

# Toronto Field Naturalists' Club

## FEBRUARY MEETING

Monday, February 7th, 1955 at 8.15 p.m.

at the

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Speaker: Professor Norman W. Radforth, M.A., PH.D.

Professor Radforth, who has long been a very ardent student of natural history in many phases, was the first director of the Royal Botanical Gardens, in Hamilton, headed the Department of Botany at McMaster University in that city, and is professor of Botany at the University of Toronto. He has done active research on many biological subjects, and is a member of a number of organizations interested in conservation, having organized the first conservation course in a Canadian University.

Professor Radforth will give an illustrated address on the past, present and future development of Coote's Paradise Marsh, with particular reference to the flora and fauna of this popular area for nature observation (Dundas Marshes, Hamilton).

## ROTUNDA DISPLAY

Mr. Reg. James, of "Conservation Enterprises" Willowdale, will have a display of bird houses and feeders.

## FEBRUARY OUTING

Birds: Saturday, February 12th - 9.00 a.m.  
Cedarvale Ravine - Leader, Dr. R.M.Saunders.  
Meet at Boulton Drive entrance to ravine.  
Boulton Drive is one street west of Poplar Plains Road, running north from Cottingham St. The entrance to the ravine is at the north end of the street.

## The Programme Committee needs help!

Please take special note of the page at the end of the Newsletter, in which the Programme Committee asks for your co-operation in planning the meetings.

The Junior Field Naturalists will hold their February meeting on Saturday, February 5, 1955. It will be in charge of the "mammal group."

President - Mr. F.W.Darroch.

Secretary - Mrs. J.B.Stewart,  
21 Millwood Rd.

# Toronto Field Naturalists' Club.



Number 129

January 1955

All of us are rather inclined to visit the same old places in our nature outings, even to the neglect of immediately adjacent spots. This was brought home to me with great emphasis on December 19th when Wishart Campbell, who has long praised the merits of the Ajax fields and shore, took me out there and proved his point. I was all the more anxious to go as the Ajax area is on the regular Christmas census run, from Scarboro Bluffs to Whitby Harbour, of which I was to be in charge the following week.

Wishart picked up Dave West and me at my house at 10:00, and we were negotiating the icy east road along Frenchman's Bay three-quarters of an hour later. A cowbird feeding with some starlings at the last barn toward the lake was the first promise of a good bird to keep a particular lookout for on the census. Both marsh and lake were mostly bare of birds, however, and we did not spend much time there. The raw wind, and frequent snowflurries did not invite overlong pauses in exposed places. The Bay was frozen over and people were skating there, as they were at Pickering Marsh and at Ajax. Two other rather profitless stops were made before we turned into the road for Ajax dump but no sooner had we entered the "promised land" than things began to pick up.

At the dump, smoking and smelly, we found another cowbird, this one also being in the company of starlings. There being cars and people also we did not pause but drove on along the road through the fields towards the lake. Wishart had seen nine meadowlarks in this spot a fortnight ago so we kept a close look for them. No need for as we rolled into the section where he had seen them larks rose from all sides. Astonished by such a sight we got out and walked through the grassy, weed-bedecked field. Now we were more astonished than ever for to the singles and couples of larks was added a sudden uprush of twenty, then a dozen more. Indeed we saw between 45 and

60 meadowlarks before we had finished our tramp. Such a flock I have never encountered before; in winter at Toronto it is astounding. Let's hope that we can find the flock for the census. What a pretty figure it will make on that list! Such were my immediate reactions.

A second shrike, a flock of ten snow buntings, two sparrow hawks and two redtails, one of these hovering repeatedly like a roughleg, all testified to the attractions of these overgrown weedy fields, the nearest likeness to the old York Downs now existing near Toronto.

We ate lunch in the car parked on the bank overlooking the east side of Pickering Marsh. Then we made a tour of a patch of wood that flanks the marsh on this side near the upper end, and which has often caught my eye. Wishart promised us a horned owl here, and he kept his word for we discovered the owl near the upper end of the wood after peering into several hemlocks where it might be.

