

SOUTH SHORE SKIMMER



NEXT MEETING

Enid Klein


DATE: Tuesday, March 8, 2005
 TIME: 7:30 P.M.
 PLACE: Freeport Memorial Library
 144 W. Merrick Rd. (at S. Ocean Ave.)
 SPEAKER: Joe Grupp
 TOPIC: Nature Tales from a Wanderer

This month's slide show program will relate to observations, adventures, and stories experienced in the natural world, from places like the Grand Canyon, the High Sierras, and other locations near and far, as well as a bicycle trip across the United States. The stories will pertain to topics such as birds, plants, ecology, geology, etc., or just an experience itself.

Joe, as all but our newest members know, is our Research Committee's chairperson and a regular contributor to the *Skimmer*. He's also one of our chapter's past presidents. Join us!

Pre-Meeting Program on Birds. Starting at 7 P.M. each month, Scott Oglesby will be discussing birds in the room beyond our coffee-break tables. Topic suggestions for future talks are welcome.

Parking Lots. In addition to the parking lot adjacent to the library, there's a lightly used, well-lit, and fairly close municipal lot on the east side of S. Ocean Ave., on the near (south) side of the Gulf station that borders Sunrise Highway. Also, SSAS has a verbal agreement with neighboring Citibank that cars will no longer be towed from their lot during our meetings, but we can't guarantee this.

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 ◆◆◆◆◆

! FLEA MARKET ALERT !

Betty Barowsky

The "Oldest Established Permanent Floating Flea Market in New York"* will be held on **Sunday, May 1** by SSAS. We will be on the corner of Sunrise Highway and Brookside Avenue (near the Freeport-Baldwin border) beginning at 10 A.M. that day. We will begin accepting and arranging your donations for sale at that time, and we should be able to begin selling goods at about 11 A.M. We ask that you bring your donations directly to the site of the sale, since there is no way to store donations ahead of time. We would also ask you to set a value on your donation — otherwise, we'll make our best guess as to what it is worth. Tax exempt receipts will be available there. All proceeds from sales will go toward SSAS's programs.

We plan to either discard or donate to another organization anything we fail to sell that day. So if you only wish to donate something for SSAS's benefit, come back in the evening and pick up your item if it hasn't been sold.

What should you bring? Basically, anything you can carry that you feel has value. Think about all those paperbacks and DVDs you can't bear to throw out, but that you will probably never read or watch again; cameras, toys, kitchen cutlery, dishes; perhaps some houseplants that you've been propagating because you don't have the heart to throw them out but you really have quite enough of, thank you; furniture, bicycles, helmets, etc., etc. If you are a baker, bring cakes, cookies, etc. If you create crafts, bring those — for example, birdhouses, pot holders, and so forth. *Whatever* you can contribute will be very welcome.

However, please do NOT bring: old computers or parts, or large appliances (small appliances, like can openers & microwaves will be OK, since we'll be able to show that they work on site). If you are not sure, just call one of the co-chairs. Also, if the weather appears inclement, our rain



date will be Saturday, May 7. Again, if you're not sure about the weather, call one of us:

Betty Borowsky, 764-3596
or Judy Wolosoff, 678-1676

If you would like to work with us on some aspect of this, give us a call too! We will need lots of help.

We are really looking forward to this event—it's the first flea market we've had in some years, and not only do we earn a bit for our educational programs, but we have a lot of fun as well.

! GET IN TOUCH !

*With eternal thanks to Damon Runyon, Frank Loesser, and Abe Burrows for the best musical ever written (which your editor couldn't identify — *Guys and Dolls*).

**NATURE TALES FROM A WANDERER
Eagles at Reelfoot Lake, Part I**

Joe Grupp

Reelfoot Lake is in the northwest corner of Tennessee, its western edge a mile or two from the Mississippi River and its northernmost reaches close to or just over the Kentucky border. I was unaware of its existence until my wife, Dolores, did some research on wildlife refuges and other natural areas in a state we had never explored. In doing so, she discovered that the lake and surrounding area was a wintering ground for the Bald Eagle, with one hundred to two hundred individuals usually in the area each year, as well as a wintering ground for an abundance of waterfowl. The waterfowl are an important part of the eagles' winter food supply.

