

# Toronto Field Naturalists' Club

## May Meetings

The annual meeting of the Club will be held on

Monday, May 8, 1950

at the

Royal Ontario Museum

at 8.15 p.m.

Speaker - Mr. W.W.H.Gunn

Subject - Wild Life in the High Arctic (Movies)

There will also be an R.K.O. movie short entitled "Seal Island" which is being presented through the courtesy of Mr. Ralph Knights.

### R O T U N D A   D I S P L A Y

A collection of flower prints by various Canadian artists, through the courtesy of Mr.A.R.Whittemore, Editor of Canadian Nature.

---

The Hamilton Nature Club is holding a special spring meeting on Monday May 1, 1950. This meeting will take the form of a coloured moving picture entitled "From the Ocean to the Appalachians" by the noted movie photographer and lecturer Mr. W.Bryant Tyrrell, at the Westdale Secondary School Auditorium, Hamilton, on Monday May 1, at 8.15 p.m. Tickets may be procured by mail. Send stamped addressed envelope to the Programme Committee, c/o Mr.H.E.Kettle, Box 384, Hamilton, Ont. They may also be bought at the door on the night of the lecture. Price - - 50¢  
A most cordial invitation is extended by the Hamilton Club to any of our members who may wish to attend this lecture.

---

For a list of May outings, please consult your spring outing programme.

---

Mrs.J.B.Stewart - Secretary,  
21 Millwood Road, Toronto,  
HYland 5052

# Toronto Field Naturalists' Club.



Number 92, April - 1950

Shortly after ten this morning (April 15th) the telephone rang. At this time of year with the migration in full swing, there is always the chance that a ringing telephone will mean that someone is going to tell me of a new bird they've seen. I advanced to the phone with anticipation. I was not wrong.

The voice said to me, "It's a beautiful day. You're not out birding". I agreed on both counts. Then, in an excited burst "There's the queerest looking bird in Archie Hare's garden. It's like a robin with a bill two inches long!" There could be no doubt what that was, and I wanted to see it. Telling Miss Fife, my informant, to keep watch on the bird till I could get there, I rushed into outdoor clothes and hurried to the street car. The car got caught in a traffic jam, and I thought we would never get down Bay. Finally we did reach St. Mary's Street. I jumped out and raced along Charles Street to Prof. Hare's home. Archie opened the door and assured me the bird was still there. We sped to the kitchen, where were Mrs. Hare and Miss Fife. Archie said skeptically "This will probably turn out to be a sparrow". It didn't. The bird was what it had to be from the description, the first woodcock I have ever seen in a city garden.

A large, plump woodcock, its underparts were washed with robin red of the hue common to female robins. It was standing quietly when I first saw it, but my friends told me that once it had been scared by a cat and had flown close under the kitchen window. Archie said it had been doing a lot of "humping" up and down. This sounded like some version of the usual shorebird bobbing, though I had never seen a woodcock do it. In fact, except for the nuptial dance and flight, my experience with woodcocks has been very limited. This is true of most observers. Quite understandably so, for this bird is mostly nocturnal in habit, and is rarely seen during the daytime unless one flushes it from its leafy bed in the woods. On such occasions, it flies off to some other refuge, perhaps a very distant one, such as the bird T.F. McIlwraith and I once put up at Gention Woods, Scarboro Bluffs, which took one look

at us, and headed straight out from the bluff across the lake, the nearest land being New York State. Remembering such experiences, I was pleased that this woodcock showed a more trusting attitude. I must say, however, it did keep a wary eye cocked in the direction of the kitchen window.

As we watched, the "humping" began again. It was not like any shore-bird action I had ever seen, though it belonged certainly to the family type of activity. Much more gradual and dignified than ordinary bobbing was this action. It was as if the bird were breathing slowly in and out, filling its lungs and letting the air out with deliberate control. When it had done this several times, it began to move. Now its walk was as sedate and precise as its "humping". In fact, the two processes became blended into one, and it seemed to us that the bird was carefully feeling its way across the garden bed. The action resembled closely the moves of a person trying thin ice. A foot would be thrust forward, and the body gingerly levered up and down. Then another foot and more testing. After a progress of two or three feet in this way the woodcock suddenly became interested in the ground. It plunged its long, sensitive bill carefully through the dead leaves and into the soil. Twice it withdrew without result, but on the third occasion it obviously had made a catch, for it lifted its head, and with much working of the mandibles and a final shake of the head, sent its capture travelling down its throat. Several times this happened in quick succession. Clearly there was no lack of food in this garden. The woodcock's normal food is earthworms, and twice it was evident that this had been the catch for, though slower and less violent, the woodcock acted very like a robin drawing a long worm from the ground. We did not see the worm, which must have been hidden in the long bill. On other occasions the bird's motions suggested that its captives were smaller creatures than earthworms, perhaps insects, grubs or cutworms. It was noticeable that when a good probing spot had been found the "humping" ceased, but when it stopped probing, it began to hump and to walk about. Archie offered the idea that the bird was testing the ground. This appears to me to be a likely possibility, for soft or spongy soil would yield more readily and the bird would know where it could safely probe. This would seem all the more likely as after last night's frost some of the ground would be frozen. The bird kept largely to the sunny parts which would be melted and soft.

