

# 201

TORONTO FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB NEWSLETTER

FEBRUARY MEETING

Monday, February 3rd, 1964, at 8:15 p.m.  
at the  
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

FILM NIGHT: "Canadian Portrait". Logging and the production of lumber and pulp and paper on Canada's west coast.

"Away From It All" transports its viewers into an area unfamiliar to many Canadians - Terra Nova National Park, Newfoundland.

"West Wind". The crisp colour and sweeping beauty of Canada's outdoors are captured by the deft brush of painter Tom Thomson. This film is an adventure into a Canadian artist's interpretation of nature.

FEBRUARY OUTINGS

Sunday      Rear of Boyd Conservation Area - Birds      Mrs. Mary Gingrich  
Feb. 9  
10.00 AM      From the intersection of Highways 400 and 7, travel west about 2-1/2 miles on Highway 7. Turn north at the sign pointing to Mart Kenny's Ranch. Drive north about 2 miles, as far as possible on this road without turning east or west. Park on the side of the road. Lunch optional.

Saturday      Wilket Creek Park - Birds      Mrs. Eve Cobb  
Feb. 22  
9.30 AM      Meet at the parking lot at the entrance on Leslie Street, just north of Eglinton Avenue. For information on bus service on Eglinton Avenue phone the T.T.C. (HU 7-2424). Morning only.

Chairman, Outings Committee - J. A. Gingrich

BOTANY      At our February meeting Dr. Margaret Heimburger lectures on  
GROUP      the intriguing topic - "Adventures with Windflowers and  
Thursday      Thimbleweeds". All T.F.N.C. members are welcome. Meet in the  
Feb. 20      library, Hodgson School, Davisville Ave. near Mt. Pleasant Rd.  
8 PM Sharp      Parking entrance from Millwood Road.

President - R. F. Chittenden, HU 3-2636

JUNIOR CLUB      Meet in the Museum Theatre. The Insect Group will be in  
Saturday      charge, presenting films and talks in the realm of entomology.  
Feb. 1      Visitors from the parent organization, the T.F.N.C., are  
10.00 AM      welcome to attend.

Director - Robert MacLellan, HU 8-9346

We are anxious to get in touch with Miss Merta Young, a well-known T.F.N.C. member of long standing. If anyone knows of her whereabouts, please get in touch with the secretary.

President - Dr. David Hoeniger

Secretary - Mrs. H. Robson  
49 Craighurst Ave.  
Toronto 12 Ontario  
HUDson 1-0260



Number 201

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The Post Office Department, Ottawa  
And for Payment of Postage in Cash

January 1964

#### Christmas Census--East Lakeshore Route Reporting

Christmas census day in Toronto this year was December 22. For once it was as beautiful a winter's day as anyone could wish. The too often repeated ice storm that so frequently has greeted us on census morning this time failed to appear. What a happy change. If at the beginning it looked as though we would be under a mantle of grey cloud for our count even this dispersed within an hour and glorious sunshine prevailed for the remainder of the day. What is more the temperature rose into the thirties giving us balmy comfort. On such a day our spirits rose in pleasant anticipation.

For many censuses your editor has been responsible for the east lakeshore route to Whitby Harbour. On this day his companions were Bob Trowern, Earl Stark and Doug Scovell. Bob got me at 8.30 and we met the others at the head of Chine Drive in Scarborough. They had walked the bluff from Earl's house to the Chine Drive ravine thereby catching the early birds for our count. And some of the early birds were well worth getting out to see: a great blue heron flying along the lake, a flicker, a white-winged crossbill and several mourning doves, these last at Earl's feeding station. This certainly gave us a good start.

Some of the spots that used to be regular stops on our route have over the years been destroyed as bird habitats by the incessant expansion of the city, the urban sprawl. These we now have to forget, so we drove straight to Frenchman's Bay.

Down the main road here brought us, about midway from the highway to the lake, to an old house with a large garden surrounded by dense hedges and full of ancient trees. As we came alongside we saw birds popping in and out of the large rosa multiflora hedge, a sight that brought us promptly to a halt. No situation in winter is more likely to produce an avian discovery than a good thick hedge of this fruitful rose; a hedge hopping with birds certainly demands investigation. It is quite true that all the birds we saw in this hedge were house sparrows but one thing leads to another and our search of the hedge and its surroundings brought us in view of a busy feeder behind the house. More sparrows, yet not wholly so for different-looking birds flew up from the ground to the roof, there in good modern style to perch upon the TV aerial. When our glasses were turned on these we found them to be cowbirds, five of them, a distinct fillip to any Christmas list.

