

JANUARY MEETING

Please note: WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1962, at 8.15 p.m.
at the
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

- FILM NIGHT: "Above the Timberline" - plant and animal life on the mountaintop.
"Deadly Dilemma" - a documentary on the use of insecticides.
"Riches of the Earth" - the origins of our mineral wealth.
"Tinicum Marsh" - how conservation was applied in a big city.

And in the rotunda - original black-and-white drawings by T. M. Shortt, which were used in Fred Bodsworth's first book, "The Last of the Curlews."
- the 1961 number of The Ontario Field Biologist will be on sale, 50 cents per copy, or you may order from Mr. Don Burton, 171 Strathearn Road.

If you did not receive a Newsletter with this announcement, it means that according to our records you have not yet paid your fee. Upon receipt of your renewal we will be pleased to send your missing Newsletter!

JANUARY OUTINGS

Sunday Boyd Conservation Area - Birds
January 14 Take No. 7 highway to Woodbridge, then proceed through the business
10.00 a.m. section on the Woodbridge-Kleinburg road for about 1-1/2 miles.
Entrance to park is on the right hand side of the road. Bring lunch.
Leader - Mr. Jack Gingrich.

Saturday Mt. Pleasant Cemetery - Trees
January 20 Meet at the Yonge St. gates, 1-1/2 blocks north of St. Clair Ave.
2.00 p.m. Leader - Dr. Kenneth Armson.

Saturday Cedarvale Ravine - Birds
January 27 Meet at the north end of Boulton Drive at the ravine entrance.
9.30 a.m. Boulton Drive is one short block west of Poplar Plains Road,
running north from Cottingham Street to Roycroft Drive.
Leader - Mr. S. Sitwell.

Botany Group: Meet on Thursday, Jan. 18, in the library of Eglinton Public School, Eglinton & Mt. Pleasant, at 8 p.m. Speaker - Dr. K. Armson, Faculty of Forestry, University of Toronto. Subject - "Trees in Winter".

Junior Club: Meet on Saturday, Jan. 6, in the Museum Theatre, at 10 a.m.

Audubon Wildlife Films: Do not miss "Sea Ice and Fire" at Eaton Auditorium, Monday & Tuesday, Jan. 8 & 9, at 8.15 p.m. Dr. Olin S. Pettingill, Jr., will present an adventure into seldom-visited Iceland, where sea, glacial ice, and volcanic fire provide an exciting background for wildlife. Dr. Pettingill is a most distinguished speaker and naturalist, so this lecture should really be something special. Tickets \$1.25 at the box office.

President - Mr. Fred Bodsworth

Secretary - Mrs. H. Robson,
49 Craighurst Ave.
HU 1-0260.



NUMBER 184

DECEMBER 1961

A TRIP TO ARIZONA AND MEXICO

On the afternoon of Friday, March 10th, Earl Stark and I left Toronto on a bird-watching safari to south-eastern Arizona and Mexico. The night before, the Lake Ontario area had been ravaged by a crippling ice-storm. As we headed west in mid-afternoon, along #401 Highway, the glistening of crystal-covered foliage and the shimmering crust stretching like a blanket over snow-bound meadows, accentuated our awareness that soon our wintry landscape would give way to a more temperate theme.

Because we would be well on our journey by the next morning's sunrise, we were alert for high-winter birds not likely to be found elsewhere on the trip. Hopes for a snowy owl went unsatisfied, but we did see a flock of snow buntings and Lapland longspurs before the darkness of late afternoon softened the glare of icy-mirrored sunlight.

Our plans were to get to New Mexico as quickly as possible, making our first stop-over at the Butter Lakes Wildlife Refuge. This Refuge is in the Pecos River Valley near the small, sageland city of Roswell.

We were equipped with warm, comfortable beds in the back of Earl's station-wagon, allowing us to adopt a schedule of alternate driving and sleeping during the heavy-driving portion of the trip. This proved most efficient and at no time did we find our itinerary the least bit exhausting.

