



DuPage Sierran

Sierra Club, River Prairie Group of DuPage County

Summer 2014
Volume 33, No. 2



WILDERNESS ACT 50TH ANNIVERSARY

1964–2014

WHAT IS THE WILDERNESS ACT?

Signed into law by President Lyndon B. Johnson on Sept. 3, 1964, the historic Wilderness Act established the National Wilderness Preservation System (NWPS) and set aside an initial 9.1 million acres of wildlands for the use and benefit of the American people. Over the past 50 years, and as a result of America's support for wilderness, Congress has added more than 100 million acres to this unique land preservation system. The 1964 Wilderness Act defines "Wilderness" as areas where the earth and its communities of life are left unchanged by people, where the primary forces of nature are in control, and where people themselves are visitors who do not remain.

The NWPS was established for the use and enjoyment of the American people and provides many direct and indirect benefits, such as those relating to ecological, geological, scientific, educational, scenic, spiritual, economic, recreational, historical and cultural uses and activities. The 757 wilderness areas within the NWPS are managed by all four federal land managing agencies – the Bureau of Land Management, Fish and Wildlife Service, Forest Service, and National Park Service. To learn more about the Wilderness Act and the NWPS, visit <http://www.wilderness.net>, the official wilderness information website providing both general information about wilderness and specific information about each of the 757 wilderness areas.

In this issue...

What is the Wilderness Act?	1
Chatter From the Chair	2
Why the WA is so Important	3-4
Happy 50th Anniversary WA	5-6
Bringing a Bit of Wilderness Home	7-8
Restoring Perspective	9-10
America's Dichotomous Wilderness.....	11-12
Outings	13
Wilderness Act Outings.....	14

DuPage Sierran

Executive Chair: Connie Schmidt

Editors: Bill Weidner & Andee Chestnut
StraightForward Communications, Inc.

Writers: Connie Schmidt, Bill Weidner, Cindy Crosby,
Ed Max, Lonnie Morris, Paul Mack

Layout: Dave Blake

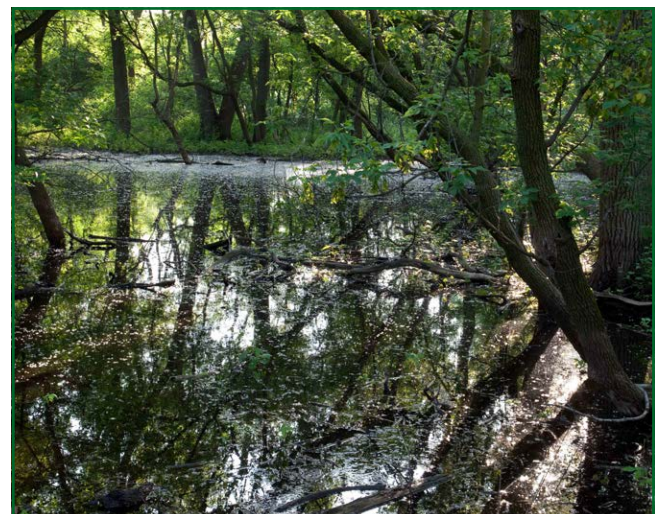
For activities, legislative action alerts and
outings information:

illinois.sierraclub.org/rpg

For endorsements:

<http://content.sierraclub.org/voterguide/illinois>

[Click Here for the River Prairie Group on Facebook](#)



CHATTER FROM THE CHAIR



This issue is packed with “Poems, Prayers and Promises” that celebrate the wilderness, to quote John Denver, who sang of the Rocky Mountain High. It is intended for you to appreciate the many forms of wilderness – from the official sites within our national forests to the little bits we may be lucky enough to carve out in our own backyards. We hope you will let your mind drift to your own wilderness experiences of the past or plans for your future as you enjoy this issue.

