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TORONTO FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB NEWSLETTER

Visitors welcome!

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JANUARY MEETING

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1968, at 8.15 p.m. (note change of date)  
at the  
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

FILM NIGHT. (1) Coloured film entitled 'Linnaeus.' This is the life story of the famous Swedish scientist (1707-1778) noted for his important work in the classification of plants. (2) Colour slides with live commentary. Speaker: MR. CLAUS BREEDE. Subject: DIVING WITH A PURPOSE: Scuba-diving, how and why? Mr. Breede, an experienced diver, will conduct an underwater session ranging from the North Atlantic to the Caribbean and will discuss some of the many facets of this increasingly popular modern activity.

FEES. If you received only the first two pages of your newsletter, it means that according to our records you have not renewed your membership. Upon receipt of your fee, we shall be glad to send the missing portion. Send cheque or money order to the Secretary: Do not send cash. Single: \$4; Family: \$6; Corresponding: \$2. Full-time student (aged 16 or over): \$1.50.

AUDUBON SCREEN TOURS. 'Scandinavian Saga' is the title of the next Audubon film to be shown Tuesday, January 9 at the Eaton Auditorium, 8.15 p.m. The photographer-lecturer is John D. Bulger, one of the best on the Audubon circuit. Make a point of attending this wonderful film lecture and tell your friends about it. Tickets \$2.00 at Eaton Auditorium Box Office, 10 days before the showing.

IMPORTANT NOTICE REGARDING THE RATTRAY ESTATE

On October 26 we wrote as follows to the Chairman of the Nature Conservancy of Canada, who holds funds contributed by our members and others for the saving of Rattray Marsh from the hands of building developers:

'A number of our members who have contributed funds towards the acquisition of the Rattray Marsh have asked us what is the situation in regard to this property and how likely it will be that the Nature Conservancy can acquire all or part of it. Would you please give us as full details as you can on what your plans on this are, so that we may assure our members that we are looking after their interests.'

The following reply was received on November 17:

'Thank you for your letter of October 26, 1967. Every member who contributed to the Rattray Estate campaign will be receiving a letter and financial statement from the Nature Conservancy outlining the present position. This has been delayed due to circumstances beyond our control, but we hope to have it in their hands very shortly.'

BIRD BULLETIN. A weekly bird bulletin is being published by Ken Walton, 24 Moore Park Ave., Willowdale. The success of this bulletin depends, of course, upon the co-operation of birders in reporting their observations to Ken. Telephone 225-9560 for further information.

TORONTO BIRD-FINDING GUIDE by Peter Iden et al, published by TFNC, is a 52 p. booklet listing all good birding areas in the Toronto region (within a 30 mile radius of the Royal Ontario Museum.) Includes travelling directions and notes of some of the birds to be seen and the best season. A 'must' for all birders. Price to TFNC members: \$1.25 (regular price, \$1.50). Pick up your copy at any meeting or order by mail from the Secretary. NOTE: Please do not send cash in mail; send cheque or money order.

ARE YOU WEARING a TFNC crest on your outings jacket? A dandy way to publicize your club and sometimes gains admittance into private property when you're looking for rarities. Obtainable at meetings: \$1.

A NOTE TO NEW MEMBERS and a reminder to older ones: The story of the TFNC, extended back to 1923, is a fascinating one. It has been written by Dr. R. M. Saunders and is available in booklet form together with the Constitution of your club for only 50¢. Get your copy at the next meeting you attend.

