

Toronto Field Naturalists' Club

OCTOBER MEETING

Monday, October 4th, 1954 at 8.15 p.m.

at the

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

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Speaker: Mr. Frank W. Darroch,
President, Toronto Field Naturalists' Club.

Subject: "Comments on Reptiles" Illustrated.

OCTOBER OUTING

Saturday, October 9th. Cherry Street Beach.
Saw-whet owl banding demonstration.
Meet at the Bath House at 9.00 a.m.
Leaders: Mr. Gordon Lambert and Mr. Frank Smith.

FEES: The annual Club fees of \$2.00 per year are now payable. In this connection it may clarify matters to explain that the Club year runs from September to June, not according to the calendar year. To avoid congestion at meetings, it will be very much appreciated if members will send their fees by mail to the secretary. Fees are \$2.00 per year.

President:

Mr. F. W. Darroch

Secretary

Mrs. J.B. Stewart,
21 Millwood Road,
Toronto - HU 9-5052.

Toronto Field Naturalists' Club.



NEWSLETTER

Number 125

September 1954

This summer as last Algonquin Park provided me with my most exciting bird experience, a new chapter in my acquaintance with the spruce grouse which I only came to know for the first time on last summer's trip into the Park.

On the seventh of July Greer Roberts and I started late in the morning from Bona Vista and drove straight to the beaver pond in Algonquin Park near the shore of which we had seen the spruce grouse a year ago, arriving a little after noon. A day that was cool and windy elsewhere was here in this sheltered spot warm and calm, a real summer's midday.

Setting out at once on our hunt we had no sooner reached the edge of the spruce grove than a Canada jay sprang up from the ground, followed immediately by a second. We were so intent on these two that I almost trod upon a third whiskey jack before it too flushed from the ground. Even then the trio did not take alarm, but remained in a spruce tree quietly looking around and dressing their feathers. Now that we could see them properly it was clear that what we were watching was an adult jay with two young. Most birds under such circumstances - a family group suddenly startled by an intruder - are clamorous with alarm, but neither the adult nor the young showed any fear. They made no noise; neither did they depart in a hurry. Clearly humans meant no danger to them. We had frightened them no more than might a deer wandering by. When they did begin to move away I decided to follow to see what they did. After all this was an opportunity not often presented to dwellers from more southern reaches. Greer, however, thought he had seen a grouse move, so he made off at a different tangent in search of it.

The jay family drifted along from tree to tree, keeping well in side the inner parts of the spruces; not it seems, because of any fear, for they made no objection to my attendance a few feet behind, nor did they try to get away from me. Rather, they appeared to be finding food

in such places. Save for slight mumbling or mewing sounds that could be heard only at very close range, they were quiet.

I had followed the jays for some distance towards the upper part of the spruce grove, and was attending still to their activities when out of the corner of my eye I caught sight of an old weathered stump on top of a low mound. Like so many other old stubs it was frayed around the top where weathering had been uneven. Why I noticed it in the first place I do not know. Just as I was bringing my attention back to the jays something, again I know not what, prompted me to swing my binoculars around to focus on the stump. As I did so I was startled to have the "stump" suddenly become converted into a male spruce partridge!

Black beady eyes cocked over its shoulder stared unblinking at me from beneath astonishing red shields. The grey back lost all resemblance to a weathered stub and became a beautifully mottled and gracefully lined pattern, flanked at the sides by a striking white border which was in turn edged by jet black. As the bird was back to and a little sidewise I could see only a small part of the extensive black underparts. Along the neck, quite in contrast to the ruffed grouse's ruff, a series of small horizontal plates, not unlike tiny shelf fungi, were raised, one above the other. Wings were half-extended in an arc, and the tail was fully fanned like a peacock's. Thus seen from behind it showed prominent orange patches in the upper corners, while the rest was dotted with white, brown and black. Since the lower or secondary feathers were raised and fanned out as well, the whole tail had a spiky appearance, an explanation probably of the "frayed" look of the old "stump". Maintaining this pose the cock stood so rigidly on top of the low mound that I could see why I had mistaken it for a stub. Even now when I knew what it was it still looked like a stub when I lowered my binoculars, for without them all coloring vanished and the bird took on a uniform grey hue; a remarkable example of protective coloration, but how accomplished I will have to leave to others with a greater knowledge of the relations of colors to explain.