In preparation for this newsletter, I couldn't help but reminisce about my first wilderness experience. I took a 23-day Outward Bound course to the Canyonlands of Utah when I was 24. We left all traces of soap behind to protect the delicate ecosystem we were to share for nearly a month. After learning skills for navigation and living without a trace, we separated into groups to continue on a final journey. Spending that much time in the wilderness took it from being a trip into more of a temporary lifestyle. Depending only on our map-reading skills and observation of our surroundings, we found our way over difficult terrain.

I treasure those days of independence and self-reliance and being one with my environment. When I walk outside now in the early morning and look up at the clouds on certain days, I can revert back to those mornings long ago. It brings a smile and “peaceful, easy feeling” even though I may be headed to work or errands around town. Being in the wilderness, even briefly, stays with us and helps to give us quiet moments when we need them.

As I write this, legislation regarding the protection of cougar, black bear and gray wolf that are beginning to travel to some remote wilderness areas of Illinois has recently passed the Illinois House and Senate and awaits final confirmation with bipartisan approval! This speaks volumes for the fact that taking care of the environment for all species is good for humans and something we can all support. Sadly, another bill that was aimed to encourage hunting of bobcats did pass. We worked to encourage legislators to oppose this, but fear won out, and it seems to be open season. We had ample representation from the River Prairie Group as we lobbied in Springfield in April for our primary state initiatives.

The River Prairie Group takes a break from meetings during the summer, but we will be back with a full schedule of presentations in September, October and November. Until then, we offer a chance for you to get out into our own “wilderness” here in DuPage. We have a stewardship site in Glen Ellyn that we are restoring to native plants. The Glacial Ridge area is part of Churchill Woods Forest Preserve in Glen Ellyn. In addition, the RPG has adopted a section of the Illinois Prairie Path in the same area. Information on these projects can be found in the calendar.

Happy Birthday, Wilderness Act! Thank you to our forefathers for setting the stage for us to continue to “Explore, Enjoy and Protect” our wild places with the Sierra Club.

— Connie Schmidt

*“Wilderness is not a luxury but
a necessity of the human spirit.”*

—Edward Abbey

WHY THE WILDERNESS ACT IS SO IMPORTANT



There is beautiful language in the Wilderness Act from the 60 drafts written during the lengthy approval period. The Wilderness Act provides, “a glimpse of the world as it was in the beginning, not just after we got through with it. A wilderness, in contrast with those areas where man and his own works dominate the landscape, is hereby recognized as an area where the earth and its community of life

are untrammelled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain."

It is somewhat surprising there was no Wilderness Act prior to 1964. Certainly there were strong-willed environmental visionary heroes during the late 1800s through the early decades of the twentieth century. The concept of preserving the American frontier, natural landscapes and wilderness areas was strongly supported, and during that period numerous conservation actions took place.

The Sierra Club was founded; the United States Forest Service was established by law; National Parks, Bird Reserves, Game Preserves (Fish and Wildlife Service), and the Antiquities Act were established. Locally, in 1915, the Downstate Forest Preserve Act was approved. The preservation of diverse natural landscapes resulted from the spirited advocacy actions and leadership efforts of John Muir, President Theodore Roosevelt, Henry David Thoreau, George Bird Grinnell, Daniel Burnham, Frederick Law Olmstead, Aldo Leopold, Ansel Adams, Jay Norwood Darling, John Burroughs, George Perkins Marsh, John Wesley Powell and others. Wilderness and nature areas were recognized for profound psychological effects in these conservation heroes' communications, actions, illustrations and artwork.

The protection of today's 110 million acres in 57 wilderness areas was long awaited and resulted from hard-fought legislative battles. It took eight years to become law, and every day since, there has been another battle to save it. Natural areas are constantly challenged because they are viewed by some as unoccupied and vacant space with usable resources for a more profitable or "useful" purpose. Wilderness areas face opposition by mining, grazing and timber interests. Locally, forest preserve natural landscapes are sometimes seen as a solution to urban planning dilemmas or private entities' needs for expansive parking lots, athletic fields or gathering places for large special events.

