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Visitors welcome!

NOVEMBER MEETING

Visitors welcome!

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1970, at 8:15 p.m.  
at the  
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

1970 - no numbers

Note that this is Tuesday, not Monday

Jan  
Feb  
Mar  
Apr  
May  
Oct #153  
Nov

SPEAKER: Dr. R. O. Brinkhurst

SUBJECT: "Worms and Water Pollution"

Dr. Brinkhurst is a professor of zoology at the University of Toronto. His specialty is the study of worms. The presence of certain species of worms in water is an indication of pollution of the water. Thus Dr. Brinkhurst has, through his interest in worms, become an authority on water pollution.

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Joint Meeting with the Royal Canadian Institute

Saturday, November 7, at 8:15 p.m.  
at  
Convocation Hall

All members of our Club, and of the F.O.N., are invited by the Royal Canadian Institute to attend this special meeting. The speaker will be the president of the R.C.I., Mr. Colin Farmer, and the topic, "In Search of Ontario's Wildflowers --a Symphony of Form and Colour". Mr. Farmer was influential in the T.F.N.C. in its earlier days, being secretary in 1927-28 and 1928-29 seasons, and president in 1931-32 and 1932-33. One of his many accomplishments was the planning and layout of a nature trail in Sunnybrook Park in 1930, an early T.F.N.C. project. The many lovely colour slides to be shown by Mr. Farmer at the joint meeting are his own work, the fruit of many years of botanical exploration and photographic skill.

A REMINDER THAT FEES ARE NOW DUE. If your fees for 1970-71 are not yet paid we urge you to use the following coupon--right now.

.....

To Mrs. H. C. Robson, Secretary,  
Toronto Field Naturalists' Club,  
49 Craighurst Ave., Toronto 12, Ont.

Date \_\_\_\_\_

I (We) wish to renew our membership and enclose cheque or money order.

- ( ) Single \$4.00                      ( ) Family (adults) \$6.00                      ( ) Life \$100.00
- ( ) Corresponding (living more than 20 miles from the Museum) \$2.00
- ( ) Full-time student (aged 16 or over) \$1.50

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

- FIELD BIOLOGISTS' GROUP  
Thursday  
Nov. 12  
8:00 p.m.
- Meet at St. James-Bond United Church, on Avenue Rd. just north of Eglinton. Speaker: Mr. Harvey Medland. Topic: "Birds and Plants of Churchill, Manitoba" - illustrated with colour slides.  
Chairman: Mr. Don Burton - 222-6467
- ECOLOGY & CONSERVATION GROUP  
Tuesday  
Nov. 17  
8:00 p.m.
- Meeting Room 300 (third floor), College of Education, 371 Bloor St. W., at Spadina. Topic: "Freshwater Ecology".  
Chairman: Prof. W. A. Andrews - 425-4607
- BOTANY GROUP  
Thursday  
Nov. 19  
8:00 p.m.
- Meet in the library of Hodgson School, Davisville Ave. just east of Mt. Pleasant (parking entrance from Millwood Rd., the first street north. Speaker: Mr. Stuart Corbett, Vice-principal with the Scarborough Board of Education. Topic: "Introducing Children to Nature", with illustrative materials.  
Chairman: Miss Florence Preston - 483-9530
- BIRD GROUP  
Tuesday  
Nov. 24  
8:15 sharp
- All welcome--especially beginners. Meet at St. James-Bond United Church, Avenue Rd. just north of Eglinton. Programme: A. Quiz: winter finches and diving ducks. B. Records, jottings, notes, memoranda, lists, reports, and observations--how, when, and why.  
Chairman: Miss Rosemary Gaymer - 925-2007
- JUNIOR CLUB  
Saturday  
Nov. 7  
10:00 a.m.
- This will probably be the last opportunity this season for children 8 to 16 to register with the Junior Field Naturalists' Club, as enrolment is limited and available places fill up quickly. Meet at the Museum theatre. Annual fee \$1.25. For further information call the Director, Mr. Robt. MacLellan, 488-9346.

