

*Fostering the
Land Ethic
through the legacy
of Aldo Leopold*

Family Remembrances: Starker Leopold

REMEMBERING STARKER

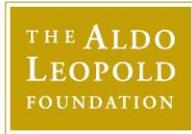
BY CARRIE NELSON (STARKER'S NIECE)

Like his father and his younger siblings, Starker Leopold drew no boundaries between his personal and professional lives. An ornithologist and professor of zoology at UC Berkeley, Starker was usually dressed head to toe in field khakis or green Filson forestry cloth as though he might need to slip into the field at a moment's notice. My parents, Luna and Barbara Leopold, lived a couple of miles from Starker and his wife Betty in the Berkeley California hills.

As a resident of the urban San Francisco Bay Area, much of my winter-time access to the natural world came in the form of hunting trips with Starker and his two fine bird dogs Ding and Sake, or trips to UC Berkeley's Sagehen Creek Research Station near Tahoe where Starker was the Director. Sagehen is a teaching and research facility in freshwater fisheries including research of the ecology of Sagehen Creek basin: I recall Starker's excitement in showing my brother and me the trout swimming behind the glass in the fish house which offers an eye-level view of an underwater segment of Sagehen Creek.

Starker was a consummate hunter and fisherman, author of the definitive texts "Wildlife of Mexico: The Game Birds and Mammals," "North American Game Birds and Mammals," "Wildlife in Alaska," "The California Quail," and over 100 scientific papers. Dinners at Starker's house always featured some type of wild-harvested meat, which he grilled on his deck overlooking a small stand of California Live Oaks and a panoramic view of San Francisco and San Francisco Bay. Starker's hunting and fishing trips spanned the globe, and his return often warranted a fine dinner of moose steaks, antelope haunch, or his specialty, grilled pintail duck. (As Starker notes in his book, *Wildlife of Mexico*, "Pintails are the fattest and perhaps the best eating of all the ducks.") His favorite meal included grilled venison hearts, liver and kidney; savoring all of the wild harvest.

As the meat sizzled on the grill Starker would recount the recent activity of the Band Tailed Pigeons which he successfully lured to a feeder on his deck. Like his father and siblings, Starker viewed ownership of land, whether a small yard in the San Francisco Bay Area, a stretch of Wisconsin River floodplain, or an aspen covered hillslope in



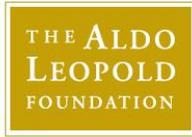
*Fostering the
Land Ethic
through the legacy
of Aldo Leopold*

the Rockies, as an opportunity to create and preserve wildlife habitat. As he notes in his book *The California Quail*, “the creation of living space for a covey of California Quail would represent the gold standard of successful backyard management. What more pleasant sound could there be to awaken a jaded suburbanite than the morning call of the quail – ‘cu-ca-cow?’”

The consummate host, Starker made everyone feel at home in his presence. Conversations invariably came back to phenology, or conservation, or affection for and enjoyment of the natural world. Even in his interactions with influential world leaders, Starker was the legendary hunter and naturalist. As a member of the elite Bohemian Club in San Francisco, Starker was in charge of the venison roast at the famous Bohemian Grove encampments which drew US presidents, captains of industry, and international heads of state.

One summer Starker stopped by our Wyoming house on the New Fork River, and he immediately put up his bamboo fly rod and headed to the stream with a pocket full of hand-tied flies. The rod had been a gift from Luna, and it was a beauty. The Leopold family traditionally gave hand-crafted Christmas gifts to a selected member of the family, and Luna had made the rod for Starker on one of these occasions. It was a graceful two-piece rod with an extra tip in case the original was damaged. Starker returned from fishing several hours later with an account of several brown and rainbow trout he had caught and released and a list of 25-30 birds he had heard but not seen, including a rare warbler.

Starker is appropriately remembered for his regional, national and global contributions to wildlife ecology and management, ornithology, and public conservation policy. He had a rare intellect and ability to build consensus among people with a wide range of interests and agendas. But it is his warm chuckle, boyish grin, and infectious delight in the natural world which come to mind each time I hear the yelp of a wild turkey or see a trout rise to a damsel fly.



