



BONNYVALE

ENVIRONMENTAL EDUCATION CENTER

NEWS & PROGRAMS

SPRING/SUMMER 2021

The Unflappable Skunk — by Patti Smith

THISTLE, THE orphaned porcupine, insisted that he didn't need any mollycoddling, so I released him earlier than I usually would. Still, like any good parent, I tried to keep an eye on him and tried to make sure he had enough to eat. I often camped out in my yard, hoping to visit with Thistle when he came by for his nightly bowl of milk. I'd leave the bowl near my head so I'd wake up when he arrived, and most nights, he did. One night, I was awakened by the sound of milk being lapped from the bowl, which surprised me since porcupines don't lap; they suck. I saw a beautiful skunk enjoying Thistle's meal. Because I know a few things about skunks, I felt pleased to have such an encounter. The skunk soon finished his meal and sauntered on. Skunks and porcupines have a few things in common: both have a remarkably secure defense system, are active at night, use black and white coloration as a warning, and most of their potential predators have the good sense to leave them alone. As a result, porcupines and skunks have the luxury of being among the most relaxed wild animals you are likely to encounter.

You can feel perfectly comfortable in the vicinity of skunks as long as the skunk is comfortable in the vicinity of you. Skunks

have a limited amount of spray in their arsenal, and it takes a while to recharge; the spray is a weapon of last resort. If they feel nervous, they will pause, look at you, and stomp their front feet. Unfortunately, many dogs do not read the skunk warning signs but just charge right in.

When skunks decide to use the nuclear option, they swivel so their face and butt are both pointing at the threat. Two spray nozzles appear from their business end, like cannons on a pirate ship, and aim (yes, skunks really have nozzles that can be aimed) at the eyes of the presumed predator. A total blast can travel twelve feet. The thiols in the spray are such potent irritants that they can cause nausea and temporary blindness.

Again, this will only happen if the skunk feels she has no other course of action. If you move slowly and speak softly, so the skunk knows where you are, you are in no danger.

At Bonnyvale, we sometimes get calls from people wondering what to do about skunks who have taken up residence where they aren't welcome. If there is an important reason to evict the skunks, hazing can be effective. They are seeking darkness and quiet. Play talk radio and shine a bright light in the entrance. Sometimes aromatic repellents

will work. A rag soaked in Pine-sol (original) or urine-soaked kitty litter are purported to work. Such inhospitable behavior will often be enough to persuade a skunk to move.

It might seem humane to trap and relocate skunks you don't



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want around. It isn't. An animal on its own turf knows of multiple den sites, good food sources, safe places, dangerous places, and who the neighbors are. When they are relocated, they know none of this, and what's more, you will, in all likelihood, be releasing the animal into territory already claimed by another skunk. If mothers are trapped and moved, you will be leaving young to starve. Unless you move them together, they will not be able to find each other. This is true for all species.

I hope that the next time you see a skunk at close quarters, you will be able to relax and enjoy the experience. If you offer a pleasant greeting, the skunk will know you are there and mean no harm, and you may be able to watch as she goes about her business. Have you seen the viral video of the bicyclist's encounter with a family of skunks? Google "skunk family bicycle" to see what pleasures could be yours.

Killdeer by Lloyd Graf

A Killdeer skitters,
Wing-droops, squeaks piteously.
I love those Killdeer

YES, KILLDEER have been a source of delight to me for most of the past 60-plus years. Since the 1950's when I prowled pastures maintained by what was then Camp Detrick near my Frederick MD childhood home, I have more than enjoyed encounters with these smallish, incredibly spiffy plovers everywhere I've lived and most places I've visited from the Northeast to the San Francisco Bay area. In meadows, vacant lots, farm and athletic fields, and mudflats, their presence was often revealed from a distance by unmistakable plaintive high-pitched piping vocalizations from cover or on the wing—their elegant pointy-winged flight suggestive of both small falcons and nighthawks. They also traveled nimbly on the ground, sprinting rapidly for short distances then freezing in place, an element of their foraging strategy for insects and other small prey. Seen close up Killdeer are sartorially splendid. Landlocked lifestyle notwithstanding, their double black neck rings against a pale background go together with dark caps to somehow create a nautical impression, and they are very shipshape craft indeed. When I moved to Brattleboro, my expectation that Killdeer would be abundant was buoyed by 1990's encounters a mere 27 miles up the line. As an attendee at summer research conferences at Vermont Academy in Saxtons River, running pre-breakfast laps at the beautifully laid-out track and field complex, I was privileged to see, not once but twice a classic "signature" maneuver in the Killdeer bag of tricks. In two consecutive early Julys, a Killdeer parent trailing three or four beautiful mini-replica chicks appeared on the infield near the track. Both times the adult did indeed go into the convincing broken wing act of bird guides and folklore while the babies skittered on ahead. The warm glow from those early morning moments persisted through ensuing hours of highly technical discussions of genetically infused cancer research.

