Saturday, Feb.18 -10:00 am, Waters Hall - Dept. of Entomology

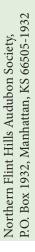
Park at KSU Gardens at 10 am, car pool to Parking A17 North of Waters. Dr. Zolnerowich will meet us there and take us in. Map on page 4. Carpool back to Insect Zoo at 10:40 am. Lunch after tour at JPs (near Jardine housing)

The entomological collection on campus is nearly as old as Kansas State University itself, having been started in 1879 at then Kansas State College. The collection has grown considerably since that time and is estimated to contain approximately 380,000 specimens. Each specimen is a record of the fauna at a particular place and a particular time, so in many respects the collection is a time

machine and a library of information. Examples of how the collection is used range from taxonomists borrowing specimens for their individual research projects, to supplying data for 8,388 specimens of bees to a multi-institutional pollinator project, to adding 18,224 specimen records and 627 digital images of North American Lepidoptera to another project.

The mission of the **K-State Insect Zoo** is to foster a better understanding and increased awareness of our natural world and of the important roles that insects and their relatives play in it. The Zoo offers an interactive experience for visitors, where they can experience the sights and sounds of a variety of live insects and other arthropods, including giant cockroaches, beetles, giant walkingsticks and prickly sticks, praying mantises, and centipedes, scorpions, and tarantulas. Thousands of visitors enjoy going through the Zoo each year, and it is no surprise that it gets such high ratings on Google and Trip Advisor reviews. There is a \$4.00 tour fee. Dr. Greg Zolnerowich KSU Professor of Entomology







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prairie falcon

Northern Flint Hills Audubon Society Newsletter Vol. 51, No. 6, February 2023

Upcoming Events

- Feb. 11 Sat. morning birding
- 8:00 am Depart from Sojourner Truth Park Feb. 18 - 10:00 am - KSU Insect Collection and Insect Zoo With Dr. Greg Zolnerowich, Dept. of Entomology
- Mar. 7 Board meeting 5:30 Public Library
- Mar. 11 Sat. morning birding
 - 8:00 am Depart from Sojourner Truth Park
- Mar. 19 Gregg Eyestone, 2:30 Groesbeck Rm. Manhattan Public Library, (12:30 dinner with Gregg) (More information in March newsletter)



Skylight plus



Can't say ahead if there'll be a mid-winter thaw or any use for one, but can offer a dish of mid-season trivia, starting with the current common comestible combination of Romaine lettuce, croutons, lemon juice, olive oil, egg, Worcestershire sauce, anchovies, garlic, Dijon mustard, parmesan cheese, and black pepper (give or take various local variations) referred to as a Caesar salad. I've ordered a few without giving much thought to its name or origin, still it caught my fancy learning by chance that it was first assembled in Tijuana, Mexico, and owes its celebrity to the U.S.'s Prohibition Era.

It was 1924 when a Fourth of July rush left a restaurant owned by Caesar Cardini short of its usual supplies. It seems unclear whether Caesar himself or one of his staff produced an off-hand make-do tableside serving that delighted the customers, some of whom were Hollywood stars, since Tijuana was the closest place where they could imbibe alcohol legally and get a dash of publicity doing so. Likely one of them carried the news to Gilmore's steak house in New York City, and with that imprimatur its celebrity spread. There is later testimony that the original actually lacked anchovies and used lime instead of lemon juice. No matter.

So, what about what's known as a Waldorf salad, a fruit and nut together with celery and mayonnaise mixed in (again plus or minus local modern variations)? Wikipedia tells me that it began in New York, served the second day of the Waldorf-Astoria hotel's opening during a gala ball on March 14, 1896. It's credited to Oscar Tschirky, later known as "Oscar of the Waldorf" though in its original form it consisted simply of apples, celery, and mayonaisse, no more.

The team of hard-boiled eggs, various meats, cheese, tomatoes, and cucumbers, known as a Chef's salad, seems not to have a very clear pedigree. Some say it's an updated version of a 17th century French dish translated now as 'salmagundi'. Some say it's a very 1940-ish affair, and attribute it to various chefs in New York, Buffalo, and/or Philadelphia. Perhaps there are other claims. One story is that some proprietor(s) didn't approve of their chef's proposal, so he set it forth anyway and named it the "Chef's Salad".