#### JANUARY OUTINGS

- Saturday      REAR OF BOYD CONSERVATION AREA - Birds  
Jan. 6      From the intersection of Highways 400 & 7, go west on 7 about 1½ miles to  
9.30 a.m.      Pine Valley Dr. Go north on this road about 2 miles and park on the road-  
side where the road turns right at a dead-end. Morning only but lunch  
recommended. Drivers with space and passengers requiring transportation,  
please call Jack or Mary Gingrich at 489-9953.
- Sunday      YORK UNIVERSITY (GLENDON CAMPUS) - Birds  
Jan. 21      Meet at the lower parking lot. Enter the grounds at 2275 Bayview Ave. (at  
9.30 a.m.      Lawrence); turn left, go down the hill and turn left again across the  
bridge. Motorists on Bayview, use the exit ramps for Lawrence West, but  
turn east. Morning only.      Chairman: Jack Gingrich, 489-9953
- JUNIOR CLUB      The Museum Theatre meeting is in charge of the Fish, Reptiles and  
Saturday      Amphibians Group with 3 speakers and 3 short coloured nature films. Adults  
Jan. 6      are welcome.  
10 a.m.      Director: Mr. Rob't MacLellan, 488-9346
- BIRD GROUP      Meet at St. James Bond United Church, west side of Avenue Rd., 2 blocks  
Thursday      north of Eglinton. Note change in date to 3rd Thursday. Joint meeting  
Jan. 18      with Toronto Field Biologists' Club who will discuss their projects and  
8 p.m.      work in 1967. Also: Bird Quiz, display of anthologies and general work on  
birds.      Chairman: Mr. Clive Goodwin, 241-1572
- BOTANY GROUP      Meet at Hodgson School, Davisville Ave., just east of Mt. Pleasant Rd.  
Thursday      Speaker: Dr. Peter Peach. Topic: 'The flowers that bloom in the Bruce.'  
Jan. 18      Dr. Peach, President of TFNC, will help us anticipate spring, tra-la! All  
8 p.m.      TFNC members welcome.      Chairman: Miss Edith Cosens, 481-5013

President - Dr. Peter A. Peach

Secretary - Mrs. H. C. Robson  
49 Craighurst Ave.  
Toronto 12 (481-0260)



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NEWS AND VIEWS

.....Some of the strangest logic of modern times and fully worthy of anything in '1984' was used by the President of Toronto Anglers and Hunters Association in a recent speech. In the course of remarks designed to encourage hunting and discourage vandalism he said: 'Most hunters really love the land they hunt on and the animals they seek...'

What a strange way to show love!

This kind of philosophy should go a long way towards wiping out a lot of loveable animals (and people!) next hunting season.

.....The Whooping Cranes are still staging a come-back and have now reached a total world population of 60 birds. The total includes 39 wild adult birds, 9 wild young and 12 in captivity. This is an increase of 11 over last year - another step further from extinction.

Let's hope those friendly hunters don't start to love the whooping cranes too much or too often.

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COMING EVENTS

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM: Free Sunday film showings at 2 p.m.:

- Jan. 7 - The Beach - A river of sand  
The Monkeys of Mysore  
The Art of the Swordsmith (Japan)  
Jan.21 - The World of Apu (Life in India)

## NOTES FROM THE BELT-LINE RAVINE

by Naomi LeVay

November and December is a time for owls. You may not find them today, as the Belt-Line Ravine is gradually disappearing as a haven for wild-life in the city, and the ravine itself, as we know it, may soon have vanished.

I remember seeing our first screech-owl in 1946. It came and peered into one of our bedroom windows, the one that overlooks the ravine. It stared into the lighted room with its round golden eyes for several minutes, stretching to its full height to see over the five-inch window frame, then it slipped silently from the ledge, and was swallowed up in the night.

Several times after this I found screech owls in the Valley. Every autumn we used to hear their plaintive, quavering calls after dusk, but I did not always find their daytime perches. Quite reliably, one used to be found, winter after winter, in Mooredale Park, just a stone's-throw from the ravine. For several years now, this roost has been deserted.

The last screech owl I saw in the Valley turned up in November, 1965. It was perched in the shadowy angle formed by the trunk and stump of a fallen oak tree. This retreat, just south of the Heath St. Bridge, had been discovered by a group of jays and chickadees, which were calling and buzzing around the owl in great excitement. These small owls seem to be as hard to find in the Valley nowadays, as anywhere else.

On a mild November afternoon in 1949, I ventured into that part of the ravine that then stretched north of Moore Avenue to Merton St., but which you will not find now, as it no longer exists. About half-way to the cemetery bridge, I happened to glance to the right and found myself face to face with a strange apparition. It took less than an instant to recognize a long-eared owl, perched motionless on a fence-post, not ten feet away. It was feathered in muted shades of brown and buff, while yellow arched eyebrows and golden side-whiskers completed the picture. Its round yellow eyes returned my gaze unblinkingly.

Chickadees arrived and fluttered about the larger bird and still it did not stir. Suddenly one darted daringly close and it turned its head sharply to the right for an instant and then resumed its solemn vigil. When I returned an hour later, I found it in the same spot, in the identical pose, waiting patiently for darkness to fall.