The lake was formed by the New Madrid earthquake in 1811, the most violent earthquake recorded in North America. As a result of the earthquake, a large portion of the land dropped and the resulting depression was filled by the waters of the nearby Mississippi River. The shallow lake is about twelve miles long and irregular in shape, wide at its southern end, extremely narrow in other spots, and almost becoming a string of lakes as you go north. The United States Fish and Wildlife Service (USFWS) has a large refuge, Reelfoot Lake National Wildlife Refuge, which is comprised of two units and covers a good portion of the northern end of the lake. Tennessee has a wildlife management area and a number of separate park units along the lakeshore that comprise Reelfoot Lake State Park. Both the park and refuge provide limited public access to the lake, and also refuge for the wildlife. The remainder of the lake area is privately owned and numerous sportsmen's lodges line its shores. Most of the outlying surrounding areas are large tracts of farmland, partially flooded at this time of the year, providing waterfowl habitat, interspersed with smaller stands of trees and/or cypress swamp and sparsely populated.

Legend has it that the lake derived its name from a Chickasaw Indian warrior who was born with a clubfoot. That abnormality caused him to reel or walk in an un-

steady manner when moving about, hence the name Reelfoot. Kidnapping and marrying an Indian princess from the Choctaw tribe, he experienced the wrath of the gods. In punishment, the gods entombed him, the princess, and his tribe in the bottom of Reelfoot Lake when it was formed.

The woodlands that edge the lake are dominated by bald cypress trees and are frequently flooded, especially during late fall and winter, creating a cypress swamp habitat. Four activities dominate the area: nature viewing, fishing, duck hunting, and farming in season. During the winter months, most of the USFWS refuge is closed to the public, to provide a safe area for the wintering waterfowl, especially during hunting season. Both Tennessee State Parks and USFWS provide eagle tours for the public.

We took advantage of lodging at Airpark Inn at Reelfoot Lake State Park and found it perfect for the outdoor enthusiast. The rooms are clustered on a pier over the edge of the lake and cypress swamp. Each room is comfortable and has large sliding glass doors and a picture window looking out over the lake or into the swamp. Upon our arrival, a presentation in the all-purpose room using live raptors was just starting and we hurried to it just after we checked in. Great Horned Owl, Red-tailed Hawk, Peregrine Falcon, and Bald Eagle were the live birds demonstrated and talked about. While we were carrying our bags to our door after the presentation, two women called our attention to a feeding beaver off the side of the pier. That was more than a pretty good start to our stay.



Spending two days at the lake, we took both of the tours offered; the state tour on day one, the USFWS tour on the second day. Our experiences on those tours and our own explorations will appear in Part II of this article, in the next *Skimmer*. Reelfoot Lake is an interesting place and provided some great observations during our stay.

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BACKYARD BIRD COUNTS NEEDED

As most of you know, SSAS is compiling data on the birds seen in our area. Forms have appeared in previous *Skimmers* and are available at meetings, walks, our Web site, and from Joe Grupp or Michael Sperling. Please send dates, times, species, and numbers to Joe (660 Edgemere Ave, Uniondale, NY 11553; Birdstudyjoeg02@aol.com).

SIGN UP NOW FOR OUR FAHNESTOCK WEEKEND!

Mary Jane Russell has arranged for us to spend **June 4 and 5** in Clarence Fahnestock Memorial State Park. The park and its Taconic Outdoor Education Center (where we'll stay) are located off the Taconic Parkway in the highlands of Putnam County, about 90 minutes away. The cost of this weekend outing will be \$65 for SSAS members and \$70 for nonmembers.

Fahnestock is part of an Audubon Important Bird Area and consists of over 11,000 acres of oak, hickory, and hemlock forest, with lakes and ten miles of trails. We'll use Fahnestock's rowboats and have arranged an easy canoe trip along the shore of the Hudson River at the nearby Constitution Marsh Audubon Center and Sanctuary. The optional canoe trip will begin on Sunday at 10 A.M. for an additional \$15 (\$20 for nonmembers) and will have a maximum of 15 participants.

Three meals prepared by students of the Culinary Institute of America will be provided for all registrants (lunch and dinner on Saturday, breakfast on Sunday). Most rooms have five beds, so be ready to share your sleeping space with your fellow SSAS members and friends. SSAS's first weekend there was in October 1998, which was before they added indoor plumbing to the heated/electrified cabins.

