

Toronto Field Naturalists' Club

OCTOBER MEETING

Monday, October 1, 1956, at 8.15 p.m.
at the
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Subject: "More Eagle Lore" illustrated with coloured motion pictures
Lecturer: Charles L. Broley

Mr. Broley is well known in North America for his study of the American eagle, and has banded over twelve hundred of these magnificent birds. In his excellent movie much will be seen of the difficult banding procedure and many phases of the life of this bird.

Mr. Broley is also bringing with him a movie on swallows, and promises to show us some unique shots. As it is expected that the seating capacity will be taxed to the limit for this meeting, it is advisable for members not to bring guests.

ROTUNDA DISPLAY

The recent book "Eagle Man" will be on display, and members will have an opportunity of meeting the author, Mrs. Charles L. Broley.

OCTOBER OUTINGS

Please consult the autumn and winter outing programme for details.

Correction: The outing in Cedarvale Ravine, led by Dr. R.M. Saunders, has been incorrectly listed as on November 8. The correct date is December 8. Please make this correction in your programme now.

AUDUBON SCREEN TOURS

The Toronto Field Naturalists' Club is embarking on a new venture. Up to the present the Audubon Screen Tours have been held under a joint sponsorship with the Royal Canadian Institute, but this year our Club is shouldering the entire responsibility for these popular nature film lectures.

We are thankful for the past help we have received from the R.C.I. and are pleased to have their continuing good will. However, it is now up to us to make certain of the future success of the series. May we look forward to the support of all our members and their friends?

You will be receiving shortly the Audubon pamphlet on the coming series, and when you do would you kindly give it the widest possible publicity?

As before, special reduced prices are available to our members. It is important that as many members as possible purchase tickets and boost this splendid series, particularly as this year's presentation is an excellent programme.

JUNIOR FIELD NATURALISTS

The first meeting of the Junior Field Naturalists will be held on Saturday, October 6 at 10.00 a.m. at the Museum Theatre. All children from 8 to 16 will be welcome.

FEES

The Annual fee of \$2.00 is now due. In order to prevent crowding at the desk before meetings, please send your fees by mail to the secretary

John Mitchele - President

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

Toronto Field Naturalists' Club.



Number 141

September 1956.

FLIGHT HOME TO SWEDEN*

I say sensational, for I had never done it before, and this journey by air from Canada to Sweden was an experience of intense interest and stirring impressions. To my surprise, my feelings were not shared by many of my fellow travellers, most of whom sat bored, impervious to the uplift, speaking literally as well as figuratively. I could not understand it. For hour after hour, throughout a day and night and another day, I sat at the window spellbound, entranced by the fantastic sights that unfolded themselves before my eyes.

The weather was lovely the day I started out on the great adventure from the North Bay Airport, lightly cloudy, a blue haze, the air warm and soft. We were airborne in the small two-motored plane with magical smoothness. The city that, from street level, looked rather drab and ordinary in some of its parts was, from the air, transformed into a spot of beauty. For then the little gathering of human shelters could be seen against its magnificent backdrop of rolling hills in the north and the large blue lake in front; and a balanced proportion between all this was obtained that gave the whole picture a special loveliness and originality.

*Ed.Note: In June 1955 Mrs. Louise de Kiriline Lawrence, able and widely known naturalist of Rutherglen, Ontario, made a trip back to her native Sweden. Her account of that trip was so beautifully written, and showed such a charming feeling for nature all around her, that I asked her to allow me to print it in the Newsletter. To this she graciously consented. We are very grateful to her for this permission. In the October number will appear a second of Mrs. Lawrence's letters, describing her birding experiences while in Sweden.

Never before had I realized the full beauty of Lake Nipissing. The familiar scene is not always sufficiently appreciated. And perhaps this lake tends to be unnoticed surrounded as it is by such scenic regions as the Great Lakes, the Lake of the Woods, the St. Lawrence River in the east. But today - and I thought quite privately to me - it displayed its rippled blue water, its wooded islands, and its shoreline drawn in the sweeping bold style of nature, to great advantage - and I was ready to appreciate it. Nor did it lose one particle in comparison with all the other scenes I saw on this journey.

The colours of spring were beautiful upon the earthly carpet. The red maples gave it the russet tones, the large-toothed aspens the silver. All shades of green from the darkest to the lightest came from the conifers and from trees and bushes in virgin leaf. And the soil itself brushed on the dark and light browns, according to the various stages of its humidity.