By sunrise Saturday we were at Springfield, Illinois, where the dawn chorus of song sparrows, cardinals and robins presented a vivid realization that, already, we were far from home.

The countryside here was a vast series of cornfields, the stalks of last summer standing like a thousand regiments, their ribbons and epaulets rustling in the stirring breezes. For many miles we saw very little else, the flat, sere-coloured landscape becoming quite monotonous. At one point, a mixed flock of snow geese and blue geese flew over the highway, livening up the drive momentarily.

We listened intently to meadowlarks' songs trying to form some impression of where the eastern species gives way to its more articulate cousin. However, it appeared that no definite division exists, as we heard eastern songs right into Oklahoma and Texas, also westerns from Missouri on. Often, we heard both songs from the same field; also individual meadowlarks were heard singing a medley of phrases from both songs.

At East St. Louis, Illinois, we stopped to look for our first "lifer" of the trip. This was the European tree sparrow, a close relative of our house sparrow. This introduced species has established itself in several colonies in the St. Louis area. Following instructions in Pettingill's "Guide to Bird Finding", we drove to Grand Marais Park and, in less than a minute, we were looking at our bird. These so-called sparrows are trim, handsome birds, the size of a house sparrow, with a chocolate-coloured crown and black spots on the sides of the neck. Both sexes look alike.

In St. Louis, Missouri, we crossed the broad Mississippi, my first look at this mighty waterway. Reliving memories gleaned from stories of former days, we would not have been at all surprised to see Huck Finn and Jim waving a tattered shirt at us from their flood-borne raft.

The drive across Missouri in the afternoon, through Ozark country was uninteresting. This is scrub oak country and the browned, persistent leaves of last year's growth still clinging to the trees, gave the whole landscape a mournful look. A few bluebirds along the roadsides brightened up the day a little. Our first loggerhead shrikes were noted and from there on right into Mexico, these were one of the commoner roadside birds.

Just before dark, as we entered Oklahoma's open spaces, swamp tree frog choruses were heard, reminding us of the field ponds at home scattered among the factory-crammed fringes of Rexdale.

By morning (Sunday) we were well past Oklahoma City where trees were becoming fewer and the land was getting flatter. Now we began to observe the "western" aspect of our surroundings. The vast countryside was sage-covered. Here and there were fields of cotton with some of last year's floss showing white against a soil as red as the earth of our Halton County. The sage was not purple at this time of year, but rather a sombre green-gray. Prairie accents and delightfully western phrases interested us tenderfoot easterners and we never tired of hearing things referred to as "little old" this and "little old" that. When we ordered pancakes for breakfast in Elk City, the waitress asked if we wanted a "short stack" which we learned meant two pancakes, one atop the other. Undoubtedly we appeared like a couple of queer characters, our plaid shirts and woollen trousers clashing almost audibly with native denims and dungarees.

Having now reached an entirely strange country, we looked forward to seeing many new birds. One of our first was the Brewer's sparrow, an obscure little spizella which we first heard singing in a small wooded copse. We were surprised to find blue jays here as we didn't think these big eastern noise-makers came so far westward. Another new bird was a ferruginous rough-legged hawk, a common buteo of the western plains, the "ferruginous" referring to the reddish-iron colour of the head and back. A black vulture was new to me, although Earl had seen many of them in Texas a few years ago.

Large numbers of crows and marsh hawks were noted during the day, working northward on their migration flights, fighting hard with strong wing-beats against the driving wind. Large flocks of Brewer's blackbirds were seen.

If one were limited to a single adjective to describe the west as we saw it, I would have to select the word "windy." Every day the wind blew hard. Relentlessly it whistled and howled over the sparsely-covered ranchlands. And, driven by the wind's endless energies, were countless legions of tumbleweeds, hopping and dancing crazily across the treeless plains. The sight of these roving bristle-balls lingers in our memory as one of the salient features of the western scenery.

