

Hi! The first day of summer came, wrapped in fog. It was one of four days in a row of equal length, which is unusual. School is over. One would think that there might be a breather at the Sanctuary, but no -- there were orientation courses for teachers of the Nature Day Camp which started on June 25th. We have six teachers on salary and closed the enrollment at 45 pupils for the first week. As our trial week for kindergartners last year was a success, we have included their program again this year. The Sanctuary itself has been utter heaven with its perfumes all spring. The roses, honeysuckle, autumn olive, and clovers came hard on the clouds of apple blossoms and were almost put out of the arena by the smell of new mown hay. As the song says "It smells so sweet it darned near makes ya sick". But there is a pungency that saves the day -- the smell of cornell berry flowers and recurring whiffs of the forest floor!

The swamp pond if reflooded, to be dredged later in the Fall. The bridge across is slowly being rebuilt -- this time it should be vandal proof. HA! Spikes were inlaid in the concrete of the dam. 6" x 6" beams laid across and hammered down onto the spikes. The bridge to be built across this. It will take quite a bit of muscle to move the basic structure. The spillway for the water is under the bridge. Anyone wishing to plug it up will get very wet indeed. The duck pond on the east side of Third Beach Road is finished and slowly filling up with surface water. None too soon -- our 30 mallard ducks plus 10 other strays find the orchard pond too small. We really should name the new pond for convenience sake. Someone suggested "Pollee Pond" to honor Fearless Leader and spouse. We can't have "Gardner Pond" as we have "Gardiner Pond". How about "Lesser Gardner" or "Gardner Minor", "Upper Gardner"? Or should we honour our Benefactress, who died 25 years ago next year -- "Cerio Pond"? What do you think? The walks around this pond are far from finished. There are mounds of dredged up earth to be flattened into walks. One we would like to keep as is, seed it over and put a seat on top. From it one can see Hanging Rock, Purgatory, Elephant Rock, The Breakers, Second Beach and Sachuest Point. Quite a view! But the decision rests with the Soil Conservation Agency which has the final say in everything we do in land management. We shall try to keep the view!

Five gorgeous white geese guard our property against all comers. They are a bit too much as many a little leg has been nipped. Brave grownups flee in terror. They are in their new home at Quarry Pond. Norman, the bull, is growing, but still more baby than bull. He left in late June to join other bovines on a farm. He's been a nice boarder. Did you scratch his forehead as you went by? He loved that as he could not possibly scratch it himself. Henrietta, a bantam hen, had a nest in the shed that no one could find. She would dash out, eat, and disappear again. She most evidently was "setting". One day late in June a baby fell from the nest that was in the rafters! She, her nest, 4 other babies and 3 eggs were gathered and safely penned in the old office (which early in the spring became the Nursery). Here we thought we'd have eggs to eat! We have had a great assortment of baby birds -- all tumblers out of nests, all nicely raised on dog food or worms depending on their kind. One of the sweetest was a baby mocking bird. We have a veritable army of young volunteers to feed the multitudes. They do a crack-a-jack job too. The cages are clean, everything fed and watered, those that are allowed to roam do so until penned up at night. Everything's shipshape.



There was a most successful line dance for the college aged. They danced in the driveway, through the Barn-Museum and out into Drury Court! We didn't make any money, but that is not always the important thing is it?

A white tailed buck and doe have joined the wildlife in the Sanctuary! Please don't spread the word -- we don't want nasty people shooting OUR deer. The two came from the Roger Williams Zoo where they were doing badly -- skin and bones. They had a ride from Providence to the edge of Maple Swamp. They looked at the water, smelt it, drank, and plunged themselves into it! How long it must have been since they saw a body of water. They came in mid-June. Several people have sighted them and report that they are doing well. They'll be a great help in keeping the underbrush at bay.

Only 12% of our news publications have a policy of retracting errors -- this newsletter is one of them! # 17 Flyer reported incorrect news concerning the Osprey colony in Westport. Correction: 27 Osprey eggs were hatched, one baby was eaten by an owl, but 26 are doing well and give new hope for the Osprey population in our part of the world. The dedicated work and concern of the Westportites is paying off for the benefit of all of us. We have no such happy news to report about our Quail. They are a tricky bird to raise. We have one left. He will be taken to some part of the state where there are Quail and turned loose there. He will not be the only Quail on Aquidneck Island when Fall rolls round.

Wood Thrush have discovered the Sanctuary. Do put down in your 5 year diary-- "May - June: Walk a forest trail to hear the Wood Thrush". There is no human flautist who can duplicate their songs.

Since schools have closed the number of fatal accidents involving teenagers has risen alarmingly across the country. The death of a boy who graduated just two weeks before he sped to his death on Hanging Rock Road brings this horror close to us. As a large number of young people read this newsletter THE BIRD would like you to know some facts. Show-off driving is stupid. A car is a commonplace thing in this country -- there is one for every two people. Car accidents kill more Americans annually than were killed in ten years of war in Viet Nam. They cripple and scar millions more, annually. They cause financial ruin for those who struggle to pay hospital bills. For whom are the speed drivers showing off? Every car that is on the road is driven by a driver (most of us so sick of driving that we could scream!). The thought that "I have wheels therefore I AM FREE" is a false philosophy. You will be free when you have no family, no friends, no home, no cat to feed, no dog to pet, no car to fuel with gas and oil, no plant to water, no phone call to answer. In short, you will be free when you are all alone. When you drive a car, you are driving a potential instrument of death. If you don't care about yourself, how will you feel if you kill another person? Perhaps that person wanted most desperately to live! Your rights end where another persons rights begin. End of sermon. (P.S. In this country we drive on the right side of the road!)

There is enough wind blowing across The Plains area of our country to provide one half of the energy needs that we have. Why is it our elected officials always search out the most expensive and offensive ways of solving our problems? They scoff at the thought of using wind in the face of brown-nuts. If there is a dead calm one place there's bound to be a gale some place else.



"Consumers Report" asks interesting questions - "Do you need a trash compactor? What does it do other than compact 50 lbs. of trash into 50 lbs. of trash?" "Consumerism" is a brand new gown for old fashioned "thrif". Everybody always did want to get their money's worth.

Last week of June some 1600 invitations went out to, we hope, new members.. We have been told that a 1% answer is considered favorable, but we have reasons to believe that our return will be higher than that as so many addressees had asked to join! We are indebted to the committee who faithfully addressed the invitations but most especially we are grateful to Brain Sullivan and John & Jay Killian for providing us with the attractive invitations.

Of all funny things to bring us revenue: the Campers Park between 2nd and 3rd Beaches! People stuck down there in that rather dreary spot with nothing to do after swimming, eating and sleeping, find the Sanctuary a pleasant spot. They cheerfully fork out a buck a head to walk the trails.