A \$10 deposit, payable to South Shore Audubon Society, will hold your reservation. Please call Mary Jane at 766-7397 if you're interested. We must have 35 advance registrants for this trip to occur.

BIRD WALKS
Elliott Kutner

All walks start at 9:30 A.M.; no walk if it rains or snows or temperature is below 25°F. Any questions? Call Elliott at 486-7667. Directions and summaries may be found at ssaudubon.org.

- Feb. 20 Jones Beach West End #2, N.E. corner
- Feb. 27 Zach's Bay Parking Field #4, N.E. corner
- Mar. 6 Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge
- Mar. 13 Jones Beach West End #2, N.E. corner
- Mar. 20 Jones Beach Fishing Pier (Field #10, west of Wantagh Parkway)
- Mar. 27 Massapequa Preserve (LIRR N.E. lot)
- Apr. 3 Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge
- Apr. 10 Massapequa Preserve (LIRR N.E. lot)
- Apr. 17 Norman J. Levy Park and Preserve
- Apr. 24 Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge
- May 1 Massapequa Preserve (LIRR N.E. lot)
- May 8 Norman J. Levy Park and Preserve
- May 15 & 22 Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge
- May 29 Memorial Day Weekend — No Walk
- June 5 Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge



SSAS Mission Statement — The mission of South Shore Audubon Society is to promote environmental education; conduct research pertaining to local bird populations, wildlife, and habitat; and preserve and restore our environment, through responsible activism, for the benefit of both people and wildlife.


SSAS Post Office Statement — South Shore Skimmer is published monthly from September through December and February through May by South Shore Audubon Society, P.O. Box 31, Freeport, NY 11520-0031.

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NEW YORK AQUARIUM (Sat., March 19, 10 A.M.—12:30 P.M.). Join veteran marine educator Bob Cummings for a special 2-1/2 hour "Behind-the-Scenes" tour of this wonderful aquarium in Coney Island. See beluga whales, sea otters, walrus, penguins, sharks, and, of course, "Squirt the Wonder Clam." Cost: \$20 (kids \$10). Call Don. Reserve early.

GALAPAGOS ISLANDS — AGAIN! (March 25 to April 4). Call Mickey Cohen for info: (718) 471-2166.

ASSATEAGUE SPRING WEEKEND (May 19–22). Hike trails, beaches, and woods at Chincoteague Wildlife Refuge and Assateague National Seashore. See eagles, river otter, dolphin, Sika deer, brown-headed nuthatch, and many other species of songbirds and shorebirds. Cost: \$325 includes 3 nights at Refuge Inn (double occ.), boat tour of marshes, guided hikes, evening slide lectures, a star watch, and a Saturday night seafood buffet. Leaders: Mickey Cohen, Don Riepe. Call Don.

JAMAICA BAY SUNSET CRUISES (May 28 & June 11, 5 P.M.). Three-hour narrated tours of the backwater marshes of Jamaica Bay Refuge. Cost: \$35 includes wine, cheese, fruit, snacks. Boat leaves from Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn.

For information and free field trip brochure, call/write Don Riepe, (718) 318-9344, donriepe@aol.com, 28 West 9th Road, Broad Channel, NY 11693; www.alsnyc.org.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Wendy Murbach



One of the wonderful perks that you get from an Audubon membership is the chance to be a part of your local Audubon chapter, South Shore Audubon Society.

You are automatically a valued member of this active and friendly chapter, so please come out to the next meeting at the Freeport Library from 7:30–9:30 P.M. on the second Tuesday of the month to hear what you can do to help preserve your local environment's health and viability, to hear about local issues that you can help to solve, and to see an interesting program.

Whether you are a beginning birder or someone with a large life list, you will enjoy our weekly Sunday bird walks led by Elliott Kutner, birder extraordinaire. Check out the special events that are mentioned in this *Skimmer*. Attend them yourself, and bring your family and friends too.

You are warmly invited to be an active participant in this vibrant all-volunteer organization comprised of persons who, like you, care about the earth we live on, about our local environment, and about the creatures that live alongside us.

