



# The Hedgehog Welfare Society

TO PROTECT THE WELL-BEING OF PET HEDGEHOGS THROUGH RESCUE, RESEARCH AND EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE WHO CARE FOR THEM. NEWSLETTER #39, JAN/FEB 2009

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## Getting to Know one of our Rescue Stations

By: Sheila Dempsey



Aero and Melissa Martinez

**Melissa Martinez, Fort Myers, FL—Rescue Station since September, 2008**

### How did you get your first hedgehog?

I had been doing research for about six months on a pet that would be a great first "on my own pet." I found that the local pet shop had hedgehogs and I went in to

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check them out. I wanted to make sure I was able to handle one before I got one. When I got there they did not have any but told me that they were getting some in 10 days. I called every day to make sure that date was the same. It was a Saturday when I called in the morning and they told me the hedgehogs would be in the shop in about 2 hours. So I got ready and headed out. I played with this beautiful, calm, little chocolate pinto boy. He pooped on me and it was love! I bought him on the spot! I named him Aero.

### What made you want to rescue?

I first decided to rescue hedgehogs after hearing sad hedgehog stories and thinking I can help them!

### What do you do for a living?

I'm a fulltime student at Florida Gulf Coast University. But I am currently a beauty consultant.

### Tell us something great about where you live.

The people here in Fort Myers are extremely nice. Where I used to live before, people would not care to bat an eyelash at you. Here people go out of their way to walk over to you and say hello. People here are so polite and helpful.

### Tell us something about your family.

My family is great! My dad is a fire fighter/paramedic and my mom works in a medical office as an assistant to the doctor. We all love helping people. I have a good relationship with my parents, better than most people my age have with their parents. I live about a mile down the road from them and go to visit all the time.

### Tell us your favorite rescue story.

Honestly, my favorite rescue story would have to be the pet store hedgies (Honey and Thorne) even though it was the saddest. They seemed to be worst off before being rescued.

I was driving down the road and there was the local pet shop that has hedgies, the one where I have had SO MANY problems. I hadn't been in for a while so I decided I would stop in and check things out. The last time I had gone in I was told they were breeding a brother and sister. I tried many times to get them shut down or at least to change their practices or stop selling hedgehogs. I walked in, glanced around and couldn't find the hedgies so I asked a lady that worked there where they were. She told me, "Back with the other rodents." I had not seen her before so I let it go and I looked in the back. I found them in a glass fish tank. There were two. I asked the lady if I could

look at them. And she told me, "I won't touch them. They are SO MEAN!" I explained that I had no problem going back myself and handling them. She just said "hold on." The lady went to the back and pulled out the whole tank. When I mentioned the words "Cute boys" while looking through the side of the cage, she replied, "Actually they are male and female. We just retired our breeding pair. So now they are for sale." I explained that they needed to be separated or they would surely breed if they hadn't already. Her response to me was "So what if she gets pregnant again. We'll sell the babies." Then I explained how she could be a bad mother and might cannibalize. Her response to me was, "She is a great mom. She's already had like 5 or 6 'successful' litters." This woman seemed to have an answer for everything. I continued to inspect the hedgehogs and their surroundings. They were eating bird food..."cuz that's what they eat" said the woman. They were also clearly in need of a vet. When I suggested that, the woman told me, "If you are so concerned with the hedgehogs and you want them, they are \$20 a piece. Then you can do with them what you want."

The funny thing was that the pet store made me sign a wavier stating that they were giving me healthy hogs. I said, "These two are going to a vet. I will let you know how healthy they are." As I was checking out, I asked for the hedgehog's names and ages. I was told, "They are about 3 or 4 years old and we just call them boy and girl." Then she put them in one box. At that point I requested two separate boxes and finally I walked out with two boxes in hand.

I took them straight to the vet. They both had severe mites that had left their ears in tatters. Both had upper respiratory infections and blood in their stools. The little girl weighed 222 grams. In addition she was missing a toe, was possibly pregnant and her nails were so long they curled around her toes up into the pads of her feet. The boy weighed 248 grams. He was bleeding near his mouth and had sores on his face and legs.

They are both doing great now. Honey, the little girl, has gained loads of weight from being on healthy food. She now weighs almost 400 grams! We are almost through the time frame of waiting for babies and she does not appear to be pregnant. She does have extremely loud dreams.