Sad to say, in more than ten years rambling around Brattleboro/Southern Vermont, I had somehow not encountered a single Killdeer (knowing all along that this dearth was a matter of wrong time at wrong place, that my favorite plovers HAD to be around). Finally, on a late afternoon south-side excursion on April 19, I was delighted to see a pair of Killdeer fly out of the brush and alight on the gravel bed of railroad tracks near the junction of Riverside Drive and Rte 142 not far from the bottom of Cotton Mill Hill. As I watched, groping for my cell phone camera, one moved on to a patch of underbrush while the other (mate?) strolled around the trackbed, its gray back plumage providing excellent camouflage—a sighting that transformed an otherwise unavailing osprey/heron/eagle hunt into an alpha spring benchmark. As the Haiku concludes: I love those Killdeer.

First published in Vermont Views (vermontviews.org) in one of Lloyd's always delightful and informative Urban Naturalist columns.





Director's Report

LATELY, I hear song lyrics playing in my head. Most often, when considering global and national issues, as well as our situation at BEEC, I hear the refrain from Bob Dylan's "The Times They Are a-Changin'". This civil rights anthem still feels relevant now - to COVID, climate change, media transformation, political unrest, and shifts in how we define family and identity. I suppose it is timeless, as things are always changing and we must adapt.

For the past few weeks, I've been hearing Billy Joel's voice reminding me that "...life is a series of hellos and goodbyes..."

BEEC is saying hello to Mary Grove, long time supporter and friend, but new BEEC Board member. Mary brings over 30 years of experience as a science teacher and curriculum designer, as well as 4 years of Board involvement at Neighborhood Schoolhouse. She currently volunteers on the Brattleboro Restorative Justice Panel. We welcome her, and her seemingly boundless energy and enthusiasm, to the BEEC Board, especially during these changing times.

This summer, BEEC will say goodbye to Joan Carey, who has been with the organization for more than 13 years. As School Program Coordinator, Joan has expanded BEEC's programming to all of the schools in our district — and beyond. She has also designed inquiry science units and provided professional development classes for teachers, magnifying the impact of her experience.

In August, BEEC will also say goodbye to Emily Hartz, who has been teaching BEEC's school programs, afterschool programs, Nature Days, and working on various other projects at BEEC for nearly 3 years. Emily's energy and experience as an elementary school teacher, along with her focus on inclusion, have greatly enriched BEEC's programming.

During the pandemic, when outdoor learning has been more important than ever, Joan and Emily have provided outdoor education opportunities for kids, and they have helped teachers to feel comfortable making the transition. In the fall, Joan and Emily will be sharing a coaching job at Academy School, continuing to help teachers integrate outdoor education into their curriculum. This exciting new position is a perfect fit for Joan and Emily, who are a great team.

When you see Joan and Emily, please congratulate them and join us in thanking them for their hard work, their enthusiasm, their willingness to rise to the occasion, and their lasting impact on all of us. Their departure is a huge loss to BEEC, but an opportunity for both of them to continue to work together supporting students and teachers. We wish them much success and enjoyment in their future endeavors.

Finally, if you've been to BEEC lately, you've noticed that we've made significant progress on the Stockwell Farmhouse renovation project. A bit more work will be done this summer and then we'll pause that project for a little while, but we'll keep you posted. Cue Dylan, "The Times They Are a-Changin'!"

