

**Newport Forest**

November 15 2001

2:00 - 5:00 pm

**Weather:** prec. 5 mm, Lm 18 C, FCF 16 C, overcast, light S wind

**Purpose:** maintenance - graveling road

**Participants:** Kee

The gravel truck from Johnston Bros. was due about 2:00, but did not come until about 2:30, so I busied myself digging four more rows in the nursery bed. I was somewhat dismayed to discover the nursery had been “vandalized.” The chicken wire along the south side had been crushed downward, as though a heavy body had fallen across it. And along the west side, it looked as though someone had tried to kick a hole in it. I thought perhaps it was jacklighters, all a bit drunk, who stopped at the property and decided to investigate the weird-looking structure in the Upper Meadow. On the other hand, Edgar would later opine that it had been the work of deer, something I had a little trouble believing, although I certainly preferred that explanation.

When the truck finally arrived, the driver was worried about getting stuck, but I persuaded him to come in, anyway. He backed the truck to the end of the longer strip, where he nearly got stuck. “Hey,” I yelled, “Your rear tires are completely bald!” I was astonished. He said they didn’t get much call to go on grassy fields, somewhat beside the point, safety-wise.

So he dumped his entire load right there. This meant that future visits would be largely taken up with ferrying about one-third of the load to the short strip a hundred metres away by wheel-barrow. After the truck left, I spent about half an hour raking out about two metres of gravel, then drove down to the trailer.

I filled the two feeders. checked the creek level (normal) and bridge. While working in the vicinity of the trailer, wiping off the chairs and stowing them, then mounting the canoe on the van, I heard/saw a Blue Jay, a few Crows, a Red-tailed Hawk, White-breasted Nuthatch, a few Chickadees, and one Red-bellied Woodpecker.

After walking the Fleming Creek Trail, I took the canoe up to Edgar’s for winter storage. Wanting to show my gratitude to the Hurdles, I took them down to Thamesville for supper, after which Nina and I drove to West Lorne for a meeting of the West Elgin Nature Club.