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- On Tuesday, November 17, a Weyerhauser Lecture will be given at Cody Hall, University of Toronto, at 8:00 p.m. Speaker: Dr. Orié L. Loucks. Topic: "Environmental Issues in the University: Prospects and Perils".
- Don't forget to attend the Audubon film at Eaton Auditorium on Tuesday, November 10. The photographer-lecturer, John Moyer, spent three years in India making this wonderful film of the wildlife of that fascinating land. Tell your friends and colleagues about it!
- The Federation of Ontario Naturalists proudly announce the opening of their Bookshop in new quarters, at 1262 Don Mills Rd. (Shoreacres House), a few blocks north of Lawrence Ave. East. Here you can Christmas-shop away from the hurly-burly, amid the largest selection of nature books and recordings in Canada. Educators will be interested in the many audio-visual aids available at the Resource Centre in the FON Bookshop. Phone the FON, 444-8419, for their catalogue, study it, and then pay them a visit. You'll be glad you did!

Rain or shine!

OUTINGS FOR NOVEMBER

Visitors welcome!

Saturday COLD CREEK BOG - BOTANY Leader: Mr. Stu Corbett  
 Nov. 7  
 10:00 a.m. Follow the King Road west from Hwy. 400, through Nobleton to the Cold Creek Road. Watch for the authority sign. Take this road two miles north to the entrance. Admission \$1.00. Bring lunch.

Sunday SECRET LOCATION - BIRDS Leader: Mr. Jack Gingrich  
 Nov. 15  
For beginners only! Group restricted to 12 members--the first 12 to call Jack Gingrich at 489-9953 after 7:00 p.m. on Thursday, Nov. 12. Location and time of meeting will be announced when you make your reservation. (Those who attended the Oct. 24 outing will be "wait-listed" in case there is room in the group.)

Sunday WILKET CREEK PARK - BIRDS Leader: Mr. Gerry Bennett  
 Nov. 22  
 9:30 a.m. Meet in the parking lot at the entrance on Leslie Street just north of Eglinton Ave. E. Morning only.

M.T.R.C.A. HIKE. The Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority is holding a special five-mile hike for the general public:

Sunday, November 1, 10:30 a.m. GLEN HAFFY CONSERVATION AREA - 5 MILE HIKE.  
 Leader: Mr. Ken Strasser. Follow Hwy. 7 west to the Airport Road (first hwy. past Hwy. 50). Follow the Airport Road north for 18 miles to the entrance on the east side. Admission \$1.00. Bring lunch to be carried.

Mr. Stu Corbett, Outings Chairman - 261-6807

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We are pleased to welcome the following new members, who enrolled between September 8th and October 7th:

Miss R. H. Abernethy, Miss Linda Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Barnett, Mr. Larry R. Barr, Miss Barbara Blackey, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Brister, Miss Jean Burnet, Miss Rena Butterfield, Mr. and Mrs. K. Chambers, Dr. A. Ronald Cochen, Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Dibble, Miss Anne M. Flens, Miss Kathleen Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. Delchi Foscarini, Mr. John Foster, Mrs. Jean Fraser, Mrs. Irene Freeman, Mr. Wayne Sun Gin, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Graham, Miss Mary Gregory, Dr. and Mrs. P. C. Gregory, Mrs. M. G. Hanrahan, Mr. Don Holland, Mrs. W. O. Hopkins, Dr. C. R. K. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. David Long, Miss Anne Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. G. Mellish, Mrs. Paul Phelps, Miss Norma Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Reid, Miss Peggy Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. R. Sims, Mrs. D. J. Strathdee, Mrs. I. Stumpf, Miss Irene Szparaga, Mrs. Phyllis Taggett, Miss I. J. Tant, Mr. Lorne Travis, Mr. and Mrs. Dave S. Williams, Miss Irene Wren.