In November 1966 we found a long-eared owl in a thick shrub, just south of Moore Avenue. As so often happens, jays had revealed its hiding-place. It was a grey-phase bird, perched not eight feet high in a bush about sixty feet away; but when we tried to approach for better acquaintance, it flew off and disappeared among the trees to the south.

1949 was the year for barred owls. On the 17th of November, I heard that one had been seen in the northern part of the Valley, so I hurried down at about eleven in the morning. It was cloudy and grey, so at first I saw only a large dark shape on a branch extending over the path, about fifty yards away. I approached slowly and soon noticed that it had a large round head and thick-set body of an owl, but only when I was about

twenty feet away and it took flight did it appear really owl-like. Then it flapped away silently over the trees, but returned to cross the path twice, as if as curious about me as I was about it.

On the 15th of December, I heard the voices of jays, chickadees, nuthatches and woodpeckers, all raised in chorus near the edge of the ravine along Hudson Drive. This was a large assortment of birds to be gathered in one place at this time of year, and as I approached the bank, I saw the reason for their concern. A barred owl was perched in a willow about twenty feet away and almost at eye-level from where I was standing. Although it was very alert, it ignored the small birds darting around it, who soon tired of baiting it and flew away. It seemed to be searching for prey on the slope below.

After a few minutes the owl swooped down off its perch and disappeared among the trees. I hurried down into the ravine, hoping to see it again. I heard jays calling and stopped to watch. Soon I saw among the branches the flapping of large brown wings. I heard a double hoot ('hoo-hoo') and one owl burst out of the woods pursued by a second. The second bird came to rest in a branch a few feet over my head and was almost immediately attacked with harsh, raucous cries, by a smaller grey and black plumaged bird - a northern shrike. In a short time the shrike grew tired of this one-sided game and flew to the top of a tree on the opposite side of the Valley. An hour later one of these owls was still to be seen in a willow near the Heath St. Bridge.

Perhaps the commonest owl in the Valley is the great horned owl. I have often found it high in a hemlock, well screened from prying eyes, trying to sleep out the long hours of daylight in its solitary roosting-place. At dusk one Christmas Day, one of these great birds swooped low over our heads as we stood by the railway bridge; we could hear the air rushing through its wings as it passed close enough to leave us feeling a little breathless.

To round out the owl picture, I must mention the big buff-coloured owl I saw flapping over the ravine in December, 1953. This was the only short-eared owl I have ever seen in these parts, and of course it passed over our wooded hollow without stopping. It must have sailed on to the open fields and marshes, where it is most at home.

One year I found a saw-whet owl in the Valley, but this is a story for another month.

At this time of year, too, we have often had our best luck with hawks. Wintering red-tails, goshawks and sparrow-hawks, casual red-shouldered hawks, peregrines (2), pigeon-hawks (2), sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawks have enlivened the dull season. Special mention goes to the broad-winged hawk that made the Christmas census in 1961.

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#### PART-TIME NATURALISTS

The Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority requires the services of part-time Naturalists for both school and week-end programs.

If you would like further information on this work, please write, giving your telephone number, to the Information and Education Division, The M. T. R. C. A. at Box 720, Woodbridge, or telephone 889-5425.

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## PLANT FAMILIES

### The Carrot Family - Umbelliferae

The family name means 'umbel-bearer' from the type of flower cluster (umbel) commonly found. In an umbel numerous flower stalks arise from a single point very much like the ribs of an umbrella turned inside out.

This is a very large family of nearly 300 genera and 3000 species containing a few familiar vegetables and several common spices and condiments (northern hemisphere variety.) Nearly all the species are herbs with a strong scent, particularly in the seeds.

There are about 20 species growing in the Metro area.

The family as a whole is easy to identify but the individual species are sometimes quite difficult to tell apart - particularly as the process often involves counting ribs on a seed. Try that in a marsh swarming with 'critters!'

To identify this family look for the following characteristics:

1. The flowers are usually very small and white or yellow in colour.

The individual flower stalks are arranged in an umbel (see above) to make up a sometimes quite large flower cluster.