To be able to watch a woodcock feeding at all was in itself a remarkable privilege. Hitherto all I have seen has been an assemblage of probe holes around some muddy spot in the woods. This is a common sight, but not the bird making them. Why should this woodcock be feeding at all in a city garden? I think it is most likely because the bird was on migration last night, became tired, and landed as soon as daylight came, even though it found itself in the midst of a large city. The playing fields of Victoria College and the adjacent gardens were probably the first good open area it saw, and so it landed there in this garden near St. Thomas Street. If it followed the open area to this point it would be tempted to come down at the end of the open in this pocket. This must be a common occurrence for we find an extra abundance of migrants at the heads of ravines, as at Keele and Bloor Streets, and the north end of Grenadier Stream. They go as far as they can, then stop for the day. This garden at the end of the playing fields would be analagous to the head of a ravine in this respect. Having landed and rested awhile, the

head of a ravine in this respect. Having landed and rested awhile, the bird would soon discover that it was hungry, and would test the area for food. Finding that it held possibilities, it would proceed to feed in the daytime. Under the stress of the unusual circumstances of migration, ordinary routine is very often ignored, and a remarkable degree of adaptability exhibited. This, I think, was such a case. It was suggested that possibly the bird was injured, but of this we could see no evidence.

The feeding process was not continuous, but was interrupted by brief spells of resting, partly by standing still, partly by settling on the ground. When it had satisfied its hunger sufficiently - the whole feeding period with interruptions having taken about 20 minutes - it really settled down to sleep. Before, however, it assumed what might be considered to be its normal sleeping posture, I was amused to see it loll on its side, feet extended lazily before it, and tail cocked up at an angle behind. In this position it resembled of all things, my Irish terrier, or any other four-footed beast, that has rolled over comfortably on its side. I have never seen a bird do such a thing before, nor even thought that it could. Yet it remained there for several minutes, exposing its tummy to the sun. Then it took the usual position of a bird roosting on the ground, and tucked its head under its wing, though still keeping its tail cocked. That it was not wholly at ease in this strange environment was perhaps evidenced by the fact that it rested in such a way that it could always keep an eye on the kitchen window, where it must have discerned our slight movements. On every occasion that I looked that eye was open, though the bird was obviously dozing.

As soon as the woodcock settled amongst the dead leaves in the garden the excellence of the natural camouflage which the mottling on its back and the dark and light bands on the head provide, was very noticeable. If you did not know where the bird was it was hardly visible, a fact demonstrated by the difficulty which one or two of the visitors who came to see it had in finding it. How many such migrants pass unnoticed in our gardens?

Fortunately this bird was detected in time to give several observers an intensely interesting adventure with a creature of the wild. These are the days to watch your gardens, all your surroundings. When migration is on anything can happen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cobble Hill, in Pickering, the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. Murray Speirs, harbors another very successful feeding station of the Toronto region. Mrs. Speirs has devoted many years of meticulous study to the evening grosbeak. It is therefore of great satisfaction to her that the feeding station at Cobble Hill has proven such an attraction to that species. Mrs. Speirs' account of the grosbeaks is a particularly welcome contribution to the Newsletter. She writes (March 21) "Prof. William Rowan of the University of Alberta has written a pamphlet "The Ten-year Cycle" (1948) which describes the fluctuations in numbers of bird and mammal populations of the well-known cyclic species. He writes (p.5): "The most celebrated members of this cycling fraternity include (beside rabbits) practically all members of the grouse family, the Hungarian partridge, probably the pheasant, the magpie, almost certainly evening

grosbeak and blue jay, as well as the majority of furberers..."