Actually, who can say what various unrecorded households through the ages might have put upon their plates? Personally it's all reminded me of a day when I must have been not quite ten years old (a little before the attack on Pearl Harbor set pause to cross-country motoring). I was riding with my parents to grandmother's house when we stopped for lunch at a diner in Wellsboro, PA, and I found myself eating the most delicious piece of eatery I had ever tasted or imagined. It was called a "cheeseburger". I had never encountered such before, and for a while could not get enough of them.

I, of course, was behind the curve. I've found various references to the history of dairying, the earliest time mentioned has been 10,000 years ago in what is now Turkey, along with the start of agriculture in general. In any case it seems hard to think that no one through whatever number of millennia didn't happen to combine some cheese, ground meat, and some form of bread. Yet the internet gives the star of origination of the cheeseburger to a sixteen-year-old Lionel Sternberger, inventing in his father's Pasadena, CA., sandwich shop, The Rite Spot. Also, like Caesar's salad, in that year of comestible wonders, 1924.

Arguably the sky's main serving through all of February will be the usual vibrant display of Orion traveling eastto-west across the sky pursuing Taurus the Bull who'll be backing away ahead, with Canis Major, the Big Dog, providing Sirius, the sky's brightest star, following. Saturn will drop off the menu, but other specials include an ever higher and particularly bright Venus as the Evening Star, who will be gradually approached by an un-shy Jupiter so that on the 22nd a thin crescent Moon can be close enough to compose a three-ingredient salad, though you'll have to be seated with a view toward a low horizon to partake. And since three's a crowd, Venus and Jupiter will continue to get even chummier alone together (showing side-by-side March 1st).

Meanwhile reddish Mars, dimming but still out-shining Taurus' reddish Aldebaran, will be moving above that star and setting ever earlier past midnight. Doing so, it will shift closer to the Moon during the evening of the 27th. Before that, in the early light of the 16th-17th, the Moon will move among the stars of Sagittarius' Teapot, from whose southern spout the Milky Way steams upward across the sky. The Moon will be at the junction of lid and spout first, and be just below and left of the handle next. It will be full the 5th at 12p29, new the 20th at 1a06.

The Sense of Scents

Dru Clarke



A friend gave me a basil plant she had been nurturing in a pot on her entrance wall: she found the fragrance overwhelming and wouldn't bring it inside, so it came home with me. Its herbal essence welcomes us into the kitchen, as the yeasty baking bread, spicy stew, and pear butter do on other days.

Our noses are portals to the past, and locked in the deep recesses of our brains is an olfactory history remembered when a key molecule inserts itself and opens to a singular memory. Near a round bale where hay has dropped off the pitch fork are divots made at night by a foraging skunk. Its pungent scent lingers and I (or, my seven year old self) am back in a hall closet, with my nose buried in my mother's skunk coat, redolent of the animal whose skins were stitched together to keep yet another being warm.

A mailed brochure from a perfumery landed on my desk (happily, not in the trash where junk mail goes) and I couldn't resist sniffing each of the ten scent strips folded inside. One took me back to a patch of soil at the foot of my childhood driveway where lily of the





valley flowers grew next to a honeysuckle bush. (I sucked the nectar from the yellow honeysuckle blossoms – you pinch off the calyx, then pull out the stamens and pistil and lick them first- and I sniffed the waxy white bells of the lily of the valley, tucking a few in my pocket.)

I checked the composition of the specific perfume and saw 'muguet' (as well as black currant, ylang ylang, bergamot, freesia, Bulgarian rose, warm amber, creamy sandalwood, white woods and musk). I did not know what muguet was or how to pronounce it, so I googled it and discovered it was, surprise!, lily of the valley. Huh. A further search led me to Indonesia (where ylang ylang trees grow), Eastern Europe's Bulgarian Valley of the Roses, tucked in between a single mountain and the Balkan Range, where



the finest rosebuds are gathered, before the light and heat of day, and distilled for their essential oil. They claim the prolific roses grow well here due to a combination of humidity, soil, and light. Black currant, too, from Eurasia, grows as a shrub and has edible berries (the jam is lovely) rich in Vitamin C and polyphenols. Bergamot, from the Bergamot orange, not the bergamot herbs, like bee balm, that grow here, is chiefly from Italy, and musk (from the male musk deer) or a monkey flower relative, originally gathered for its scent, now lost as new, artificially concocted chemicals are developed. Freesia, a lovely funnel-shaped flower from south Africa, sandalwood from Southeast Asia, Australia, and islands of the South Pacific (its wood holds its fragrance for years).