I had been watching for five minutes, and was just considering going back to find Greer when he came along. He shouted to know if I had found anything. I shushed him with as little noise and gesture as possible, hoping that the bird would not fly. Finally Greer got the idea and following my pointing, he focussed his own binoculars on the old "stump", when he was as astonished and entranced as was I. Together we watched for fully another five minutes, the grouse having been quite unmoved by our gesturing and talk. At last the bird tired before we did, and, lowering wings, neck plates and tail, began to forage about the mound. Not finding the fare there to its liking, it slowly ambled down the further side of the mound, spent several minutes at the base picking up something, then walked off through the bracken. We did not follow, being so full of this wonderful and unexpected display that we turned back to sit on the shore of the pond and digest it along with our lunch.

Last summer we had seen a female and two young spruce grouse in this grove, this year a cock displaying to perfection. So it goes. Year by year we add new chapters to our experience with any creature of the wild. That is always so, for getting to know them is like getting to know people, a cumulative, continuous process. And since it is endless it offers constant promise of new discoveries yet to come. So will the spruce grouse in Algonquin Park continue to beckon, to invite renewed exploration again and again.

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Three days later (July 10th) Greer and I made another "discovery". While crossing Lake of Bays from Bona Vista to Glenmount in Greer's launch we suddenly found ourselves the object of an attack by a pair of herring gulls. Two downy grey young paddling furiously away from our course were the cause of the assault. To the gulls we seemed like danger if not predators. On the return trip we found the two young gulls in much the same place and now Greer turned off the power leaving the launch to float quietly towards the madly paddling youngsters. At once the parents resumed the attack, the female (presumably) swooping and cackling close by the boat while the male rose to heights of 150' - 200' and came sweeping down in a long glide much as a marsh hawk will do in defense of its nest. Always silent, it would pass over our heads at perhaps 10' - 15'. A hawk or tern would have been very noisy and would have come much nearer, near enough to fan the hair and make one duck, but the gulls never got that close. When we did not withdraw before such threats the female alighted on the water close by, always cackling. Each time she settled she took a few sips of water as if she were dry from so much exertion. Then she would take to flapping her wings excitedly, sometimes beating them on the water, and fanning out her tail. Here obviously was an attempt to attract our attention to herself and away from the young, an effort strongly resembling the broken wing act of a killdeer or a spotty. All this commotion soon brought in other gulls which joined in the noise-making if not in the defensive tactics. Meanwhile each of the young ones was scurrying off in a different direction. Not until we started up again and left the scene did the gulls desist. When we were about 200 yards distant we could hear one gull, a parent no doubt, and probably the female, change its call. Instead of the cackling alarm we now heard a kee-arr, kee-arr note that sounded in our ears like clear, clear, an all-clear signal that danger had gone!

Never before had we seen herring gulls so defend their young. On the colonial nesting grounds I have visited they do not seem to do so, preferring to mill about over head in a loudly screaming mass, or to take off and settle on the water nearby leaving the young on the nests to their fate. With flightless young on the water the protective impulses seem to be much stronger in the adults, or else this was an unusual case. At any rate it was an exciting new experience for us, a new discovery about a very common bird.

Nor were our notable experiences with herring gulls confined to

this instance. That same evening we took a loaf of bread and went over to Pint of Peanuts Island to see if the gulls which roost there every night would come to feed. Little fear. We were greeted by gulls coming from the nearby shore as soon as we were several hundred yards off. In all likelihood the first comers were again adults anxious for their young, since we could see downy grey newlings paddling near the rocks. But no sooner had we cast out the first slice of bread than anxiety was transformed into greed. Shrilling eager cries the gulls descended upon the bread, the successful winner barely flicking the water, dipping its head at the last moment to grab the prize and be off. With the change of cries, for there was distinct alteration, and with the sight of diving birds, other gulls began to quit the roost. In a moment the air was filled. Screaming hungry birds were everywhere doing battle with each other for possession of the manna on the waves. Seen in the golden rays of the setting sun all the delicate beauty of these "common" birds was visible to perfection. Fluttering overhead, manoeuvring, circling and gliding, swooping and dipping, the whole scene was one of vivid, vital beauty. After ten minutes or so of such wild excitement the gulls called a halt, and all but one or two came to rest on the water a hundred feet or more from the boat, staying there for perhaps five minutes though we continued to throw out bread. Then, for no reason we could see, they all lifted into the air, filling the sky with wonderful commotion once more. When we finally set the launch into motion again the gulls that had withdrawn a little for a second time swirled in to salvage pieces of bread that had floated too close to the boat. All being at last snapped up they flew back to their rocky roost, calling loudly from there in the usual tones of Laridine evening conversation.