On our return to the car we were just about to get in when a compact flock of finches whirled by. We had seen a small group of snow buntings before lunch but these were not buntings. What they were occasioned much speculation. The flock, about 200 strong, bounded away towards the lake where we thought it would head off along the shore. The buntings had gone westward. This flock turned in that direction, sure enough, but no sooner did it reach the line of trees at the edge of Petticoat Creek that it turned back. Time after time the entire lot made a great circle along the shore to the creek mouth and back for two or three hundred yards. Seemingly they could not make up their minds what to do. We decided to settle our identification problem by driving down closer but when we arrived the flock had gone. Where to? For some moments it seemed we had missed out, the flock having decided to go. But no; there they were again in the air, and now to the north of us away from the lake. Once more the circling followed, only now after several whirls the flock came to earth, settling amongst tall weeds at the lakeshore end of an unharvested cornfield. Better fortune this than we had hoped for. We worked our way across the icy clods of a ploughed field towards the corn, and well into the leaning stalks before we spotted the birds. Then it was only because 50 or more went shooting up from nearly underfoot. Dry twittering calls, and whistled tee-oos told us in this instant that Wishart had been right. These were indeed Lapland longspurs, the whole 200! Soon we had them all around us. They proved very tame, and would not rise unless we walked to within a few feet of where they were feeding. The drawing card in this field was as much the corn itself as the weeds for we saw both where old cobs had been pecked and weed seeds garnered. The whole field, a large one, is a winter treasury for such a flock. Here, we thought, is another find for next week's census.

On the way home we saw another shrike on a telephone wire, visited Black Alder woods which was empty, and looked out from Simcoe Point but saw no grebes or loons. No matter, we had, thanks to

Wishart, been introduced to a remarkably good piece of territory which we have never sufficiently valued before. It will certainly not be neglected after this.

xxx

xxx

xxx

Christmas census day, long anticipated, much wondered about, dawned cloudless and mild. My party assembled at 9 McMaster for breakfast. There were four of us: Dave West, Wishart Campbell, Harry Bare and myself. Our plans of getting to Scarboro Bluffs by 8:00 were faithfully kept for it was 8:01 as we walked into the field at the mouth of Chine Drive ravine. The sun had risen, a huge red Japanese lantern, out of the lake mist as we drove into Scarboro centre. We were on time; the weather was perfect; we looked forward eagerly to the day's adventures.

Though we had already begun our count of starlings and sparrows along the highway the sparrow hawk that sat, pumping its tail, atop a tree at the edge of the bluff, was in a sense the traditional beginning of our census. Always he, or one of his kind, seems to be at this spot, even in this very tree, when we arrive on census morn. Last year he had more company than today, for outside the falcon, and some starlings strutting on the cold, grey pinnacles above the beach, there was only a short line of old squaws riding the swells off shore, and two or three herring gulls, silhouettes against the sky.

Back in the ravine, of course, there would be other birds, and to this we soon repaired. While the other two worked up the bottom of the valley, Dave and I climbed up to Chine Drive for we had the address of a towhee at No. 50 where Murray Speirs' brother lives. Could we find it "at home" a towhee would make a rare addition to our list, and Jim Baillie had commissioned us to get it. So much for human plans. House and feeding stations we found; towhee we did not. Having combed the vicinity, poking into thickets and tangles, peering up into thick evergreens, and squeaking, we attracted the attention of the family if not the bird, and were joined by the daughter of the home who told us that the towhee had been around "early this morning". It couldn't have been much earlier as the sun had risen not long before. Also she informed us it stays around "most of the time" every day. So maddening when a "special bird" chooses to be absent the few minutes census takers have to devote to it. But then that is a common fate of seekers after particular birds, a truth we were to have demonstrated emphatically on this trip, for of the six especially noted birds that we were to seek out we succeeded in finding only one! A poorer proportion than usual this. We decided at the end of the day that it would be better not to have a list of special desiderata but to take what comes without anticipation. Taken on that basis ours was a thoroughly successful census survey.

From Chine Drive, we headed east along the double-lane highway

again, and had gone but a short way when Harry sighted a crow in a tree beside the Scarborough cemetery. Stopping along the highway is not to be recommended but we paused for a better look when someone thought they saw a shrike in the same tree. Shrike it was alright. As we gazed the little predator made a sudden dash at the crow, and Corvus, startled, leapt from his perch, swooped down over the traffic, followed by the intrepid shrike in hot pursuit. Both disappeared over housetops towards the bluffs. Surely Lanius didn't seriously think of attacking the crow, so much larger. Was it play? Or perhaps peevishness arising from an empty stomach! At any rate Corvus felt it was best to get out.

