



BONNYVALE

ENVIRONMENTAL EDUCATION CENTER

NEWS & PROGRAMS

FALL 2020



IF PUMPKIN had been skeptical when I first introduced myself as her foster parent, I wouldn't have been surprised. Where were my webbed-feet? Did I have a flat, scaly tail? Glossy mahogany fur? My resume did include thirteen years as an honorary member of a beaver clan and foster parent to dozens of rodents of various sizes. By the time Pumpkin, met me, she wasn't feeling picky. She was sold when I offered the proper greeting and a comforting hug.

This story begins in early May with a call from the Brattleboro Police Department; pedestrians had apprehended two baby beavers trying to cross Route 30. When I arrived at the scene, the two kits hunkered in a cardboard box and took no comfort in kind words. The body of their mother lay by the side of Upper Dummerston Road. As I searched the area for more kits, I spotted a third by a rivulet of water that flowed beneath route 30 and into the field on the other side. I made some beaver greeting squeaks and crouched nearby. Pumpkin took a few hopeful steps toward me and then scrambled into my arms.

Wildlife rehabilitators have unique opportuni-

ties to learn about animals. I have learned about play behavior, greeting sounds, and the behavioral stages different species pass through on their way to independence. What would these kits teach me that I had not learned as the eccentric aunt of my backyard beavers?

The first weeks with the kits were grueling. They did not take to their new formula and became sick and cadaverously thin before a last-ditch medication worked and pulled them from Death's door. It was during this time that Pumpkin received her unfortunate name. Why would a semi-aquatic rodent be named after a vegetable of such symmetry and gravitas? She developed a craving for canned pumpkin.

When I finally thought the kits were over the hump and doing well, the most robust of the three, the very charming Old Chub, became sick again and died. Those were sad days, but Pumpkin and Curly continued to grow, thrive, and behave like baby beavers.

Like nearly all young mammals, there were times when they couldn't contain their energy and would erupt, hopping and charging about madly. The dis-

P.O. BOX 2318, BRATTLEBORO, VT 05303

PHONE: (802) 257-5785

E-MAIL: ADMIN@BEEC.ORG

WEBSITE: BEEC.ORG



finctive beaver move happened when they sat up for a grooming session. If silliness struck, they shook their heads vigorously while leaning ever farther backward. Usually, their substantial bellies anchored them in place, but sometimes, over they went and continued their giddy convulsions flopped on their backs.

Their wrestling took place in the water, cheek-to-cheek shoving matches that look like tango. As they became more adept at wrestling while swimming, they incorporated dives and spins into their moves. Pumpkin and Curly would play for hours. I could hear them splashing and roistering through my open window on summer nights. In the morning, I would find them sleeping together in the straw, their kiddie pool muddied by their matches. My greatest pleasure was to snuggle in with them and listen to their chorus of squeak-whines as they woke.

The "squeak-whine," the beavers' primary vocalization, is an emphatic, often rising, sound. To imitate them, place the sound high and in the back of the soft palate. Squeak-whines are various and expressive, though I seldom know what they mean. For example, Pumpkin will stand up and wave her paws and squeak-whine beseechingly. When I bend down to pet her, though, she squeals, batters my hands, and throws her head around like a petulant toddler. If I stop fussing with her, she squeak-whines and reaches up for more.

The kits made a different version of the squeak-whine when they were worried, a deep, husky whine. They made this sound for a couple of days when they moved into their winter digs— an enclosure at the Training Matters facility. The young beavers had a large stock tank pool and a play area filled with branches and straw, but despite these amenities, they were so nervous that they spent the first two days in the water—their safe zone. Their

squeaks were so husky I thought they might have laryngitis.

The kits make another sound when they are excited or distressed, one that I have never heard beavers make before—a faint, very high-pitched whine. I wonder if they can make sounds too high for human hearing, as other rodents do?

IN EARLY November, I left Pumpkin and Curly in the care of some of their other friends and took a weekend trip to the Northeast Kingdom. On my way home on Sunday night, I stopped to fuss with the kits. Pumpkin paddled in the pool, making husky whines. Where was Curly? As I checked every nook and cranny, Pumpkin followed on my

heels. Curly wasn't there. I sat down in a corner, and a distressed Pumpkin scrambled into my lap. I knew I'd find a message waiting at home and that the news wouldn't be good.