How adaptable they are these common gulls. This group of gulls cannot have been fed very often, possibly never before in this way, yet the moment we started they recognized their opportunity and took advantage of it. Before we were through we could see gulls coming all the way from Dwight Bay. Evidently the exciting cries of their confreres had communicated notice of food to them at that considerable distance. No wonder Larus Argentatus as a species prospers and spreads over land and sea.

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In the Newsletter of last April a correspondent stated that "woodpeckers are entirely carnivorous". Since then I have received a letter from Mr. Roy Ivor, of Erindale, pointing out that this statement needs qualification. He writes, "For some time on February 1st I watched a female pileated woodpecker eating poison ivy berries. The vine was about fifteen feet high, clinging to the trunk of a tree and the woodpecker had to reach out from the trunk to secure the berries. After she left I examined the vine to be sure it was poison ivy. This vine was in the ravine just to the south of my cottage. I might add that hand-reared flickers have been and are exceedingly fond of raw peanuts, and that the injured downy woodpecker which I have had all winter was fairly easily trained to live on my basic insectivorous

food mixed with equal parts of peanut butter. This diet has kept the downy in such good condition that it is ready for release."

I am very glad that Mr. Ivor sent in this correction, as my correspondent's assertion had escaped my attention previously.

Woodpecker diet is certainly very largely carnivorous, but is by no means confined to such food. The percentage of non-animal food varies from species to species of woodpecker, from season to season, and according to local opportunity. Professor E.L. Beal of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, has made a study of the question, and the following figures from his conclusions (quoted in Forbush, Birds of Massachusetts and other New England States, II) will be of interest. He states that the hairy woodpecker's food is 77.67% animal, 22.33% vegetal. "The latter includes a few grass seeds, hazel nuts, beech nuts, wild berries and a small proportion of the inner bark and cambium of trees". The downy woodpecker eats 76.05% animal matter, 23.95% vegetal, this last including "a few buds and petals of flowers, wild berries and seeds, frozen apples, beechnuts, acorns, hazelnuts, a very little corn, possibly a few cherries and a little cambium." The proportion of vegetal matter taken by Arctic three-toed woodpeckers is somewhat less, but they do eat "some nuts or acorns, a little wild fruit and cambium from living trees." The yellow-bellied sapsucker both drinks large amounts of sap and eats a good deal of cambium. It also eats berries of dogwood, black alders, Virginia creeper and wild black cherries as well as nuts. The pileated woodpecker eats comparatively little vegetal food "chiefly wild berries, unfit for human food, and blueberries and wild cherries of which it is very fond. The food of the red-headed woodpecker on the other hand consists of about "one-third animal and two-thirds vegetal matter". When acorns or beechnuts are abundant it feeds mainly on them. In summer and autumn it eats much fruit and corn. The feeding habits of the red-bellied woodpecker are similar. Finally the ant-eating flicker eats 60.92% animal food, 39.08% vegetal the latter consisting of a large amount of fruit, some cambium, corn and weed seed. In winter it takes poison ivy berries and such other fruit as is available.

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SUMMER NATURE SCHOOL By Miss Etta Weinert

As I sat in the garden, this late August evening, listening to the symphony of the insect orchestra and watching the stars "shooting" earthward in a cascade of light, my mind wandered back in retrospect to similar evenings, spent at Bark Lake, the latter part of June, when "all Nature sings and round me rings the music of the spheres." Only at Bark Lake in June it was Mr. Frog with his "Jug-O-Rum" "Jug-O-Rum" music; and Mary firefly with her lanterns, languidly winging her way through the night, lighting up bushes and shrubs as she passed in a magical way; not to mention Jerry Whip-poor-will with his incessant plaintive call; which seemed to hold the stage.

It was a good experience to spend two happy weeks at the Federation of Ontario Naturalists Nature School at Bark Lake, in Haliburton, which is situated near Irondale. We were invited to use the Ontario Camp Leadership Centre, on Bark Lake, by the Department of Education, physical Education Branch. This year the Camp attracted nature lovers from all over the Province of Ontario, as well as Quebec and the United States. There were all age groups - the young in years as well as the young in heart - and from various walks of life.