Because this is a "grosbeak year" in the East, and because I was much interested in the pamphlet quoted above (published by the Department of Extension University of Alberta, (Edmonton), I wrote to Prof. Rowan. Under date of February 24 he replied (in part) as follows:"

"As to evening grosbeaks, I am somewhat doubtful about these birds at the moment. During the past two rabbit peaks they have been here in great numbers, showing a more or less steady increase followed by almost total disappearance. This year there should have been lots of them but they have not shown up. The food situation in town might account for this, but there is no way of getting the real answer yet. The species is very erratic in its wanderings and the former seeming regularity may have been mere coincidence. The birds seem to be abundant in Massachusetts this winter, judging from recent comments from Thornton Burgess..."

Although apparently the birds are missing in Edmonton, they are remarkably plentiful in the Toronto region as I write. That this is a peak year for evening grosbeaks in the East there is no doubt. The vanguards reached the Toronto area on February 15 and have been increasing in numbers at least until the third week in March. My own records might be of interest.

On February 15, 1950, at 3.30 p.m. a flock of about twelve arrived. There were eight males and four females. They came into the sumac which stands across the driveway from the living room window of our stone bungalow, at this little sanctuary of "Cobble Hill".

Cobble Hill is situated one and half miles up the Altona Road, north of the Kingston Road (Highway #2). It is in the Rouge Hills, just east of the Rouge River Valley, in Pickering Township, Ontario County. The ten acres are part of a terminal moraine and the pillars at the entrance, the house and garage were built from the cobble stones which were deposited by the glacier some million years ago. There are about two acres of cleared land, on different levels, and eight acres of mixed bush (hemlock, cedar, white pine, birch, maple, elm and poplar). Our woods are but part of quite an extensive forest (for this part of southern Ontario). At the bottom of the hill flows little old Petti-coat Creek, which is all frozen over as I write, but which will soon be flowing with flood waters, smelts and suckers.

We have an active bird-feeding station, with daily winter customers - hairy and downy woodpeckers, blue jays, chickadees, white-breasted nuthatches, English sparrows, cardinals and juncos. Northern shrikes and sharp-shinned hawks make sudden visits. Then the birds scatter or freeze. There are seasonal guests that fluctuate in numbers and the length of time in which they remain. These include many species; but the evening grosbeak was not a regular customer until recently.

The flock of grosbeaks which fed in the sumacs on February 15 did not remain, but flew southward. On February 21 and 22 other grosbeaks were heard making their way down the valley. On February 25 in the morning bright and early there were three females in the sumacs. One was facing the sun, with the tail slightly spread so that the white spots were conspicuous.

That afternoon at 4.20 a small flock of five birds arrived from down the valley. They alighted near the top of an elm and one of them reached for an elm bud. After resting for a few minutes, all flew northwards. Ten minutes later another small flock (seven birds this time) arrived from the south. They flew into the sumacs, making a lovely picture. A bright yellow male was standing on the top of a velvety red sumac "cone", while near him perched a female on the top of another cone. The two other males and the three remaining females were on branches of the sumac, and reaching towards various cones of seeds. Because of the cold all the birds were fluffed out, and looked remarkably large. They were conversing musically and the sweet notes "chipchip-choo-wee" were heard. At 4.55 p.m. all flew northward. I surmised that they would be roosting for the night in the woods close by, when they were here so late in the day.

On February 26 at 1.30 p.m. there was one female evening grosbeak in the tallest of the sumacs. She flew into our large silver maple and perched quietly on a bending bough facing the white hillside beyond Petticoat Creak. Suddenly she flew around the edge of the verandah, and then we heard the loud and blood-curdling scream of a terrified bird. Rushing to the kitchen window, Murray and I saw a scattering array of blue jays and juncos, as a sharp-shinned hawk dashed past the window. What he had caught we did not see. He disappeared around the corner of the house; and the grosbeak had disappeared too. We had an uncomfortable feeling that it was she that the hawk had seized, that she was his dinner. We could hardly finish our own. One male grosbeak came on March 2, and one female on March 5. On the latter day Murray discovered that there was a flock above the Rouge River Valley on the west side, and I went with him in the afternoon to see these birds. One of them (a female) had a head injury. We christened her "Baldrina". You will hear about her again. The flock was feeding on Manitoba maple seeds which were on the snow beneath the bare trees. The birds would fly up into a tall ash tree, holding the winged samaras in their bills. The males looked particularly beautiful as seen against the blue sky and distant hills.

On March 7 a pair appeared at Cobble Hill and were seen in the sumacs. So far none of the grosbeaks had come to the feeding table for sunflower seeds. We wondered when the sunflower seeds would be discovered.