Thorne, the boy, is a sweet little thing. His weight is up to about 300 plus grams now. He hasn't taken to his wheel yet but loves exploring and redecorating his cage.

(Sadly, Honey passed away unexpectedly on December 20, 2008.)



# The Adventures of Phileas Hogg III

Hello. Phil here. I haven't written an article for the newsletter in quite awhile, so I asked Miss Jennifer if it was okay to write about my Christmas vacation, and she said that would be fine.

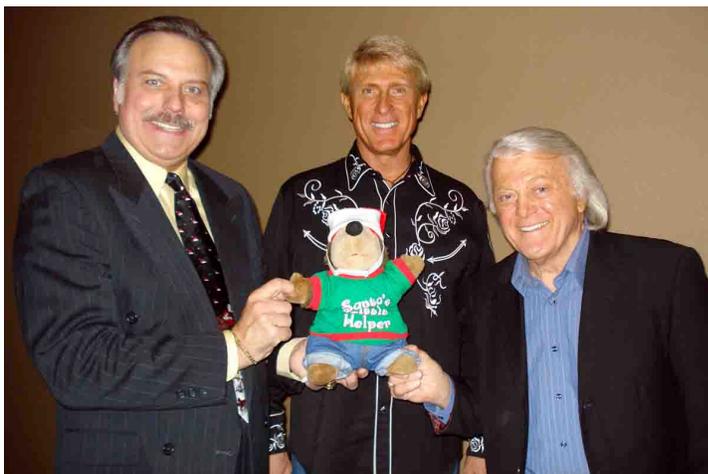
For those of you who are new to the group and may not know me, my name is Phileas, but you can call me Phil. I'm a traveling ambassador for hedgehogs everywhere. I'm trying to get to all 50 states by October. Anyone who wants to host me is welcome to do so. I usually stay with you for a month. You take me places, take pictures of me and help me write my memoirs. Linda and Gioia get the pictures, and Gioia puts my memoirs on the blog site she's working on for me. I also get souvenirs wherever I go which are auctioned off every so often. When I finish my travels Linda will put all my pictures in a slide show with music which the HWS will sell to raise money for rescued hedgegies.

So, I didn't have anything scheduled for December, so Linda and Jim asked if I would like to spend the holidays with them. They had taken me to Branson and Disneyworld and a lot of other places in the spring, so I jumped at the chance to go back.

I always thought I wanted to spend Christmas in a cold climate, but this is ridiculous. It is so cold here, but Linda took me shopping and got me some warmer duds. I know why they call this The Windy City.

The first thing we did was to go to Brookfield Zoo for Holiday Magic. It was so pretty with all the twinkling lights. I even got to sit on Sandy Paws lap and tell him what I wanted for Christmas. I also put in a good word for all the hedgegies I know and made sure that he had the right addresses to deliver their presents.

Then we went to a concert to see The Lettermen. They invited me to come up on stage and sing with them. Well, I was too shy, but Linda went with me and it was okay. They talked to me after the show and I told them all about hedgehogs and what I was doing in my travels. I think they were impressed.



I also went to the dentist and the hairdresser with Linda. As those of you that were at the show in Milwaukee know, I no longer have my favorite red hat. It got really ratty from being stuffed under other hats and it started to peel, so I took it off. I can't bear to part with it, though. But, I do have a really bad case of hat head. I had my quills trimmed when I was with Deb, and then Linda's hairdresser did it again but said I'll probably need one more trim before things are back to normal. And I do have a couple new hats to wear, so I'm feeling much better about giving up my red one.

The next thing we did was go into Chicago to see a show called "Million Dollar Quartet". It was all about the history of Sun Records in Memphis. The music was really great. I was hoping to see all the big tall buildings, but it was snowing pretty hard, so we couldn't see the tops of them.

(...Continued from page 3)

Between all of this I had to help put up the tree and decorate the lower branches, help wrap presents and help Jim celebrate the big 65! I had to help him blow out his candles because there were so many of them.

Then came Christmas. Jim's daughter, Traci, came over on New Year's Eve and we opened our presents. There were so many, and I got a new pair of boots which were just what I asked for.

