

TORONTO FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB NEWSLETTER

MAY MEETING

Monday, May 3, 1965
at the
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - Annual Reports, Election of Officers.

MEMBERS' NIGHT -

1. From the Toronto Junior Field Naturalists' Club:
 - Andrew Mellor - Pink-footed Goose
 - James Rice - The House Mouse
 - Susan Ruggles - Trilobites
2. Mr. Clive E. Goodwin, Executive Director,
Conservation Council of Ontario - Conservation in Ontario
3. Mrs. Dorothy Curtis-Hare - Central Australia--"The Dead Heart"

In the rotunda - Bus tickets for the trip to Presqu'ile Provincial Park
(see May 22, Outings booklet) will be on sale - \$4.00 return
- "Flight", the annual publication of the Junior Club - 35¢
- F.O.N. Field Check-list of Birds (1964 edition) - 5¢ each

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Outings

Details of the Lamprey Outing as promised in the Spring Outings booklet:

Saturday An outing to see lampreys in their spawning streams

May 15 Leader: Dr. Robert McCauley

8.30 a.m. Meet at 8.30 a.m. at the Golden Mile Plaza (see May 29 in the Spring Outings booklet for details). Rides will be arranged there, and driving instructions issued. The driving will be approximately 15 miles each way, from the Plaza. The chances of finding lampreys are considered quite good, but bring binoculars, for the birds will not be ignored. There should be no excessively difficult hiking, but waterproof footwear is needed. It is hoped that a few members will bring high rubber boots and assist in locating the lampreys. Morning only, but lunch recommended.

Corrections to the Spring Outings booklet:

1. After the May 8 outing - the time to phone in for the bus outing to Presqu'ile is May 10-19, not 9-10.
2. May 22 outing - driving instructions to Presqu'ile - after Brighton, insert the words "west on highway 2 through Brighton".

* * *

JUNIOR CLUB

T.F.N.C. members are specially invited to attend the closing meeting of the Junior Field Naturalists' Club, in the Museum theatre on Saturday, May 1, at 10.00 A.M. Prizes will be awarded and "Flight" magazine distributed. There will be a showing of the Canadian Audubon Society's film "The Bald Eagle", an important film of interest to all naturalists. - The annual field outing of the Junior Club will be held at the Boyd Conservation Area on Saturday, May 29.

Wild-life areas on Toronto Island.--Ever since its formation, the area which has become known as Toronto Island has been a nesting ground for water-fowl and a resting place for migrants. The part available to birds, however, has been steadily shrinking for many years.

The population increase of Toronto and the development of the Island as public parkland, is a threat to the remaining wild-life areas. During recent years, much damage has occurred in these places: nests and eggs have been ravaged and fires have been set in dry grass, destroying the natural cover which nesting birds depend on.

Accordingly, the TFNC and FON have given support to a proposal of the Canadian Audubon Society that access to these areas should be restricted. The Metropolitan Toronto Parks Commissioner has agreed, and as a result the places known as Gull Island, Doughnut Island and Muggs' Island are now closed to people for all months of the year. In addition, the area north of the Filtration Plant is declared a Wildlife Sanctuary and will be closed to the public from 1 May to 15 July each year.

This last area has long been a favourite spot for birders. Club members will therefore be glad to know that the Island police have been advised that production of a valid TFNC membership card is sufficient authorization for our members to visit the filtration plant nature area at any time.

Club History.--The history of the TFNC has been carefully prepared for publication by Dr. R. M. Saunders, and the Executive is considering the inclusion of photographs of people who were prominent in the formation or early years of the Club. If you should have good photographs of this kind (preferably with negatives), showing members in field attire, we should like very much to look them over.

We will guarantee the safe return of your pictures. Please let us know the names of people in the photographs, and the location and approximate date. All photos should be sent to the Secretary, Mrs. H. Robson.

Martin House in High Park.--Club members will want to keep an eye on the martin house which was erected last year by the TFNC with the cooperation of the City Parks Department, on the east slope of Grenadier Pond, near the bandstand. There was some use made of this house last year and we hope that about May 1st we will see a return of these attractive birds.

F.O.N. News - It is high time to send in your application for F.O.N. Camp to be held this year from July 3 to 17 at Red Bay on the Bruce Peninsula.