Sure enough, one of the caretakers had found Curly that morning, apparently asleep in the straw. Dr. Svec performed an autopsy and discovered a supporting membrane had cut off the blood supply to a section of her intestine—a curious fluke. The exam revealed that Curly was otherwise healthy and was, in fact, female (with beaver kits, the only sure way to tell the sex is with an x-ray).

Poor Curly was the kit who noticed that I didn't look like a beaver. In her final week, however, she began to warm to me. She joined Pumpkin in the rush to greet me and even battered my hands and squeak-whined at me a few times.

I have been doing my best to fill Pumpkin's need for family. When Curly died, I stayed with her for the first 48 hours, sleeping, eating, and working in her cozy pen. Now, I've cut back to several hours a day. I know she would be happier with a constant companion, especially one who enjoys aquatic sumo wrestling. Another Vermont rehabber is raising a single beaver kit— a male. This week, Pumpkin has a date with a vet—a gender-reveal party. If Pumpkin is a female, she will likely join the other single kit. If, on the other hand, Pumpkin is a male, the two would eventually fight, so Pumpkin will be stuck here with me.

I do the best I can. Here is what is happening today:

Pumpkin is busy preparing for winter. She is processing the aspen saplings I put in her pool. She nips off the small twigs and either eats them, drops them in the water (her winter food cache?), or carries

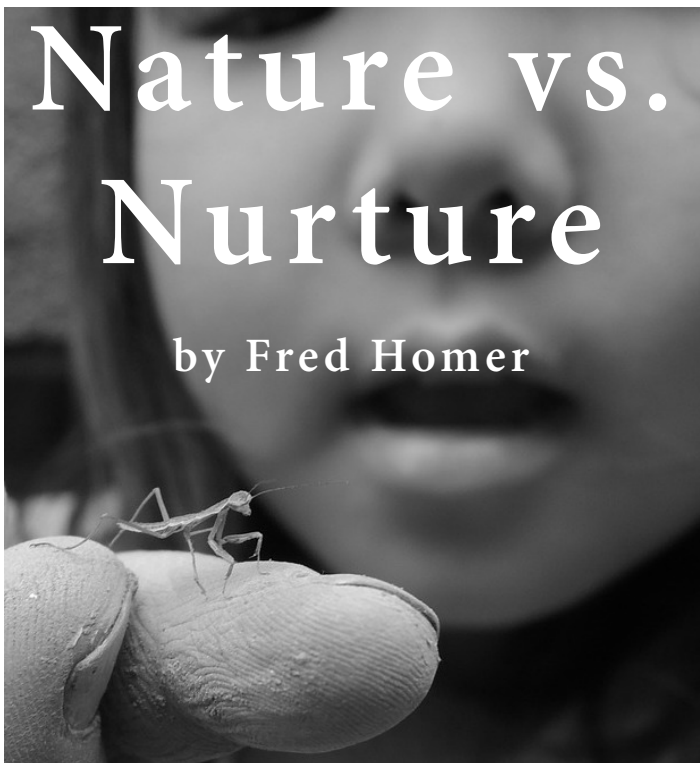


them up the ramp and adds them to the “dam” she is building at the side of the tub.

When Pumpkin has had enough water time, she pauses on the top of her ramp, gives herself a shake, and settles down to groom for a minute or two. Then she waddles down and finds me in my “office.” I quickly stash electronics and welcome her, in all of her damp corpulence, onto my lap. She takes my hand in her paws and grooms it, pressing her incisors against my skin and rubbing them back and forth. Since I have no dense undercoat of fur, this is not a pleasant experience. Mostly I manage to discourage her before the selected region is rubbed raw, but not always.

Once she has had enough attention, She begins to shape her terrestrial environment. A beaverdozer, she pushes her straw into a mountain that augments the stick dam by the ramp. She is also keen on damming the door to her pen, a zone where there is a flow of activity, not water—an interesting choice.