In contrast to the protection of awe-inspiring nature are some frightening trends. According to Psychology Today, "Nature Deficit Disorder is real and has 'psychological, physical and cognitive costs.'" "Attention and mood disorders, lower grades



and obesity levels increase as we lose respect for nature."

Most dismaying is a recent version of the Oxford Junior Dictionary for school children; the following words were cut: acorn, clover, heron, ivy, otter, sycamore, willow and blackberry. Blackberry, MP3 player, broadband and blog were the words added to the new version. It appears that the priority of adding technological nomenclature overshadowed the need for the inclusion of common nature words.

Howard Zahniser spoke to the Sierra Club's Wilderness Conference in 1961 and set forth for all time the task before wilderness advocates: "We should never lose heart. We are engaged in an effort that may well be expected to continue until its right consummation by our successors if need be. Working to preserve in perpetuity is a great inspiration. We are not fighting a rear-guard action, we are facing a frontier. We are not slowing down a force that inevitably will destroy all the wilderness there is. We are generating another force, never to be wholly spent, that, renewed generation after generation will be always effective in preserving wilderness. We are not fighting progress. We are making it. We are not dealing with a vanishing wilderness. We are working for a wilderness forever."

So long as the wildness of preserved woods and waters remains our cherished friend, do not let us deliberately destroy nature's power to help us. Celebrate, cherish and defend your wilderness area, wherever it is.

—Bill Weidner

HAPPY 50TH ANNIVERSARY, WILDERNESS ACT

Splash!

The sound jolts me out of my half-dreaming state as the fog drifts around my kayak. It's early morning in the wilderness archipelago of Isle Royale National Park in Lake Superior, and so far, it's been characterized by silence.

Until now.

A cow moose thunders through the water just in front of me, her 800-lb body sloshing across the icy lake. She wades, thrusting into the deep until her body is submerged. She's swimming. Only her ears, eyes and long snout are above the water as she pushes for Beaver Island, just a short distance away from the west shore of Isle Royale.

As she swims, she begins calling in a thunderous voice—"HMPF! HMPF! HMPF!"—that reverberates across the lake. I back-paddle, putting plenty of space between us. The mother pays no attention to my kayak bobbing on the waves. Her mind is concentrated on something on the island. Then I hear it; a diminutive "Bleat! Bleat!" There on Beaver Island's shore is a tiny butterscotch-colored moose calf, looking like something from a Disney flick. "HMPF! HMPF!" Mama continues to swim and call reassurances to it as she nears the water's edge.

The baby waits, every sinew and muscle quivering toward the big chocolate-colored moose that



lumpers onto the shoreline and then shakes like a dog, water droplets flying. Mama noses her calf. It attaches itself like Velcro to her side. HMPFing and bleating to each other, the moose mama and its baby melt into the spruce and birch.

This is a dicey time for moose babies on Isle Royale. The tiny calves were born in late May and are at their most vulnerable these first few months. The island's resident population of wolves is always looking for moose babies, one of their primary sources of food in the early summer. The vigilant mama moose seeks to protect her calf by keeping it just at the water's edge – and sometimes – out on an island for safe-keeping, hoping the wolves won't choose to get their feet wet swimming for their supper.

Sometimes this strategy works. Sometimes it doesn't. The previous summer on the island, I lay awake one night listening to the wolves hunting in the harbor. I knew a mama moose with twins had been haunting the shoreline. It's difficult for a mother to protect one baby, much less two. For an hour – until midnight – I listened to the wolf howls, beautiful flute-like sounds that increased in volume and number until the impromptu harbor symphony reached a glorious, eerie crescendo. Then, silence.

The next morning, mama moose had one calf instead of two.

I love the wilderness, but I still struggle to reconcile my feelings about the play of violence and tranquility. Struggle and survival. Death and rebirth. Blood. Beauty. The wolves need to eat. The moose struggle to survive. One animal's life depends on another one's death.