*Fostering the
Land Ethic
through the legacy
of Aldo Leopold*

Family Remembrances: Luna Leopold

WATCH OUT FOR THE WILLOWS
BY LEVERETT NELSON

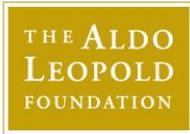
This remembrance of Luna was written by his stepson Rett Nelson as part of his remarks he made at University of California, Berkeley.

Aldo used a famous analogy in his 1953 book *Round River*, that human beings are navigators on the round river of energy, or, more generally, the "life cycle." Luna thought well enough of the essay to use a portion of it in his Forward to *Water, Rivers and Creeks*, a textbook he published in 1997, when he was 82 years old. He dedicated it to his children and their married partners as follows: Madelyn and Claude, Niki and Bruce, and Carrie and Rett. Luna was still publishing and working up new papers when he passed away in 2006.

Luna himself was the consummate navigator of rivers, round and otherwise. He chose a variety of navigational devices: the C-Dory on the Napa River, an hour or so from the house in Berkeley; a metal rowboat on the East Fork River, from which he took bedload samples at cross-sections upstream of his "Project" near Pinedale, Wyoming; a pontoon boat in Desolation Canyon on the Green River; a wooden dory on the family trip we took down to Green and Colorado Rivers in 1992. His favorite was the canoe, and it is the one I remember him "navigating" most often.

It conjures up an image that I think best captures Luna. He is paddling a canoe. We are on a family trip on the East Fork. We have put in at the Project, leaving the red truck with its hand-made canoe rack. We will retrieve the truck later, but I must digress to describe this canoe rack: it looked pretty flimsy when disassembled, consisting of 2-by-4's, metal bolts and eye nuts and an old ski rack for the cab of the truck. When assembled, though, the rack fit two canoes perfectly, was very sturdy, and became a really "slick rig." For those that knew Luna, a simple but ingenious solution to an engineering problem was "slick": anything called "slick" was high praise indeed.

We're floating down the East Fork. Luna and my mother Barbara are in one canoe. As always, Mom is in the bow, Luna is in the stern. Between them are the picnic basket and cooler. Sometimes the dog is also on board. They are all heading downstream in perfect contentment. Carrie and I are behind in the second canoe, and we get the



*Fostering the
Land Ethic
through the legacy
of Aldo Leopold*

occasional “Watch out for the willows!” from Luna as he and Mom navigate down the river. Luna of course had his field notebook with him, because you never knew what you’d see: an Indian fire pit on the cut bank, about halfway between the creek surface and the floodplain/terrace elevation, its blackened rocks tumbling out onto the sand. Or we’d see an unusual bird, or artifacts, or a new fishing spot, or a type of meander or bar he wanted to photograph for a paper. It could be anything, really, that might spark interest.

Research and recreation were virtually indistinguishable to Luna, and if he could add family to that formula, he was happy. To say it a different way, work and play and family were all the same thing to him. You have to admire someone who lived life that way.

A quotation from Aldo Leopold is appropriate here, this one from the revised version published in 1966, with a Forward by Luna and his first wife Carolyn. It is from an essay entitled “Natural History”: “We shall never achieve harmony with land, any more than we shall achieve absolute justice or liberty for people. In these higher aspirations the important thing is not to achieve, but to strive. . . . When we say “striving,” we admit at the outset that the thing we need must grow from within. No striving for an idea was ever injected wholly from without.”

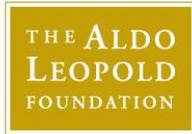
Luna was “striving for an idea” every day. Some ideas he “injected” in us; some he led us to see from within. As his co-navigator on the Round River, I seek the same unity of work, play and family that Luna found. I strive to learn new things. I appreciate “slick” solutions to scientific problems. And I watch out for the willows.

Family Remembrances: Luna Leopold

A BROTHER REMEMBERED
BY A. CARL LEOPOLD

Carl wrote this memorial of Luna following his death in 2006. It was originally printed in the Leopold Outlook newsletter.