Right after Christmas, we went to Eagle River which is in northern Wisconsin. We went snowmobiling which was so much fun. I've never done that before. I met a really nice bear there who was kind enough to give me some tips before we took off. I rode with Linda for awhile and then rode with Jim, but Linda goes a lot faster so I liked that better. We stopped for lunch, and I had a nice hot bowl of chili. Whew...that sure tasted good after being out in the cold.



The next day we went on a real sleigh ride. Our sleigh driver, Benny, introduced us to Jim and Jake who were the two big horses that pulled our sleigh. He said they were North American Spotted Draft Horses. They were nice enough, but I wasn't sure I liked the way Jim was looking at me. Anyway, after about a half hour, we stopped in the woods where there was a big campfire with hot chocolate brewing. They had all kinds of stuff you could put in it, so we had peppermint Schnapps. Yummmmm!!!!

So on the way home, we stopped to see Deb, Greta and Sammie and had dinner with them. We had dropped Wizard and Baxter off there to spend some time with the girls.

Well, tomorrow I'll be going to Cuddles and Miss Kitty's birthday party and then will be on my way to Miss Donnasue's for my next adventure. She hasn't told me where I'm going, but I'm hoping it's somewhere a bit warmer.

If anyone else would like to host me, please get in touch with Miss Donnasue, my travel agent.

Phileas

Watch for more of my adventures!



Take a look at our past auctions.



Watch for up-coming auctions to benefit Wobbly Hedgehog Syndrome research!  
The more you bid, the more we find out about the cause and treatment of this dreaded disease.

## Django Hedgehog – My Heartbreak

By Laura C. Dunklee

*Warning: The photos accompanying this article may be disturbing to some readers. I have asked our editor to include the images because they best illustrate what happened to Django and why proper housing / caretaking is essential for our hedgehogs.*

As a small animal rescue volunteer, I have been witness to some horrible incidents of animal abuse and neglect. These are the kinds of incidents that leave me with nightmares but also steel my resolve to be an advocate for knowledgeable, educated ownership of all companion animals. Some of these situations have slowly receded into my memory but there are others that are always present in my mind. One is the story of Django, a hedgehog who died a painful, needless death because of a well-intentioned but uneducated and inattentive “rescuer.” It’s been more than a year and a half since I met Django and spent the last hours of his life with him. It is only now that I feel I can share his story with you.

I was put in contact with a woman who said she had taken in two hedgehogs and had been caring for them for several months. She said that she had researched the basic husbandry of hedgehogs and was content to keep them. However if she could place the animals with someone who had more experience, she thought that would be better for them. We made arrangements to meet at a location several hours from my home. The night before the meeting the woman sent me an email saying that one of the hedgehogs was smelling “off” (her word, not mine) and was acting sluggish. I was concerned about this update and we agreed to meet early the next day.

My partner and I arrived at the home and upon entering the house I could smell ... rot ... putrefaction ... decay. It was obvious that something was seriously wrong. The woman brought me two small plastic containers, each measuring only a couple of inches in height and less than six inches in length. Each container had a plastic grid snap-on lid and held some sort of chunky particulate bedding. Huddled in the boxes were two hedgehogs; one was curled in the typical huffing hedgehog ball, the other hedgehog was sprawled on his side. He occasionally scabbled his legs as he tried to stand up. The stench was emanating from this second hedgehog’s enclosure.

I had brought along two hedgie bags, small hand warmers, and hard-sided animal carriers for transporting the hedgehogs back to my home. But I was so horrified by housing in which these animals were being kept that I pretty much grabbed the two boxes, thrust one into the hands of my partner and left the woman’s home. We

drove a few blocks away then pulled into a mini-mall parking lot to evaluate the situation.



Miss Jett

Upon first look, one hedgehog appeared to be okay – underweight but alert and quite upset. A female, she was moved from the plastic box, placed into a hedgie sack and secured in the carrier. The second hedgehog, though, was in a very bad way. A male, he was still on his side, breathing slowly and somewhat unresponsive. The cause of his illness was immediately obvious: His penis sheath was swollen, the skin was abraded and infected, and the whole area was hot to the touch and exuding the smell of decay.