The silence returns now, broken only by the murmur of a merganser with her baby ducks, strung out like beads on a necklace behind her. The waves lap softly against the rocks. I pick up my paddle. Overhead, an osprey silently folds its wings and dives for a fish. It hits the water in a spray, and then lifts off, clutching an unlucky trout in its talons.

We wonder at the beauty of the natural world, yet shudder at its violence. As Annie Dillard, pondering this, wrote in *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*, "It's a hell of a way to run a railroad."

As we celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Wilderness Act, it's good to remember President Lyndon B. Johnson's statement, "If future generations are to remember us with gratitude rather than contempt, we must leave them a glimpse of the world as it was in the beginning, not just after we got through with it."

It's not always an easy world. But it's terrifyingly beautiful. And there are no substitutes for wilderness.

—Cindy Crosby



BRINGING A BIT OF WILDERNESS HOME

While we commemorate the passing of the Wilderness Act of 1964 by enjoying the many wilderness areas of the country, and closer to home in places such as the verdant Shawnee, it is also appropriate to consider wilderness in our own backyards and open spaces. There are many ways to not only create our own urban wilderness, but also discover the many benefits that such projects – big or small – may bring.

One such backyard project gaining in popularity that benefits people as well as multitudes of species is a rain garden, or wetland. By creating an area on your property that can temporarily, or permanently,



retain water, it will not only benefit species diversity, but may also lessen local flooding by temporarily withholding large quantities of water that would otherwise contribute to an already overwhelmed urban drainage system after a large, and increasingly frequent, rain event. After creating such an area comes the fun with planning for the fantastic array of unusual and beautiful wetland plants.

I suggest larger wetland obligate species such as bald cypress, river birch, alder and swamp white oak (if you have room) that thrive in such marshy conditions and take up large quantities of water. As for shrubs, consider winterberry with its showy red berry in winter (a hardy form of native holly), redtwig dogwood or the lovely swamp rose. Native wetland flora, such as skunk cabbage, marsh marigold and blue flag iris, add incredible spring blooms. In summer there are many native sedges, rushes, swamp milkweed and rare Kankakee mallow flower (hibiscus) to name just a few. By adding native plants you will soon discover new and unusual insect types (i.e., dragonflies) that just show up along with many bird species chasing the seeds these species produce.

As we say, "Plant it, and they will come." And they do!

Another wonderful way to add a touch of wilderness to your property would be introducing plant types to the landscape that again help out the wildlife. The oak group is the most important in our Midwestern area; a food source for so many creatures, the list is too lengthy to include here. Also, many of our native oaks are under threat from invasives in our open areas, and most are not regenerating, so do your part and plant an oak today! Red, Burr, White, or Chinquapin oaks are all excellent types for our area.

If you'd like to feel like you are in the middle of a birders' paradise, create habitats in your yard that will draw them in: conifers (hemlock, yew, pine and juniper) for cover and wind protection; fruiting plants

for food (serviceberry, viburnum, crabapple and hawthorne); and shrubs for nesting habitat and additional food sourcing (viburnum, hazelnut, coralberry, native rose, native plum and nonnative yew).

Lastly, to draw in the greatest amount of wildlife

normally seen in a wilderness setting such as a prairie or wetland, plant native species. Once you introduce a nice variety of native plants, you'll be amazed by the variety of birds, and especially insects, that will arrive seemingly out of nowhere, plus organisms that feed on this new influx of creatures. Our ecosystems developed over the millennia, forming unique relationships between the local

plant types and those associated insects and other wildlife. By planting natives, you will benefit so many species that rely on these plant types.

In addition to a wetland area, consider tearing out some traditional landscaping and create a small patch of prairie. A border bed perhaps ten feet long and a few feet deep can hold at least a few dozen prairie species; and as they take hold, watch closely. The pollinators, butterflies, strange insects and hummingbirds, will arrive in no time. Best yet, after these native prairie species establish, they can be left on their own. There is no more need to water, so they are excellent choices for xeriscaping, or landscaping that conserves water; and as these native seed heads mature, you will be inundated by finches – guaranteed!