On March 8 what appeared to be the same pair returned in the early morning. At 8.16 a.m. a loud churr note was heard and the pair alighted on the living room window feeder. This had been made especially by Murray for the grosbeaks and now it was in use. I was thrilled. The birds remained with us until nearly 3.00 p.m. and many notes were taken on their behaviour. At 6.55 the next morning our birds were back. At 10.10 a.m. two females were discovered at the feeding station but the other pair had disappeared. The two females fed and chattered; flew into the trees, rested, returned for more sunflower seeds. There was a plentiful supply and I began to wonder if these birds might be scouts from a large flock.

About 1.30 p.m. I noticed that the darker of the two females was perching in a lilac by herself, and realized that she had been there alone for some time. About fifteen minutes later the pale grosbeak arrived suddenly from the west. My notes read: "She came into the lilac where her companion was and seemed greatly excited. She had so much to tell her waiting friend. She talked and talked, using the churr or dzee note,

but in various rhythms. The other bird just listened quietly to the "long story" and I longed to understand grosbeak language."

At 2.00 p.m. it became clear what the excitement had been about. A large flock of evening grosbeaks arrived from the west. There were eleven males and nine females, and among the latter was the bird which we had christened "Baldrina" on Sunday afternoon when we saw her across the Rouge Valley to the west. It struck me that the pale female might have been, then, a scout for this flock. She had found the supply of sunflower seeds pretty reliable at this station, and, presumably, had flown back to the flock on the other side of the valley to give a good report. Then she returned and told her companion the news. Shortly thereafter the big flock arrived. They were not in the least shy and took over the whole place. They crowded the feeding table and tray, and the commotion was a thrill. The wind was blustery and it was bitterly cold; yet two big robins arrived for sumac seeds, and a crow flew over the valley. Blue jays were everywhere.

The most beautiful picture of the day was composed of four yellow evening grosbeaks on the window feeding-tray, with two blue jays in the lilac directly behind them, and behind the blue jays the two robins, balancing atop the sumac cones. From yellow to blue to deep red against a grey winter sky!

On March 10 the flock numbered at least twenty-five, on March 11 fifty. On March 12 we counted fifty-two in sight at once. There was a preponderance of males in the flocks. My notes commencing at 2.20 p.m. read: "I have been right beside the window in the living room watching three male Evening Grosbeaks at the window-tray outside. There was only the glass between us, and so all the beauty of their plumage was visible to me. I observed the sheen of sunlight over their sleek bodies; that the yellow of their plumage glowed as though the shafts of light had affixed themselves to the bodies of the birds. The black crowns, primaries and tails were but the dark shadows that enhanced the brilliance and polish of the yellows and golds. The white patches on the wings were highlights of dazzling radiance. All this beauty could be seen on a south window-sill at Cobble Hill on this sunny Sunday afternoon in March".

By the nineteenth of the month, the early morning flock numbered 78 grosbeaks. That is our largest count to date, and may be the peak of the "curve". On the other hand there may be another influx later in the spring. We must wait and see.\*

The grosbeaks are roosting for the night in our woods and in the woods of our neighbours to the north. This morning I was out in the bush on snowshoes at 6.00 o'clock, and at 6.15 heard the waking grosbeaks in the trees around. That part of the bush from which came the loudest notes is largely coniferous - white cedar, hemlock, white pine, paper birch. There is a dense growth of cedars, a good cover for roosting birds. I have been so near the grosbeaks that the warning note "quoit" could be heard. There has been a rush of wings overhead and

\*Ed.Note: A little later Mrs. Speirs had 110 grosbeaks at her station one morning.

loud "p-teers" as the birds flew off. But I have yet to surprise a sleeping grosbeak on his roost and to watch the small huddled shape in the tree, head tucked into the feathers. Perhaps this is the peak of a ten-year cycle and many of us in this region will have yet many days in which to study and admire the evening grosbeak.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

Mrs. Bertrand leVay, whose keen observations in the Belt Line ravine near Mount Pleasant Cemetery were of such interest to readers of the Newsletter, has sent in another record of able watching. This time it is a description of what she saw during one day's looking from her own windows. She tells us (March 17) "In February the picture is sometimes rather bare of bird life, but I have not found it so this year. The ravine has seemed deserted at times, it is true, but I have had a good number of visitors in the garden, due perhaps to the heavy snowfall. On February 28th I was able to spend a little more time than usual at my window, and made the following observations. 8.30 a.m. The tree sparrow who has been visiting us for the last few days was here bright and early, with a cardinal, chickadees, nuthatches and jays. It was busily picking millet seeds from the ground at a very early hour, and last night stayed in the garden until 5.30, long after the other birds had retired. This morning I thought it had brought its mate to our tree, as near it in the birch I could see a small sparrow-like bird picking at the catkins. When I got my glasses I noticed, first the heavily striped sides, and presently a wine-red crown on its head - a red poll - a new bird for the garden. I watched it for half an hour flitting from branch to branch feeding busily on the plentiful catkins. At one point it tucked a rather large catkin under its wing while pecking at the seeds.