Luna Leopold was such an extraordinary person that a brief memorial like this seems entirely inadequate. But as an admiring brother who grew up with him, I feel that I can present something of a personal synopsis of his life.

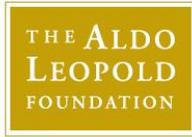


Our father, Aldo Leopold, profoundly influenced all five of the Leopold family siblings. As Luna was growing up, he looked to him for approbation and approval in many ways. His entry into civil engineering followed a suggestion by father, in line with father's recognition of soil erosion as a major emerging environmental problem, especially in the arid southwest.

During his school years Luna became a craftsman. He designed and built handsome hunting knives, model airplanes, masks, furniture; and he leaned heavily on father's praise. He earned election to several honorary student organizations at the University of Wisconsin. His youthful skills ranged over an impressive array of creative work. During summers in Santa Fe, he became a talented dancer, and performed Spanish dances in full costume-and-cape for the local hotel, La Fonda. He performed in the play "Camille" as the male lead. He took up watercolors and did beautiful landscapes, especially of Southwestern scenes.

As a professional scientist, Luna's chief characteristics have been invention, combined with a requirement for perfection. These characteristics can be observed in part by a scan of the great range of subjects of his publications. In addition to his impressive publications on geomorphology, he published papers on cloud seeding for control of rain, on water uptake by plants, on tree branching patterns, on the quality of landscape, on esthetics, and on Native American relics. There were papers on political issues such as the plan to build a jetport in the Florida wetlands, on urban land use, on environmental planning, on the plan for the Three-Gorge's dam in China, and on climate change.

He conceived and organized an international vigil network for the exchange of data on water flow. I perceive a central theme running through these titles was the use of mathematical methods for understanding problems. His fluency in mathematical analyses was almost his trademark. He especially enjoyed collecting data in the field, and in the analysis of the consequent data. His appointment as a Professor of Landscape Architecture along with his Professorship in Geology and Geophysics at the University of California at Berkeley was probably a reflection of his publications on mathematical appraisal of landscape values. I suspect that his most important singular contribution concerned the use of entropy and the dispersal of energy during water erosion in explaining the dynamics of stream flow. The cross-linkage of theoretical-mathematical physics with soil erosion was a dramatic and elegant coup.



*Fostering the
Land Ethic
through the legacy
of Aldo Leopold*

Luna published seven books; almost half of them fashioned to inform the general public about water. He reaped a phenomenal array of honors, some 24 awards from this country, plus seven from foreign lands. He was awarded the U.S. National Medal of Science in 1991.

Central to Luna's life work was his continued skills in collecting experimental data, and with using mathematical techniques for the quantitative understanding of phenomena. These range from the basic action of water in soil erosion to the appreciation of landscape values. His was a life of expertise combined with the compelling force of a perfectionist. An extraordinary person.

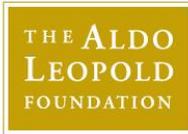
Family Remembrances: Nina Leopold-Bradley

TESTIMONY FOR MY SISTER NINA
BY ESTELLA LEOPOLD (NINA'S SISTER)

"Every July" my Dad wrote, "I watch eagerly a certain country graveyard that I pass in driving to and from my farm. It is time for a prairie birthday, and in one corner of this graveyard lives a surviving celebrant of that once important event". . . .

Heretofore unreachable by scythe or mower, this yard-square relic of Wisconsin gives birth each July to a man-high stalk of compass plant or cut-leaf *Silphium*, spangled with saucer-sized yellow blooms resembling sunflowers. It is the sole remnant of this plant along the highway---and perhaps the sole remnant in the western part of our county. What a thousand acres of *Silphiums* looked like when they tickled the bellies of the buffalo is a question never again to be answered --and perhaps not even asked."

However, my dear sister Nina **did** ask that question. She became a prairie architect. She, with Charlie Bradley's help, found a way to nurture *Silphium* seeds, and a host of other dear prairie plants in that 2-acre side yard of the Bradley Study Center at the Leopold Memorial Reserve. And yes, every spring these splendid *Silphiums* burst into bloom, man-high and elegant, waving in the breeze!



