her first magazine article since the publication of her best-selling

RACHEL CARSON

July 1956
ONE stormy autumn night when my nephew Roger was about 20 months old I wrapped him in a blanket and carried him down to the beach in the rainy darkness. Out there, just at the edge of where-we-couldn’t-see, big waves were thundering in, dimly seen white shapes that boomed and shouted and threw great handfuls of froth at us. Together we laughed for pure joy—he a baby meeting for the first time the wild tumult of Oceanus, I with the salt of half a lifetime of sea love in me. But I think we felt the same spine-tingling response to the vast, roaring ocean and the wild night around us.

A night or two later the storm had blown itself out and I took Roger again to the beach, this time to carry him along the water’s edge, piercing the darkness with the yellow cone of our flashlight. Although there was no rain the night was again noisy with breaking waves and the insistent wind. It was clearly a time and place where great and elemental things prevailed.

Our adventure on this particular night had to do with life, for we were searching for ghost crabs, those sand-colored, fleet-legged beings whom Roger had sometimes glimpsed briefly on the beaches in daytime. But the crabs are chiefly nocturnal, and when not roaming the night beaches they dig little pits near the surf line where they hide, seemingly watching and waiting for what the sea may bring them. For me the sight of these small living creatures, solitary and fragile against the brute force of the sea, had moving philosophic overtones, and I do not pretend that Roger and I reacted with similar emotions. But it was

TO CONTINUE RACHEL CARSON’S STORY, TURN THE PAGE
good to see his infant acceptance of a world of elemental things, fearing neither the song of the wind nor the darkness nor the roaring surf, entering with baby excitement into the search for a “ghost.”

It was hardly a conventional way to entertain one so young, I suppose, but now, with Roger a little past his fourth birthday, we are continuing that sharing of adventures in the world of nature that we began in his babyhood, and I think the results are good. The sharing includes nature in storm as well as calm, by night as well as day, and is based on having fun together rather than on teaching.

I spend the summer months on the coast of Maine, where I have my own shoreline and my own small tract of woodland. Bayberry and juniper and huckleberry begin at the very edge of the granite rim of shore, and where the land slopes upward from the bay in a wooded knoll the air becomes fragrant with spruce and balsam. Underfoot there is the multi-patterned northern groundcover of blueberry, checkerberry, reindeer moss and bunchberry, and on a hillside of many spruces, with shaded ferny dells and Rocky outcroppings—called the Wildwoods—there are ladieslippers and wood llilies and the slender wands of clintonia with its deep blue berries.

When Roger has visited me in Maine and we have walked in these woods I have made no conscious effort to name plants or animals nor to explain to him, but have just expressed my own pleasure in what we see, calling his attention to this or that but only as I would share discoveries with an older person. Later I have been amazed at the way names stick in his mind, for when I show color slides of my woods plants it is Roger who can identify them. “Oh, that’s what Rachel likes—that’s bunchberry!” Or, “That’s juniper (juniper) but you can’t eat those green berries—they are for the squirrels.” I am sure no amount of drill would have implanted the names so firmly as just going through the woods in the spirit of two friends on an expedition of exciting discovery.

In the same way Roger learned the shells on my little triangle of sand that passes for a beach in rocky Maine. When he was only a year and a half old, they became known to him as winkiies (periwinkles), weks (whelks) and mukkies (mussels) without my knowing quite how this came about, for I had not tried to teach him.

We have let Roger share our enjoyment of things people ordinarily deny children because they are inconvenient, interfering with bedtime or involving wet clothing that has to be changed or mud that has to be cleaned off the rug. We have let him join us in the dark living room before the big picture window to watch the full moon riding lower and lower toward the far shore of the bay, setting all the water ablaze with silver flames and finding a thousand diamonds in the rocks on the shore as the light strikes the flakes of mica embedded in them. I think we have felt that the memory of such a scene, photographed year after year by his child’s

continued on page 46
In the sand dwell secret things like ghost crabs, which live in little pits at the edge of the sea.

Children delight in small things because they are closer to the ground than we.

A boy can sit forever in the silent woods, finding the world mirrored in a still pool.

The quiet woods path, carpeted in silvery green, feels deep and springy on a rainy day.

Up on the sand dunes, stinging hot, it seems like the very edge of the world.
3 Outdoor food favorites...better with Whole-egg Mayonnaise

Corn-on-the-Cobs
Husk corn and place on doubled squares of aluminum foil. Spread with Best Foods Mayonnaise, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Wrap foil around corn, folding edges to seal. Place on hot coals or grate and cook 10 minutes, turning once.