Today I have set up my office at the base of her ramp, and her dam building has begun to encroach on my workspace. Oh, here comes the little beaver now, hoisting a load of straw and pushing it up against my shoulder. She is building me into her dam—another new experience. If you don't see me for a while, maybe bring over a sandwich?



I SOMETIMES contemplate the whats and whys that have contributed to the who that is me. Given my lack of psychoanalytic skills, my thoughts, carried by the vagaries of mental currents, invariably come to rest on the familiar beach of nature/nurture.

Undeniably, any formative experiences established a template that continue to shape who I've become.

I was born over eighty years ago, shortly before Germany invaded Poland, initiating World War II. We were a middle-class family. My father worked long hours, sometimes putting in seven-day workweeks. My mother, with seeming fireless energy, assumed the multiple responsibilities of “homemaker.” I also had a sister several years older than I who tried to accept and tolerate the fact that we were related.

We rarely did anything as a family with the exception of sitting together for our evening meals. This daily ritual generated anxiety because of my father's unwavering rule that no one was allowed to leave the table until their plate was empty (that no one my father referred to always seemed to be me).

Our meals were predictable. They consisted of three large platters of, respectively, meat, potatoes, and a



vegetable. Usually the menu was palatable except for occasions when a lid was raised from a steaming server to reveal a sad, unappealing, amorphous clod culled from an obscure food group. My anxieties would escalate as my father, wielding a gigantic ladle, dipped into the questionable substance. And then, as if operating a backhoe, he would swing the excessive load in my direction and dump it onto the plate directly in front of me.

With the Mount Everest deposit blocking my view, and the clean plate rule flashing like a marquee for a disaster movie, I accepted my evening's destiny with silent resignation. I knew some foods, no matter how conscientiously chewed, could never be transformed into a consistency that would befriend my esophagus. (Have you ever been served cow's tongue? This delicacy was nearly an all-nighter.)

Possibly, my food anxieties would have been ameliorated if our meals were accompanied by warm conversation and occasional laughter. Unfortunately a dark, pervasive nineteenth-century aura of "Children are to be seen, not to be heard" suppressed convivial interaction. Speech was usually restricted to the task at hand.

"Please pass the potatoes."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"Please pass the salt."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

Bridging the silence between these formalities was the sound of utensils scratching on plates in quest of the next bite. It wasn't quite dire enough to have inspired Dickens, but it was fairly bleak.

I think because my parents were unavailable, I developed independence. As I explored the nearby woods, fields, marshes, and streams, my sense of well-being continues to define who I am.

I had a few friends who sometimes accompanied me as I explored my environmental playgrounds, but I often chose to wander alone and found myself a compatible companion.

My interests in nature were motivated more by aesthetics than by science. Often when returning from an exploration I carried some newfound treasure. My bedroom, which occupied the third floor of our old Victorian house, became the repository for my finds. Gradually my shelves displayed interesting roots, twisted branches, feathers, birds' nests, colorful rocks, bleached bones, and animal skulls. As I grew older, aquariums and terrariums containing tadpoles, salamanders, crayfish, chrysalises, moss gardens, turtles, and snakes lined my walls.

I must confess that some of my friends were not comfortable with the Addams Family ambiance of my surroundings. One refused sleepover invitations. But for the most part my peers were fascinated with my "muse-

um," and I believe they were envious of my unique living arrangement.

To return to my thoughts about the whats and whys that contribute to the who we become: unquestionably our parents are a significant influence. Although neither of my parents participated in my outdoor activities, my mother, in attentive, subtle, non-pedagogical ways supported my interests. She could have rejected the seedpods, rocks, and branches I brought home but instead would comment on their form, color, and texture. Sometimes she would incorporate my found items into table arrangements that she'd display in our living room. I'm sure my bedroom, with its collections and wildlife, must have added to her housekeeping demands, but I don't remember her complaining.

Actually, there were two incidences that exceeded her patience and caused her to express her frustration:

Once while sorting laundry she was utterly startled when she reached into her laundry basket and discovered my garter snake lying among the clothes (snakes are escape artists). I knew it was missing from its terrarium, and for days I had tried to find it. I was reluctant to confess its absence because, of all my interests, my mother was least supportive of my enthusiasm for these fascinating reptiles.

