

Indeed, Mother Nature . . .

TEXAS BLUEBONNETS

Photo and poem by Marilyn Blanton



Bluebonnets are native Texans that welcomes the spring
They're pretty annual legumes and what joy they bring

They have hard round seeds that sprout in the fall
By the time they bloom they may be a foot or more tall

They have soft leaves that are hairy, grayish-green and compound
And on their roots nitrogen fixing nodes are found

Their pretty flowers cluster up their stems in spikes
And attract insects as they wave in the wind like kites

Their dense blue flowers have small white dots
That change color with age and become pink spots

Bluebonnets cover roadsides, hills and fields
So all can enjoy the splendor their blue flowers yield

They're the subject of Texas pride, paintings and legend
Some think they look like a bit of sky that's fallen from heaven



Marilyn, class 1999

Up a tree and out on a limb!



Steve Houser recently visited Susan Pohlen's property to try to estimate the age of some of the older trees there.

Shown in his environment

Steve concluded that, in his opinion, it is feasible that some of the larger trees on the property could be about 100 years old.



One of the "cookies", temporarily stained with coffee to bring out the tree rings, cut by Steve that day from one of the fallen younger trees.



Elm Fork Chapter into the community — looking good . . .

Photo and commentary by Van Elliott



I took this photo of **Bill Coleman** helping us with the LLELA One Ale of A Trail run scheduled for April 26, 2014. He established boundaries for a “parking lot on the prairie” to hold about 1000 plus cars. He donated the use of his survey equipment, collected the points needed to construct a scaled map of the parking areas and produced the maps used in planning meetings. Plus he is contributing to the parking control detail the day of the race. Life got a whole lot easier when he heard what was needed and stepped up to say “I can help you with that project”. Otherwise, we would have been doing a lot of walking and measuring by stepping off the boundaries. I was his assistant for the day, and he kept me so busy I only got the one photo.

Bill is from the class of 2013 and has been a consistent contributor since joining. EFC is fortunate he chose to join us.

Several more of our EFCTMN’s are making contributions to this project and hopefully between Larry Brennan and me, we can encourage others at this event to check out our master naturalist organization.

Back To Nature

from Bob Ross

Elm Fork Chapter was well represented at the annual *Back To Nature* event on Saturday, April 26th in Trophy Club Park. The Master Naturalist booth was manned by chapter VP Jan Deatherage and member Bob Ross. Members Kathy Trotter and Veronica Ruangskul participated in their Trophy Club Nature Trails booth. Member Richard Johnson anchored the Dallas Fly Fishers booth. Member Jacob Lohse, who is employed by The City of Trophy Club Parks & Recreation, was in constant motion overseeing the event. And lastly, member Kim Orlandella and family visited the booths in the park.



Jan wearing a skunk pelt



Veronica & Jan

Both children and adults were entertained and educated at the various booths. Besides EFC and the booths mentioned above, other scheduled participants consisted of: Common Wildlife of North Texas, Nature Talkers, Blackland Prairie Raptor Center, Native Plants Society of Texas, Nature Reach and Texas Metro Wildlife Rehabilitators. From the novice to the professional, there were booths to visit and learn something new about nature and its wildlife.



Horseback rides

It was a beautiful day for such an outdoor event consisting of nature booths, horseback rides for children provided by members of the Marshall Creek Riding Club, and a face painting booth. The event was culminated in the afternoon with families setting up their campsites for an evening listening to campfire songs and sleeping in the park.



Richard & Jan examining handouts



*Orlandella Family
(L to R) Member Kim, daughter Sophia, husband David, daughter Mia*



Setting up Campsites



Kathy Trotter



special thank you should be given to the ultimate host, Kathy Trotter and the folks from Trophy Club, for providing free lunch for all participants.

Keep looking up . . .

“FIELD NOTES IN FOCUS”



Class of 2005

Red-tailed hawk — from the gallery of Alex Lieban

*Featuring Master Naturalist photographers—
flora and fauna as you see them*

Seriously — Jan Deatherage offers this . . .

