

OCTOBER MEETING

Monday, October 1, 1962, at 8.15 p.m.  
at the  
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

SPEAKER: Mr. Chas. Sauriol, publisher, beekeeper, conservationist.

SUBJECT: "Honey Bees and Pollination". Mr. Sauriol will speak with a colour film of this title, showing the relationship between the activity of bees and the fertility of field and orchard crops. The life of the hive is clearly illustrated, including the peculiar dance by which the successful bee tells the others where its source of nectar is located.

F.O.N. Christmas Cards

F.O.N. Christmas Cards in several designs will be on sale at the meeting, also hasti-notes, daily reminders, and calendars. These are all beautifully designed and reasonably priced. Every box we sell means a profit for our Club and financial support for the Federation of Ontario Naturalists. Pick up your own supply at the October meeting, and show them to your friends and colleagues. Cards to fill their orders may be obtained at the November meeting.

Botany Group

The Botany Group will meet this year in the library, Hodgson School, Davisville Ave. just east of Mt. Pleasant Rd. The opening meeting will be held on Thursday, October 18, at 8 p.m. All T.F.N. members with a special interest in the study of botany are cordially invited to attend.

Miss Llewella Mann, HU 1-2008

Junior Club

Children from 8 to 16 are invited to register at the opening meeting of the Toronto Junior Field Naturalists' Club at 10.00 a.m. on Saturday, September 29, at the Museum theatre. The fee is \$1.00 for the season. Walt Disney's film "Seal Island" will be shown, and study groups organized.

Director - Mr. Robt. MacLellan, HU 8-9346

Audubon Wildlife Films

Literature regarding Audubon Wildlife Films will be in the mail shortly. The series commences October 22nd. As this year we are sponsoring these lectures for one night showings only, you are advised to obtain your tickets immediately upon receipt of your folder, to avoid disappointment. The secretary (HU 1-0260) will be glad to send information to friends and associates whom you think would be interested.

Fees

FEES FOR THE 1962-63 SEASON ARE NOW DUE. By mailing your fee to the secretary now you will avoid the long line-up in the rotunda and be free to enjoy the displays and chat with friends. For your convenience, we are providing a renewal form on the last page of this Newsletter.

## SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER OUTINGS

### Botany

Every Saturday, starting at 10.00 a.m., throughout the autumn until snow falls. The first outing will be on September 22 at Wilket Creek Park (Leslie St. just north of Eglinton); leader, Dr. Fletcher Sharp. The location of subsequent outings will be decided each week. For information and transport particulars, please contact Miss Llewella Mann, HU 1-2008.

### Birds

#### Sunday, September 23, 9.30 a.m. - Claremont Conservation Area

Bring lunch. Take Highway #2 east to Brougham, continue east through Brougham to 10th Concession (marked with Claremont Conservation Area sign) and go north approximately 3 miles to Area gates.

Leader: Miss Ruth Marshall (Birds and some Geology)

#### Saturday, September 29, 9.30 a.m. - Humber River, Old Mill to Dundas St.

Meet at public parking lot on the east side of the Old Mill bridge. From the end of the Bloor St. car line, take Kingsway or Anglesea bus direct to Old Mill.

Leader: Mr. Len Butcher

#### Sunday, October 14, 9.15 a.m. - Toronto Island (Centre)

Bring lunch. Meet at city ferry docks. The ferry schedule for October is not known for certain, so be sure to check the time by phone (EM 8-2610).

Leader: Mr. Bob Taylor

#### Saturday, October 20, 9.30 a.m. - Rattray's Marsh

Morning only, but bring lunch and continue unled in the afternoon if you wish. Take Highway #2 past Port Credit bridge to Bexhill Road (2.2 miles past bridge - Shell station opposite Bexhill Road). Go south to the end of Bexhill Road.

Leader: Mr. Ted Farley

#### Sunday, October 28, 9.30 a.m. - Terra Cotta Conservation Area

Bring lunch. Drive north on Highway #10 from Brampton to Victoria. Turn west at the crossroad in Victoria and proceed to the village of Terra Cotta. At the Terra Cotta Inn, turn right up the hill to the park entrance.