There is a particular kind of "nap" to this Canadian landscape. It is like the nap of a coarse Persian carpet, strong, deep, and everlasting. To me personally it was significant that in only two of the six countries I flew over I should find the same kind of "nap" - Canada and Sweden - two lands of the north, my adopted and my native country. That of the other four was like silk.

Finland is famed as being the land of the thousand lakes. But if this is so, then central Ontario is the land of the ten thousand waters. We flew at a great height, so high that the cars moving at fifty, sixty miles an hour below us appeared to stand still, fastened like pinheads upon the narrow ribands of the roads, but so far as the eye could reach every depression of the land was filled with water, lakes of all shapes, rounded, irregular, ovate, fingered. In snaky undulations thread-like creeks and rivulets attached themselves nearly to every one of them, feeding them with their own contents and sometimes going on to others to continue their Samaritan exchange of water.

The wealth of water ended with Lake Simcoe. Under wisps of light cloud the lake looked cool and very green from its algae infestations. Perhaps some variations in its surface temperature were the cause of the swaying and bucking movements that for a brief interval possessed our ship.

From then on lakes and forest vanished from the topographical contour and the expanses of flat fields and cultivations lost themselves in ever denser accumulations of human dwellings. The most striking and awesome feature about this smooth and fertile land was its unmistakable signs of erosion. To the eye looking down upon it from high in the air, the long deep marks of unchecked run-off ominously unmasked themselves and pale bald spots of barren sand kept cropping up amid the emerald patchwork, like spooks foreboding the inevitable advent of the desert.

Malton Airport was a Comorrah filled with confusion and babbling noise, and a loud-speaking system that had the two cardinal faults of

such an apparatus, indistinctness and harsh loudness. With a sigh of relief I finally escaped from this minor inferno into the waiting North Star which benevolently picked me up on its way from Chicago to Montreal.

We rode our Star into a world of vertical cloud formations that seen for the first time completely took my breath away. Past high mountains of cloud, that rose steeply beside us into the blue, over giddy depths of cloud canyons, our silvered plane banked and zoomed around fantastic bends of billowing vapours as solid-looking as rock. Were it not for our wings occasionally shearing through a corner of cloud, detaching aerial cream puffs therefrom at will, one might easily fancy the safest of landings upon this substantial mass of blinding white. And all this I saw through the transparent whirr of the propellers which became invisible by their very velocity, like the wings of a hummingbird.

It was not until we sank down through the clouds that I saw the St. Lawrence, broad and mighty river spanned by the Victoria Bridge. We banked over it, circled the Mount Royal and beheld the imposing edifice of the Montreal University, reposing like a knightly castle upon the southern slope of the mountain.

Exactly on time, at 4 p.m. we boarded the Atlantic plane, a four-motor Super Constellation of the Trans-Canada Airlines. The connotation "super" was quite superfluous in connection with this medium of transportation, since the word Constellation alone adequately placed it in the uppermost rank of excellence with regard to comfort as well as to service and security. It looked like a Gargantuan bird of some primordial species, placidly resting upon its perch, so placidly as almost to discredit the intense pulsating power it possessed, enabling it to fly non-stop through the air at great speed for nine long hours.

The feeling of complete security that the lift off the earth always gives is astonishing. At this moment an accident to the powerful machine appears entirely impossible. The combined forces of air and wing, the smooth gradual rise from the bumpy runway, seem to divorce us altogether from any levels where dangers lurk. Perhaps it is this feeling of security that keeps airmen fearless so long as they can handle a plane. This makes it also easier to understand the complete detachment of a bird on the wing, to realize its physical liberation from the earth, to which all other earthlings are inseparably fast.

We flew over the St. Lawrence, deep, deep down below us. The Mount Royal looked like an elevated pancake. The river was green, a beautiful colour. There were the Lachine rapids, bridges, and more bridges. The ocean liners on the water looked like tiny crawling insects. All the things on the ground diminished in size until it seemed they could shrink no more. We gathered speed, yet we appeared to move slower than a snail.

Still higher we flew until the cumulus were far below and a layer of cirrus much closer overhead. We moved suspended between the two

layers of cloud. No longer could I discern man or car on the hair-thin roads. The landscape was sunflecked, light and shadow raced across the earth in the pattern of the clouds. Far away at the horizon a bank of cloud gleamed sun-touched, like a snow-capped mountain range. The next moment the whole formation, dissolved and unrecognizable, was far below us and alto stratus sailed past us like large wet blankets.

