

287

TORONTO FIELD NATURALISTS CLUB NEWSLETTER

Visitors Welcome!

Visitors Welcome!

DECEMBER MEETING
Monday, December 1, 1969 at 8:15 p.m.
at the
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Speaker: DR. D. A. CHANT, Professor and Chairman of the Department of Zoology,
University of Toronto.

Subject: PESTICIDES IN OUR ECOSYSTEM

Dr. Chant was unable to attend the October meeting due to illness, but has kindly agreed to address the December meeting instead. Dr. Chant, whose activities in connection with Pollution Probe have received so much publicity recently, will give his views on the pesticide pollution which occurs all over the world with injurious effects on all forms of life.

FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING In the Rotunda: FON Christmas cards and hasti-notes showing a Tree Sparrow (full colour) by Robert Bateman. Price \$2.50 doz., plus 5% tax. Daily Reminders, attractively illustrated with common North American Birds. Price \$1.50, plus 5% tax.

FON BOOKSHOP OPEN SATURDAYS The office of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists is open Monday-thru-Friday from 8:30 to 4:30 and Saturdays from 9:30 to 4:30. Many books on natural history and conservation for both the young and older readers are on display. Why not visit the Federation office at 1262 Don Mills Rd?

INCOME TAX EXEMPTION The Club applied recently for income tax exemption for donations made to the Club. Official notification of our success in obtaining this privilege was received shortly before publication of this Newsletter. It is to become effective on January 1, 1970. This means that for any donation made to the Club on or after January 1, 1970, the Club will issue an official receipt for income tax purposes so that the donor can claim exemption of the amount of the donation in calculating his income tax.

EXECUTIVE APPOINTMENT The appointment of Miss Rosemary Gaymer to the Executive was ratified unanimously by a vote at the November meeting.

LAST CALL FOR FEES Fees are now overdue. Memberships not renewed will be removed from our files after the December meeting. If you have overlooked this matter, you may use the form below, or come to the secretarial desk at the meeting.

TO: Mrs. H. C. Robson, Secretary,
Toronto Field Naturalists' Club,
49 Craighurst Avenue, Toronto, 310, Ont. Date_____

I (We) wish to renew membership in the TFNC and enclose 1969-70 fee.

() Single \$4.00 () Family (adults) \$6.00 () Life \$100.00

() Corresponding (outside a 20-mile radius from the Museum) \$2.00

() Full-time student (aged 16 or over) \$1.50 Donation \$_____

NAME _____ PHONE _____

ADDRESS _____

DECEMBER OUTING

Saturday
December 13
9:30 a.m. Toronto Waterfront - Birds. Leader - Mr. Gordon Bellerby
Meet at the parking lot on the south side of Lakeshore Blvd. just east
of Parkside Drive. This is near the footbridge which crosses
Lakeshore Blvd. from the intersection of Roncesvalles Ave. & Queen St.
If possible rides will be arranged for those without cars.
Morning only. Chairman, Mr. Walter Hutton, 782-5955

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JUNIOR CLUB This meeting will be in charge of the Minerology Group. This should be
Saturday an interesting morning, with 5 speakers, plus 2 or 3 short films to be
December 6 shown.
10:00 a.m. Chairman - Mr. Robert MacLellan, 488-9346

FIELD Meet at St. James-Bond United Church, 1066 Avenue Rd., just north of
BIOLOGISTS' Eglinton Avenue.
GROUP Film Night
Thursday
December 11 Chairman - Mr. Donald Burton, 223-3663
8:00 p.m.

ECOLOGY AND Meet in Room 300 (third floor) College of Education, 371 Bloor St. West
CONSERVATION (at Spadina).
GROUP Topic: 'The Principal Biomes of the World'.
Tuesday
December 16 Chairman - Prof. W. A. Andrews, 425-4607
8:00 p.m.