Our new members since last month's *Skimmer* are:

- Baldwin Michael Byrne, Jennie Geary,
Eleanor Lennon, Joseph Villani
- Bethpage Anthony Yaccarino 
- Farmingdale Robert R. Rooks
- Floral Park Gail Uhlenbusch
- Freeport Helen Stemkowski
- Garden City Angela DeJose, Ms. Jacqueline
Polon
- Hempstead Ruth Cupas
- Island Park Mary Garthwaite, Helen Lorenz,
Mary Vamracaris
- Levittown Ward Fleischmann, Frank Milio,
Martina Schmid
- Long Beach Charles Raffé
- Lynbrook Francis Bell, William Gluckman,
Elizabeth Lunsford
- Massapequa Mr. Joseph Korman
- Massapequa Park Pearl Rabinowitz, Joan R. Ripley,
Joseph A. Romolo
- Merrick Ms. Joyce A. Holmes, Patricia
Milizio, Thelma D. Rosenthal
- Oceanside Dean Cristiano, E. S. Levy
- Rochester Joyce Pollack
- Rockville Centre Dan Ion, Grace H. Knutson, Gail
LaMastro, Sarah Mantel,
Sam & Anja Resnick,
Barbara Taubert
- Stewart Manor Lynn McGuire 
- West Hempstead Robert Russo

AUDUBON MEMBERSHIP STATUS (800) 274-4201

COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE!

Thanks to the perennial generosity of Evelyn Bishop, South Shore Audubon Society will be awarding two \$500 Jerry Bishop Environmental Scholarships to students who are college juniors, seniors, or graduate students and who are continuing their studies towards a degree in an area of biological or environmental science, such as wildlife management, forestry, animal behavior, ecology, marine biology, oceanography, mammalogy, or ornithology. For information, call Betsy Gulotta at 546-8841 or e-mail gulotte@ncc.edu (yes, that's spelled correctly). Applications are due by April 30.

(516) 594-0300, Ext 11 Fax: (516) 594-0801

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CARDINALS BY THE PAIR

Editor's note: This article, by Mary Leister, is reprinted from the November/December 1995 issue of *Bird Watcher's Digest*.

The joyously singing redbird, the plump little homebody that enlivens every landscape, fictional and real, of the South, is slowly pushing its boundaries northeastward and northwestward until, these days, it can be found throughout most of New England, in the southernmost reaches of the eastern Canadian provinces, around the bush-grown regions of southeastern South Dakota, and now, most amazingly, nesting in Manitoba, having skipped over both North Dakota and northern Minnesota.

Note, however, that once out of the Deep South, these birds are no longer known by their pet name of redbird. They are called, more formally, cardinals. But that's a change made by their human neighbors.

The birds themselves have spread out into all these far-off territories without changing a single one of their characteristics. In South Dakota and in the northland of

southern Maine, they continue to be the same nonmigratory homebodies as those that spend their generations, snowlessly, among crape myrtle and Spanish moss.

And I worry about them. I watch them here on the southern edge of the Piedmont in central Maryland, standing hungry and helpless because they cannot reach the plentiful scattering of cracked corn and sunflower seeds that lie under their feet, scarcely hidden by a scant half-inch fall of new, loose, dry snow.

I watch them in despair, for I cannot keep the falling snow from covering the seed that I've spread. Is it physically impossible for cardinals to scratch? They hop quite agilely, but cardinals do not ever walk or, God forbid, run. Perhaps their legs do not operate independently of each other?

But most of our birds do not scratch as barnyard chickens do. Towhees, sparrows, juncos, titmice, and chickadees all scratch, at least part of the time, by hopping backward and scraping the snow away with downward-reaching toes. Backward and forward they hop, energetically making the snow fly on every backward hop. Perhaps lifting the whole body and scratching at the same time is too athletically demanding for the heavier cardinal?

Whatever their reason for not scratching, physical or mental, I'm sure cardinals are not about to acquire the skill. May there always be lots of little birds to scabble away the snow so that our colonizing cardinals may make it through the winters!

It is not that the redbirds of Richmond, Savannah, and Biloxi are suddenly seized with bouts of wanderlust that send them gypsying off to Canada or to the Dakotas. It is simply that, as their populations increase, the territory-seeking youngsters must push off to new areas of unclaimed, bushy thickets and viny tangles to establish their own nesting grounds. And if those thickets and tangles happen to lie beyond the boundary line of the next state or the next nation — well, the cardinal has just added another political division to its range expansion statistics.

