

110  
The Toronto Field Naturalists' Club

NOVEMBER MEETINGS

Monday, November 3rd, 1952 at 8.15 p.m.

at the

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Speaker: Dr. J. Keith Reynolds, Biologist - Division  
of Fish & Wildlife, Department of Lands  
and Forests, Maple.

Subject: "Ontario's Jack Rabbits". Illustrated.

Wildlife Colour Films by Canadian  
Producers will be presented by  
Mr. William Carrick.

ROTUNDA DISPLAY

A display of equipment for nature photography.

NOVEMBER OUTING

A bird walk, particularly for water birds, to Sunnyside  
and the Lower Humber Marshes.

On Saturday, November 8th, at 2.00 p.m.

Meet at the Bathing Pavilion, Sunnyside.

Leader - Mr. George Francis.

We have been very pleased with the response to the request  
to send fees to the secretary by mail. Will you please  
keep up the good work. Fees (\$2.00) are now due.

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

# Toronto Field Naturalists' Club.



## NEWSLETTER

Number 110 - October 1952

To anyone contemplating a trip to Florida, the "Sunshine State", in search of birds, the following account of such a jaunt undertaken by four members of the Club last spring will be of very great interest. Even to those readers who cannot plan such a trip, it will be a refreshing adventure into the unknown. The description of the trip is written by Barney Barnett, well-known member of this Club's executive. The second part of Mr. Barnett's article will appear in the next issue of the Newsletter.

### Southward in Spring

Taking opportunity by the hand when it knocked this spring, I was able to take a trip to Florida and see more flora and fauna than would ordinarily be possible. Three other T.F.N.C. members of like interest were in this undertaking, Derek Beacham, John Sherrin and John Cromer; and for three of us it was our first trip to the "Sunshine State". With the help of Olin Pettingill Jr.'s book "A Guide to Bird Finding" we planned our course to cover territories which contained the most new species of birds.

Setting out on Good Friday morning (April 11'52) we crossed the border at Niagara Falls and then made for Route 15 which we followed south. We stopped at the historic town of Gettysburg for the night, and in the morning (Apr. 12) passed through Maryland and into Virginia where turkey vultures began to show themselves circling above the road. At a gas station a persistent songster made us look around until we found our first

mockingbird, sitting on top of a chimney. Obliginglly the bird flew to a nearby tree where he continued his song, and where we had a good view of him. Although from here south this bird was common, we never tired of hearing his cheerful whistling. Invariably his were the loudest notes we heard every morning.

Turning off the main road at Elizabeth City, N.C., we followed U.S. Route 158 - the Virginia Dare Trail - to the coast and at Point Harbor crossed over to the North Carolina Banks. Crossing the bridge we had a beautiful view of a bald eagle sitting majestically on top of a post in the water, while not far away we watched an osprey give a spectacular dive into the water and rise up clutching a fair-sized fish in its talons. Our first view of salt water brought us our first new bird, a laughing gull, a bird whose general appearance is like a Bonaparte's gull, but which is slightly larger and darker on the back. Crossing back over a causeway to Roanoke Island we saw our first salt water marsh, but did not stop to investigate as it was getting late and we were anxious to get located before dark.

Easter Sunday morning (Apr. 13) we stood on the causeway to Roanoke and watched the sun rising over the sand banks of the North Carolina Coast. A crow sitting on a post near by greeted the new day with a short "Ca-Ca": this was the identification we needed to establish it as a fish crow. Almost identical to the common crow, but slightly smaller, for positive field identification it is necessary to have its call.

Enjoying the fresh breeze off the ocean and listening to a chorus of long-billed marsh wrens all around us, we caught sight of two clapper rails swimming from one island of marsh grass to another, and a short time later saw one of the birds fly over to the bushes along the causeway. Driving down to the ocean we saw Holboell's grebes out on the water and laughing and herring gulls flying overhead. On the beach we found a small ray which had probably been caught by some fishermen and thrown on the sands. The empty shell of a young horseshoe crab (*Limulus*) caught our eye. Picking it up we examined it closely. We tried to cast our minds back over hundreds of millions of years when this animal had first attained its present form, but this was too much for us; we could not envisage a world where there were no birds or bees or flowers or animals, and instead we wondered with the scientists how, in an everchanging world, this one creature out of the millions around us, retained its original form. On our way back over the causeway we saw a red-throated loon performing his morning toilet in a little bay near the road.