Leaders: Mr. Jack Gingrich (Birds) and Dr. Peter Peach (Geology)

Miss Rosemary Gaymer, Chairman,  
Outings Committee

### University Extension Lectures

For those who wish to extend their knowledge of Natural Science, we recommend the course of 20 illustrated lectures being presented by the Department of University Extension, commencing Thursday, October 4. There will be 6 lectures on trees, 8 on birds and 6 on wildflowers. Further information may be obtained by telephoning WA 3-6611, Local 304.

President - Dr. David Hoeniger

Secretary - Mrs. H. Robson  
49 Craighurst Ave.,  
Toronto 12  
HU 1-0260

Assistant Secretary - Miss Ruth Marshall



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Number 189

September, 1962

Lambent brown, damply glistening lay the leafy carpet of the wood as Greer and I climbed slowly up from the shore of the big lake. Soft and giving this broadloom of nature's weave was good to the feet of the walker. No crackling and snapping here as in an October wood, for over all lay the hush of mid-summer from the nascent humus upon which we trod to the high-arching trees overhead whose shadowed trunks were darkened deeper yet by the wet of early morning showers. In this dark wet wood no moulting bird protested our passing, not even an insect whispered. The silence of sleepy summer held sway.

Once there were old trails that led up through the trees, wandering from opening to opening, each cutting the site of a pioneering farm. But life was hard--base rock is not far below the surface here--and now the farms are gone. So too have gone the trails. Occasionally one stumbles across still discernible fragments, not yet the sites of tangled vines and pushing young trees, not yet concealed under the overall carpet of leaves. Human life now is concentrated along the lake with its mushrooming cottages and whizzing boats, and the old meandering trails have given way to a smart new road that slashes directly and efficiently through the wood and lets cottagers get from city to lakeshore at the fastest possible speed.

Coming up through the trees as we did one has to cross this road but once across and into the depths again it is possible to forget the bustling life behind and think of the hidden pond ahead. It is a beaver pond, known as Little Lake, which is now nearly a mile in length from the main dam to the top of the inner deer meadow, for the beaver have been very busy these past several years. Their dam is situated at a narrow outlet where the stream tumbles down between rock walls. Here they wisely chose to erect a nicely engineered structure which if it had to be several feet deep at the point of chief strain could be relatively short--about thirty feet--in length. At no other spot could they have dammed up so much water with so little effort. Now their only problem is maintenance and at this they work assiduously, as fresh-cut logs always to be seen at the drainage opening testify. Behind the dam stretches a world of black water, white-dotted now with fragrant lilies, green mottled with floating islands of sphagnum where in early summer a myriad of rose pogonia flowers dust the green. Few people ever come here since the bustling activity of the big lake holds them thrall. Those who do, know that this

hidden, quiet pond, the product of animal skill, is a haunt of many animals, of many birds, of many wild living things. It is the kind of place where the walker knows that if the wonders that can and do occur will not always do so yet if he walks with wonder in his heart there will always be things of interest to see and hear.

Along a bit of old trail that we followed until deflected by rampant undergrowth we found several patches of black mud. In each of these were fresh, sharp-edged deer tracks. If man has abandoned his trails the animals nonetheless find them convenient passageways. More than deer had passed along this path for at a turn by a huge old tree we came upon a broad, flattish dropping. A bear had been here, and not so long ago. Though on this August morning no animal showed itself not far from the bear token a delicate spike of tiny white blooms glowed in the dark surroundings. Soon we found another, then several more, tiny candles of light in the woodland shade. Each white gleam rose above a holder of dark green leaves, set close to the ground, each leaf full and rounded at the bottom then tapering to a sharp point in front, and dramatically checkered in white. In this dark mid-summer wood where so little blooms, the old neglected trail had led us to a colony of the striking Checkered Rattlesnake Plantain (*Goodyera tessellata*), one of the few plants that chooses to open its flowers so late in the season and in such shade, a real lover of the deep woods. What person with any artistry in his soul could pass by those beautiful rosettes of tessellated leaves without stopping to admire. How aptly they are named; any rattlesnake might well be proud to sport a pattern such as that. And the spikes of white flowers rising above the rosettes were like little beacons set to guide us on our way.

