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TORONTO FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB NEWSLETTER

Visitors welcome!

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MARCH MEETING

Monday, March 4, 1968, at 8.15 p.m.
at the
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Speaker: DR. ROBERT GAIT

Subject: DIAMOND PROSPECTING IN TANZANIA (illus. with colour slides)

Dr. Gait, Asst. Curator, Dept. of Mineralogy, Royal Ontario Museum, will outline some of his experiences in Tanzania from 1960-62, along with some comments on methods of diamond prospecting on a large scale.

AUDUBON FILMS Tues., Mar. 12, Mr. Charles Hotchkiss, 'Queen of the Cascades'

INTERESTED Members of the TFNC who are interested in insects will be glad to know
IN INSECTS? that there has been formed recently a Toronto Branch of the Michigan Entomological Society. For further information, call the secretary, Mrs. I. J. Smythe, 699-0602.

MARCH OUTINGS

Saturday TORONTO WATERFRONT - Birds
March 2 Meet at the parking lot on the south side of Lake Shore Blvd. just
9.30 a.m. east of Parkside Dr. This is near the footbridge which crosses
Lake Shore Blvd. from the intersection of Roncesvalles and Queen.
Mornings only.

Sunday HIGH PARK - Birds
March 24 Meet at the north entrance to the park, on the south side of
9.30 a.m. Bloor St. W. at High Park Ave. Morning only.
Chairman - Jack Gingrich, 489-9953

JUNIOR CLUB The Museum Theatre meeting is in charge of the Insect Group and
Saturday Ecology Group with speakers and 3 films.
March 2
10 a.m. Director - Mr. Rob't MacLellan, 488-9346

BIRD GROUP Meet in basement of St. James Bond United Church, west side of
Thursday Avenue Rd., 2 blocks north of Eglinton. Mr. Wm. Carrick, Director of
March 14 Cortwright Water Fowl Park, who was unable to speak last time, will
8 p.m. give an illustrated talk on ducks, geese and swans. Also: Bird Quiz,
display of books devoted to bird groups and families: Usual review
of birds in the past and coming months. All TFNC members welcome.
Chairman: Mr. Clive Goodwin, 241-7572

BOTANY GROUP Meet at Hodgson School, Davisville Ave., just east of Mt. Pleasant Rd.
Thursday Speaker: Mrs. Mary Ferguson. Topic: 'The Lily Family', illus. with
March 14 colour slides. Please note change of date to second Thursday (Toronto
8 p.m. schools are closed the third week.) See Feb. Newsletter for a summary
of the lily family.

Acting Chairman: Mrs. Nan Foster, 487-2901

President: Dr. Peter A. Peach

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



NEWSLETTER

Number 234

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NEWS AND VIEWS

..... I hope some of you 'naked apes' will forget your 'territorial imperatives' for a while and spend some time in the next few months going on the T.F.N.C. Spring Hikes - and writing a few words about them for the Newsletter. So far this season there have been 10 hikes and nary a word of any of them has come to the editor's attention - with the sole exception of Mrs. Hazel Angus (Thank you!) who was at Boyd's - at least for the ride! (See Expedition Mucklucks).

..... Congratulations to Mr. Jim Baillie and Mrs. Helen Hogg on their receiving the Canada Medal recently. Both are past presidents of the T.F.N.C.

..... Mr. R. D. Symons has recently written and illustrated Hours and the Birds: a Saskatchewan Record (\$12.50 at the University Bookstore.) It has been described as a 'conservationist masterpiece in which the author's love of Saskatchewan, its land and people, and particularly its birds, is evident on every page.' Publication of the book was sponsored by the Saskatchewan Natural History Society with the aid of a grant from the Saskatchewan Centennial Corporation. The editor would dearly love to receive a review of this book from any member who has read it. Or any other book, for that matter. (Thanks, Mr. Cranmer-Byng!)

..... Miss Nan Foster has brought to my attention some paperback editions of Sally Carrighar's books. These include: Wild Heritage, A Day on Beetle Rock, A Day at Teton Marsh. I hope to review these excellent books and others in the near future.

..... Is man merely another animal? Some biologists seem to think so - and say so - in some recent controversial books (which I haven't read or reviewed yet.) I refer of course to The Naked Ape, by Desmond Morris; The Territorial Imperative, by Robert

Ardrey; On Aggression, by Konrad Lorenz. The University College Alumnae have decided that their 1968 Symposium (February 24) will be about Man the Animal. Your intrepid editor hopes to attend and discover whether man is merely an animal. Some of you know already.

