandhill Cranes. And Ernie Kuyt of the Canadian Wildlife Service estimates that about 17 pairs are nesting in Wood Buffalo National Park. 1982 may be the year of the Whooper!

Of Cranes, and 'Coons, and Red-boned Hounds

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encamped a short distance away had heard a sound through the night.

By this time, ICF was in a general state of uproar. Telephones were ringing continuously. Telegrams arrived from all over the country, expressing condolences over Tex's loss. The press began calling to find out the details of Tex's death. When we related that a second rare bird had been lost, reaction and interest were redoubled. The aviculture staff, meanwhile, went into action to stop further raccoon predation. On a tip from the Department of Natural Resources (DNR), electrified wire was quickly strung up around the periphery of the unit, and a team of staff members and volunteers organized themselves into a 24 hour patrol. Live traps were set at intervals along the eastern boundary of the main breeding pens which had been the scene of the two deaths, and all cranes with indoor shelters were locked safely inside. By nightfall, we believed we were ready to stop the masked marauders.

Shortly after midnight, George Archibald arrived back from Los Angeles and joined the small army of crane "wardens" patrolling the breeding unit. For a few moments we halted our vigil and asked George to relate his experiences in "Beautiful Downtown Burbank." Suddenly a series of short guttural notes rang out from the pens at the other end of the property. It was a hair-raising, macabre sound to anyone who knew cranes. "Stress calls," I shouted, "another bird is being attacked!" Without another word, we ran pell-mell up the road toward the main buildings, and George quickly scaled the nine-foot cyclone fence separating us from the source of that dreadful call. I circled the buildings and met George in one of the inner pens kneeling over the body of "I Presume," a lovely young Stanley Crane which we had raised last summer in an isolation experiment. The bird's eyelids fluttered a few times, and then closed. A third crane was dead, its jugular vein slashed.

In three nights, we had lost three cranes, in spite of our best efforts to protect these rare and precious wards. We called Dennis Jameson, the local DNR warden, and asked for his help. He suggested that a local coon hunter with dogs might be able to keep ICF's 65 acres clear of raccoons until we were able to coon-proof our pens. We obtained the necessary permits quickly through Dennis' assistance, and by nightfall Willard Giese, Matt Kannenberg, Jeff Giese and their extraordinary coon hound, Red, were on the job. That night I had my first experience with raccoon hunting, and I began to understand man's admiration for hunting dogs. After three nights of losing birds, all of us at ICF began to sense the presence of an unseen and powerful nemesis, a destructive force prowling the darkness that we seemed unable to resist or contain. Now, the baying of Red and his canine partner as they trailed raccoons through the night became an oddly exciting and reassuring sound.

It is ICF policy not to falsify or distort information that we release to the public, and consequently we didn't escape some bad press over the raccoon hunt on our property. Several people wrote angry letters chiding us for espousing conservation while we condoned the destruction of raccoons. Yet, we believed then, and we believe now, that our responsibility to the rare and endangered birds in our custody was the paramount consideration, and our decision to hunt the animals raiding our facilities was inescapable. To further jeopardize the lives of our cranes, some so rare that the entire world's population could fit into one of our 60' x 60' pens, in an attempt to avoid killing a few members of a widespread and abundant species seemed illogical and an abrogation of the stated purposes of ICF. Moreover, raccoon hunting is a temporary expedient, and we are confident that we can have raccoons and captive cranes living in harmony again once we complete our plans to predator-proof the enclosures both at the present site and the new property.

We would like to thank the multitudes of people who called or wrote from all over the U.S. to express their condolences over our recent losses, and to suggest ways that we could thwart hungry raccoons. Your concern was a boon to us during those hectic days. We especially would like to thank Dennis Jameson, Willard Giese, Matt Kannenberg, Jeff Giese, Tim Keitt, Dave Fordham, and Glenn Herndon.

The Bottom Line

by Bob Hallam

Development Coordinator

After my first six months of raising operational funds for ICF I can make two interesting observations.

The first is that new sources of private funding are starting to come in, as more people become aware of ICF's accomplishments. Television, radio, newspaper, and magazine coverage has helped put ICF's accomplishments into the forefront of internationally-recognized organizations. I no longer have to explain what ICF is all about to potential supporters, as much as tell them about the exciting new projects we are getting underway.

The other point I have to note, though, is that nationally less than 1% of all corporate, foundation, and private giving goes toward the conservation of wildlife and our environment! I could get discouraged, recognizing that every time we submit a proposal we're faced with a predicted rejection rate of 99%. But I'm happy to report that I'm not in the least discouraged. Our success rate is much higher, thanks to the support of our members and the dedication of our Board of Directors and staff.

As a loyal member, you may be able to help us by providing the name of a corporation, foundation, or key individual who is sympathetic to our goals. We never approach potential supporters with pressure tactics. Rather, I sit down with interested people and discuss how they and ICF can work together to save rare birds and wetlands — for everyone's benefit. If I feel that there is a possibility for financial support, I then submit a proposal. If you know of someone who may be in a position to help us, I would be happy to hear from you. Please drop me a note at the ICF office.

Remember: we save the cranes by working with people.

Contributions



Received April through June, 1982

Grants and Awards:

George and Kyoko Archibald, Badger Meter Foundation, W. H. Brady Foundation, Wolf Brehm, DEC-International-Albrecht Foundation, John Henry Dick, Alma Doten Fund, Chapman Foundation, Ostrom Enders, Exxon, Garden Clubs of Indiana, Helfaer Foundation, Johnson Controls Foundation, L.A.W. Fund, (Lila Acheson Wallace), Marine Foundation, Oscar and Elsa Mayer Charitable Trust, Milwaukee District Judges Council, Edward John Noble Foundation, Neenah Foundries, Fred Ott, Price Foundation, St. Regis Paper Company, Norman Sauey, Charles Sivelle, Wisconsin Garden Club Federation, Wisconsin Power and Light.

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