Driving through mile after mile of ranches where no grass grows and where water is an expensive luxury, we found it hard to realize that cattle could survive in such barren browsing. The fact that huge herds exist throughout the entire country seemed impossible. However, somehow, the slim balance between starvation of cattle and starvation of land is maintained. Deer, pronghorns, mice, rabbits and hares also compete in this grim search for food. The ranchers, to whom cattle mean wealth, hunt these rivals tirelessly. As each twig of brush sends out a green leaf, some hungry vegetarian is quick to nip it off. So the browse is stripped; vegetation remains stunted; there is nothing to bind the soil which is swept in front of the searing wind in giant sandstorms. The earth gets drier, growth is retarded further; and the cycle repeats itself again and again.

On infrequent occasions, a field pond would be seen, and on these we would find ducks and, occasionally, snow geese. It was on one of these, in the panhandle of Texas, where we saw our first cinnamon teal, one of the most beautiful of North American ducks. At these ponds, we would also find killdeer and, at one of them, there were a few pectoral sandpipers.

By now, yuccas had become common, their giant rosettes of bayonet-like leaves punctuating the monotony of the ubiquitous sagebrush. The commonest birds along the highway through the panhandle were crows, horned larks, meadowlarks and house sparrows. At a picnic site, where a few trees were growing artificially, we found a flock of slate-coloured juncos and a mockingbird. A black-tailed jackrabbit was a new mammal to both of us.

We entered New Mexico in mid-afternoon Sunday. Mountains started to appear on our distant right and we welcomed this promise of a change in scenery and wildlife habitat. Our first coyote was seen - a dead one on the shoulder of the highway. Road-kills were very common - mostly skunks and jackrabbits.

In late afternoon we reached the Pecos River, which, due to springtime flooding, was now a wide full-flowing watercourse. Later in the year, it would become a mere trickle of brownish water. A kingfisher, perched on the bridge overlooking the Pecos, was our only one of the trip so far. We found our first white-necked ravens here, crow-sized birds with some white showing when the feathers of the neck are ruffled by the wind.

Occasionally we would see roadrunners' nests - big bulky masses, a few feet off the ground in thick scrub. No account of a birding trip to the south-west would be complete without some reference to the clownish and likeable roadrunner. Here is the true beatnik. This gawky, loose-jointed, feathered flip-flop is a non-conformist, a rollicking rebel who disdains the rules that Nature has imposed on other birds. Examine the track of a turkey, quail, grouse or pheasant, and note that three toes point forward and one backward. But not so with this erratic vagrant. His trail in the sand shows two toes forward and two backward. This is one of the few obvious signs that this bird is akin to the cuckoos. Yet, do other cuckoos run in the sand? No, just this eccentric character. And when he runs, he does so with both wings and legs, beating the air with

erratic waving of wings and crazy thrashings of a tail so loose and dexterous that it appears to be stuck on at random with an elastic band. Though the wings are strong and well-constructed, the bird seldom flies, evidently preferring a land-bound existence. To complete the portrayal of its make-up as a feathered paradox, this terrestrial dweller chooses to build its nest, not on the ground at all, but well up in a thicket, and right in the open. The incubating female sits on the conspicuous nest with tail stuck out at an oblique angle, as easy to see as a sign reading, "Slow! Roadrunners at Work." Even the bird's call is an oddity, for although its voice is sometimes used, its common expression is a loud noise made by rolling the mandibles together. Then, with head cocked pertly, and large, staring eyes agleam, the clownish author looks around as if to say, "Shucks, pardner, any bird can call with its voice. Let's hear them do that!" In Mother Nature's comic opera, the roadrunner plays first fiddle.

Just before dark, on Sunday evening, we entered the Bitter Lake Wildlife Refuge where we spent the night. Fifteen scaled quail, flying across the road, were the first birds to greet us. This Refuge is perfect for observing wildlife. There are several large impoundments, each being in effect, a rectangular lake bounded by dykes, on top of which hard roadways allow observers to drive along with balscopes mounted on the car windows, truly an ideal set-up for lazy bird-watchers.