While waiting for the ferry to take us across Croaton Sound to the mainland we saw two flights of Canada Geese flying north and were interested to learn that this region is one of the winter homes of whistling swans and of Canada, snow and Brant geese.

It was raining when we arrived at Wilmington, N.C., the city of azaleas, so we didn't stop as planned but drove through slowly while we admired, through the car windows, the beautiful gardens loaded with blossoms of all colours and kinds. In this vicinity we saw the first few wisps of Spanish moss hanging from trees and noted the yellow jasmine in flower along the roadside.

At Myrtle Beach although it was still raining slightly we drove onto the sands and up the beach for some distance. Sandlings were numerous and it was fascinating to watch them advancing and retreating with the waves. Derek Beacham identified our first Wilson's plover as it ran out of the path of the car and up the sands where we were able to get an excellent view of it, and to note the heavy bill and the white stripe over the eye.

Sunrise on Resurrection morn (Apr. 14) found us crossing the Santee River, "one of the famous 'rice rivers' which, in the golden age of the plantation era, grew most of the rice consumed in the country". Here we stopped awhile and listened to a chorus of bird songs coming from a wild tangle of trees and shrubs. One persistent song was new to us, and after much looking around we located the singer high on a tree and identified it as a yellow-throated warbler. Standing on the bridge and looking down at the muddy water we were surprised to see our first alligator swimming up river and watched while he went some distance to a muddy bank where an old log provided him with a good sunny perch. Looking downstream we saw twelve white ibis come flying up the river and they were soon followed by a little blue heron, all making for some favorite feeding ground inland. Blue-grey gnatcatchers, cardinals, Carolina wrens and a red-bellied woodpecker along the river made us very reluctant to leave this delightful spot.

At 7.30 a.m. we drove into the delightful little village of McClellanville, S.C., and arriving at the wild life station found the warden just ready to leave on one of his rounds. As only a small boat was available, he was able to take but two of us, so we tossed for the privilege. Derek Beacham and John Sherrin won. While the boys were gone we wandered around and at the edge of the town inlet saw a Louisiana heron in the marsh and a snowy egret preening itself on a post. A Cherokee rose was in bloom at the entrance to the station and wisteria showered cascades of pale-blue flowers everywhere, while mockingbirds, cardinals and Carolina wrens made the air vibrant with their song. We found the village to be one of those charmingly quiet spots, off the beaten track, with its main street canopied by live oaks and bordered with gardens full of flowers.

Strolling eastward to the marsh, we stood on the bank of the Inland Waterway and looked over a sea of green stretching to the horizon, broken here and there with shining ribbons of water. A bird resting on a post looked at us sleepily and had us guessing until we flushed it after a great deal of arm waving and found it to be a willet. Through the reeds we caught a glimpse of a mud-bank

covered with birds which flew up in a cloud as the warden's boat with the boys approached. We hurried to the landing where we were met with exclamations of pleasure which were reciprocated when we were invited to take a turn around the marsh. As soon as we drew away from the dock we found ourselves in a strange world, a world of reeds through which the narrow channel we were on, wound its sinuous way. Gone was the world of humans and houses and gardens and trees; here was a world of birds. They were everywhere. On the mud flats royal terns and laughing gulls rested until we approached, while as we chugged along willets and Hudsonian curlew flew up from the banks like stray from a bow-wave. From the marshes, Louisiana, little blue and great blue herons, snowy and American egrets slowly flapped away a short distance before disappearing. Spotted sandpipers escorted us along the channels while three least terns came flying overhead to look us over. An hour out on the marsh seemed but a few minutes but each one packed with life and interest, and all too soon we found ourselves back at the station where we thanked the warden for his kindness.

