
THE GOLDFINCH

DAVISS COUNTY AUDUBON SOCIETY'S NEWSLETTER

JUNE 2002

MEETINGS SEPTEMBER THRU JUNE AT FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH 7TH & J.R. MILLER BLVD

THIS NUN IS GREEN

Monday, June 10th, 7:00 PM... Our program topic is a follow-up to our field trip to Maple Mount a year ago. Birding on the grounds of the Catholic Retreat piqued our interest in the religious community's environmental education, conservation, and sustainable farming efforts.

Sister Amelia Stenger gave us a brief tour of the grounds following our birding outing last June. She glowed with pride and enthusiasm as she gestured across the neatly mowed lawns that surround the chapel at Mount St. Joseph near West Louisville. When we chose Maple Mount for our birding field trip last year, we were not aware of the innovations that are in place as part of an effort to live lightly and care for the land. As Sr. Amelia answered questions from our group, two or three of us put forth an invitation for her to speak at one of our monthly meetings this year. We have asked her to explain in greater detail all about what is happening, what is planned and why environmental awareness and action is part of the operating plan at Maple Mount. And now, for Heaven's sake, she's agreed to do just that!

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Spring Field Trips March-May and T.B.A.

Trails were under water at Hovey Lake last month and we were forced to relocate our field trip to New Harmony's State Park alongside the banks of the Wabash River. Bob Rold led the trip along trails where he goes birding almost every day. Bob taught us how he uses birdcalls to identify species and then locate the species in the forest canopy and understory growth with his naked eye or through the lenses of binoculars. Ken Hurm shared printed guide sheets from a new set of CD's about Birding by Ear with the group. 41 species were seen and/or heard during our 3 hour trek.

On earlier trips to Davidson WMA and Audubon State Park this spring, our chapter has really made a lot of progress in learning bird calls. Steve Hahus, Eric Williams and Bob Rold have patiently tried to point out the calls they can hear above the chatter of the birders. Recognizing bird calls will be of great value for June's Breeding Bird Survey.

Not to be shut-out by flood waters, a few of our members managed to beg and borrow canoes and kayaks for a birding by boat trip to Hovey Lake after the water receded and the whitecaps were less threatening. The group was led by Dr. Chuck Price, our U.S.I. Bluebird nestbox trail connection. Chuck uses his canoe for getting close to warblers and herps to photograph them in the Cypress trees and snags at the lake. The most exciting species seen from boats was an Osprey that is nesting there, Prothonatory Warblers and scads of Red-headed Woodpeckers.

June's Field Trip will be another step up the rungs of the skills ladder as we conduct *continued on page 3*

Telesolicitors, Junk Mail and Con Men

By Ken Hurm

Tired of telesolicitors, scam artists, and junk mail?

To have your name put on a list NOT TO BE BOTHERED by telesolicitors, contact the Kentucky Attorney General's Office at www.kyattorneygeneral.com and register on line.

Call 1-888-567-8688 to be removed from mailing lists that generate all those approved credit card and loan offers. This number has been set up for your use by the three major credit reporting agencies, Equifax, Experian and Transunion.

Snail mail solution to all the other junk mail entering your mailbox: Send your name and address with your request to be removed to:

Mail Preference Service,
Direct Marketing Association
P.O. Box 9008
Farmingdale, NY 11735

Never open your door to strangers, but if one catches you in the yard, a firm, "We never do business with door-to-door solicitors!" stops the scam artists cold.

"We never do business over the telephone!" stops the phone scam artist cold. Then firmly hang up.

Don't give anybody your credit card number over the phone if you did not initiate the call. If you are called and asked for any number, tell the caller to send his request in writing and you'll get back with him. He won't write.

Never let anybody pressure you over the phone. Terminating the call is just a hang-up away.

Some I.S.P.'s, Internet Service Providers, offer a service to screen out junk email known as SPAM, e.g. Forward to junk@pennyrile.net. (*Editor's note: Changing ISP's ended my SPAM problem.*)

And finally, does an unsolicited offer sound too good to be true? That's because it is.

