



PUBLICATION OF  
FRIENDS OF THE  
WILD FLOWER GARDEN, INC.

# THE FRINGED GENTIAN

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## Proclamation

August 3, 1998 was declared Eloise Butler Day in a proclamation signed by Governor Arne Carlson. The major points of the proclamation are listed here:

Whereas Eloise Butler was born on August 3, 1851 in Appleton, Maine. Her home in Maine was surrounded by wildflowers and wildlife of all kinds, providing her with many opportunities to observe and learn about nature; and

Whereas Eloise Butler's interest in botany and her studious nature led her to become a teacher at the age of nineteen; and

Whereas Eloise Butler was one of many women who made substantial contributions to society during the time of the women's rights movement; and

Whereas Eloise Butler came to Minnesota at the age of twenty-four, became a teacher of history and botany at Central High School in Minneapolis in 1878 and later taught at South High School before retiring in 1911; and

Whereas Eloise Butler's study of freshwater algae and desmids earned her the distinction of having two new species of desmids named for her, *Cosmarium eloiseanum* and *Sataurastrum eloisenium*; and

Whereas Eloise Butler founded the Minneapolis Wild Botanic Garden in 1907, located in the Theodore Wirth Park area; and

Whereas in 1929 the Minneapolis Park Board formally changed the name of the garden to Eloise Butler Wildflower Garden, one of the oldest public wildflower gardens in the United States; and

Whereas Eloise Butler was a dedicated teacher and tended her beloved garden until her death on April 10, 1933;

Now Therefore, I, Arne H. Carlson, Governor of the State of Minnesota, do hereby proclaim August 3, 1998 to be Eloise Butler Day in Minnesota.

## NOTES FROM OUR GARDENER

*Cary George*

New bike racks were installed this summer. They are located in the upper parking lot near the front gate. The two new racks are the "potato masher" design which is supposedly more theft proof than the old style. Perhaps when the new bike trail from Medicine Lake along Bassett Creek to downtown Minneapolis is complete, more bikers will take a side trip to view the Garden.

Thanks to the generous funding by The Friends of the Wildflower Garden, a new well will be drilled this winter at the site of The Great Medicine Spring near the lower parking lot. A new concrete drain apron will be poured and the pump should be operating by spring. As most of you know, the spring went dry during the drought of 1987\* and never recovered. The spring lies on an ancient Indian trail used by the Dakota Indians. They believed all of nature was endowed with "medicine". In 1851 the Dakota tribes ceded land that included the Great Medicine Spring to the United States government. The new well will be drilled to a depth of 240 feet. This is the same depth as the Glenwood-Englewood Springs just to the east of The Great Medicine Springs and lies within the same aquifer.

My work became a lot easier because of a new log splitter, again provided by funds from the Friends. The old splitter was a prototype, given to the Garden years ago. It never started in cold weather and was too heavy to move without a lot of help. I'll now be able to clear the large fallen trees from this year's storms and make use of the wood for the Visitor Center fireplace.

Twelve clumps of showy lady's slipper (*Cypripedium reginae*), rescued from road construction projects in northern Minnesota, were planted in the Bog Garden. Some of our clumps have declined the past couple of years, so these new plantings are a welcome and needed addition to our orchid collection. Some of the other plantings in 1998 include:

Sharp-lobed Hepatica (*Hepatica acutiloba*)  
Flowering Spurge (*Euphorbia corollata*)  
American Spikenard (*Aralia racemosa*)  
Canada Anemone (*Anemone canadensis*)  
Goldenseal (*Hydrastis canadensis*)  
Bottle Gentian (*Gentian andrewsii*)  
Wild Quinine (*Pathenium intecrifolium*)  
Prairie Smoke (*Geum triflorum*)  
Speckled Alder (*Alnus rugosa*)  
Yellow Birch (*Betula allegheniensis*)  
Allegheny Serviceberry (*Amelanchier laevis*)

"Industrial landowners and users, especially lumbermen and stockmen are inclined to wail long and loudly about the extension of government ownership and regulation to land, but (with notable exceptions) they show little disposition to develop the only visible alternative: the voluntary practice of conservation on their own lands."

