

Hi! In May birds flew in all directions trailing bits of housing material in their beaks. A finch flew over the bushes with a kleenex, no doubt her young are resting on white sheets right now! Three sparrows had a terrible fight over a castoff feather, and got entrapped under the board walk at the gate to Drury Ct. (Rescued without the feather!) All the brushings from dogs (and combings from brushes, have gone to nests) A knot in a cotton clothes line was worried into fluff by a persistent linnet. Cardinal boys were simply charming to their ladies, forgetful that they beat them off from food last winter! Squirrels, hungry for a change in diet, have been up in maples eating tender buds. A robust robin fearlessly challenged his own image in a hubcap--even circling the wheel to call him out! Violets and apple blossoms gave way to daisies, buttercups, clover, wild roses and honeysuckle. Woodthrush fill the forest with unbelievable music while mourning doves call across the fields in minor key. Warblers--if you can tell one from another--congratulations! The ones nesting east of Drury Ct. are Prairie warblers. Along the trails in early morning, journeys of animals can be seen in the dew--little lines made by voles or mice, bigger ones by raccoons. Then, too, there are the little spots--dew free--that mean a fox passed this way and got wet feet! What a heavenly spot Mrs. Cerio gave us all.

The Sanct. is in its loveliest form in Spring (not quite up to Fall or Winter or Summer, but lovely!) Stand under a tender leafed tree and look up to the sky above the fragile green. Or watch a fern grow, from tight scroll, thrusting up & unwinding as it goes to tall fernhood. It was Antonio Stradivari who, as a boy in mid 1600s, noticed this and carved these fiddleheads as ends for his stringed instruments! Nature is so beautiful it's copied! The trails are in A+ condition. The paths are manicured. Perfumes delight the nose, soft grass the feet, Spring azures please the eyes, as gold finches delicately eat seeds from the silver globes of by-gone dandelions.

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The Sanct's programs on Channel 36 came to an end in mid May. A summer staffer has written answers to all the questions asked by the pupils & mailed in. Buses carrying the students started rolling in around May 15. The oldest group of students? A busfull from Harvard came for a field trip. The youngest? Kindergartens from around R.I. But mostly students were of the age that best retains impressions--age 12. Scouts and clubs with specialized interests make up a crowded calendar.

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The site of the animal house is staked out on the ground running west from the Barn-Museum. The Sanct. relies almost entirely on volunteers, and they are getting scarcer than hen's teeth what with everybody working to put coffee in the cup. That's why things move so--well--would "oddly" be an acceptable word? Unpredictably. The aerie has taken a few jumps onward. You got to believe, one day it will be finished. One day we will have a barn raisin'. You've got to believe.

\* \* \*

About 30 families have garden plots, neatly planted, awaiting rain. When the farmers plant their corn we hope that they will remember to plant--



"One for the field mouse, One for the crow, one for the raccoon and one to grow". Then later when the ears are forming, red pepper in the milk will keep the coons away. Birds love scarecrows! There are three in one field now,---two "Humans" and one "owl". He stares out from yellow plastic eyes across the territory he is guarding. One is reminded of "Hiawatha's lanterns-eyes that lighten up the wigwam" except that her wigwam lighter was a saw-whet and was alive!

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Now is the time for babies. Twin brown rabbits are being fed by eye dropper at The Sanct. If you should fall heir to such a responsibility, feed them---its fun. (Milk plus a bit of sugar). Baby birds will be falling out of nest any minute now. You do know---- the parents know all about their child. So, leave the young alone. However, if night is falling, (and cats are gathering from the entire county) bring the birdling in. A shoe box partly filled with torn paper, grass, leaves, or whatever else comes to hand that will be soft, provide warmth, and easily replaced when cleaning time comes round. A match stick or twig, a can of dog food, and you as attendant, will sustain life. You may have to poke food in at first--after all you don't look like a lost parent. But after a bit the mouth will open, then you poke food in. When enuff is enuff, the bird will sleep. As fluff turns to feathers let him feed himself. When fluff is gone, take bird and food outdoor, bird in the bush, food on the ground. The longer you put food out the slower he'll be in learning to hunt. Of course if he is injured, take the problem to Fearless Leader. If you have a predator or a crow--you may not keep it. Again, to Fearless Leader. (Poe says "Hi") There are many lovely people who have keep birds as pets and thoroughly enjoyed them. Charming companions for people who will stay at home, are robins, some sparrows, a starling and a ringneck dove that have made the news one way or another. Do remember, milk & bread are human nutrients, not for birds!

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The oldest known snake in the world is dead. Popeye, a boa constrictor, resident of the NY Zoo was mercifully released from his many ailments at the age of 40. We do so hope he did not have arthritis of the spine as one of his complaints. Since dear old Wisteria Mood Indigo died, the Sanct has been without a pet snake. No more! Tut has arrived. (King Snake) He is much smaller than an indigo, but the children love him dearly. How many little ones have learned a respect for life--all life, whether it runs, flies, hops, swims or crawls, because of their contacts at The Sanctuary! And how many of them carry that knowledge home! With your help the Sanct has done wonders.

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Thanks to The International Salmon Foundation, and the 200 mile fishing limit, we will find salmon in the markets in June. Every year the Foundation has stocked the Atlantic fishing grounds with fingerlings, only to have them end up in the Scandinavian countries! This year we will get to eat them. It's been a long, long time.

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On the local winery shelves one can find, today, a new lable. Picture a stylized R.I. Red hen, and underneath the printing "Rhode Island Red Wine (or Narragansett White) Grown and Bottled by the Sakonnet Vinyards, Little Compton, R.I." Narragansett White may be called "Aurora" after the grape.

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So much news, programs etc. that this issue is short!

Humour: A definition of Aging --- It is a progression from cock sure know it all, to thoughtful uncertainty.



NORMAN BIRD SANCTUARY SUMMER CAMP  
PROGRAM

Nature Day Camp for students aged 6-12

Six one week sessions from: 9:00 to 12:00, Monday thru Fri.

\*Session 1 -----June 27th to July 1st  
\*Session 2 -----July 5th to July 8th  
\*Session 3 -----July 11th to July 15th  
Session 4 -----July 18th to July 22nd  
Session 5 -----July 25th to July 29th  
Session 6 -----Aug. 1st to Aug. 5th

\* During these sessions we will have classes for children entering kindergarten.

COST : Members \$15.00 per session Non-Members \$20.00  
Except for session 2 which is \$12.00 members, \$15.00 non-members.

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A two week sea, beach and shore study for ages 11-15 starting Aug. 1st thru Aug. 12th, Monday thru Friday, 9:00 AM to 3:00 PM

COST : Members \$50.00 Non-members \$75.00

REGISTRATION BY MAIL

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NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

AGE \_\_\_\_\_

SESSION 1. \_\_\_\_\_  
2. \_\_\_\_\_  
3. \_\_\_\_\_  
4. \_\_\_\_\_  
5. \_\_\_\_\_  
6. \_\_\_\_\_

SEA STUDY \_\_\_\_\_

All checks payable to: Norman Bird Sanctuary