A stop at the lakefront began the entry of waterfowl on our count as goldeneye, old squaws and mergansers were bobbing on the choppy water along with a number of gulls. Of course, no Christmas count is exactly the same as another so we were not too put out to find that the ice on the bay held no sign of the crowd of resting gulls that we have usually encountered. We could wait for those at Whitby Harbour. The swing around the edge of the bay took us soon to Dave O'Brien's house where Dave quickly showed us that over and above the crowd of house sparrows he was helping to support was a colorful little flock of evening grosbeaks. Good reason for these winter finches to be around there for numerous Manitoba maples, heavy with keys and seeds rose everywhere around the neighborhood. We were up another good bird.

Hardly had we driven away and made a couple of turns in the road when I suddenly saw what looked like waxwings sitting in a small tree close by another rosa multiflora hedge. Bob braked to a stop and we piled out. One look was sufficient to show us six waxwings in that tree, whilst a rapid survey revealed twenty-eight more in higher trees behind the house. A careful re-examination did not show up the Bohemian waxwing we hoped to find but thirty-four cedar waxwings was no mean discovery in itself this December day. Again a multiflora hedge was undoubtedly the main attraction for these fruit-eating birds.

A whirl down the east road of Frenchman's Bay, once so good, now so largely cluttered with houses and other "improvements" gave us precisely nothing. Nor did the lake at the end of the road. We were countless on this stretch until Bob, while turning the car, abruptly shouted, "Look! snow buntings." And almost over the hood of the car forty of the white Arctic flakes flashed before our eyes, westward bound to some unknown destination, a jaunty company of winter travellers, beauty to our eyes, good for our count.

A busy group of burnished green goldfinches amongst the tall weeds at a fence corner, half-a-dozen blue jays streaming up from a feeder near the roadside and then we were at Pickering Marsh. No blue water today, only white, silent snow greeted us here. This could-be site offered us only the distant profile of a probable rough-legged hawk atop a tree on the eastern horizon. Since we were bound for the Ajax fields where this tree stood we took note of where this bird was likely to be and then rolled on to the lakeshore again at Simcoe Point. Here too a sometimes crowded cove met us with a vista of empty water. Not quite, however, as all at once one of us discovered a small dark bird paddling close by the grey shore ice. It looked and acted like a coot but we had to be sure. Earl ran for his balscope, still in the car. With this invaluable aid mounted on my shoulder it was possible to tell that, in fact, we did have a coot in sight even though this individual owned a dull, rather dirty-white bill instead of the usual bright accoutrement. This was a very good find, indeed, as coots are rare on the lake in winter.

Now it was back up the Station Road to the Ilex bush where Doug and Earl were let out to walk along the lower reach of the wood while Bob and I were to do the upper part. In any such count as a census it is wise to cover as much territory as possible by dividing responsibilities. I was well down amongst the cedar trees that grow here, examining their green depths for possible roosting owls, when I heard Bob calling from the road. In the distance I had also heard Earl so I knew that something good had been found. Floundering through the soft snow, so pleasantly soft underfoot if one can go easily and slowly, so clogging and frustrating to you when you want to get somewhere in a hurry. When I did reach the road I was puffing well and truly, and I was just in time to see Bob backing the car rapidly towards the others, visible two hundred yards down the road. I walked on as fast as I could, watching Earl and Doug, then Bob, all gesturing up towards a tall elm tree. When I got near enough I tried to see what they were pointing at. My first try yielded nothing but the second attempt showed me a woodpecker. As from where I was its back looked perfectly black I said, "Arctic", to myself and hurried on. When I reached my companions and repeated this to them they

replied, "Look again". I did and now from a better angle and with fuller light on the bird I saw not a solidly black back but an unmistakable ladder back. There burst from my lips the cry, "Why it's an American!", to the amusement of the others. What a discovery was this, for though a number of these birds have been reported this fall along with quite a few of their "Arctic" cousins not one of us had yet seen one of either kind. Like almost every three-toed woodpecker seen this fall and winter, this one, a brightly-colored male, was busily flaking bark from a diseased elm tree.