Gentian wood was nearly empty of birds but as soon as we turned off the highway onto the old road across Highland Creek we were stopped by the sound of birds -- cardinals chipping, jays screaming like red-shouldered and broadwinged hawks, and starlings imitating everything. We had chanced upon a new -- at least new to us -- feeding station opposite the church at the top of the slope. We spent some time deciding that all the meadowlarks, killdeer, and bluebirds were really black brethren on the church tower and in the trees around. Nonetheless we gathered in several species here for our list that were verified by sight as well as sound. We can't be too careful when these black mockers are around and in such good tune. One of those "bluebirds" was just "perfect", and it isn't the first time that I have heard a starling so perform.

In the valley below, where the road crosses Highland Creek, we surprised a good flock of goldfinches feeding in tall weeds. Juncoes and tree sparrows accompanied them, and one lone song sparrow. This proved to be the only one of that species to be seen on the day's trip. Indeed we were fortunate to find one for until this trip I had not seen a single song sparrow since October 31st. Very unusual such a scarcity; others have noticed it this fall and winter. What is the explanation? Did most of the usual wintering song sparrows get destroyed by hurricane Hazel and the floods? They would be very susceptible to the latter for during the winter they keep to the stream bottoms, and since the great flood came at night they might have been drowned asleep, as apparently were muskrats and other creatures. Certainly they are scarce as the west lakeshore route party found only one, too, though they covered much territory where song sparrows usually are to be seen.

Golden-wing swamp further up Highland Creek proved a real surprise today. This is one of those places where, in winter, you either see something wonderful or nothing at all. The persistent reason for having a stop here is that it is the only place on the route where we have a chance of finding a ruffed grouse. On arrival Harry Bare and I took to the Cedar Path where the grouse dwell, and had gone but a few yards when a grouse burst from a cedar tree. Another soon followed, this bird preceding us stage by stage down the path until it swerved away into the deeper woods. We too plunged in beneath the tall trees hoping for an owl, emerging a little later

having detected one white-breasted nuthatch and two blue jays, quite a typical performance here. We returned to the car, expecting to find Dave and Wishart with a similar tale. Not at all. They were hopping excitedly, telling us the "place was swarming". Harry and I were so impressed that we insisted on being shown. And we were shown for the little bushy vale, where once the white pine grove stood, was certainly crowded with tree sparrows, juncoes and chickadees. Dave, standing on the edge of the high bank, shouted that there was a shrike chasing a hairy woodpecker up the valley. We could not get into position fast enough to see this chase. The shrikes must have been hungry this morning, or for some other reason unduly belligerent: it seems as unlikely that a shrike could really hunt a hairy as a crow. Neither shrike nor hairy was our chief objective, however. Finally, after fruitless search, I stood still and resorted to squeaking. In a moment I had an anxious enquiring lot of chickadees dancing before me. Then came a scuffle amongst the cattails; a low chucking began. I could see nothing but kept up my squeaking. For some moments scuffling, chucking and squeaking matched each other. At last out from the reeds jumped a tremendous brown thrasher. Flying up into a low shrub it eyed me with curious suspicion, all the while chucking in a low, throaty manner. Never have I seen such a large thrasher, and only once before have I come onto one in winter. Here was a "special" bird whose address we had not known. Dave had turned it up first. Evidently this isolated little glen is its winter haven, and a very appropriate one, as its many associates showed.

With this find to the party's credit we hardly minded when we failed to discover the Oregon junco at the Murray Speirs' feeding station, another winterer that was away briefly for lunch. Some people are critical of visiting feeding stations on census trips, saying that it is "unscientific" to do so. This attitude I cannot understand, for though, admittedly, feeding stations are "unnatural" in the sense that they are man-made, they are nonetheless existent "facts", and scientists, I believe, are supposed to take into account all known facts in any situation. That feeding stations affect the winter bird population goes without saying, but surely the scientific attitude to this circumstance should be to determine just how and what the effects may be. To disregard feeding stations where they exist, and they exist in increasing number in our area, would be to neglect an influence of mounting importance, and would, in my opinion, be closing one's eyes to something that is here to stay. After all man has altered the environment of wild creatures, birds included, in many ways. Why is it more unscientific to visit feeding stations than to study man-made fields, reforestation plots, dammed ponds, or countless other man-created things that affect wild life?

Frenchman's Bay and Pickering Marsh, well-frozen and alive with skaters, were scarcely suitable for birds. Still we did discover a small company of gulls on the ice near the mouth of Frenchman's Bay, and in the group were some twenty ring-bills, a large number for this time of year. Save for a few golden-eyes bobbing on the waves, and

a couple of mallards near the Bay entrance, the lake was devoid of bird life. In fact all day long we saw little on the lake. The south-westerly wind that was sending waves pounding onto the beaches was, perhaps, a deterrent to waterfowl staying near shore. Ducks, though, are never very plentiful on this run. Two more shrikes along this stretch helped to fill the gap when we failed to find red-necked grebes at Simcoe Point.