We were northeast of Quebec city. Here the river widened into a broad band. We flew over the steep and rocky northern bank. The country became more rugged and the rivers confluent to the St. Lawrence were full of white water. There was snow on the ground, large patches. No more roads except along the river, everything was forest and rock, the rough pre-Cambrian shield in its outermost northeastern corner.

We parted ways with the St. Lawrence and left it disappearing in the south. We came over wild country with a "nap" stiff and straight and unyielding like the hairs of a brush. Naked rock, deep forests, frozen lakes in every depression, black open water at the head and tail of each section of white frothing rapids deep at the bottom of valleys carved into the rock. Magnificent and exciting was this great expanse of frozen wilderness, innocent of human imprint.

We sailed over a layer of thick cloud that shut out the wilderness. Far below us, as if resting flat upon the cumulus, was a double oval rainbow. It was a novel experience to look down upon a rainbow. It was like a sun shining in all the colours of the spectrum. Above the sky was clear, aquamarine.

There was a large frozen lake with greenish ice. Bare snow-covered mountains, ridged as if worn by glaciers aeons ago, surrounded it. Soon these changed into a higher and sharper complex, stark and rugged, its massive rock cleaved into abysmal crevasses. This was Labrador, the fascinating wild hinterland of the north. This was the last I saw of Canada.

At 7.30 Atlantic time the sun was still high above the horizon. It shone pinkish. We flew over a thick layer of cloud that obscured the earth. Its colours were pink, grey, and orangy. The interplay of shadows and light upon this cloud created the effect of a sundog resting upon it at the end of a long grey-shaded tunnel, an altogether amazing phenomenon.

We were over the sea although we could not see it through the clouds. Mists engulfed us in light grey vapours or drifted past us in wisps. This was the dance of the Atlantic elves. Far distant at the southern horizon stood the night. It was blue, edged with pink. What an amazing blueness it possessed, indescribable, air and night mixed, transparent! Slowly it advanced across the earth towards the sunset in the north.

It was at this epoch that the nearest starboard engine became my special friend. It sprang to life in that blue northern ocean night like an animated being. Previously I had distrusted it because it

seemed to change its tune occasionally, and I had wondered why. What if it should catch on fire!

Indeed, now I saw that it was full of fire, but it glowed with comforting warmth and worked with such a steady pulse that all my misgivings vanished. From its short exhausts its inward flame erupted in even rapid rhythm. I came to love the mighty drone of this engine that never missed a beat, never wore down. And it became the most astonishing and miraculous thing to me, that all this material fashioned by mere human hand into a precision mechanism, indefatigably turning the supporting propellers at never-slackening speed, refused to wear out, even to loosen in its tight-fitting moving parts, during this long steady nine-hour grind under immense pressure.

The red twilight of sunset merged without a break into a pink dawn. There was no night. Above the red exhausts of my two starboard engines and the little blinking green light at the tip of the wing, I saw but one pale star gleaming weakly. Though the lights in the cabins were all out and we lay in our chairs tipped back as far as they could go, comfortably bedded down under white blankets, sleep seemed a state quite unfitting for this remarkable propulsion through the upper spheres.

Mid-Atlantic. Light is returning. Woolly tufts of cloud dot the grey-blue expanse below us. Far, far down, tiny white spots look like polka dots on sky-blue silk. These are the crests of the Atlantic rollers, the huge death-dealers to ships and men, but looking utterly insignificant when seen from this height of some 21,000 feet.

The rising sun struck with gold the underparts of the plane and dispensed over all the aerial world the rosy tints of dawn. The cloud formations were beyond belief spectacular. Some towered in peaks. Some sailed on their way, dragging fringes of dewdrops like transparent sheets. Others hung like sausages, suspended in mid-air, or by one end attached to the fantastic assembly. Still others looked like mushrooms and with unwanted realism recalled the nuclear bombs, incongruous implements of hate in this aloof atmosphere.

Existence in heaven. And in these celestial environments life returned within the shell of our Constellation and we were served a delicious breakfast.