We then drove to the Miller Estate, having received permission to go through it from the superintendent who lived in the village. The road led north through the negro section, a district marked by unpainted shacks, and after a short ride through woods, turned in at a gate into the lodge. Here huge live oaks literally smothered with grey Spanish moss made the avenues under them dark as cloistered vaults. At first there did not seem to be a living thing in this shadowed world, then, catching a glimpse of a movement high up, we found the trees were alive with warblers, mostly myrtles, with an occasional black-throated green, but all very hard to see in this mass of dark green and grey. Walking to the marsh through a thick tangle of saw palmetto, grasses and reeds, we came to a pool which was alive with small fiddler crabs scurrying in all directions. Their burrows made the banks look like a sieve. The calm of the inland waterway upon which we emerged was suddenly broken by a large porpoise which frolicked his undulating way for some distance. We returned to the woods near the entrance where we had heard some mysterious calls and found our first hooded warbler among the undergrowth. Still the mysterious song persisted until we finally located the bird in a tree and had a splendid look at a white-eyed vireo who sang as he fed and took not the slightest notice of us.

Regretfully we drove away from McClellanville and gaining the main road went for a short distance before stopping at the Seewee Supply Company store for directions to Mayrant's Backwater. There we learned that a Bachman's warbler had been seen a few days previously. With great excitement we started up a side road, then turned down a mud track through thick woods until we came to a lumber camp. Thinking we had the right spot, (a gate along the road), we got out and looked around but the habitat did not seem right, although we saw a number of warblers and a pair of Carolina chickadees with food in their mouths.

Enquiries at the camp brought out the fact that we still had another mile and a half to go so, piling into the car we moved on and eventually, driving off the road and through an open gate we stopped at a clearing. Here there was thick underbrush with damp places here and there. Almost immediately we found prothonotary and hooded warblers and a summer tanager. John Sherrin spotted a green lizard on a small tree, but before we could get our camera it was gone. We soon saw others but found them very active little creatures that could jump off a tree and disappear almost immediately on the ground. The pink azalea or wild honeysuckle was in flower in the clearings and its beautiful pink pendant blossoms made a welcome relief in this world of green. John Cromer on a lone ramble into the woods reported hearing and seeing a Bachman's warbler, but although we followed him to the spot and looked around all we saw were hooded warblers. When we got back to the path we saw a stick standing in a little clearing with two long streamers of toilet paper tied to it waving in the breeze. On the paper, written in pencil was "Bachman's warbler seen here April 8th". This was the victory banner of the New York Ornithologists.

Back on the main road we turned down a track bearing a sign which said "Bull's Island", and at the end found ourselves in a field at the end of which was a boat landing. Three or four cars were parked there and there were a number of people waiting for the tide to turn so they could go to this well-known nature spot. We were rewarded by seeing three oyster catchers feeding on the mud flats while the tide was out.

Crossing over into Florida on April 15th we bypassed Jacksonville by taking the Buccaneer trail to Amelia Island, once the home of pirates, and at one time or another under Indian, French, Spanish, English, Pirate and finally American rule. To-day was our day for driving so we did not stop until well on in the afternoon when crossing Matanzas Inlet, we saw our first brown pelicans. They were sitting on a sandbar in the company of some double-crested cormorants, and we walked down to the beach to get a better look at them. At the water's edge a patch of seaweed had the attention of two ruddy turnstones, not quite in their full spring plumage, and two spotted sandpipers. While the others moved down the beach to look at a flock of gulls and terns our eyes were drawn to the patterns at our feet made by the receding tide. They say that never are the patterns identically the same; each change, tiny in itself, produces in turn a chain of other variations. We thought of how many patterns this beach had seen and took some pictures to record our thoughts. Patterns on the sand and on adjoining stretches of mud were entirely different as the tiny retreating wavelets had various materials to mould. Sword palmettoes along the road harboured tiny ground doves and one elusive sparrow. The latter had us chasing around for sometime until we finally cornered it and found it was a familiar white-throat of our northern woods. Before leaving we watched three

wood ibis (the only stork of the North American continent) come flying gracefully towards us and then turn and land some distance up the inlet.

