

Newport Forest

Tuesday July 15 2008

1:40 - 6:15 pm

Weather: prec. 0 mm; RH 59 %; BP 100.02 kPa; clr; calm; LM 30° C

Purpose: tour of Newport Forest for guests

Participants: Pat, Kee, Dr Omar & family

Dr Omar, his wife Manal and children Reema & Mustapha had never visited ant “wild” areas of southern Ontario (or Canada) since their arrival here over a decade ago. They were enchanted by the trees and other scenery, taking the mosquitoes in stride.

We walked ET to the river, where I accidentally surprised the only Spiny Softshell sunning itself at the time. On the way, I moved the cover board leaning against the bench on ET. Out popped a Short-tailed Shrew which Reema thought was a mouse. She screamed. We explained that there was no reason to scream. We climbed the trail up as far as the bluffs. Ziad, the husband, wanted to know if the river was always this dirty. It made me wince inwardly. We did not go further along the trail so as not to tire out the children.

The children were enchanted with the butterflies and used the nets we gave them to catch several. Reema liked the Cabbage Whites. We repaired to the Nook for a picnic lunch. As we left the property that sick little coon showed up for a feed of birdseed.