



TORONTO FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB

Number 279

December, 1973

Visitors welcome!

DECEMBER MEETING

Visitors welcome!

TUESDAY, December 4 1973 at 8:15 p.m.

at the

ONTARIO INSTITUTE FOR STUDIES IN EDUCATION

252 Bloor Street West

The OISIE Building is midway between the two exits (St. George and Bedford, of the St. George Subway Station. Entrance on the west side of the building via a covered walk from Bloor Street. To park, enter from Prince Arthur Avenue, under the building ... (parking fee 50¢).

SPEAKER: Mr. Lovat Dickson

SUBJECT: Grey Owl.

This strange, romantic figure, Grey Owl, was one of the early interpreters of the human and animal life of the Canadian northland. Lovat Dickson, his friend and publisher, is perhaps the only person qualified to tell the full story of the circumstances which turned Archie Belaney the English boy to the Canadian wilderness.

JANUARY MEETING: Please make note of the date: Wednesday, January 2, 1974

LAST CALL FOR CLUB FEES: The Membership Secretary reports an excellent renewal on memberships. We would like to see a hundred-percent-renewal during this Jubilee Year. If you haven't renewed your membership, won't you use the attached form and help us reach this goal?

----- detach -----

TO: Mrs. E. Hanson, Membership Secretary
Toronto Field Naturalists' Club
83 Joicey Blvd., Toronto, Ont. M5M 2T4

Date _____

I (we) wish to renew TFNC membership and enclose cheque or money order

- () Single \$7.00 () Family (adults) \$10.00 () Life \$100.00
- () Corresponding (living more than 20 miles from the Royal Ontario Museum) \$3.00
- () Full-time student (aged 16 or over) \$2.00

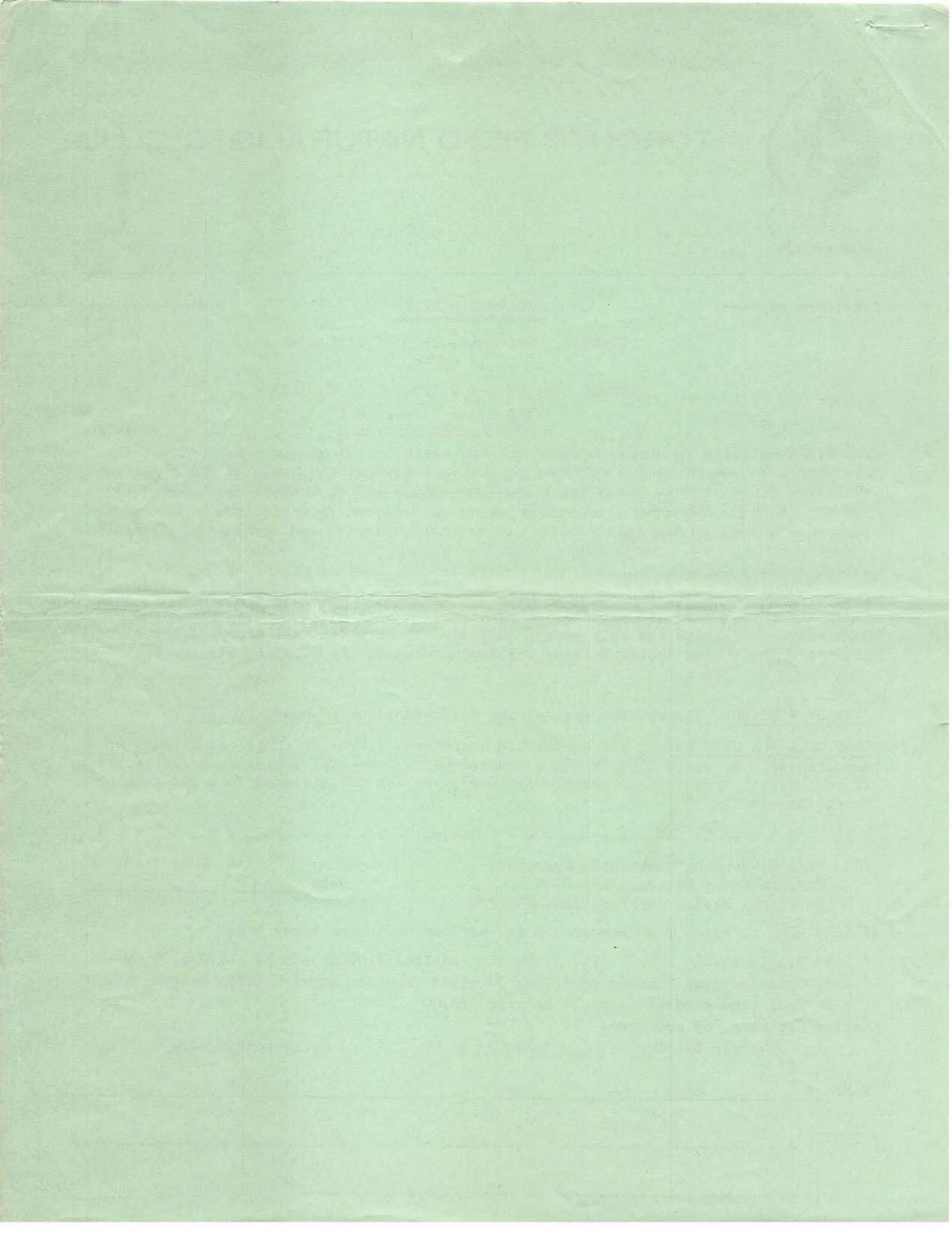
Senior Citizens, 65 and over:

- () Single \$4.00 () Family \$6.00 () Corresponding \$2.00

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Postal Code _____



PRESIDENT'S CORNER

THANK YOU !

Our Golden Jubilee Day was such a happy occasion! It was a joy to see so many people at the reception and dinner - both members of very long standing and people who have joined us quite recently, as well as some visitors from neighbouring Clubs.

But it did not all just happen - a great deal of work went into the planning over a period of many months, and I want now to thank all those who contributed tremendously to the success, not only of the party but also of Toronto Field Naturalists' Week in Toronto.

Mrs. Kay Fletcher master-minded the general planning and organization of the dinner; and the lovely Fall foliage decorations were also arranged by her.

Mrs. Linda McKeane handled all the hundred-and-one details and the ticket arrangements, as well as a great deal of on-going liaison with the hotel catering management.

The excellent publicity that we have received in the media has been - and continues to be - the work of Harold Taylor. In addition, he has been responsible for arranging the placements of our Ravine Survey Map. This was displayed in the foyer of the Four-Seasons-Sheraton Hotel (as a special concession) throughout the week of October 22-27, and it attracted a tremendous amount of interest from visitors and Torontonians - as well as the hotel staff. During the following two weeks, the display was in the City Hall Library.

The main architect of the display was Stewart Hilts, while the base map was supplied by John ten Bruggenkate. Eric Nasmith - who designed the TFNC badge - was responsible for the accompanying poster. Fred Turner was also involved in the project.

The original idea, of course, came from Jack Cranmer-Byng, and true to his promise, he "published" Study No. 1 of the "Toronto Ravine Survey Program" on Jubilee Day - it is a very detailed thorough study of the Chatsworth Ravine.

Then there was the excellently run Nature Photography Competition. The Committee Chairman was Wes Hancock, who did an outstanding job. Mrs. Helen Hancock announced the accepted and winning slides, giving us a beautifully timed commentary. Miss Helen Ricker organized and directed the judging of the competition. And assisting were: Miss Evelyn Ricker, Miss Edith Cosens, Miss Sachi Nakai, Miss Emmy Nakai, Miss Florence Preston and Mrs. Joan Powell.

Special mention also to Miss Hattie Beeton, our hard-working Secretary who helped everybody, and broke the speed record in transcribing the tape we recorded of Dr. Peter Peach's speech at the Dinner, and which is reproduced elsewhere in this Newsletter.

Last, but absolutely not least, my sincere thanks to the Rev. Charles Long, who said Grace and Thanksgiving for us before the dinner; and also to Mr. Colin Farmer, our senior Past President (1931-33) who proposed the Toast to the Toronto Field Naturalists' Club, and gave us a fascinating and nostalgic glimpse of the past.

And to Dr. Peter Peach, our speaker, who so successfully caught the spirit of the event, and wove together the themes of our Jubilee projects and of the role of the naturalist, being both light-hearted as well as serious, and making us think a great deal. Thank you, Peter.

NEW HONORARY LIFE MEMBERS

We have awarded two Honorary Life Memberships, both to beloved people who should have been present at the Dinner, and would have been, had they not been hospitalized.

Mrs. James L. Baillie - Helen is one of the Club's most persistent champions. She has had far more than anyone's fair share of being in hospital over the last 19 years. Her courage is an inspiration to all who know her. Throughout it all she has retained a strong interest in natural history and in the Club. (There are many doctors and nurses who have been "infected" by Helen's persuasive interest in birds!)

It is entirely due to her insistence that amateur naturalists - Club members - have the right to read and research in the vast amount of material that makes up the James L. Baillie Collection (his ornithological library, field notes and writings) at the Rare Books Department of the Robarts Library at the University of Toronto.

Helen's greatest interest, of course, so far as the Club is concerned, is the Jim Baillie Nature Reserve; and we take care to keep her thoroughly informed of all developments.

She is currently in the St. John's Convalescent Home in Willowdale, and is always delighted to have visitors from the Club, even if they haven't met her previously.