We had only a few minutes of daylight left so, after making the acquaintance of Bob Garrett, one of the rangers, we settled down for the night in our station-wagon parked near the impoundment which Bob suggested would be the best one for observing sandhill cranes. Our elevation at Bitter Lakes was over 5,000 feet and it became very chilly during the night. In fact, the temperature dropped to 33 degrees, and we needed no coaxing in the morning to jump out of our cold beds and welcome the first rays of the warming sun.

This is the main gathering-place for sandhill cranes in the winter and during their spring migration. Over 30,000 of these giant birds have been counted at one time in this Refuge. The cranes spend the day afield, foraging for whatever choice vegetation they can find, for, although they will eat frogs and insects, they are chiefly vegetarians. Because they are a threat to ranchers' crops, pressure has been brought to bear on Government representatives to have the cranes removed from the list of protected birds. Earlier this spring, a short open season was allowed, although local informants told us that there appeared to be very few shot, due to their high degree of wariness and life-saving habit of heading for the Refuge at the first sign of danger.

This morning we heard the cranes leaving, their trumpet-like calls sounding from high above like an enormous flock of gravel-voiced geese. By the time it became light enough to see, there were no cranes left in the Refuge.

The day was one of our most memorable experiences afield. So much was new to us, and there was so much to see, that from the time we ate breakfast standing up at the edge of an impoundment, until we crawled into bed shortly after sundown, our eyes were never still.

We saw our first red-shafted flickers which, at rest, appear very similar to our eastern species, but in flight, are unmistakable, the blood-red of the wings showing plainly. Say's phoebes were also seen and we soon became able to tell this bird in flight too. It is a large phoebe, rather reddish on the flanks and under-tail coverts, and shows the black tail very clearly when flying.

The reservoirs were full of waterfowl. There were 100 mallards, 25 gadwall, 1 eared grebe, 2 pied-billed grebes, 500 pintails, 50 green-winged teal, 4 blue-winged teal, 10 cinnamon teal, 3 baldpates, 400 shovellers, 2 ring-necked ducks, 25 buffleheads, a canvasback, 5 golden-eyes, 200 ruddy ducks, 10 Canada geese and 400 coots. A roadrunner came out of some brush to look us over as we drove along the dykes. Shore-birds feeding along the edges of the water included snipe, yellowlegs, least sandpipers, long-billed dowitchers and Baird's sandpipers.

In mid-morning we drove to the Refuge office to meet the Refuge Manager, Russ Clapper, who spent the next few hours showing us around. There were Oregon juncos feeding on the lawn.

Russ was the ideal guide, being a professional biologist, a friendly host and a most willing teacher. He took us first to the North Sector of the Refuge where sage sparrows are to be found. These eluded us but we did find a sage thrasher and a new mammal - the desert cottontail. Some plants identified for us included alanrovia, four-winged salt bush, cane cholla, Christmas cactus and salt cedar. The salt cedar, or tamarisk, is an introduced species and, as is so often the case, it is taking over and crowding out much of the native vegetation.

We saw our first vermilion flycatcher, also some familiar acquaintances such as savannah sparrows, rough-winged swallows, water pipits and white-crowned sparrows.

In the afternoon, after Russ had left us, we made another tour of the Refuge. This spot is one of the few inland points where the snowy plover breeds. As the season progresses and the water starts to evaporate or seep away into the parched earth, a thick residue of white salt remains. This is made to order for the little snowy plover whose chalk-coloured coat blends into the pale background. The dyke roads also become whitened and it is on these hard-packed, pearl-tinted embankments that the plover often forms its nest. We found two of these birds, being most fortunate in picking up their camouflaged outlines as we scanned the area with our balscopes.

Two flocks of white pelicans were seen, high above us, winging northward to their breeding grounds in our own Canadian wilds. Even here in New Mexico we heard an eastern meadowlark singing, although it was clearly outnumbered by the western species, many of which were heard and seen throughout the day.