- Point Pelee Field Gathering, May 8-9 - hike through the Post Woods led by Jas. L. Baillie - information booth at the entrance to the Nature Trail.

- Sault Summer Gathering, July 31, Aug. 1-2.

- Long Point Workshop Weekend, May 28-30.

Details of all these activities may be obtained from the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, 1262 Don Mills Rd., Don Mills - 444-8419 or 444-8410.

M.T.R.C.A. Conservation Course.--Two concentrated five-day courses in conservation from July 5 - 9 and Aug. 30 - Sept. 3, at the Albion Hills Conservation School. Full details from the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority, Box 720, Woodbridge - 285-5425.

President - Mr. R. F. Norman

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

Toronto Field Naturalists' Club.



NEWSLETTER

Number 212

Authorized as 2nd Class Mail by
The Post Office Department, Ottawa
and for payment of postage in cash.

April 1965

Between the setting of the sun and the rising of the new moon these April evenings the old pasture lies in a mysteriously deepening haze. Hawthorn and wild apple, raspberry tangle and sweeps of last year's goldenrod take a new and eerie shape light night creatures beginning to stir. Suddenly in the settling dusk a sound like the ripping of heavy cloth cuts through the still dark. Loudly at first, then fainter and fainter again, then loudly once more. Who or what can be stirring in the descending purple of night?

On and on the pattern of ripping sound is repeated. Soon, more faintly yet quite distinguishably, there comes to our ears a similar sound from farther across the pasture. Then in another corner the refrain is taken up; and at last there are four of the rippers sounding back and forth. The creatures of the night are truly stirring, calling and talking to each other. Then all at once the one nearest to us ceases. There follows a softly whirring sound which mounts above our heads. As we look and strain our eyes to see in the lingering light of the sky a black ball spirals upward in ever-widening arcs. Picked up in our binoculars we see it rise a hundred feet, maybe two hundred, when abruptly the upward surge ceases and for an ecstatic moment the bird circles and a melody, almost finchlike, floats down out of the purpling sky. From the farther corners of the pasture hints of answering refrains reach us, as before had the ripping sounds. Then it is all over. Our black ball plunges earthward, braking its descent as it nears the ground by rapidly-beating wings, finally landing in an open, grassy spot amongst some hawthorns not many yards away.

As it came down we could see a long, protruding spike on the ball and this told us for sure that it was a woodcock we were watching. We were, in fact, on the nesting-ground of a pair of these birds and in the pasture were three other pairs, the four males of which we had heard performing, proclaiming to each other the measure of their bounds.

Once on the ground the ripping or beeping sounds began again. For the nearest bird they were repeated, always in the same pattern of alternating loud and faint, some sixty times before the bird once more spiralled into the sky. Taking advantage of this flight we rushed in nearer to the opening where it had beeped so that this time when it came down it almost brushed our heads. Keeping as still and silent as we could we waited. The bird, doubtless sensing something out of the ordinary--indeed, it probably saw the new shapes at the edge of its plot as it descended--also waited. Finally, it seemed to decide that nothing dangerous was happening and it took to beeping, possibly because its rivals had already started up.

There was still light enough so that at this close distance we could through our binoculars see the long-billed woodcock bouncing up and down on its short legs and occasionally casting a glance from its huge eyes in our direction. Then when it had satisfied itself about us a new sound occurred, a note so soft that it was only just audible where we stood a few yards away. It was like cup-cup-cup, or iccup-iccup-iccup, or just up-up-up, and always preceding the beeping. Perhaps the bird was taking in breath in order to produce the latter. The beeping was accompanied by a bouncing and bowing motion and now we could see why there had been a pattern of loud and soft in its delivery. With almost each beep the bird turned about a quarter-circle and delivered the next beep from the new direction. In this way it steadily turned round and round during its performance. Presumably it does this in order to warn all possible rivals in every quarter. To a listener in any part the offering would sound louder and quieter as the bird turned toward him and away. After more than fifty beeps the woodcock rose from the ground once more to its climactic song-like affirmation.