..... Nail kegs urgently required for a worth-while project: Screech-owl nesting boxes. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of any empty nail kegs is asked to contact Mr. Kenneth Walton, 24 Moore Park Ave., Willowdale, 225-9560.

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THE HEAVENS ABOVE - MARCH

March 1 - Sunrise at 6.55 a.m., E.S.T.; sunset at 6.06 p.m., E.S.T.
March 20 - Vernal equinox. Sun crosses the celestial equator on its way north, enters the sign of Aries and Spring begins.
March 28 - A partial eclipse of the Sun, visible only in the South Pacific and Antarctica.

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COMING EVENTS

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM: Free Sunday films at 2 p.m.

March 3 - 'Between the Tides' (animal life on Britain's sea coast)
'The Animal Movie' (movement of vertebrate animals)
(Also the flight of Gemini Four; the romance of transportation in Canada.)
March 17 - 'The Silent World' (outstanding film about life under the Red Sea, made by the famous Jacques Yves Cousteau in 1956.)

ROYAL CANADIAN INSTITUTE: Saturday evening lectures. Convocation Hall, University of Toronto at 8.15 p.m.

March 2 - 'Travel by skyways in the 1970's'
March 9 - 'Archaeology under water'
March 16 - 'The Biological Day'

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OUR WINTERING HERMIT THRUSH
by Mary and Ray Pannell

In conclusion:

Seeing our hermit thrush alive each day was ample reward for the responsibility of seeing that it was well fed. It seemed next to impossible that the bird could have survived those bitter nights of below zero. However, we soon found out that the bird was to be subjected to much worse weather. No need to recall that awful week-end of the 13th January to mind, for the results of those boreal shenanigans are still before our eyes. Severe as it was, our hermit came through safely in excellent shape. During the storm, he came careening in on a gust of snow-laden wind, full of the old bounce, for his final meal of the day. Later in the week a mild spell set in, so we relaxed. We had noted the bird now for 44 consecutive days.

On leaving for a shopping trip, we peeked between the verandah slats. There was hermit turning over old leaves. It stopped, looked at us both for a moment, then went on with its chore - how unhermit-like. We left, not realizing that this would be the last time we would be seeing the bird. That evening we took our usual check - no bird - on into the dusk - still no bird. We were fearful, for this was the first time an established pattern had been broken. The next day revealed nothing to buoy our hopes. We were well aware that of late, it had become somewhat adventurous; having visited verandahs across the street which were frequented by cats, especially in snowy weather...today a cat, semi-persian, dirty and bedrabbled crawled out from under an opposite verandah and picked its way gingerly through the slush. Was this the creature that caused our little tragedy?

In retrospect:

Had we made a grave error in allowing the bird to become accustomed to our presence? Had we broken down its fears of moving creatures, thereby leaving it more vulnerable to feline predators? It could well be so. Our efforts to help the hermit survive the winter, even with that unfortunate termination was, nevertheless, an enjoyable experience.

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AUDUBON WILDLIFE FILM: 'Queen of the Cascades'

On March 12, Mr. Charles Hotchkiss will present his new film about Mount Rainier National Park and the North Cascades region. Mount Rainier is the highest peak of the Cascade Range in Washington and the greatest single peak glacial system in the United States. 26 active glaciers radiate from its summit and slopes in beautiful contrast with the deep forests and lush meadows that surround it. In the forests of the lower elevations you will see the chestnut-backed chickadees, winter wrens, band-tailed pigeons and black-tailed deer. Higher on the mountain live the ptarmigan, varied thrush, blue grouse and hoary marmot. The Hotchkiss team - husband and wife - climbed and filmed right to the summit of 14,401 foot Mt. Rainier. Their route took them over 8000 feet of snow and ice and through magnificent Ingraham Glacier with its snow bridges, ice seracs and deep crevasses. It should be an exciting film - come out and see it - and bring your friends.

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PLANT FAMILIES

The Compositae Family

This family is named from its 'composite' flower heads which consist of sometimes many hundreds of little flowers or florets. This is the largest family of flowering plants and also the most wide spread. It contains about 900 genera and over 14,000 species, or roughly one-tenth of all flowering plants.