If you'd like more information on plant types best suited for your wet or dry areas, feel free to contact me at Max's Greener Places, (630) 209-3005 or info@maxlandscape.com. Our extensive edible, woodland and wild gardens here in West Chicago are open for your viewing anytime! By creating your own little wilderness area, you will not only be helping all these interesting creatures, but I'm sure you will be impressed by the results as well.

Enjoy your wilderness, and Happy Planting!

—Ed Max





RESTORING PERSPECTIVE

For years my life has been driven by the fear of losing everything I love to a changing climate. The calculated misdirection by vested fossil fuel interests skewing the conversation into questions about the science and the lack of federal action on this urgent problem literally terrifies me. What soothed the terror was volunteering with the Sierra Club's Cool Cities initiative and being part of a network of volunteers working with their communities on local clean energy projects.

Being able to take action alleviated a measure of despair, but there was always too much to do, and

everything was carried out under a terrible sense of urgency. Memories of the peaceful quietness of backpacking trips offered a way of temporarily stepping outside the problem and restoring perspective.

My husband and I decided to visit Isle Royale and set out with borrowed gear and a guidebook. The trip was scheduled in September, anticipating a cool down from summer's heat. The Isle, located in the western part of Lake Superior, is accessible by ferry from either Minnesota or Michigan. We were booked on the Ranger, the US Park Service boat that docks in Houghton, Michigan. We left Illinois during a heat wave and stepped out of the car eight hours later, 400 miles further north, into the exact same stifling heat. Conversations overheard in restaurants and shops frequently touched on the weather, how the past summer was hotter than in anyone's memory and the unpreparedness of this northern, waterside community for coping with long stretches of scorching temps. This was exactly what I had come to escape but was reminded that there is no place to hide from climate disruption.

One of the advantages of taking the larger and slower Ranger is the talk given by Park Service rangers. They touch on the natural and social history of the island, backpacking protocols, the possibility of rapidly changing weather. One fact that is often and proudly repeated is how Isle Royale is the least visited of the national parks but has the highest percentage of return visitors. It is truly a special place. While one lodge provides a limited number of overnight accommodations, the majority of visitors are backpackers and boaters.

Carrying everything on your back for five nights motivates stripping down to bare necessities. It reduces life to the essentials – food; warm, dry clothes; protection from weather. With the gear selected, stowed and hoisted, walking begins, and the mind is free to observe, roam, soar or turn off into a restorative nothingness. Most visitors follow well-worn trails, and little orienteering is required except for spotting the occasional cairn on a granite outcropping. The Isle doesn't offer great heights to scale, and the landscape is typical northwoods. The joy of backpacking wherever you go, is the opportunity to be present, to notice details lost in a more hurried pace. Much of the time we are either spinning through what has already occurred or focusing on, anticipating and planning for what comes next. Trekking is about now, this moment. It's the shoreline seen between trees, birds flitting and chittering through pine

boughs,
a butterfly tracing
the trail forward,
then disappearing
into the brush. It's asters
and golden rods in bloom,
melodies played by wind sifting
through branches, the arc the sun
traces in the sky.

“The idea of wilderness
needs no defense.
It only needs more
defenders.”

—Edward
Abbey

Backpacking is when I take the time to watch a sunrise, from the moment the navy sky cracks open through the cascade of pinks, purples and oranges to full clear daylight. It's about going to bed and getting up with the sun, a natural rhythm that restores rest; feeling the earth cool and heat as it cycles through each day. It's the snake sunning on the path hurrying away at the sound of a footfall, standing over a muddy footprint trying to decipher what passed this way before me, the sound of loons at night. The Isle is known for its wolf and moose populations. Though I've seen neither in two visits, there's a thrill in briefly sharing their habitat, knowing the ancient predator and prey relationship is unfolding around me.