This time when it came down we were pleased to see that we had not frightened it away. The performance started all over again in the same place. Once it was well launched I began to imitate the beeping sound. This can be done by forcing air between the front of the upper teeth and the lip, the latter being held not too tightly. The immediate result of my effort was to silence the performer completely. I was abashed at this but I kept on just the same. The silence was unbroken for a long moment and I thought that I had simply scared him off. Then suddenly almost at our feet there was an angry rasping sound, not unlike that made by a rattlesnake. If we hadn't realized that it must be the woodcock we would certainly have jumped and run. I kept on. The rasping came nearer and nearer, grew louder and louder and obviously more and more ireful. Then in a flash the wrathful woodcock shot up and buzzed past my face so close that the wind-stir of its wings could be felt. I ducked and the bird ascended into the sky to deliver its most emphatic "song" yet. But when it came down it had moved over to the farthest edge of the opening. Repeated imitations of the beeping elicited more rasping approaches and ascents became more and more frequent after fewer and fewer beepings on the ground but it did not again make such a direct attack upon its supposed rival.

Finally we decided that we had annoyed the poor bird enough for one evening and departed, well pleased that we had been able to be both observers and participants in this drama of nature.

The "song", incidentally, though it sounds vocal and, as we have mentioned, almost finchlike, is produced, it would seem, mechanically by air being forced in some way between the wings and the body.

This springtime drama is one that I have seen and taken part in many times in many places over the years. It is one that every field naturalist should try to see and hear. And it is not too difficult to find suitable spots in or near

the Toronto region where this may be done.

What is needed is a swampy or very wet wood or bush area adjoining open fields or in which there are good-sized grassy openings. The woodcocks prefer to nest in the sheltering woodland or bush but the males insist on open areas in which to carry on their territorial performances. In the pasture which I have described there are three or four very wet and muddy areas caused by springs. These provide feeding spots for a bird that probes in the mud with its long bill for worms and other food. In this case they adjoin both openings and patches of scrubby bush. Consequently, cover for nesting, grassy openings for performances, and feeding spots are closely combined. It is ideal woodcock country.

In the Toronto region there are many spots like this, especially in run-down or abandoned farmland. In the parts near the city the multiplication of the population has made areas once favoured to be given up. For instance, the Don Valley in the Sunnybrook - Wilket Creek part used to have nesting woodcocks. So did the Humber on the slopes below Bloor Street. I once came upon a newly-hatched woodcock family where the houses now stand above Dundas Street at the Royal York Road overpass. All these spots are now abandoned, I believe. But in the Credit River valley, in areas north and east of Richmond Hill, in the Holland Marsh region, especially east of Yonge Street, in the Brown Hill - Zephyr area woodcocks are to be found, in some cases in considerable number. No doubt there are other places that many local naturalists know of that are not generally known. At any rate to seek them out and to enjoy this wonderful experience is one of the discoveries in nature that you can make a glorious springtime adventure.

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A wilderness adventure that could come the way of many who read the Newsletter is recorded in The Naturalist, Vol. XI, Issue III, March 1965, the publication of the Oshawa Naturalists' Club. Why not try to match it this summer?

Wilderness Adventure

By Ronald G. Tozer

It is 4.30 p.m. on a lazy July afternoon in Algonquin Park. The hands of the clock move as if weighted with lead. An uneventful day's work is drawing to a close and my mind drowsily concentrates on supper and "early to bed." At last it is 5.00 o'clock and the ordeal is over.

As I get up from my chair in the museum's lab, my companion, a man some forty years older than I, remarks with reserved enthusiasm, "Should we go to Longspur Lake tonight?" A remarkably invigorating anticipation permeates the atmosphere as we discuss the available time, our needs, the trail we will take, and what we might see on such a trip.

After eating a hurried supper we gather cameras, binoculars, sheath knives, flashlight, hand axe and mosquito repellent. We strap the canoe on the car and drive to the beginning of the trail, which covers about three miles between the highway and Longspur Lake.

The sun is still quite high as we arrive and unstrap the canoe, in preparation to leave our fellow man and civilization for a brief respite in nature's solitude. I hoist the canoe onto my shoulders and shift the paddles, which have been lashed to the thwarts for our portage, into a comfortable position. My friend Russ, axe in hand, sets forth ahead of me on the trail,

watching for our former blazes and re-marking those which have become dull. We will follow them on our return journey after dark. As I labour along the trail between the sugar maple saplings, I marvel at the physical fitness of my elder woodsman friend and compare him to overweight urban visitors to the park.