9.a.m. I saw juncos at the edge of the ravine. 11.55 a.m. I chanced to glance out the window into the whirling snowstorm and observing a tree sparrow and a chickadee in the garden paused to watch for a moment. Presently a large bird swooped into a low branch of our silver birch. I trembled for my small visitors when I saw that it was a large sized northern shrike. The chickadee froze on the feeding tray, and the tree sparrow hopped up and down nervously on the clothes-line uttering agitated cheeps. The shrike seemed to regard them with interest but made no move. Then the two small birds flew into the branches high above the shrike's head before it could make up its mind to attack. Meanwhile it sat for a full minute quite still, in plain view from the window, and I have never been able to observe a shrike at my leisure to better advantage. This was a beautifully marked adult bird, handsome if formidable, and when it flew off towards the ravine, I heard the jays harrying it for some time after it had disappeared. This was the first time I had seen a shrike in the garden. Two firsts in one morning. 12.00 noon. A male cardinal sat in the mock orange at the end of the garden, but did not come on the feeding tray, which was covered with snow. 1.15 - 1.30 p.m. There were four downy woodpeckers in our birch, presumably two pairs, each couple disputing loudly among themselves the suet rights of our tree, while apparently ignoring the other couple.

2.15 p.m. One goldfinch among the catkins. 2.20 p.m. A junco in the tree, did not stay though there were seeds and crumbs on the ground. 2.30 p.m. A flock of about fifteen red polls invaded our birch. The adult males, very much in the minority, had lovely rosy throats. They stayed about five minutes feeding on the catkins, and the lone goldfinch remained unperturbed among them. Startled by a truck passing on the road below, they all rose of one accord high in the air, and swept off with goldfinch-like twittering. In five minutes six of them returned to resume their interrupted meal.

At 2.50 the red polls departed; for a moment the solitary goldfinch remained, then it too deserted and the tree remained silent, seeming suddenly lonely after such an eventful day.

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

Mention of a feeding station in the last number of the Newsletter, where a screech owl lived in a barrel placed close by, has brought forth a considerable number of communications. In these there are two very distinct and strongly voiced points of view. It is worthy of note that numerically the proponents of one view have exactly balanced the upholders of the other. In other words, there is strong support for each view. The two views are 1) Those who favor having the screech owl and/or other predators near a feeding station; 2) those who are against the idea.

In the case of the latter view one writer asks "Would not the extra encouragement to the predator (i.e. the barrel for the screech owl) seem to be loading the dice in its favor?" A second writer says "There is nothing wrong in providing a barrel for a screech owl, but most certainly it should be back in the woods, or, at least, not near a feeding station. ....A feeding station creates an unnatural condition, and to invite predators to hang around and live on the small birds, surely has nothing whatever to do with the balance of nature, since the feeding station itself is unnatural, having been provided by people, not by nature." These two citations would seem to give the substance of the opposing view.

In the case of the supporting view, one person stated that "I was glad to see that there is one owner of a feeding station who is not trying to domesticate the visiting birds out of all their normal reactions of defence but keeping them on their toes". Another takes the position, arguing curiously enough from the same basis as above, that the feeding station is an "artificial" or "unnatural" setup, that for that very reason it is necessary to "build up the balance" and "to keep things as close to nature as possible". These quotations represent the chief argument advanced by the advocates of this view.

This is clearly one of those differences of opinion where there is something to be said on both sides. I assume that the scientific approach would be to assemble evidence of experience on both sides. If readers of the Newsletter are interested to send in such evidence out of their own experience, I shall be prepared to renew a discussion of this matter at a later date.

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

The Summer Nature School of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists has been regarded for many years as one of the most significant activities to which the Toronto Field Naturalists' Club, through the Club's affiliation with the Federation of Ontario Naturalists has been able to contribute. A considerable number of our members have been associated with this important development. Through it they have been able to make a most valuable contribution to the advancement of nature study, and to the development of Canadian culture.