Along the Base Line road across Duffin's Creek and then down into Ajax fields brought us first to the Ajax dump with its horde of starlings and sparrows dotting the smoke-filled atmosphere. It could promise much, such a place, and on occasion could produce but today no amount of looking over starlings could turn up anything but just starlings. We drove on, leaving the serried ranks of black scavengers to their untranslatable remarks.

Not a hundred yards farther down the road, Doug called for another halt, pointing out that out in the field on an abandoned bale of hay was standing as brilliantly yellow a meadowlark as ever graced a spring meadow. What is more as soon as we began to sweep the field with our binoculars we quickly picked out a dozen more larks, crowded together like a little raft of ducks on the lake. All were feeding ravenously on what must have been feed spilled from a bale that had broken open. It was a particularly suitable place for them since this section of the field was also largely clear of snow, thanks to some trick of a whirling wind that had given these ground feeders a chance to make the most of this careless bounty.

Soon we were at the spot on the fields near the tree that had held the probable rough-leg, seen from across the marsh. It was gone from that perch, yet, even as we drew abreast of the tree, an elegantly black-patterned bird of this species sailed across the field and came to rest in a tree close by. Several times while we were on the fields we were to see this resplendent mouser as well as another of the same kind in light plumage, a redtail and a northern shrike, all hunting over the dense weeds and grasses. Truly these fields are a treasure trove of field mice for such birds and hence an excellent place to go to see them. Would that all who see them so gracefully, so determinedly quartering these snowy fields could know the good the hunters are doing.

The lunch hour, which comes early on such trips, had now arrived. We found a good lookout spot on the lake bluff for this essential ceremony. Since this is always a period of merriment as well as of satisfaction of inner needs we were soon fully engrossed in this absorbing endeavor. Not until a large dog bounced almost onto the car did we realize that we had company in this supposedly lonely spot. The dog was immediately followed by a lady in a fawn seal coat and parka and she had binoculars. I decided that since we were on a census trip I had better get out and see if anything had been seen that could help us on our quest. Once out of the car I saw that there was also a man, he too having binoculars, and three children - truly a birdwatching family. They soon told me of long-eared owls in a wood near the "cricket-pitch" and of a snowy owl over the fields. If we could find those it would be wonderful.

Having received directions we drove off towards the cricket pitch where we had no trouble finding in the adjoining wood evergreens with telltale droppings on them. No owls, however. As we were turning into this road our informants, who had left the lakeshore before we finished our lunch, came driving up the shore road to tell us that they had just seen the snowy owl over near the dump. Very kind of them to let us know. We hurried back to the dump area but though we made a careful search, Doug and I being dropped off to comb the nearby fields while the others drove the road, we found no owl. It could, of course, have been -- and probably was -- just over some neighbouring rise, even down the bank by the marsh. We had missed it by minutes, a disappointment, yes, but this sort of experience is always happening to the watcher of birds. We

shrugged our shoulders and went on our way. It had been worth the try and we would have been wrong not to have tried.

Our next stop was at Eastbourne Wood. Here our first find swept away all feelings of disappointment for up in a big old yellow birch we saw a flock of small birds shelling seeds from the catkin-like cones. Initial looks revealed a dozen or more goldfinches but closer watching showed that amongst the finches were other birds with lined white underparts and rosy breasts, for us the first redpolls of the winter, another first-class find on any winter's day. In a moment our attention focussed upon a very white bird. Could it be a hoary? Indeed, it very well could, but before we could be absolutely sure something sent the whole flock into the air and away they went.

Before we had time to worry about that departure Doug and Earl, who had moved off to the edge of the marsh, were calling Bob and me to come over. There were a number of interesting-looking birds flying in and out among the snowy cattails. Not being able to be sure what these birds were from the bank all four of us moved cautiously down into the midst of the cattail jungle, feeling the ice underfoot charily. In a moment sparrows, both swamp and song, were dashing ahead of us, for these it was that we had glimpsed. But they were not the only denizens of this jungle for before we had gone very far no fewer than five redwinged blackbirds burst into view, dashing out of snow-domed hidy holes. Seven swamp sparrows and half-a-dozen song sparrows came into view as we proceeded. What a lot of birds hidden from sight in these dense thickets, a wonderfully sheltered retreat now that snow had given them a roofing. Surely it never pays to assume that there are no birds about just because you can't see them. The silvery black-and-white marsh hawk that glided before us across the cattail jungle knew much better than that.