Most of the species are herbaceous annuals or perennials but in the tropics some members are vines, shrubs or even trees. Some are among our most troublesome and familiar weeds; others are among our best known and beloved garden flowers. Few of them are food plants or have any other economic value.

Taxonomists generally consider the compositae to be the most highly developed of all plant families. Certainly they are one of the most successful, having adapted themselves to growing under almost any conditions in almost any part of the

globe.

There are about 140 species growing in the Metro area.

To identify this family look for the following characteristics:

1. The flowers are always arranged in a head (a capitulum) consisting of many small individual flowers or florets, attached to the same disk-like receptacle. The number of florets per head varies greatly: from one (Globe thistle) to several hundred (dandelion) or several thousand (sunflower.)
2. The florets are often of two types, both of which may be found in the same head (sunflower.) The outer florets are called ray flowers and consist of a large petal and a pistil (sometimes.) The inner florets are called disk flowers and are regular perfect flowers complete with stamens, pistil and 5-parted corolla. The corolla may be tubular or straplike (ligulate) as in the dandelion.
3. Among the disk flowers there is often a collection of small bristles (the pappus) attached to the ovary. These form the familiar parachutes which carry the ripened seeds off before the wind. Sometimes the pappus forms a bristle which sticks to practically anything (beggar's-ticks.)
4. The flower head is surrounded by a group of green bracts (called an involucre) which protects the flowers and the developing fruit. The shape, arrangement and nature of these bracts is often very important in identifying the species.

Some members of the family are:

Garden flowers: Ageratum, Aster, English daisy (bellis), pot-marigold (calendula), chrysanthemum, coreopsis, cosmos, dahlia, gaillardia, sunflower (Helianthus), black-eyed Susan (Rudbeckia), marigold (Tagetes), Zinnia and countless others.

Wild flowers (weeds to some people): joe-pye weed (Eupatorium maculatum), thoroughwort (E. perfoliatum), golden-rod (Solidago - about 20 species in Metro area), Asters (25 species in Metro), daisy fleabane (Erigeron ramosus), pussy-toes (Antennaria), elecampane (Inula), ox-eye daisy (Chrysanthemum leucanthemum, variety Pinnatifidum - it rolls off your tongue like poetry!), coltsfoot (Tussilago), hawk-weed (Hieracium).

Weeds (wild flowers to some people): sow thistle, prickly lettuce, king devil, hawk-week, bull thistle, ragwort, workwood, chamomile, beggar-ticks, cocklebur, mugwort, stick-tight, wild lettuce, burdock, chicory.

Definitely weeds to everybody: dandelions (Taraxacum) and ragweed (Ambrosia.)

Edible plants: lettuce (Lactuca), artichoke (Cynara), endive (Chicorium), cardoon (Cynara), Jerusalem artichoke - edible rootstocks, not an artichoke nor from Jerusalem but a species of sunflower much cultivated by the N.A. Indians; salsify or oyster plant (Tragopogon.)

A pain in the nose to many: The pollen from ragweed (Ambrosia) and golden-rod bring anguish to the hay fever sufferers and joy to the pharmacists every fall.

Bug-ban: Fyrethrum or painted daisy is the source of an important insecticide.

The inevitable gruesome medicines: Chamomile tea, wormwood, arnica.

The sweetest of them all: A South American plant, Stevia rebaudiana, yields estevin which is nearly 200 times sweeter than cane sugar.

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EXPEDITION MUCKLUCKS
by Hazel J. Angus

At last it was Saturday, January 6, lovely brisk sunny winter's morning, and we hurried to catch up with the Toronto Field Naturalist Group just disappearing over the brow of the hill on the long winding trail, twixt giant pines and maples! Imagine, just 15 minutes drive from the roaring traffic of Metropolitan Toronto, we found ourselves in a winter wonderland which could have been miles from civilization, looking up through the towering tree branches at the huge hawks gliding and wheeling in the updraft, jays, pileated woodpeckers, chickadees, snow buntings, etc., all busy with their morning forays and chatter and the squirrels swearing at the intruders in their territory! (Many thanks to the Toronto Conservation authorities who have set aside areas where people can get away from the hustle and bustle of city life, to the quiet woodlands, for a few hours enjoyment of Nature. This particular outing was at the rear of the Boyd Conservation area, North on Highway 400 to Number 7, West to Pine Valley Road and North to the end of this, just 2 miles from Highway 7.)