*Fostering the
Land Ethic
through the legacy
of Aldo Leopold*

That colorful prairie is a beautiful living testament to a beautiful Nina Leopold Bradley--- to her cleverness in developing what we called instant prairie, (because the plants closed ranks in only 3 years!), -- and to her success in bringing to maturity a host of native prairie plants about which Dad wrote so forcefully and so well. Her faithful recording of blooming dates she said was more fun than the chase.

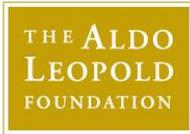
Nina was also a marvelous sister. We enjoyed many fine float trips on the Wisconsin River --many fine times lying on our bellies next to a peenting woodcock -- many cold evenings standing on the hill near the Shack calling to the owls. When Nina was engaged I was terrified that I was going to lose that close friendship with my sister. But no, Nina remained close to all of us, and further she and Bill raised two beautiful daughters.

When we were young, we siblings built a fine tree house in an elm just overlooking the Shack. Nina and I used to climb up into the tree house. It was a get- away place. We would hide up there from visitors (as though we could not be seen?), but we could hear what was going on. One time we climbed up into the tree house, lowered a rope, pulled up the guitar, and with the family song book, we practiced singing Spanish songs (that Mother had taught us). We were trying to memorize the words. There we were, singing, --when it began to rain. We quickly closed the songbook, lowered the guitar, and scampered down the elm tree out of the rain. To this day that page in our songbook carries the rain drops splash-marks on the song "Narajana Dulce".

I often think of the image of Nina walking into the shack down the muddy Levee Road at flood time, carrying the single barreled 20 gage shotgun, a guitar slung over her shoulder, a picnic basket, and an armful of school books--- which we managed never to open at the Shack.

Her last Christmas card photo showed an echelon of Sandhill cranes in a glint of sun, coming down over the Wisconsin River. Under it she wrote Dad's words: "***A new day has begun on the crane marsh.***" That was her favorite scene.

We owe Nina so much for her warmth, her creativeness, and for her ability to view science as a work of art!



*Fostering the
Land Ethic
through the legacy
of Aldo Leopold*

Family Remembrances: Nina Leopold-Bradley

WORDS FOR MY MOTHER

BY TRISH STEVENSON (NINA'S DAUGHTER)

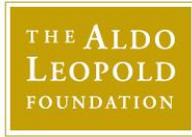
In [A Sand County Almanac](#), Aldo Leopold referred to the shovel as being the tool for acts of creations. Even before then our family has had both a physical as well as spiritual relationship with the shovel. In the 1970s, Nina and Charlie Bradley returned from Montana to their Wisconsin roots, took up their shovels and started a new life together right here. Their vision was clear: to create an atmosphere following what Aldo and Estella had begun at the Shack. They successfully guided the studies of over 30 graduate students here on the reserve. They continued the tradition of living lightly on the land, building their house from the logs Nina and her family had planted. They mortared local stone into the fireplace, installed a composting toilet, collected roof water into a cistern and heated their home with solar panels. At the time these were leading edge technologies.

Nina was a great gardener. Their larder was full come any October. In Nina's later years there was a slight shift when it came to garden produce. As we all know, Nina was a most generous person, willing to share, whether it was expressing herself professionally, or giving all visitors tomatoes and anything else ripe in the garden. In the last few years in fact, by December, Nina was out of potatoes and Gordon and I would supplement from our root cellar to hers.

The Leopolds were not only scientist but also artists, with meticulous craftsmanship. One of the many interests of my Uncle Luna was traditional leather bookbinding. He became a master of this art. This is a beautifully hand bound copy of [A Sand County Almanac](#) that was a gift to Nina from Luna in 1963. The inscription inside reads:

For my little sister, Nina, whom I love.