Lunch beside Black Alder Wood was a brief affair for we had a great deal of country yet to cover. Once through the sandwiches and coffee we divided again to work this wood. Though on a census we usually go two by two, for this part I went alone to the south corner of the wood, it being a small bit, while the others turned into the main wood. Save for thick matted tangles and fallen trees, that had to be navigated with care, I found little to keep me. Tracks were plentiful, for many animals had passed that way last night, but birds were few. A chickadee, flicking fluff from a cattail head, and two tree sparrows salvaging seed below were the only avian inhabitants I could find. Out in the open the black alder bushes, brilliant with red berries, that give this wood its name, made a fine Christmassy touch to the scene. To see them filled me with hope that the others had fared better than I.

When I reached the car Harry and Wishart were just coming down the road. As they came within hailing distance I happened to catch a glimpse of a large hawk sailing over the trees, in view only long enough for me to see that it was a marsh hawk before it shot down behind the wood, to my companions' disgust. Hawks were scarce today so that this bird was a welcome addition. Hope rose further with it, but when Harry got to me he said they had seen only kinglets and chickadees. Then Dave came pushing through the cedars, all breathless, to say between puffs, that there was a great horned owl, and another smaller owl in the cedar grove. Quickly the three of us clambered over the fence to join him. Bubo had gone but as we worked back through the cedars we soon got a glimpse of a slim brown shape launching from a cedar ahead. As we followed we came to a hemlock tree from which the brown silence, now quite obviously a long-eared owl, plunged noiselessly once more. Suddenly a second long-ear burst from the tree, this one knocking against twigs and snapping them off. Wishart, farther back, found a third. Black Alder Wood had, after all, lived up to its reputation of being a permanent home of long-eared owls.

Ajax with its dump and fields that had done so well by us last week was our next objective. All week Dave and I had been calculating the chances of finding fifty meadow larks on the census. This morning we figured they were very good, very good indeed. How long, how long does it take a birder to learn the lesson, that repetition of birding experiences is something that ought seldom, if ever, to be counted upon. A long time, I fear, from my own experience. We wanted those meadow larks so badly on the census list that we made the mistake of estimating that they would assuredly be where we found

them a week ago. Nothing of the sort. Don't count your meadowlarks before they fly! We covered the Ajax fields, by car and by foot, as carefully as we could but nary a meadowlark did we find. We discovered some of the Lapland longspurs in the same cornfield as before; you can sometimes count on repeating. We spotted a huge horned owl in a small hemlock near the road. But as for meadow larks there was no sign. They may have been across the lake in New York State, or they may have been in the next field. After all there are miles of fields around Ajax. We hadn't figured adequately on this possibility for this flock had seemed to move as a group; thus if you didn't come onto the whole flock you would likely miss them all. This was our chief disappointment of the day. We were so determined to find those larks that we returned after visiting Whitby Harbour once again to comb the fields in the waning light. We tramped through grass and weeds hoping to rouse sleeping larks from bed! A passing farmer in a yellow truck was so entranced by this procedure -- men tramping his fields in the dusk -- that he returned to give us a very thorough once-over to see what we were doing. Good thing he didn't ask us. He might have figured it wasn't so far from Whitby after all, especially if we had told him we'd just come from there!

Whitby Harbour was in fact kinder to us than Ajax for on the ice, where last year we failed to find a single gull, was a compact company of more than a thousand gulls. Fully a thousand were herring gulls, the commonest of our laridine tribe, but along with them were a few more ringbills, eight great blackbacks, and two distinguished white visitors from the Arctic. We had to do a bit of manoeuvring to get into position properly to see these. Indeed we thought there was only one white gull at first, but when some of the gulls flew a second was seen resting, body flat on the ice. Both white birds were Iceland gulls, the smaller of the two white species we usually see here in winter. As these were the first seen this winter this sight formed a fitting climax to our trip.

Even so, it was not the end; across the harbour near the hospital was some open water. There we saw goldeneyes, heads erect, eyes in our direction, on the alert. A move on our part and they were in the air; but behind them remained a single bird, of strange shape and mien. We could not make it out from our distance so, after a quick look at the harbour mouth, we hurried around to the hospital shore. Daring a forbidding sign we entered the local dump area and made for the water's edge. The whistlers that had returned made off again at our approach, leaving behind once more the same strange bird. Now it was near, we could see its markings. No wonder it looked queer. This was a pintail drake without a pintail, and with its masculine markings just beginning to show. When put to flight the long, slender neck and wing-pattern of the pintail appeared, but lacking its tail it was still a queer-looking bird.