Mrs. Doreen Lewis - well known to Club members as that wonderful person who has so faithfully attended to our literature, Christmas Cards and information tables and booths over the past many years - and for the last few years, always standing, being in a brace because of severe back injuries.

Doreen was, for nearly ten years, Assistant to the late Mrs. Ruth Stewart when the latter was our Secretary. Then followed another ten years helping out with the Junior Club.

Recently, Doreen fell in her home, and is now in Sunnybrook Hospital with many broken bones and a long period of repair ahead of her. Yet she is constantly thinking of the Club, making certain that her duties are being adequately taken care of. We owe her a great debt, and look forward to seeing her around again in the future. In the meantime, please go and see her.

ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY

We salute this year the Royal Canadian Institute, which is celebrating its 125th Anniversary. Some Club members may not be aware that the two people whose initiative founded the TFN in 1923, Mr. Will Gregory and Dr. Lyman Jackes, were associated with the RCI and that the Institute lent a great deal of assistance in our early days. The Institute rather regards the Toronto Field Naturalists as its offspring ... I can only say that I sincerely hope that the TFN will be as influential and spry at age 125 as our "parent" organization is today! I hope that many of our members will attend the RCI lectures this season - they have a fabulous line-up of speakers.

My best wishes to everybody for a most happy Christmas and New Year - although it seems rather strange to be writing that phrase at the end of October!

Rosemary Gaymer.

It was exhilarating to view the magnificent scenery as we climbed further up the mountains, but we were anxious to be able to more fully appreciate this natural splendor by discarding our symbol of modern technology. However, unbeknownst to us, there was much excitement awaiting us before we began our walk.

It started with the sighting of a Broadwinged Hawk at the western limit of its range; it was sustained by the presence of a large Blue Grouse casually strolling along the side of the "road." Further on we observed more activity and got some very good species: Townsend's Solitaire, Wilson's Warblers, Audubon and Myrtle Warblers and Oregon Juncos. However, the most spectacular sight was yet to come for flying gracefully over the lake was an immature Bald Eagle. It was a particularly noteworthy sighting as Goldeneyes are more common in this region while Balds are an anomaly. And, not five minutes after this, an Osprey flew directly over our heads, affording such a good view of itself that I could see its steely eyes as it moved its head from side to side. The moment my eyes caught its gaze is indelibly etched on my memory.

We reached the terminus of the road after some tense moments and a little improvisational driving and eagerly embarked on our walk, absorbing the soothing warmth of the clear bright day. Thirty minutes later we were in the midst of a torrential downpour. Undaunted, we continued walking, having donned our raincoats and nourishing ourselves on cheese and crackers under a lean-to. In large mountain chains there exists that natural phenomenon called micro weather, which simply means that each mountain can generate its own weather systems. Sure enough, six miles and a couple of hours later, the sun was again shining. We stopped once more before we began the second half of the day's journey and had a pleasant lunch, all the while aware of the beauty which engulfed us. We had a chocolate bar each for we knew that after we walked the length of this particular valley we would be faced with a strenuous climb. Our topographical map indicated a very steep ascent to get over the Assiniboine Pass. Our destination lay about two miles beyond the summit of the pass.

One of the main problems all hikers must deal with is the availability of good clean drinking water. Walking in the warm mountain air with forty extra pounds clinging to your back is very exerting and, because of the great amount of energy expended, the hiker works up a very powerful thirst to replenish the body's cooling system. However, nature has provided the perfect solution, natural drinking fountains disguised as streams. The simple and elemental pleasure derived from dipping a cup in the gushing water which was perhaps only minutes earlier part of a mammoth glacier is indescribable. These refreshing stops provided warm memories to be conjured up years later.

By mid afternoon we were about half way up the Assiniboine Pass and the tree line which a few hours earlier looked so distant now seemed to be just over the next hill. It takes a great amount of stamina and concentration to make such a climb but, true to the birding tradition, we were ever alert to movements of wildlife. At this elevation and on such a steep proclivity there were only transient and occasional visitors - the Grey Jay and Clark's Nutcracker. They would alight on a nearby tree top, glance inquisitively at this strange occurrence, offer a few sarcastic comments about man's inability to conquer the laws of gravity, and fly leisurely on their way.

Because you are surrounded by mountain peaks in the Rockies it does not take long for the sun to disappear from view. Indeed, it was about 5:30 p.m. when we reached the summit of the pass and the sun became obscured by the snowcapped peaks. Hunger was beginning to gnaw at our stomachs and the air took on a frigid chill, so we decided to take a brief respite for a snack at this juncture, secure in the knowledge that the most difficult part of the hike lay behind us. As we glanced back over the previous four hours efforts, a strong feeling of satisfaction and accomplishment provided the impetus to don our packs once again and finish off the remainder of the walk before darkness came.

