

A walk through the wilderness of Whitesbog

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PEMBERTON

TWP.- Driving down the sandy single lane roads of Whitesbog, I was engulfed by the sounds of birds, crickets, and squirrels rustling through the pines.

As bullfrogs belch their massive haunting croaks, their sounds displayed the true feeling of peace. The tranquility of this wilderness was disturbed when starting the engine in my automobile. While venturing on the sandy roads, I spotted a small purple

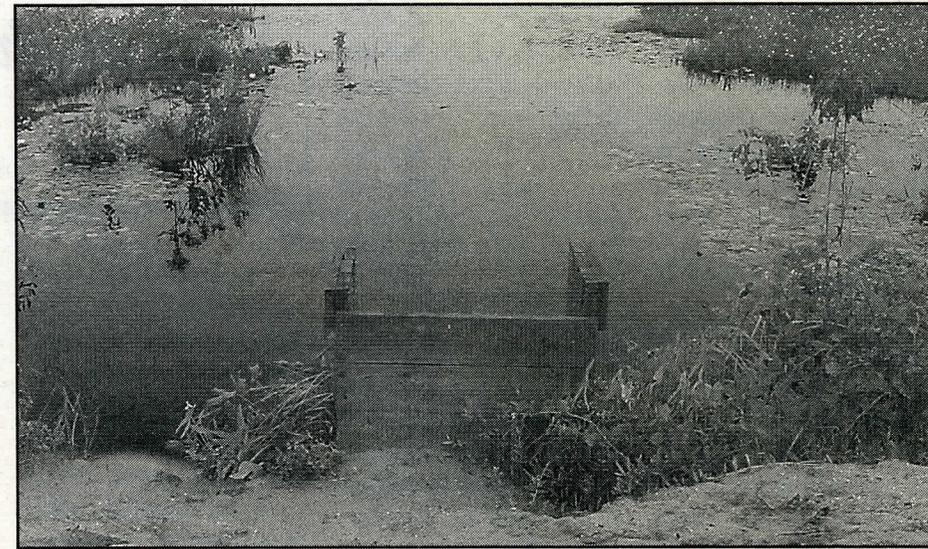
flower with its' petals lifting up to kiss the welcoming warm rays of the sun. How soft and delicate the wonderful sight of this flower is.

Watching the beauty of the kingfishers' swoop down from a semi-decayed tree to catch their dinner, next to a romantic white sand beach created by nature, the aroma of the timberland surrounds me as night descends upon the forest. Dusk becomes an awaking call for night animals to emerge from their sleep and prepare for their

ventures into the wild kingdom of Whitesbog.

What a beautiful place for walking, and returning to nature, to enjoy the aroma of flowers that were forgotten in our memory. It is a wonderful place to share with family and friends. When you have time, explore Whitesbog and become part of this land of enchantment.

For more information concerning Whitesbog, call the Whitesbog Preservation at 609-893-4646 or click onto <http://www.whitesbog.org>.



Bullfrog Lake reflects the tranquility of Whitesbog.

Cecilia M. Cathers/SPECIAL TO COMMUNITY NEWS