

The Battle of the Swallows

By Anne Todesco

There are several species of swallows — there are Cliff Swallows, Tree Swallows, Wave, Bug and Barn Swallows. Actually the Barn Swallows are the Cliff Swallows and acquired the name of Barn or Eave Swallows after the European and British immigrants came to the North American continent. As they cleared land and built small homes and barns, the Cliff birds deserted their method of building their mud and clay nests on the face of cliffs and started to build their nests under the eaves of the log barns or any overhanging ledge or shelf that invited them to use their masonry skills in building their nest or row of mud pellets, dry grass and seeds.

The little rascals decided to build nests on the veranda beams of my home. They would be up at daylight or sunrise and have at least three rows or mud built in a circle. Thinking to discourage them, I

would sweep it all down. How they scolded me and flew about my head.

While I would be having my breakfast, the determined little creatures would have three rows of mud and clay pellets back on the beam, so I swept it off once more. In no time I bet at least thirty of the little untidy creatures would gather in the big tree. They chattered, peeped and scolded in their way. I am sure that the whole clan was in that tree and they really gave me a going over while they could see me.

When I was out of sight, they all came to investigate the damage that I had done. In about half an hour, the mast builders started a third try to construct their home. I let them get to the third row around and out I went with the broom and proceeded to sweep it down. My ears seemed to be still ringing with them flying about my head and scolding me.

I got the brain wave to spray

that end of the beam with Raid. They approached that end of the beam then flew off to congregate on the telephone line to peep-peep their way through the next situation on their agenda.

They never appeared again that day to the veranda but the next morning the wiley birds took advantage of me enjoying a late sleep. After getting up and preparing for a free day, I ate breakfast opened the door and raised the window shades. They sure caught me sleeping on the job because there were the little birds busy as bees building another nest on the opposite end of the veranda.

Maybe they thought they had me buffaloed the evening before by remaining so quiet.

Their strategy almost had won the battle. I grabbed the broom, some sudsy water and proceeded to wash down the partly constructed nest and cleaned up the mess on the railing, floor and window. Again chattering and scolding. Away they

went.

Again the determined little workers made a third attempt, but I cleaned away the mess and had the beam well sprayed with RAID. After another good examination of my deed they flew off swinging and curving low over bushes and swampy shores and were gone, so I thought.

The next morning I had difficulty opening my door. Have you guessed were they tried a to build a new home. I think you have — over my door. WHAT A MESSY MESS. The mesh of the screen door and the mail box were plastered with mud, clay, and droppings. They were building on only an inch wide ledge above the door but had the whole width of the door sealed with mud. I bet that they were thinking that they had pulled a fast one on this senior lady, but I think I have won this time.

After donning an old hat, rub-

bers, and jacket, I went out with my broom and pail of soapy water to attack this once more while engaged a friend drove up to find out what was causing me to be so energetic so early in the day. She was kind enough to come to my assistance. We no sooner had the door spic and span with a good coating of RAID.

It is days and days and many a swallow have retreated to cliffs, their habitat of an ancient homes.

Did you know that these birds are lousy? Well they are, some sort of mites or lice are on their bodies. Be careful if handling nests of these little black, white and gray birds, as people will experience very itchy skin. Analysis of their food intake has shown outside a few seeds and a bit of greenplants, they consume large quantities of insects. Hope they devour blackflies and our buzzing torturers the mosquitos.

I think that I came out on top in this skimage.

Thank You

We would like to thank Gilles, Terri, Lenny & Lynn. Pat for the music. All the bartenders and people who watched the door. For making our STAG & DOE such a great success.

PETER & ANGEL

People Watching

By Mary Hubelit

Barbara Streisand said it best: "People who love people/ Are the luckiest people in the world!" There are people who love any people, and there are those whose love is lavished on family members. This is fine with me, but what if someone robs, steals, destroys, kills — how can one continue to love? For love to flourish there must be respect, no?