As we were walking in sage-covered wasteland, three coyotes appeared on a rise of land ahead of us. Looking like the wary, wily creatures they are, they eyed us cautiously, exchanged looks with each other, then loped away and were soon lost from our view. This was my first look at this common mammal - the coyote of the west - or the brush wolf, as we call it in the east.

Another common mammal in this area is the pocket gopher. Although we saw none of these, we did examine several of their mounds. These mounds are actually large plugs of loose earth used to shut the sunlight out of the gopher's underground burrow. The gopher prefers to rest in darkness. Because of this habit, they are often captured by opening up the mound and leaving a trap in the hole. When the inhabitant comes up to repair his mound, he is caught. We were told that the gopher is getting wise to this trick and often pushes a handful of earth ahead of it to spring the trap.

In the evening, Bob Garrett joined us and we watched the cranes come in to spend the night. They flew in, a few dozen at a time, arriving in ragged line formations, necks and legs extended, looking like large flying crosses. A few groups would circle on an observation flight before landing, but most of them flew directly in and landed on the large mud-bar where they sleep. They would alight, shake their bulky bustles and look around intently before finally relaxing. Our presence on the adjacent dyke didn't seem to bother them at all. However, at times, they would become alarmed and the whole group would take wing, mill around, then settle again. Bob explained that this was likely due to the presence of a bob-cat. The bob-cats stalk the sleeping cranes constantly, and are the most serious enemy the birds have to face in the Refuge.

A few days before, an odd crane had showed up in a flock of sandhills. Russ Clapper and his staff were quite excited about it, and tried in vain to find it for us. It was identified as a European common crane (*Grus grus*) though whether it was a wild bird or an escape from a zoo or park was impossible to determine.

Originally we had planned to stay up in the evening and listen for coyotes, but our eventful day had left us ready for bed. Once more the night became chilled, this time dropping to 29 degrees and again we were eager to be up when the first sign of light appeared.

In the morning (Tuesday) we said our good-bye's and headed south-west.

Two of the "hands" at the Refuge had told us of a prairie-dog town beside the road to Roswell, so we stopped to look it over. These were black-tailed prairie-dogs, a new mammal to both of us. Judging from the dimensions of the colony, there would be several hundred families of these odd little mammals living in this particular town. We saw several of them standing at their den-entrances, bolt upright with front paws folded across the chest. Occasionally, one would move quickly and scurry into its burrow but we were unable to decide what motivated these sudden actions. Frequently burrowing owls are found in these dog-towns, and we did see one of these long-legged little owls, partially hidden in a clump of vegetation. Soon we noticed that we were not the only visitors. A red-tailed hawk arrived and took up his hungry vigil from a nearby post.

Much of the day's driving was through picturesque country studded with mountains, some of which were rugged, wooded ridges, others merely remnants of eroded peaks. Yucca became commoner, and in some places was the dominant plant. A western bluebird along the road was our next "lifer."

At noon, in the Mescalero Indian Reserve, we paused to eat lunch beneath a ponderosa pine. From the recesses of its shadowy boughs came a raucous, squirrel-like chatter. Then the source of the racket showed itself - a handsome Stellar's jay, the first we had ever seen. This big bluff fellow, with his high angular crest and striking blue-black plumage was truly an elegant creature. Guide books and colour plates do not do him justice. Several times, as we ate our meal, he circled us, hopping from tree to car, from car to roadway, and back to his concealed perch above us in the towering tree.

Continuing, we passed the White Sands National Monument near Alamogordo, a vast expanse of pure white sand covering 150,000 acres. From a distance, it appeared like a misplaced snowfield.

In this Indian country we were amused at the sign at a trading store - "Navajo Trading Post - - We Give Green Stamps" - a realistic symbol of the blending of the old west with the new. Farther along, another sign at a combined restaurant and service station read, "Eat Here and Get Gas."

