



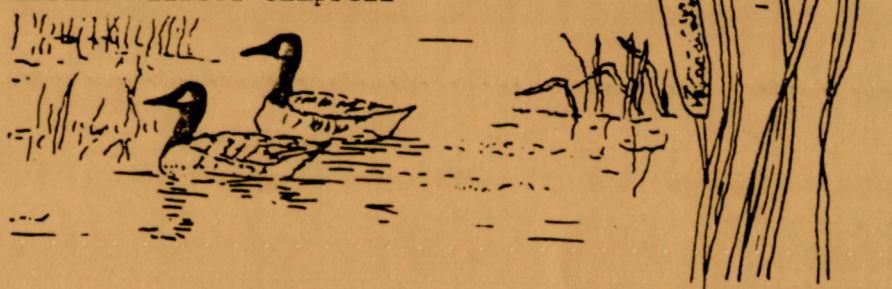
INDIAN SUMMER

Along the line of smoky hills  
The crimson forest stands,  
And all the day the blue-jay calls  
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans,  
With all his glory spread;  
And all the sumachs on the hills  
Have turned their green to red.

Now, by great marshes wrapt in mist,  
Or past some river's mouth,  
Throughout the long still autumn day  
Wild birds are flying south.

by William Wilfred Campbell



A WORD FROM YOUR NEW EDITOR

The departure of Kathy Martin from the province in July has left a very large gap in naturalists' circles, one which will require many of us to even begin to fill. Over the years Kathy has been a driving force in the Natural History Society, advancing its views on environmental issues and serving as newsletter editor. We wish her all the best during her present travels in Australia and later when she takes up graduate work at Queen's University in Kingston.

Another Islander and member of the society has recently brought credit to our province. At its annual meeting in May in Montreal, Diane Griffin was elected president of the Canadian Nature Federation. Congratulations Diane!

This issue marks the first newsletter by your new editor. Undoubtedly, you will notice many changes. Since I am new at the job and have much yet to learn about newsletter production, I would particularly welcome hearing your comments, reactions and suggestions about this and future newsletters. I would also be very happy to receive contributions from members. These could include articles, sketches, field trip accounts, book reviews, bird sightings (especially from more remote and poorly reported parts of the province) and so forth.