2. The leaves are mostly compound, finely divided, and alternate. The leaf stalk (petiole) is often expanded or surrounded by a sheath at its union with the stem.
3. The fruits are dry seeds often attached together in pairs, usually finely grooved or ribbed and strongly aromatic.
4. The stems are often hollow with conspicuous joints.
5. The flowers - if you can see them - are regular shaped with 5 petals, 5 stamens and 2 styles.

Many members of this family have been used since Egyptian and Roman times as medicines, spices, condiments or poisons. So...are you suffering from flatulence? - need gripe-water or an aphrodisiac? - or perhaps planning an uxoricide?

Then try some of the Umbellifera!

For seasonings, condiments, garnishes, spices, medicines, etc.

Dill (Anethum) - garnishes, seasoning, garlands (for Romans), soap, gripe-water for infants (Dilla means 'to soothe' in Norse.)

Caraway (Carum) - seeds excellent for cakes, breads, flatulence and colic but horrible in cheese and liqueur.

Parsley (Petroselinum) - a garnish and rich source of vitamins - so don't leave it on your plate!

Anise (Pimpinella) - used in liqueurs and wines, perfumes, medicines, soaps and lovely French candies.

Coriander (Coriandrum) - seasoning, pickles, liqueurs, toilet water; the plant smells like a bedbug.

Angelica - all parts used for flavouring drinks such as Chartreuse, Benedictine, anisette, gin, absinthe; name means 'herb of angels.' So now you know what heaven's like!

Cumin (Cuminum) - seeds flavour bread and liqueurs and render cheese inedible.

#### Vegetables - not eaten by children

Parsnip (Pastinaca); carrot (Daucus); celery, celeriac (both Apium). Celeriac seeds also good for rheumatism, as a tonic or aphrodisiac or whatever else ails you.

#### Vegetables - eaten by children

French fries.

#### The wild ones - Metro Toronto variety

Black snakeroot (Sanicula marilandica); Harbinger-of-spring (Erigenia bulbosa); sweet cicely (Osmorhiza longistylis); water parsnip (Sium cicutaefolium); golden Alexanders (Zizia aurea); meadow parsnip (Thaspium barbinode); cow parsnip (Heracleum lanatum); huge plant with flower clusters one foot across, common in James Gardens; great Angelica (Angelica atropurpurea); and best known of all, the Queen Anne's lace or wild carrot (Daucus carota) an ancestor of its cultivated cousin.

#### The garden varieties

Sea holly (Eryngium) - quite spectacular large plants with bluish foliage and flowers; excellent for dry flower bouquets; Trachymene or blue lace-flower from Australia.

#### To kill philosophers with:

Poison hemlock (Conium maculatum) drunk by Socrates with conclusive results. All genera of the umbelliferae family seem to contain poisonous species (ask any kid about parsnips!) Another poisonous one, found locally, is spotted cowbane or water hemlock (Cicuta masculata.)

#### And beat children with

Giant fennel (Ferula) - the 10 foot stalks were used as caning-rods by schoolmasters in the 'good old days.'

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#### ERRATA

Would those of you who spent last month looking for the Great Snowy Owl or tubes on the Chinese artichoke or the motherwort, please stop. These were all errors put in by the Editor's Private Gremlins. Correct copy should read, Great Gray Owl, tubers and motherwort respectively.

It won't happen again - next time we'll make different errors.

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## NEWFOUNDLAND SAGA

by Doris Norman and Connie Roberts

Acting upon the advice of people who had been to Newfoundland, when we packed for our camping trip to that province we made sure that we had woolens and sweaters, rain-coats and rubber boots as well as a tent heater for night-time chill. All this in spite of the fact that it was the end of June by the time we reached the Newfie shores.

Well, the boat did have to slow down approaching Port-aux-Basques because of the fog, but once onto the highway and inland a few miles we were soon under relatively clear skies. During the ensuing days we decided that the weather was not too unlike our own Toronto's temperature.

Our purpose was to traverse the province without too many digressions for as there is no alternate route, we knew we would have to return along the same highway. After two days travel we were in beautiful Terra Nova National Park. We stayed just one night on the way out, intending to stay longer when we returned.

The two highlights of our visit to Newfoundland were our first sightings of (1) icebergs and (2) puffins. It was from a lookout tower at Terra Nova that we saw the first iceberg. It was pointed out to us by the Ranger and would have been at least 15 miles away, but nonetheless exciting.

