

Dear Members! How does it feel to own a piece of the Rock? And dear Friends — you too can own a piece — it's simple — just become members! Our Rock is Hanging Rock, of course.

The membership drive is tooting along, like a locomotive gathering speed. We'd like more members, and more members, and more members. Can you believe it, there are people whose windows overlook Sanctuary land, whose feet have never trod one inch of our 15 miles of trails? One of them said, on becoming a member, "You know, it's too close!" Dear Friends, don't ask us to move to the West Coast — we can't. Just change your status and become a member!

The little book, which is to go to all members who give \$25.00 and up, is written and illustrated, but it seems there is more to the publishing of a book than meets the eye! So please, Generous Ones, be patient while we amateurs wrassel with the ins and outs of publishing. It really is a charming book (if we do say so as shouldn't) and we believe it is worth waiting for. Besides its charm it is painlessly instructive. The N.B. has never lived anywhere except around Sanctuary land, but in ~~re~~searching the book this Bird learned a lot! Until you read it you'll have no idea what an extraordinary Sanctuary we have. There is no other in the world like ours! If you can't afford a book, treat yourself to a guided tour — for members it is free — for friends, it will cost one dollar.

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A whole edition of the Flyer should be given over in an attempt to express thanks to the many devoted people who have served on the N.B.S.'s Advisory Board in years passed. They have been thanked by letter when their terms of office have expired but it seems appropriate to thank them publicly-altho' to name them all is impossible! Each one, putting in endless hours of what may have seemed unproductive work at the time, must now explode with pride. Casting back to the beginnings of the Sanctuary — establishing trails by hand clipping cat briar, among many labourious jobs — look at The Big Job of today! Classes, lectures, lessons, guided tours, thousands of visitors learning good things in a most pleasant fashion and in a setting that defies description! On the foundation stones you laid, good friends, the Sanctuary continues to grow. Bless you, everyone. And thank you.

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Twenty-six poeple gathered to observe the Nuptial Flights of the Woodcock on March 14. They were so intrigued by the bizarre courtship that a second walk was requested for the following day. If you missed it, put it down in your 5-year diary — mid-March at sunset. That seems to be a busy time in the bird world. The buzzards came back to Hinckly, Ohio, on March 15, and the swans came back to us. I don't think swans are faithful to calendars, but they are faithful to each other — they mate for life. Have you ever notice how swans fly? The cob with his body between his Lady and the Plague of the Planet, to protect her from the dangers of the earth. Chivalry is not dead!

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For weeks the personnel at the Barn felt as parents the world over must feel, who have seemingly unmarriable daughters. We had Racquelle Raccoon. We thought she was a love. But it did look as though no Raccoon fellas thought so. Then one



Spring day Racquelle was gone. For days and nights she was out on the Sanctuary, and we were worried sick! She has no fear of dogs — and there are always dogs, hawks, foxes, cars speeding through the night, horrid humans. Oh dear, oh dear — Would she have sense enough to eat? Five days later she was back! We were happy, and sorry, to see her. After the first raptuous greetings she turned into a Witch. She hissed and snarled, she nipped and chased people — she bit. When she asked to be let into her cage, she would not go in; when she was in, she would not come out — in short she behaved like a Total Female. And why shouldn't she? Our Racquelle is enciente. Accouchement date — last week in May.

Grandparents, move over and let us new ones in.

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People are constantly bringing injured or lost animals to the Barn. Most of these problems are blissfully resolved. In health and strength they are returned to their native haunts. Last Fall found us with a skunk and a possum not old enough to go it alone, or to spend the winter in the cold damp of the Barn, as Racquelle could. The question was what to do with these two problems? The answer came from two of our young volunteers — our Problems went to College! Warmer weather and Spring holidays brought the Problems back to the Barn. Dominic O. Possum is, without a doubt, the handsomest possum ever! No possum in this world has a silkier coat or a pinkier nose. No possum ever had greater affection for humans — he clings with tail and all four paws! And Peppi Skunk, without a scent to his name is the most glorious skunk one ever saw in one's whole life. Never was there a more noble creature — spoiled beyond belief but gorgeous! He, too, is affectionate, soft and cuddly — all 22 pounds of him! It's a bit much for a skunk to weigh — a diet of hot dogs did it. And that same diet made him shine! His coat shines, his eyes and black nose shine, his sunny disposition shines. And as for his tail! — no knight in bygone days had a plume to compare with the plume our Peppi sports.

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In early Spring there was an exhibition of outdoor things — sailing, camping, fishing equipment. It was held at the Navy Base. People had a chance to see the latest gadgets for happy holidaying in the out-of-doors. A modest exhibit in one corner arranged by the N.B.S. had delighted viewers packed 10 deep around—our exhibit was alive! Racquelle, Peppi, Dominic and Hooter (Of Course, he's an OWL!)