No matter how far north they have settled, cardinals do not migrate back to the sunnier climes of their youth. They stay and take the winter as it comes, and, mostly, they survive. True, they retreat to heavy growths of evergreens or the vaulted viny tangles hidden in protected lowlands to ease the roughness of winter living, but the distances they travel are measured in hundreds of yards, not in miles.

Some people regard cardinals gathered together for the winter as a flock, but it is not so. Crows, cedar waxwings, and wild geese form flocks. They travel together, feed together, attack or evade enemies by flock effort, and are more-or-less organized under more-or-less leaders — and the actions of individual birds affect the behavior of the flock as a whole.

This kind of behavior is not evident among cardinals sheltering together in thickety lowlands. They do not even fly together as a flock.

During winter, my large feeding station is a popular place, especially for morning and evening feedings, and the brilliant cardinals are standouts among the more somberly clad legions. The half-dozen pairs of my own cardinals come drifting in, usually by twos, from the lawn shrubbery, the orchard, and the woods' edge. The countryside cardinals, which shelter in the thickets of the bottomland



below me, filter up through the bushes of the woods' edge by ones and by twos, silently, over a period of 15 or 20 minutes, until 20 or, for weeks, 30 pairs of cardinals are quietly and peacefully eating in my yard.

They come in as pairs or as individuals, never as a flock. And they leave in the same manner, with always several of them feeding until the very verge of darkness, long after all the other birds have gone off to their nighttime lodgings. Only with the aid of binoculars can I descry their dark little forms huddled close to the ground.

For, here again, the cardinal is a nonconformist. None of this busy, rhythmic pecking among the scattered grains for cardinals. None of this crooning or contented little twitterings while food is being consumed. The cardinal eats slowly and deliberately, and concentrates wholly on its eating.

The redbird stands there firmly braced on steady feet, lowers its head, and picks up a bit of cracked corn in its beak. The bird concentrates with single-minded attention on the bit of grain it holds. With several carefully calculated and considered movements of its tongue, it aligns the grain within its bill while its wings seem to be held deliberately motionless.

When the cardinal has the bit of corn positioned so that the knife-edge of its bill is against the minim of hull still adhering, it clips off the objectionable scale and drops it to the ground while swallowing what is left. That done, the bird moves its head, finds another morsel on the ground, gazes off into space, prepares this morsel in the same manner as the last, and allows it to slide down the gullet. Cardinals have no time, when feeding, for socializing.

Perhaps that is why the male cardinal's courtship practice of feeding his mate is so striking, so endearing. To feed his mate, the male picks up a choice bit of food in his beak, hops to the female's side, attracts her attention, then dips his head to one side and deftly presents his food-offering by placing it directly inside her bill. This is a gallantry so manifestly intended as such that the human watcher is ensnared.

And so is the cardinal's mate. Sometimes, indeed, she flutters her wings, opens her bill, and begs for the food and the gallantry he brings to her. This attention is not just a sometime thing. It continues — the feeding and the gallantry — the whole way through the nesting season.

From August to January, the cardinal male looks only to his own needs. He sings through the late winter, courts through the spring, and takes it easy through the beginning

of nesting season. He does not, usually, carry nesting materials. He does not, ordinarily, help with fashioning the nest. He never incubates the pair's eggs, and he never broods the nestlings.

But he does accompany his mate on practically all her materials-gathering trips; he does sing to her constantly as she builds the nest and lays their eggs; and, for the nearly two weeks in which she incubates those eggs, he not only sings to her — and she to him — but he regularly brings food to her at the nest. He has, however, no deadlines and no pressing demands.

But once the babies are hatched, he plunges into an overwhelming work shift of 16 or 17 hours per day of ceaseless labor. The female broods the hatchlings without surcease during their first two days in the nest, and the male gathers all the food for both his mate and their young. For the next two days, she broods with only a break or two, and the male continues to feed them all — and to sing when he can. On the fifth day, the female ceases brooding, and she and the male begin to share their heavily increasing feeding and nest-cleaning duties.

The new little cardinals develop rapidly and by their seventh day those naked, helpless, scarcely recognizable bits of bird life have grown wisps of pale down and are standing on their feet, reaching their heads above the rim of the nest and vocally demanding the billful of food the two parents never manage to deliver quite quickly enough.