Barbecued Chicken
Combine 1 tbsp. lemon juice with ½ cup Best Foods Mayonnaise. Brush over chicken. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Broil skin side up, 10 minutes. Brush cooking side once with mayonnaise. Turn and brush with mayonnaise. Broil 5 min. longer, brushing once again.

Favorite Potato Salad
Dice 8 peeled cooked potatoes. Combine with 1 cup diced celery, ½ small onion, grated, ⅛ cup chopped green pepper, ⅛ cup chopped pimiento, 1 cup Best Foods Mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon celery salt, ½ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper.

It’s so easy to have a “golden touch” with foods that call for mayonnaise. You bring out their whole flavor when you use the creamy smooth mayonnaise that’s made with whole eggs—whites, yolks, even extra yolks. That’s always...

Best Foods® REAL MAYONNAISE

July 1956
Exploring nature with your child is largely a matter of becoming receptive to what lies all around you. It is learning again to see your eyes, ears, nostrils, and fingertips, opening up the disused channels of sensory impression.

For most of us, the knowledge of our world comes largely through sight, yet we look with such unseeing eyes that we are partially blind. One way to open your eyes to unobtrusive beauty is to ask yourself, "What if I had never seen this before? What if I knew I would never see it again?"

I remember a summer night when such a thought came to me strongly. It was a clear night without a cloud in the sky. With a friend, I went out on a flat headland that is almost a tiny island, being all but surrounded by the waters of the bay. There the horizons are remote and distant rums on the edge of space. We lay and looked up at the sky and the millions of stars that blazed in darkness. The night was so still that we could hear the buoy on the ledges out beyond the mouth of the bay. Once or twice a word spoken by someone on the shore served as a reminder of our presence on the nitrogen.

I have never seen more beautiful: the misty river of the Milky Way that travels across the sky, the patterns of the constellations standing out bright and clear, a blazing planet low on the horizon. Once or twice a meteor burned its way into the earth's atmosphere.

It occurred to me that if this were a sight that could be met only once in a century or even once in a human generation, this little headland would be thronged with spectators. But it has been seen many scores of times in any year, and so the lights burned in the cottages and the inhabitants probably gave no thought to the beauty overhead, and because they could see it almost any night perhaps they will never see it.

An experience like that, when one's thoughts are released to roam through the tiny spaces of the universe, can be shared with a child even if you don't know the tone of a single star. You can still drink in beauty, and think and wonder at the meaning of what you see.

And then there is the world of little things, seen all too seldom. Many children, perhaps because they themselves are small and closer to the ground than we, notice and delight in the small and inconspicuous. With this beginning, it is easy to share with them the beauty of the sand and green molecules, too small to see, seen too hastily, seeing the whole and all its parts. Some of nature's most exquisite handworks are on a miniature scale, anyone knows who has applied a magnifying glass to a snowflake.

Investments of a few dollars in a good hand lens or magnifying glass will bring a world into being. With your child, look for objects you take for granted as commonplace, and interesting. A sprinkling of sand grains may appear as gemstones edged in the crystal, or crystals of glittering jet beads, or as a collection of Lilliputian rocks, spines ofurchins and bits of small shells, a lens-aided view into a patch of moss reveals a dense tropical jungle, in which inca, large as tigers prowling amid strangely formed, luxuriant trees. A bit of pond weed or seaweed put in a glass container and sun-dried under a lens is found to be populated by hordes of strange beings, whose activities can entertain you for hours. Flowers (especially the composites), the early buds of leaf or flower from any tree, or any small creature reveal unexpected beauty and complexity when, added by a lens, we can escape the limitations of the human scale.

Senses other than sight can prove avenues of delight and discovery, storing up for us memories and impressions. Already Roger and I, out early in the morning, have enjoyed a sharp, clean smell of wood smoke coming from the cottage chimney. Down on the shore we have savored the smell of low tide—that marvelous evocation combined of many separate odors, of the world of seaweeds and fishes and creatures of bizarre shape and habit, of tides rising and falling on their appointed schedule, of exposed mud flats and salt rime drying on the rocks. I hope Roger will later experience, as I do, the rush of remembered delight that comes with the first breath of that scent, drawn into one's nostrils as one returns to the sea after a long absence. For the sense of smell, almost more than any other, has the power to recall memories and it is a pity that we use it so little.

Hearing can be a source of even more exquisite pleasure but it requires conscious cultivation. I have had people tell me they had never heard the song of a wood thrush although I knew the bell-like phrases of this bird had been ringing in their back yards every spring. By suggestion and example, I believe children can be helped to hear the many voices about them. Take time to listen and talk about the voices of the earth and what they mean—the majestic voice of thunder, the wind, the sounds of surf or flowing streams.