There must have been mighty winds present that night of May 16 pushing our toy craft across some 2500 miles of ocean in what seemed hardly more than the wink of an eyelash. In broad daylight Scotland's outer skerries, the Hebrides, spread under light clouds like a beautiful brown-green velvet mat torn into many irregular pieces by the sea. There was a soft loveliness over the stiffened surf that marginated the land below us, over the lifted plateaus, and the sparsely scattered white toy houses that nestled in sheltered places on the shores.

There is an entrancing mysticism about the Hebrides, these islands famed in tale and song. And there is a quality of the sea air over

the British Isles and a scent of perennial bloom which I, at least, have never found elsewhere.

In over the mainland we flew above the loftiest mountains hitherto encountered upon this flight. These were the Scottish Highlands. Their peaks rose snow-powdered close up under our craft, their tops roughened and ridged by water, wind and ice. In less than a few minutes we left them behind and came in for a landing at Prestwick amid green runways, rows of flowering stocks, and white wheeling gulls, we ourselves a giant oceanic bird of pure silver.

On the way to London we flew at a height of 9500 feet. There was much cloud over the land, fair weather cumulus. Only at long intervals I caught glimpses of the orderly English landscape with its neat rows of houses, square fields, and its beaches bordering upon a sea that from our fast-moving lookout above the clouds appeared like a creation in coloured glass. The "nap" of this land was silky velvet, short, dense, and soft. Through wisps of cloud we came down over London sprawling miles-wide upon the ground. An emerald swimming pool became the conspicuous centre point around which we circled before touching down utterly smoothly upon the broad runway.

The new airport building at London is an enormously spacious place designed in excellent taste. Its entire southern wall is of glass and looks out over the airfield and the red brick navigation tower with its green sunwindows and black swifts gyrating above it.

Inside the gigantic hall the colours are kept in light brown and grey to darker blue and blue-grey. At even intervals candelabras of a fascinating form are suspended along the glasswall. Slender trumpet-like golden lightholders, highly irregular in length, carry tiny star-like lamps in their wide open mouths.

Comfort, subdued elegance, and an air of easy but hushed efficiency permeated the whole place. The only thing that seemed not to run smoothly was the parking business outside. Time and again the loud-speaker called upon the attention of car owner license number so and so, suggesting he remove his vehicle "promptly as it is causing an obstruction". And the female announcer pronounced the last word in a particularly pleasant tone of voice.

The Scandinavian Airlines' D 6 lacked nothing but the elbow room with which the trans-oceanic plane had been so generous. It carried us into thick fog over the north end of the English Channel, which dissipated and vanished as we crossed Holland's undulating and silvered coast-line. The sun shone brilliantly upon a land of velvety green texture and its cubistic pattern of canals, constantly exploding new suns, like star blossoms in the green, as its rays struck glass or metal surfaces and suddenly flashed back to us in the sky. It took but a comparative instant to measure Holland's length from south to north and we were out over a string of green dots that were the Friesian Islands and the ragged splotch of Heligoland upon the glass-like North Sea.

A small distance from Copenhagen the huge grey cross of the Roskilde Cathedral rose towards us. The red tile roofs of the Danish town and suburban houses rapidly overwhelmed the green scenes as we approached the airport at Kastrup. The airfield itself was a green diamond with two broad runways laid out diagonally from corners to corners. Two sides of it bordered on the sea and the whole thing looked slightly too small. To set down this large machine, whose wings seemed to spread over acres, without overrunning the target would require no little amount of marksmanship, and with a slightly breathless feeling I observed us swinging out over the sea. Then gently, very smoothly, very gradually, we sank lower over ships and houses, to touch down exactly on the spot with laudable skill and precision.

The sun was setting over the land when I finally settled down in the fifth plane on the last leg of the flight home. We took off between fly-pasts of small groups of ducks that kept crossing the field at this hour on their way from their feeding places in the meadows to the sea. A minute later we flew across the coastline of Sweden.

Clouds lay dense over the Swedish land, and their rich sunset carpet of roses and gold permitted only brief glimpses of dark forest and dimly lighted grey lakes through quickly opening and closing rifts. Dusky and sombre it was down there under the cloud, while above the full luminousness of day remained undiminished. Thus we flew, seeing all these wonders of the skies, but blinded and bereft the sight of the rising and falling contours of the land.

Then, as we neared Stockholm, something extraordinary happened. Of a sudden the clouds parted and dissolved. And there below, wedged between two deep firths of the Baltic Sea, like a picture illuminated by a giant skylight, I saw the place where I was born.