Walking once more across relatively flat terrain the abundance of ground squirrels and chipmunks became readily apparent. We came upon an abandoned airfield in this unlikely location which was teeming with chirping, clicking, whistling, scurrying little brown creatures. In the middle of the field lay the wreckage of a plane which reminded me of nature's ambivalent relationship with man - she will nourish and protect him, but man must be ever aware of her raw, indiscriminate power which can be unleashed at any time.

Shortly, we met our first humans since we left the car. Two hikers who had set up camp at Assiniboine were taking an evening stroll. We exchanged greetings and they gave two weary and foot-sore rookies directions to the campsite. We knew at this point that we were in British Columbia and we undertook to get there quickly and tend to our now screaming, intolerant stomachs. The scene which awaited us was one for which I was unprepared. Coming out of a small stand of trees I looked up to see a large 'U' shaped valley with a small, blue lake at the base of Mount Assiniboine. Eyes straining upward, we crossed about three more streams and then began looking for a comfortable and protected area to set up camp. We chose a suitable site and erected the tent first, fully aware that we would pass out after we ate, and then proceeded to feast on freeze dried chicken and rice, crackers and cheese and canned fruit - not exactly a gourmet's delight but it certainly was up there. After taking the precautionary move of suspending our packs from the nearest high tree, I took one last look at Assiniboine and then retired to the tent where we both promptly fell asleep - it was 9:00 p.m.

At 7:00 a.m. we awoke to the smell of the cool mountain air. The previous day's experience had taken its toll for we were somewhat stiff, but movement warmed us up again. We built a fire to cook breakfast and scrambled eggs and cooked bannock - an Indian recipe for bread - to start off the day right.

The second day of our journey would not be as strenuous so we decided to relax and enjoy the scenery in the morning and break camp after lunch. Even in these high environs we found White-crowned Sparrows, Myrtle Warblers and one lone Pintail on Lake Magog. The call note of what we thought was a Gray-crowned Rosy Finch began a frantic but futile search. By 11:00 a.m. we were anxious to begin again and so I bid Assiniboine adieu knowing that some day in the future I would return. We took off for Marvel Pass - an apt name to describe its beauty. It was a much more gentle slope and gave us the opportunity to more fully appreciate the beauty all around us. About half way up the pass we saw a large, pale bird of prey but it disappeared from our sight before we could get a good look at it. We guessed it to be a Ferruginous Hawk, but a quick check of its range eliminated it and so we resumed our walk to the top of the pass. A brief respite just before the summit beside a particularly beautiful stream which had cut a wide swathe through a hill with a resultant waterfall produced a female Rose-breasted Grosbeak. A short while later we reached the summit of Marvel Pass and found, foraging beside a small stream, a female White-tailed Ptarmigan and two chicks. We excitedly dropped our packs and got out our cameras and my 135 mm telephoto lens. We photographed them with the telephoto lens, and then we discovered that by calmly and gradually moving closer to the adult that we could take pictures with a regular lens. We maneuvered her onto a high ledge and, since she was reluctant to fly, she posed beautifully for us. This incident, looking back in retrospect, is one of my fondest memories and I am very happy that I have the pictures to increase the enjoyment of those memories.

The remainder of the day was spent walking along a trail which clung to the side of a mountain which had Marvel Lake on the other side. The call of an Olive-sided Flycatcher caused me to yearn for another kind of refreshment but we continued until we reached our final campsite. It lay beside a river and it was only a half day's walk from the car.

The final day was leisurely spent walking out to the car and the remainder of the day was spent relating all the news to Art, back in Calgary. However, our rest was short.

The following talk was given at our Jubilee Dinner on Saturday, October 27th. It has been slightly abridged from a tape recording.

THE ROLE OF THE NATURALIST IN THE MODERN WORLD

DR. PETER PEACH

Madam President, ladies and gentlemen. I understand that part of the program is to show some slides after this, and I find myself very much in the position of the man who was introduced to a club such as this with the words: "that he would give his address and after the address, we will have the entertainment."

A funny thing happened to me on my way from St. Catharines to Toronto today. We gave a ride to Toronto to one of our students, a young lady who is a delegate from the Liberal Association at Brock University to the Liberal convention that is going on in Toronto. She asked where we were going and I said that I was going to the fiftieth anniversary dinner of the Toronto Field Naturalists' Club. She looked at me with a shocked expression because, remember, I am a professor at Brock University and she is a student, and said: "Are you a member of a nudist organization?"