I own some amber jewelry (bought in a Baltic country where most of it is found) and as far as I can tell it has no discernible odor, although as fossilized tree resin, it may, when warmed or melted, emit a coniferous (pine, spruce, fir) essence. I was unable to identify 'white woods', although there is a burgeoning market for pale woods for furniture, paneling, and other wood constructions. I imagine it as a musty, earthy smell, perhaps akin to 'umami'. All of these plant and animal derivatives range from the 'top notes', the complementary ones, and the 'dry down'. After a few hours, if you can pick up the lingering molecules of the dry down, you are probably detecting an expensive fragrance.

Umami, the fifth sense, perceived through taste and smell, you can now buy in the spice section of the grocery store. (I don't believe, however, that you can bottle it.) I sense umami when I walk into a woodsy clearing and kick up the duff, the decaying leaves and topsoil. An especially satisfying meal imparts umami to your palate. Clothes dried on an outdoors line, my dog's paws, the skin on a baby's neck, freshly ground coffee beans, our bull's exhaled breath: all transport me to another time, another place, usually one of contentment, of pleasure. Covid did not rob me or my husband of this precious sense and we are both grateful for the virus sparing us that affront. By the way, I ordered that perfume.

© Dec. 2023 Dru Clarke

KSU Dept. of Entomology





KSU insect collection in Waters Hall





Insect Zoo:

Kiffnie Holt, Zoo Director

Mark your Calendar:

March 19,

Gregg Eyestone, 2:30 Groesbeck Rm. Manhattan Public Library, (12:30 dinner with Gregg) Kansas Healthy Yards

(More information in March newsletter)



p. 4 Prairie Falcon FEBRUARY 2023

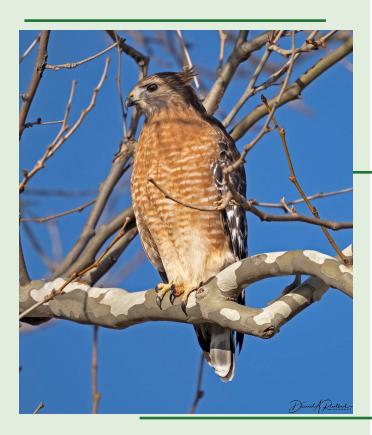
Red-shouldered hawk

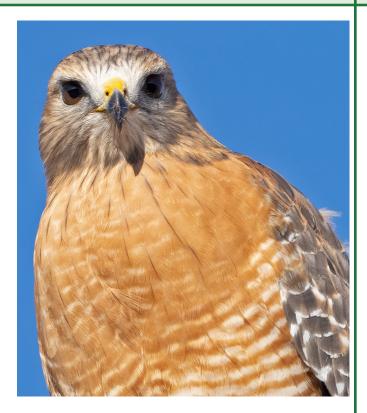
The species is lankier and has a proportionately longer tail than other Buteos. In active flight, Red-shouldered Hawks sometimes appear Accipiter-like and fly with a series of quick wingbeats followed by a short glide.

When flying/soaring they push their wings forward of perpendicular like they are reaching or "hugging." In a glide they noticebly cup the wings. At all ages red-shoulders show pale, translucent crescents (a "slash") at the base of the primaries.

The male and female are identical - except the female averages larger as is true of almost all hawks. They are opportunistic hunters taking a wide variety of prey. And like most hawks when stressed will eat carrion. They are primarily perch hunters - on low or medium heights on sunny edges.

In the magazine Bird Watchers Digest, there is an observation in the Cape May region of a Red-shouldered attacking a Coopers hawk that had just taken a mockingbird. After a tussle, the Coopers flew off into a pine tree and was later found dead there. (*BWD, January/February 2023, page 21*)



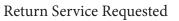


There range is expanding. They have been observed as far west as Elkhart in SW Kansas, according to Max Thompson (KOS).

You may see more of these beautiful birds in Kansas!

Photos by Dave Rintoul







Northern Flint HIlls Audubon Society P.O. Box 1932 Manhattan, KS 66505-1932

The purpose of the Northern Flint Hills Audubon Society is to teach people to enjoy and respect birds and their habitats. NFHAS advocates preservation of prairie ecosystems and urban green spaces thus saving the lives of birds and enriching the lives of people.

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Make checks payable to the Northern Flint Hills Audubon Society and mail to: **Treasurer, NFHAS, P.O Box 1932, Manhattan, KS, 66505-1932** **WE NEED YOU!** PLEASE consider joining our NFHAS Board.

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