

Hi! Walks along the Sanct's trails this fall were noisy affairs! Under foot the leaves scrunched in a satisfactory manner, but it was impossible to creep up on a rabbit. Most leaves were brown and sere altho' one could imagine a generous gem cutter had scattered wafers cut from carnelians, rubies, topaz, emeralds, jades, nephrites and malachites. He carelessly dropped them along with red coral "beads" from the American hollies. It reminds one of the secret of the beauty of Oriental rugs, illuminated manuscripts and old stain glass--clashing colours put together on a one-colour background for brilliance. Fern fronds stand brown and dry, but oh, what a beautiful brown! Golden rod hold up their seeds to the wind and birds, looking for all the world like olde tyme dusters, full of dust. Dark green junipers are decked all over with cobalt blue berries while an old leafless crabapple bears fruit of muted gold. And over all this beauty, fewer and fewer birds fly south. With summer birds gone we notice the year 'rounders, cardinals, finches and jays provide the colour, while juncos, chickadees and mockers show us that soft colours are chic.

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New signs along the trails are bright with fresh paint, carved and painted by a volunteer. No one can possibly get lost! Some new trails are being cut. One down near the Quarry and another from Alfalfa Field to Woodcock trail. Director Bob wants to lift the flat walk to the Quarry up higher on that hillside. It would take us through a different habitat and give us a view of Hanging Rock, Purgatory, Elephant Rock and Whetstone to Rough Pt. with the Atlantic's horizon, and Gardiner Pond, laying placid beneath our unobstructed skies, all around to Sachuest Pt.

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The Sanct, is blest with friends like you. You are both fair and foul weather friends. Opening day of the Fair, in the pouring rain, about one car each minute turned to park on Alfalfa Field. In foul weather gear you went around from tent to tent. The very sight of you kept spirits up! Of course, next day with the sun out full, no one had time to think of spirits! Alfalfa Field filled up, cars lined both sides of Third Beach Rd., and into the the hayfield on Hanging Rock Rd. A big group came out for the cocktail party in our old Barn, which was most charmingly decorated. Good food, good drink, good cause! (Financial statements enclosed)

The Halloween Party was a shrieking success! Two hundred and fifty kids-give or take a few! There were games & food, and food and games. Towards the end, Darth Vader arrived! No one noticed he was the same height as Bob. Before the party came to a close, the gang walked down through the pitchy black of night to the grave yard. There amid flickering lights in the cemetery, a wispy white ghost riz up from among the grave stones! One biggish boy remarked that that wasn't so scary. His younger friends said, "Golly, yes it was. I was so scared I wet my pants".

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Last Spring Susan Carter taught at The Sanct. She left for St. George's Island in the Pribiloff's to study fur seal behavior. The year before 185 seals had been tagged. Part of her job was to check on them, then from behind a blind nearby observe the play behaviour of the subadults. They are sexually mature at 8 or 9 years. Then all playful bitings and pushings stop and the seals maintain their breeding grounds. St. George Island is a basaltic land with cliffs rising 1,052 feet above sea level, coned shaped hills and no trees. On the tundra Susan saw such interesting birds as grey crowned rosy finches, snow buntings, lapland long spurs, rock sand pipers and many arctic foxes. Nesting birds observed included parakeet crested awklets, tufted and horned puffins, red & black legged kittiwakes, thick billed & common murrelets & fulmars. Still she wants to come back to our Sanct! She misses our sunsets (thru the mists she saw a sunset once, in 6 weeks, it set at midnight and rose again at 5 a.m.). She says she's coming back & stay for the whole season. She wonders if the oak leaves ever came out, and if Chris, the great horned owl we had, was ever freed. The answer to both is yes. Chris was freed in early November. He came back to hoot a bit at Bob, but he never came back for food. We have another great horned who had a rocky beginning, bought by two boys from a man who kept him in a cellar! He will be airborne one day when he too has been taught to hunt by Bob, as Chris was taught to do.

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Polypropylene is a waste product that we have been throwing away to the tune of 2 billion gals. a year! It is what is left after the product we call plastic has been developed. It has been discovered that this waste can be, cheaply and easily made into high quality fuel oil!

Blount Seafood people, who started an experimental oyster bed on Prudence 2 years ago, has reaped a harvest there from of $\frac{1}{2}$ ton of oysters! Starting with some vertical grids and a handful of seed oysters in a salt pond, it speaks well for the nutrient qualities of Narragansett Bay. But then, we knew our Bay was somethin' special, & we recall Jacques Cousteau telling us years ago that our Bay was paramount in importance to the whole Atlantic fish industry. (Just count the "Save The Bay" bumper stickers!)

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George Berkeley, great 18th century philosopher, who built his house in Middletown in 1729, did a lot of thinking and writing under Hanging Rock, while the ocean crashed below, couldn't write about "time". "When I attempt to frame a simple idea of time" he wrote, "I am lost and embrangled in inextricable difficulties." We get embrangled too as we toss about words like eons and light years. So we should be helped by Louis Agassiz, 19th century Swiss naturalist (he taught at Harvard, his wife founded Pembroke, and they built a house in Newport--we know it as Castle Hill Hotel, one of the loveliest hotels in New England!) He told his classes--"The world is older than we think. Its age is as if one were gently to rub a silk kerchief across Plymouth Rock once a year until it were reduce to a pebble."

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Cecil B. deMille, producer of movie spectaculars, witnessed a spectacular by Nature that left him breathless. Seated by a pond one day he saw a huge and black beetle climb out of the mud to a dry sunny spot, where it seemed to die. Within moments its back split open and there came out a mass that was transformed in seconds to a glistening dragonfly, with wings of a thousand glittering colours. "Before my eyes" he wrote, "occurred a metamorphosis--the transformation of a hideous beetle into a gorgeous thing of beauty. It was a miracle. And the thought came to me that if the Creator works such wonders with the lowliest of creatures, what may not be in store for man?"

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This year the first snow came down on The Sanct. on Nov. 21. Folklore has it that we shall therefor have 21 days of snow this winter. So, children and skiers are happy while others wish that the snow had held off to Dec. 1st.

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With Thanksgiving behind us and more holidays ahead, we have three wishes for

you. 1) That you did not stuff yourself along with the turkey. 2) That Christmas brings you all your heart desires be it something for your outer being, or a contentment for your inner self (The greatest joy of all is in giving, not receiving!) And 3) That you remember on December 31st "He who hoots with the owls all night can not soar with the eagles in the morning".

Happy Holidays!

'Til 1979.

Finances: The Harvest Fair brought in about \$5,000.00 and the cocktail party, some \$700.00 !

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