Linda Huebner, Director

Joan, we will miss you.



Thank-you, Emily!



Join us on BEEC's Board of Directors

BEEC IS looking for people who are interested in joining the Board of Directors. For more information or to express interest, email admin@beec.org. Meetings are monthly on the 3rd Wed from 5:30-7:30, currently via Zoom or outdoors.



YOUTH PROGRAMS

Nature Explorers Summer Camp

June 28 through August 13 for ages 5 to 11

There are OPEN spots for weeks beginning July 5, July 12, Aug 2

Please sign up for the waitlist for the weeks of June 28, July 19, July 26, Aug 9



NATURE EXPLORERS Summer Camp will include nature explorations and discoveries, hands-on activities, games, free play, journaling, stories, craft projects, and song. Each week will be dynamic as activities will be guided by the interests of the group and the offerings from nature. Some regular camp favorites include:

- Explorations of BEEC's meadows, forests, pond, and vernal pool.
- Learning naturalist skills of observation and inquiry.
- Deciphering tracks and signs of our wild neighbors.
- Investigating animal homes and building shelters of our own
- Developing a sense of place through mapping activities.
- Creating nature arts, crafts, and music.

There are a few changes for our 2021 summer camp due to Covid-19, which are subject to change following guidance from the State of Vermont and the CDC. Visit www.beec.org for details.

BEEC is dedicated to making our programs accessible to all. If you would like to contribute to the scholarship fund, you can donate online at beec.org or when you register. Thank you!



Babes in the Woods

Saturday, June 26

9:30-11:30 at BEEC

Free program through Early Education Services

Register at www.earlyeducationservices.org

CHILDREN AGES 3-5 and their caregivers are invited to take a morning hike and enjoy the woods at BEEC. We will meet the trees and look for clues to find out who lives in or near them. We will use all of our senses to experience the wonders of the woods in summer. Bring a snack.

Shutterbugs: Nature Photo Explorers

August 2 – 6, 9am – 1pm, for ages 12- 18

THIS PROGRAM will integrate digital photography, nature exploration, and discovery, through a collaboration between In-Sight Photography and BEEC. We will use the camera to investigate the natural world around us. Explorations will take place at natural areas around Brattleboro, including woodland, aquatic and mountain adventures. No prior camera experience needed.

BEEC programs with In-Sight are offered regardless of ability to pay, and no interested youth is ever turned away because of their family's economic circumstances. Families are asked to recognize the cost to run the program based on suggested pricing tiers, but pledge and pay what they can afford.

More information and registration can be found at:
insightphotography.org.





Raccoon, Skunk & Fox Kits

THANKS TO funding from the DJ&T Foundation, BEEC is expanding the network of licensed rehabilitators working in our region. We are still looking for one or two people who would be interested in raising raccoons, skunks, and foxes. Because these species are considered rabies vectors, rehabilitators require extra training and a separate license to raise them.

If you have time, especially in the summer, and would like to give these orphans a chance at life, contact patti@beec.org



Good Neighbors

AS WILD animals go about their lives, some will find themselves attracted to the habitats humans create. In some cases, this is our intention, as when we plant pollinator gardens or put up birdfeeders. In other cases, it is most unwelcome—flying squirrels partying all night in the attic, woodchucks helping themselves to the heirloom lettuces . . . Don't despair! Truly humane solutions to most of these conflicts exist. We have gathered an abundance of resources to help. Visit the Living with Wildlife section on our website, www.beec.org, to find help for everything from bears in beehives to skunks trapped in window wells. See page 7 for an upcoming webinar on wildlife-proofing your home.