The young maples grow profusely here in the deep shade of the climax forest. There is no breeze, and soon the mosquitoes discover my exposed face and neck under the canoe, only to be thwarted in their efforts by the insect repellent which I can taste as I lick my dry lips. We are well into the bush now, and among the sights and sounds of the wilderness my imagination turns to the Algonquin Indians and lumbermen who travelled this area in times past. The seeming increase in weight upon my shoulders brings me back to reality and so I welcome the chance to rest the bow of the canoe against a tree. Stepping from under the craft, I join Russ to survey the area.

There is a pungent odour of decaying leaves, fungi and mosses. Before us is a low area which is open to the azure sky and supports a luxuriant growth of intricate hay-scented fern. The trail turns off to the left and up a ridge which has a huge rounded boulder, the size of our car, near its crest--a reminder that we are in the glacially-eroded Precambrian Shield. Nearby are several beech trees which have healed-over scratches, caused by bears' claws, on their smooth gray bark, and what look like large stick nests in the upper branches. Russ explains that the black bears climb these trees and pull the branches in to the centre to get the beechnuts, leaving these nest-like assemblages.

Shouldering the canoe again, we set off toward the lake. I listen for birds and can pick out an ovenbird, a veery, a raven, and far off the shrill cry of a broad-winged hawk. Another wet spot is traversed by way of a damp rotting log which is identified as hemlock, due to the reddish-orange bracket fungus (hemlock conch) growing on the side. Several dead balsams remain standing here, and in the quiet of the forest we are able to hear the rasping of bark beetles within these trees.

Another few steps forward and there is a great crashing of brush ahead of us. With haste we move on to discover a large grove of striped maple which has been heavily browsed and broken down. We have disturbed a moose (or maybe two) which has likely eaten here for several days. The moose can feed on these saplings which are too large for deer.

The sun lowering in the west urges us on once more. We have not gone much farther when a small bird flutters up from beside the path. Carefully we peer at the dead leaves, but it is a full minute before we discover the nest--the arched bower of the ovenbird with its set of eggs. We are pleased since this bird's nest is very difficult to find. Moving on now, the ground begins to slope toward the lake, and I hear the raucous cries of the young great blue herons in the nesting colony on the lake's two islands.

Arriving at the lake-edge, we pause to "breathe in" the beauty of the area and to rest from our portage. The sun, with its deeply slanted rays, casts an ochreous hue upon the hemlocks, pines and spruces of the shore. A light wind is rippling the clear, cold waters of this northern lake, and now a loon gives its quavering call, to be answered immediately by another, and then still another until we can see four of these large divers. (Later we discovered that a pair were nesting on each of the islands.)

The canoe is launched and we paddle out toward the islands, pausing when halfway there. The movement of our paddles ceases, and our senses become completely attuned to the evening scene. A Swainson's thrush repeats its escalating phrases from the top of a hemlock. Serpentine herons sit in tall pines, framed like ghostly sentinels against the western sky. Gently drifting, we are awed with this wilderness spectacle. Suddenly this somniferous interlude is interrupted by the far-off howls of wolves, just as the sun dips below the horizon. It is getting late. We must head back. Yet we still linger a time longer, as if to savour every possible moment with nature.

We paddle back to the shore and place the canoe in a safe location (where we hope it will not attract the attention of bears). It will be needed on future visits when we will band young herring gulls from the three nests on the islands. Starting back along the trail, we soon need our flashlight to find the blazes. It is slow going in the murky depths of the forest, but somewhat easier for me without the burden of the canoe. As the trail passes near Jack Lake I hear the "jug-o-rum" calls of bullfrogs, and a sound like stones being knocked together, emitted by mink frogs. By the time we reach the opening where the hay-scented fern grows, a large moon has come up to cause weird shadows among the tree trunks. The haunting query of the barred owl--"Who cooks for you? Who cooks for you all?"--accompanies us when we near the highway. As we step on the pavement the midnight hour passes. We are both physically tired, but our spirits have been awakened by the occurrences of the past seven hours.

There is a pond beside the road, and a lone beaver swims across its moonlit surface. A speeding automobile flashes around a bend, flooding the scene with its headlights--the beaver slaps its tail--and our wilderness adventure is summarily ended.