After leaving the Park we drove on toward St. John's. We camped about 20 miles west of that city and worked out into several different areas from our camp-site. We found the east coast literally peppered with ice-bergs and our pictures show that we photographed all shapes and sizes of them. The one we liked most of course, was the one we saw at close range. It had grounded in Witless Bay and this was our point for birding.

Like all other birders who visit Newfoundland, we headed for Witless Bay which is just a few miles south of St. John's. The Sea Bird Sanctuary consists of three Islands, the largest of which is Green Island. Our first problem was a guide and transportation because unlike Perce on the Gaspè Peninsula, in Newfoundland there is no advertising - nothing to tell you where you can make arrangements for a boat trip.

Witless Bay is a little fishing village where almost the whole population works at one of the two plants - one a fish processing plant, the other a meal and fertilizer plant. This latter plant reduces to meal a small fish called caplin. These come in to the shore to spawn and are netted out by the hundreds and we were lucky enough to be there at the right time to see part of this process. After asking around, we were directed to a young man working in the processing plant who told us his father would take us out when he returned. He had just taken a University professor over to the islands and would be coming in for lunch very shortly and he thought that he would have time to take us out before going back for the professor. We decided to have our lunch and come back later. Just about this time it seemed the lunch bell must have rung in the plant because the whole village streamed out of seemingly nowhere and soon disappeared into the various houses huddled together on the typical coastline hillside. We drove through the village and on the outskirts found a delightful meadow overlooking the bay. Here we made lunch, meanwhile keeping our eyes on the returning boats - watching for one craft pulling a red dory. After lunch, back to the docks and a check for our guide. His name was Bill Yard; he had left the professor and two students who were doing some biological studies on birds on the island. He had promised to pick them up at about 2.30 and so until then would take us out.

It was a delightful experience. In the bay about three-quarters of the way to the island was an immense iceberg. We had been gazing at it ever since we first set eyes on the bay and when our guide told us that he would get us close to it on the way back it seemed like an added bonus. He was a most informed guide; he knew all the birds and re-introduced us to some birds we had met before as well as to the puffins, which we hadn't! We were puzzled at his identification of some birds which we knew we had seen at Bonaventure Island. His name for them, 'tors', was certainly new to us. He may have thought an explanation was called for because a little later he told us that the correct name was really 'murre' but that they called them 'tors.' The Kittiwakes are not always called by their right name either; in Newfoundland they are 'tickle laces' and the guillimot is something like a 'guinea monk.' There were large colonies of each of these beautiful sea birds and we were able to get very good views of them as they flew back and forth in front of the boat. We didn't see the puffins until we got closer to the island, and then they were everywhere. They flew in waves past the boat, they floated on the water, and through our glasses we could see them sitting like little sentinels on the rocky crags of the island. In the terms of the Newfoundland naturalist, 'fortunately for the birds but unfortunately for the tourist it is not permitted to land on the islands without special permits.' This did not contribute to very successful photography because the boat was small and the water a little choppy at the best of times. So in spite of the lack of good pictures, we still considered ourselves very fortunate, especially with the puffins. We had been told that at Bonaventure there are only about ten pairs and they are not too easy to find. We were simply surrounded with them. We would like to have seen the petrels - the Mother Carey's chickens - but that would have been an exhausting search. They were there but not very often in evidence. We were still in high gear as we anchored the boat and motioned to the professor and his party who were waiting to be picked up.

Then our skipper directed the boat to the iceberg. We were able to get quite close to it and marvel at its size and depth of colour. It reminded us of the colour of ice in the crevasse in the icefields - a true ice blue. We had heard icebergs described as resembling marble and the simile was certainly a good one. We considered ourselves fortunate that it was a bright sunny day - sunshine enhances these natural beauties as well as making it easier to enjoy the scenery.

Nobody seemed to be in a hurry so we had time to absorb our surroundings in full before we turned our faces shorewards and to our car and on to other places.