BIRD GROUP Meet at St. James-Bond United Church, 1066 Avenue Rd., just north of
Tuesday Eglinton Avenue.
December 30 Open meeting with a quiz. We are looking forward to a good turn-out.
8:00 p.m. Chairman - Mr. Clive Goodwin, 241-1572

BOTANY GROUP No meeting of the Botany Group in December.
Chairman - Miss Edith Cosens, 481-5013

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DISPLAY IN Art display consisting of designs produced by mushroom spores, as
MUSEUM presented by Mr. Reg. Godden.
ROFUNDA

FOUND A box of Kodak slides was picked up after a Club outing recently and
Kodak slides forwarded to the Secretary. These may be picked up at the Secretary's
home, 49 Craighurst Ave. (Please phone 481-0260 beforehand).

President: Mr. John A. Gingrich

Secretary: Mrs. H. C. Robson
49 Craighurst Avenue
Toronto 310, Ontario.
(phone: 481-0260)



Number 247

Special Christmas Issue, 1969

It seems appropriate at this time of year to look back at previous years. For our Club, it is particularly desirable to pause at this time for retrospective reflections, because of the inevitable change in emphasis which is beginning to stir-- a change from the mere observation, enjoyment and learning about nature (which is a noble enough activity in itself) to serious attempts to right some of the wrongs in man's abuse of his environment.

Letters I have received recently, and conversations with various members, indicate to me that there is now a considerable number of dedicated people in our Club who are anxious to do something about pollution. It is my sincere hope that the Executive of this Club can co-ordinate and guide the efforts of such people to achieve a significant contribution to the improvement of our environment.

I do not wish to belittle the efforts in the past of some of our outstanding Naturalists who have indeed spent considerable time and effort writing letters and attending meetings and doing many other things to help preserve and conserve those things we value. But it seems to me that now the time is ripe for much more activity; the public is now becoming receptive to our views, and the need for greater effort is obvious because of increasing population, industrialization and pollution.

This special issue of the Newsletter is intended to give a pleasant interlude and a brief look back at previous years, before we forge ahead into 1970. We are very grateful to Dr. Richard M. Saunders, a former president of this Club, and for many years the editor of the Newsletter, for generously agreeing to write an article for this special issue. His splendid description of winter and the coming of spring is so appropriate for this time of year, and illustrates so well the very things which we wish to preserve.

Also, we include in this issue an excerpt from the Newsletter of 30 years ago, the December, 1939 issue, Number 11. This was also written by Dr. Saunders. If you think that things look grim today, think back to the terrible days of 1939, when a huge war was building in Europe, which spread to other parts of the world. The article, of course, has nothing to do with the war; it deals with barred owls in the city.

At the end of that issue (December, 1939) there was a list of members. There were 245 in the Club then. Glancing over the names, I could see at least ten who are still members. There are probably more, and we extend sincere congratulations to those members who have been with the Club all these years.

Best wishes to all,

Jack Gingrich, President.

(Elmer Talvila, our hard-working Editor, is enjoying a well-earned leave of absence from his duties this month. We hope that he will be back on the job again for the January issue).

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THE COMING OF SPRING

By Dr. Richard M. Saunders

Now comes the advent of winter, for December has arrived. These are the days and nights when fingers of ice reach out into every lake, every pond, every stream. Slowly or quickly the smooth grey mat of winter is being woven. The soft sound of lapping water upon the shore is silenced; the gurgling stream goes mute. No longer does the enspiriting sun dance upon the blue waves nor step from leaf to leaf in the green wood. Its last lusty fling in the reds and yellows and purples of autumn is over. Today its rays slide palely down the grey-black boles of naked trees, losing themselves below in the dun-brown carpet lain there by the leaves of yesteryear. Grey-brown and quiet lies the world of nature, hushed and waiting.

Soon, perhaps at night, perhaps by day, the white, bejewelled flakes of snow will come whispering down amongst the unclad trees, whirling across the brown grass fields, piling up in every nook and corner, decking afresh the grey, unspeaking lake. We may not see them come, and should we not we shall awaken to discover that the naked world has been clothed anew. The dull greys and browns have disappeared; that for which the hushed countryside has been waiting has arrived. Over all winter has spread her mantle, pristine, pure and clean, cloaking and warming the earth beneath, offering to the rising sun a new dancing floor across which its low, crouching rays may patter in delicate rose and darkling blue and then arise upright suddenly to burst into a mad tarantelle of dazzling white, overwhelming the spectators with a brilliance they hardly dare to face. New vividness, new variety, new verve have come to the land. Winter has swept in, resplendent in all its glory.