The Vacancy sign is still out on The Greenbelt Park

A report by Mary Kissel

Two House Wrens have begun to construct nests in the boxes we put up along the eastern end of the Greenbelt Park in March. Two of the boxes have been brought in for repair and all the others are still waiting for tenants. It is good that as the city is forced to add security to the walking park, the vandals have left our boxes alone.

At the west end of the park we removed 6 English Sparrow eggs in May but 6 eggs had already hatched and the box monitors could not kill the babies.

The June 1 score for all our boxes is:

Eastern Bluebirds 27 fledged/2 deaths/17 eggs in incubation

Chickadees 12 fledged **House Wrens** 2 nests

English Sparrows 6 fledged 25 eggs destroyed

The Thristle

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Summer is coming, summer is coming.

I know it, I know it, I know it.

Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,'

Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue

Last year you sang it as gladly.

'New, new, new, new!' Is it then so new

That you should carol so madly?

'Love again, song again, nest again, young again,'

Never a prophet so crazy!

And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,

See there is hardly a daisy.

'Here again, here, here, here, happy year!'

O warble unchidden, unbidden!

Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,

And all the winters are hidden. (1889)

JUNE, JULY & AUGUST CALENDAR

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY JUNE THE 8TH & 9TH WESSELMAN WOODS REPTILE FESTIVAL.

THE NATURE CENTER IS IN EVANSVILLE OFF BOEKE BEHIND ROBERTS STADIUM. ROAD CONSTRUCTION MIGHT MAKE USE OF MORGAN AVENUE THE BEST ROUTE.

MONDAY JUNE 10TH 7 PM MONTHLY MEETING AT 1ST CHRISTIAN CHURCH. SISTER AMELIA STENGER TELLS THE STORY OF HANDLING WITH CARE GOD'S GIFTS AT MAPLE MOUNT.

SATURDAY JUNE 15^T

Ohio River Sweep begins at 8 AM til 11 AM at the gazebo in Smothers' Park

Sunday: Owensboro Community College Count will take place in the cool of the evening at 6 PM. Meet at the south parking lot across from Deer Park Elementary School. Bring along picnic foods for tailgating after the 2 hour campus trek. June 16th

July 14th

August 11th

our first ever Breeding Bird Survey. Akin to, but different from, The Christmas Bird Count, this census needs people with excellent hearing and well-honed bird identification skills. Rob Rold and Eric Williams need help from 8 to 10 of us to accomplish this feat. During the next 2 weeks a route along Daviess County roads will be laid out with 50 listening places designated. The count will be conducted on a weekday morning, after June 15, to be designated by the count leaders. Skills needed are

[1] 2 to 4 people with excellent auditory and visual bird identification abilities.

[2] Two drivers of 4-wheel drive vehicles, who are safety conscious, able to concentrate on traffic hazards, roadside parking and positioning maneuvers.

[3] Two record keepers to count passing traffic, note weather conditions, and provide support for the bird counters.

[4] 2 to 3 providers of refreshments and meals for the crew.

[5] One rooster to wake-up the team at 4:30 AM so that they can be ready to roll when the sun rises.

To volunteer for the survey you should phone Rob Rold at 684-3209, email rephoto@bellsouth.net or let Eric Williams know you'd like to help at shrike@apex.net

If you are employed but would like to help, you will need to be away from work until early afternoon the day of the survey. Rob and/or Eric will contact you 24 to 48 hours prior to the count day, expected to be June 18-20.

It Takes a Village

Last month Rural King, located just off the By-Pass at East Highway 60, was kind to us by letting us do some dumpster diving. They allowed us to take cast-off merchandise that we've used with our Bluebird Nest Box project. Please show your appreciation by shopping there.

RIVER RESTORATION REPRINTED

FROM THE LOUISVILLE COURIER JOURNAL

National priorities obviously have changed since 9/11. So there is a convenient excuse for President Bush's decisions not to include in the budget he presented to Congress many worthwhile projects that cried out for attention and funding.

But the Ohio River Restoration project isn't some pork barrel frivolity; it's important.