We arrived a little later at another dump; how satisfying are dumps to the birdwatcher in winter! This time it was the Hospital dump and as we drew up at the entrance we were greeted by the merry sound of golden-crowned kinglets whistling in the spruce trees overhead. When aroused by a little pishing a dozen or more chickadees joined in the investigation of the intruders, the whole inquisitive lot keeping just ahead of us as we ploughed through snow along the little smelly stream that edges the dump on the way to the harbor. Last winter there was a snipe wintering beside this little water and though it was not to be found this time the hunt for it led us straight to another top-notch discovery. As we reached the end of the stream a blackbird shot up. At first we took it to be another redwing but a good look showed us the yellow eyes and rusty hued head of a rusty blackbird. And that is a bird that is definitely not found on every census day.

A visit to the mouth of Whitby Harbour where there was quite a bit of open water dotted with floating ice gave us first, to our surprise, another coot, then a hooded merganser, a bright male that popped up all at once amongst several common mergansers, another very good winter's sight. On the floating ice was the customary assemblage of gulls, not so large as usual but nonetheless containing, along with the herrings, ringbills and blackbacks, a fine glaucous gull dressed in glossy cream-coloured habit.

Being in Whitby made us wonder if, perchance, the mockingbird that had spent last winter at Chubb's feeding station and amongst the extensive rosa multiflora hedges near the Ontario Ladies' College might still be around. None of us had heard mention of it for several months but why not try for it just on spec. If it wasn't around there could be other birds at the feeder anyway. So up we went. When we parked the car Bob stayed while the rest of us trudged along the back gardens to the great multiflora hedge so beloved by the mockingbird. We could see that the hedge was richly laden with fruit. Scarcely had we lifted our eyes from this observation when Doug and Earl called almost simultaneously, "There it is, the mockingbird!" Unbelievably, there,

indeed, was our bird, looking as fit and trim as if it were in Florida not snowy Ontario. Alighting in a small tree it remained for quite a while, long enough, in fact, so that the neighbor coming out with her laundry and asking, "Is that bird still around?", could be answered, "Why, yes, there it is right over there." She was much impressed. Indeed, it was possible to go and get Bob to come and see the bird. This was a real climax to a census trip that was turning into one of the most successful ever. Our speculation had become a triumph.

One more area we had to cover on our route, the Maple Creek valley. In this valley we were looking for an Arctic three-toed woodpecker especially. It really would be superb to have both three-toeds on the trip. That it was a good place for this particular bird was quickly evident as virtually all the elm trees--there were many of them--showed signs of much recent working by woodpeckers. What is more, we hadn't walked more than three hundred yards before we had counted eleven woodpeckers actually at work on the trees. Most of them were hairies, -- not strange as this species is especially numerous this winter,--and downies, but there was also a tremendous pileated that flew off in screaming protest at sight of us, making the whole wood ring with his clamour. No three-toed, however, that is, not until we had turned around and started back. Then, as so often happens when you view the scene from another angle you see things you missed before, the discovery was made. Doug found the bird, upside down on an elm branch, flaking off pieces of bark that came fluttering down upon the snow. "We have it," we said, and gazed up to appreciate our bird; then all together we showed amazed consternation for we were not looking at an Arctic three-toed at all but at another ladderback!!! When in all our birdwatching had any one of us ever before seen two ladderbacked three-toed woodpeckers on one trip? Never, You may be sure; never at all! This truly was the most unexpected triumph of the day.

We had half-thought to see Jack Smith in the valley but as we did not we drove around to his home as his count had to be added to ours to complete the route. As it turned out he had seen only one species we had not, a ruffed grouse, but, of course, his numbers of individuals added to that figure. Doug and Earl, who walked down into the valley to get his list, were rewarded by the sight and hearing of two pine grosbeaks, another fine addition. Bob and I, who stayed with the car at the end of the road, also had a final marvelous observation when the largest northern shrike we had ever seen lit in the top of a tree near the car. There, suffused in the rosy light of the setting sun, this fierce hunter eagerly scanned the landscape, turning rapidly to get a look in every direction. At last it spotted a small cluster of house sparrows in a shrub beside the house where we were parked. At once it selected a victim and shot down like a bolt from the tree top, across the road, heedless of our car or of us, into the shrub. All the sparrows scattered in precipitate haste. One took off into the sky with the shrike after it. Twisting and turning, the hunter following every manoeuvre, the sparrow sped away. At last, both hunted and hunter vanished from view, specks in the glowing dusk.