She issued an edict. I had one chance, and only one chance, to do whatever I had to do to guarantee to her that my snake enclosures were 100 percent escape-proof. She explained that it was simply too stressful to live in a house with snakes that might be slithering about hiding in a closet, or waiting in a cupboard, or resting in the laundry basket.

I knew my mother was serious. I heeded her warning and made appropriate cage modifications. There was never another incident of snake escape.

The other occasion was when the egg masses I collected one fall released their contents in the spring. I vividly recall walking into my room one day; one of the walls was pulsating. Looking closely, I realized there were hundreds, many hundreds, of tiny praying mantids migrating toward the ceiling. (Have you ever seen aerial photographs of the vast caribou herds moving across the Arctic tundra? The mantid migration looked like a miniature, slow-motion version of that.)

I told my mother what had happened. I don't think I presented the magnitude of the event, and when she saw it she was justifiably appalled. Resourceful woman that she was, she used playing cards to carefully scrape, lift, and deposit the insects into jars. Unfortunately our efforts were insufficient and the mantids, like the ripples in a pond, kept extending farther beyond their origin.

My mother stopped and said, "I'll be right back." Moments later I heard her clattering up the three flights of stairs. She reentered my room breathlessly. In her brief absence she had metamorphosed into Special Forces Mom armed with an M16 assault vacuum cleaner. Her



look of determination left no doubt that my mantids, her invading hordes, were about to be eliminated with no hostages taken.

My attempts to negotiate against her draconian resolve were ineffective. To assuage my concerns regarding mantid mortality, she assured me that when she was finished she would empty the dirt canister in the field bordering our yard. She told me she was reasonably certain that these hardy "bugs," though a bit traumatized, would have a very robust survival rate.

I ENJOY my mental meanderings. As I write this article they have wandered to unanticipated places, but they have also brought me back to the issue of nature/nurture.

I believe young children have an innate desire to interact with the amazing offerings awaiting them in our

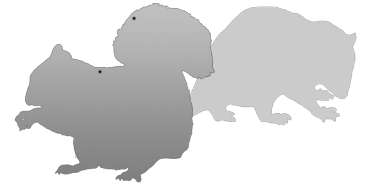
woods, fields, marshes, and streams. This desire can be nurtured or extinguished depending on how it is received and responded to by adults. How easily my interests might have been suppressed if my mother's response to my first fistful of seedpods was "Don't bring that stuff into the house, I just finished cleaning." I wonder if I would have brought her another offering. Her gift to me was her acceptance of my intense, unique relationship with nature. Rather than needing to understand my fascination, she let it be my guide.

Rachel Carson in her book *The Sense of Wonder* presents many thoughts that I find relevant, including:

"If a child is to keep alive his inborn sense of wonder ... he needs the companionship of at least one adult who can share it, rediscovering with him the joy, excitement, and mystery of the world we live in."



Wildlife Rehabilitation



BEEC GIVES injured or orphaned wildlife a second chance. If you find a wild animal that seems to need help. We can help you evaluate the situation to determine what, if anything, should be done. During the pandemic, while we are working from home, call Patti at 254-2918 or e-mail patti@beec.org.

2020 BROUGHT a batch of the usual creatures that needed help, orphaned cottontail rabbits, opossums, and squirrels. Among the more unusual creatures was a bobcat kitten who was hit by a car and needed to recover from head trauma. She was returned to her home—beautiful bobcat habitat in Springfield.

Clover was the most independent and ornery porcupine orphan we have met yet. She was so reluctant to accept care that we initially sent her back to the place where she was found to see if her mother might still be around. No such luck. We enjoyed her prickly personality and made some progress persuading her to welcome attention, and then transferred her to a rehabilitator that had a number of porcupines in care.



Thank you to the DJ&T Foundation for funds to expand the wildlife rehabilitation network in southeastern Vermont. BEEC will train and equip new rehabilitators to better meet the needs of injured and orphaned wildlife.