Lovely and smiling lay the familiar land with its old trees, the marble quarry of Kolmarden shining white, the pastures where the lapwings nested and the fields where the skylarks sang, the skerries plucked like so many pieces from the mainland by time and the sea, all this enhanced by the fond memory of perhaps the happiest period of life.

But even in the flash of that sweet and longed-for moment came a feeling of nostalgic unreality. This was the past. The present lay in the other direction. There was more to the idea of home than a locality, a past, a cherished memory. There was the everlasting satisfaction of home forged from living and striving and doing. And I knew, that now I would be able to undertake the true flight home only on the return journey.

THE F.O.N. SUMMER NATURE CAMP*

Despite rain and cool weather, which considerably cut down our inclination to take advantage of the usually pleasant waters of Bella Lake; and plagued in no uncertain manner by the largest and hungriest army of mosquitoes, black flies and "no-see-ums" which we have encountered for several years, the eighteenth session of the Federations's nature study camp may, we feel, be counted as one of our most successful enterprises. The camp, held at Billie Bear Lodge, near Huntsville, during the first two weeks of July, attracted a record number of students, seventy-three in all. Our only regret was that we were unable to accommodate all those who wished to come.

It will be of interest to the members of the T.F.N.C. to know that the two students who attended the camp on scholarships from this club turned out to be excellent pupils. They were Deirdre Webb from Addison, and Myrna Speers from Markham, and two more intelligent and enthusiastic teen-agers it would have been hard to find. They were extremely cooperative, entering into all the camp activities wholeheartedly. We feel that they derived considerable benefit from their two weeks of nature study.

Our bird list for the camp totalled eighty-six species. It was interesting to note the fluctuation in numbers among the different birds. Tanagers and rose-breasted grosbeaks were sharply up; black-throated blue and black-throated green warblers were down; while the evening grosbeaks which were usually to be found in fair numbers in the car park, were this year represented by one solitary bird, which came in about the middle of the second week, stayed for a few hours, and then disappeared.

As for the botanists, the lovely rose pogonia still grows on a tiny island on the shores of Mud Lake, safely protected by several feet of water from all but the camera enthusiasts; and the ferns of the district still provide material for collections, of which several very good ones were made.

Shore breakfasts, picnic lunches by the rapids at Distress Dam, or on the flat rocks beside the East River, a bonfire at Betty's Island, and several impromptu sing-songs, all contributed towards a very full and interesting programme. Each group went once to Algonquin Park, where, through the courtesy of Mr. Rod Stanfield, the director, they were told something of the experimental work being carried on at the Wildlife Area. They visited the Park Museum, went on one of the nature trails, and lunched at Lake of Two Rivers.

*Ed. Note: No one better than Mrs. Ruth Stewart could describe the activities of the Summer Nature Camp at Billie Bear, for she was "camp mother" and saw everything, inside and out. This is Mrs. Stewart's report to the Club.

Besides having a talk by each of the senior leaders at camp, we were delighted to welcome Dr. William Gunn, who spoke to us on warblers, and illustrated his talk with his own inimitable recordings; and Professor A.F. Coventry, who gave a most thought-provoking illustrated lecture on conservation. Much to our delight, "Covers" remained with us for several days, and accompanied the group to the bog on the last outing.

If it had not been for the fact that fairly strenuous exercise was the order of the day, we should all have gone home weighing more than when we arrived. Billie Bear Lodge has a cook "par excellence"! Mr. Graham Atkin, our genial host, took an active interest in all our undertakings, and proved exceedingly helpful and cooperative. We have much for which to thank him.

All too soon for most of us, the last hike was over, the last evening game of "Oh Hell" won or lost; and with another bang-up party, organized by the campers entirely without benefit of the staff, who were their guests for the evening, the nature study camp closed. The activities are ended, but the pleasant memories linger on.

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BOOK REVIEWS

The Singing Wilderness. By Sigurd F. Olsen. Illustrations by Francis Lee Jaques. Knopf. New York. (In Canada McClelland-Stewart Co. Toronto). 1956. Pp. ix, 245. Price \$4.50.

Do you sometimes feel overwhelmed, that the world is too much to bear, want to go away all alone? This is a book for you. Have you ever on some remote woodland pool with the sky reddening behind the lonely spruces felt the heartbeat of a fuller life, seen the door open on a world you have never before known? If you have Sigurd Olsen will bring it back to you time and time again; and, if you have not, he may show you the way to that opening door.