Our census trip had come to an end. We had seen fifty-two species of birds, far outreaching any other count for our route over the years, as the average of the route is thirty-seven. It had been a wonderful, a perfect day, with good weather, good birds, and good company.

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## An Unusual Christmas Present

We were still sitting at the table -- Ann, Marshall Bartman and I -- chatting over the remains of our Christmas lunch when the telephone rang.

Taking up the receiver I heard a voice saying, "This is Ron Tasker. I tried to get Jim Baillie but he isn't at home so I'm calling you." I became immediately all alert. What followed was electrifying. I couldn't avoid calling out an explosive, "What!", for Ron was saying that he had been out for a walk in the morning near his cabin at Maple and had come upon a flock of a dozen or more robins, amongst which he had seen a varied thrush! He thought that it would still be around and he wanted someone else to come out and have a look at it. I promised him I would do my best, Christmas Day or not.

What the best was didn't take the three of us long to decide. Marshall rushed to his car and hurried home to get into suitable clothes. Ann and I left the dishes, and quickly donned suitable attire. Then we were off. We drove to Marshall's house, finding him ready when we arrived, and then made straight for Ron Tasker's cabin. Whilst Ann and Marshall stayed in the car on the main road I walked up the snowy lane through the woods to the cabin. There I found Ron in the midst of a Christmas gathering but he got dressed at once and we were both soon back at the car.

We had only to drive up the hill to the next crossroad, stop there, and walk down a lane to a farm on the western slope.

Standing at the gate Ron pointed to a large old apple tree behind the house, saying that the flock had been in this tree in the morning. There was no bird in that area now, but, looking around amongst the several apple trees in the neighborhood, all of which were full of frozen apples, we soon located the robin flock in one of the trees to the east. A little more searching and we had the varied thrush in view.

Its bright, orange-red breast with its dark band -- the most distinctive field mark --, its rusty-striped wings and eye-mark, and its mottled back all made this bird stand out from its associates, the robins. There were fifteen of these. Among them, here in this snowy Ontario orchard this stranger seemed far more like an aberrant robin -- it is, in fact, a close relation -- than the mysterious singer that Ann and I had last seen in the eerie depths of the redwood forest of Northern California.

How, indeed, had this bird, whose native home is the forested mountains of the Pacific Coast, got to Southern Ontario? We remembered that one of the same species had spent most of last winter at a feeding station near to Peterborough. Could this be the same bird? That was the first of its kind ever recorded in this province. Had it survived the winter, lived somewhere in Ontario during the summer and, for lack of any company of its very own, learned to associate with its nearest local relatives? And so now was travelling with a wintering flock of its friends? Who is to say? There can be no answer to that question. Had it possibly been blown across the Rocky Mountains on some wild stormy wind? Strange birds do arrive in our area by such an experience. Or was it one of those erratic individuals that just choose to wander, turning up in far places every so often with no particular reason for their vagaries except inexplicable restlessness?

Whatever the explanation of the bird's presence this was for a birdwatcher a Christmas gift par excellence, one that no one could have had the remotest premonition of receiving. Indeed, Ron informed us that the farmer had told him that this was the first day he had seen the robins around. A Christmas gift indeed; we were all intensely grateful for such a present. For Marshall it was a first sight ever; for the rest of us it was a first sight in Ontario. How could it be otherwise since this is the first record of the appearance of this species in the Toronto region, and only the second record for Ontario.

Seeking a closer look Ron went and asked permission from the farmer to go into the area where these trees were. There were several horses and a large goat there. Permission given, in we went. We climbed the bank behind the barn, well-tramped already by the animals, until we stood a few yards from the trees.

Now we could see every detail of the thrush's rich coloring. We could watch it busily feeding on the apples, as were all the robins too. Were they after the seeds? Picking for worms? or just generally consuming the fruit? This we could not determine. Perhaps frozen apples have a stimulating effect like hard cider? We watched with interest for any evidence of tipsiness but couldn't detect any. Whatever we wanted to look for we now could watch to the fullest advantage.

