

Hi! Late April into June is nest building time. The only birds around here that carry building material straight out in their beaks, are crows. They also are the only non-hawks that fly directly to their chosen sites--all others fly round about so as to confound their enemies. The smaller birds--chickadees, wrens etc. beak up their nest material (grass, twigs) pretty much dead center of each piece until each bill is full. Much collecting of shedded dog hair, to be used as lining for the nests, until the each bird flies off with a full blown mustache. Before May is over, raiding starts. Crows root through the fields and even wreck the nests of redwings after the eggs are eaten. Crows are butted and pecked in the air by redwings defending their nests. But if they are lost, the parents will turn to, and start another family!

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Crabapple trees are abundant in the Sanct. Beautiful in colour and generous in fruit for winter feeding--providing the rains allowed bees to do their job of pollenating! Dispite the rains, we made it to fireflies in May and hummingbirds in June! One walked on fallen petals of pink and white while the air smelled gently sweet of apple blossoms. On other trails the pungency of rich forest soil rises up to delight one's nose. Ferns, incurled are stately; flowers are everywhere. Joyful was the spread of wild anemones and columbines. These do not pick well, so leave and enjoy! The group that came out to study wildflowers numbered 25 and they stayed for almost 3 hours, in fog, drizzle and rain!

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Most of us know that there have been 2 lambs at the Sanct., but many do not know that there is a third. It is younger by several weeks, and it is blind. It seems most fitting that the sightless one is at our Sanctuary. Where else would time be taken to feed and care for a blind lamb? Some weeks ago it was taught to eat solid food, and since then has learned to crop grass just by listening to its pen-pals. There is a baby squirrel whose broken leg was splinted in cardboard to hold the limb firm. It had to be fed by hand as squirrels hold their food with two front paws. With one broken it could not grasp and hold food to its mouth. So Bob provided the missing hand, feeding pecans or chunk dry food until the baby was full. Never strike Bob on the chest! Never! You simply can not tell what may be in his shirt pocket! It maybe a small raccoon, a squirrel or a couple of rabbits. The other pocket is a larder filled with bottles of extreme small size, and nuts or dry dog food. Even blades of tender grass for a baby rabbitt or two.



The Sanct. does have a most marvelous membership! You are great! Here we asked you to consider your neighbour when walking your dog on Sanct.property. And you did! The trails are as clean as a whistle! School buses roll in, spill out students small in stature, vast in numbers, and all those little feet are free to step wherever they will, without collecting you know what! Sanctuary much. Our membership now is the largest ever—about 900 families.

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The program "From Sheep To Shawl" was a great success. Impossible to tell how many came as people wandered in and out from 10 to 4. Eight sheep were sheared. The 'Before & After' animals scarcely seemed to be the same creatures! Would that humans could lose weight that fast! The wool was carded, spun and woven by The Weavers' Guild. The sheep were from Bridge House, on Paradise. The older sheep remember and enjoy the shearing. The young ones struggle, but oh! how good they feel when they are relieved of their heavy winter overcoats! In colour they changed from a dirty brown to a lovely warm lanolin white. Compared to the trebble voices of the lambs, the visiting sheep were basso profundos!

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Since the beginning of time, according to mythology, man has yearned to fly "as free as a bird." Since Kittyhawk (1908) he has flown. But do read the following verse with birds' flight in mind—

## THE LITTLE AIRCRAFT

by Howard Nemerov

The little aircraft trudging through night, cloud, rain,  
Is neither alone nor lost amid the great  
Inverted ocean of the air, for a lane  
Invisible gives it intelligence,  
The crossing needles keep its heading right,  
The neutrally numbering voices of its friends  
Make of its blindness blind obedience,  
From one to another handing its destiny on  
The stages of the way with course and height  
Till finally it's funneled in and down  
Over the beacons along the narrowing beam,  
Perfectly trusting a wisdom not its own,  
That breaking out of cloud it may be come  
Back to this world and be born again,  
Into the valley of the flarepath, fallen home.

Atlantic Monthly, May 1979

Pitiful, aren't we?

Another panda bear has been born in a zoo in China. But if the mating of Nan Kan and Lan Lan in the Tokyo Zoo produces a baby in Oct. it will be the first panda ever born outside of China!

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Roger Tory Peterson, whose Bird Book lights up our lives, says we "Chickadee Watchers" have altered the life style of cardinals. They no longer migrate to the south because there are so many birdfeeders in the north. We did it! And, he says, the multitude of shopping centres landscaped with multiflora roses, causes mockingbirds to winter over too! Our local Malls are not so landscaped, but in Mrs. Cerio's walled garden there are 4 ancient white multiflora rose vines. One wonders if, perhaps, the horrifying spread of similar roses all over our Island is not because of mockers eating the pips of those roses. In winter, daily, there is a mockingbird breakfasting on one of those vines, right in front of our Barn!

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A farmer, who was really bothered by messy campers in his cow pasture, put up a sign which read--"This field is under RADIATION. Keep Out." They bothered him no more. The sun radiated upon his field, cows ate the grass which grew, and their milk was lovely!

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Signs of the times:      Restaurant      T-BONES    .75    with meat    \$7.50  
On Sailboat    "FOR SALE      Instant Fun--Just add water."

Definition of Middle age      That is when your narrow waist and your broad mind  
change places.

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Have a lovely summer. Remember that it is followed by the Harvest Fair, & that  
The Sanct. needs your handiworks to sell come October!