

Hi! Spring. The weather bureau was happy to see the end of the Equinoxial Day. Tornadoes, dust storms, hail, sleet, ice and floods! But everything was quiet around The Sanct. except for the tide. It roared along day and night due to a storm at sea and the full moon. However, even through the roar the chorus of marsh peepers made itself heard at night. If you are driving by any marsh land from sunset on, pull over and listen to the symphony! Night noises increase with Spring. Woodcock buzz, owls hoot as they hunt to feed themselves and a nesting mate. And foxes bark. Later on their kits will yip and growl in night time play! The woodcock started their courtships early this mild winter. Their song sounds like a muted buzz saw to us but to them it is a canzone di amore! Over 100 people turned out for the Woodcock Walk March 15, but due to an error in the published "ad" it was a mess! So if you were disappointed, come out with friend or alone, walk the Woodcock Trail at sundown--they'll be courting on through April. It's worth the effort. Over 26 are in the birding study class. Most of the studies are fieldtrips. The tractor has been at work, starting the gardeners on their way, altho' it's much too soon to plant. It's not too early to get the fertilizer on!

The lambs are losing their tails! When they are born the tails are rather long, and being woolly get dirty & full of crud attracting flies etc. So when a lamb is new borne, a rubber band is wound around cutting the circulation off in the tail. It sounds cruel, but it isn't. The tail, in time drops off, leaving a nice clean little woolly nub (that grows to be a nice clean big woolly nub!)

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Drama in the goose pen! One grey goose mated with a white goose. She had 3 eggs. A skunk ate them all. When skunk returned, hoping for another feast the goose turned on him and killed him dead. Sometimes enough is enough!

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Do you remember "Flower"? the descended skunk The Sanct. had for years? He escaped his cage over a year ago, and took a flat under the Tool Shed. There he enjoys the best of his two worlds--man-provided food & nature-provided freedom.

* * * Poe * * *

People have said that the story of Poe Crow should be written. Of course, it is not finished yet--he's too smart for that!. (He was written up in part in The News, which wrongly called him Paul Crow. He was named after Edgar Allen Poe, author of "The Raven" altho, Poe is a crow and not a raven, but still--!) He was born on Hanging Rock Road last Spring. In June his family home fell to the ground, killing his only sibling. He was brought to The Sanct. where he grew in stature, feathers and intelligence. He grew to love people, the more the merrier--altho' he was locked up during The Harvest Fair, for fear he would be stolen. When cold weather came no crowds came to The Sanct. except on weekends. As Fall progressed Poe learned that a number of children congregated at a certain spot on 3rd Beach Rd., to await the school bus. They taught him all sorts of joyful things to do like tearing up paper, and opening mailboxes. He further discovered he could ride the entire length of the street with nice mail man (whose name is Paul). After initially nearly dying of fright as he put out his hand to open a mailbox, and a huge black crow landed on his wrist, Paul became a devoted slave to Poe. He, along with almost all the neighbourhood, fed Poe. He never had to hunt at all! He got his food from

the eager hands of those who loved him! Someone didn't like him. That some one threw a stone and broke the feathers on Poe's right wing. He was hospitalized in the loft until he could fly. (There are hawks, foxes and stray cats all looking for easy meals) Altho' he had the whole loft to hop about in he looked upon it as jail. He was bored stiff. When he could fly he joined Paul on fun rides up 3rd Beach Rd. As these rides take place after the school children have gone, what is a crow with a good case of the smarts to do? Fly back down the road, open the mailboxes and tear up the mail therein. Fun! Fun! Fun! Citizens were mystified--who was tossing their mail in the gutters? Finally there was a witness to Poe's vandalism. After he had beaked a paycheck into two parts, he was captured and incarcerated. Radio and TV told of his disgrace. The Newspaper sent a man to take the picture of a 2 winged thief, which was published. But everyone who loved him, loved him, and the cry "Free Poe" was heard in the land. So, everyone was given a 3" nail (if you live with a rural mailbox you know that there are 2 holes to accomodate a lock), and all were asked to drop the nail down through them. Paul said it was no trouble at all, altho' he had some 30-40 nails to deal with! Everyone was warned "Do not feed Poe". Fearless Leader was pleased to free his unwilling prisoner. Poe flew from his hands with never a backward look, and you'd better believe, he'll never have that bird in his hand again! Next day, food being scarce, Poe searched the alfalfa field for seeds. He got his glossy head scratched in sympathy, but no handout. Saturday there was a cocktail party on 3rd Beach Rd., and Poe wanted in. He hung upside down on the gutters peering in the windows and calling for hors d'oeuvres til dark. Next day he remembered that all the guests poked at the door bell. That's how they got in! All day he poked the door bell. No food, no nothing. Cruel cruel world. He was forced finally to hunt. Last news of him, he had tried to peck a hole in a small neighbour's head. But that proved unpopular as, since then, he's raided bird feeders. After all a bird seed is better than nothing! In the meantime he has been tracked to his lair and wouldn't you know it? He lives in an old barn without any windows!! It is impossible to catch him.