And the voices of the living things: No child should grow up unaware of the dawn chorus of the birds in spring. He will never forget the experience of a specially planned early rising and going out in the predawn darkness. The first voices are heard before daybreak. It is easy to pick out these first, solitary singers. Perhaps a few cardinals are uttering their clear, rising whistles, like someone calling a dog. Then the song of a wood thrush, pure and ethereal, with a dreamy quality of remembered joy. Off in some distant patch of woods a whip-poor-will will introduce its monotonous night chant, rhythmic and insistent, sound that felt almost more than heard. Robins, thrushes, sparrows, jays, vireos add their voices. The chorus picks up volume as more and more robins join in, contributing a fierce rhythm that seems to be the beginning of its own. That soon becomes dominant in the wild melody of night.

In that dawn chorus one hears the throat of life itself.

There is other living music. I have already promised Roger that we'll take our flashlights this fall and go out into the garden to hunt for the insects that play littleiddles in the grass and among the shrubbery and flower borders. The sound of the insect orchestra swells and thunders night after night, from midsummer until autumn ends and the frosty nights make the tiny players stiff and numb, and finally the last note is stilled in the long cold. An hour of hunting out the small musicians by flashlight is an adventure any child would love. It gives him a sense of the night's mystery and beauty, and of how alive it is with watchful eyes and little, waiting forms.

The game is to listen, not so much to the full orchestra, as to the separate instruments, and to try to locate the players. Perhaps you are drawn, step by step, to a bush from which comes a sweet, high-pitched, endlessly repeated trill. Finally you trace it to a little creature of palest green, with wings as white and insubstantial as moonlight. Or from somewhere along the garden path comes a cheerful, rhythmic chirping, a sound as companionable and continued on page 48.
Help Your Child to Wonder

from page 47

homely as a fire cracking on a hearth or a cat's purr. Shifting your light downward you find a black mole cricket disappearing into its grassy den.

Most haunting of all is one I call the fairy bell-ringer. I have never found him. I'm not sure I want to. His cry probably led himself—are so ethereal, so delicate, so otherworldly, that he should remain invisible, as he has through the nights I have searched for him. It is exactly the sound that should come from a bell held in the hand of an elf, its tinkling almost imperceptibly clear and silvery, so faint, so barely-to-be-heard that you hold your breath as you bend closer to the green glades from which the fairy chiming comes.

The night is a time, too, to listen for other voices, the calls of bird migrants hurrying in northward in spring and southeastward in autumn. Take your child out on a still October night when there is little wind and find a quiet place away from traffic noises. Then stand very still and listen, projecting your consciousness up into the dark arch of the sky above you. Presently your ears will detect tiny wisps of sound—sharp chirps, sil-\n
NATIONALLY FAMOUS CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
21 brilliantly tall designs, drawn colorfully, with quality in every detail.
Yours FREE!!

DE LUXE FAMOUS CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
21 exquisitely beautiful foldins, with rich color and tasteful artwork.

Mail This Coupon TODAY!

SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS, INC., Dept. WR 1
15 Wickham St.
Springfield 1, Mass.

[If your order is late, send payment with order.]

[For fast service send payment with order.]

[Please mail this coupon to the nearest sunrise art studio.]

All orders postmarked and received by December 15 will be delivered by December 20.

The East Is Home

from page 31

The last pleasures of contact with the natural world are not reserved for such scien-
tists but are available to anyone who will place himself under the influence of earth and admire its amazing life. In my mail recently was a letter that bore eloquent testimony to the lifelong durability of a simple wonder. It came from a reader who asked advice on choosing a seacoast spot for a vacation, a place wild enough that she and her family could roam freely, unspoiled by civilization, exploring that world that is old but ever new.

Regrettably she enclosed the rugged northern shores. She had loved the shore all her life, she said, but climbing over the rocks of Maine might be difficult, for she was an eighty-nine-year-old woman who would soon arrive. As I put down her letter I was warmed by the fires of wonder and amazement that still burn bright in a youthful mind and spirit, just as they must have done fourscore years ago.

THE END

puppy. One has to get used to a more re-\ntent gesture than one encounters in the South or the West. You may find the Vet\n\nFor baby care
Sterile

For beauty care
First aid use

applying baby oil or lotion
+ RED CROSS COTTON BALLS
Sterile

Johnson & Johnson

cleaning the diaper area