Standing on Daytona Beach at about 5.30 a.m., April 16th, with the salt spray in our faces, watching the sun rise over the restless Atlantic, was an experience we shall long remember. At our feet sanderlings scampered about, whilst sea foam, elusive masses of bubbles, blown along by the breeze reflected the full spectrum of light for a few moments before they were no more. Driving along the hard smooth sand watching flocks of gulls and shorebirds we were at bird-watcher's paradise. All we had to do was drive up to a flock of birds and look at them out of the car windows at close quarters, while being seated comfortably. As easy and comfortable as armchair adventuring.

On the road once again we stopped at a small stream and got out of the car just in time to see our first anhinga come flying along and settle on the top of a nearby tree. Snakebird it is well named, for its long neck and small head went through all the contortions of a reptile as it sat and looked around. Turning our attention upstream we saw some Florida mottled ducks, Louisiana herons, wood and white ibis, American and snowy egrets, all making a picturesque scene which we should have liked to put on canvas.

At Titusville we turned east and headed for Merritt Island, one of the best known birding spots along the coast. Boat-tailed grackles were common along the way. We were struck with their great size as compared to the crow blackbirds so familiar to us. Along the marshes we saw a number of sparrows but so elusive and shy that we were never able to catch more than a glimpse of them as they flew up from one grass clump and almost immediately dived into another. All we could say for certain was that they were dark birds with streakings on the side, hardly enough identification, even with their locale, to call them Merritt Island seaside sparrows, but with this we had to be satisfied and move on. As we were leaving the vicinity of the marshes, Dame Fortune gave us one of her charming smiles and we saw on the road ahead of us one of the pictures we shall always retain, ten snowy egrets standing in a group on the road with the plumes blowing in the breeze and their golden feet looking very out of place on the hard pavement. Up to now we had seen hundreds of black vultures circling around in the sky, but suddenly a turn in the road showed us three sitting on the ground ahead. We approached cautiously to within a hundred feet and had a good look before they flew up into nearby trees. Driving up to the spot where they had been we found they were feeding off an opossum which had been run over by a car.

Banana Creek - the name sounds far more tropical and romantic than the place called for - was where we saw three white pelicans out on a lake, the only ones we saw on our entire trip.

The land in this neighbourhood was mostly scrub and so appropriately enough it was here that we saw our first scrub jay, Lacking the head tuft and the black chin strap of the blue jay, this bird is more sombre in general appearance, without any white, but with the sun shining on it, reveals the distinctive blue of the family, especially on wings and tail.

Entering the village of Merritt Island we stopped to admire a date palm in full bloom, the flowers creamy yellow in colour were clustered in a broad plume which waved in the breeze. Going over to Cocoa on the causeway which crosses the Indian River, we saw two black-necked stilts. They were standing up to their bellies in water, but as we approached walked out to the bank, their unbelievably long legs, bright pink in colour, giving them the appearance of walking on stilts - but stilts which were jointed half way up.

Ever since reading Dr. R. M. Saunders book "Carolina Quest", we have wanted to see a real live painted bunting, and therefore when at Fort Pierce we paid a visit to the home of Miss Bates, a lady made famous by her feeding station for these birds. Indeed, it was the sight of one of these extraordinarily beautiful birds feeding on a lawn with the sun highlighting its coat of many colours which brought us to a halt at her house. We found Miss Bates, a lady of 75, one of those rare persons whom one feels better spiritually to have met, and who was delighted to have Canadians visiting her. She told us that she had 24 of these birds boarding with her last winter, but most of them had left for the north by now. Two pairs came out from the nearby shrubbery when she threw out some grain and called them with a soft cooing note. Cardinals, parula, prairie, black and white, and Cape May warblers were other birds seen around her garden. Besides the birds, Miss Bates showed us around the grounds which had many interesting plants, most amazing of which was the shaving brush bush, whose large cerise flowers which look like a giant shaving brush, take only about a minute to expand to full size after the bud bursts open. A mango tree with small fruit, and a papaya tree were old acquaintances which I had not seen since leaving India. Along the coastal road which is mostly scrub we saw many yucca and prickly pear cactus plants blooming among the saw palmettos.