With this fine addition we left Whitby, heading back towards

Ajax, passing the wood beside the hospital marsh where Wishart, by a miracle of spotting, had on the way to Whitby, spied our third horned owl of the day. How he did it we'll never know for even when the rest of us were out of the car that horned owl merged so well with the branches where it was sitting that we had to look some time before we could pick it out.

The last bird of the day was another shrike, our sixth, at Ajax in a hawthorn hedge where it was presumably going to pass the night. Six northern shrikes on one trip in the Toronto area is a remarkable count. Many a winter we have driven miles and miles trying without success to find a single one. This, like last winter, only more so, is a shrike winter.

We have been afield from 8:00 to 4:30, not counting the time of getting to and from Scarboro. A long day of failures and triumphs that in the end left us with a count of 33 species, not as good a list as last year but a very respectable one for all that. (Three other species noted by Dr. and Mrs. Murray Speirs during the day brought the count for the route to 36.)

xxx

xxx

xxx

Mr. Alan Outram has been so kind as to send in the following interesting article on Mammals.

MAMMALS

January 9, 1955.

A. A. Outram

People often ask for a definition of a mammal. This is not easy to give in a few words or even in a short sentence. Pliny is said to have given a beautifully brief definition of man, "Featherless Biped". However, no such brief description can be given to distinguish the class of mammals as a whole.

The animal kingdom is divided into classes, such as birds, reptiles, fishes, mammals, etc. Sometimes we hear an expression such as "birds and animals". This is incorrect, and what is really meant is "birds and other animals", or more likely, "birds and mammals". At first thought it might seem safe to say that mammals are creatures that give birth to live offspring. However, there are a few exceptions to this, being the egg-laying Monotremes of Australia, Tasmania and New Guinea. (The Duck-billed platypus is a Monotreme). Then, too, in some cases other classes of animals give birth to the young alive, such as reptiles and fishes.

One statement that seems to be safe is that all mammals have hair on some part of the body at some time in their life. This even applies to whales, which are true mammals.

Another distinguishing feature is that all young mammals nurse from their mothers for a time, and the milk glands or mammary give rise to the name of this class of animal. Even here one must not expect to find all mammals nurse in the same way, for in the Monotremes mentioned above, the mammary are poorly developed and the milk exudes from a section of the surface of the mother, where it is licked off by the young. Dr. Wm. H. Burt in "Mammals of Michigan", gives eighteen different morphological characters, (some of which are present in other vertebrates) which when used in combination define mammals.

Surprise is sometimes expressed that we should study mammalogy. Yet it is taken for granted that birds, insects, fish and other animals should be investigated either as a vocation or a hobby. Mammals are present on this planet in great numbers and variety. They range from the Arctic, through temperate and tropical zones to the Antarctic, in all habitats, from beneath the sea (coming to the surface to breathe) to very high altitudes, and fly through the air about us, as in the case of bats. Let us not forget that man is a mammal. Stock raisers must know something of mammalogy. Veterinarians must know a great deal. Forestry practise is guided by the findings of mammalogists for a number of reasons, one being that many small mammals feed to a great extent on tree seeds, and others feed on the larva or pupa of insects which harm trees. Our legislation should be, and to an increasing extent is guided by the recommendation of mammalogists, in the passing of game laws, trapping laws and bounty payments.

Mammals of the world are classified into 18 orders and 122 families and are further subdivided as to genus, species and race or sub-species. There are at least 373 species found in Canada and U.S.A. and of these, 81 are at present on our Ontario list. The subject is so large that most mammalogists, professional or amateur, specialize in the study of a small group, often a single species. There is very little known about some species, even here in Ontario, and much work of a practical and interesting nature remains to be done by both professional and amateur.

Many amateurs specialize in the study of mice, moles and shrews, or as they are often called, the small mammals. Although to a great extent nocturnal and seldom seen, there are quite a number of species in Ontario. Sometimes they are present in great numbers, when at the peak of a cycle. The usual way to collect them is with ordinary mouse traps, set out late in the day and visited in the morning. This gives the beginner practise in identifying, measuring, determining sex, preserving skin and skull, etc. When some degree of proficiency has been obtained, a contribution may be made to science, by obtaining specimens, along with certain data, from places where our museums lack material.