After crossing the mountains through St. Augustine Pass, we entered flat country where the desert aspect was prevalent. The word "desert" is often used loosely in the west. True desert is a climatologist's term for areas with less than a certain minimum of rainfall per year. Using this term in relation only to the ecological composition of the countryside is not always a proper description. However, wherever the land was flat and covered with creosote bush, cactus, mesquite or yucca, we referred to it as desert.

At Las Cruces, we crossed the Rio Grande, and just west of Deming, N.M. we passed the Continental Divide, leaving the Atlantic watershed and entering the Pacific.

In late afternoon, with the temperature 92 degrees, we reached the desert city of Lordsburg, N.M. and here we spent the night in a motel, named most inappropriately, the Seashore Motel. In the trees were large flocks of blackbirds, and in these flocks, I found my first boat-tailed grackles, noisy active birds with enormous tails hanging like black pendulums.

Since leaving Rexdale, we had driven 2,200 miles.

(Continued in next month's Newsletter)

G. Bennett,

ACTING EDITOR

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COLD WEATHER BOTANY

November is not normally considered an ideal month to go looking for flowers. However, much interest has been aroused in the past few years, among several T.F.N. members to do with listing wild plants found in flower from Nov. 1st up to the winter's killing frosts.

A few years ago we began keeping a record of all flowers found in November and December. We were amazed at the seemingly endless possibilities of plants one might find still in flower at this end of the calendar. We have even found dandelions, herb Robert and a few mustards in flower in late December.

Dr. R. M. Saunders has also adopted this cold-weather botanizing as a pet project and has gone us one better by finding a stalk of Inconspicuous Treacle Mustard in flower in January, and Prof. Coventry has discovered flowering records even later in the season than that.

Last year, in the Newsletter, Dr. Saunders published a list of 59 species of plants found flowering on or after Nov. 1st in the Toronto area.

In November of this year, Mrs. Lucie McDougall and Prof. Coventry, ardent members of the South Peel Naturalists, concentrated on fall-season flower-finding, and they collected and keyed 82 species between Nov. 1st and Nov. 19th!

We have merged their records with Dr. Saunders' and our own and find this combined list has now grown to 112 species. This is published below in the belief that it might be of interest to our botanist members. Undoubtedly many more additions will be made. We would be pleased to hear from other observers who have further records of late-flowering plants.

List of Flowers Found in Bloom on or after Nov. 1st. - Toronto Area

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|-------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| Dayflower | <i>Commelina communis</i> |
| Dock-leaved Smartweed | <i>Polygonum lapathifolium</i> |
| Lady's Thumb | <i>Polygonum persicaria</i> |
| Wood Knotweed | <i>Polygonum virginianum</i> |
| Wild Buckwheat | <i>Fagopyrum esculentum</i> |
| Oak-leaved Goosefoot | <i>Chemopodium glaucum</i> |
| Lamb's Quarters | <i>Chenopodium album</i> |
| Russian Thistle | <i>Salsola Kali</i> |
| Common Chickweed | <i>Stellaria media</i> |
| Field Mouse-ear Chickweed | <i>Cerastium arvense</i> |
| Common Mouse-ear Chickweed | <i>Cerastium vulgatum</i> |
| White Campion | <i>Lychnis alba</i> |
| Corn Campion | <i>Agrostemma Githago</i> |
| Night-flowering Catchfly | <i>Silene noctiflora</i> |
| Bladder Campion | <i>Silene Cucubalus</i> |
| Bouncing Bet | <i>Saponaria officinalis</i> |
| Deptford Pink | <i>Dianthus Armeria</i> |
| Northern Buttercup | <i>Ranunculus septentrionalis</i> |
| Tall Buttercup | <i>Ranunculus acris</i> |
| Hoary Alyssum | <i>Berteroa incana</i> |
| Penny Cress | <i>Thlaspi arvense</i> |
| Wild Peppergrass | <i>Lepidium virginicum</i> |
| Wild Radish | <i>Raphanus raphanistrum</i> |
| American Sea Rocket | <i>Cakile edentula</i> |
| Shepherd's Purse | <i>Capsella Bursa-pastoris</i> |
| Indian Mustard | <i>Brassica juncea</i> |
| Charlock | <i>Brassica Kaber</i> |
| Wild Mustard | <i>Brassica campestris</i> |
| Tumble Mustard | <i>Sisymbrium altissimum</i> |
| Wall Rocket | <i>Diplotaxis tenuifolia</i> |
| Water Cress | <i>Radicula nasturtium-aquaticum</i> |
| Wormseed Mustard | <i>Erysimum cheiranthoides</i> |
| Inconspicuous Treacle Mustard | <i>Erysimum inconspicuum</i> |
| Winter Cress | <i>Barbarea vulgaris</i> |
| Witch Hazel | <i>Hamamelis virginiana</i> |
| Wild Strawberry | <i>Fragaria vesca</i> VAR. <i>americana</i> |
| Rough Cinquefoil | <i>Potentilla norvegica</i> |
| Rough-fruited Cinquefoil | <i>Potentilla recta</i> |
| Silverweed | <i>Potentilla anserina</i> |
| Alsike Clover | <i>Trifolium hybridum</i> |
| Red Clover | <i>Trifolium pratense</i> |
| White Clover | <i>Trifolium repens</i> |
| Black Medick | <i>Medicago lupulina</i> |
| White Sweet Clover | <i>Melilotus alba</i> |
| Yellow Sweet Clover | <i>Melilotus officinalis</i> |