Beauty there is in the world of winter for all who will turn their hearts and their eyes upon it, for those who wish to see. There is the bright, white road in the woods, winding and turning amidst its shimmering bounds. There are the dark evergreens, bowing humbly beneath the brush-strokes of winter, the painter that is ever forming endlessly new, fascinating patterns upon this background of verdency. Here and there are still the tumbling blue waters of rapids, spume-flecked and laughing, refusing to be grasped by the grey, icy fingers reaching out from shore. Waterfalls come down in defiance, complacently independent of the bright clutch of winter. How little they know that as the wintry weeks wear on their tumbling waters may be turned into screens and frescoes, statuettes and great monuments if that artist, winter, turning from painting to sculpture, so designs. Even the most turbulent rapid, the most perpendicular waterfall can be set on display in winter's gallery of art should that great artist so dictate. Above the chiselled waters, the snowy fields, groves of paper birches send their own glistening white leaping into the deep blue sky. Maple and oak and beech and ash, with the help of the co-operative sun, roll startling black ribbons across the untainted snow, whilst last

summer's cattails look down in contemplation upon their own delicate shadows, dark on white, their unfathomed thoughts seeming almost to burst out from their gaily tufted heads. Yes, there are many chambers in winter's gallery of art. How many of us are there who visit and see?

The winter world that I have described is laid out before our eyes every year. Essentially it is always the same; in detail, it is infinitely various. The beauties, the secrets and the adventures that may be found within its realm are innumerable. Yet, it is obviously true that many..perhaps most..go and never see what is there. They roar up the roads and, in these more sophisticated days, even across the snowy fields and through the woods, oblivious of beauty and destructive of peace. Those who live in and cling to the cities get the worst of winter for there man, the polluter, soon changes the white mantle of winter into a wretched, drab garment of rags and tatters that is an offence even to the most insensitive. Add to this the countless problems of transportation, heating, clothing and the rest and it is easy to comprehend how winter can be for so many city dwellers no season of beauty but a grim and trying time. Even the farmer who lives so much closer to the beauties of winter may have little appreciation of what is all around him. Should he look out of his window some morning and see a pale, grey glaze, laid across his slopes and fields during the night by some passing ice storm, he may curse and wonder how he is to get into the village that day. And there are numberless other problems that winter brings to him, all of which he detests, so that his eyes may be easily closed to all that he might see. As it is for people so it can be for animals too. Even the deer, holed up in their winter yards, feel the ever-mounting pressure as winter marches on and on until they are driven to cropping the sumachs to the stub, to eating evergreens and anything else within reach. Some of them will never make it through this ordeal. So, winter can be drab and grim as well as lovely and fascinating. Little wonder that the cry goes up from many throats, "When, or when, will come the spring?" Even the naturalist who can see the beauty of winter will find that after awhile even this can pall; he looks for a change. Like others he too yearns for new warmth, new life and new beauties to enjoy. This is the way we humans are made.

Some thoughts of this kind were running through my mind in mid-February this year when I stood beside the snowy white vale of Eel's Creek near Apsley with my friend Bob Trowern. We had had a wonderful day exploring the fields and woods, seeing glorious sights of winter at its best and revelling in them all. All of a sudden as my eyes wandered over the pleasant scene they fixed upon a long, dark shadow, so shaped as to seem to be the perfect representation of a shepherd's crook. Moreover, as I followed its outline carefully I saw that it fell directly across a dark rift in the snow cover of the creek; in that rift water was showing through. From time immemorial the shepherd's crook has been a symbol of support and of the shepherd's care for his sheep. Could it be that here was a sign of support as we faced the long, last days of winter and one, moreover, that was fortified with a promise of the coming of spring, that newly-made cleft in the snowy cover of the stream? I looked to see what was casting the shadow and saw to my amazement that it was a tremendous old mullein rising above the snow almost beside me. Its bowed head was forming the crook, its stalk the staff in the shadow. An aged mullein, brown, sere...a memento of death? Oh, no! For I knew that buried under that snow and close to the old mullein, indeed, created by it, would be a beautiful rosette of velvety, pale-green leaves from which in due time would spring up a noble new plant to take the place of the old giant I had been watching. Now there would be no doubt; this was in truth a promise of spring, a foreshadowing of the season of fresh new life.