By the time the nestlings are nine or ten days old, they have all sprouted dull brown feathers, their big bills have turned dark brown or blackish, and, on extremely wobbly wings and still-uncertain feet, they abandon the cradling nest.

Now parental anxiety and responsibility reach their highest points as the parents try to keep their independently wandering fledglings within reasonable bounds, protect them, feed them, and teach them to fend for themselves.

And after a single day of this (sometimes after two or three days), the female gets the yen for a second brood, and she goes off to refurbish the nest or to build a new one, presenting the male an almost impossible schedule. He must not only look after the needs of their present wandering brood; he must also companion her as she attends to the new nest and lays eggs and incubates them. Somehow he manages and, by the time the second brood hatches, the first brood is fairly well dispersed and the young birds are mostly looking after their own needs. Now the male is free to attend only to his mate — and to the hungry new nestlings in the new nest. And then, possibly, he must prepare for a third brood! Or even a fourth.

The basic unit of cardinal living is unquestionably the pair. Theirs is a pairing not simply for the hurly-burly toil and excitement of the sunlit nesting season, but one that continues the year around — and their music, for most of this long togetherness, apparently sustains and enriches the attachment.

Through the frosty months of autumn and the first bitter weeks of winter, the cardinal pair maintains a strictly

platonic and completely nonmusical association with each other. Gone now is the constant attention and the personal interest of their summertime relationship, and they spend a great deal of time enjoying an apartness as distant as across the whole backyard.

But toward the end of January, with snow on the ground and frost in the air, one of my own male cardinals bursts into song. His rich and musical out-of-season whistle electrifies every cardinal in the neighborhood. Soon all the local males are galvanized to territorial considerations and sing out a volley or two of the same possessive phrases. That, of course, sets *their* own mates to singing to them ... and cardinal song returns to the world.



The pairs countersinging to each other, repeating phrase for phrase almost endlessly, are renewing in song their personal interest in each other, strengthening and cementing the bond between them. For all cardinals it is a renewing of courtship — the entire sequence — every year, and a pursuing of the first courtships for yearlings just getting started.

Neighboring males countersinging *at* one another, repeating phrases for phrases almost endlessly, are signaling one another that they will not be infringed upon, establishing and cementing old and new rivalries, and each is letting every other male in the countryside know that he is the bird to be reckoned with.

Cardinal voices are cardinal voices. Tuneful and melodious, they are easily recognized wherever they are heard. But cardinal song, as a particular song, is subject to extensive variation throughout the year and from one area of the country to another. This often results in a change in their music: a change in accent, a change in phrasing, sometimes a change in their entire repertoire. Some years ago, I did not know this.

I had heard and loved the song of the cardinal up and down the entire East Coast, through the whole of the Old South, and out into the lakes and flatlands of the Midwest — wherever cardinals dwell. *What cheer, they say. What cheer! Birdie! Birdie! Birdie! What cheer!* (Or, as it is variously translated, *Wet year! Wet year! Tweetie! Tweetie!* etc.) So I was quite startled and severely disappointed when we moved into this little country enclave and I heard all the cardinal voices sing in steadily dropping tones and somewhat despairing quality, *For years... and years... and years... and years.*

They dropped that song abruptly, though, two or three years ago and began supplementing and experimenting with a confusing (to me, at least) variety of strange new phrases and no discernible repertoires of song at all. I confess I have not yet set words to any of the new phrases — mainly because they keep changing them from week to week.

But the cardinals all seem to understand, the pairings are as strong as ever, and the countersinging continues — beautifully.

South Shore Audubon Society
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Think Globally, but Join Locally!

Option 1. You can join SSAS for a year by sending \$15 payable to **South Shore Audubon Society** using the form below. Our address is P.O. Box 31, Freeport, NY 11520-0031.

Option 2. To join NAS and your all-volunteer local chapter, you can help SSAS survive NAS's major dues-share cutbacks by joining Audubon through us for the same price that it costs if you join through NAS (we get \$0 unless you join through us). Mail the form below and your check payable to **National Audubon Society** to SSAS at the address above. The special rate for the first year is \$20 per household; \$15 for students and seniors.

➔ **Renewing?** Please send NAS renewals directly to NAS (we now get \$0 for all NAS renewals).

Donations to SSAS are always welcome!



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