The last day of the trip we hiked through rain with plunging temperatures. Arriving at Rock Harbor to catch the boat to the mainland, we learned our stay would be extended an extra day. One of the famous Lake Superior storms, which make the waters around the Isle excellent shipwreck diving grounds, had prevented the Ranger from making the 62-mile crossing. The heat wave had broken in an explosion of rain and wind.

Circling back from activism and connecting with the outdoors, the well from which activism springs, restores hope and balances the two sides of environmentalism, love of nature and the fight on its behalf. Laws establishing national parks and protecting wilderness areas were crucial steps in the preservation of a magnificent natural heritage, ensuring opportunities for future generations to experience it. Gratitude for what has been bequeathed to us can fuel the effort needed to rise to the challenges we are presently facing.

—Lonnie Morris



AMERICA'S DICHOTOMOUS WILDERNESS

At the risk of divulging my age, I will admit that a few years ago...I migrated west to Seattle, moments before grunge and espresso and microbrew migrated east to the Midwest. Arriving in the springtime, I was totally unprepared for the lushness that would unfold in the subsequent months, the landscape a monolithic Venus flytrap that would swallow the city, more rogue but less malevolent than the one in Little Shop of Horrors. Having grown up in the southern Midwest, I was no stranger to lushness, be it the intensely lush green of a bucolic Ozark pasture or the lush, jungle-like understory of a Southern forest, but Seattle was altogether different. Ordinary lawns looked like botanical gardens, overflowing in ways that reminded me of Hawaii (not that I have ever seen Hawaii firsthand, then or now, but I became thoroughly familiar with the island paradise in my adolescence, thanks to Hawaii Five-0 and Magnum, P.I.). Unbelievably, just an hour west (as the proverbial crow flies) the lushness increased by an order of magnitude, in the rainforests of the Olympic National Park. If there was ever a spot perfectly suited to Kodachrome (the film or the song), it would be the

damp, saturated green of the Olympic Peninsula, a wonderful anomaly on the North American continent.

Fast-forward a decade, and I am doing a stint as a consultant in southern California. It is an area that is both pretty and pretty awful, a concrete jungle that appeals to Midwesterners because we are suckers for palm trees, an exotic and mostly contrived decoration that temporarily distracts a visitor from the artificial landscape and the necessarily artificial people who populate it. Every morning, I would walk the mile or so to work along a tony boulevard that joined my company hotel (a really, really nice hotel) to our corporate office, while Ferraris and Porsches and AMGs crept along in the rush-hour traffic at about the same pace as I was moving, their 350-horsepower engines frustrated and completely useless in stop-and-go traffic. Through windows tightly rolled up to keep out the fresh air, the drivers in their hermetically-sealed machines would glance at me with a puzzled expression, a collective "WTH?!" wafting above them in a cartoon dialogue balloon. That pedestrians were a rarity was reinforced when I waited to cross at intersections: the drivers were instantly and overly courteous, slamming on their anti-lock brakes ten feet shy of the crosswalk, in that overcompensating politeness which accompanies unfamiliarity. They would sometimes offer sympathetic smiles, probably assuming that my Ferrari or Porsche or AMG had run out of gas, forcing me to do that icky thing which people are only supposed



to do in the privacy of a treadmill at the gym.

Arriving at work did not guarantee a respite from scrutiny; human resources would sometimes stop by my office to make sure that “nothing was wrong,” as they had heard rumors that I was walking to work and discovered that I had failed to retrieve my rental car from the airport. “You don’t have to pay for it, you know,” they’d sometimes add in a reassuring, motherly tone, as though I didn’t understand the mechanics of a business trip.