Driving into Miami at 6.30 a.m. April 17th we were astonished to see a red-bellied woodpecker drumming on a telephone pole by the side of the main thoroughfare almost over our heads. While in town we made our way to the Rickenbacker Causeway where we were pleasantly surprised to see our first great white heron. We were told we would have to go down to the Keys to see one and here it was in the heart of a big city. It stood majestically watching us while we gave it a first long look then, as we attempted to approach closer, it spread its great seven foot span of white wings and flapped away. A flock of 50 least terns resting on the shore apparently tired out after a long flight, allowed us to

approach quite close to admire their dainty selves and note the black tips of their yellow bills. With them was a piping plover. A large flock of birds flying drew our attention next. As they approached closer we were able to identify them as black skimmers. Since they flew by in close formation and near enough to see them in good detail they left us with a picture full of action and colour, a picture of black and white and red against a blue background of sky and water.

No other stops were made until at long last we were in the Keys on that fantastic highway of bridges that skips out into the green waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Crossing to Key Largo we saw two man-o-war birds with their long bills, long forked tails and long slim wings coasting and circling effortlessly in perfect symmetric patterns in a cloudless sky. And where the mangroves were thick we saw the grey kingbird. While like our Eastern kingbird in habits and characteristics, this bird has a long thick bill more like a king-fisher than a kingbird and we wondered what item of its diet called for such a formidable beak.

"No pen can adequately describe the beauty, elegance and grace of its aerial evolutions." That was how one writer expressed himself about the swallow-tailed kite. We had just crossed the bridge into Whale Harbor on Plantation Key when we caught sight of one of these handsome birds gliding and circling over the road. As we watched its aerial manoeuvres we agreed with the writer but felt that along with its grace of action he should have mentioned the beauty of its form for it is certainly a very striking bird.

As we came to the end of the Seven Mile Bridge on a ride in which we appeared to be going nowhere, we saw some birds on a sandbar and stopped to investigate. This flock turned out to contain royal terns, laughing gulls and double-crested cormorants resting quietly, while at the edge were some black skimmers flopping around in the water having an afternoon bath. Here among the bushes we ran into a wave of warblers, among which we saw palm, prairie, blackpoll, redstart, black and white, ovenbird, northern waterthrush, Cape May and hooded. No doubt the fact that the next key north was out of sight made them look around for a good feed before starting on the seven mile flight across the water.

Crossing the bridges from one key to another was always a thrilling experience for we were sure of seeing gulls and terns circling overhead, herons and egrets standing still in the shallows and brown pelicans sailing serenely along or sometimes making their spectacular vertical dives after fish. And then there was ever the bright green water in which shallows and channels, seaweed and currents, all played their part in altering shades and presenting an everchanging picture. We saw sargasso weed floating in from the tropics and wondered if it harboured

any of the strange creatures which habitually make it their home. We saw banana, papya and tamarand trees, hibiscus and oleander and a host of other plants strange to our northern eyes. Here we could have wandered around for a whole season, but all too soon we arrived at Key West the southern-most point of our journey. That night we supped on turtle steak and lime pie by candlelight under the stars while the trade winds played a serenade on the fronds of coconut palms over our heads.

(To be continued)  
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How many members have been raided by a bear? John Outram, son of our former President, Alan Outram, has really been out in the wild this summer. You will no doubt agree after reading the following letter written at Pipe Stem Lake, August 22nd last. John writes to his family:

"Glad to hear they were Arctic three-toeds as I suspected. I saw two females (no yellow) yesterday.

What kind of partridge-like bird has a red patch near its eye? Is it a spruce hen, or is there such a thing? Anyway we see lots of those deep in the spruce woods. They are very tame and will hardly move out of one's way. Probably never seen people before.

We portaged down Gargoyle Creek to Mathieu's Lake and I saw otter swimming and playing merrily about. I had a good look until he spotted us.