PROGRAMS

With COVID guidelines now restricting even outdoor gatherings, BEEC's website (beec.org) and our monthly digital newsletter (sign up on the website), will be the best ways to find out what is happening at BEEC. Here are some socially-distanced ways to connect:

Deck the Halls from a distance:

Saturday, December 5 at 3PM

\$15 BEEC members/\$20 for nonmembers

FOR SEVERAL years BEEC has hosted wreath making workshop to celebrate the under-appreciated beauty of winter weeds. This year, we will do it remotely. Once you register, you will get a link to a short video that will help you gather the materials you need, including vines to make your wreath frame and our favorite winter wreath plants and where to find them.

Then, gather your materials and join the live webinar. We will begin with a demonstration and then work together remotely while sharing holiday spirit, wildlife sightings, adventure highlights from 2020, and our creations.

Register at beec.org or by calling 257-5785



The Wonderful World of Crows & Ravens with the Bird Diva

Wednesday, January 15, 2021

7PM-8 PM

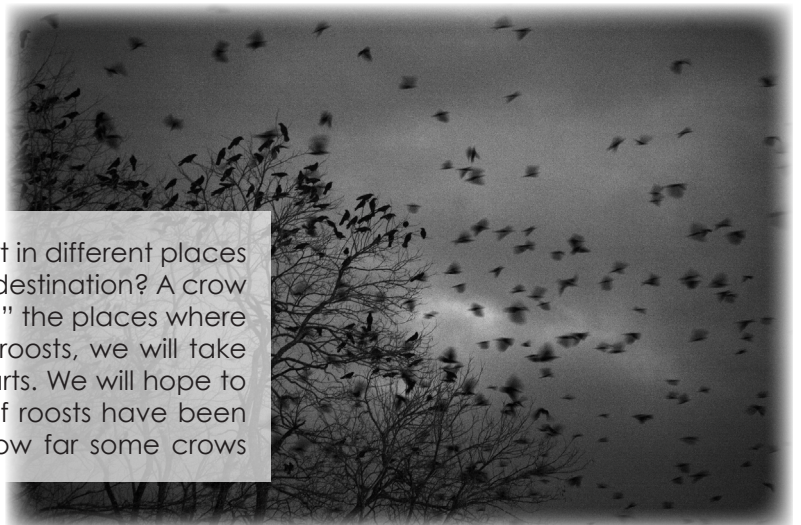
CROWS AND their kin are a raucously entertaining group! From jays to ravens to magpies to crows, there's a lot to wonder about when it comes to these marvelously intelligent birds. Join Bird Diva Bridget Butler as she shares the natural history of these birds. Find out how smart they really are, the difference between crows and ravens, and their complex social structures. And, learn how you can contribute to our understanding of the large winter roosts of crows through the Crows In Vermont project.

Crow Roost Hunt

Saturday, February 13

Between 4PM and 6PM

Take social distancing to a new level— we will start in different places in separate cars and communicate via texts. Our destination? A crow roost. Using known and suspected “staging areas,” the places where groups of crows gather before heading to their roosts, we will take bearings on where each group flies when it departs. We will hope to converge at the site of the regional crow roost. If roosts have been located beforehand, we will try to determine how far some crows travel to reach them.





COVID-19 Personalized Programs

These programs may resume after December 15, if the State guidelines permit.

ARE YOU looking for a unique gift for a nature-lover on your holiday list? Would you like some inspiration to deepen your connection with the natural world? BEEC naturalist Patti Smith will take you to her favorite places or join you in yours. Because these programs are just for YOU, they can be adapted to your level of fitness, adventurousness, and particular interests. The per hour rate is \$55 for BEEC members / \$65 for non-members.

Gift certificates are available and can be redeemed even post-pandemic.

Email patti@beec.org to schedule.



By the Shores of Moose Meadow Pond

When there is open water ice-over 1.5-2 hrs

FANS OF large, damp rodents, or those who think they'd like to be, are invited to spend an evening on the shores of a beaver pond. Dew and Henry are as busy as, well, beavers, sprucing the place up. Patti has been studying this beaver clan for years so can promise you a rich experience.