To Olsen the door to the "singing wilderness", to the fuller world opened in the wild, scented reaches of the Quetico-Superior forests. Redolent pines, leaping trout, glacier-scarred rocks, and mile after mile of smooth black water, set alive at the going down of the sun with the mad, wonderful laughing of the loons, with the long, breath-stilling howling of wolves -- these, and all their companion sights and sounds, were the key to the opening door for him. Once inside that world one can never quite withdraw -- living is in a different frame, -- yet neither can we remain, not in the life which we have to live today. One can visit this other world, and come back and dream; sometimes one can seek for it and not find, only at last, when one has almost despaired of ever getting back into the charmed elsewhere, to discover that once more the privilege has again been granted, the door is open anew. It is the story of some of his visits to this

other world that Mr. Olsen tells in his book, and with a pen that vividly records his remarkable sensitivity for colour and sound, for the feel of the land and its creatures and the all-encompassing whole within which they and we all live and move.

One could choose many passages to illustrate the style and spirit of this moving book. I am going to choose two paragraphs from the chapter on "Silence", one of the finest, and in a way the epitome of the book. Mr. Olsen had climbed a great ridge in the wilds, gaining the top in time to watch the sun go down over the horizon-reaching landscape of lakes, wooded hills and valleys.

"As I watched and listened, I became conscious of the slow, steady hum of millions of insects and through it the calling of the white-throats and the violin notes of the hermit thrushes. But it all seemed very vague from that height and very far away, and gradually they merged one with another, blending in a great enveloping softness of sound no louder, it seemed, than my breathing.

"The sun was trembling on the edge of the ridge. It was alive, almost fluid and pulsating, and as I watched it sink I thought that I could feel the turning from it, actually feel its rotation. Over all was the silence of the wilderness, that sense of oneness which comes only when there are no distracting sights or sounds, when we listen with inward ears and see with inward eyes, when we feel and are aware with our entire beings rather than with our senses. I thought as I sat there of the ancient admonition 'Be still and know that I am God', and knew that without stillness there can be no knowing, without divorcement from outside influences man cannot know what spirit means."

To the colourful, stirring descriptions, the poignant pages of the author must be added the equally imaginative, strangely alive drawings by Frances Lee Jaques. They are just right for the artist has caught the spirit, entered into the life that has moved the author. There is no doubt that he too knows the singing wilderness. And, like the author, he will help you to enter therein. This is a book for you, if you have an ounce of love for the wild.

Planting Your Garden For Wild Birds. By James R. Mackintosh. Audubon Society of Canada. Toronto. 1956. Pp. 35. Price \$1.00.

Most of the members of this club who go on field trips, and all those who visit the beautiful University of Toronto estate on Bayview Avenue have come to know "Mac", the friendly, helpful, and knowledgeable Chief Gardener of Glendon Hall. He has been and is a continuing source of help and guidance in the world of plants and birds. Thanks to the Audubon Society of Canada some of Mac's knowledge and useful tips have now been put into print where they can serve an even wider public. If you wish to know what one of our most experienced

gardeners, who is at the same time an ardent birdwatcher, thinks you should plant to attract birds, and where you should put it then get hold of this attractive pamphlet. It lists trees, shrubs, and flowers according to their value for bird food and shelter, and gives you hints as to how to place them properly. Illustrated with an Allan Brooks colour plate of yellow warblers and several black and white drawings.

Wildlife Trails Across Canada. By Hugh M. Halliday. Thomas Allen Ltd. Toronto. 1956. Pp. 164. Price \$2.00.

Hugh Halliday, who two years ago entertained us with intimate accounts of his "Wildlife Friends", now takes us across Canada from Newfoundland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Vancouver Island, introducing us at each stage to the interesting wild creatures he has met in his many excursions up and down this land. We watch "panhandling" black bears and "hillbilly" mountain goats in the Rockies, snow geese at Cap Tourmento, blue geese on James Bay, cougars on Vancouver Island, prairie dogs in Saskatchewan, whistling swans at Long Point, puffins off Newfoundland and many others. Then there is Hugh's account of how to do Algonquin Park or any wilderness trip into the wooded wild north on the light and rough. It may make you dash for the spring mattress or inspire you to follow in his wake; that possibly depends upon your age. At any rate you will find his encounters with Canadian wild life instructive and full of human as well as animal interest. As in his previous book the illustrations are black and white photographs of the author's own taking.