A promise indeed it was but when in fact would spring arrive? This question

should, perhaps, be rephrased as, "When does spring arrive here?" For some people the answer to that question is simple and clear-cut; Spring arrives upon the 21st day of March as any calendar will tell you. I doubt, however, if any good bird-watcher would agree to such a date since he would immediately remember that our first bird migrants, the horned larks, will have arrived weeks earlier than that. He will think of the horned owls that nest in February and of the crows, robins and redwings that have come in before that date. In his mind spring does not wait upon the calendar. As a matter of fact, birdwatchers in the Toronto area agree on March 1st as the date on which they commence their spring records. Even that date is of necessity arbitrary as the birds mentioned above may arrive in February; the horned larks, indeed may come in January.

Other people will affirm that spring begins some warm day or night when the ice-bound streams break their bonds and rush joyously over their banks throwing broken ice cakes in all directions, a sure manifest of the destruction of wintry architecture that can scarcely be denied. This dramatic event can happen here-abouts...and usually does...well before the calendar date for the arrival of spring. There are still other people who insist that all the snow must be gone, the birds must be here and singing and the flowers in bloom before they will concede that the vernal season has really arrived. In the last analysis it is doubtless an unanswerable question, so many and so varied are the answers, so personal and so subjective. Nonetheless, each person does have his or her own answer. Let me give you mine.

Spring in this year of 1969 began for me on the 22nd of February, precisely six days after I had read the message of the shepherd's crook on the banks of Eel's Creek in the snow. Once more I stood in snow; once more I looked down into a black rift in the white cover but this time it was not bubbling water but black mud that I saw. And in that mud showed crimson and mauve hooded plants which, if you jiggled them, showered down yellow pollen inside their hoods. The first flower of spring, the skunk cabbage, was in bloom. To me that was the coming of spring.

A few days later, on the morning of March 8th, I was back again, lying flat on frozen mud with my camera set up and focussed on this first of our flowers to come into bloom. The skunk cabbage (*Symplocarpus foetidus*) is invariably the first flower to bloom in this region but its blooming may vary by as much as three weeks depending on the weather. It is the only flower I have ever found in the north in the month of February but I have known it to delay its blossoming till the middle of March. In other words it, and other early blooms, are affected by weather conditions in much the same way as are the early migrant birds. The date of March 8th when I was taking my pictures would, in fact, probably be close to its average flowering with us.

I fear that most people looking at that slope where I was lying that March morning, it was in the natural part of the James Gardens facing the Humber River, would have said or thought, "He's crazy. No flower could possibly be in bloom on that snow-streaked hillside." What, of course, they would have been overlooking was the very fact of the "streaking" they could see with their own eyes. These streaks were the sites of wet, spring-fed oozes and they are numerous on this bank. These muddy oozes make it possible for spring to arrive even in the midst of surrounding snow for where the water oozes up all frost has gone from the ground; hence, plant growth is possible. The fact that I was lying on frozen earth and more particularly that the plant on which I was focussed was actually rising beneath a snow crust on one side emphasized that its roots were indeed in frost-free soil. It also demonstrated that this plant belongs to a group, growing chiefly in Alpine and Northern regions, which, being able to generate heat as they grow can thaw the ground with their own heat, even sometimes being able to thrust

up through the lingering snow itself. My plant was doing precisely that. Here it was: new life, new power, new season-spring.