It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we are able to announce that the TWELFTH ANNUAL SUMMER NATURE SCHOOL will be held in the Muskoka district at Camp Billie Bear on Bella Lake, which is seventeen miles from Huntsville, Ontario, from July 1st to 15th, 1950. The Summer Nature School is planned for those desiring to increase their knowledge of natural history. In case more apply than can be accommodated, preference will be given to those engaged in or preparing for leadership in nature education, such as teachers, camp counsellors, librarians, etc.

The primary purpose of the school is to familiarize students with plants and animals in their natural habitats and to study their inter-relationships.

Field trips are an important part of each day's activities. Talks by the leaders, discussion groups and some laboratory instruction supplement the field observations. There is also a small reference library for the use of students.

There is free time for boating, swimming and other recreation. Informality is the keynote and sports clothes (slacks and shorts) are the only clothes necessary.

There will be special groups for those beginning field work. Instruction is designed to give the student a general background and to aid him to continue further study by himself. For those who wish to specialize in a particular subject, groups will be arranged.

As in former years, the staff will include leaders in the field of nature education. Professor A.F.Coventry, Department of Zoology, University of Toronto, will be in charge of the educational programme.

Students will arrive at camp on Saturday, July 1, and will leave on Saturday, July 15th. Arrangements at regular rates may be made with Col. Kelsall of Camp Billie Bear if you wish to go to camp a few days earlier.

PRICE: \$70.00 for the two-week period July 1st to 15th, 1950. This includes the cost of instruction, board, lodging (two or more to a room) and tips to the hotel staff. Total fee must be paid by June 1, 1950. Deposits on reservations cancelled by applicant before June 1st, 1950 will be refunded minus necessary charges. Deposits on reservations cancelled by applicant after June 1st, 1950 will be forfeited. Make cheques payable at par Toronto to the Federation of Ontario Naturalists.

For further information write to The Federation of Ontario Naturalists, 100 Queen's Park, Toronto 5, Ontario.

No reservations will be taken after June 1, 1950. Send your application early.

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

The Children's Book of Trees Leonard L. Knott. Pictures by Jacques Gagnier, Editorial Associates, Montreal. 1949, pp.29.

The Children's Book about Pulp and Paper by the same. Montreal. 1949 pp30.

These are two of the cleverest and most effective little books that have come my way in a long time. To capture and to hold a child's attention on a subject like conservation requires great imagination and artistry, and a real understanding of children. In the case of these two books artist and author, working co-operatively have done a superb job of describing and suggesting a whole world of relations between man and nature. I have tried these books on children, notably on teenagers, and the remarks of one of these last about the Book of Trees will serve to show the way in which all received them. She said "Why you can't lay this book down once you've opened it. You just read on and on till you've finished, and when you're done you realise what a lot you have learned without ever having known you were studying at all".

The Book of Trees tells how trees and forests grow, how the Indians and settlers made use of trees, how the forests have become so vital a part of Canadian life. What enemies trees have, and what protection must be provided to preserve the forest. All this is done in a few well chosen words. When words would be too many or too technical, the artist enters to suggest in deft and humorous manner, what volumes of print could not say so surely and meaningfully.

The Book about Pulp and Paper carries on to a new stage. In a collection of brilliant, brief stories, it tells how paper was first made, how many people have contributed to the rise of the great pulp and paper industry in Canada, and particularly that part a Canadian, Charles Fenerty, had in the discovery of making paper from wood.

As well as being model examples of the persuasive power of a happy combination of the visual and the written, these books have a distinctive Canadian touch. This is noticeable both in the selection of material and in the cartoons. One of the drawings I find most telling portrays the way in which "a tree's cells work all day", and the traffic policemen directing the cells about their work wear the uniforms of Montreal police! There is surprise and pleasure for young and old alike on every page of these books, and a fund of excellent information. The Book of Trees has been published with the co-operation of the Canadian Forestry Association, and the companion volume with that of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association.

No school library can afford to be without these books. Nor can any parent who wants to broaden his child's understanding of one of Canada's proudest possessions, her forests and the industry based upon them, overlook such books. But don't forget to buy them for yourself too. Just get a look at the picture in the Book of Trees of the sombre Indian biting his nails as he gazes at a raft full of Canadiens poling downstream, roaring their heads off in one of their inimitable folk songs - perhaps Alouette. Then you will know why I say, get that book.

ROBERT M. SAUNDERS

Editor.