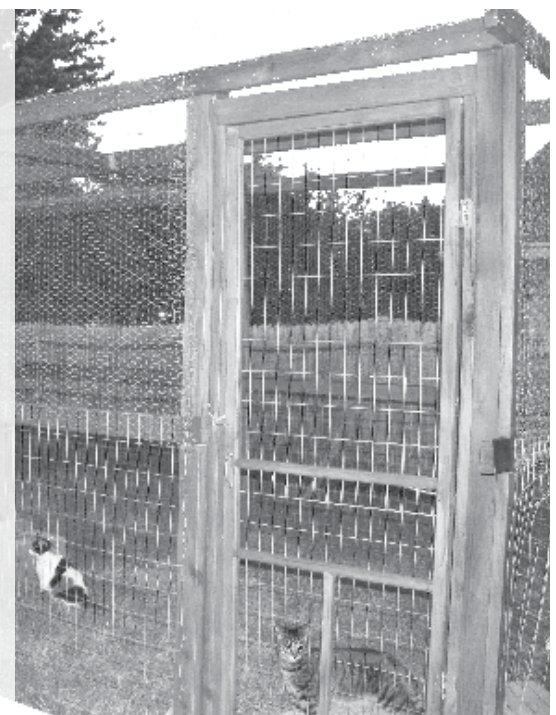
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Catio Tour 2023?

IT'S FLEDGLING season, and in neighborhoods with outdoor cats, the odds are against these youngsters successfully transitioning from hoppers to fliers. In Portland, Oregon, cat lovers and bird lovers have joined forces to solve this problem. The Portland Audubon Society and the Feral Cat Coalition have launched the Cats Safe at Home campaign, which works to reduce the number of feral and free-ranging cats. This campaign has pulled together resources to help cat owners transition their cats to a rich life indoors. If you are a cat owner, you will find these resources valuable even if you already have an indoor cat. One of our favorite suggestions is to create a catio (that's right, a patio for cats). This program has been so successful that Cats Safe at Home hosts an annual Catio Tour. Each year, catios are selected to showcase wildlife-safe kitty habitat, from rustic, budget-friendly options to the palatial.

We love this idea and are giving you fair notice—prepare for Catio Tour, 2023! Whether we pull it together or not, making a catio will protect wildlife from your cat and your cat from wildlife. You can find helpful tips at catssafeathome.org.

Let us know about your catio or if you'd like to help organize a tour—email patti@beec.org.





PROGRAMS

Naturalist Club Outings



The naturalists group is for anyone who likes to poke around and look at things. Whether we find birds, bugs, mosses, mushrooms, tracks, scat—there's usually someone along who knows something about it, and if not, we'll figure it out together.

Please register at www.beec.org
or by calling (802)257-5785.

Eshqua Bog

Saturday, June 19 at 2:30

Meet at the Putney Park & Ride

THIS NATURE Conservancy site in Hartland, Vermont, hosts a spectacular bloom of showy lady's slippers. Northern bog orchids and green orchids may also be in bloom. We'll stop at the Skunk Hollow Tavern on the way back for some refreshment (optional).

Madame Sherri's and Indian Pond

Saturday, June 26 at 2 pm

Meet at the parking area off Gulf Road in Chesterfield

EXPLORE THE wetlands along the Ann Stokes trail and then head up to Indian Pond. We will hope to catch the tail end of the mountain laurel bloom around Indian Pond and learn more about these interesting flowers. Yes, we'll admire the ruins of Madam Sherri's "castle" too.



Gale Meadows Paddle

Sunday, July 18 from 1-7:30

Meet at the Route 30 covered bridge at 1 to carpool/convoy to Gale Meadows.

EXPLORE GALE Meadows, a 195-acre pond in Londonderry/Winhall. We will spend a couple of hours exploring the edges of this northern forest water body. We'll look for birds and find out which plants are growing on the shrub bog islands. We might also stop at the roadside Honey-pie for a bite on the way back (optional).

Josh Road Botany and Birds

Sunday, August 8 at 10 am

Meet at 442 Josh Road

OLD JOSH Road is now a Halifax town trail that leads into the heart of one of the largest unfragmented tracts in our area. We will take the old road down to an active beaver wetland and then leave the trail in search of some unusual plants in a rich, rocky area. Be prepared for some damp terrain and bushwhacking.

Retreat Meadows Nighthawk Paddle

Sunday, August 22 at 7 pm

Meet at the Brattleboro Outing Club boat launch

AN EVENING paddle on the Meadows is always rich in birds and beauty. We'll look for green herons, muskrats, and migrating nighthawks. Late August is the peak time for the common nighthawks' southward migration.