In my mind's eye I can see you in your courage, your warmth, friendliness, loveliness, and your bubbling good spirit—on Lake Agnes—on the portages between Shade, Noon and Basswood—at Lake Chapman—and around the fires of many distant camps. Those who know you are richer for all these. Luna



*Fostering the
Land Ethic
through the legacy
of Aldo Leopold*

Nina was a gift in herself, from the heart, to the heart. We are the rich ones whose lives were touched and maybe changed because of my lovely Mother Nina.

Family Remembrances: Nina Leopold-Bradley

LEARNING FROM MOM

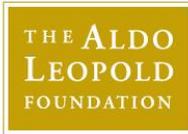
BY NINA LOEFFEL (NINA'S DAUGHTER)

Welcome to each and every one of you for coming to honor the wonderful person I'm lucky enough to call "Mom." I am "young Nina (imagine that), "Little Nina," "Ninita," or "Nina Jr. We were named after my fiery Great Aunt Nina, the eldest of 12 brothers and sisters of the Otero-Warren family of Santa Fe. She was an early feminist and definitely one of the movers and shakers in the early days of New Mexican statehood. She was appointed by the first governor to be Superintendent of Schools. There was a strong flavor of the desert southwestern culture in the Leopold kids growing-up years.

I have been asked to talk about Mom's middle years. Quite a bit is known about her younger years with her beloved father, mother and siblings and their work and play at The Shack, some of which Estella has shared with us. And we have heard about some of the illustrious accomplishments of her later years. Not so much is known about her 30s through about 60.

I wish I could say that these years were also happy and successful. Successful, yes, in some ways. Mom earned her Master's degree in botany at the University of Missouri, where my dad taught. And we had some wonderful experiences traveling together when Dad took sabbaticals; first to Hawaii before it became a State; and seven years later to Rhodesia which changed to Black rule—Zimbabwe —while we were there

But I learned from watching my mother in her first marriage, that a good education and financial security are no guarantees of happiness. Indeed, Mom often used to say that, "Marriage is the biggest gamble you'll ever



take.” She quoted Aunt Anna, one of the “Tias” from Santa Fe saying: “You never know what you get ‘til you take him home and unwrap him!”

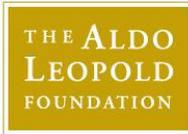
I guess there is a down side even to the most idyllic marriage. Aldo was such a considerate and thoughtful man, from what I gather, and Estella, my grandmother, always graciously followed his lead. The ability to navigate treacherous waters and negotiate differences never needed to be modeled. However Mom, as well as most of her siblings, from what I understand, experienced much difficulty in what can be our most challenging of relationships: marriage. In the 1940s and ‘50s, there was not a therapist on every other street corner like there is today, to offer tools to help. Later Mom did find a therapist and close friend of the family who helped her very much, and after 29 years of marriage, she struck out of her own. She was one of the early courageous women, on the crest of a wave of women, to leave unsatisfactory marriages. At this time, both my sister and I were out of the house and also married.

Soon, at Estella’s house in Denver, Mom crossed paths with Charles Bradley, a friend from her growing-up days in Madison. Charlie was single, after the death of his first wife, and the two of them hit it off right away. They married soon after at the Shack. Mom was 54.

I noticed a tremendous growth spurt in Mom, as she struggled to match speeds with this witty, good-natured guy. He reminded me of an old Chinese sage, from the first time I met him. Later I heard he was nick-named “Chink” in his younger years.

When Charlie retired from teaching geology in Bozeman, MT, he and mother decided to return to their roots in Wisconsin, much to Mother’s delight. They dove right into Shack activities, living there while their house—The Bradley Study Center—was constructed down the road. Logs were used from trees Mother helped plant as a teenager, and Charlie supervised the stonework, knowing the history of every rock used to build that cozy fireplace.

Mom and Charlie were advisers to “interns” from the University of Wisconsin who came out to the reserve to conduct field projects ranging from warbler studies by Rick and Susan Knight, to hydrology, to mapping the whole reserve area by Conrad Leigal, to preserving nature via creative oil painting by Susan Leopold Freeman. On Monday evenings, Mother and Charlie hosted pot-luck seminars at The Shack with lectures by visiting scientists. The interns presented talks about their projects at the end of the summer.