The skunk cabbage, despite its name...and it has yet worse ones, for in Quebec it is known as the Devil's Tobacco or as plain Stinking Cabbage..is a beautiful and interesting plant. It belongs to the same family (Aracaceae) as the familiar Jack-in-the-Pulpit (Arisaema atrorubens) and the Wild Calla (Calla palustris), all of which bunch their masses of tiny flowers on a thick, club-shaped spadix inside the outer cover or spathe. It is this spathe which is usually the most colorful and beautiful part of such plants. My special individual was sporting a spathe that was brilliantly lined with red and green. You may find them arrayed in an incredible range of hues and patterns, running from pure purple to pure psychedelic through all conceivable combinations of purple, red, yellow and green. I suspect that if the hippies knew of this plant they would make it their symbol. Photographers love it for the possibilities of picturing to be found in it are limitless. This beautiful harbinger of spring even has a utilitarian side for it is much sought after by bears in the early spring and it was once prized by eastern Indians who roasted or baked its root and then used it to make bread. On the latter count suffice it to say that recent attempts to use this plant for food have resulted in determined decisions to admire it for its beauty and to leave its culinary record to history.

By this time someone will have said to themselves that this is all nonsense, the first flower is surely the pussy willow and not the skunk cabbage. Now it is true that the "pussies" of the pussy willow (Salix discolor) are usually well in view as soon as any skunk cabbage. That was true this last spring. All nature photographers know this and they know what a wonderful picture willow branches, laden with "pussies", make against the setting of early spring's deep blue sky. I myself took such a picture not very long after getting the portrait of the skunk cabbage at James Gardens. Still, the point is, these "pussies" are not really in bloom. All that glossy, soft, grey or white, silky fluff is merely antecedent to the real bloom which is yet to come. Only when the stamens are thrust forth turning the "pussies" yellow, or when the pistils are present, may the pussy willow be said to be in bloom. I did not find this species in full bloom this year until April 19th and twelve other flowers had preceded it by that time.

Thus even the second flower is not the pussy willow but in our region almost always the speckled alder (Alnus rugosa). One of the best places to see it to advantage is along the west side of Grenadier Pond where it grows in profusion. This member of the Hazel family (Corylaceae) commonly reminds the onlooker of Japanese paintings or gardens. The manner in which it often stretches out its somewhat angular branches, each bearing yellow-studded brown pendants of staminate flowers beneath triangular clusters of reddish pistillate catkins, the whole dotted with the black balls of last year's cones, gives a striking but colorful impression of stark simplicity that is distinctly Oriental in tone. So it appeared to me on March 23rd this year as I gazed at this, the second flower of spring, almost exactly one month after I had seen the first.

The real flow of spring bloom, when one flower swiftly follows another and all finally merge into a rushing flood of blossoms, starts when the woods are still free of leaves. With the snow gone and the sun pouring down through the bare trees, the floor of the forest is soon covered with a multi-colored pastiche of hepaticas, blood-root, blue cohosh, wild ginger, spring beauty and trout lilies. This great show begins customarily during the first or second week of April though I have known it to start in the last week of March. From then on the flowery tide of spring mounts swiftly into spate and rushes on to the great climax of summer inflorescence.

No one will deny, I think, that when the woods are filled with the snow-white drifts of Ontario's provincial flower, the great white trillium (Trillium grandiflorum), that spring has truly come. This year this occurred between April 30 and May 20. On the 19th of May, I stood in the dark, rain bespattered woods of Medonte which were so filled with the white blooms of trillium that an ethereal light glowed amidst the black, water-soaked trees. I could almost believe myself drawn back into March when snow still dotted the ground. Before such a sight I could not help but be reminded of the promise held forth by the old mullein of Eel's Creek in February. The promise had been fulfilled; and the fulfillment was rich and generous and varied but in these dark woods it was as white as the snow in which the aged mullein had itself stood. The promise had been, "A new season of life and growth will come." It had come and with the new life had come new beauty and new joy. Hail to spring, ever ready beneath the snow.