The walk to the pond is about a half mile each way.

What's in YOUR Woods

NATURALIST PATTI Smith will join you for an amble in your woods (or another favorite place). Look for signs of wildlife and habitat features. Which birds can we find and what are they up to? What trees and plants grow there and why? Patti has spent time in a lot of different woods in our region and would love to find out what's unique about yours. Afterward, you will receive a digital map showing the walking route with photos of the highlights. Schedule after a snowstorm to follow tracks.



Porcupines in Winter

Visit porcupine den sites and feeding areas and learn about these charming creatures and how they manage in the season of ice and snow. Meet one of Patti's study porcupines? Possibly.

Know the Night

Nights 15 - 2 hrs

WOULD YOU like to feel more comfortable in the night forest? There is much to enjoy! Patti has spent countless hours in the woods after dark and looks forward to sharing these pleasures with you. Learn some navigation tricks and find out what to bring to feel safe and comfortable. Tell tales of nocturnal creatures around a campfire, and finish up with some star-gazing.

Your Requests

Would you like private (or family) excursions to:

- Recognize trees from up close or afar?
- Follow tracks in the snow?
- Visit the habitat of a favorite animal and look for signs?

We will entertain all requests.

Email patti@beec.org with ideas.



Adventures in Isolation

Since we won't be gathering this autumn, here are our recommendations for a few highlights of the season that are sure to enhance your wellbeing. New suggestions are posted each month at beec.org.

Night Sky Highlights



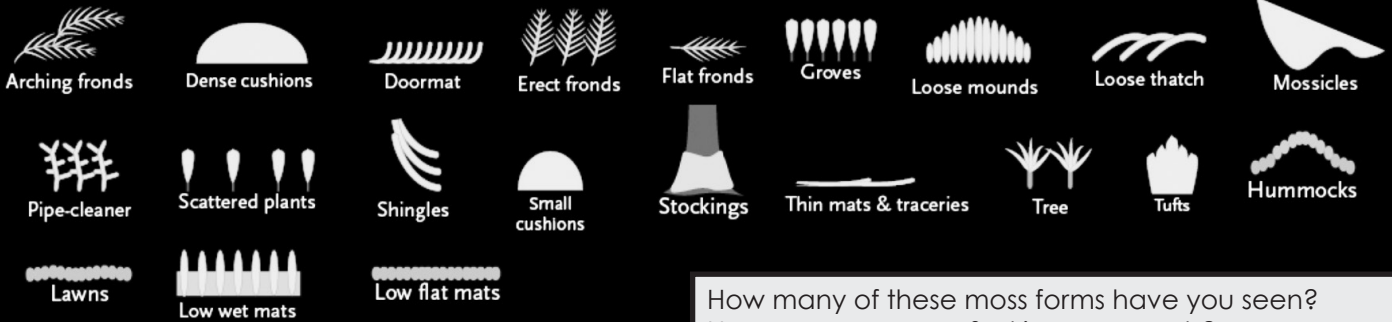
WITH DARKNESS arriving early now, this is a great time of year to get to know the heavens. December brings the Geminids, the best meteor show of the year. The shower takes place from December 7 – 17. The best night to watch will be the night of December 13/14, with the peak occurring at 2 am. At that time, you might see as many as 120 multi-colored meteors per hour. With the moon nearly new, the skies will be dark, making for a great show. The meteors will radiate from the constellation Gemini, but may be visible across the sky.

Need help finding Gemini? There are some great apps available to help. Just point your device at the sky and the apps will identify what you are looking at. Two widely recommended apps are Skyview and SkySafari.