President: Mr. Clive E. Goodwin

Secretary: Mrs. Mary Robson,  
 49 Craighurst Ave.,  
 Toronto 12 (481-0260)

## JIM BAILLIE: A Personal Memory

Jim Baillie died last May 29th of a heart attack. He was 55 and on the eve of his retirement after serving 48 years with the Royal Ontario Museum. He was probably Canada's best known and best loved bird man. This little sketch is about Jim as one bird lover knew him.

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It is difficult to remember Jim in a setting where he was not surrounded by the birds he loved. In fact I can recall seeing him in only one such - in the theatre of the R.O.M. when he acted as president of our club or was one of our guest speakers, and even then he was surrounded by bird watchers. But mostly I see Jim as the leader of a bird hike or as the friendly guardian of the Bird Room at the Royal Ontario Museum.

Jim did much to encourage me and other youngsters when we were first bitten by the 'birding bug'. In fact my first bird watching was done vicariously through the Telegram bird columns he wrote so faithfully for a long 29 years. I still have the first few that I cut out for my collection. "Cory's Least Bittern at Ashbridge's Bay" and "Iceland Gulls at Sunnyside." For the better part of a year I was a frequent caller at the R.O.M. where Jim happily put the bird trays at my disposal. I was, I'm sure, a pest but Jim never let on and he always seemed happy to see me and to hear about my latest 'discoveries'. Then he would show me the Leconte's, Grasshopper and Henslow's Sparrows trays and would help me check some elusive identifications. I would tell him about the Blue-winged Warbler at Highland Creek or the Snow Goose at Ashbridge's Bay and he would tell me about much more that I had missed. He was the nerve centre of my youthful bird grapevine.

My best memories of him are of the hikes and bird trips that he led and that I followed on: the lakefront and Sunnyside on a cold winter day looking over the ducks; Ashbridge's Bay hunting for the saw-whets in 'the Jungle'; Whitby harbour debating the finer points of a Western sandpiper; a wet field at West Lorne where he showed me my first (and only) Wilson's phalaropes and Henslow's sparrows; and Pt. Pelee - especially Pt. Pelee.

I can remember well the last trip we had together at Pt. Pelee. I had come alone and met him and his group by chance down at the point. He asked me if I would like to join them for the day - it was typical of his kindness. And what a day it was - red-bellied woodpecker, white-eyed vireo, dickcissel, American egret, Hudsonian godwit - and many more. I still have the check list card somewhere and sometimes I go over it and relive that day.

The annual Christmas bird count was dear to his heart. Jim was the general of the troops then and it was a real joy to be asked to report even if you didn't always get one of the plum routes. And what a thrill it was to report to him some rarity that raised the day's total by one - like the redwings and the whitecrown that I saw up the Humber once in the old days.

Jim received many honours although he never talked about them. He was awarded the Centennial Canada Medal and a citation for valuable service to Canada. He was on the Council of the American Ornithological Union and was secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Audubon Society. He was a president of our Club. Last year in Toronto we saw him receive an honorary life membership in the F.O.N. I think one of the prizes he was most pleased with was the Ontario Conservation Trophy for interesting young people in the study of birds. I can remember bringing in a noisy flock of Junior

Field Naturalists to the Bird Room and Jim proudly showing us the Labrador Duck and the Great Auk he had helped bring to the R.O.M. He certainly increased those youngsters' interest in birds - as he had mine many years before.

And now I find in this little sketch that I have talked as much about birds as I have about Jim. In his own gentle self-effacing way I think he would have liked it best this way.

E.T.

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#### COMING EVENTS

##### University of Toronto: Extension Courses

Natural Resources and their Management - 12 sessions starting Nov. 5th  
- K. A. Armson

Royal Canadian Institute: Saturday evening lectures, Convocation Hall, University of Toronto, at 8:15 p.m. Further information: 922-2804  
Nov. 7 - The Wild Flowers of Ontario - Mr. Colin S. Farmer  
This is a joint meeting with our club.

" 14 - Physical Fitness - Dr. Kenneth Cooper, author of the famous aerobics method.

" 21 - Newfoundland, Where Continents Collided - Prof. Neale

" 28 - Planning the Environment of the Toronto-centered Region - Ian Macdonald, Deputy Minister, Ontario Department of Treasury & Economics.