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EXCERPT FROM THE NEWSLETTER
OF THE TORONTO FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB
Number 11 - December 1939

This city is playing host to an extraordinary number of barred owls this winter. Every winter there are a few...about six...reported but this season they seem to be all through the city as new reports continue to come in. Many birds will be reported several times, but to date J. L. Baillie feels that about twenty different birds have been seen in the city since the first on October 22. We have ourselves been privileged to see the barred owl on thirty-six occasions in the past two months. These observations have been of four to six different owls. Apparently this influx of barred owls is rather local for not more than one or two have been seen in Hamilton, and only a scattered few in other cities to the west. It is therefore perhaps the best opportunity that observers in Toronto have had to study the habits of a bird that is none too well known. Ordinarily a forest dweller of secretive ways, it is rarely seen at other seasons.

If you watch you may see one as you go to work for not uncommonly this owl will sit above a busy street quite oblivious of heavy traffic and passing people... and they of him too. How many saw the big fellow sitting in the elm at the corner of Hoskin and St. George every day for two weeks? Or if you are especially fortunate you may find one spending the day in your garden, such as the very grey individual with a lopsided white bar at the end of his tail that has been in the Walmer Road area for a month. Most unusual is the sight of two at once, but twice we have seen this sight this fall, once behind the Museum, and once on St. George Street. On each occasion one owl was larger than the other, the larger bird being probably a female as is the rule among owls and hawks. But both times, the two owls fought with each other. The bird is of solitary habits in winter. It is likely that each individual has a more or less definite territory for hunting purposes, and resents intrusion and competition. This point should be studied.

Judging from our observations of the Walmer Road and St. George Street owls the territory is relatively small...a few blocks at the most...the limits being set by the available food supply. In the case of the first owl we suggest that the territory is defined by the location of the roosts of four or five flocks of pigeons, and in the case of the second by the presence of these pigeon roosts and a plentiful supply of rats. The food of the owl can be studied by an analysis of the pellets which it ejects, as owls eat their prey fur, bones and all, and then cough up the undigested parts in the form of pellets, that may be collected under the bird's roost. Such pellets from the two individuals mentioned show that they have

been eating pigeons and rats. The barred owl prefers rats and mice but when pigeons, starlings, and house sparrows are easily available it will eat those. It is the ease of getting such food in the city which brings these owls to Toronto, or other cities, in the winter. No better rat-catcher exists than the barred owl and he provides a necessary check on the city-dwelling birds. The barred owl is a highly useful bird, and should be protected by all.

During the breeding season this owl is a very noisy bird and in the woods it may be heard at any time, day or night. But in the city it has been hitherto regarded as quite silent. This may be a mistaken view, as our recent experience will indicate. We have been awakened on five nights this last month by a barred owl, usually just before daybreak as this owl seems to hunt at dawn or at dusk. The first time we thought that a tremendous cat fight was going on, but in the midst of the loud caterwauling we heard excited cooing from the pigeons which roost between our house and the next. Our suspicions were aroused and we got up and looked out the window. There just below us, not fifteen feet away, was the owl with a pigeon. Disturbed by us perhaps, it flew to another tree across the yard. There the pigeon managed to escape. Never have I heard disgust so clearly expressed by a bird as by that owl who let out a series of hoots that you might have thought would have wakened the whole block...Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-How-wa-a-a it went, in deep booming tones. In a few minutes it was off... morning was nigh and he couldn't afford to go to roost hungry.

Another night we wakened to hear a high pitched screaming, rising and falling in volume, suggesting that the owl was flying about. Sure enough, as we looked out we could dimly discern him flying from one pigeon roost to another, screaming all the while. It would seem that he uses this means of scaring the pigeons into making a sound, for they always started cooing upon hearing him, or even into leaving their roosts for we could imagine no way by which he could get at them between the houses. A bird with a wing-spread of three to four feet would have only a few inches to spare in such a restricted space. Rats may be frightened into making a squeak by the owl's screaming or hooting. In that case he can find them, as he does most of his hunting, it seems, by hearing rather than by sight. That other people are not awakened or do not hear these sounds seems strange to us...but at second thought we again remember that we see and hear only what we have trained ourselves to notice. These screams could easily be mistaken for car brakes or other city noises. Minds unused to birds would either not hear them in the general urban medley, or would automatically assign them to a "known" source.