PROGRAMS



Branch Pond Paddle

Sunday, September 12 from noon - 7

Meet at the Brattleboro Farmers Market Parking Lot at noon

LOCATED AT the eastern side of the Lye Brook Wilderness Area in the Green Mountain National Forest, Branch Pond is a jewel. There is a quarter mile carry to get your boat to the pond, but it is well worth it. This wilderness pond is home to loons, otters, moose and other northern forest wildlife. A couple of large bog mats host a diverse bog flora. The drive is just over an hour each way. We will stop at Pizza Palooza to eat and enjoy the "hundred mile view" on the way back (optional).



Firefly Watch Training via Zoom

Friday, June 18 at 7 pm

Register at beec.org to get the link

FIREFLIES ARE one of the delights of June nights. Do you have firefly memories from childhood? Did they involve running across a dewy lawn in pajamas? Jars of flashing bugs? Scientists are beginning to wonder if there are as many of these flashing insects as there were twenty years ago. They'd like your help to find out. Join us for this 40 minute introduction to Firefly Watch, a citizen science project administered by Mass Audubon. The presentation will also include tips on firefly identification and the inside scoop on the devious and dangerous world of these amazing bugs. Learn how you can improve the habitat for fireflies in your yard.

After the show, make a pitcher of lemonade, put on your PJs, and get outside to do some science and take in the firefly spectacle.

How to be Less Attractive

Monday, July 19 at 7pm via Zoom

Register at beec.org to get the link

YOUR HOME and garden are part of a landscape that is also home and habitat to wildlife. There is much we can do to be good neighbors, including making certain areas less attractive. Your home and yard may be strewn with inadvertent welcome mats that invite trouble for all parties. What is the compassionate response to wildlife causing damage? Ask the professionals at HEART Wildlife Removal. The Burlington-based company helps people solve wildlife conflicts humanely and permanently by wildlife-proofing homes (even from wildlife as small as mice!). JoAnn and Patty will talk about how to: identify locations where wildlife enter building, persuade them to move on, prevent family separations, and close entrances once the animals have departed. Bring your questions.





PROGRAMS



Drawing Wildflowers & discovering the inner life of plants

A two part workshop: Saturdays, August 7 & 14
10 am - 1 pm

\$50/\$65 non-members 🌿 Register at beec.org



BOTANICAL ILLUSTRATOR Bobbi Angell will help participants learn to examine wildflowers closely, a skill that will aid in identification and strengthen appreciation for the remarkable diversity of plants. Bobbi will encourage students to combine accuracy and aesthetics to create attractive botanical illustrations. Bobbi will talk about how composition and design can reveal the beauty and complexity of a species. Refine your observational and artistic

skills by dissecting flowers as you sketch them. Learn terminology and techniques for depicting them accurately.

BOBBI ANGELL works for scientists at The New York Botanical Garden and other institutions, using herbarium specimens to illustrate floras, monographs, and new species. Her pen and ink line drawings have depicted several thousand species from areas as diverse as the deserts of the Intermountain West to the tropical forests of Central French Guiana and the Greater Antilles. Recent projects include an introduction to lichens of the Great Smokies and a field guide to the wildflowers of the Jura mountains of Switzerland.

Bring a sketchbook or paper and pencils. All other material will be provided.

Co-sponsored by The River Gallery School.



Introduction to Grasses

A two part workshop: Sundays, September 5 & 12
1-3pm

Free (donations welcome) 🌿 Register at beec.org

GRASSES ARE everywhere—a huge, diverse, group of plants. Identifying them can be daunting indeed. Learning more about them? So easy. Join botanist Mike Duffy for two sessions to learn about and celebrate grasses.

For the first session, we will explore the West River Trail in Brattleboro. Mike will talk about grasses from the landscape perspective—their importance for wildlife and their ecology. We will admire some of the handsome and distinctive grasses that grow along the river and learn what makes a grass a grass.

The second session will take place at BEEC and will begin around the picnic tables with a closer look at the subtle flowers of grasses. Learn the terminology needed to take the next steps in grass identification and look at some grass flowers under a microscope. Then we'll take your new vocabulary for a walk through the meadows and woods for a fresh look at these oft overlooked plants.