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#### IN A HUMOUROUS VEIN

by Harold Garner

It was a bright sunny day in April. The water in the Humber River and its tributary creeks were in full flow, high and moving fast. My pal Tom and I were out for a hike (oh, those unfortunates who missed a day such as this!) It was a 'great-to-be-alive day', not too productive nature-wise. But then one can be patient, knowing the treats in store as full Spring unfolds her grace and charm. We were covering the lower marshes on the west side of the Humber when we came to a creek. During the summer only a trickle of water would be flowing but today it was too wide for us to jump to the other side. Tom is a six-footer, I am six inches shorter than he, but experience has taught little fellows to rise to the occasion. It was routine for me to find a broken tree limb to assist me in vaulting to our objective. My friend was undecided. Should he take a running leap? He chose to use my method but being a much heavier man, his prop penetrated the mud in the creek bottom and he remained

temporarily suspended, clinging to the top of the tree limb.

I suppose one should not laugh at one's friends' predicaments, but under the circumstances perhaps I could be forgiven if I allowed my imagination to compare the appearance of Tom on the end of the pole for that brief second to a Koala Bear, treed, and when Tom fell into the water his expression of disgust was similar to one seen in some of the old Max Sennet slapstick comedies.

To say that I laughed would be an understatement. My friend is a good sport and later, after building a fire and partially drying his clothes, the humour of it all was shared by the two of us.

#### IN A SERIOUS VEIN

by Harold Garner

Many years ago my folks owned a cottage at Lake Simcoe, Pine Beach, which is near the south extremity of Cookes Bay. It was my great pleasure to walk through the woods and marsh armed with my binoculars and Peterson's book each weekend during the summer months looking for birds. I became acquainted with the carp fisherman who had a shack at the shore edge in the thicker parts of the swamp. It was always an enjoyable interlude to talk with him and smoke a cigarette. He was interested in birds and kept me posted as to any which appeared different from the usual.

One day, after our accustomed chat he said, 'Come with me and I may be able to show you some birds which have been around for a few days; I have never seen this type previously.' After threading our way through the tall grasses for some distance, we observed three marsh birds rise, with legs dangling, and in the space of a few minutes they were high in the sky heading across the lake. They were not difficult to identify, though I had never seen them before, nor have I since. With the naked eye they were black as crows. Through binoculars, the chestnut patches were readily discernible and - as Peterson states - the flight was 'alternately flapping and sailing.' They were, I believe, Glossy Ibis (Eastern.)

This experience was the most exciting for me. My thrill of discovery!

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#### ONTARIO'S NEST RECORDS SCHEME

Many of you will remember Mr. George Peck as the man who showed us those beautiful slides of birds and bird nests at the October meeting. Mr. Peck is also organizer of the Ontario Nest Records Scheme and has recently prepared a report covering the 11 years of operation (1956-1966) of the scheme. The following remarks are transcribed from his report.

The scheme operates under the auspices of the Department of Ornithology, Royal Ontario Museum, and is essentially a collection of record cards on file at the Museum, which represent one or more visits to an occupied bird's nest, or a nest under active construction in Ontario.

During the past season there has been a dramatic increase in the number of nest cards, primarily due to the inclusion of Mr. Jas. L. Baillie's 43 years of observations (1921-1963). Other worthwhile contributions include the 1937 King Township records of R. D. Ussher and those from the late Cyril Peake whose fine egg collection is now in the Museum.

There are now 8917 nest cards on file for Ontario, up to and including 1966, some of which date back to the late 1800's. To date, a total of 189 observers have contributed, or been credited with one or more cards which represent breeding records for 249 species of birds.

There are 20 Ontario breeding birds for which no nests have been recorded: Arctic Loon, Brant, Snow Goose, Shoveler, Greater Scaup, Bufflehead, King Eider, White-winged Scoter, Surf Scoter, Rough-legged Hawk, Sandhill Crane, Pectoral Sandpiper, Short-billed Dowitcher, Hudsonian Godwit, Forster's Tern, Passenger Pigeon, Hawk Owl, Great Gray Owl, Connecticut Warbler.

The leading Ontario contributors to date are:

J. L. Baillie: 2477	J. Richards: 722	G. K. Peck: 552
R. C. Long: 321	Long Point Bird Observatory: 292	R. D. Ussher: 264

It should be emphasized that nests of rare species are no more important from the statistical standpoint than those of common species. The most cards have been submitted for the Robin (729) and the Red-winged Blackbird (603).

To obtain more information about this worthwhile scheme and nest record cards, please write to:

Ontario Nest Records Scheme  
Department of Ornithology  
Royal Ontario Museum  
Toronto 5, Ontario

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Elmer Talvila, Editor  
11 Hartfield Court, Islington  
231-1064