

Man, Oh Man, (and we refer to the species of Man)--what an autumn this has been! Even tho' it rained on our fair (for the third time.) We deserve a long, lovely fall, having survived our summer! For every day that the thermostat is quiet, one is grateful. After Indian Summer, despite the loss of leaves, we enjoyed honeysuckle, crabapples in sweet bloom, while in the garden pansies seemed to bloom forever. Even now, in warm spots, ironweed and dandelions bloom altho' Christmas has come and gone. Our colours now are Wyeth's--altho we have more, in that we have bright green paths, blue-green junipers and orange-reds of bittersweet, not to mention blue skies and waters! While overhead, migrations by the thousands, starting way back with hummingbirds, until the present flights of Canada geese. We had our area Bird Count Day, the Saturday before Christmas and 3000 geese in migration were sighted. There's something about the very call of geese that is exciting. Naturalists say that the single most exciting, social event in the life of a bird is migration! It certainly sounds so. And it is pleasanter to the ear than most human social events.

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We hope you caught a glimpse, at least, of the hawk migration. Winds helped by pushing them over our way! The most lovely sights were 3 ospreys circling until there were 7, and the three peregrin falcons that quartered our pastures looking for prey. It does seem the efforts to build up their numbers may be succeeding--if only they can survive the DDT used in countries south of us! One migration was not too pleasing--starlings! To think that all those starlings descend for 70 birds released in Central Park, 100 yrs ago, to combat the English sparrows! Gosh, wouldn't you rather see a sparrow than a starling? A starling eats anything and everything, and has no natural enemies. In lots of just a few, they are natural clowns, but in clouds of black, they are totally dirty and uninteresting, except to watch their wheeling in the sky. 'Tis estimated that we have 12 million starlings in our country now--from 70, 100 years ago. Frightening! One other nice thing is noted--back in 1974 we had a epidemic of encephalitis that did great damage to our pheasant population. Then 2 years later hunters were given an OK to shoot hen pheasants. You wonderful people flooded the Depart of Natural Resource-Wild Fowl Depart. and the permission to kill hens was withdrawn.



So it is a pleasure to tell you who do not live where you can see, hen pheasants numbering 26 are escorted safely for their sleep by 6 cocks, in the self-same area that pheasants used,-- until 5 years ago! The boys nudge the girls on up and into bushes, then the boys patrol the grounds until the girls are well hidden, and the territory free from predators. Then the cock flap up into the bushes and hide themselves. Not the first birds up at dawn chickadees usually are-- the cock pheasant hits the ground first and there looks over the territory for safty reasons, O.K., one by one the girls hop down and off the harem goes in search of food, to return for sleep, at dusk Through out the day one hears the familiar "karking"--as their call is called from every point of the compass, and it is good to have them back again!

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Also in 1974 parents were urged to give their children natural honey instead of sugar. Now, such unpasturized honey is know to harbour botulism and is suspect in the mystery of Crib Death. One can only suppose that parents try to please their palettes when preparing food for the off-spring, without knowing that children's taste buds are not developed until later in life. If the child lives long enough, pablen will taste good again, as tastebuds deteriorate in old age, along with one's nose, eyes, joints etc.

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This year The Norman Bird--A Flyer, is 10 years old. Looking back in the fi one sees that most of the things we worried about are coming under control. cept the use of pelts from animals--they seem to be coming back in favour. you remember Liberace? The saccharine piano player? He has a new cape that him back \$300,000.00, and took the lives of enough blue foxes to cover the boy and trail him by 16 feet. With brocade lining, the cape weights 100 lbs

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Just to test your knowledge of The Sanct--do you know where there are 3 full grown holly trees? And where are two bushes of same specie? The trees are Blue Trail and the bushes are in the circled land near Beeville. (Now that the season for holly is over we tell you! You know that with permission, and with clippers, you can, in moderation, clip! Soon, armed with the same, we'll all out after pussy-willows!

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For 1980, remember--if you see someone without a smile, give him one of your