Anyway, in closing the book on our little 1988 adventure, let me extend Streisand's comment: it was shown to me that people who are loved by people who love people are the luckiest people in the world. Got it? Here was I, the sole survivor of my own immediate family, showered with love and attention built up by people from over one hundred years back, scattered all over this country. N. and I were greeted by a petite, brilliant little lady, ninety-one years old, who has practised the art of loving all these years, taught it to five children, and

kept vibrant the colorful threads of a family tapestry started in Ireland in 1849. The Mathers (soft "a" as in "mate") clan has been followed and documented with incredible enthusiasm and integrity by Aleda Mathers Wightman in Luck now.

A few years ago one of the Mathers instituted the genealogical research, travelling to Ireland for the all important "roots". It seem we all got into the act and correspondence flowed back and forth across Canada with mounting excitement as one Mathers after another surfaced out of Canada's pioneer days into the present. In the old, dim photographs they look like a bunch of stuffed shirts (cameras have come a long way), but behind that formal facade lived a great bunch of hard-working, clear-thinking and far-seeing people.

That bright-eyed adventurous spirit was in Aleda's eyes when we found her address and parked Mitzi in front of her home that Sunday morning. Her father and my grandfather were brothers, but we might have been sisters, so warm was her

welcome. One of her sons was visiting her that weekend, and the hospitality was memorable. You should have seen the delight in her eyes as she had her first ride in Mitzi — she had of course, travelled around Canada, but never in a motor home. We were taking her out to the family farm where her 85 year old brother still lives.

When we left for Point Pelee and Niagara Falls we were given the phone number of another son who "will help you see Niagara Falls!" She was so right — again the hand of welcome was extended and the glow of family togetherness obvious. It is an awesome responsibility to carry around for the rest of one's life. One does feel that one owes the ancestors something!

However, the lady at the desk in the R.V. park was not family. The helpful attendant at the gas station was not family, nor were the family staff at Point Pelee, but we were cared for all the way in the best family tradition.

Oh! Canada!

The Young And Restless

By Helene Ballard

Hello Folks!

Time for another effort to try to get out my column. Hope you are all well and enjoying our summer. This has been a busy month but I know the senior citizens have had a nice time with all the events planned for us.

Here at Birchwood we had a Fun Day on Friday 24, 1988. All the staff joined the residents for an afternoon of fun. Each staff member picked five residents to be on their team and each team had a name, this year we used the names of the soap operas. This old gal was on the team of The Young and Restless with Bonnie Barsa as our

captain. We played different games suitable for indoors as the weather did not co-operate with us. It was a fun afternoon complete with hot dogs and buns. On behalf on the residents I would like to thank all our staff for their work and kindness to us, we are grateful to them.

On Tuesday June 28 we had our residents council meeting, the last one until September so we can all say we are on vacation.

Our card playing friends will also be back in September and we wish them all a happy and safe summer. I'll have more news for you next week.

Until then this wee Bite:

There's one thing certain about flattery- It's not done with mirrors

SERENDIPITY:

The faculty of making happy or unexpected discoveries by accident.

Discover It

Thank You

We would like to thank each and everyone of you, who in your own special way, contributed to make Deb and John's Wedding Day, such a happy one.

**Helen & Don Neilson
Flo & Gerry Fisher**



THANK YOU The Corporation of The Township of Terrace Bay

Council would like to express appreciation to all the Senior Citizens who attended the Reception at the Royal Canadian Legion on June 14, 1988

Thank you

I would like to extend a sincere thank you to all the people who made my shower such a success. I'd like to thank the people who gave on my list at The Bay, Spadoni's and Cebrario's. Special thanks to the Wedding Party, Servers, and Kitchen Helpers. Thank you Mom, Nan, Flo, and Baba for all your support. Your help, thoughtfulness, and generosity will never be forgotten.

**Debbie Fischer
(nee) Neilson**



public notice The Sewing Nook

Perth's agent advises customers to pick-up their clothing regularly. Because of lack of space, a fee of \$5.00 per week will be added to original bill for storage after 2 weeks of delivery date. The Sewing Nook is not responsible for articles stolen from premises, after 2 weeks of delivery day.

**Summer Schedule for PERTH Cleaner Service
Tuesday & Friday. Twice weekly !!!**

Please keep this service going by your co-operation.

Thank you,
Elise Kenny, Perth's Agent

Sewing Nook hours

9:30 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. - Mon, Tues, Thurs, Fri
10:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m. - Sat - Closed Wed