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|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Yellow Hop Clover | <i>Trifolium dubium</i> |
| Vetch | <i>Vicia cracca</i> |
| Herb Robert | <i>Geranium Robertianum</i> |
| Sun Spurge | <i>Euphorbia helioscopia</i> |
| Common St. John's Wort | <i>Hypericum perforatum</i> |
| Round-leaved Mallow | <i>Malva Rotundifolia</i> |
| Evening Primrose | <i>Oenothera biennis</i> |
| Queen Anne's Lace | <i>Daucus carota</i> |
| False Beechdrops | <i>Monotropa hypopitys</i> |
| Scarlet Pimpernel | <i>Anagallis arvensis</i> |
| Forget-me-not | <i>Myosotis scorpiodes</i> |
| Viper's Bugloss | <i>Echium vulgare</i> |
| Blue Vervain | <i>Verbena hastata</i> |
| Catnip | <i>Nepeta cataria</i> |
| Ground Ivy | <i>Glechoma hederacea</i> |
| Heal-all | <i>Prunella vulgaris</i> |
| Motherwort | <i>Leonurus cardiaca</i> |
| Black Nightshade | <i>Solanum nigrum</i> |
| Common Mullein | <i>Verbascum thapsis</i> |
| Butter and Eggs | <i>Linaria vulgaris</i> |
| Field Speedwell | <i>Veronica agrestis</i> |
| Purslane Speedwell | <i>Veronica peregrina</i> |
| Hoary Plantain | <i>Plantago media</i> |
| English Plantain | <i>Plantago lanceolata</i> |
| Common Plantain | <i>Plantago major</i> |
| Teasel | <i>Dipsacus sylvestris</i> |
| Harebell | <i>Campanula rotundifolia</i> |
| Creeping Bellflower | <i>Campanula rapunculoides</i> |
| Indian Tobacco | <i>Lobelia inflata</i> |
| Boneset | <i>Eupatorium perfoliatum</i> |
| Gum-plant | <i>Grindelia squarosa</i> |
| Blue-stemmed Goldenrod | <i>Solidago caesia</i> |
| Zigzag Goldenrod | <i>Solidago flexicaulis</i> |
| Canada Goldenrod | <i>Solidago canadensis</i> |
| Bushy Aster | <i>Aster dumosus</i> |
| Common Blue Wood Aster | <i>Aster cordifolius</i> |
| Large-leaved Aster | <i>Aster macrophyllus</i> |
| New England Aster | <i>Aster Nova-Angliae</i> |
| Tall Aster | <i>Asper praealtus</i> |
| Purple-stemmed Aster | <i>Aster puniceus</i> |
| Robin's Plantain | <i>Erigeron pulchellus</i> |
| Philadelphia Fleabane | <i>Erigeron philadelphicus</i> |
| Daisy Fleabane | <i>Erigeron annuus</i> |
| Canada Fleabane | <i>Erigeron canadensis</i> |
| Ragweed | <i>Ambrosia artemisaefolia</i> |
| Cocklebur | <i>Xanthium canadense</i> |
| Black-eyed Susan | <i>Rudbeckia triloba</i> |
| Sticktight | <i>Bidens cernua</i> |

