

Wildflowers

THE BULLETIN OF THE
BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF W. PA.

JANUARY

1996

JANUARY MEETING

Our president, Dr. Mary Joy Haywood, will give the program for our January meeting. It is entitled --

"Reprise on a Trip to New Guinea"

Usual time and place: the second Monday of the month, which is January 8. Meeting starts at 8:00 P.M. sharp, and is at Trinity Hall, Carlow College, 3333 Fifth Ave., Oakland.

NEW MEMBER

We welcome a new member, Melissa Melan. She is a professor of biology at Duquesne University.

PHIPPS WINTER FLOWER SHOW

The Winter Flower Show at Phipps Conservatory will continue through Sunday, January 14.

From the December 11 Pittsburgh Post-Gazette --



**BRIAN
O'NEILL**

Nun with a gun gives him a run

Sister Mary Joy Haywood fired her .243 rifle to get the last shell out before we headed up for the deer stand.

I hadn't expected a shot a few steps behind me. So I made silent thanks that I hadn't taken up her mother's offer of prunes for breakfast that morning.

I'd gotten up before dawn Saturday to drive 50 miles down Interstate 79 to a little Greene County hamlet called Lippincott, to meet this gray-haired, deer-hunting nun.

Haywood, who grew up on a farm there, is the chair of Carlow College's biology department. But, as her mother, Blanche, told me:

"You can take the girl out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the girl."

Mrs. Haywood, 85, should know. The 10-point buck that stares blankly from the wall above the television is one of her trophies. So are several others in the Haywood home, all stuffed and mounted by her husband, James, 93, who was a taxidermist for The Carnegie a half-century ago.

Mrs. Haywood quit hunting only four years ago. She just forced herself to quit buying the license.

"I knew if I got my license," she said, "I'd be up over the hill."

The rest of the family more than takes up the slack. Sister Haywood has been hunting since she was 12, and on Saturday she went out with her foster brothers, John and Joe Petek, Joe's 14-year-old daughter Sarah, and Sarah's uncle, Charlie Caldwell.

The Petek brothers, who had bagged their bucks earlier in the season, walked through the woods to drive any deer toward the rest of us.

I'd never been deer hunting, and still haven't, unless anyone thinks there was a chance a buck might have surrendered to a guy brandishing a Bic.

As an unrepentant meat eater, though, I was curious about this rite of fall in Western Pennsylvania. So I climbed up with Sister Haywood into the wooden deer stand her father built. Slim and nun, you might have called us.

Shivering up there, I had a panoramic view of rolling pasture punctuated by stands of trees, but I was more interested in the sister of Mercy with the loaded rifle. Why did she hunt?

"I just like the quiet," she told me. "If it's a good day, there's a lot of birds. Sometimes a fox comes by. Squirrels."

"It gives you time to think, lots of time to think. The anticipation of waiting to see a deer, whether it be a buck or a doe [out of season until today]. It doesn't matter. It's just nice to see them. It sort of pumps your adrenalin."

Not everyone understands the attraction. Many condemn hunting and don't want to hear about the need to manage the deer population or the worth of the meat. Sister Haywood knows that.

"If they want to honor what I like, fine. If they don't, that's fine."

A buck can provide 120 pounds of meat for her family, steaks and lean ground venison that her mother mixes with beef and pork. The deer that brother John shot, butchered and froze probably will last well into 1996.

Some Canada geese honked overhead as we spoke, and a squirrel looked for walnuts, but there wasn't a deer in sight. Snow tap-tap-tapped on the canvas that blocked the wind.

"If you get too cold," she said, "you can get down."

Imagine being out-machoed by a nun. I stayed put.

Shortly before 10 a.m., we heard shots from over the hill. We got down, walked over, and saw that Caldwell had gotten his buck.

Later, that afternoon, I stood with Sister Haywood on another hill. The sun had come out, as had a trio of does and a wild turkey, but no bucks were driven toward us. That was OK.

"It was nice just being outside," she said, "watching the turkeys."

You might think that's a straight line screaming for one of my cheap comebacks, but I always have made exceptions for nuns who can shoot.

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VINCA MINOR

Why have we selected Anne Bahl's sketch of the periwinkle or creeping myrtle for our January illustration? It is because we have had it in bloom in every month of the year, including January.



DUES ARE DUE

Final call for 1996 dues! Membership dues, which haven't changed in years, are \$5 for an individual and \$8 for the whole family. (Students get half-rate).

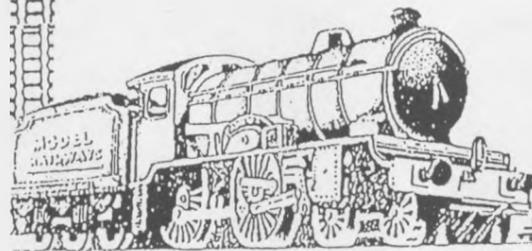
Mail your check to our treasurer, Walt Gardill, P. O. Box 226, Grosick Road, Ingomar, PA 15127 or bring it to the January meeting.

Postage has gone up twice in the past year. It would not be fair to the rest of the members to keep non-paying names on our mailing list.

ELECTION RESULTS

We had an election of officers at our December meeting ... I think. The following were all re-elected.

President - Dr. Mary Joy Haywood
Vice-President - Phyllis Monk
Treasurer - Walt Gardill
Recording Secretary - Loree Speedy
Corresponding Secretary - Bob Bahl



SCOTT SPEEDY, FIELD TRIP CHAIRMAN

Our Field Trip Chairman for 1996 will be Scott Speedy.

This is a tough job. Just ask any of our previous chairpeople. Scott needs help, lots of it.

First of all, he needs suggestions for places to go ... new places that you have discovered or old places that you would like repeated.

Even more, he needs volunteers to lead field trips. Call him now and give him a commitment for a particular date ... or dates!

Scott's phone number is (412)639-3517, and his address is 801 Walnut St., Saltsburg, PA 15681.

Thanks, Jeanne, for the wonderful job you did on our field trips the past few years.