I am not an originating member of the Toronto Field Naturalists' Club; in fact I have only been a member of it for about twenty years, so I don't go right back to the beginning. However, I do remember quite a number of the people who were originators of the Club. Ruth Stewart is one I remember very well and very affectionately. I also remember a man for whom I had a tremendous amount of affection, who was an indefatigable worker for the Club and he was T.F. McIlwraith who carried to the Club an enormous amount of enthusiasm. I remember J. R. Dymond, who was one of the founders of the Club and who also brought tremendous enthusiasm to the Club, particularly as he was a professional naturalist, a zoologist who did not lose the touch of being a naturalist as well as a professional. I remember Professor Coventry, another man for whom a lot of us had tremendous affection. I remember seeing 'Covers' and T. F. McIlwraith and J. R. Dymond and Ruth Stewart standing on top of a pile of sand down at Long Point, looking with binoculars in the direction of some 10,000 swans with the fog so thick you couldn't see ten feet. This, I think, is enthusiasm. They were, of course, true naturalists.

Really, I don't know what I am going to say about the 'role of the naturalist in the modern world' because the real and true naturalist is one who has enthusiasm for natural history, and who gets pleasure out of studying natural history. You see, I have been associated with the Club for quite awhile and I have found that there were about three kinds of people in the Club. There were, for instance, those who came to the meetings in the Museum regularly, with a terrific amount of liking for the program, who sat and applauded the program. There were those who went on walks and hikes and outings and had a great deal of enthusiasm for going on walks and outings and hikes. The interesting thing was that the twain never met, because almost nobody who came to the Museum meetings ever went on a walk or a hike, and almost none of the walkers or hikers ever came to a meeting in the Museum. That was a sort of a mystery which I could never solve. I think, perhaps, in those days the Toronto Field Naturalists' Club provided entertainment for a very large number of its members. This was just simple entertainment; some were entertained by coming and hearing somebody talk to them, and some were entertained by going on a hike and having a leader explain things to them. Mind you, I have seen even today that this is so, that there are those for whom the Club is entertainment. I would say to those people that they need to do something more, because naturalists really are people who don't just like to be entertained; they are people who like to do things. And this is really where I get to the "Role of the Naturalist in the Modern World," - it is the matter of getting out and doing things.

Now of course there are some who get out and make lists of the birds that they have seen on the walk. I am sure a lot of you have encountered naturalists whose interest is in getting 100 birds in one day. I don't really think that they are true naturalists. I think they are collectors, like people who collect match box covers. You see they are collecting just 'sightings' of birds and I say that they should do more.

Just an example of the something more that can be done. I suppose a lot of you know Eric Nasmith and probably know the project that he has. Eric Nasmith is a good birder who doesn't stop at just making a list of birds. He does things with his list of birds. What he has done, for those of you who don't know his project, is that he has a section of a ravine which he walks every day of the year spotting birds. He makes notes of where he spots the birds; he is particularly interested in locating within the ravine, trees where male birds are 'territory' singing. He is able, through some experience, to outline the boundaries between rival birds' territories, and to produce maps of these territories, as he has done, I think, for three years now. Then, he is relating the boundaries of territories for a whole host of species of birds to events that have been taking place in the ravines, such as cutting down of trees, clearing out of bush, or putting through a road, or things like that. To me, he is a true naturalist, because he is not just observing nature for entertainment, he is observing nature in depth.

Now Eric is not a professional biologist and what I would encourage members of the Club to do, is to go into the study of natural history in some depth. The ravine project is a fantastically good project; it is the sort of thing that a Club like this should do. But there are individual members who can go one step further perhaps. I am not suggesting that everybody do this, but there are some people in a Club like this who can go further and do things with the map. There you have the map, the piece of paper - and wouldn't it be wonderful if, over the entire map, the Toronto Field Naturalists' Club had studies going on like Eric Nasmith has in the one ravine he has been working. There are a whole host of things that occur to the mind about such a map. For instance: how about locating on the map every willow tree, every elm tree, every oak tree? What is the most common tree that grows in the Toronto ravines, can anybody tell me right now? How many basswood trees, how many European linden trees grow in the Toronto ravines? Does anybody know? Well, why the heck don't you? Do you see?! How aware are you of the entire, what the biologists call the 'biota'? How aware are you of the entire biological situation that occurs at your doorsteps? or are you only content to watch the cardinals come to the feeder? or at most, to say that you have seen, on a particular day, 100 birds? How about going a little further?

If we go back 150 years ago, there were very few people in this country who were interested in natural history. In Europe it was different. In the United Kingdom, the natural history was the thing to be interested in, and there were a tremendous number of people who, like, Darwin, were amateur naturalists. Do you know what Darwin was most interested in? What he spent most of his time doing? Not writing "The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection." Not working on genetics. Darwin was far more interested in playing the stock market than doing anything else, and he made an enormous amount of money out of American Railroads, believe it or not. That was his great love, the stock market. The study of evolution was definitely what he did in his spare time. Mind you, as a resident naturalist on the 'Beagle', he wasn't really ever hired on to do that. His uncle who had a lot of money paid his way on the 'Beagle'. Darwin didn't get a cent for the tremendous, unbelievably large amount of in-depth observational data that he collected on that voyage.