MIKE DUFFY was a field botanist and park ranger in Alaska for over thirty years and is now exploring the botanical world of southern Vermont.



Tacu and Me by Fred Homer

MOST OF my writing is about my interactions with wild birds. In recounting these adventures it is important that I mention the patience, understanding, and participation of my wife and children.

For nearly forty years our home has served as a boardinghouse, providing respite and care for disabled itinerant avian guests. It's a rare occasion that one of our rooms doesn't include an enclosure housing an owl, hawk, or several songbirds. In addition to our feathered guests, we have always had a dog. Maggie, Gus, Ozzie, Mocha, Tinker, Mickey, and now Tacu, like elements from the periodic table, each with his or her unique defining attributes, have been integral members of our family. All of these dogs were acquired through the Humane Society or serendipity.

Twelve years ago our daughter, Kestrel, was studying in Oaxaca, Mexico. A few days prior to her coming home we received a call. I answered the phone and knew immediately by the tentative tone of her voice that this was more than just a "Hi, how are you doing" call. The Dad of Daddy was elongated to Daaaad. The dy stretched, gradually ascending before concluding.

I felt like a batter caught off guard when thrown an unexpected slow-motion change-up. Emotionally teetering, I immediately began thinking of a possible broken bone or maybe a broken heart and hoping I had the resources to offer some comfort.

I waited.

A heavy sigh.

She began.

"Well, you know how we've always had a dog, and I've really always loved our dogs, but it's always been you and Mom who have picked them out, and well, there's this little puppy, and I know we already have a dog, but this puppy was abandoned at a construction site, and I saw her for several days and asked the workers if they knew anything about her, and they said she was a stray and they shared their lunch sandwiches with her, and so I brought her home to my apartment, and she had lots of fleas, and I gave her several baths, and the vet said she wouldn't have to be quarantined if she came home with me because she's less than three months old and doesn't need a rabies shot until after three months, and I have a pet carrier so I can bring her on the plane with me, and Tacu, that's her name, I named her for the street I'm living on, Tacu is really smart and hardly ever barks, and I'll feed her and pay for all her vet bills, and she's small and has a sweet disposition, and I know you would love her, and she would love you, and ..."

I'm convinced Kestrel had hired a mariachi band—I began to hear the imploring, plaintive accompaniment of violins and guitars. But also, in my mind, as her

monologue evolved her voice seemed to take on the sonorous, persuasive qualities of Perry Mason. What I heard was: "Respected member of the jury. The evidence before you should eliminate any doubt regarding your decision. In that my client cannot speak for herself, I have, to the best of my ability, presented accurately the dire circumstances of Tacu's existence. Whether through fate or coincidence, this abandoned, neglected puppy has been thrust into my heart and embracing arms. There really is one, and only one, resolution to this unexpected confluence. It would be merciless, it would be heartless, to discard this puppy like a piece of trash back into her former existence. Such a miscarriage of justice must not be allowed when there's a warm rainbow of love and companionship awaiting her in the bucolic mountains of southern Vermont. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I rest my case."

Silence.

No broken bone. No broken heart.

"Well," I said, "it doesn't seem like this puppy has any option other than to come home with you."





They arrived. Time would validate most of what our daughter had described. But then, after Tacu was a well-established family member, Kestrel received an exciting job offer in Minneapolis, and (I guess you know where this is going) she moved. Tacu stayed, and quite honestly I would have put up strong resistance to any serious consideration of her relocating.

So for all of you who have experienced the many joys and occasional heartache of canine companionship, I hope you enjoy some of my thoughts about Tacu and me.

Hey old dog, I've been thinking about us
It's been a lot of years for you and me
An accumulation somewhere around
One hundred and sixty-three

My understanding is that each year of mine
Equals about seven years for you
But I've never been much good at math
So add or subtract one or two.

Our lives are in many ways different
But you're a smart dog and must be aware
Of our special interspecies relationship
That most animals will never share.

You were a lost and lonely puppy
Abandoned on a Mexican street
Like me as a kid lost in New Jersey
How fortuitous that we happened to meet.

Your diminutive presence is a wonderful gift.
You're alert as I walk through the door
Soft ears perk up as you look to me
And get up from your place on the floor.