When we first arrived in Camp, what was most impressive was the friendliness of the group. It did not seem to take a day or two to become "acclimatized" but rather we were able to feel "at one" with everyone almost immediately and friends were made easily because we all had one purpose: to get better acquainted with all nature's creatures and learn more of the wonders of the wilds in such a fine setting as Bark Lake.

We were under the able leadership of Prof. McIlraith (or "T.F." as we learned to know him (BIRDS); Dr. W. Gunn (ADVANCED BIRDS); Dr. Margaret Heimburger (BOTANY); Frank Cook (ADVANCED BOTANY); Dr. John Oughton (ECOLOGY). Kirk Wipper, acting as Camp Supervisor, for the Department of Education, also added immeasurably to the wholesome enjoyment and fun we had during our two weeks, by his fine leadership in campfire singing and his able "calling-off" for Square Dancing. It seemed to us, we had never met anyone, for a long time, who seemed to find such genuine joy in serving his fellows, in innumerable ways, as did Kirk. Ruth Stewart worked silently and most efficiently, behind the scenes, with the assistance of "Liz" Cormack, to keep everything running smoothly.

And what did we do at Nature School and what did we learn? From early morn until bedtime, our days were crammed full of interesting things to do and see. We saw 90 different species of birds and this, we thought, was a goodly number. Being amateur birdwatchers I found it most interesting, when out with "T.F." as leader, to notice how he would so patiently help us to get better acquainted with the birds. Often he would stop and say, "Listen! Did you get that? I'll tap you on the shoulder when it sings again so you will get to know it." And we'll always remember, when we think of Nature School, how "T.F." with his greater knowledge of birds and their peculiarities, took us to a particular spot in the woods to see Evening Grosbeaks. The morning had been an unsuccessful one, as far as the birds were concerned; they just did not co-operate. And then how happy we were, when "T.F." was able to lead us to the home of Evening Grosbeaks and there we saw, in full sunlight, two male Grosbeaks sitting in a spruce tree with their bright yellow jackets shining in the sun, and the black sleeves with white markings were in full view. Nature School afforded an excellent opportunity to hear and see our native songsters on the nesting grounds. Red-eyed Vireos, for example, while singing and feeding in the upper branches of the trees, were seen nesting at eye level. Wood Peevies were much in evidence and their nests were easily seen. Redstarts

nesting were never difficult to find. On the other hand, the Mourning Warbler triumphed over the birdwatchers, who sought her nest in vain. We also learned to differentiate between the song of the Redstart and that of the Chestnut-sided Warbler and we did discover by its angry and persistent "chip" that the Canada Warbler hates visitors. Cliff Swallows nesting on the outside of a barn and Barn Swallows nesting inside were seen by a number of campers but the most thrilling event in the bird world was the almost daily visitations of the Ospreys, who made a hunting "ground" of our lake. And we must mention the bounding flight of the great Pileated Woodpeckers who roamed the territory adjacent to the camp. Black-throated Blue Warblers were conspicuous by their absence.

And Mrs. Heimbürger, too, seemed to have the patience of Job. We did so want to learn all the botanical names of the plants, and when Mrs. Heimbürger said it was "of the Orchid family - Orchidaceae" - found on page 3 of the list, we quickly turned to page 3 and tried to remember that the pink moccasin flower was "Cypripedium Acaule". And that the Manitoba Maple's official name was Acer Negundo. And what a joy it was to sit gathered together on a huge rocky point, in the early evening, listening to Dr. Heimbürger tell us in her own inimitable way, more of the interesting facts of plants and how they fit into the wider scheme of nature.

Dr. Oughton had, we found, an entirely new way to teach Ecology. Dr. Oughton believes one's chief attitude should be humbleness in teaching natural history, Says he, "Nature is living - make it LIVE for others! Nature is a unity (balance of nature) remember that when teaching -- everything is related. Living things (plants and animals) are the only things which interest all ages." John Oughton had a wide appeal, not only for grown-ups, but what with his keen enthusiasm and his happy way of imparting knowledge, particularly for the younger naturalists. Who, but John Oughton, could so interest a young teen-ager that he sat up until after midnight mounting butterflies?