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One becomes interested in nature in various ways. One way is to be smothered in its beauty and fascination and yet to be frustrated for lack of books or companions that can explain what it's all about. There are many who have had this experience and they will appreciate the note of frustration that is to be seen in the following letter that was received by our former club president, Alan Outram, from his niece who was then in Jamaica. However, one will also note the determination to find out and to know in the future. The letter reads as follows:

"Jamaica--a beautiful country--a bit wild and woolly with the lush undergrowth and mountains, but a simply beautiful and friendly 'Island in the Sun'.

"I was quite taken with all the gorgeous hibiscus and bougainvillea flowers, which grow abundantly around our beach cottage. I spent all my time admiring, picking and photographing all the flowers, so I would always be able to see them--bright orange, red, salmon, yellow, pink and fuschia, etc., colours. The poinsettias grew to be trees. All about us were these gorgeous red bushes. There were plenty of birds but I couldn't find a book anywhere to tell me what they were.*

*Ed. Note: The best book on birds for the West Indies region is that by James Bond, Birds of the West Indies, with illustrations by Don Eckelberry and Earl Poole. It is published by Collins of London. So far as my information goes there is no satisfactory book on wildflowers for that area. If anyone knows of any such I would be glad to give notice of it in these pages.

We did see plenty of egrets, vultures and kingfishers but the various species of warblers, grey birds (?) and black birds (?) were so different from anything I was used to that their names will remain a mystery. No one I spoke to seemed interested in these birds and no one could tell me what they were. The "Doctor Bird" which is Jamaica's national bird, lives more in the hills than right by the sea, so we didn't see one at all. Oh yes, there were oodles of beautiful humming-birds too. One species was all jet black, another was grey with burnt amber on the wings, another was all a medium or leaf green, another was dark black with iridescent green throat and white stomach. There were so many that we became quite nonchalant after a while about seeing them. They would come up quite close to us, perch on the flower stems or branches and remain there for several minutes. We tried taking telephoto pictures of them but we don't know if we succeeded, as they move quickly when alarmed or ready to move on. If we ever go south again I am going to arm myself with a "Bird Book of the Islands" before travelling. We had binoculars so we saw birds at far distances but identification was hopeless. It was most frustrating as we were keen on watching for the different species. I never thought much about the fact that we would see so many varieties or I would certainly have gone better prepared.

"Our beach cottage was situated on a little bay to the west of Ocho Rios village. The property was contained by a break wall, with stairs into the water, which was sandy on the bottom (at high tide it was only up to the tops of our thighs). At the side of the property was a little (twenty feet wide at most) beach. There were beautiful tropical fish swimming about, which were fun to watch. There were jet black fish, black and yellow striped fish, white fish, pink, iridescent blue and green fish, red fish--you name it and it was there. We picked up a few shells, but there weren't too many as the barrier reef was a mile or so out protected by an inner coral reef, which acted as a net. The men folk went out to the reef with flippers, masks, etc., and said it was just gorgeous, but the women preferred to take their word for it. After our swims we could go in our private swimming pool to rinse off the salt water. This pool was at the back of the cottage and fed by a freshwater mountain stream. The icy cold and clear-as-crystal water cascaded out of the rocky hill into the pool and then by means of a water slide into a secondary "foot bath size" pool then into a sluice which then ran underground to the breakwall and hence into the sea. Surrounding the pool was a luxurious growth of tropical plants, elephant plant, poinsettia trees, palm trees, etc. It was gorgeous. The pool harboured fingerling freshwater fishes, but so tiny as not to bother one's swimming at all. The pool was painted pale blue which reflected the sun, making the whole area so picturesque."

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Another contribution that comes to us from our good friend, Alan Outram, is a poem written by his friend, Mr. A. B. Pike, a retired English specialist who has made appearances in the Newsletter before. We are grateful both to Alan Outram and to Mr. Pike for this offering.

Spring Magic

Spring's first hocus
Is the crocus
When it pocus
Through the snow.

When Spring makes hocus-pocus,
Up comes the crocus.
The jonquil and the daffodil,
Like Jill, come tumbling after
With tulip bell and bergamot.
Trillium and dog-tooth violet,
Hepaticas and Dutchman's breeches,
Jack that from his pulpit preaches--
From warming earth tumultuous come
In merry pandemonium.

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To those members and readers of the Newsletter who have not yet had a chance to become participants in the North American Cooperative Migration Study we include the following sheet of instructions and the spring record form. They are self-explanatory. Any of our bird enthusiasts who can or who desire to take part in this valuable study are urged to do so.