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|--------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Beggar's Ticks | Bidens sp ? |
| Hairy Galinsoga | Galinsoga ciliata |
| Stinking Mayweed | Anthemis arvensis |
| Yarrow | Achillea millefolium |
| Pineappleweed | Matricaria suaveolens |
| Costmary | Chrysanthemum balsamita VAR. tanacetoides |
| Ox-eye Daisy | Chrysanthemum leucanthemum |
| Tansy | Tanacetum vulgare |
| Common Groundsel | Senecio vulgaris |
| Common Burdock | Arctium minus |
| Bull Thistle | Cirsium lanceolatum |
| Scotch Thistle | Onopordum acanthum |
| Chicory | Cichorium intybus |
| Fall Dandelion | Leontodon autumnalis |
| Yellow Goatsbeard | Tragopogon pratensis |
| Dandelion | Taraxacum officinale |
| Field Sow Thistle | Sonchus arvensis |
| Spiny-leaved Sow Thistle | Sonchus asper |
| Yellow Lettuce | Lactuca scariola |

G. Bennett

Acting Editor.

WHAT'S AROUND?

by Slim Pickins

January is likely to be pretty cold so I'm not suggesting you do much walking this month. One of the best outings in winter is a drive in the Wildfield area to count hawks. You can do your birding from the car and it's a good chance for the beginner to get to know a rough-legged hawk from a red-tailed. Be sure and take a Bird Guide with you.

One of the best parts of a bird-watching outing is eating lunch. So let's organize by packing some sandwiches, some zippy cheese, chicken legs, a thermos of tea, some chocolate macaroon cookies and some apples.

Then about 9 o'clock, head for the intersection of No. 7 and No. 50 Highways, between Woodbridge and Brampton. At this corner, take a speedometer reading and write it down in case you don't remember numbers very well. Drive north on No. 50 towards Bolton. There's no hurry so just sort of mosey along and don't worry about the impatient guy behind you. Every pair of eyes (except the driver's) should be looking at every tree and fence-post, and also scanning the ground. Big dark blobs are likely to be either red-tails or rough-legs, little blobs are shrikes, sparrow hawks or starlings, big white ones may turn out to be snowy owls. I have seen 15 snowy owls in one day in this part of the country.

When you've gone $6\frac{1}{4}$ miles from No. 7 turn left. There is a sign at this corner saying Ellasdale Kennels. This road takes you through the village of Wildfield and brings you out at the Tullamore corner, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles after you've turned off No. 50.

Watch for snow buntings and if you see a flock look for dark brown birds in with them which will almost for sure be Lapland longspurs.

At Tullamore turn left and drive south $2\text{-}3\frac{1}{4}$ miles to a road leading west. Turn right and you'll soon come to a cedar woods on both sides of the car. This is a good place to eat lunch and listen for chickadees, finches and so on. If you're ambitious enough to walk in these woods you might find a ruffed grouse. This is called the Stanley Mills woods.

After lunch, keep going west to the second road which is Concession 4, as you'll see by the sign. Head south here and you'll come out at No. 7 highway. You can find your own way home from here. By now you should have seen between a dozen and twenty hawks. Keep looking for more because all the fields in these parts are full of mice.

All the roads I've mentioned are well ploughed in winter, but if there's been a heavy snow the day before, maybe you better wait till next week-end. This is a good drive anytime from December to March.

Yours truly,

Slim Pickins.