Aldo Leopold 1949 - A Sand County Almanac, pg 213



### Welcome to Our New Members

We welcome the following who have joined the Friends:

Glen & Susan Beltt, Balsom Lake, WI  
Deborah McKnight, Edina  
Patricia Earl, Plymouth  
Gwyn & Craig Lang, Brooklyn Center  
Wanella R. Harrington, Minneapolis  
Karen Smudski & Jeffrey Mancl, Minneapolis  
Margo Freivalds, Golden Valley  
Gregg S. Reed, St. Louis Park  
Kim Carlson & Deborah Sarafini, Golden Valley  
Jennifer Goldman & Jeff Von Arx, Minneapolis  
Maxilla Evans, Waynesville, NC  
Dr. Sara Evans, St. Paul

## **And They Named Him Y514**

*Lydia Gilbertson & Brian Walvatne*  
*Naturalists*

One fall day in early October, a Garden visitor told us about an injured hawk that she had just seen hopping through the Garden fence, near the parking lot. We decided to take a look and see if there was anything we could do. Since the hawk had gone through the fence, we know it was small and most likely well camouflaged among the leaf litter and backdrop of prickly ash, hazelnut and raspberries. We both headed up the trail, binoculars in hand, to the area near the Garden's front gate. We scanned the entire area, but we had no luck. We accepted that the hawk's fate would be left to nature.

The birds were busy on this crisp fall evening, as we ventured to the bog to look for remaining warblers. Most of the bog visitors were regulars: chickadees, cardinals, and downy woodpeckers. But then, Brian met eyes with the injured hawk as it sat, camouflaged among the wet thatch of bog grasses. Both hawk and man startled one another. The hawk retreated into the densely vegetated inner sanctum of the bog, where we quickly lost track of it. We wondered what kind of hawk we had on our hands? Was it a cooper's hawk, a sharp-shinned hawk, or an immature red-tailed hawk? With Lydia's adept birding skills, she reckoned that the bird's small size and gray-tipped tail were the markings of a sharp-shinned hawk, but we could not be sure.

We were sure that we needed a hawk rescue plan on the fly. First, Brian put on a pair of more acceptable bog-wandering shoes, the kind that long ago begged for proper garbage burial. Then, he grabbed a net and gloves for protection from the hawk's talons. Now, the plan was that Brian would wade through the bog and flush it out to Lydia, who was silently waiting for it on the bog's other side. The only thing we caught were hundreds of stick-tight and beggar-tick hitchhiking seeds. But, just then a family cried out that they had spotted the elusive hawk in the grove of Red Turtlehead, near the bridge.

This time Lydia attempted to flush the hawk out and capture it. As she waded through the Turtlehead, the hawk desperately attempted to escape. It hopped into the pond, flapping its wings through the duckweed in a valiant effort to swim to safety. Fortunately, safety was waiting on the other side of the pond in the form of a naturalist. Brian reached out with the insect net and captured the little hawk as it neared the pond edge. Lydia, who had handled birds before, tucked the wings against the body, and held the hawk with gentle firmness.

Our next task was to drive the hawk to the Raptor Center, located at the University of Minnesota. The little hawk's heart was beating frantically. We wondered how Roger Tory Peterson would have calmed the hawk; we turned radio on to soothing classical music and pep-talked it all the way. The Raptor Center took in the bird and asked us to wait for an initial diagnosis. They told us that he was a smaller than normal, slightly malnourished immature male sharp-shinned hawk (*Accipiter striatus*) with a broken coracoid bone (similar to our collar bone). They named him Y514 for record keeping.

We have called the Raptor Center to check on his recovery - the broken coracoid and dislocated shoulder are healing, but not as well as they wanted. At this time he still is not flying, but there still is hope.

Sharp-shinned hawks, sometimes referred to as the "chicken hawk", are the smallest of all accipiters. Sharp-shinned hawks are often confused with the Cooper's hawk, (*Accipiter cooperii*), which is similar but slightly larger. Both feed primarily on birds and young poultry, with the occasional mouse and grasshopper. "Sharpies" have quick wing beats, making them appear to have a buoyant flight and capture their prey on the wing. Through this past season of 1998, a few Sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawks have been in the Garden occasionally getting a quick meal at the bird feeders. We hope the little Sharpie we rescued will have its bones healed in time to be back in the Garden next year.



## A Nut, A Squirrel

*Betty Bridgman*

The park, the sky oak-swept and gray.  
Leaves hit the path and blow my way.  
There sits a squirrel, sleek and taut,  
handling a far too heavy thought,

handling an acorn it has found  
after intensive search around.  
I watch, and now I can envision  
the awesomeness of small decision.

The nut-sweet cupful at its nose,  
lifted like chalice in two paws,  
could in ten nibbles be devoured--  
or should it prudently be stored?

I stand here helpless to decide  
if appetite should be denied.  
A squirrel must weigh rewarded search  
against the white months up to March.

If new to winter, nevertheless  
the creature is obliged to guess  
snow-depth by thickness of its coat,  
send nut down hollow tree, or throat.

Wisdom perhaps was recommending  
the nut for saving, not for spending.  
The squirrel decided it was not,  
and ate the acorn on the spot.

Winter ahead will not be hard!  
I walk light-hearted winterward.