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White-crowned sparrows have begun to breed along our coast. These rare (for us) birds are easy to spot. With black and white striped heads, they are quite the most striking of the sparrow tribe.

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On Easter Eve an announcement on radio told of an Easter Service to be held in N. Y. with a "simulated sun rise". Ye Gods! How horrible! Our precious country is rapidly becoming a Land of Superior Substitutues — substitutes for butter, for cream, for meat, for orange juice, etc. ad infinitum. But a substitute for a sun rise? Perhaps N.Y.C. is full of poor souls who have never seen a sun rise. Have you? Get Tup. Get Tup! Hie yourself one morning early to one of the beaches and see the sun come up! A sun rise is all enveloping — you and the world are wrapped in colour! Get Tup, Get Tup! Don't deprive yourself of an unforgettable experience.



As we waited for Apollo XIV to blast off we saw pictures taken by the crew of Apollo XII on our TV, and it has been estimated that more people have seen the pictures of "Earth Rise" than have seen a real sun rise.

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People ask "What good does space exploration do us? All that money for what? Ball point pens? Freezer-to-oven dishes? Impersonal monitoring of the very ill?" The N.B. does not know the answer, but perhaps one picture may snap us to attention. Our astronauts have given us a picture of a blue and gold planet wreathed in white clouds. From black outer space where all is dead — colourless — endless miles of rock — parched dust — airless — totally alien to life — our astronauts have brought us a picture of a little planet. Our Earth — warm — full of sun-kissed life — greened by rain — girdled by lapping azure oceans. A place of life, a place to cherish. Perhaps we will begin to cherish, protect and polish our lapis lazuli planet — our spinning jewel. Perhaps we will begin to appreciate Earth — to show our appreciation and our thanks by our actions. Then the billions spent will be worth it, for generations to come.

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#### ON-GOING AND COMING EVENTS

Sundays — Nature Walks at 6:00 p.m., starting May 9th through the summer  
Saturdays — Bird Walks at 6:00 a.m., May 8 through June 26th  
Wednesdays in July only, Nature Films in the Barn at 8:00 p.m.

For members, these are free; non-members could save by joining! Spring Program for Middletown Schools, April and May. Thirteen classes of 6th graders, each will have 12 hours of instruction in nature, conservation and ecology courses. Six volunteers who were guided to us by V.I.A., having undergone intensive training, will do the teaching. Nature trippers from the Massachusetts Audubon Society will be coming to us in May and June (Our fame is spreading!)

Patrolling of the vast Sanctuary grounds is going much easier now thanks to the gift of a Walkie-talkie radio! Another gift is the repair of the dam — both much needed, and appreciated.

#### NATURE DAY CAMP FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Classes are limited in size — on rainy days the Barn must cover all. Charge; \$10.00 per week per child, even for members. This year a child may attend more than one week.

Each weekly session — Monday through Friday, 9:00 a.m. to 12:00 Noon.  
Starting June 29th and ending August 6th.

STAFF is trained and under the supervision of Mr. Gardner, Director.

REQUIREMENTS: Healthy children entering grades 1-6 in the Fall of '71. We recommend a tetanus shot as a precautionary measure.

PROGRAM'S AIM: is to develop an appreciation for the wonders, beauties and the importance of the natural world. Since this is best achieved through first-hand experience, each child is given the opportunity to make his own discoveries by daily exploring the Sanctuary's 450 acres of woods, fields, ponds, shores and rocks. A TYPICAL DAY starts at the Barn with orientation of the activities for the day; followed by a hike-with-a-purpose. It ends back at the Barn where the material collected is identified, preserved or peered at through a microscope or whatever!



Live animals are handled and cared for. Natural materials are used in craft work. Facts and fables are untangled so an understanding of things replaces fear.

EQUIPMENT: A box with a cover - like a cigar box, is a must for the collection of insects on the hikes. Hand lenses, field glasses and nets are optional.

CLOTHES; Levis and sneakers.

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If you are not a member of the Sanctuary, do join! We'd love to have you and we know you'd love the place once you were introduced. As a member you are free to wander through the peace, and quiet - just think of it - no telephone bells ring in the Sanctuary! No horns honk - geese may, but horns, no. No traffic tangles; no smog; lots of room to flex your muscles. A single membership is \$5.00, a Family membership is \$10.00. A Patron is a \$100.00 and a Super Patron is \$500.00 and up. Didn't I tell you that Super Patrons were Not servered head dreams? Didn't I tell you that they had only to be found? They Do exist! We have two of those rare birds already! We need more! And we want dozens and dozens more single and family memberships. It really is rather nice that no Foundation funded the Sanctuary - if we do it ourselves we'll be prouder of it than we would be if someone just handed it to us done up in ribbons.

Checks payable to the "Norman Bird Sanctuary" are tax deductible.

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