

Hi! Long time, no letter. Sorry about that. And what has happened at The Sanct. since Letter No. 51? Wow! On April 1st a temporary director arrived and right away the flag went up, the lawns and trails were mowed, the trim was painted. New signs put up along the trails, old ones refreshed with new paint. Caged animals were released as soon as possible. Fledglings arrived, were cared for and released. New born squirrels, rabbits etc. were cradled in his shirt pockets for warmth. It wasn't long before everyone said, "He's for us". So Robert Hinckley became our permanent director. He's quite a fellow. You must meet him if you haven't already. There is nothing he doesn't know about birds, having been top banana in the bird part of Lincoln Park Zoo, Chicago. There isn't much he doesn't know anyhow! He even knows why the French never eat full grown lima beans! Ask him-he'll tell you! His background is formidable.

This paragraph is special, (so Bob can cut it out and mail it to his Mother on Cape Cod.) And furthermore, Bob Hinckley is a gentleman.

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Along with all the "neatin'up" activities, the school buses still came rolling in, before and after the six weeks of summer camp had zipped along. Two botanists from different colleges have studied the various species on our land. Their reports will make mighty interesting reading when we get them. The E.P.A. has been called in to test all our different kinds of water. The Youth Conservation Corps shored up the bridge across Red Maple Swamp's dam, built stone walks in marshy places on the trails, and fixed the access board walk to Grey Craig Pond (in exchange for wild life instruction.) The Ed Shed has a new sky light & a wood burning stove that will eliminate the use of electricity for heating entirely in that building. A dead tree on a neighbour's land is being cut to fuel the burner. A new hot water heater was needed, is installed and highly insulated. These are some of the things that have happened recently.

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This is the season of the year when some of us love the Sanctuary best. Green paths are lined with golden rod--going to seed. Asters nod deep purple heads over grey stone walls at the humble butter and eggs growing below--both are going to seed. Ironweed and thistle have mostly given up

their seeds to feed young goldfinches. Some of the grasses have lost their seeds to the wind, some will hold them until birds extract them in the winter. Berries are everywhere, but missing are the usually abundant crabapples. Bees don't like rain so maybe it rained when the crabapple pollen was ripe. They were busy indeed when the pollen was ready in the autumn olive bushes. We read somewhere that over 120 species of birds eat autumn olives. We do not have all 120 species, but we do right well—the bushes are alive with birds. And colour! it doesn't show at all from the road, but down in the Sanct. the woodbine is so brilliant in the sun, it makes the very air around it red. Yellow maples do the same to the air. How could a human ever re-create that dazzle with mere paint?

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A small flight of hummingbirds went through in August, and caught us with our sugar syrup down. Did you know a hummer weighs as much as a dime? In mid-September a flutter of monarch butterflies went through on their migration to Acapulco, Mexico. Just think of it—they summered on the tundra in Alaska! On fair days now, if we look we may see osprey circling high above before they start their journey to the south. Thanks to the dedication of a few humans along the coast, osprey are making a comeback. And it is good to see flocks of hen pheasants again. Largely due to efforts of you members who wrote Natural Resources, the laws were changed back again to protect the hens. One other thing we must guard against—in purchasing suede goods, be sure the suede is lamb skin. We have no laws concerning the importing of suedes, so skins of baby seals killed off the coast of Canada by Canadians and Norwegians, are being treated and sold in this country as suede. The outcry against the killing of seals has reduced the price of a pelt from \$30.00 to \$10. Keep the pressure up! Take the profit away and the slaughter will cease.

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Isn't it nice, in a world of endangered species, to read about a completely "new" one? Accidentally dredged up from the depths near Hawaii, and accidentally killed in the process, was a "new" shark. As it was D.O.A., it gave scientists a chance to study it. It is being called "Megamouth" because it

has a big mouth!. The inside of this big mouth is a silvery lining containing the light producing photophores of fish that swim slowly, at great depths with their bio-luminous mouths open attracting tiny shrimp-like food. They were found in Megamouth's tummy. His teeth are small and his gill - arches fringed. So, altho' he is 15 feet long and weighs 1,600 pounds---one of the big sharks---he is not a man eater. At his depth of 500-2000 feet, there just aren't many men to eat.

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Ocean ranching salmon is a going business. Did you enjoy the fresh salmon in the markets last June-July?. They came from the Oregon Aqua Foods Co. Starting with a fish hatchery in 1971, they soon found their system of keeping "smolts" to pan-sized fish was not profitable. The company then approached the problem from the known fact that salmon return to their birth place to spawn. Some salmon eggs were removed to streams that the company controls. (The company is a subsidiary of Weyerhaeuser Lumber). Now they are in the money despite the fact that they loose 98% of their live stock each year! Between 2000-6000 eggs are laid, depending on the mother's size.

An adult coho salmon weighs 6-10 lbs. A chinook runs 30-40 lbs. When the eggs are hatched the tiny fish, called 'alevins' at this point---burrow back into the gravel that was their birthplace. For 4-6 weeks they are nourished by egg sacks on their bodies. When that is gone hunger brings them out into the stream---at this point they are called 'smolts'. They will spend 15 or so months in their native fresh water stream, memorizing the characteristics of the mother stream, (called 'imprinting'). Then the young salmon set out for the sea, adjusting themselves to salt water. They will swim north to the Bering Sea or southward to California, where they will live $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 years, again depending on species. At spawning time they will re-enter the parent stream. The female lays her eggs, the male supplies the milt, then the parents lives are ended. It was at this point the Aqua Co, took eggs originally, to grow under control until their own streams were imprinted on each new generation.

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COMING EVENTS

The Harvest Fair. . . . Oct 14-15

Pat Hegnauer, whose baby the Fair was from it's inception, is happily up to her talented eye brows in theater! Louisa Tower has taken over and there will be a Fair. It's coming right down the wire at us. So for Pete's sake- Bake, Knit, Whittle, Tat, Paint, Sculpt, Pickle, whatever is your thing, do it for The Sanct!

Halloween Party. Oct 28th. Call 846-2577

for details.

Bird Walks. Sundays at 8 a.m. through November

Thanksgiving Day Bird Walk at 9 a.m.

Here's a toast to all those we love.

Here's a toast to all those who love us.

Here's a toast to all those that love them that love those that love us.

Use your head. Remember it is the little things that count.

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