Here is a list of some of the books available on the subject,

all of them of use to the beginners.

(1) A Field Guide to the Mammals, by Dr. Wm. H. Burt, which gives field marks of all species found North of the Mexican boundary. This has excellent illustrations, mostly in colour, and fairly good range maps for every species, but little about habits and life history. It is one of the Peterson Field Guide series and is available in the best book stores. It came out in 1952.

(2) The Mammal Guide, by Dr. Ralph S. Palmer. This takes in the same area as (1) but deals to a greater extent with habits and habitats. It too has small range maps for all species. The colour plates, illustrating 182 of the species, are fairly good. It is quite new, being on sale for the first time in August, 1954. Good book stores have it, or can get it easily.

(3) The Mammals of Michigan by Dr. Wm. H. Burt was published by the University of Michigan Press at Ann Arbour in 1946. This is an excellent book for the Ontario amateur. It deals with most of our species, particularly those found in Southern Ontario. It has very good illustrations, some in colour. Also much general information is given re Mammalogy, including how to collect and study. Excellent artificial keys are given for identification purposes.

(4) Methods of Collecting and Preserving Vertebrate Animals by Dr. R.M. Anderson, is an excellent book to own, if contemplating collecting. As its name implies, it goes further afield than mammals, taking in birds, reptiles and other animals. It may be purchased for 50¢ from the Department of Mines and Resources at Ottawa. Ask for Bulletin No. 69 of the National Museum of Canada.

For a beginner (3) is highly recommended. None of these books is expensive. The first three mentioned may be obtained at a discount through the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, 187 Highbourne Rd., Toronto, provided one is a member of the F.O.N. as is the case with so many readers of the Newsletter.

The American Society of Mammalogists welcomes new members, and the yearly dues are \$4.00. Members receive the Journal of Mammalogy four times a year. While some of the articles are highly technical, there is always much of interest to the novice. Dr. R.L. Petersen of the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology is recording secretary of the Association.

XXX

XXX

XXX

#### BOOK REVIEW

A Field Guide To Animal Tracks.

By Olaus J. Murie

(Boston. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1954

Pp. xxii, 374. Price \$3.75.)

The most useful book that came my way this Christmas was the latest addition to the Peterson Field Guide series. Covering all

the wild animals on the continent, and many of the domestic creatures as well, this guide to animal tracks is a fascinating introduction to the naturalist game of seeing what happened there.

Every night, every day, stories are written in snow, mud and dust all across our landscape; dramas are played, tragedies and comedies, and the script is left behind for those who can read to puzzle out and enjoy. In this book Mr. Murie has given us the clues. Let us be the detectives.

Not only are tracks given in full, as they are when perfectly imprinted, but also as they appear under various conditions, for tracks vary considerably according to the medium in which they are left, to the weather, and to the actions of the animal. It is a great help to see what imperfect or partial tracks may look like.

Along with the illustrations of tracks for each animal are reproductions of its scats (droppings to the uninitiated). For a long time I have felt that a guide to animal droppings would be a tremendous aid to the naturalist detective afield. Now, here it is, and I am certain it will be as great a help as I anticipated. Many droppings are as distinctive evidence of an animal's presence as tracks or anything else.

To complete the picture the author discovers and pictures various typical ways in which gnawing and cutting animals leave traces of their work on twigs, branches and bones.

My only criticism of this excellent work is that most of the illustrative examples are taken from Western areas. This may tend to put off some Eastern readers. But after all rabbits, I suppose, do hop in much the same way, East and West.

R.M. Saunders,  
Editor.

THE PROGRAMME COMMITTEE NEEDS HELP

Re Evening Meetings

In a Club as large as ours that meets in a formal way once a month the Programme Committee have no method of contacting individual members who might contribute to monthly meetings. Therefore in order to assist the Committee in planning future meetings would members be good enough to list below any material he or she might have for a short or full evening talk. Suitable material might be in the form of a series of slides relating to birds or plants in general or specific groups, insects, reptiles, mammals, etc., or individual or group projects relating to natural history.

It might be that you could recommend a particular person, member or non-member, who would be of interest as an evening speaker.

Re Rotunda Display

Have you any material that you could lend to be exhibited in the Rotunda at the monthly meetings? Such material might be in the form of flora or fauna specimens, pictures, paintings, etc., of natural history subject. We have the use of several large screens and tables for the display.

Return to:

Mrs. Rill Brown,  
Secretary, Programme Committee,  
Box 404,  
Richmond Hill, Ontario.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone \_\_\_\_\_