

Hello again!

All the programs scheduled for the Sanctuary's summer are successfully under-way. The Day Camp—bursting at the seams, taught by two full fledged teachers, comes to a close August 6th. The membership list grows steadily. The dues are being held in escrow until they are great enough to allow us to rebuild a shed. Then we'll have a winter classroom! Members! One hundred and ten dollars of your money has been spent for WATER. We have it! What a joy drinking water is! The unbelievable goo from the cistern is used only for the lovely flower garden given by the Garden Club of Middletown. Gifts of ancient but honourable stove and refrigerator, plus willing hands and know-how produced a tiny kitchen. A young man sleeps in to prevent vandalism (bunk room is off the office). An unauthorized peek into refrigerator reveals food for humans and chicken necks for Hooter! The spring flood of parentless wild life, handfed to independence, has flown, hopped or scampered off to be about their businesses. "The Book" has arrived, mailed out, mistakes and all to those who gave \$25.00 worth of Wealth, Wisdom or Work. The Film Festival was a great success and is over 'til next summer.

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A "graduate" of the Sanctuary has decided to become a veterinarian. His first assignment on his own was as obstetrician to a sow. It was a very difficult birth — 15 piglets were born, the afterbirth was complicated — the whole affair exhausting. It was over in the wee hours and he put in a call to his mother to tell her of the ordeal. When the recital was over he asked, "Mother, did you have a hard time when I was born?" Her denial brought the answer, "O wow Mom! That's swell!" (That's the kind of fellow the Sanctuary grows!)

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Racquelle Raccoon is a wild animal. Her sweet disposition was returning — we thought. Until one day she turned and murdered Lindberg (a seagull). Lindberg had been tenderly cared for since egghood practically. After the tragedy Racquelle's future was decided unemotionally. She was carted away to a lovely woodsie place, on the Main Land, and left. Unless she can swim she won't be back. This is not as cruel as it may seem, — she can "cope," she can defend herself, she can feed herself. It is much more cruel to cage her than to let her go. With the closing of the Racquelle Incident the N.B. can't warn too strongly against making pets out of wild animals. Tragedy lies in store for most of them, and broken hearts for humans. But we shall miss Racquelle. She will miss only our lollipops.

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The Sanctuary extended its hospitality to a pet fox. As a cub it was found injured by kind people who nursed it to health. After a year of being housebound by virtue of having a fox — no kennel would board one — the kind people begged for a weekend off. The Sanctuary fox-sat.

The Organic Garden, hewed out of virgin soil, mulched, fertilized and seeded a natural, planted with high hopes of a gloriously productive, revenue-raising, instructive, project, was totally consumed by those dear little rabbits. What a feast they had! Cauliflower, carrots, beets, eggplant, brussel sprouts, corn, you name it—they ate it. To think of the miles the volunteers hauled manure, seaweed and mulch in wheel barrows (having no truck) and all the seed flats, planted, watered then toughened in the cool spring air. Not to mention plowing, harrowing, weeding, planting — the corn had been planted Indian fashion — in a mound around dead fish — all that, for rabbits.



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The ruby throated hummingbird is the only hummer we have in New England, altho' there are 163 varieties of them south of the Equator. Our lovely visitor is our smallest bird. A ruby throat makes its nest from the fuzz of the stalk of cinnamon fern-held together with spider webs and camouflaged with bits of lichen. This home is the size of a goodly walnut and is wedged into the fork of two twigs so it looks like a bump growing there.

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The exhibits in the Museum are changing constantly. Go, peer into a tunnel and see at the far end, the nest, bird and eggs of a kingfisher! Look at a stone, press a button and see--the inside of the stone! Fascinating. Up to, and through the time of Elizabeth I, Queen of England, grass was not used for lawns. Instead herbs were used, and violets. Bacon writes,-- "Therefore you are to set whole allies(paths) of them to have the Pleasure when you walk". Shakespeare has Falstaff say, of camomile "the more it is trod upon the faster it grows." There is still an herb lawn at Buckingham Palace--thyme. Even our ordinary grass lawns yield up things of interest -- search out the tiny leaves of sorrel, wash and pop into salads. Afterall a weed is only a plant "whose nutritional value has not been established" -- altho' Slavic people have known about sorrel soup for summer eating, for ages.

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Humans are such interesting things! Consider the human skin. A miracle of engineering--its lets out moisture and air while allowing none in. Dispite varying skin colours, how pallid humans are compared to - a salmon or a cock pheasant! What human skin changes from silver pink to silver blue as does a salmon's skin? Or gleams as does the breast of a cock? Mr. America bulges with muscles that are puny (in relation to his size) with the leg muscles of a flea. Man runs The Mile in four minutes and Cheetahs have been clocked at 75 m.p.r. Man jumps through the air and kangaroos outjump him. Man studies aerodynamics, and he flies, while bees, according to the laws of aerodynamics, can't fly. Man discovers sonar while porpoises laugh--and radar, while bats fly through the blades of fans! What does man have that is superior? His brain. And doesn't he use it marvelously well!

The Japanese yen for the almighty yen may do us all in. Their Parliament has passed a law that permits work to slow or cease when noise or air pollution levels are too high. The ear drums involved are Japanese but the oxygen is not.

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#### Comforting Thought Department

All that poison gas dumped into the ocean off Bermuda a year ago August is not disturbing life in that area. Research shows fish and seaweeds growing well. The Red Tide that plagues Florida is from an organism; dead it produces an acid that kills. The first Red Tide was years before we dumped our man-made poison gasses.

Moles burrow through the earth only 150 feet from their places of birth--yet have burrowed across every continent of the world except Antartica. As they burrow they have to move backwards in the tunnels, and, it should be comfortable to know, their fur lies flat in both directions!