The most unforgettable highlight of the whole happy experience of two weeks at Nature School, came one Sunday evening, when just at dusk, as we were all gathered together lazily sitting, or comfortably sprawled, would be more descriptive, on the high rocks on the edge of the lake, just in front of Craft Lodge, listening to Dr. Gunn's recordings of the birds, when suddenly Alf. Mitchener, with his powerful field glasses "spotted" two pairs of Loons, a little farther up the lake. Dr. Gunn's record had just given us the call of the Loon and apparently the four Loons, who were quietly floating down stream, pricked up their ears, as it were, and began to sit up and take notice, and no doubt wondered what those "crazy Loons" farther down the lake, were making all that fuss for on such a lovely Sunday evening. Dr. Gunn played the record, with the Loon's call, over many times before the birds on the lake actually began to answer. (Dr. Gunn told us this was because the mating season was past.) First very lackadaisically, and then as they swam directly opposite, they began to "give out"

with that weird yodel and almost blood-curdling, haunting laugh, which is so characteristic of the Common Loon. And to show us they were quite versatile, they did the skating act for us -- with their feet barely touching the water and their wings outspread, they flew along the crest of the water, leaving a fine spray, which resembled a water skier's course.

Two weeks at Nature School came to an end all too soon. But they were two happy weeks, filled with good times out-of-doors, learning from well-experienced leaders, about nature and helping us to come back to the city and to our various walks of life with a new perspective and a new sense of balance. As one English nature lover said, "it was the best vacation I've had since coming to Canada seven years ago"; and as a business man, who is connected with one of the large finance companies said, "That was the best and most enjoyable vacation I've ever had." It truly was good to have been there.

BOOK REVIEW

Wings In The Wind - By Anne Merrill. Ryerson Press 1954.
pp. xii, 172 Price \$3.50

Ten years ago Miss Anne Merrill, widely known member of this club, began to write a bird column for the Toronto Globe and Mail. She had already made a name for herself as a journalist on the staff of the Edmonton Journal, then as special correspondent in England during four years for several Canadian papers, and as editor of the womens' page in the Toronto Mail and Empire. Among her several hobbies bird watching has always assumed high place. Her absorbing interest in birds and her journalistic flair have enabled Miss Merrill to build up a steadily increasing public for her column Wings in the Wind, which appears every Saturday morning. Now she has brought together a number of chatty essays based on some of the highlights of this column and has issued them under the same title Wings in the Wind. I am sure that her many readers will share with her former editor the satisfaction which he expresses in the book's foreword at seeing this column in "lasting book form".

As it quite aptly says on the dust jacket - "Another title for this book might be 'Birds I Have Known and Loved', for it is not a scientific treatise, a matter of classifying and docketing, but a frankly chatty account of the highlights of an amateur's years of bird-watching. It is full of the sort of anecdote that one bird-watcher exchanges with another. In fact, you might call it enchanting gossip about our feathered friends."

Now "enchanting gossip" follows neither rule nor regulation. It has its own atmosphere of easy-going licence, and if we add to this a dash of poetic licence and quite a bit of journalistic flair we will have the ingredients that give this little book its distinctive quality. The author takes several sly digs at the "scientists", meaning, I assume, the scientific ornithologists. She wouldn't care a fig that the scientists might look askance at some of the things she has to say,

her attribution of human motives to birds, for instance, or her use of common names. No she wouldn't care at all, since she makes no pretence of writing for them. Hers is a different public. And if the scientists want to quarrel with what she has to say so much the better. As a good journalist she'll make a story out of that.

Of course there are many things even one who is not a scientific ornithologist, as this reviewer is not, might argue about with Miss Merrill, for we birdwatchers are likely to have strong opinions. But perhaps a firelit hearth some winter's eve, or even a wind-swept marsh with hawks overhead, are better places to carry on such arguments than the printed page. One thing, however, I cannot let pass, even though I can feel my leg being pulled as I write. The author states (p.38) "In the spring of 1943 I rashly released an incredible story of hummers hitch-hiking north on the saddle backs of wild geese. I expected a fusillade. But only one shot was fired." He who fired the shot was Dr. A.E.Allen of Fort William, an old member, and still a correspondent, of the Toronto Ornithological Club. He asked the question, "Where do they (the hummingbirds) stay from the time the geese arrive in March and early April until the hummer is first seen about mid-May?" A pertinent question in my opinion. And a similar one might be asked with equal validity about the fall migration, for hummingbirds are all gone from this region certainly before the first geese arrive from the north. I have never personally seen a hummingbird after the end of September, whereas the geese go through in October and November. Hummingbirds are in fact among the strongest bird flyers. Their endurance is very great. That they fly alone over great distances is amply attested. Dr. W.E.Saunders more than once in the autumn saw them streaming past Lake Erie bluffs by the score, following the regular route of other fall migrants, and holding their own with any of these. They need no assistance from anyone or any bird. No, no, this idea of hummingbirds riding the backs of greater birds, like geese or swans, is an ancient tale that goes back to the days when people believed that swallows buried themselves in the mud at the bottom of lakes to hibernate, or that whippoorwills and nighthawks suckled goats. The James Bay "squaw-man" who is cited (by one of the author's correspondents) as an "authority" on the matter of hummers arriving on the backs of geese is certainly a suitable upholder of such a legend. I wonder who chuckled most, the squaw-man as he told this tall tale to a guillible listener, or Miss Merrill as she noted it down on her page?