*Fostering the
Land Ethic
through the legacy
of Aldo Leopold*

Mother often said she didn't "come into her own" until she was 60, and indeed, as Charlie's partner, I witnessed a continued evolution of her happiness and the flowering of her creativity. That generous and loving heart had finally found fertile ground

I know that the reason so many people were drawn to Mom is because of the genuine care and interest she displayed to every one of us. We all claim her as our own -- mother, sister or best friend. This love and caring counts at least as much for her popularity as does her scientific expertise.

I learned from Mom, that we can continue to grow in understanding and stature our whole lives, even into our 80s and 90s, if we are lucky enough to live that long. Just as Aldo's insights and wisdom grew and developed through the years, so did hers. She was expounding about the data from phonology sightings in relation to climate change until the week she died. We are blessed to have such outstanding role models who blazed the trail towards excellence.

There is no one who misses Mom more than I. As Aunt Caryl says, "When you lose your mom, you lose your best friend." Even though we know her beautiful spirit lives on, she is sorely missed.

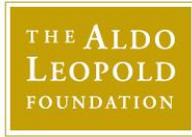
May all beings be happy and may the world return to Pure Land.

Family Remembrances: Nina Leopold-Bradley

THE GIFT OF OURSELVES

BY JED MEUNIER (NINA'S GRANDSON)

One of the wonderful things about being a new parent for me has been revisiting children's books. Not long ago I was reading to our daughter, Addie, Shel Silverstein's classic "The Giving Tree" and became choked up to the point of having to put the book away to great dismay of Addie, who is two. Most probably remember the story, "Once there was a tree and she loved a little boy" that goes on to describe the boy playing under the tree, climbing



*Fostering the
Land Ethic
through the legacy
of Aldo Leopold*

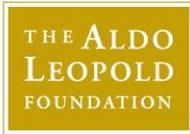
its branches, eating its fruits and enjoying its shade but as time passed the lonely tree finding new ways to give to the growing boy who now had different needs and wants with nothing left to give the boy in the end but a stump to sit on. The lessons are by no means obscure, the gift of giving, perhaps to a fault, and an acceptance of others capacity to love in return. But there is beauty in that naked simplicity.

My Oma certainly possessed the gift of giving in abundance and the more I consider it, the more profound yet simple her greatest gifts seem. I do not mean the type of gift exchange that she continually tried to put a moratorium on at Christmas, nor the physical properties she parted with, which are mentionable in themselves – consider for a moment that she and Opa, her husband Charles Bradley, had given away their retirement home before it was even completed and then paid rent on it believing in a greater cause than the most basic premises of the American Dream – owning property. However, the gifts I am thinking of are the ones she gave to us without our acknowledgement or even awareness, the gift of ourselves.

Whether you were meeting her for the first time in a brief conversation or a long-term confidant she always wanted to know how you were, not as a salutation, but a genuine interest in you; what you were thinking, your joys and hopes as a way to share and unite. This was her gift to all of us. She continually reassured us all that we mattered and were appreciated. She knew that self-confidence, a confidence she herself once lacked, was one of the most important gifts of all; that it empowers us to act. She knew, as Wendell Berry has said, “that it is not from ourselves that we learn to be better than we are”.

Now, Oma’s gift of appreciation was sometimes nothing short of amazing. My wife and I while living with her became suspicious of her habit of over complimenting on occasion. An example was her emphatic approval of my rather poor attempt at facial hair, or overly abundant, glowing remarks over my attempt at a calzone dinner, which she did not touch. She would never tell you anything but complete and honest approval. Honest because she approved of something more meaningful than a calzone and it was genuine though usually unrecognized by us.

Oma often cited her father’s statement that, “There are two things that interest me the relationship of people to land and the relationship of people to each other.” This statement may very well stand as a cornerstone and guiding principle to the way she lived her life. She dedicated herself to bridging connections between people and land and not purely as an academic exercise, but a way of living and building community. Oma taught us to discover the world, whether a lay person, a seasoned land manager, academic, or school child, she was a catalyst



*Fostering the
Land Ethic
through the legacy
of Aldo Leopold*

and inspired learning. Her inspirations lie not necessarily in an ability to relay information but in her ability to awaken us to our own potential. I suppose she recognized that one only loves what one knows and, by extension the care of our earth inherently requires care for one another and it is our most worthy and pleasing task. She succeeded marvelously.