Because it was a Sunday, I was without the resources of my regular hedgehog veterinarian. I called all of the local emergency vet hospitals and none had an exotics vet available. I later learned that there was a large exotics conference that weekend and many of the local vets were in attendance. I was able to reach one vet who was on vacation and unable to help in person right away. She was, however, able to talk me through a basic triage procedure and said that she’d be heading back to the area and could meet with us later.

We drove home as fast as we could. I kept the little one cuddled in a pile of fleece blankets held close to my chest. I avoided touching his stomach and groin as best I could. The stench coming from his body was beyond description – I struggled to keep from gagging and retching.

Once home, I quickly placed the female hedgehog into a quarantine habitat and we turned our attentions to the male. By now he was even less responsive

*Continues on page 6...*

(...Continued from page 5)

and appeared to be comatose – he was breathing but not moving when touched. We started working, gently, to remove all of the “bedding” that was caked into his groin and around the penis sheath. As we removed increasing amounts, the tip of his penis became visible and appeared to be protruding from the sheath. There was green pus oozing out from the tip and more pus toward the anus where there was fecal matter caked with the bedding and matted into the fur. We used damp warm cloths to clean the little one’s body and remove the worst of the accumulated crap but it was obvious to us that there was little more we could do for him. He was slipping away but appeared to be in no pain. I think that he had already passed beyond the point of feeling much.

After some discussion with the vet, we decided that we had done all we could and that the kindest thing we could do would be to make him comfortable, place him in a safe, warm, clean space, and let him peacefully leave his body. Within an hour the little one had crossed.

Later that evening I took his remains to the vet for examination and insight into what had happened. She confirmed that it appeared he had died from a systemic infection, likely starting with impacted bedding material in the penis sheath which then spread throughout his body. We looked closely at the bedding from his container and came to the conclusion that it was corncob litter. This is frequently used with reptiles but is not safe for any animals because if it is ingested it can cause blockages and

the rough texture abrades the skin.

Posthumously we named the little hedgehog Django. He was laid to rest in the garden of my dear friend, Jacque.

I resolved not to let Django’s death be in vain. Please, all of you caretakers, keep your little ones on safe bedding and be careful about particulate matter accumulating around your male hedgehog’s penis sheath. And, if you think your hedgehog is behaving oddly or smells bad, get them to a knowledgeable vet immediately!

As for the female hedgehog that we took in with Django, she was given the name of Lady Jett and, once she’d received a clean bill of health, she went to live with Standing Bear at the Flash and Thelma Memorial Hedgehog Rescue in Divide, Colorado.



Django



# Hedgie Craft

## Sewing Directions:

Cut 4 pieces of outer fabric. Use a medium-weight, washable fabric such as cotton or thin wale corduroy.

Cut 4 pieces of medium-weight, fusible (iron-on) interfacing. This is often called "Shirt Tailor"

Cut 4 pieces of lining fabric. Use either vellux or polar fleece. Vellux works best as it stands up nice and stiff.

Fuse interfacing to wrong side of outer fabric pieces with medium hot iron.

Placing right sides together, matching notches, pin and sew one side seam of 2 outer fabric pieces together, using  $\frac{3}{8}$ " seam allowance. Repeat with remaining 2 outer fabric pieces. Open and place the 2 outer fabric halves right sides together and sew remaining long curved seam using  $\frac{3}{8}$ " seam allowance.

Repeat with lining fabric pieces.

With right sides together, place completed lining over completed outer fabric hat; line up at bottom and side seams. Stitch hat to lining along bottom, leaving a 4" opening between 2 of the side seams for turning. Be sure to backstitch at each end of that opening to prevent seam from ripping out when turning.