Celebrating Mosses

Growth forms



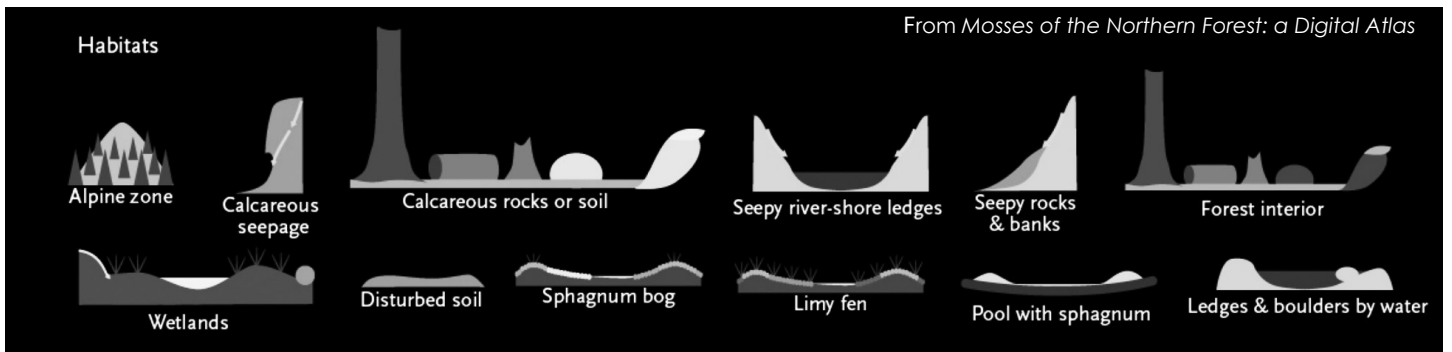
From *Mosses of the Northern Forest: a Digital Atlas*

How many of these moss forms have you seen?
How many can you find in your woods?

STICK SEASON is a wonderful time of year to develop your appreciation of the lovely, lowly mosses. Allow *Mosses of the Northern Forest: a Digital Atlas* by Jerry Jenkins and Sue Williams to be your guide. Produced by the Northern Forest Atlas, this resource will lead you as far along the mossy path as you would like to go. The Moss Atlas blends simple, clear graphics and user-friendly terminology with high-resolution close-up photographs and the technical vocabulary needed

for those stalking an ID.

Our favorite part are the Moss Maps. They focus on the common mosses you will find on, say, a boulder in a dry forest or on a wet ledge. The maps show where on each feature you are mostly likely to find each moss. The Atlas is available as a free download (though it's a BIG file). You will find it, along with print versions and excellent moss lessons at the Northern Forest Atlas website.



From *Mosses of the Northern Forest: a Digital Atlas*



Director's Report

WHAT CAN be more wonderful than autumn in New England? Warm sunny days, crisp clear nights, and colorful foliage abound. We are so fortunate to live in such a beautiful area. This is my favorite time of the year and I'm enjoying every minute that I can spend hiking, paddling, and working outside. When I am immersed in nature, I focus on the marvelous, glorious natural world and gain a groundedness that enables me to consider the challenges that face us at this auspicious point in time.

Many of us are spending more time outdoors — living and learning — than ever before due to the pandemic that has changed our lives in so many ways. BEEC has always fostered experiences that inspire connection to the natural world and its many inhabitants, but now we're also helping people connect with nature in their own neighborhoods as well as in our fields and forest. And we're offering programming in a variety of different COVID-safe ways. We've got all sorts of resources on our website, <https://www.beec.org/beece-online/>.

We're sorry that we couldn't see you for the Forest of Mystery this fall, but we invite you to wander BEEC's trails on your own during daylight hours. If you haven't visited in a little while, you'll notice that the Barred Owl trail, typically used for this event, has been rerouted to make it less steep and prone to erosion. We've got new maps printed and online, and will soon have an updated kiosk map to reflect this change.

Be well and stay safe,

Linda Huebner, Director



Welcome Heathland

HEATHLAND RIVER Weeks Dubie chose October 16 to make his debut. He declined to comment for this story, but his parents, BEEC educator Kristina Weeks and Dan Dubie are delighted. Kristina is also the administrative wizard at BEEC, so if you notice a glitch or two, bear with us. While we are so happy she is spending time at home with the baby, we are eager to have her back at BEEC!

BEEC's Trails

OUR TRAILS are open for your enjoyment and health during the social distancing period. Our restrooms are not, so plan your walk accordingly. Dogs are welcome to join you on your walk. Please keep dogs on leashes so that they don't chase wildlife, approach reactive dogs, or interact with people who prefer to avoid dogs. And please clean up after them. Of course, practice social distancing (dogs included).