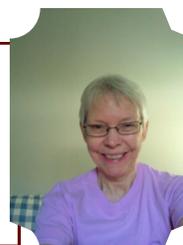
— LAST WORD —



If you have a "last word", please send to
wodum10043@reagan.com



*Don't forget to thank a Naturalist News contributor—after all it could be **you!** Thank you for contributing this month. Oh, what's that? **You d-i-d-n'-t?** Then, thank you for your contribution next month...?*



Your editor
(class 2005)
thanks you.

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*Education, Conservation,
Preservation, Restoration*

WE'RE ON THE WEB

www.txmn.org/elmfork



Dale Meyer (class of 2011) shares his photo of a Red rat snake from his home turf in Florida

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Monthly Chapter Meetings

9:30 a.m. preceded by a social time at 9:00 a.m. on the third Thursday of each month. Chapter meetings are open to the public.

Next meeting May 15, 2014 — Jim Bednarz: Behavior of Red-shouldered hawks

Meeting June, 2014—Barney L. Lipscomb: Poisonous Plants

Location: Joseph A. Carroll Bldg., 401 W. Hickory Street, Denton, TX 76201-9026

Board Meetings

The Board meets each second Thursday of the month at 9:30 a.m. The Board last met May 8, 2014. Next meeting June 12, 2014.

Board meetings are open to members.

OUR MISSION . . .

“to develop a corps of well-informed volunteers who provide education, outreach, and service dedicated to the beneficial management of natural resources and natural areas within our community”



Addendum



Harlequin is quiet, gliding down the lane,
Harlequin goes softly, sliding through the rain,
Harlequin is silent, Harlequin is bold,
And Harlequin never tells what Harlequin is told.

He tweaks the devil's whiskers,
Flirts with the ladies faire
But when you go to seek him,
He's hardly ever there.

Harlequin wears homespun,
With patches colored gay,
Cap with bells and tassles,
Boots of leather gray.

He haunts m'lady's boudoir,
He taps upon the sash,
And when All Hallow's Eve comes round,
He really has a bash.

Harlequin went dancing,
Down at the Harvest Fair,
And there he met sweet Columbine
With flowers in her hair.

Her cheeks were red as roses,
Her hair was soft, soft brown,
She was shod in velvet slippers
And a long green gown.

She danced so light and graceful,
She floated like a dove,
And Harlequin was smitten
With what mortals title love.

The golden moon is glowing,
Frost gives the air a chill,
As Harlequin and Columbine are
Dancing on the hill.

Harlequin danced lightly
As he'd never danced before,
He danced himself enchanted
And then he danced some more.

At last the dance was over,
The musicians gone away
While silence filled the meadows
And the darkness turned to gray.

But dawn did not find Harlequin
Alone with Columbine ...
For in the shadows, Pirotte
Was watching all the time.

Harlequin loves Columbine
And Columbine Pirotte,
But Harlequin has magic
That never failed him yet.

Thus Harlequin faced Pirotte
And each their rapiers drew,
Facing across a meadow
Silvered with morning's dew.

And Harlequin and Pirotte
Fought an awful fight,
Clashing with silver rapiers
In the dawning light.

Thrust and point and counterpoint;
The blades are flashing fast
Til Harlequin is victor
And Pirotte has lost at last.

Pirotte is sorely wounded,
Columbine could save him still
But Harlequin loves Columbine
And he controls her will.

Yes, Harlequin is sneaky
And Harlequin is sly
But Harlequin has compassion
Though no-one dares ask why.

So Columbine has Pirotte
And Harlequin is gone
Setting the leaves a-trimble,
Singing a sad sweet song.

Harlequin the joker,
Playing the buffoon,
Knows broken hearts are mended
Beneath the autumn moon.

By day, the leaves are full of color,
The sun is shining bright
And there'll be another Columbine
To dance with him tonight.

Moving like a breeze, gliding down the lane,
Harlequin is whistling a melodic refrain,
Harlequin is silent, Harlequin is bold
And Harlequin never tells what Harlequin is told.

"When Harlequin was Young" by Ben Ezzell