While a rental car wasn’t necessary on weekdays, it became my life support system on weekends. Each Friday evening, I would hop on the airport shuttle with a small suitcase, pick up my rental car (undoubtedly triggering a giant sigh of relief from my company’s fussy HR staff), and then with a nod to that other 70s rock band from Illinois, announce my intention to head east, fleeing the awful southern California sprawl as fast as a Hertz subcompact would propel me, rescued before going down for the last time. Each weekend, I would visit a different desert area – Twentynine Palms, Anza-Borrego, Mohave, Kelso Dunes, as well as manmade oddities that would seem odd anywhere but a desert – the Salton Sea, the San Geronio Wind Farm (3200 turbines dating from the 1980s), and the iconic Bagdad Cafe. I toured it on foot and horseback, stopping occasionally to record the barren landscape with a pinhole camera that I toted around, a 19th-century technology that produced images strikingly similar to

those now making the 140-million-mile trek from the Mars rover. Traipsing through the alien landscape, I was reminded of the mental trick we were taught in spelling class as youngsters (“the letter ‘s’ appears twice in ‘dessert’ because you always want more dessert, but it only appears once in ‘desert’ because one desert is more than enough”); clearly, they had it backwards – an arid hike is better than any tiramisu, and we’ve been misspelling the two words all along.

The stark austerity of the southern California desert is a 180-degree contrast to the fertile lushness of western Washington, but no less beautiful. Only 15 degrees of latitude and less than half that longitude separates them, but they might as well be twins separated at birth, twin beauties worlds apart.

We are lucky to live in a nation that harbors such a wide range of wilderness. Those lands serve as our last reservoirs of wild wildlife, pitch-black nighttime skies, and horizon to horizon solitude, while their wilderness legal designation is the only protection which stands between them and shortsighted profiteers. In the land of Wild West capitalism, wilderness is a prickly notion; a final check on American arrogance and greed; an accommodation which stymies our need to leave no stone unturned; a dose of humility; an emergency brake that prevents these final, tiny parcels of frontier from sliding into the tragedy of the commons.

—Paul Mack

River Prairie Group (RPG) Outings

Note: All local group outings are offered at cost. Longer and more expensive outings require deposits (ask leader about refund policy). Contact the leader or assistant indicated for more information and outing requirements. All outings have limits on group size, so early signup is suggested.

Including updates on those below, new RPG listings, and offerings from other local groups, current listings are online at illinois.sierraclub.org/outings. For our new Activity Calendar, which includes meetings and events and offers map and direction links, go to: illinois.sierraclub.org/rpg/calendar/.

Sunday, June 8 Canoe the Rock River

Come join me for a fun day on the Rock River. As we paddle, we will look for eagles, blue herons, migrating birds and other birds that make their home here. Limit 20.

Cost: \$36. Contact Leader Jan Bradford at (847) 455-2947 or jbradford60131@sbcglobal.net. Co-leader is Mike Way.

Sunday, June 15 Day Hike at Bluff Spring Fen

Join us for this annual hike at Spring Bluff Fen. The fens and kames represent rare habitat in Illinois: calcareous seeps, wetland obligate species, rare and unusual butterflies, several species of rare (and rarely seen) orchids, rolling kames covered in Echinacea, grand old oaks, skunk cabbage in the cold streams and more. The fens are located to the south of an old cemetery, also worth exploring, off Route 20 in Elgin (Bluff City Blvd.).

We will hike for 3-4 hours and then have lunch nearby. Feel free to hike in the afternoon or wander the wooded cemetery. This is an easy jaunt with a few rolling hills. Long pants are advised, plus a hat, sunblock, sunglasses, water, and a good plant ID book. Cost: \$3. Contact Leader Ed Max at (630) 231-4471 or hortusmax@gmail.com.

Sunday, June 15 Aurora - Sugar Grove Bike Outing

Join this Father's Day ride of approximately 45 miles along two bike paths – the Fox River Trail and the Virgil Gilman Trail. These asphalt trails are relatively

flat and travel along the Fox River and through some nicely wooded areas as they meander westward toward Waubensee College in Sugar Grove. Leader is Mark Ginger. Limit 12. Cost: \$3. To sign up, contact Mark at bubbleman@outlook.com. Assistant leadership is available.

