

Newport Forest

December 8 2003

3:40 - 5:40 pm

Weather: prec. 1 mm; overcast; calm; LM 2 C; FCF 2 C

Purpose: maintenance

Participants: Kee, Nic

We stopped at the TS to check the seedbeds, discovering that the ground was now frozen solid. I will have to wait for spring before we can turn the soil and work in the new mix of sand and topsoil.

I was delighted to see that the creek was now down to more normal levels. Only two deck sections were off the pipes and these were near at hand, thanks to the tethers. The far ramp was also off its pegs, but restored in a moment. The wind, meanwhile, had blown the cover off the canoe and rolled the vessel over against the trees of the gallery. I found a small pile of Coyote scat near the bend in Edgar's Road in the LM.

We transported a large salt block, one of two blocks generously provided by Stan Caveney, to the deer feeder along the FCT. The salt is actually a section of stratified mineral from the Goderich area. We also put some shelled corn in the small box there. I put the other block and an additional bag of corn in the deer feeder by the old chip pile.

Nippages: two (unprotected) trees in the North Core of the FCF were nipped, as well as two more (at the base) in the BC core. Squirrels?

We walked the TRT, adding about a dozen liner logs to the bluffs and RSF sections of the trail. Climbing the HB trail, we saw a WT fly down to the ground near the top and trot up and over the crest, out of view. There was no Lotor in the old BM on the HB. I left a sandwich for anyone who might drop by later. As we took a break on the bench, I heard some limbs crashing to the east, then a loud gobble to the west. These signs were but a prelude to what would follow.

Walking the BCT, we saw no less than 25 WTs, roosting high in the canopy, fly crashing off, one after another, their wings bashing limbs as they made their clumsy exits. It amazes me that we don't find dozens of these birds wandering the ground with broken wings.