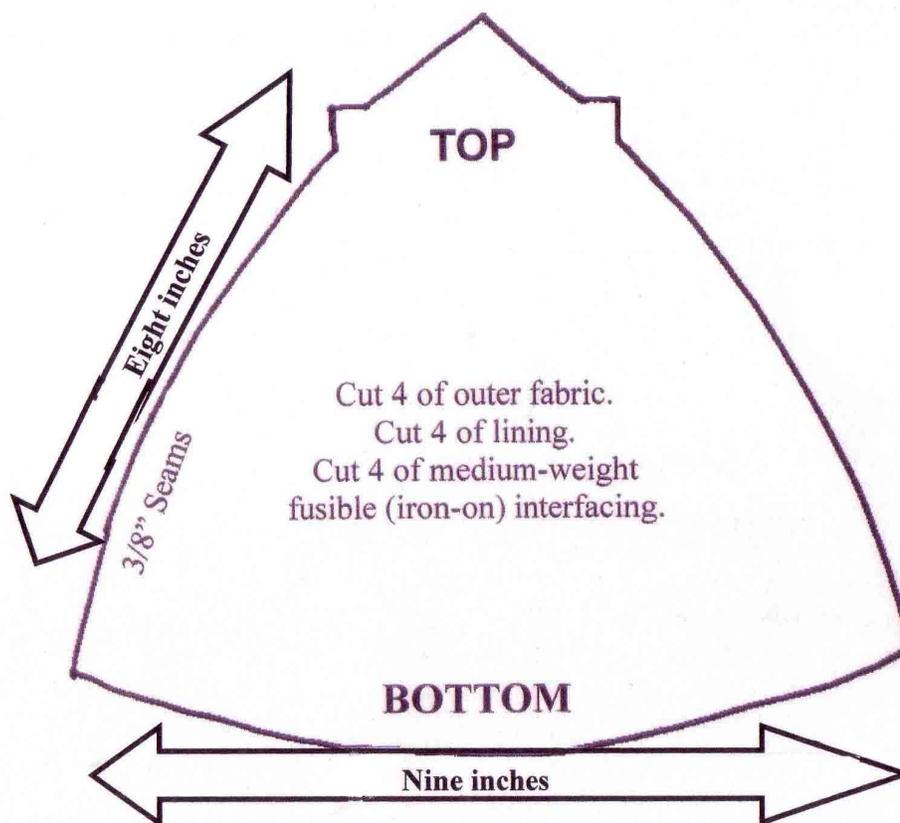
Gently turn hat and lining right side out through opening. Turning edges under  $\frac{3}{8}$ ", pin outer fabric and lining fabric together, closing opening, and stitch closed close to bottom edge.

Cut any loose threads.

Using doubled thread on needle, hand-stitch lining to hat at the top (the peak of the hat) with a few stitches. This prevents sagging and keeps your hedgehog from pulling the lining away from the hat. Knot this stitching well and cut any loose threads.

Hat may be washed by machine, using warm water and gentle cycle.

## The "Skeeter Hat" Pattern



# Welcome to Pog-Chit-Chat... Where hedgies tell it like it is.

What do your hedgies get up to when you're not around? Do they have parties, go on trips or just redecorate? This is their opportunity to "tell it like it is". Of course you moms and dads out there might have to help with the typing. Send me their stories of the adventures they have and you might see them in the next newsletter. Send your stories and pictures to

[newsletter@hedgehogwelfare.org](mailto:newsletter@hedgehogwelfare.org)



- Jan. 1 Roxie Hart Storm
- Jan. 1 Miss Kitty Bennett
- Jan. 3 Daisy Muckenfuss
- Jan. 4 Keeghan Storm
- Jan. 5 Cuddles Lebana Bennett
- Jan. 14 Nevaeh Rake
- Jan. 26 Periwinkle Primrose Inverso
- Jan. 26 Sonic Bruin Muckenfuss

- Feb 9 Havanna Muckenfuss
- Feb 12 Keelin Dick
- Feb 13 Baylee Storm
- Feb 19 Winston Storm

# Celebrating the Holidays



Hedgie stocking photo courtesy of Jennifer Plombon



Baxter waiting for Sandy Paws



Phil with Baxter and Wizzy Woodring



Cuddles Bennett and Kisee Miss Eve



Miss Kitty Bennett—I will sit still, NOT!!!!

Snuggas Bennett—Hmmm Toys!

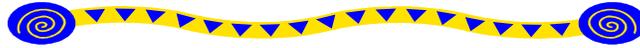


Princess Chloe Bennett—  
I think I can make my get away!