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#### DIARY OF AN AUSTRIAN TRIP

by Pearl Siegel

Thurs., May 28/70

Arrived in Innsbruck at 8:00 P.M. after a wonderful train ride through the Brenner Pass. With the help of the accommodation service in the train station, we were fortunate to get into a lovely room in a hotel that was situated in parkland. It was not until the next morning, in the light of day, that we could see how beautiful our surroundings were. Snow-capped mountains all around us .... beautiful old trees .... and because of a late Spring, the sound of gurgling water around every other bend of the paths winding through the hills. The sun was shining, the air was exquisitely fresh and clean, and we fell in love with Innsbruck and Austria in one fell swoop.

We wound our way up to the Alpenzoo and on arrival asked for Professor Psenner, the director of the zoo. He was most kind and gave us the name of the local naturalist group and it was our good fortune to discover that there was going to be a meeting that very evening. We got all the necessary information from Rudolph who was acting as our interpreter. The latter is a young university student who works part time at the zoo and thus is able to work with the snakes that he is so interested in. We spent the rest of the morning going through the zoo with Rudolph as our guide and he helped make the time we spent there most fascinating.

The highlight for me would have to be seeing a Wall Creeper (Tichodroma Muraria),

a small grey bird with red markings. This is a very rare bird that comes down from the North to feed on insects which are on the South (warm) side of the mountains. Professor Psenner had caught one himself and this is the one that is in the zoo. And obviously this little creature is the professor's pride and joy.

That evening we attended the naturalist meeting and had a problem until somebody came that could speak English. This is a small group of people who gather to discuss what they have seen (birds) and to gather information regarding migration, etc. They exchange all this information with similar groups in other countries in Europe. Dr. Neiderwolfsgruber, who chairs the meetings, is in charge of the Natural Science department of the Innsbruck Museum and as we found out later, loves mountain climbing and searching for eagle nests. We were asked if we would like to go on an outing the next morning and we very promptly accepted.

Saturday, May 30/70

It was 7:30 A.M. when Dr. Neiderwolfsgruber came to pick us up. Weather .... overcast and quite cool. The Doctor was in knickers, climbing boots, alpine hat and carried a knapsack. And Helmut, our driver and interpreter, was waiting for us in the car. Then off we went with Jack and I feeling we did not know what the morning had in store for us. But Helmut briefed us on the way. Our destination was a spot about 18 kms. outside of Innsbruck. A hunter had found an eagle owl's nest on the slope of a hill just off the highway, had reported the finding to the Doctor and the nest had been under surveillance since. There had been two young born and the purpose of this whole exercise was to band the young.

At this point, to save confusion, I should say that I did not know exactly what kind of bird this was. Our friends call it an Uhu. Helmut translated it as an Eagle Owl. Latin .... Bubo-Bubo. I think that I too will call it Uhu until I find out what it is.

The Uhu had become almost extinct because of being shot down by hunters. Now these birds are protected and there are perhaps 50 pairs in all of the Tyrolean area. In the Innsbruck area there are 10 known pairs and it is hoped that their numbers will be increased by the two young that are born every year. If they survive, of course.

We met a number of people along the way and by this time it was raining. Our stop was outside a Gasthaus. A scope was soon set up for us and we were shown the ledge of rock the nest was built on. We could see it very clearly but there was no activity we were aware of. Before too long, more people came, the rain increased as visibility decreased and the tension and excitement mounted.

The plan of action was as follows: the hunter and mountain climber (who had discovered this nest to begin with) together with the Doctor and another climber, were to climb the mountain to a point above the rock ledge. A T.V. cameraman and two other photographers (plus Jack who wanted to go along) were to climb to a lower level and off to one side to be able to photograph the proceedings. When all were in position the ropes were tossed down and the hunter came down first. We saw the adult Uhu fly out, circle once or twice and then take off. Now there was great concern about the young still being in the nest and caution had to be practiced because it was raining so much harder and it had become treacherous underfoot. I was at ground level while all this was happening .... the climbers rappelling down the slope and bouncing off the surface while doing so .... the photographers manoeuvring their equipment to be prepared to catch any forthcoming action .... and my binocs were busy swinging from side to side to see it all if I could. It was very exciting and though it took some time for things to reach this point the time seemed to fly by.