The other day we came to a little lake way back in and there was a big beaver swimming around in circles having a great time, perfectly unaware of our presence. We watched him all through lunch and Andre took three pictures. The beaver would swim in circles or figure-eights, then every two or three feet he'd go "flop" and up-end with a big splash, come up quickly and swim a little further. It was very interesting to watch. We scared up two Canada geese on Gargoyle Creek also.

A bear raided our cabin Wednesday while we were away at work. When we came back we surely met with an awful mess. He'd squashed cans of milk and butter, eaten all the jam and knocked everything every which way. That night I heard a noise, rolled over in bed and came face to face with Mr. Bear, who was about three feet away on the other side of the netting looking into the cabin. I let out a terrific holler and scared him off. I also brought the other men about two feet off their beds. Next morning we saw where he'd put his claws through the netting. There are no windows in the cabin. We also discovered an enormous pile of you know what on the path down to

the lake. Thursday we decided to barricade the cabin, so we nailed and boarded up the door, put in the window and nailed big crosscut saw blades along the window sills. We came back that night to an even greater mess. The bear had simply taken a flying leap right through the back window, taking glass and frame right out, and spreading it all over the room. When he left he went through the front door too! All our jam, honey and brown sugar were gone, except what was scattered around. Also all our marmalade, H.P. Sauce, most of our butter, onions and milk. We were already out of potatoes and vegetables, so we were left with canned fruits and corn flakes. We'd also eaten all the porridge and all the cheese and all the meat and all the bacon. It's a good thing the plane comes in tomorrow although we could always get by if we had to. Well, this is Friday, and no more of Mr. Bear. Now I can say I've seen one up here."

(Ed. Note: Apparently the plane was several days late so they were really put on their own).

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With the winter season just upon us readers will be eager to hear of successful winter bird feeding experiences. Here is a very good one sent in by Mrs. Naomi LeVay. Mrs. LeVay writes:

"I believe that anyone living close to our wooded ravines can enjoy daily visits from chickadees and other winter birds in their gardens.

Last October, about the middle of the month, while it was still warm enough to sit out in the open, black-capped chickadees began to gather in our small city garden. They were attracted by sunflower seed in the feeding tray under the big white birch, and by the suet hanging in the tree and, perhaps, even by the old tree itself. We would sit as close as possible to the tray. Soon the birds were taking seeds from the arms of our chairs, picking them from at our feet, even occasionally alighting on our feet. Our voices did not disturb them; the only thing that seemed to perturb them at all was cigarette smoke. At the first puff they would invariably dart away with indignant cries. It was not long before two or three of the chickadees were coming to my hand, hesitating at first, but with growing confidence, so that when cold weather confined operations to a window feeding tray, at least five of the birds would hop without coaxing onto our hands for seeds or peanuts.

In October our most fearless visitor had a tuft of unruly feathers on his head, earning him the original name of "Curly". Two or three weeks later this mark had disappeared or our bird had left us, but I am inclined to think that Curly still came

to our window with a new sleek coiffure. Perhaps he was the one who sometimes perched on a well-filled tray singing until I opened the window, when he quickly hopped on my hand, as if to say "About time". Another of our friends had a fringed appearance to the end of his tail, which lasted the winter through, so that he was easily identified.

Some of the chickadees would turn over the peanuts in my hand and even throw unwanted pieces overboard before making their choice. One individual, on cold days, would peck at my fingertips, as if they were some kind of ripe fruit and sometimes at my ring, shining in the sun. Our birds seemed to recognize strangers, for on more than one occasion, when I was feeding them, they refused to come to the hand of a friend with whom they were not familiar.

Whereas the year before I never saw more than three chickadees together at one time last winter our ravine was favoured with flocks of up to two dozen birds. They usually came to the feeding station in bands of five or six, often accompanied by two white-breasted nuthatches. These birds seemed to arrive early in October and leave well before nesting time. I have not been able to find evidence of more than one nesting pair in the vicinity this season.