Having just become the proud owner of my first pair of snowshoes, decided to wear the muckluks and try out the snowshoes after the hike through the wood. Was 'nipping' along, feeling light-footed and comfortable in the muckluks, wondering why I had not discovered previously just how warm and comfortable and light these are for hiking through the snow.

Finally caught up with the enthusiastic group of 'birders,' the leader of which was trying to describe the location of a pileated wood-pecker which he had in his binocular range, when I discovered with a thud that trying to walk down a steep grade in muckluks is like trying to walk on a window-glass in a window - ended up at the bottom of that grade on the middle of my back. Later, when the hikers began to climb the steep slopes I was hopelessly 'stationary' until two kind gentlemen came to my rescue, one blocking the 'hind' foot and the other tugging from above. I finally reached the crest of that hill, feeling very embarrassed. Finally I asked Ken (we had two 'Kens' that morning as guides) for directions back to the cars at the end of the road, intending to take a short-cut through the woods. However one of the Kens and two other couples agreed to pilot me through a path back, but alas, there was a steep, long grade downhill, most of which was covered with ice. After landing on my back a few times, decided to just sit down and pretend I was a toboggan to the bottom of the hill, which I did until two kind people again came to my rescue, each holding on to wing, and thus to the bottom of that hill and to the cars.

However, we have to learn from experience and the next day found that my husband's toe rubbers, over the muckluks, were all that is needed to walk down grades without sliding on one's seat every step and for the first time in my lifetime of winter 'jaunting' have discovered a footdress which keeps the feet toasty warm in the bitterest of cold weather on winter hikes.

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A BIRDWATCHER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF 1967 (Part I)
by Katherine D. Ketchum

In the summer of 1967, I was lucky enough to be able to join a trip called 'Bird Sanctuaries of Europe.' This was organized by Treasure Tours International and was masterfully conducted by Fred Bodsworth, his third summer spent in such a venture. It was a very pleasant and often exciting experience and one that I have been enjoying over again while trying to put some impressions of it on paper.

According to my custom, I kept a diary of the trip. That can be a painful chore at night and is a lost cause if neglected for more than one night in a row; but later it is invaluable and one always wishes later that it could have been more detailed. I shall quote but one remark from it on July 9, our day of departure: 'Weighed suitcases again - total 45 pounds, but it varies every time I stand on the scales!'

A year or two ago, participants in a somewhat similar tour arrived in the city from which their plane took off only a few hours before it departed and must have had some anxiety about making connections. We were asked, however, to meet in New York more than a day before the plane left for Iceland. We all stayed at the same hotel and enjoyed a get-acquainted dinner in the evening.

New York is not where I most wish to be in summer, for the following day was a humid 80°. Our tour and an Asiatic tour group staying at the same hotel went to the American Museum of Natural History, where we saw many birds of Europe and of Asia that some or other of us were likely to meet on our travels, and some of us spent much of the day wandering in that huge building and gazing until we could absorb no more sights.

Lining-up and waiting seem to be the main features of airports, even the glamorous ones, and heat and crowding and delay were added on this occasion. However, all things came to an end and about 11.30 p.m. we were off for Iceland and the cool north. At two a.m. we were served dinner-'very air-line catering,' says the diary. At some point over the ocean we advanced our watches by four hours, which made it 11.30 a.m. when we arrived at Keflavik in the southwest of Iceland, its International Airport.

There we were met by a bus and by an attractive young woman, a tourist guide, who told us much about the country and people as we drove the 40 miles (or was it kilometres?) towards our hotel. This modern building, the Loftleidir was outside the city of Reykjavik and at the site of a smaller local airport. As we waited for lunch, we saw through the window of the lounge an Oystercatcher parading up and down on a little bit of lawn. That night after dinner we were enchanted to find Redshanks a stone's throw from our hotel and a Snipe zooming up almost from our feet. 'How unlike the birds one might see around the Park Plaza,' one thought. Only once did I see the sun setting in Iceland. That first night it was certainly brighter than twilight when we turned in to catch up on our sleep.

A girl who had been on an Asiatic tour said we were treated much more gently than they, as we never had to start the day at four a.m., but a 6.40 alarm next day seemed much too early! It did give us time to enjoy breakfast, which in Iceland was always interesting, including here black and white bread, cheese, jams and a sweet pastry.