Suddenly I saw #1 man on the ledge, do something there for a while and then start the rest of the way down. I was then told that the young were not in the nest. What disappointment. They had been in the nest just the day before. And in the steady downpour that was now coming down, we waited for all the men to come back. It was amazing how fast that happened too. Jack told me later that his climb, though short, was a most vertical and difficult one and the fact that he was wearing improper shoes did not help at all. Coming back he had some help and needless to say, the professionals had no trouble at all.

They returned with samples of small animal bones, feathers (I was given two of them) and pellets of regurgitated matter. The morning was capped by going into the Gasthaus for hot drinks, food and schnapps which went down very well indeed with all these drenched and chilled enthusiasts. Our friend Helmut was with us throughout to clue us in as much as possible and we will always remember his kindness.

We spent that evening with the Doctor and his charming wife. We had been invited to his home to see slides of his mountain climbing and birding adventures. It was time well spent and turned out to be an amazing night. What a wonderful experience for two amateur naturalists. It was not surprising that we were so reluctant to leave Innsbruck.

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#### MOUSE OR SHREW?

by A. A. Outram

What is the difference between a mouse and a shrew? How does one tell them apart? These are questions commonly asked. Both creatures are little, furry, furtive mammals. They generally afford us only fleeting (or fleeing) glimpses and under such conditions it is often difficult or impossible to say whether mouse or shrew. Really the difference is very great and would be apparent if these animals were large. Since they are not, let us suppose that we have a dead specimen in our hands.

The main difference is in the skull and teeth. Shrews have long, pointed snouts, quite unlike the more familiar mice. This should be a definite, distinguishing feature. Also, shrews have many teeth, up to 32, about twice the number carried by mice. Most mice have sixteen teeth. It is quite unnecessary to count them. The arrangement is entirely different. Shrews' teeth are placed almost continuously from back to front of each jaw. Mice have but one pair of incisors in upper and lower jaw. They are large and act as chisels, mice being rodents, or gnawers. Then there is a very definite, extensive space, back of the incisors, before any more teeth are found.

Do not rely on length of tail. There are long- and short-tailed species in both mice and shrews.

The above remarks apply to Ontario species. Mice and shrews are found in much of the world and there are very many kinds of each. In our province we have about a dozen species of mice and about half that many of shrews.

As remarked above, mice are rodents and belong the mammalian order, Rodentia. Shrews are members of the order Insectivora, indicating that they feed on insects. This they do, but their diet is much more extensive than the name of the order indicates.

## Pollution Probe

the new book titled after Pollution Probe at the University of Toronto.  
Edited by Donald A. Chant

This is the first major pollution book for Canadians and covers the whole subject in 16 chapters and over 250 pages written by 14 experts from Pollution Probe. The subjects are Biological Systems; Consequences of Imbalance; Pesticides; Air; Water; Food Additives; Noise; Radiation; Population Growth; Politics of Pollution; Corporate Morality; The Arctic; Action Programs; Communication and Education; Resource Exploitation, together with a Do-It Kit, bibliography, and Introduction and Summary by Dr. Chant.

This book is as complete and authoritative as Pollution Probe can make it. It can be ordered direct from the publishers, new press, 84 Sussex Avenue, Toronto, Price is \$3.50 paper, \$8.50 cloth, with discount for orders of five or more (20%).

Note: All royalties on this book go to Pollution Probe.

This book is published by new press in collaboration with Pollution Probe at the University of Toronto.

Ed. Note: Anybody wishing to participate in Pollution Probe should write to the following address for an application form:

Pollution Probe Main Office,  
Room 215, Ramsay Wright Zoological Laboratories,  
25 Harbord St.,  
Toronto 5

There is also a reading room and library:

"Little Probe"  
44 St. George St.  
University of Toronto

10:00 - 10:00 every day (but try to find it open!)