That the numbers in the flock did not remain constant was demonstrated by the appearance of two wanderers at the window, a banded bird on December 30th and a one-legged chickadee on March 14th. The one-legged bird was able to perch with ease and even to hold a peanut between its toes while eating, but supported its weight on its breast when on the flat part of the tray. Neither of these birds were seen before or after these dates, so it seems certain they were passing visitors from parts unknown. We also presumed that some of the exceptionally timid birds were newcomers, as most of our regulars were quite fearless.

On October 21st, two brown-capped chickadees were seen nearby, but did not stop at our feeding tray.

As winter drew on we seemed to hear the voices of the chickadees more often. They were louder and more emphatic, and rivalry grew at the feeding tray. On really cold days the bolder birds sometimes drove the more timid away. Sometimes two birds would rise in the air together like fighting cocks. In the midwinter on the coldest, bleakest days we began to hear the wistful "fee-bee-bee" of their spring song.

However, more often all was gaiety and harmony at the feeding station except for one or two unhappy experiences.

One day, although from the window I could see no cause for

alarm, some bird of prey must have passed overhead, for a chickadee on our window sill bounced from the ledge with a shrill cry and darted to the nearby birch tree, where his head hung down from a naked branch and clung there as still and lifeless as a dead leaf. After ten minutes we became concerned and took a ladder out to the tree. One of the boys climbed up to the limb where the bird was hanging motionless until he almost touched its body. Then it righted itself on the branch and moved just out of reach of his hand where it remained quite still for another five minutes. Presently it began to move up the trunk of the tree, searching the bark in a normal way, and in a moment it flew across to the ravine.

On November 23rd I happened to glance out of the window to see a sparrow hawk making for a nearby roof with a small bird in its talons. With some misgivings I reached for my binoculars only to find that it was indeed a chickadee that had been caught. There is an open stretch of about one hundred feet between our garden and the shelter of the ravine, and I have noticed that they usually fly very low over this ground making an easy target from above.

We once saw a Cooper's hawk carry a starling away from the garden; and one snowy winter, a northern shrike killed an English sparrow on the lawn as we watched from the window, but this is the only time in several years, as far as I know, that a chickadee has fallen victim to a predator in sight of our feeding station."

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### Book Reviews

Thanks to Mr. Douglas Miller several pamphlets of noteworthy interest to our members have been brought to the notice of the Newsletter. Three of these concern the creation and maintenance of conditions suitable for waterfowl, game birds and others, on farm land and similar country. These would be of especial value and interest to members who own places in the country, or who have friends who do, and who would like to make their places more attractive to birds. The three pamphlets are: 1) Waterfowl Management on Small Areas; 2) The Farmer and Wildlife; 3) Upland Game Management. The first stresses the importance of ponds and marshes for waterfowl, and discusses methods of pond and lake construction, and lists types of plants proper for growing in and along such spots. The second pamphlet has a fine section on how to improve the farm for wildlife, dealing with pastures, woodlands, fencerows, ditchbanks, roadsides, hedges, gullies, dumps, "odd corners", and other spots. It describes projects for the fencerow, the brushpile, the hedge, the field border and other parts of a farm area. Pamphlet Number Three has additional valuable suggestions for shelter belts, ravines, streambanks, as part of a discussion of "good farming is good wildlife management". All three pamphlets are well illustrated and

attractively put up. They may be obtained from The Wildlife Management Institute, Washington 5, D.C., at a cost of 25¢ each.

Of very real interest, too, is a pamphlet entitled "Hunters and Hunted" written by Stephen Collins, and published by the Canadian Wildlife Service, Department of Resources and Development, Ottawa. This brochure, which gives an excellent appraisal of the relation of predators to wild life in general, was adapted for use in Canadian schools from a pamphlet issued by Cornell University. It is recommended to all who wish a clearer understanding of this controversial subject.

A circular of a few, folded pages, called "Befriending the Birds" contains designs and plans for the building of a feeding shelter, a martin house, a robin shelter and nesting boxes for bluebird, chickadee, wren, and downy woodpecker. It is a convenient and useful folder to have for all who would like to undertake a little winter carpentry. It is published by the Ontario Department of Agriculture, Statistics and Publications Branch, as Extension Circular No. 10.

R. M. Saunders,

Editor.