Do you know how he was selected to go on the 'Beagle'? He was paraded down on the dock and the Captain came and looked at him and walked around him and said: "He'll do, his nose is the right shape." That is exactly how it is recounted in the opening chapters of 'The Voyage of the Beagle.' The Captain of the ship had decided that there were people who had the right sort of crook in the top of his nose and were suitable as members of the crew of the ship. Anyway, remember at about that time also, naturalists were in tremendous ridicule by a lot of people, particularly in the United Kingdom, as for instance by Charles Kingsley, who in the 'Water Babies' poured an enormous amount of ridicule upon naturalists.

Here is a little scientific paper by an amateur naturalist that was published in the transactions of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, in 1857. I will read a little bit of it:

"In the Zoologist for the present month, page 5592, I observe a communication from Mr. E. H. Rudd, stating the occurrence of 'mus minutus' (the little red harvest mouse) at Penzance and of its not having been noticed in Cornwall before. I find in Couch's Cornish Fauna, Part 1, Page 7, that it is common and so it occurred to me that during my residence at Gardenhaven this very beautiful little creature was very well known to me, having seen it and its nest in the stems of corn in the fields, at times by dozens in winter in the corn stacks, with the common mouse, where the farmers were taking the corn into the barn, for at such times either myself or children were often requested to attend."

And he goes on with a reasonable paper about the harvest mouse in Cornwall. Now this is a naturalist writing, and he is writing a scientific paper and being published by the Royal Institution in Cornwall. And there were, in the United Kingdom a number of these institutions where these people were laying the grounds for some of what has become professional zoology and professional botany - and they did it by being enthusiastic naturalists, and by going into the natural history in depth. The man who wrote this paper became eventually one of the forerunners or founders of the study of fossils, of palaeontology. He was a Customs House Officer, who lived in Cornwall and was one of the people who chased the smugglers of Jamaica Inn in the south of Cornwall. A smuggler-chaser by profession, he was a naturalist as an amateur.

I feel, that we are tending to get away from the kind of grounds that these people laid and that there is still an enormous need for that sort of thing. This man and Eric Nasmith have a common bond: they are not professionals but they are taking part in the study of natural history in areas in which professional zoologists and botanists, at the moment, are not particularly interested. Dr. Speirs, probably is saying, "Well that's a lot of bull!" but there is a lot in what I say, isn't there? There is a very large field, of the kind of thing that Eric Nasmith is doing, that needs to be done by amateurs.

I think the thing that needs to be done most by people like yourselves, is that we need to keep the continuity going by showing young people by your enthusiasm that studying natural history is fun. The Toronto Junior Field Naturalists is, I think, the most wonderful thing that ever happened to natural history in this city. The Juniors have their eyes open to the environment; they are all extremely actively interested in the environment. But it takes people like yourselves with knowledge, to take children and show them natural history, and that studying natural history can be fun. Because from the Junior Club a tremendous number of students have gone on into the profession and will continue to go on in natural history and become

the professionals. This is where their interest has arisen and it is the enthusiasm that you can communicate to them that will cause them to do this and cause them to be, either as amateurs or as professionals, the next generation and members of this Club. It is all very well to say, "Ah, yes but we must go after conservation areas, we must preserve areas"; this I think is a task that organizations like the F.O.N. can do. I think the 'grass roots naturalist' can do more for natural history, not by activating politically but by teaching the young people. I think that everyone of the amateur naturalists here could be a potential Darwin or a potential teacher.

I think that everyone of you could pass on to children the love of the outdoors, the love of what you see and a little bit about what you see. Get to know sufficiently about what is out doors, what is in the woods. Why when you walk suddenly into a part of the woods do you say to yourself, 'Ah, this is the sort of place I should find morels', or 'this is the sort of place that I should find Lady's Slippers'. Why do you say that? Because your past observations have been sharpened to the point where you realize that this is the right kind of environment, and this is true ecology.

This sort of an awareness of the environment for a great many things, for all of the naturally occurring things, is the sort of thing that has to be passed on. It is this, together with enthusiasm, which I think is 'the role of the naturalist in the modern world'. This is what we all must do. Because you see what the competition is, to get back to what I was talking about before: 'entertainment'. You can sit down and the kids can sit down in front of a television set and be glued to it and watch 'Wild Kingdom' and 'Jacques Cousteau' and so on and that's all it means to them - just the same as 'Star Trek' means to them. What is needed is activity; activity in teaching these children that there is an enormous amount of enjoyment that can be got out of the study of nature. In fact it transcends any kind of drug that was ever invented.

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A WINTER WEEKEND WITH THE F.O.N. - JANUARY 26th--27th, 1974

Anyone who has only visited Algonquin Park during the summer months has probably missed the most beautiful scenery to be found anywhere. The winter snow has a magic touch that transforms beauty into breathtaking beauty, whether it lies deep and unbroken on the ground or laces the branches of pine and spruce for as far as the eye can see.