R. M. Saunders,

Editor.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR COOPERATIVE MIGRATION STUDY

How to report: A valuable report need include only the arrival dates of a few of the species listed. Our ideal cooperator does not make long trips to different areas; rather, he watches and listens in his own neighborhood for at least a short time, nearly every day; and he concentrates on those birds familiar to him and common in his area. Counts or estimates of the number of birds noted, and the dates of peak numbers and last migrants, are very helpful, but not essential. We ask that you report just the birds that you believe actually arrived (or departed) on the date when seen or heard. Even if someone else observed the same species before you did, please report your dates anyway. The main migration often begins a week or two after the first stragglers arrive. Therefore, several independent arrival dates from one town, for chimney swifts, for instance, are much more meaningful than only one report. There can never be too many reports, even from one locality, as long as they are not duplicate reports on the same individual birds.

The present list contains both nocturnal and diurnal migrants, early and late ones, solitary and flocking species, each one included for a specific purpose. In some cases the data will be used by research workers who are studying the movements of a particular species; in other cases they will be used to correlate bird migration with weather conditions.

Avoid putting comments in the "date" and "number" columns; the back of the page may be used for this purpose. In the "Peak" columns please include any dates when migratory movement was detected. The "Last Noted" column is for the last spring or last fall date on which migrating individuals were seen or heard. Use a separate form for each locality (nearest town).

Observations submitted on this form will be put on punch cards and a machine listing will be sent to you for verification.

We should like to have spring records by June 10 and fall records by January 10. Late reports, as well as records for these same species from prior years, (1953 on) can still be used.

We shall appreciate your cooperation in soliciting reports from other active observers. Additional forms will be sent on request, either to you or to lists of people you send us.

Please keep one copy of your report and mail the other to Chandler S. Robbins, Patuxent Wildlife Research Center, Laurel, Maryland. If this is your first report, kindly put a large star (*) in the top right corner so we will be sure to add your name to our mailing list. Separate forms are sent for spring and fall migration.

Persons not heard from for 3 consecutive years will be dropped from our list.

Thank you for your assistance in this cooperative study.

Sincerely yours,

Chandler S. Robbins, Chief
Migratory Non-Game Bird Studies
Branch of Wildlife Research

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, BUREAU OF SPORT FISHERIES AND WILDLIFE
MIGRATORY BIRD POPULATIONS STATION, LAUREL, MARYLAND 20810
COOPERATIVE MIGRATION STUDY - SPRING OF 19__

STATE: _____ COUNTY: _____ LOCALITY: _____ LAT: _____ LONG: _____

OBSERVER: _____ ADDRESS: _____

Species	Code No.	First Migrant		Peak		Peak		Peak		Last Noted	
		Mo., Day	No.	Date	No.	Date	No.	Date	No.	Date	No.
Whistling Swan	180	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Canada Goose	172	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Mallard	132	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Pintail	143	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Marsh Hawk	331	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Killdeer	273	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Common Snipe	230	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Mourning Dove	316	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Common Nighthawk	420	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Chimney Swift	423	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Ruby-t. Hummingbd	428	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Yel-shaft Flicker	412	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Eastern Kingbird	444	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Gt. Cr. Flycatcher	452	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Eastern Phoebe	456	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
E. Wood Pewee	461	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Barn Swallow	613	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Purple Martin	611	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Common Crow	488	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
House Wren	721	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Catbird	704	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Brown Thrasher	705	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Wood Thrush	755	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
E. Bluebird(male)	7664	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
E. Bluebird(fem.)	7665	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Red-eyed Vireo	624	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Black-&-wh. Warb.	636	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Tennessee Warb.	647	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Yellow Warbler	652	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Myrtle Warbler	655	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Blackpoll Warb.	661	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Ovenbird	674	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Am. Redstart	687	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Bobolink	494	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Redwinged Blackbd	498	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Baltimore Oriole	507	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Scarlet Tanager	608	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Rose-br. Grosbeak	595	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Indigo Bunting	598	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Am. Goldfinch	529	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Slate-col. Junco	567	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Chipping Sparrow	560	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
White-cr. Sparrow	554	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
White-thr. Sparrow	558	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Please send reports either to Chandler S. Robbins, Patuxent Wildlife Research Center, Laurel, Md., or through your Audubon Field Notes Regional Editor.