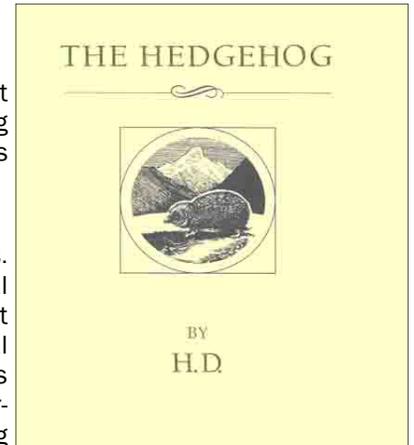


# The Literary Hedgehog

Jennifer Plombon



*The Hedgehog* by H.D. (Hilda Doolittle)



*The Hedgehog* is a most peculiar little book. Written in 1936 by a woman who was first and mostly a poet, it reads more like poetry than prose fiction. You have to follow winding sentences and odd shifts to get the story straight in your mind but that is also part of its charm.

Originally printed in the U.K., the first edition of *The Hedgehog* was limited to only 300 copies. The illustrations were charming, detailed woodcuts by George Plank. Many of the original books were lost or damaged. Luckily, a decision was made in 1988 to reprint this book. It is still rather difficult to find. The easiest way to search for it online is via the International Standard Book Number (ISBN) 0-8112-1069-3. Most local or independent bookstores can order a copy for you using the ISBN. The introduction is by the author's daughter, Perdita Schaffner. She writes with great affection about her memories of her mother working on and hiding her writings, which were both hand-written in pencil and typed on an old typewriter. She kept them in a big folder which no one had access to. It was a delight for Perdita to see the final, published product.

The book follows a day in the life of a little girl, Madge, whose personality, Perdita believes, is based on herself as a child. Madge's mother, Bett, is an American, once married to an Englishman, who was apparently killed in "a foolish war". To avoid more foolish war, Bett and Madge settle in Switzerland, a famously neutral country. For readers who love languages, the book's use of phrases in English, French, and German is fun (and almost always translated). Bett teaches Madge that there are children all over the world, whose real, physical fathers have been lost to "wicked wars" and whose father is a sort of "Father which art in Heaven." These children should love each other and each other's countries. They should also "feel differently about war and about soldiers killing each other than other children." This was a radical thought indeed for a British author in 1936. Hilda Doolittle chose an interesting way to make this point by choosing a "fictional" character to express it.

One day, resentful of a guest who comes to tea and takes up her mother's time and attention, Madge tells her that there are adders (poisonous snakes) in their garden. Somewhat annoyed by the distress this causes her guest, Bett tells Madge that from then on, she must wear her heavy, uncomfortable, hobnailed boots. Madge takes the boots to the shoemaker's wife, Madame Beaupère, to see if Monsieur Beaupère can at least remove the nails from the boots. Instead, Madame Beaupère recommends that Madge obtain a hedgehog, or "*hérisson*", to handle the snakes. Confused by the French word, which she has never heard before, Madge asks for further information and is told that Dr. Blum, a bird lover and naturalist of sorts, who lives down by the lake, will have one. Is it a bird, a heron, an herbal tisane, a snake repellent? Rather than appear foolish at not knowing, Madge sets out for Dr. Blum's at once.

It seems as if Madge's village, Leytaux, is located in the very high and steep mountains surrounding Lake Geneva, and the fastest way down to Dr. Blum, who lives on the shore of the lake, is straight down the hillside. That is the route Madge takes. Part way down the steep, rocky, dangerous path, Madge, who is quite taken with Greek Gods and Gods of Nature, is struck with fear and freezes in place. She sends out a silent and fervent plea for help from Pan, from "*Weltgeist*" (a sort of spirit or God of the countryside), and from "O Our-Father-which-art").

Her help appears in the form of Andre', a village boy, who both soothes her with an offer of help, and worries her with the threat to tell her mother what she has done. This is not new; Andre has helped her out of sticky situations in the past. In hopes of derailing his threat, Madge, who can be a little flirt, tells Andre' stories about Gods and Goddesses, and about Nature, finally admitting that she is on her way to get an *hérisson* from Dr. Blum.

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(...Continued from page 10)

This leads to another confusing conversation in which Madge tries to learn more about what an *hérisson* might be, without admitting she has no idea. When Andre' wonders if the guest might be as frightened of an *hérisson* as she is by a snake, Madge wonders if it might depend on "how big ... it is ..." This sends Andre' into gales of laughter. Do you have *hérisson* then as big as – as elephants in England? ... Or maybe in America – in America everything is so big." Humiliated and upset, Madge takes off down the path. With no memory of how she safely navigated it, she finds herself in Dr. Blum's garden. Another confusing conversation ensues here, in which Madge wonders if an *hérisson*, which she is beginning to suspect might be an animal of some sort, might be a messenger from the Gods, much as an eagle is in Greek legend. Struck by this novel thought, Dr. Blum looks up hedgehogs in his books. He finds that they did have uses in ancient times as helmet coverings and wool carders, but finds no mention of them serving as messengers to the Gods.

