

**Newport Forest** Saturday May 12 2007 2:45/12 - 5:30/13

**weather:** 9mm; RH 54%; clr; gusty NNE 0-50kmh; LM 18C; GF 16C

**purpose:** two-day stay

**participants:** Pat & Kee

The weather was perfect and there was (some) rain in the gauge. The creek was back to normal levels and running clear. We planted four Pin Oaks in the LM, spotting two along the track, the others in the regen zone/S. They were potted (Natvik) and transplanted with virtually no shock, it not being necessary to cut roots. We also brought in five American Beech, mostly 3' standards, for planting tomorrow.

Touring the regen zone/N, I found both Black Cherries in trouble with very small leaves having curled and turned black. Last week I thought this might be a fungus but today I inclined more to frost damage, there being some young oaks with leaves at the same stage being shriveled and dark. Will they regenerate their leaves? The White Oaks are very happy, bursting with red leaf-shoots. About half the (small) Red Oaks look like they'll make it for another season. Many of the larger trees have decided to do some serious growing, including (surprise) the Yellow Buckeyes.

Down at the creek, both TTs look okay, with one definitely more robust than the other. I waded across to the other side to inspect the GM plot -- which I always do at this time of year. I was dismayed to see 3/4 of the plot thick with GM. On the way back to the trailer, I formulated a possible explanation of why the three-cut policy (today was to be the first cut) won't work. If seed development goes on a fast track while the plant is dying, the cut would be supplying an abundance of new seed, instead of eliminating it. Time to (literally ) pull up stakes.

We walked to the river to watch for animals. We were rewarded with the appearance of a muskrat/beaver. At first we thought it was a Muskrat, but it swam much faster than a Muskrat and appeared to be much larger.

We saw no sign of the large black cat during this stay, but I was still a bit wary as I headed out for a walk around the TRT around 10 pm. The walk was uneventful. With no moon, I was forced to walk by flashlight most of the way. (It is much harder to identify tree bark by flashlight than by daylight, owing to the absence of shadows.) The temperature had been dropping as a result of northerly winds. After my return some coyotes began yodeling and this set off two farm dogs

across the river. The overnight low was about +3C.

The Stripe sisters (one of whom has her kits in the tree box) came in for kibble. We haven't seen Greylock since last summer and we wonder if he is still in the area. It occurs to me that it was not Greylock that drove Thelma & Louise away last fall, but their own mother! (Why share precious resources when you don't have to?) Pat accidentally left the peanut bucket outside the trailer. We could hear the sisters munching on the nuts, cracking the shells, for nearly an hour. In the morning fully half the peanuts were gone.

Early next morning, Pat went down to The Hole to inspect the feeder there, discovering a (nursing) mother flying squirrel eating seeds. (Evidently, they aren't fully nocturnal, witness Darren Jacobs sighting of one flying across the creek one afternoon several years ago.)

In the afternoon, we took the five ABs in a wheelbarrow, planting two near Edgar's trail (where we could keep an eye on them) in the BCF and taking the remainder, by stages, into the Bluebell Forest (formerly the "New Forest" or "New Trail Forest"). We planted them in open, well-shaded areas. A spice bush I had planted there two years ago is doing well. The VBs are still in robust bloom, the plants themselves getting rather leggy (2') and tending to flop over whenever the opportunity arises.

Back in the LM, we saw the first dragonfly of the season, hunting over the meadow. The birds were all in a state of high excitement as the breeding season swings into high gear. One could sit in the Nook with closed eyes and identify 20 spp. calling without stirring from the chair. Two excited male Rose-breasted Grosbeaks chasing a female across the meadow, nearly flew straight into my face, so intent were they on the pursuit.

By 5 pm the air temperature had risen to 20C in the LM. I did another inspection of the regen zone, this time at the north end. We decided to forego work at the TS in favour of an earlier arrival at home. This plan was foiled by Nina Hurdle, who invited us in for supper.

**Tick Race:** Pat 2, Kee 1

**birds:** (34)

American Crow (EW); American Goldfinch (LM); American Robin (RL); Black-

capped Chickadee (Tr); Blue Jay (Tr); Blue-winged Warbler (GF); Brown-headed Cowbird (Tr); Canada Goose (UM); Common Grackle (UM); Common Yellowthroat (BCF); Downy Woodpecker (Tr); Eastern Towhee (Tr); Field Sparrow (LM); Gray Catbird (GF); Great Blue Heron (FC); Hairy Woodpecker (Tr); Killdeer (TR); Mourning Dove (Tr); Northern Cardinal (Tr); Northern Oriole (LM); Red-bellied Woodpecker (GF); Red-winged Blackbird (LM); Rose-breasted Grosbeak (Tr); Ruby-throated Hummingbird (HP); Song Sparrow (LM); Spotted Sandpiper (TR); Tree Swallow (UM); Tufted Titmouse (LM/BCF); Turkey Vulture (UM); White-breasted Nuthatch (Tr); Wild Turkey (LM); Wood Duck (LM); Wood Thrush (FCF); Yellow Warbler (GF)

**phenology:** First dragonflies (unID)