On the weekend of January 26th--27th, the Federation of Ontario Naturalists offers you the opportunity to explore this wilderness on snowshoe; to read the story behind the hundreds of wildlife tracks - deer, moose, fox, wolf, and others - and to take part in a wolf howl (an experience you will long remember).

Added to this we offer the chance to see the beauty of Killarney, Quetico, Algonquin, and others, as seen through the eyes of the F.O.N. wilderness canoe tripper, via slides, and to talk with some of the people who have been there.

All of this and good food and lodging at the Ontario Forest Technical School, located on Highway 35, seven miles south of Dorset. Entire cost will be \$25.00.

Please contact either Frank Brown, 12 Bairstow Crescent, Georgetown (416) 877-6071 or Ed O'Connor, 184 Beech Avenue, Toronto, (416) 699-9211.

RESULTS OF THE T. F. N.'S 50th ANNIVERSARY PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBITION

The exhibition was judged by Mrs. Kay McGregor, Mr. Harold Reinke and Mr. John Powell. Award winning and Accepted slides were shown at the Jubilee Dinner and the T.F.N.C. November meeting. We extend a special thank-you to all members who made these showings possible by entering their pictures. Wes Hancock, Chairman.

NOVICE CATEGORY

BOTANICAL:

- 1st Stu Corbett - Shaggy Manes
- 2nd Finn Bay - True Morel

ZOOLOGICAL:

- 1st Jo Anne Murray - Migrating Monarchs
- 2nd John Thomson - Great Blue Heron

GENERAL:

- 1st Stu Corbett - Flowerpot Island
- 2nd Linda McKeane - Iceberg

HONOUR AWARDS:

- Finn Bay - Showy Lady Slipper
- Stu Corbett - Bloodroot
- Bob Gray - Ruffed Grouse
- Hazel Harvey - E.Massasauga rattlesnake
- Barbara Jaquith - Lobelia Cardinalis,
Forma alba.
- D. P. Maugham - Morel
- D. P. Maugham - Monarch Butterfly
- D. P. Maugham - Calopogon
- Florence Preston - Sow Thistle
- Florence Preston - Mountain Lake
- Florence Preston - Sunset

ACCEPTED - NOVICE

- Margaret Barlow - Muskoka Sky
- David Broughton - Grass & Dew
- David Broughton - Thistle
- Stu Corbett - Skunk Cabbage
- Dr. B. Cruickshank - Maple Leaves
- Dr. B. Cruickshank - Lichen at High noon
- Dr. B. Cruickshank - Promise of Spring
- M. Emminghaus - Painted Trillium
- M. Emminghaus - False Solomon Seal & Fruit
- M. Emminghaus - " " Seal & Wood Fern
- M. Emminghaus - Wood Fern & Fungi
- Sarah Ganci - Spring in Presquille Park
- Rosemary Gaymer - Woolly Blue Violet
- Rosemary Gaymer - Hobblebush & Maple Leaves
- Rosemary Gaymer - Swamp Detail, Point Pelee
- Rosemary Gaymer - Weather Front
- Bob Gray - Tulip Tree Blossom
- Bob Gray - Pleurotus sapidus
- Bob Gray - Ox-eye Daisy & Orange
Hawkweed

- Hazel Harvey - Green Orchid
- Hazel Harvey - Striped Coralroot
- Verna J. Higgins - Marching Dunlin
- Verna J. Higgins - Indian Pipe
- Verna J. Higgins - Sunset in Quetico Park
- Barbara Jaquith - Strawberry Blite
- Barbara Jaquith - Pinesap
- Scott Jones - Edge of the Sea
- Margaret Knight - Hawkmoth Caterpillar-"Now
you see it"- "Now you don't".
- Margaret Knight - Sand and Sun
- Margaret Knight - A place to relax
- Doreen Lewis - Cecropia Moth Larvae
- Doreen Lewis - Starting to spin Cucoon
- Doreen Lewis - Full Cucoon
- Doreen Lewis - Cecropia Moth Emerged
- David O'Keefe - Fiddleheads
- David O'Keefe - Lobelia cardinalis
- D. P. Maugham - Red Clover
- D. P. Maugham - Common Burdock
- Jean McDermott - Cat tails
- Jean McDermott - Frog in Pond
- Jean McDermott - Coastal Rocks
- Linda McKeane - Sunset
- Linda McKeane - Seascape
- Jo Ann Murray - Great Horned Owllet
- Jo Ann Murray - Saw-whet Owl
- Jo Ann Murray - Long-eared Owl
- Florence Preston - Goat's Beard
- Hilton Robson - Indian Pipe
- Hilton Robson - Kabenung Lake
- Patrick Scanlon - Short-horned Grasshopper
- Patrick Scanlon - Short-horned Grasshopper
- Amy Stewart - Marsh Hawks in Nest
- Amy Stewart - Young Marsh Hawk
- Amy Stewart - Fritillary on Milkwood
- Amy Stewart - Monarch on Goldenrod
- John Thomson - Common Snipe
- John Thomson - Yellow-rumped Warbler
- John Thomson - Skunk Cabbage

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ADVANCED CATEGORY - Next page.