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### REPORT ON THE HENSLOW SPARROW

by J. Stafford Harris

The Henslow Sparrow was first sighted in our garden on July 28th, always appearing singly and invariably the last bird to be seen feeding at a ground tray placed in front of an unclipped cedar hedge at the rear of our garden.

Even after dusk, when all the other birds in the garden had flown off to their roosting quarters, the Henslow Sparrow would be found still eating wild bird seed at the ground tray in the semi-darkness.

On occasion, when it became too dark to see our feathered visitor, the outdoor light to the garden would be switched on to see if the Sparrow was still there. To our surprise, undisturbed by the glow from the electric light, our feathered visitor would be detected still pecking away at the wild bird seed.

Usually, after feeding for a few more minutes in the glow of the electric light, the Henslow Sparrow would seem to reluctantly fly to the top of our nearest fence located a few yards away. There it would nonchalantly peer from side to side, surveying its surroundings in the diminished beams of the artificial light.

Finally, after making a decision, our feathered visitor would fly off into the darkness in the general direction of the Burbank Ravine, long after the other birds in the garden had retired for the night.

The Henslow Sparrow remained with us for less than a week, during which time, we recall hearing only once its short, unmusical song, unlike any other Canadian song bird.

According to the Bird Migration Chart, the average departure for the Henslow Sparrow is July 31st, with latest departure shown in first week of October each year.

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Ed. Note:

Prof. R. U. Kidden explains in the following letter to Jack Gingrich why he was unable to appear at the members night meeting last May. The good professor also writes that he was wrongly listed on the programme as Kidder. Somebody must have confused him with Mr. O. U. Kidder who is another of Jack's friends.

R. U. KIDDEN EXPLAINS

Dear Mr. Gingrich,

I am very sorry that I was unable to attend your May meeting and speak to your members as part of your "Members' Night" programme. However, I am sure that you will agree that I did have an extremely good excuse in view of the unfortunate accident which I mentioned to you in our telephone conversation before the May meeting.

Although the accident was quite serious, I am now recuperating rapidly. In retrospect, the accident has such a humorous aspect that you (and perhaps the readers of the Newsletter) might be interested in the following account of this unusual calamity:

My brother Ivan has a farm near Midland which contains a fine stand of red pine. Each year, several pairs of pine warblers nest there, and I decided that this year I would study the entire period of nest building, egg laying and the raising of the young on one of these nests. I had hoped to get a complete sequence of colour slides and movies.

I selected a stout branch in a tall pine tree, about 40 feet from the ground, which had no obstructing branches below, as a support for my blind. From past observations, and from the behaviour of one newly-arrived pair of pine warblers, I became convinced that a blind hanging from this particular branch would provide excellent views of several likely nesting sites in adjacent trees.

I had designed and built a special tree-blind which can be suspended below a branch somewhat in the fashion of an oriole's nest. It consists of six pieces - top, bottom and four sides - which can be quickly bolted together in the tree. When assembled, the entire blind can be swivelled around for photographing in any direction; camera mounts and openings are provided for two still cameras and one 16mm movie camera. A comfortable seat, and special ventilating louvres make it fairly comfortable for all-day use. Access is through a trap door in the top. Naturally, I was very anxious to try out this new blind.

To install the blind, I borrowed a set of climbing spurs, such as are used by hydro linemen to climb wooden poles. I am not very skilled in using them, and decided that I could not climb with them while carrying much of a load. Therefore I decided to use a rope and pulley to raise the six heavy components up to the branch.

I arrived at the selected tree one Saturday afternoon in late April with the necessary equipment. I donned the spurs, attached the large pulley and one end of a 100 foot rope to my belt, and climbed up to the selected branch. Carefully, I crawled out on the branch and suspended the pulley below it. I passed one end of the rope through the pulley, and then pulled it down with me as I climbed down the tree. Thus, I now had the rope with both ends on the ground, but passing through the pulley 40 feet above the ground. I was then ready to hoist the six pieces of the blind.