On Wednesday of this week, December 20, we found the St. Georges owl still "at home" at five o'clock so we decided to wait his "waking". The owl is as able to see and move about in the daytime as at night, and does so in the forest, but in the city its food is not so easily caught by day as by night, or is not about in the day as in the case of rats and mice. This owl did not move until 5.15 when it raised its wings and settled back, a sort of stretching, if you will. Two minutes later it made such a screaming, ending up with a throttled and gurgling series of hoots, that you would have thought everyone within a mile would have jumped. But no one noticed as far as I could see. As he was but a few yards from St. George Street, the rush-hour traffic absorbed the sounds. Then he became active, going from tree to tree, on to the housetop, then back to the alley behind the house. We followed and found him again. He appeared to be attracted by a woman singing in a studio, and he got as near to that window as possible, and stayed. Perhaps he mistook the sounds for those of a pigeon! Cars came and went in the alley but he paid no attention. As the dusk deepened the grey of the bird merged with it so that although I knew he had not moved I could see him literally "disappear", the twigs and branches merging across him in perfect camouflage. My

presence perhaps deterred him from active hunting for in twenty minutes he made no further move, and I had to leave with much reluctance. Not before, however, I had manoeuvred myself into a position where I could see this magnificent bird framed in the silver body of the rising moon.

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List of new members, October 1 to 31, 1969:

Mrs. C. Cameron, 4 Dunedin Drive, Toronto 590
Mr. A. Brian Durell, 2425 Jane St., Apt. 208, Downsview 480
Mr. Stephen Fisk, 276 Glebemount Ave., Toronto 360
Mr. & Mrs. Gunter Gad, 333 Palmerston Blvd., Toronto 174
Mr. Ron Hayashi, 130 Hiawatha Rd., Toronto 255
Mrs. B. Hopkinson, 2130 Bayview Ave., Toronto 317
Mrs. Kay Ito, 519 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto 347
Mr. & Mrs. John Jarvis, 34A Arcadian Circle, Toronto 510
Miss Mary V. Johnston, 51 Grosvenor St., Apt. 300, Toronto 181
Mrs. Joan Kirkby, 136 Glenvale Blvd., Toronto 350
Miss Betty A. Martin, 58 Baby Point Rd., Toronto 325
Mr. & Mrs. John Miller, 50 Hammersmith Ave., Toronto 260
Mr. Gordon K. Montizambert, 1911 Bayview Ave., Toronto 350
Mr. William J. Ogilvie, 23 Virginia Ave., Toronto 360
Miss M. I. Parker, 16 Kingsmere Rd., Toronto 290
Mr. Gerry Pearson, 38 Carluke Cres., Apt. 405, Willowdale 431
Miss Isabel Smith, 160 Jameson Ave., Apt. 601, Toronto 146
Miss G. Struthers, 180 Elizabeth St., Apt. 304, Toronto 500
Mrs. Doris Tatay, 16 Wilfrid Ave., Toronto 295
Mr. & Mrs. S. E. Thompson, 22 Dentonia Park Ave., Toronto 369
Miss M. Audrey Voitkus, 280 St. George St., Apt. 1106, Toronto 180
Miss Claire Walsh, 19 Harcroft Rd., Toronto 159
Mr. R. F. Walsh, 319 Rose Park Drive, Toronto 290
Mr. Edward Zeit, 45 Stonedene Blvd., Willowdale 451

(We are sorry that the name of Mr. Douglas Willock of 174 Alexandra Blvd., was erroneously spelled Willcock, in our last list of new members.)

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Once again may we extend our sincere thanks and appreciation on behalf of all the Club membership to a private property owner for the use, without obligation, of a most interesting tract of land on which to hold one of our outings. The outing at Orono held on October 4th last, at the home of Mr. & Mrs. W. Starke was very much enjoyed by all those who attended. An invitation has again been extended by our hosts to hold a spring outing at the same location. Although to date the T.F.N.C. has not been successful, relevant to the acquisition of land under the Club's ownership, it is satisfying to know there are some property owners who are willing to allow free access to their lands by the Club members (Walter Hutton).

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The President and Members of the Executive Committee of the T.F.N.C. wish to take this opportunity of extending to you

A Very Happy Christmas Season and all good wishes
for the coming New Year.