ADVANCED CATEGORY

BOTANICAL:

- 1st V. L. Richards - Ram's Head Orchid
 2nd Emmy Nakai - Calypso Orchid

ZOOLOGICAL:

- 1st Helen Hancock - Fawn Feeding
 2nd John Claessen - Fledgling Long-eared Owl

GENERAL:

- 1st Dr. Donald Gunn - Stormy Day on L. Huron
 2nd V. L. Richards - Sunburst

HONOUR AWARDS:

- Ken Carmichael - Loon
 John Claessen - Hairy Woodpecker, Female
 Betty Greenacre - Lady Slippers
 - Mushrooms in Moss
 - Squirrel Corn
 Dr. Donald Gunn - Saw-whet Owl
 Wes Hancock - Chanterelles and Ferns
 Helen Hancock - Nature's Oil Slick
 Harvey Medland - Mist over Lake of Bays
 Emmy Nakai - Puffin #2
 - Gannets
 - Slender Leaf Sundew
 Barry Ranford - Great Horned Owl
 - House Wren
 V. L. Richards - Calypso Orchid
 Evelyn Ricker - A Puff of Spores
 - Monarch on Goldenrod

ACCEPTED - ADVANCED

- Ken Carmichael - Prothonitry Warbler
 - Brewster's Warbler
 - Scarlet Tanager
 A. W. Caron - Walrus
 - Rock Ptarmigan
 - Arctic Willows
 John Claessen - Robin
 - Moose Country
 Edith Cosens - Buckbean
 - Indian Paintbrush
 - Swamp Milkweed
 - Fireweed
 Betty Greenacre - Skunk Cabbage Trio

- Dr. Donald Gunn - Habenaria orbiculata
 - Monarch Chrysalis
 Joan Gunn - Shadbush
 - Lake Ontario - October
 - Moss on Granite
 Wes Hancock - Indian Pipes
 - Elm Pleurotus
 Helen Hancock - Monarch Butterfly Chrysalis
 - Chanterelle
 H. W. Lemon - Marsh Marigold
 - Purple Fringed Orchid
 - Helleborine
 - Cardinal Lobelia
 Evelyn McDermott - Bloodroot
 - Musk or Nodding Thistle
 - Saw-whet Owl
 Harvey Medland - Sunset - Cranberry Marsh
 - White-tailed Ptarmigan
 - Showy Lady's Slipper
 Thérèse Paradis - Female Moose
 - Canada Goose Splashdown
 - Sunset on Kempenfelt Bay
 - Wood Ducks
 Barry Ranford - Cooper's Hawk
 - Dowitcher
 V. L. Richards - Painted Beauty
 Evelyn Ricker - Starfish
 - Tall White Bog Orchid
 Ed Sexsmith - BlueBerry
 - Gull Chicks
 - Dragon Fly
 - Flowerpot Island
 Eric Sillick - Golden Aleuria
 - Pholiota Squarrosoides
 - Oyster Mushroom
 - Velvet-stemmed Collybia
 Arthur Spinney - Yellow Bullhead, Male & fry
 Harold Taylor - Snow Goose
 - Lake Ontario
 Allen Valiunas - Wood Lily
 - Ice at Sunset
 - Pale Corat-root
 - Boulder Lichen

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COMING EVENTS

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Sunday evening films - 7:00 p.m.

- Dec. 2 - Woman Against the Desert: planting trees in the Sahara;
Death of a Legend: the life and play of wolves
- Dec. 9 - On the Twelfth Day; African craftsmen - The Ashanti;
All in a Day - the Auction

ROYAL CANADIAN INSTITUTE - at Convocation Hall, University of Toronto, 8:15 p.m.

- Dec. 1 - New Hope for Heart Attacks - slides and movies - Dr. Hymbecker
- Dec. 8 - Of Pets and People - illustrated - Allen C. Secord

CBC-TV

Dec. 9 - Winter is a Way of Life: with John and Janet Foster on
'To The Wild Country' - at 8:00 p.m.

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We still have a long way to go to pay for the addition to the JIM BAILLIE RESERVE. As of November 11, 200 donors have contributed a total of \$4,422.50. Won't you send in your donation this month? We will send you a receipt for income tax purposes.

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TO: Stuart Corbett
52 Haileybury Drive
Scarborough, Ontario.

1973, December.

I enclose a cheque or money order made out to the TORONTO FIELD NATURALISTS in the amount of \$ _____, as a donation toward the

JIM BAILLIE NATURE RESERVE

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Postal Code _____