Now that I have added my shot to the fusillade that Miss Merrill hopes to provoke, I must end by saying that through all her chatty pages there is a great deal of excellent information and advice as well as enchanting gossip about birds that will serve to interest and inform a great number of people. Many of her readers will doubtless find their way to an absorbing hobby through these enthusiastic essays.

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In the last number of the Newsletter we printed a form for the recording of certain spring arrival dates for use in connection with a significant cooperative study of bird migration throughout North America. The response has been so enthusiastic, and the information received so useful that this study is now being extended to the fall migration. In order that all readers who are prepared to help in this study may have a chance to do so, we are printing the form that is being used for this fall's records. Please send all returns to Dr. Chandler S. Robbins, Patuxent Research Refuge, Laurel, Maryland. He will be very grateful for your cooperation.

R. M. Saunders,
Editor.

COOPERATIVE STUDY OF FALL MIGRATION

We hereby acknowledge and thank you for your reports on spring migrants in 1954. When they have all been entered on IBM punch cards, a copy of the tabulation will be sent to you to check errors or omissions. We greatly appreciate your continued cooperation which has enabled this project to grow and show more and more promise.

There has been such a fine response to the request for spring migration dates for selected species that the study is being extended to include the fall migration period as well. Since few species sing during their southward movement and since fewer observers are afield in fall than in spring, fall migration data are comparatively hard to obtain in large quantity. Therefore, we are especially anxious to obtain reports from all active field observers, bird banders and feeding station operators, even if they can furnish information for just two or three species.

Many of the birds of the spring migration list are so dull colored, silent or retiring in fall that they have been omitted from the fall study. In their place are seven additional species. The present list contains both nocturnal and diurnal migrants, early and late ones, solitary and flocking species, each one included for a specific purpose. In some cases the data will be used by research workers who are studying the movements of a particular species; in other cases they will be used to correlate bird migration with weather conditions.

It is not necessary to fill in all the information requested for a given species. A single first date or peak date or last date will be useful even if numbers observed and other dates are not available. A date when numbers of a species suddenly increase or decrease will also be helpful. As in spring, the more observers reporting from each locality, the better.

Please send your fall 1954 report, on this sheet or a postcard, through your regional editor of Audubon Field Notes, or to Mr. Chandler S. Robbins, Patuxent Research Refuge, Laurel, Maryland.

STATE . COUNTY . LOCALITY:

OBSERVER: . ADDRESS:

| Species | Code No. | First Migrant | | Peak | | Peak | | Peak | | Last Noted | |
|--------------------|----------|---------------|-----|------|-----|------|-----|------|-----|------------|-----|
| | | Date | No. | Date | No. | Date | No. | Date | No. | Date | No. |
| Canada Goose | 172 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Mallard | 132 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Broad-winged Hawk | 343 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Wilson's Snipe | 230 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Mourning Dove | 316 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Common Nighthawk | 420 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Chimney Swift | 423 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Crested Flycatcher | 452 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Catbird | 704 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Hermit Thrush | 759 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Golden-cr. Kinglet | 748 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Myrtle Warbler | 655 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Baltimore Oriole | 507 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Rose-br. Grosbeak | 595 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Evening Grosbeak | 514 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Slate-col. Junco | 567 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Am. Tree Sparrow | 559 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| White-crown. Spar. | 554 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| White-thrtd. Spar. | 558 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |
| Fox Sparrow | 585 | 54 | | | | | | | | | |

John V. Dennis, Gilbert S. Raynor, Chendler S. Robbins, James H. Zimmerman