We're compatriots like Butch and Sundance
Desperadoes mounted side by side
Grocery shopping and trips to the post office
We saddle up the truck and ride.

Settling into the comfortable cab
But knowing we could weather the trail
We listen to accompanying music
As we drive to pick up the mail.

No need for a particular itinerary
No need for any personal guides
You manifest the soul of the Buddha
Embracing what the journey provides.

I will mention several questionable behaviors
There are a few I would like to amend

For instance, I would prefer to scratch your ears
But you present me with your other end.

And when I sit down to read a book
You wait until I'm thoroughly engaged
Then scratch at the door wanting to go out
Before I've barely finished a page.

I know this scenario will be repeated
Except backwards from before
My reading will again be interrupted
As you scratch from outside the door.

Aren't relationships an interesting challenge
So perplexing in their give-and-take
The ups and downs and the unexpected
Often bending but too strong to break.

I've noticed you're a little stiff these days
And you're getting up kind of slow
I wish we could discuss this aging thing
And how our years are beginning to show.

I know the squirrels can now outrun you
Hell, I'm no longer nearly as fast
But don't the days seem a bit more mellow
Our good life has us smiling on our past.

This is a tribute, little canine companion
You're my very best four-legged friend
And knowing how well we know each other
It's a bonus having more time to spend.

I'm starting to feel a little bit maudlin
I tell you you're a good dog all the time.
You reciprocate with a wag of your tail
I wonder does your nose dictate your mind.

My hand reaches up to my pocket
For the little Milk-Bones I stash there.
You anticipate, it's a familiar routine
Have I ever not been willing to share?

Some questions are best left unanswered
Some thoughts better left unresolved.
A good friendship has many permutations
And most issues can be mutually solved.

I confess that I hope your perceptions of me
Are a friend, a partner, and an enhancer
Please keep it a secret if I'm simply
Your human dog biscuit dispenser.



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About BEEC

THE BONNYVALE Environmental Education Center fosters experiences that inspire connection to the natural world and its many inhabitants. BEEC is located on a picturesque old farm in Brattleboro, Vermont. When COVID permits, the former farm buildings will again shelter campers and school groups. The pastures and forests still offer natural beauty to those who walk our trails. The sweeping view from the summit of Heifer Hill is not to be missed.



Our programs include:

- Science-based school programs
- Nature Explorers camps
- Natural history hikes and workshops
- Educational programs on environmental issues
- Professional development workshops & environmental education curriculum for county teachers
- Conservation planning resources
- Salamander Crossing Brigades
- Wildlife Rehabilitation

BEEC has 2 miles of trails that are open for walking from dawn until dusk. **Please leash and clean up after your dogs.** BEEC is located at 1223 Bonnyvale Road (Heifer Hill) in West Brattleboro. **Be well & stay healthy!**

Your support makes our work possible. Thank you!



Donation

- \$25
 \$50
 \$100
 \$___ Other

Membership

Benefits include the newsletter, & program discounts.

- \$75/year for a sustaining membership
 (enable more people to enjoy BEEC programs)
 \$60/year for a family
 \$40/year for an individual
 \$20/year for a student or senior

- I am interested in providing BEEC a Legacy Gift.
 Please contact me about planned giving options.
 My employer will match this donation.
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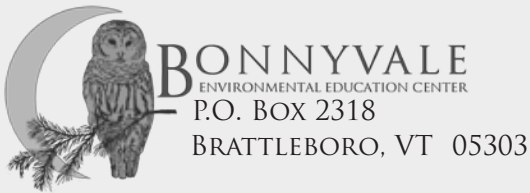
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 If you would like to mail a check, please send it to:
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New from Green Writer Press: Janey Monarch Seed Who will save the monarch butterflies?

IT'S A long, tough journey, but one that's filled with adventure and natural beauty, new friends, and big dreams. Told in simple verse, the story works as a gentle but lively introduction to monarch biology and ecology, emphasizing habitat needs and our role as active stewards in the natural world.

Written by Julie Dunlap with delightful illustrations by Dana Simpson and John Orth. You will find this book locally at Everyone's Books or wherever you buy books.