Soon we topped the ridge and water gleamed through the trees, the middle reach of the pond. Along a descending deer run we made our way to a concealed cove, screened from the open pond by a sphagnum island and a fringe of bush. Once we had chanced upon a moose here, and his snorting and stamping at being surprised was something to marvel at. On this quiet morn only an occasional green frog plunked or splashed at our approach. But on the velvety moss of the old rotting logs the round-leafed sundew spread its chaplets of glittering balls, alluring traps for the unwary insect passer,--a hunter-plant on the qui vive ready to close upon its tiny prey. The drama of life and struggle was here for all the August drowse.

Along one end of the hidden cove an orange haze shimmered a few feet above ground for there the touch-me-not had hung its maculate jewels amongst the green. With this delicate screen at our backs we reclinced the ridge and followed it until we again could see water before us. This would be the innermost corner of the beaver pond, really a walled pool set off from the main pond by an extra dam, constructed by the beavers between the end of a thin point and a humpy little island. So isolated, this is a secret place indeed. Here the olive-sided flycatcher shrills his "quick-three-beers" all the spring whilst he gazes down on the grey-roofed beaver house set among sweet gale and rose pogonia. Now in August he was gone, or at least silent and unseen, and we looked down upon a mirror of black water upon whose polished surface road a thousand cream-white lilies, reflected in the depths. Farther away toward the tall spruce spires where the flycatcher perches the glowing yellow globes of the spatterdock are intermingled with the white pond lilies. Here is the secret pool in August, lovely, living and silent.

And yet not so silent for as we picked our way down the point through the waist-high bracken slight lispings betokened the presence of warblers. A little squeaking encouragement on our part soon brought the company into view. Black-and-whites, magnolias, and redstarts eyed us curiously as they searched the leaves and twigs for food; a travelling group of early migrants spending the day in the safety of the woods, or a congregation of local inhabitants gathered together for the migration but still clinging close to their summer haunts? It could be either, and who is to say which? And now we see that birds there are here for all the deceiving quiet. As we step

into view on a rock just above the water this conviction is borne in upon us with renewed vigor when a plaintive, squealing protest rises to our ears. That note is familiar but the author cannot be seen until suddenly as we make another move up shoots a wood duck, trailing gleaming drops upon the lily pads as it wings away. Another and another follow. Have they all gone? Not a one is visible until it spatters out from cover. We move again, on a few yards, and the answer comes in a burst of whistles and splashes as several more whirr up. In all a dozen flash away out to the bigger pond. What a delight to see so many of these colorful ducks where not many years ago there used to be none. The secret pool has been found to be a safe protected haven by one of nature's beautiful creatures that needs such protection badly. This was good to know.

The noisy departure of the wood ducks seemed to awaken the living creatures all along. Frogs squeaked and splashed off the bank and the lily pads. Phoebes appeared with myrtle warblers, warblers and flycatchers vying with each other from perches atop immersed shrubs. One phoebe even did battle with a myrtle for a preferred lookout not on a bush but on top of a lush, apple-green seedpod of iris. Amidst this flurry of activity we came to the end of the point and to the edge of the old dam, now overtopped by water from the raising of the waterlevel back of the newer dam at the main outlet. Here along the muddy verge deer tracks were numerous. It was while following these, my eyes to the ground, that I heard a heavy flapping of wings mingled with a most raucous outburst of squawks. I looked up just as a huge great blue heron swept up from right in front of me, emitting these wildly clamorous calls--"Keerawk, Krawwk, Kra-----awk!" Without noticing I had come to a little point and almost walked into the heron. The big bird was immensely startled, alarmed and angry, a fact it made perfectly clear. It didn't have time even to organize its flight in the proper heron manner but made off with its long neck outstretched like a crane. Of course it could have done much worse than squawk and swear, a point of which I was painfully aware with it right over my head. Still it did no more but flew away up into the farther deer meadow, leaving me to wonder whether it or I was the more surprised.