Chandler S. Robbins, James H. Zimmerman.

Annual Report, 1964-5 Season

During this 41st year of the Toronto Field Naturalists' Club, there has been a continuation of nature walks, monthly meetings and Audubon Wildlife Films which have for many years been the three main and continuing activities. Throughout last fall and winter, 18 nature walks were held. The spring program of 28 outings includes two bus trips, one to Presqu'ile Provincial Park and the other to Rockwood Conservation Area. The Audubon Wildlife Films continue to be popular among members and the general public as shown by the high attendance.

Our total membership this year is 617, of whom 117 are new members. It is with deepest regret that members learned of the death of Mrs. Ruth Stewart last October, and of Dr. J. R. Dymond in January of this year. Members will scarcely need reminding of the contributions made by them to the Club over many years: Ruth Stewart as Secretary-Treasurer, and "J.R." as a founder member and a past President whose vision and ability influenced greatly the Club's growth to its present range of activities.

As in previous years, the Club is awarding two scholarships to the F.O.N. Summer Camp. These awards are made to people who are in some way engaged in teaching and training of others, so that what is learned at the F.O.N. Camp will be passed on. Those chosen this year are Miss Felicity Threlkeld, a teacher, and Mr. Robert MacLellan, director of the Junior Club. Both are active members of the T.F.N.C.

The Executive is concerned about the future of the Club in relationship to the fast-changing city in which we live. In particular, are we providing the kind of activities that our members generally desire and which are best for the long-range development of the Club? Are we obtaining and holding a sufficiently large number of new members to offset natural losses? The questionnaire that was sent to members during the winter was our first step in making an assessment.

About 50% of our members replied, and many gave lengthy comments, criticisms and suggestions which will be of great value. It is most useful for us to learn that many are not satisfied with the form of our activities, and the criticisms will help the Executive in future planning.

In particular, we are concerned about the difficulty that new members experience in getting to know members and officers of the Club. We must ensure that new members do not become disinterested and leave because of a cold and impersonal reception given at monthly meetings and nature walks.

In addition, we have learned that about 80% of our members are over 40 years of age, while less than 5% are under 25. What happens to the youngsters who spend several years as members of our Junior Club? How many of them continue as members of the T.F.N.C.? We fear that very few do, and that this may reflect a lack of challenge in our activities that results in such a small number of younger members. Your Executive must look for new projects or activities where these are needed, to ensure healthy growth.

I wish to thank the members of this year's Executive for their support and work on behalf of the Club, and in particular Miss Rosemary Gaymer, Miss Ruth Marshall, and Mr. Jack Gingrich for their attention to the questionnaire, the programme, and the outings, respectively.

Respectfully submitted,

R. F. Norman, President.

Interim Statement* of Receipts and Disbursements

May 1, 1964 to March 31, 1965

Receipts

Fees	\$ 2,152.00	
Donations	52.40	
F.O.N. Cards	468.94	
Interest on stocks & bonds	117.60	
Presqu'ile bus, May 24th, 1964	167.00	
Sundries	15.90	
Audubon Wildlife Films	<u>2,976.25</u>	
Total receipts	5,950.09	
Add balance on hand April 30, 1964	<u>2,067.37</u>	
		\$ 8,017.46

Disbursements

Printing	\$ 830.75	
Postage	152.21	
Office Supplies	137.97	
Salaries, honoraria, etc.	900.20	
F.O.N. Cards	361.88	
Theatre, films etc.	367.25	
F.O.N. Camp Scholarships, 1964	270.00	
Donation - Junior Club	100.00	
Presqu'ile bus, May 24th, 1964	136.00	
Sundries	180.50	
Audubon Wildlife Films	<u>1,382.40</u>	
Total disbursements	4,819.16	
BALANCE March 31, 1965	<u>3,198.30</u>	
		\$ 8,017.46

*The balance as shown on this interim statement has been verified with the bank balance for March 31, 1965. An audited statement of receipts and disbursements for the fiscal year April 30, 1964 to April 30, 1965 will be on display for inspection at the May meeting and will be published in the next issue of the Newsletter, in September.

Estimated receipts for the month of April 1965 - \$500.00
Estimated disbursements for the month of April 1965 - \$550.00

Mrs. H. Robson, Secretary-Treasurer.