After several minutes some of the robins took off across the field to certain tall trees by the edge of the lane, there to alight and to look over the surroundings. For some minutes they remained, long enough for us to check and see that there really were fifteen robins all told, then they returned to have another go at the apples.

By now we realized that the sun was getting low in the west. Also the big goat, proving very friendly, came close to have its head scratched and rubbed, and soon became very insistent for attention. When Ann, who obviously was its main interest, wanted to look at the birds and didn't give it as much attention as it felt it should have the goat began to butt her and push her around. Though it was gentle enough as goats go but on this steep, snowy hillside one good goatly push and Ann would be rolling down the bank. Marshall momentarily deflected the creature's interest and we all retired from the enclosure.

As we walked slowly up the lane we once more saw the flock leave the apple trees and stream across the field. This time they continued on across the lane and down the hill to the thick evergreen grove in the valley. This meant that they were going to bed for the night. A good thing we had left everything and came out in all haste. We had been just in time.

We dropped Ron off at his gate, thanking him profusely, and went on our way back home, full of deep appreciation of a Christmas gift we will never forget.

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Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Pannell we are pleased to have a letter from Mrs. Ruth Stewart, well-known former secretary of this club, to present to the readers of the Newsletter. Ruth is clearly making good use of her naturalist interests out there on Vancouver Island.

"I wish you could be here just now," she writes, "to see our Stellar's Jays. We have three normal ones, who come to the feeder every day ( or several times a day) and one poor little fellow without any tail feathers at all. He looks so odd, but gets about quite well. One day about a week ago Barbara was here, and we showed her this queer little fellow. A very strange look came over her face, and she said, "I bet I know where his tail is"! It seems that he, or one just like him, used to sit in a low branch of a tree beside their compost heap and tease their Siamese cat. One day the jay came a bit too near, the cat jumped a bit too high, and by the time Barb. got outside the ground was littered with jay tail feathers, but the bird got away. The cat was exceedingly smug about the whole thing, and I don't think that particular jay will be rude to any more cats.

"Last week I went down to the shore one day and found a whole flock of evening grosbeaks feeding on, apparently, alder twigs on an old moss covered roof. It was a lovely sight. There was a flock of surf scoters on the water at the same time, so I didn't know which to watch first.

"We have jays, Oregon juncos and two song sparrows travelling with them, a towhee or two, often a flock of pine siskins, a few robins, and a pheasant or so around the house regularly, and, occasionally, what I think must be a gilded flicker, because his underwings and tail are pure gold. I understand, however, that this is unlikely.

"I've never seen so much rain in my life. It pours all day and every day. However, John says at least he doesn't have to shovel snow.

"How was the Christmas census? I hear the snowy owls are down in S. Ontario once more.

"Please give my kindest regards to all my eastern friends. I heard from so many at Christmas."

Note: Reports of snowy owls continue to come in. One was seen along the lakeshore at the west end of Clarkson on the Christmas census. Another was noted on December 27 on a TV aerial near Dufferin Street north of Wilson Avenue. A third was seen on Ajax fields near the lake, at the west end of an open area, on January 5. This last has been around for some time and is a fairly reliable bird.

Note: For those whose acquaintance with winter finches is limited this is the winter to get to know them, as the Christmas census revealed all the woods, especially the evergreen areas just north of Toronto, are full of them. This we proved to our own satisfaction on New Year's Day when we saw scores of both red and white-winged crossbills and also of pine grosbeaks at Purpleville Wood. They could be easily seen from the Maple-Kleinburg road. Evening grosbeaks, pine siskins, redpolls are also around the countryside, as are snow buntings and longspurs. These last are in the open, weedy fields. Hundreds have been seen recently along Rogers Road, west of Streetsville about four to six miles. They are doubtless widely distributed in the farm areas. Look for them on freshly-manured fields as well as in very weedy ones. It is twenty years since northern birds have been as abundant around Toronto as they now are.

Note: It has been brought to my attention that some of the naturalists who swarmed out to Maple to see the varied thrush were very inconsiderate in their treatment of the farmer's property where the bird was. Someone left the gate open and the horses got out and had to be recovered. Others broke the fence on the hillside. This kind of irresponsible carelessness and thoughtlessness is unforgivable. Moreover, it gives all naturalists a very bad name and obviously makes it harder for them to pursue their interests. The few individuals who do this sort of thing should remember at least that it reflects not merely on them but on us all.

R. M. Saunders,

Editor.