Its clamorous exit raised up four black ducks, sent a kingfisher rattling up the lake, and put a waxwing to flight overhead. How many more creatures were hidden away that needed such a catalytic agent to bring them into view? The secret, silent August lake and its shores were a mask for secreted life.

We continued back along the edge of the pond, admiring the yellow blooms of loose-strife and beggar-ticks, and above all the burnished magenta cloaks of the seeds of the pink St. John's Wort (Hypericum virginicum) that grow so luxuriantly around this pond. Near the eastern end of Moose Cove Greer found a deer run so well worn as to seem a veritable highway. The mud at the point where this run reaches the cove was quite riddled with tracks. Clearly this was a much preferred feeding area for the deer. We could understand why for not only did the run come through overshadowing trees right to the water but it led to this sheltered spot where both food and drink could be had in profusion without any need to expose one's presence to dangerous onlookers on or across the main pond. We had chanced upon the secret of the deer.

Through the woods, passing an enquiring Canada warbler on the way, we regained the road, and so down the lane arrived at the cottage. We reentered the bustle of the big lakeshore, we were once more among our own kind, but for a morning we had trod the hidden paths and seen and heard some of those wonders that nature reserves for those who seek them out.

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No plant is more prized by those who dwell in the Alps, and by those who visit these wonderful mountains, than the edelweiss (Leontopodium alpinum). Indeed, nothing is more likely to evoke nostalgia amongst expatriate Swiss than a picture of some of these highly-valued plants. This has been true for a long time but with the rise of the Alps to a great tourist center the pressure on plant life became much more intense. Local people found that they could do a thriving business collecting and selling Alpine plants to the visitors. This applied especially to the edelweiss. So fierce was the pursuit of this plant that it began to disappear from many of its natural sites, and the search for it became almost frantic as the demand increased. Since it grows at high altitudes the hunt for specimens was often dangerous, particularly as it became more and more limited to the remoter heights. Finally extinction was so near that it was made a protected flower in Switzerland and in other parts of the Alps.

Why this wooly white star-like flower should have become the symbolic bloom of the Alps is hard to say for many other Alpine flowers seem to the outsider more striking in both color and form. Perhaps the very danger involved in seeking it out in the haunts of the eagle and the chamois has contributed to its repute. If one could boast of having picked edelweiss it was proof that he had been in high places, had persevered and won. Whatever the reason this symbol has become fixed in people's minds and has thereby nearly caused its own extinction. Even with years of protection edelweiss is still a rare flower as Mrs. Saunders and I discovered when in Switzerland last summer. Only in the remoter parts of the Swiss National Park which have been under protection since 1914 was it plentiful, and there only above 7000 feet.

It was most interesting, therefore, to see in the Globe and Mail this morning (August 28) an article entitled, "Guarding the Edelweiss," datelined from Munich, and coming by way of the Times of London Service.

According to this article every Sunday from July till September a small group of men, carrying tents and equipment for two men for a week, climb a 6,700 foot peak above the Bavarian resort town of Oberstdorf. Two of the men in the party will be staying on the peak for a week in order to guard the edelweiss and other protected Alpine flowers.

West Germany has been carefully protecting many of its beautiful and uncommon wildflowers by legislation but without adequate enforcement these laws would be meaningless. In general public opinion is in favor of the laws, and this favorable and watchful opinion is the only real protection. The increase of tourist traffic and the building of funicular railways, chairlifts and other means of reaching Alpine heights has increased the need for vigilance in those parts. Where a plant like edelweiss is in question very special steps it seems have to be taken. As a result the Bergwacht, a voluntary service organized by the Red Cross for rescue work in the mountains, has added looking after protected wildflowers to its other services.

The watchers are usually young men between 18 and 30 who each give up a week's holiday and receive only \$12.50 for their food. On weekends in this area as many as 50 parties of men looking after flowers and wildlife are to be found. Each group of two men pitch their tents on a high promontory and for a week patrol the mountain where they are. They watch the protected flowers, tell children and climbers what they may pick, and stop any who have taken edelweiss or other protected plants.