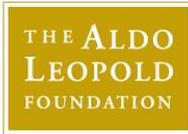
While growing up the last day of shack visits were usually dedicated to cleaning the old Shack, Oma always reminding us to “leave it better than you found it”, which became The Shack motto. I realize now that this ritual was as much for us as for the old Shack, and by caring for it we were becoming part of it and the better for it.

It would be a lie to tell you that Oma’s passing does not leave a gaping hole. I think we all can feel it. I suspect that in time our grief will grow quieter and eventually come to lie down like an old dog allowing us to reflect. But what I hope to portray here is that my Oma encouraged us by example to create a different world. Not by acts of grandeur, not by crowning achievements in our careers, or proficiencies in our hobbies, or even dedication to our families, but simply by sharing the gift of one another. Love your neighbor is one of the most repeated commands in the bible, it ought to be the most simple of tasks, yet so often remains elusive. This is particularly true within our own families where the stakes are even greater. I have never seen a better example of someone who carried this task so well, who by appreciating us, could teach us to believe in ourselves. Oma made us whole simply by leaving us better than she found us, this was my Oma’s gift to us all.

Family Remembrances: Carl Leopold

MEMORIAL FOR CARL
BY ESTELLA LEOPOLD

I shall always miss my brother Carl. As his kid sister he was a model for me—one I could never live up to. Our many good times were in the country at the shack in Wisconsin. When the snow was crisp and cold, my sister Nina, Carl and I used to play hide and seek in the dark, frolicking among the little pine trees we had planted. Or climb the highest hill and call to the barred owls. Carl was the expert! Owls talked to him!



*Fostering the
Land Ethic
through the legacy
of Aldo Leopold*

Carl was a sleuth in the woods, moving gracefully—like a cat he was. When we played “tracking” in the snow. Nina and I would give Carl 30 minutes—then start to follow his tracks. He would do things like climb a tree, go way out on a branch and drop—and then walk backwards. Carl was impossible to follow!

Carl was always inventive. The journals tell me that he suggested to Dad to start keeping phenology records of blooming at the shack—changed Dad’s life!

One day I followed Carl out onto our new prairie that we had built (restored), when he designed little quadrats he marked with oak stakes to map the ever-changing plant succession. What a good idea!

We used to sing in the car on long drives. When Dad got a guitar for Christmas (a present from Mother), Dad said “The first one of you that learns to play it gets the guitar!” After a year of competition brother Luna won the guitar. But it was Carl the real musician, who developed the deft and fancy chords and became virtually a professional classical guitarist, as we know!

Carl was a superb botanist. He made a complete collection of pressed plants at the shack for his spring flora course. He built a fine wooden cabinet to hold these precious sheets. Nina and I think that Carl was Dad’s best friend. The older boys went away early to grad school, and it was Carl who worked closely with Dad, including at hunting, which was good companionship.

Carl took all the photographs of shack life, and did his own printing and developing in the basement at our house in Madison. He won a prize at the University of Wisconsin for his photos. Yes, he was a model, and a superb entertainer. Aside from being a clown he had a charming personality, kind and thoughtful, yet strong and a person of great integrity.

Carl’s achievements are very great—a leader in plant physiology, he made important discoveries in recent years about seeds and seed coats. To me the most spectacular was his work with Lynn when they established the first ever restoration of tropical rain forest at their “finca” in Costa Rica. All the botanists I know said it could not be done. They said that after clear-cut and 20 years of grazing—no way José! The mycorrhizae would be all dead, and the soil leached and shot. But clever Carl Leopold figured it out! It was all about seeds. That forest now—with all native trees—is 100 feet tall, and is a great testimony to his amazing sense of botanical know-how. I salute you, Carl Leopold!