In the end, Madge is given a hedgehog in a box to take back to her garden. Andre helps her to get back home. He kindly asks Bett to "... not scold her too much, we were late because we – because I got stuck on the hill-path. We were – we were late because we got lost, you see – we got lost, you see – going to find the hedgehog."

After reading about the not-so-kind ancient uses for hedgehogs that Dr. Blum discovered, I was relieved to know that Madge's hedgehog would live in her garden. Since the poisonousness of the snakes there was imagined by Madge, I felt that the hedgehog would probably be quite safe.

The conversations Madge had trying to discover what a hedgehog might be reminded me of the conversations I so often have with people when I mention that I share my home with hedgehogs. "Oh", they often say quite confidently, "I have those in my yard." When told that *that* would be highly unlikely in North America, and that they are probably thinking of a groundhog, they then reply that no, no, they might have woodchucks, NOT groundhogs. Told that groundhogs are woodchucks (different regions of the country use different terms), they then again insist that what they really have are hedgehogs. That is when I take out the adorable photos of my girls and clear things up!

I loved this little book. It took two readings to catch all the nuances and twists of the story since the history of Bett and Madge and their life in Switzerland is revealed in small doses. I enjoyed seeing that a love of nature, a dislike of war, and a plea for cross-cultural understanding were all expressed by the author in a way that would not offend, especially given the time in which it was written.



## Thoughts from the Chief Volunteer Officer

### Linda Woodring

Well, 2009 is finally upon us. Hopefully everyone had a wonderful holiday season!

With the new year come many changes, one of which is a change in the Board of Directors for the Hedgehog Welfare Society. After serving four years on the Board, I have decided to step down to more fully pursue some other interests that I have. I certainly will still be around and will still be active in the hedgie community, just not on the Board. I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone on the Board and in the community for their support, particularly during the last two years when I was serving as the CVO. I hope that you will support Deb and other new Board members the same way you have supported me. It is your involvement that makes the Hedgehog Welfare Society the wonderful organization that it is.

Hedgie hugs,  
Linda

# Hedgehog Trivia

Margaret Myhre

## Echinacea

The genus Echinacea belongs to the sunflower family (Compositae or Asteraceae). Its name is derived from the Greek words *echinos*, meaning hedgehog or sea urchin, and *echinate*, meaning prickles or prickly. The plant earned this name because of the prickly scales, or pales, on the dried seed head. Nine varieties of Echinacea are found in the United States and Canada.

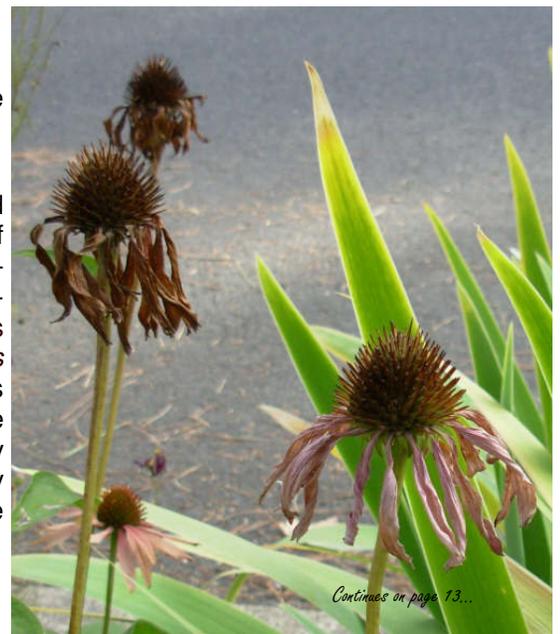
Native Americans, particularly those groups living on the plains, found many uses for this plant. They favored Echinacea roots for most of their remedies but also used the juice of the plant or chewed the above-ground parts into a paste that could be used medicinally.