This watch has been going on for many years and it is now stated that the edelweiss has recovered to the point that it occupies about the same range in this region as at the beginning of this century. Had the guard not been kept it would probably have been extinct.

It is worth noting that Bavaria has within the past month reorganized its nature conservancy laws. Twenty-seven wildflowers are now completely protected--"including, besides edelweiss, wild orchids, anemones, auricula and all red primroses, cyclamen and gentian." An additional 21 flowers are under "partial protection," which means that they may be picked in "reasonable quantities but not uprooted or wilfully damaged."

Punishments may be heavy, the maximum being a fine of \$180.00 or one year's imprisonment. Any person collecting flowers for sale has to have a permit, issued annually, which lays down "where, what quantities, and what flowers may be taken."

This is a most interesting piece of legislation which could well be studied with care in Canada. It should be emphasized again, though, that this rests upon a solid foundation of public opinion built up over many years. Without such a solid base it could hardly succeed.

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#### Highlights of the hikes last spring (March-June)

On the first spring walk, March 10, J. H. Saker and some 41 observers slithered over the ice and snow in High Park, having as their reward good looks at a blue goose, shovelers and a northern shrike.

Fred Bodsworth led the March 25 hike at Greenwood Conservation area, finding a pileated woodpecker and a good spring flock of 30 robins for his forty followers. More than half the party went on to the lakeshore in the afternoon and clocked a fine list of ducks as well as horned larks, meadowlarks, redwings and grackles.

On April 7 Miss Erna Lewis had a group of eight at Glendon Hall, mud and rain notwithstanding, showing them tree flowers and spring buds.

David Hoeniger's party of 35 at the Island on April 14 ran an excellent count of 44 species of birds on a cold, bright windy day. Horned grebes, canvasbacks, Caspian terns, a sapsucker, towhee and several fox sparrows delighted everyone. Coffee at the Island School was appreciated by all.

April 15 was cold and snowy but it didn't stop Alf. Bunker and 47 Club members from having a good time with the birds. Alf's feeding stations at Happy Nook, the shore at Simcoe Point and Greenwood Conservation Area provided the hunting ground. Bluebirds were the main attraction, but loggerhead shrike, evening grosbeak, Cooper's hawk and ring-necked duck were also on the list.

On April 28 Don Perks turned up some real dandies for his crowd of 61 at Rattray's Marsh. Few will forget the great horned owl that was mobbed by crows for about half an hour, nor the sight of nesting mourning dove and cardinal. Red-necked grebes, gadwalls, double-crested cormorant, shovelers, upland plover, more than forty myrtle warblers, purple finch and Lincoln's sparrow helped to make this quite a banner day.

On April 29 Don Burton's party of 25 were treated to a sight of a hundred Canada geese, a green heron, a northern waterthrush--some 40 species in all, and in addition they found bloodroot, trout lily, skunk cabbage, trillium and violets in bloom.

The Saturday outing at Presqu'ile Park on May 5 was a great success. Not only did Jack Gingrich and John Dex show the 30-member group a count of 68 species of birds, they got most of them to a woodcock territorial performance behind the motel. A few had the good fortune to see a Virginia rail, and some who stayed over for Sunday found a blue-grey gnatcatcher.

On May 12 Ray Pannell took 24 people through Cedarvale and obtained good looks for them at quite a number of warblers along with the wood thrush, veery, rose-breasted grosbeak and white-crowned sparrow.

At Albion Hills Conservation Area Gerry Bennett had 35 in attendance and was able to find 42 kinds of birds, including a hawk incubating on its nest and a goodly assortment of spring flowers including cut-leaved toothwort, blue cohosh, mitrewort, wild ginger and squirrel corn.

On May 26 between 40 and 50 turned out to scour the Caledon Hills Farm area under the guidance of Professor A. F. Coventry and Dr. and Mrs. D. R. Gunn. The bird party with Dr. Gunn turned up 54 species, including both yellow-billed and black-billed cuckoo, yellow-throated vireo, mourning warbler, scarlet tanager and indigo bunting. The botany group studied the ecological relations of the area and hunted especially for ferns. Among the latter the best finds were hart's tongue, walking fern, slender cliffbrake and spinulose wood fern.