Holiday Gift Idea!

DO YOU know someone who would love an experience in nature? BEEC is offering gift certificates for our Personalized Programs. Learn more on page 7.

Joy's of the Holidays

A GIFT FOR
You

Porcupines in Winter
an expedition to the den
sites and feeding areas of
study porcupines.

From *Me*



Create A Legacy: Year-End Gift Giving

HAVE YOU ever wondered how you can help Bonnyvale Environmental Education Center (BEEC) and help yourself at the same time? Consider a gift of highly appreciated stock or mutual funds that you may not be inclined to sell.

BEEC graciously accepts gifts of stock or mutual funds. By donating securities to BEEC, a non-profit, you receive favorable tax treatment and BEEC receives support for its ongoing capital projects and its various programs that are offered to the public, and students alike.

We, at BEEC, are very grateful for any financial support we receive from you, the public, and especially, from our community

Please consult your accountant, tax attorney or financial advisor to see how this charitable act can benefit you and BEEC.

We would like to wish all of you a most grateful Thanksgiving season.

—John Ogorzalek, former Financial Consultant and Portfolio Manager with Merrill Lynch, BEEC's Advisory Committee.

Thank you to:

- The Henderson Foundation for their support for Forest Classroom —Phase 3.
- The Block Foundation for Environmental Education Covid contingency planning and materials.
- The Agnes Lindsay Trust for 2020 alternative summer camp support.
- RiseVt for Barred Owl Trail re-routing and map/sign updates.
- The Thompson Trust for professional development for teachers.
- David Greenewalt Charitable Trust - Public programs & Naturalist Club support.

Teen Naturalist Club

DO YOU know a young naturalist looking for mentors and camaraderie?

Email patti@beec.org. We will be resuming these gatherings as soon as we can.

BEEC in the Schools

BEEC CONTINUES to serve all of the teachers and students in each of the elementary classrooms in WSESD (Windham Southeast Supervisory District), as well as some classes in Vernon, and all classes (K-5th) across the river in Hinsdale. In addition, BEEC is offering weekly support and programming to five Forest Classrooms in WSESD. This is up from three Forest Classrooms last year, and two the year before that.

All of our in person programs this year take place exclusively outdoors. When we can not be with students directly, we are offering teachers virtual materials, kits, videos and access to our library of books and artifacts to support their teaching of science and outdoor inquiry.

We created a resource, *Teaching Outside 101*, for all teachers to help them adjust and orient to teaching outdoors. We have received praise and thanks from friends nearby, as well as from as far away as Michigan! We are currently creating a virtual resource for teachers and families to access for times when children are doing all of their schooling remotely. While it will be digital, it's focus will be to provide inspiration and guidance to help students engage more deeply with the natural world around them — wherever that may be.

It is with much gratitude to the individual schools, as well as various funders and local donors — such as Vermont Wood Studios and the Dummerston Conservation Commission — for their belief in our work, and their commitment to the children in their communities for helping to make all of this possible!





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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. The former farm buildings shelter campers and school groups. The pastures and forests offer natural beauty to those who walk our trails and outdoor learning opportunities for those who attend BEEC programs. 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!**



Illustrations by Patti Smith.

Your support makes our work possible.

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

Donate, Join or Renew online! Visit www.beec.org.

If you would like to mail in a check, please send it to:

BEEC PO Box 2318 West Brattleboro VT 05303.

Donation

- \$25
- \$100
- \$____ Other



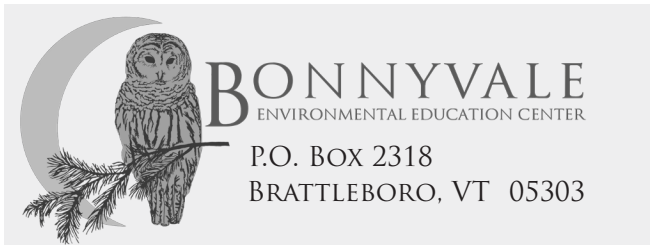
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