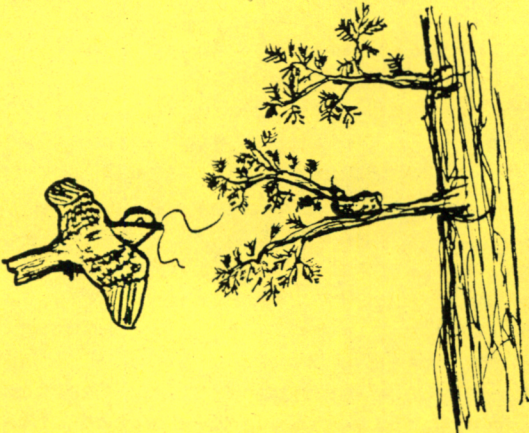


In May of 1992, due to chemotherapy following surgery, I lost all of my hair in a very short period. Rather than throwing it away I decided to make use of it.



I remembered some small birds pulling at a string mop trying to get fibre for their nests. So with the help of my older grandson, Jeremy Lawlor, we spread the hair in various places. Jeremy took some down to the currant and gooseberry bushes for the hummingbirds and Song Sparrows. The former nest in the bushes, the latter in the mulch underneath. Then he left some in the raspberry canes for the yellow warblers and purple finches. I dropped some in the willows around the house yard for the chickadees and on the spruce hedge for the robins and blackbirds to find.

Did the birds use any? We don't know, but at least it was a better ending for the hair than putting it in the garbage. There are other strange nest linings around our farm, particularly for a very busy red squirrel. We had an Island flag on a pole above our old black willow. The flag had become quite tattered and during one very windy session entangled itself around the halyards. The squirrel took advantage of it being tied down and on several occasions spent quite a bit of time tearing shreds off the flag and carrying them away. The best part for me was the enjoyment my younger grandson Jonathan had, and the way he laughed while watching the antics of the squirrel.

In July 1992, Jeremy had an interesting sighting of an adult bald eagle while he (Jeremy) was doing his stint in early evening at the weighing table in our U-pick strawberry field. The table was at the top of the field, near the road which is lined with trees. The Tryon River, at the bottom of the field, is in the fishing area for a family of ospreys; we see them often pulling fish from the water there.

The eagle landed in the trees, just a few feet from Jeremy. Then one of the ospreys appeared and harassed the eagle until it flew off at tree level and disappeared over the hedge to the south.

These notes are being written in January 1993. On the 14th of this month my husband and I were driving on the Trans-Canada toward Crapaud. A bald eagle flew low over the highway in front of us, so we pulled over and watched as it went, chased by a number of crows, into a small grove of trees.

On one occasion Everett watched one flying just at tree level along the hedge behind our garden and down to the river, but usually we sight them at some distance so it gave us a great deal of pleasure to see the one so close at hand on the 14th.