For the trip to Whitby Harbor and Pickering on May 27, 112 people arrived, and on that hot sunny day were treated to the sight of 68 species of birds under Rosemary Gaymer's lead. This included an excellent number of waterfowl and shore birds as well as a good variety of land birds. Whimbrel, knot, short-billed dowitcher, both cuckoos, and Traill's flycatcher were outstanding finds.

On June 2 Clive Goodwin, despite rain and a lack of migrants, discovered some 50 species for his group of 20-25 followers. Especially noteworthy were the cerulean warbler on territory, the bluebirds, sora, and mourning warbler. The birds on their summer breeding grounds gave good chances for observation.

On June 3 Jim Baillie and 43 people had a remarkably good day with the shorebirds at the Island. Sight of 300 ruddy turnstones was phenomenal for this area. Other good finds were a white-rumped sandpiper, a Caspian tern, and a blackpoll warbler.

On May 17, 24, 31, June 7, 11 Miss Erna Lewis led small groups (average number 8) of enthusiastic botanists to Wilket Creek Park. These were evening walks between 7 and 9 p.m., and were much appreciated. A great variety of blooming flowers were seen but perhaps the most intriguing was the bladdernut, seen both in bloom and with its spectacular seed pods.

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The editor would like to express here his own personal thanks as well as those of the Club to Gerry Bennett for the able manner in which he handled the Newsletter during our absence last year. The bulletins were informative, well-written and interesting throughout the year. Above all they were touched with that sense of humor which Gerry uses so effectively to get across his ideas. It was a mighty good job he did, and we look forward to hearing from Gerry in these pages whenever he feels like it in the future.

R. M. Saunders,

Editor.

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STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS

For the year ending April 30, 1962

Receipts

Membership fees	\$ 2264.00	
F.O.N. Christmas cards, etc.	526.50	
Migration charts	7.25	
Check lists	14.60	
Commission on sale of dinosaur models	4.56	
Donations	92.00	
Interest on stocks & bonds	128.60	
Sundries	9.35	
Exchange on cheques	.50	
Loan, J. A. Gingrich	600.00	
Audubon Wildlife Films	<u>3863.08</u>	
Total receipts	7510.44	
Add balance on hand April 30, 1961	<u>72.01</u>	\$ 7582.45

Disbursements

Printing	\$ 788.75	
Postage	158.84	
Office Supplies	122.81	
Salaries, honoraria, etc.	663.06	
Theatre rental	412.00	
F.O.N. Camp scholarships	200.00	
F.O.N. Christmas cards, calendars, etc.	436.48	
Affiliation fees	67.50	
Donations	7.50	
Bank charges	5.80	
Exchange on cheques	1.25	
Sundries	9.32	
Repayment of loan plus int. 3% per annum for 6 mos.	609.00	
Audubon Wildlife Films	<u>2341.44</u>	
Total Disbursements	5823.75	
BALANCE April 30, 1962	<u>1758.70</u>	\$ 7582.45

List of Officers  
1962-63

President - Dr. David Hoeniger  
Vice-President - Mr. Ronald F. Norman  
Sec.-Treas. - Mrs. H. Robson  
Asst. Sec. - Miss Ruth Marshall  
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To: Mrs. H. Robson, Secretary,  
Toronto Field Naturalists' Club,  
49 Craighurst Ave., Toronto 12, Ont.

Date \_\_\_\_\_

I ) wish to renew membership in the T.F.N., and enclose 1962-63 fee as indicated  
We) (please check):

\_\_\_\_\_ Single \$4.00                      \_\_\_\_\_ Family (adults) \$6.00                      \_\_\_\_\_ Life \$100.00  
\_\_\_\_\_ Corresponding \$2.00 (for those living outside a  
20-mile radius from the Royal Ontario Museum)                      \_\_\_\_\_ Donation \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_