On this day we drove along the south coast eastward from Reykjavik, past places whose names were all too easily forgotten, seeing sometimes only barren lava and

sometimes green fields with cattle, sheep and many horses. Everywhere in the grass were flowers of bog or alpine type, moss-and sea-campions, artemisia, dryas, thrift, butterwort and thyme, to name a few. Two of our company had flower books in Swedish and were kind about lending them to the others, or themselves tracing down the flowers for us by their Latin names.

We had an exciting walk over a pebbly beach to see Great Skuas and their nests, some with young, and one with two dark-greenish eggs; we had a chase after an elusive Grey Phalarope (we would call it 'Red' in North America) and I even got a picture of an Eider Duck's nest.

We spent the night at the Edda Hotel at Skogan, not far from a magnificent waterfall, the Skogafoss. This hotel was actually a residential secondary school, but was used in summer for tourists. It reminded me of a school for Indian children I had once seen in the Yukon, for both had their backs against mountains and their front windows gave a magnificent view of water, there a great lake but here the North Atlantic ocean.

July 13th The next day was strenuous but very rich in birds. To begin with, I took a little stroll before breakfast and exchanged 'good-mornings' with a farm woman at her door. Neither understood the other's words, but the friendly intention was clear. While walking, I saw a pipit and a wagtail. What species were they? Easy! Iceland has very few land birds and so the first was a Meadow Pipit and the second a White Wagtail - just one species of each to learn.

That day we were given picnic lunches which we carried, not up hill and down dale, but just up hill and up, walking on paths which were deeply-cut sheep trails for about four miles wide. The effect was rather like walking on a railway track, for if one did not put one foot directly in front of the other, one's balance was a bit precarious. Always upward we wound along the side of the hill with a deep declivity on our left hand. Thyme grew so thickly that one crushed it underfoot and its pungent scent rose as we went along.

We paused to look at a ruined farm that had been destroyed by a 'glacier burst' - that is, melt water held back for some time under the ice suddenly bursting its barriers, rushing down in a torrent and flooding whatever lay in its way. Some of our party remained there, but I, lured by prospects of a Snow Bunting, kept on nearly to the top of the hill, always wondering about how to get down again.

There we lunched, propped against rough rocks and looking over a river hundreds of feet below, meandering in its wide valley. Next came a little more climbing in search of the bunting and finally see him we did in his summer black and white garb, and even heard his little tinkling song. Nearby on a very steep spot was a cairn of stones. This marked the resting place of the family drowned by the flash flood that had destroyed the farm below. As we looked we could picture the procession of friends carrying them so steeply up for burial.

Then we slipped and slid straight down the hill and went to look for Puffins. Our bus took us to a point of land with a lighthouse and a low wall over which we climbed to see Puffins on the cliffs and Guillemots, Razor-billed Auks, Fulmars and Kittiwakes, most of which one can see at Perce' or Machias Seal Island or around the coasts of Britain, but here they were in wonderful abundance and exciting to see and hear again.

That night we went to a little museum full of the old things of Iceland - tools, boats, some textiles and everything that could be made from sheepskin. In

Southern Iceland there is now very little wood, but when the first settlers arrived from Norway about 900 A.D., there were many smallish trees. These the settlers cut down for fuel and furniture and sheep have prevented them from growing again and have caused much erosion of the soil.

Until the advent of the motor-car, there were no roads and all journeys were made by packhorse or on foot. Tanning of leather was not known, so that sheepskin shoes wore out quickly. A certain distance might be called a 'three-pair journey' involving the wearing-out of three pairs of shoes.

Our single bed-cover that night was a leaden-seeming comforter in a giant white linen case neatly tied on with tapes. The whole thing had a regrettable tendency to slide to the floor so that we were alternately baked or frozen. We slept much better when we hit on the idea of slipping off the case, using it as a pair of sheets, and discarding the contents.

July 14th On this day we went 'home' to Reykjavik, but by a very long 'hop' to the north in order to see Gullfoss, a most spectacular gorge and waterfall. So far we seemed to have been the only sightseers in Iceland but here we met several busloads of tourists. The roads, once one gets away from the capitol, are gravel, and to follow another bus or car, our lots for much of that day, means one is covered with dust. At the falls we ate at long tables in a little inn and then sallied forth to take pictures. As we strolled down towards the gorge for varied views, we noticed new species of wildflowers, but I have no record, alas, of what they were.