Well, Spring is here. There's bound to be a black eyed beauty!

Trouble is with Poe -

He does not know

He is a crow!

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The killing of harp seals goes on. There seems to be no way to stop it until another means of financial support can be introduced to the citizens of northern Canada. What is discouraging this year is that ships from Norway filled with seal killers (one can not call them "hunters!") arrived to bludgeon the babies to death. But things do happen that are cheering--both Japan and USSR have agreed to limit the killing of whales to the quotas set for them. It remains to be seen if they really do abide by the treaties signed.

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Scientists have long wondered about why in evolution some species evolve more quickly than others. Now they feel that they may have the answer. They believe that those that remain in clans (tribes or herds) evolve more quickly. Fish, frogs, lizards, and others, that never see their young even, live pretty much on their own between matings and they evolve slowly. If a fish has "fine fins" his sons and daughters will not mate within the tribe to establish those

fin as a definite step upward. But if a horse has super strong hooves, his off spring will mate within the herd all their lives! His sons will establish their own herds until strong hoofed horses are the only horses born.

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All of us should copy down the phone number of the only Poison Center in R.I. 331-4300. R.I. Hospital in Providence. Put it in your phone book and also tape it in your medicine chest. Sure as shootin' you'll forget to copy it into the new phone book when October rolls around.

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We keep getting bombarded by scares. Now it is bologna, or rather the nitrate used as preservative--it changes into nitrite and that is bad for one. It is used to prevent botulism. Botulism is a bacteria that grows in an oxygen-free place. So, why do they feel they have to seal the sausage? Now about a loose wrapper that lets the oxygen in? And date the darned meat so it gets pulled before it rots, or put it in the freezer, or smoke it as our ancestors used to do, or something. Why scare us to death with nitrites? One has to eat 5½ pounds of bologna or 50 hot dogs a day to get the ½ gram of nitrite that is harmful. Bologna sandwich has ½ the protein of a tuna salad, has more calories, and costs more. (The very first of these scares was with cranberries. It came out that one would have to eat 6 tons of unwashed cranberries a day to get the cancerous agent in amounts to do harm.) Wolf! Wolf! (There's anew book "Panic In The Pantry" on this subject.)

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Since the beginning of time man has reproduced himself until in

							Speed rate
1850	there	were	One	Billion	humans	on	Earth
1930	"	"	Two	"	"	"	80 yrs
1961	"	"	Three	"	"	"	31 yrs
1976	"	"	Four	"	"	"	15 yrs

1981 there will be Five Billion people on Earth 5 yrs

Are you hungry yet?

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Volunteers are needed at the Sanct. Call either 846-2577 or 846-9740 & tell either Mr or Mrs Fearless Leader, "Here am I, take me" Just remember that there is a tiny difference between rest and rust.

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Life is what happens to you while you are making other plans.
Life is like an onion, you peel off a layer at a time--sometimes you weep.

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A tax cut is the kindest cut of all.

Salada Tea Tag.

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The Sanctuary's book store will be open from now on Wed. thru Sun. from 1:00 to 4:00. We have lots of new items, including cards, notes, (even SMEW notes) wrapping paper, nature coloring books, puzzles, games, wooden toys, jump ropes, things of science kits, tee shirts, shells, bug boxes, bird baths and even our own honey! Do come see us. We also need volunteers to help out. Anyone interested please contact Kathy Maringas at 683-3484. One afternoon a month helps us a great deal!

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Island Ecology is having an interesting meeting on April 6 at 7 P.M. in People's Library. Gordon Preiss, knowledgeable on solar energy, will speak on "Solar Energy For Heat"