

Hi! The Sanct. has crept through a cool May towards summer. The smell of salt flats, clams and red seaweed filled the air, until a few hours of sun brought out the roses. If you've driven around Second by Hanging Rocks with your windows up, you're a nut. Open up to roses! (Soon to be overlaid by honeysuckle!) Did you know that early maps show the Island as "Rose Island"? The explorers came too late for apple blossoms--too early for clovers. The paralyzing sweetness of wild cherries must have mixed with the perfumes of roses as their ships rode at anchor. Anyhow, the bees have been awfully busy for an awfully long time, and they still are. Where would we humans be if ever they should quit?

Warblers came by the thousands, with dozens caught and banded. For the first time a hummingbird was banded! The tiny yellow warblers that stay to summer with us eat the seeds of dandelions--just the right size for a feast. A huge migration of warblers, flying at night as most migrators do, came down exhausted, through a fog and found themselves over Lake Michigan. Warblers can not swim.

This is the season of small creatures. There are small toads to be protected from lawn mowers. They will eat their weight over and over again in insects and slugs. Baby mice, little rabbits will also eat--their weight over and over and over on your garden stuffs!. The big scare crow in yellow overalls, that surveys the garden plots at the Sanct. scares no mice, rabbits, raccoons or crows!

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Baby birds are popping out of nests. To care for them, you need: a (shoe) box filled with dried grass, leaves or crumpled paper; a can of dog food--nothing special; a match-sized twig; a safe warm place for wee one. Then all you do is feed this ever empty stomach. When it has had enough it will sleep. When it is hungry, you will be told. Do not give it milk unless it is a baby platypus. Bread is not a sufficient diet for a bird. It will get water from the food. If you feel the food is drying out add water to the food. As the bird grows feathers, put in warmth & shade. If it starts to hop, let it. Should it start to fly, bravo! Encore, encore! Just watch the cats, the kids, marauding raccoons--best bring it in at night.

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Did we remember to tell you that the Canada goose, whose leg was badly infected, (and was healed at the Sanct. last Fall) took off with a late migration? She was the one the whole Sanct. staff fell in love with. When she earlier tried to join



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a flight she couldn't catch up with them, + she came back to us next day. Do you remember that she circled low and said goodbye and thanks before she did her try? One can only wonder if she found her mate. Despite her crippled foot she never lost her queenliness.

The smew was last seen in April, making eyes at a Golden Eye--a duck and distant relative. Poe is still incarcerated. And a nicer fellow there never was.

One would expect corvine curses from his cage, but he's too good natured for that.

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Some of the luckier members of the Sanct, have seen a great male osprey. Some times he simply flies over the marshes, other times he's been sighted eating a goodly fish he's caught. As he circumnavigates our land, we hope he sees the nest all ready for him. Next March, when ospreys migrate, maybe he'll recall it and bring his bride. The flat will still be waiting as it has been for so many years! If you've never seen the battle in the skies between father and son ospreys over last year's nest, you have missed one of the greatest air fights of nature--it goes on for hours, until one wears the other down. Winner gets the family homestead.

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Devil's Canyon in Death Valley, may not be drained, says the state's Court, so the little fish that live there, and only there, can continue to do so. Are they called "pup fish"? But the people who were determined to "protect" the caribou in a part of Alaska, have killed the local wolves! No restrictions have been placed on hunters with guns! Did you ever hear of a human hunter who picked the weakest, smallest, and sick, among the herd, as wolves always do? Doesn't a man with a gun always seek the finest biggest specimen, "the head will look great on the wall!" With the wolves gone, the days of the caribou are numbered. It was the wolves that kept the balance. It is man, the culprit, who upsets things.

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Among the purple finches and "House" finches a few yellow topped finches have started to appear. Instead of a wash of vin rosé, these sport a topping of yellow chartreuse! They came originally from islands of the south and southwest Pacific. Like the linnets, they were released by pet shop keepers, and they have adjusted to our climate. Without any natural enemies they may become pests! The



colours of the Hawaiian finches run from yellow into orange, while the rice finche is just yellow ( where the purples are purple!). They eat every kind of thing, preferring, naturally, the most expensive: thistle seeds.

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In the late 1960s we read that the 1970s would be a decade of earthquakes. So far there have been 22 quakes with readings of 6.6 or higher. We also read that the Chinese can tell where and when. (Which calls to mind the quip of pre-War 2-- "Damned clever, these Chinese"). Do you know what else is back? Manners! Etiquette. Little girls who curtsy, little boys who bow! Every one wearing white gloves when they dance together, the girls in Mary Janes, the boys in trousers, jackets, neckties etc. All sorts of almost forgotten things! One wonders how long it will take to spread like a lovely disease across the land. The blue jean jag has been a phenomenon--for the first time in history the clothes of the poor have crept up onto the backs of the rich. Now with everything upside-down, the haves are enjoying patched pantz.

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June 27th. The Tall Ships picnic at the Sanct. came off without a hitch, except that we had 25 cadets instead of the expected 80. They would not have gone to Mystic had they realized what beautiful girls were waiting for them in the orchard--and what mountains of food. As usual, the members of the NBS came crashing through to give and to work and to clean up. You're darned nice people! So thanks a lot, you're wonderful!

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If you plan to go back country packing, permits are required in 39 National Forests. Write to " Back Country Information" at the parks you plan to visit. Permits are also required for trips on rivers flowing thru 6 Park areas. The reason? Packers have been so dirty, thoughtless and selfish in the past, the Services want to know who is where and when. If you go, leave a clean spot behind you, even if you found it a mess!

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Want to turn an honest buck this summer. How about running the gift shop at NBS on a share-the-profit basis. Part time job, 1-4:30 Weds-Suns. You can swim every morning, and sail all Mon and Tues! Call Mrs Fearless Leader--846-9740

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Do you realize that had the winter of Valley Forge been less fierce, Washington would have beaten the British mercenaries sooner, and we'd be over our Bicentennial celebration by now! Hang in there!(But aren't the Tall Ships somethin'!)