Cameras, not binoculars, were again in use at our next stop, Geysir, an area of bubbling mud and hot springs, where we waited a long time to get a good explosion of steam. Late in the day we reached Thingvellir, a level area surrounded by cliffs where the ancient Parliament was held for about 1000 years. Here too was the Law Stone, from which once a year all the laws of the country were read to the assembled people.

We did see a Merlin's eyrie, but the bird was not at home. Someone spied two Black-Tailed Godwits from the bus window and we stopped for better views of what was a life's bird for many of us.

The guide for all of our stay in Iceland was Jon Sigurdsson, a science teacher, owner of the same name as one of the country's heroes. He was Icelandic but had studied at Bristol University in England and spoke rather like an Englishman. Besides knowing to perfection all the birds and most of the flowers that we saw, he was well versed in geology and ecology and could tell us the dates of various volcanic eruptions that had occurred in the past, the age of the rock formations that we saw, and why the floral covering was as we found it.

Meals in Iceland were always interesting. At the cold table at breakfast-time one might see fruit juice, cereals, beverages, breads of many kinds, perhaps sausage slices or eggs, sometimes the pickled herring with sliced onions, garnishes of tomato and cucumber, bowls of jam and of course skyr, a rennet product looking rather like whipped cream. Icelanders eat great bowls of it with sugar and milk but we newcomers tried a few cautious spoonfuls and usually enjoyed it. Lunch always began with a delicate cream of vegetable soup, then came fish or lamb, with perhaps a canned or frozen vegetable and great pots of tea. Dinner was similar, with the addition of dessert, perhaps stewed fruit. I never saw any cakes or pastries, but feel that they must exist. We did not stop for afternoon tea, but often bought ice-cream at village shops or gas stations, if the drive seemed long.

July 15th The next morning was allotted to shopping in Reykjavik and especially to the Handicraft Shop, where a great attraction was the hand-knit sweaters in patterns of black, brown and off-white, just like the sheep we saw on the hills. Some wise girls bought mittens which I coveted when we went northwards but my only purchase was two little ceramic horses, replicas of those we had been seeing, which travelled with me to several countries before reaching home safely.

That afternoon we had a gruelling walk over lava stones, rounded and irregular, like badly-laid cobbles, but in the end came to fine seabird cliffs. All the guillemots were there - Brunnich's, the Common with its variant the Bridled, and the little Black Guillemot with white wing-patches. Such a noise was there, such a coming and going, such a crowding of birds on their nests along those narrow ledges. Sometimes, too, there flew by Shag, Glaucous Gulls and little strings of distant Gannets. One forgets to mention very common birds but between the cliffs and our bus we had to run the gauntlet of myriads of Arctic Terns, swooping at us when we passed too near their nests.

Next morning we flew north by east over a heavy layer of cloud. An occasional gap showed us the bleakest of country, all mountains and ice, and one tried not to think about forced landings. However, we came safely to Akvreyri, a town of 3000 people, wonderfully situated on a long fiord. Strangely enough, there in the north grew fair-sized trees, birches and rowans. Above the town was a fine botanical garden, displaying plants of Iceland, a section with flora of Greenland and many types of garden flowers.

On the lawns ran thrush-like birds tilting their heads to locate worms. They could easily have passed for our robins and indeed they were the relatives called Redwings. In the treetops were a few Redpolls, our common species. When we drove down to the fiord and climbed the opposite bank of the river that entered it, we saw on the flats some Greylags, our only geese of the whole trip. We had glimpses there too of the uncommon 'Common Gull' which rather resembles our Ring-billed. The usual gull that we saw in every country was the Black-headed, so abundant that again one almost forgets to speak of it.

That afternoon we visited an old sectory, composed of a group of sod-roofed houses with rooms containing old-time tools, furniture, clothes and bedding. A couple would build one small house and add to it as their needs grew, with new buildings, sometimes in line with earlier ones and sometimes at right angles, as a child might build with blocks, the whole forming a kind of Maze. We saw few old buildings in Iceland, as most were not made of enduring materials, yet the altar in the church nearby was dated 1430.

At dinner time we arrived at our second residential school. This one was rather Spartan with no basin nor even a mirror in the bedrooms. I thought, 'I'll get used to it,' and indeed after three nights there was sorry to depart.

On the corridor walls here were many class pictures with the students' names printed on them. For surnames all boys used their father's name with the suffix 'son' but the girls used their mother's with 'dottir' appended.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Elmer Talvila, Editor
11 Hartfield Ct., Islington, 231-1064