Saturday, July 19 Kayak or Canoe the Scenic Kishwaukee River 1951 New Milford School Road, Rockford

The Kish maintains a class "A" rating from the Illinois Department of Natural Resources making it one of the three highest water quality river systems in the state. It has often been described as a "unique aquatic resource comparable to a stream without human disturbance."

The cost (\$51 kayak/\$36 canoe) per person includes kayak/canoe, paddle and life jacket rentals, transportation to put-in spot, and Sierra Club cost. Leader is Paul Saindon. To sign up, contact Paul at paul@pauls.us or call after 5 PM (815) 310-0001.

Sunday–Monday, September 7–8 Sand Ridge State Forest Exploratory Backpack Southwest of Peoria

Sand Ridge State Forest is an island in a sea of agriculture. Just minutes southwest of Peoria, this 7,200-acre forest, the largest of Illinois' state forests, boasts sweeping expanses of native oak-hickory woodland, extensive pine plantations, sprawling open fields, grasslands and completely unique sand prairies. This is a self-contained trip. Cost: \$20. Contact Leader Marlene Bertolozzi at (708) 267-4238 or marlenab@earthlink.net.

WILDERNESS ACT CELEBRATION OUTINGS

Saturday, August 9

Lusk Creek Wilderness

In celebration of the Wilderness Act, this adventure takes us to the Lusk Creek Wilderness area. Meet at 10 AM (location TBD). Wear weather-appropriate clothing, wear sturdy shoes, bring water, and pack a lunch. This location was selected for the summer outing due to its availability of summer activities. Camping is not part of the outing; however, Sierrans will be camping for the weekend at nearby Lake Glendale where swimming is available. Presented by the Piasa Palisades Group, this is at a moderate level. Registration required before 12 AM August 4, 2014. Leader is Carol Klinger, (618) 974-0097 or ciklinger@yahoo.com.

Saturday, September 27

Crab Orchard & Panther's Den Wilderness Areas

This adventure takes us to the Crab Orchard and Panther's Den Wilderness areas. Meet at 10 AM (location TBD). Wear weather-appropriate clothing, wear sturdy shoes, bring water, and pack a lunch. Camping is not part of the outing; however, Sierrans will be camping for the weekend at nearby Ferne Clyffe State Park in the tent camp area. Presented by the Piasa Palisades Group, this is at a moderate level. Registration required before 12 AM September 22, 2014. Leader is Carol Klinger, (618) 974-0097 or ciklinger@yahoo.com.

Saturday, October 25

Garden of the Gods Wilderness Area

This conclusion adventure takes us to the Garden of the Gods area. Meet at 10 AM (location TBD). Wear weather-appropriate clothing, wear sturdy shoes, bring water, and pack a lunch. This location was selected for the fall outing due to its wonderful fall color beauty. Camping is not part of the outing; however, Sierrans will be camping for the weekend in nearby Pharaoh Campground. Presented by the Piasa Palisades Group, this is at a moderate level. Registration required before 12 AM October 20, 2014. Leader is Carol Klinger, (618) 974-0097 or ciklinger@yahoo.com.



RESTORATION DAYS

Sundays, June 8, July 6, August 10

Walnut Glen Park
860 Walnut St.
Glen Ellyn

9 AM to 12 PM

Join fellow Sierra Club members for a fun day at the Glacial Ridge area of Churchill Woods Forest Preserve in Glen Ellyn. We'll begin with site steward Bruce Blake providing a brief history and reviewing the management techniques. Then we will be removing invasive plants. Preregistration and waiver are required. See important details on the online Activity Calendar at illinois.sierraclub.org/rpg/calendar/.

For up-to-date information, visit the IL chapter-wide outings at: illinois.sierraclub.org/outings and the RPG Activity Calendar at: illinois.sierraclub.org/rpg/calendar.