Embedded within that plan are some 250 projects that the US Army Corps of engineers concluded have the potential to restore thousands of lost acres of hardwood forests, wetlands, and bird and animal habitats, as well as 40 islands that cannot currently be used.

Two years ago, when Congress approved the \$307 million plan, it did so in full understanding that the poor conditions of the 981-mile long river and its tributaries have real environmental and economic consequences.

And those negative consequence (sic) aren't limited

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The Goldfinch
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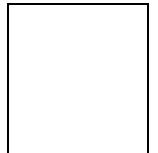
Keep America Birdiful

to the many like ourselves who delight in living, working and playing along the Ohio that the millions of others who, though they never lay eyes on the river, depend on it as a transportation artery by which tons of food and goods are shipped.

One needn't be a mindless tree-hugger to understand that when we allow nature to get too far out of balance, a vicious cycle of loss and destruction begins. And it's not just the animals, plants and birds that suffer, but also humans as the natural buffers that filter pollution and the natural areas that accept and slow flood waters disappear.

With the Ohio serving as Kentucky's border, all but one of Kentucky's congressional districts have a direct stake in this project, along with their neighbors in Indiana.

This is why every member of Kentucky's and Southern Indiana's congressional delegations should unite to persuade Mr. Bush and their House and Senate colleagues to restore the \$307 million for this important endeavor sooner than later. *This editorial reprint replaces The President's Column this month. Mike Henshaw is in Hawaii with Sherry, his wife of 25 years, celebrating their anniversary.*



Saying Good-bye

An editorial by Brenda Bailey Little

As this last newsletter of the Audubon year goes to press, we all have friends, family, and members hither and yon literally around the world. One is in England, another in Hawaii, two are packing for British Columbia, and two are in the Carolinas, and on it goes. As we tease about our homebound jealousy, we giggle, wave, admonish about watching thongs and demand to be sent a postcard. Then we slam car doors, fire up the air conditioning and streak away in opposite directions.

Nobody has a crystal ball, so we really never know that with each parting, we could be seeing those we love for the last time. Sometimes people who appear so hale and hearty have lives that end suddenly and without warning.

Our Secretary, Madeline Oettinger, is grieving the loss of her father following a stroke last month. Living far away made her in-person contact with her dad infrequent and now makes her healing harder.

One of our Audubon members who was admired for her spunk and mentoring of our quilt construction project, Mary Lou Cheek, died suddenly and unexpectedly the day before Mothers' Day. To me she was Aunt Mary Lou and I was almost certain that she'd outlive her brother, my dad. She and I planned to get some family oral folklore written down, but I was busy and thought I'd visit her next winter and take notes for writing in a family scrapbook. She'd agreed to help me put a quilt together and I'd promised to help her get a cenotaph memorial placed in the rural church cemetery where her parents, my grandparents, are buried.

Along with Aunt Mary Lou a lot of our priceless family history died because she was the only one who took pains to hang onto stories about Aunt Cass, Aunt Myrt, a family hermit, and other colorful characters. If any of us had known, we'd have arranged for a

recording of her stories for the archives at The Kentucky Museum at Western Kentucky University.

Both Madeline's dad and Aunt Mary Lou were in their 70's, but age alone is not an indicator about the length of life. Kentucky newspapers recently ran full-page ads listing the names and ages of those who died in our state last year in automobile accidents. The numbers just scream out about how precious is every minute with those we love. Name after name on the list was followed by numbers in the teens and twenties.

Our members remember the riveting program that Laura Burford presented to us last year. Laura was about midway through her second pregnancy when she shared with us her love of the Peregrine Falcon restoration project in our state. Laura was the picture of health and she took our teasing about her "expansion project" in stride.

When Rob Rold checked with Laura last week about how the Peregrines are doing this year, she told him of a close call she had almost immediately after her little boy's birth. She was diagnosed with thyroid cancer; had to be isolated from absolutely everybody in her family; had the gland removed along with the cancer; and then was treated with radioactive iodine. So far, Laura is doing well. One can only imagine the pain of being separated from a newborn and the rest of the family. Again, this scary story makes me realize how precious every minute is with those we love.