I attached the rope to the top part of the blind, and hauled it up to the pulley by pulling down on the other end of the rope. I then tied this end to a nearby stump, to keep the top piece suspended just below the pulley. I climbed the tree again, crawled out on the branch, hooked the top piece temporarily in place (the later installation of the four sides locks the top piece to the branch) and returned the rope back down to the ground ready for the next load. When I had reached the ground again, I found that it was getting late; it had taken longer than I had expected to get the first piece up. I wanted to finish that day, and I did not like the prospect of climbing the tree five more times.

Therefore, I decided to hoist all five of the remaining pieces in one load. I tied them all separately to the rope (so that I could untie them separately at the top) and proceeded to hoist the entire bundle of five components. Their combined weight was almost as much as my weight, and thus it was very hard work pulling them up. Each time I pulled down on my end of the rope, I almost lifted my feet off the ground. After each stroke, I had to stand on the rope to hold it down while I rested and took a new grip on the rope. But eventually I got the whole load up almost touching the piece already in place. Then, it was necessary to get my end of the rope securely fastened to the stump, which was not directly under the pulley, but off to one side. Walking over to it was like walking on the moon, because the rope pulling up on my arms took most of the weight off my feet.

Then, the CATASTROPHE occurred! The 60 feet of rope coiled at my feet became entangled with my legs, and I tripped. Of course, I was still holding the rope tightly gripped in my hands, so I did not fall over, but I gave an extra tug to the rope which raised the load slightly, causing it to strike the top piece already in place. This knocked it off the branch, but instead of falling to the ground, it caught on the bundle of other pieces. The combined weight of these six pieces was greater than my weight!

My feet were lifted off the ground, and I started to rise slowly. I knew that I must not release the rope because if I did, it would come crashing down, probably falling onto me. It would be better for me to be hoisted up to the top

because then I might be able to get hold of the branch, and then climb down the tree.

I rose slowly at first, because the weight of the pieces did not exceed my weight by very much, but the speed gradually increased. At the same time, I was swinging from side to side like a pendulum because I was well off centre when I left the ground. As I rose, the length of the pendulum decreased, and thus its swinging became more rapid. When I was halfway up, the load was halfway down, and it just happened that I was in the middle of a swing, and I crashed heavily into the load.

It was here that the first of my many many bruises were received, but I managed to hang onto the rope in spite of the pain. However, the blow dislodged the top piece, which had been hanging onto the rest of the load, and it fell to the ground and smashed. This made me again heavier than the load and thus I started to go down, slowly at first, but with increasing speed. I braced myself for the impact with the ground because I knew that I must not let go of the rope.

I struck the ground awkwardly, catching my leg on a broken part of the smashed top piece, and thus broke my left leg. The sudden pain of falling onto the broken piece, and the breaking of my leg, caused me to momentarily lose my grip on the rope. It started to slide through my hands, burning them, and I had to let go. I made one desperate attempt to get clear of the descending load.

Miraculously, four of the five pieces missed me, some of them by only a fraction of an inch, as they crashed to the ground. But the fifth piece fell partly on my other leg, and broke it. In addition, I had a sprained wrist and numerous bruises, but luckily only a few cuts and scratches.

Fortunately, my brother was at that moment approaching to see how I was progressing. He applied first aid, and temporary splints, and got me to the hospital in Midland. I am now recuperating here at the farm, with both legs in casts. The doctor says that I should be on my feet again by the middle of June.

My brother says that the warblers, frightened by all this commotion, went elsewhere to nest this year, but I am not sure if he is serious, or just kidding me. (His initials are I.M.)

I have decided not to rebuild the blind. Instead, I plan to hoist remotely controlled cameras to a suitable branch, and operate them from the ground with the aid of a small portable closed-circuit television camera and receiver. Perhaps I will have this equipment ready for next spring, and could tell your members about it at some future meeting.

In the meantime, please express my sincere regrets to your members for failing to appear at the May meeting.

Yours very truly,

Prof. R. U. Kidden

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