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## Memorials

*Marguerite Harbison*

Gifts to the wildflower garden were given to  
the Garden in memory of Gordon Whitehead,  
and Dick Hag Hoganson, from Max and  
Marie Demler.

The Friends of the Eloise Butler Wildflower  
Garden have made many improvements to the  
garden with memorial money. A record is  
kept and all gifts are acknowledged.

A nice way to honor a friend or loved one is  
with a memorial gift to the Eloise Butler Wild-  
flower Garden. Checks can be mailed to M.  
Harbison, 6038 Golden Valley Road, Minnea-  
polis, MN 55422



## A Word for Box Elder

*Betty Bridgman*

Strange you should not have heard of my tree,  
box elder.

Weed of the prairie, worthless, and worse it's  
called.

Seedling one summer, next summer way over  
your shoulder.

Whenever I see one, I'm up in it, ten years  
old.

Pioneers planted it, needing shade in a hurry.  
Brown furrowed bark, profusion of three-leaf  
twigs,  
Blanking the farmhouse for wind to lash with  
fury,  
Shelter for squirrel, chipmunk, flicker eggs.

Soon they complained of trees that outnum-  
bered people.

Autumns, their seed like propellers went  
widely blown,

Profligate, common, assertive, poor cousin to  
maple--

They were expendable after the elms had  
grown,

Still in my childhood home we were rich in  
these.

Always I'll speak a word for box elder trees.

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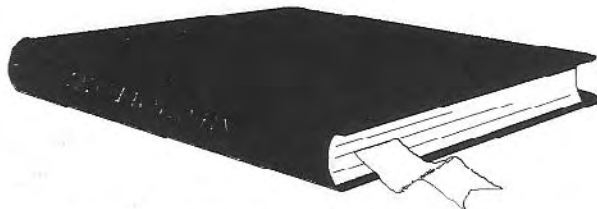
## 1998 Volunteers

*Shirley Schultz*

The following is a list of all the volunteers who shared their time in the Martha Crone Shelter this past season:

Helen Antrobus	Gwen Lang
Pete Avis	Lyle Johnson
Lyla & Alfred Anderegg	
Nancy Azzam	Judy Jones
Judith Bell	Gary Joselyn
Jean Bengston	Peggy Kotila
Harriet Betzold	Connie LaVoie
Betty Bridgman	Annette LeDuc
George Bridgman	Ann Longfellow
John Bridgeman	Lisa Lundeen
Betty Bryan	Junita Lussenhop
Douglas Cain	Jack Lynch
Gretchen Castle	Sharon Mahto
Liz Darner	Gloria Miller
Joy Davis	Jim Proctor
Marie Demler	Kaye Rudberg
Pat Earl	Mary Sandell
Ione & DuWayne Schlee	
Peter Eiden	Matt Schmidt
Ann Godfrey	Shirley Schultz
Ann Hall	Karen Sorel
Marguerite Harbison	Connie Thein-Psotka
Betty Hauge	Phoebe Waugh
Karla Hollingshead	Carol Weber
Carol Howard	Kathleen Wolgamott
Mary Huschen	Michelle Wood
George Jaquith	Faith Woodman

A big Thank You to all – your service to the Garden is much appreciated by the Friend's board members and me.



### Butler Biography For Sale

*The Wild Gardener: The Life and Selected Writings of Eloise Butler* tells the story of the founder of the Wildflower Garden. Miss But-

ler served as curator of her unique Garden from 1911 until her death in 1933. She was a prolific writer and many of her articles about the Garden are included in the book.

Written by local author and Friends member, Martha E. Hellander, *The Wild Gardener* is a perfect gift for your own library, for nature lovers, gardeners and historians. Published by North Star Press of St. Cloud, this 208 page book is filled with photos and plant illustrations.

Proceeds from the sale of the book through the Friends will benefit the Eloise Butler Wildflower Garden and Bird Sanctuary. Members of the Friends receive a \$2.00 discount off the book price. The price for members is \$17.95 per book, plus \$1.17 sales tax for deliveries in Minnesota plus \$2.00 for postage and handling. Make your check payable to and send your order to:

Friends of the Wildflower Garden, Inc.  
P.O. Box 11592  
Minneapolis, MN 55412

## 1998 Visitors to the Garden

The Garden has something to give to everyone who visits and according to the comments in the shelter guestbook, that is just what it did this season. They loved the birds, the wildflowers, the trees and the children especially enjoyed the chipmunks and squirrels that feed near the shelter and have become so tame. Visitors came from almost every state in the U.S. plus many from other countries such as: Australia, Canada, England, France, Japan, Germany, New Zealand and Sweden.

Thanks to Eloise Butler, we have this very special place for all to enjoy.