As a memorial tribute to the two deaths I've written about in this column and to the deaths of those other Audubon faithful in years past, I'd like to ask that all of us take a few seconds everytime we say good-bye to people...Just enough time to think about what we'd do if we knew we were seeing them for the last time.

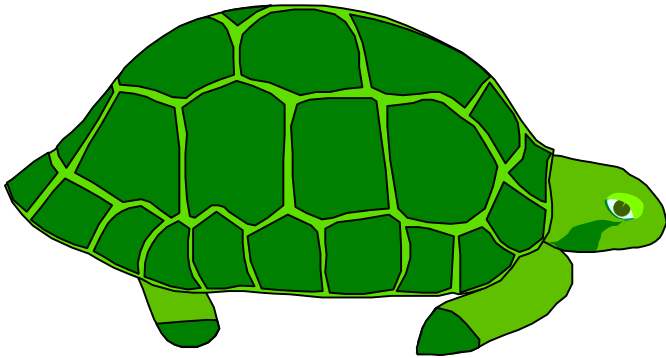
I'm saying good-bye to all of you until September. Make the most of your summer.

Where are you, Will Rogers?

By S. Man Evans
Mayor of Buford, KY

When I started out as a young man just new in the neighborhood, I was a bit scared of the folks across the road. I'd watch them out of the corner of my eye and turn my head real quick if I saw them looking back at me. When they came over to our place to say hello, they asked my name and told me to feel welcome to visit anytime. I began to visit all the houses up and down our road and like bachelors the world around, I'd stay at some of them longer than others when the food and hospitality was good.

The house where everybody said there lived weird people soon became my favorite hang-out. They were remodeling their house and the carpenters and painters liked to sit outside while they ate lunch. They'd play



country music and we'd all joke around. There was a pond over there and I liked to watch the Snappin' turtles come up to the surface to take in a gulp of air.

I got to be real good friends with the weird neighbors. They're Unitarian Universalists, organic gardeners, they belong to the Audubon Society and the A.C.L.U., and they swim naked in their swimmin' pool sometimes when they don't think anybody's watchin'. The other neighbors would ask me about the weird ones and I'd tell them they ought to get to know 'em, "They's alright."

Like folks everywhere whether it's the Arabs and the Jews or people with different colors of skin, there are sometimes troubles here in Buford. I got to noticin' that people called me their Mayor 'cause I'd visit up and

down the road almost every day and the troubles I'd hear about was fussin' about where a gas line was; why one man's dog went to the other's front yard to dig and poop; why one built a buildin' on the wrong side of a property line; why some was dumpin' their trash aside the road where they pour out their dirty used engine oil; and aggravation over playin' loud music out in their yards. One of the worst with the loud music is the country church about a third of a mile from my place; they sing, sorta holler really, and play guitars with amplifiers outside in the summer. The weird ones don't like the 'music', to them it is noise, that carries a half mile to their house. The law won't do anything 'cause they're afraid of a gittin' on the wrong side of God.

This summer one of the neighborhood problems sorta hit me hard. The folks to the south of the weird ones took out their guns and started shootin' turtles in their pond. The weird ones called the law and the Sheriff reported that it wasn't hurtin' nothin' to shoot turtles. The weird ones then called Fish and Wildlife only to be told that turtles, in fact, lots of critters that are not 'cuddly' are not protected at all in Kentucky. They are fair game for whoever feels like blastin' at 'em when they come up for air or walk across land during mating season. I wonder why people move to the country and then set out to kill everything that makes it country?

I don't think Will Rogers never met the turtle shootin' neighbors or he'd probably not been real fond of them. I guess I'm not much of a Mayor 'cause I ain't never took one man's side against another, except for the turtle shooters. I'm thinkin' about what I can do to put a stop to that. The weird ones are gonna see if the A.C.L.U. will make the law tell the gospel singers to tone it down. Bein' different is part of bein' American, but shootin' turtles? That's rural terrorism.