In 1919, anthropologist Melvin R. Gilmore wrote about Echinacea in his classic treatise *Uses of plants by Indians of the Missouri River Region*. He had this to say about it:

This plant was universally used as an antidote for snake bite and other venomous bites and stings and poisonous conditions. Echinacea seems to have been used as a remedy for more ailments than any other plant. It was employed in the smoke treatment for headache in persons and distemper in horses. It was also used as a remedy for toothache, a piece being kept on the painful tooth until there was relief, and for enlarged glands, as in mumps. It was said that jugglers bathed their hands and arms in the juice of this plant so they could take out a piece of meat from a boiling kettle with the bare hand without suffering pain, to the wonderment of onlookers. A Winnebago said he often used the plant to make his mouth insensible to heat, so that for show he could take a live coal into his mouth. Burns were bathed with the juices to give a relief from the pain, and the plant was used in the steam bath to render the great heat endurable.

While this account seems exaggerated, the wide range of uses for the plant is still very impressive!

In 1871 H.C.F. Meyer, a Nebraska patent medicine salesman, promoted *Meyer's Blood Purifier* which contained, among other things, tincture of Echinacea *augustifolia* (also known as Kansas Snakeroot). He recommended its use for treatment of syphilis, malaria, typhoid, gangrene, arthritis, and rattlesnake bites! He reportedly proved the effectiveness of this cure by injecting himself with rattlesnake venom. After a dose of *Meyer's Blood Purifier* the swelling and pain were gone! Eventually Meyer was able to persuade a Cincinnati pharmaceutical manufacturer to promote the medicinal benefits of Echinacea. The firm distributed Echinacea (usually *Echinacea augustifolia*) in several anti-infective remedies. The popularity of Echinacea products peaked in the 1920s and began to fade in the 1930s when sulphur drugs became available.



*Continues on page 13...*

(...Continued from page 12)

According to several German studies, *Echinacea purpurea* is effective in the treatment of rheumatoid arthritis, whooping cough, flu, chronic respiratory infections and skin problems such as psoriasis and eczema. The chemical properties that contribute to the plant's effectiveness are phenolic acids, flavonoids, polyacetylenes, alkylamides, polysaccharides, and steroids. Together these properties have antibiotic and antifungal effects. Echinacea preparations are readily available at drug stores and health food stores.

Echinacea can be easily grown at home. Plants and seeds for the three most popular varieties can be found at nurseries and plant stores. They are perennial herbs which can grow to heights of one to four feet. Here are the three major varieties:

***Echinacea augustifolia*** (narrow leaf purple coneflower): This is a small variety which grows from six to twenty inches tall. Its stems have rough hairs, the leaves are oblong shaped, and the flowers are bright purple. The flowers bloom from early to mid summer and are known for attracting birds and butterflies. The plant is extremely drought resistant. Hardy to zone 4.

***Echinacea purpurea*** (purple coneflower): This medium-sized coneflower grows from three to four feet tall. It blooms profusely from mid to late summer and prefers full sun to partial shade. It is hardy to zone 4.

***Echinacea pallida*** (pale purple coneflower): This large coneflower grows from three to five feet tall. It blooms from early to mid-summer, providing nectar to butterflies in the summer and seeds to birds in the fall. It is drought resistant and hardy to zone 4.

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Do you have an idea for Lucy Laughs? You can e-mail the editor with your ideas.  
~Editor

# Lucy Laughs

What's a hedgehog's favorite game?

**Snuffle Board!**

(contributed by Deb Weaver)

Where do all the hedgies want to go to school?

**Hogwarts!**

Ron, Harry and Hermione have been practicing transfiguration. They have been transforming pincushions into hedgies, but they seem to have all disappeared. Where did they all go?

**Hogsmeade!**

Why did the hedgehog take an aspirin?

**Because he had a hedge-ache.**

Why was the little pog so happy when he came home from school?

**The teacher told him he was at the hedge of the class.**

Every month, Maisey travels the world to find the latest and greatest in fashions for hedgies and is showcasing her finds here in Maisey's Costume Corner.

Send your pictures to [hedgiemom@comcast.net](mailto:hedgiemom@comcast.net)



Timmy

If you don't want to see any more pictures of this editor's critters in their costumes... you better send in your hedgie photos NOW!



Skippy Peanut Butter Bunny Boy



Herbie



Freckles



Huey