

Toronto Field Naturalists' Club

159

December Meeting
Monday, December 1, 1958, at 8.15 p.m.
at the
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Speaker: Mr. G. Marshall Bartman

Subject: WOODS, WILD FLOWERS & STILL WATER: through the camera lens
into the world of nature.

Mr. Bartman, Extension Secretary of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, is one of the best known members of our Club, having been a member since 1937. We are privileged to see some of his exquisite color slides which have won him a superlative reputation in the field of nature photography.

DECEMBER OUTING: Saturday, December 13th, 9.00 a.m. Birds in Cedarvale Ravine. Leader: Dr. R. M. Saunders.
Meet at the north end of Boulton Drive at the ravine entrance. Boulton Drive is one short block west of Poplar Plains Road, running north from Cottingham Street to Roycroft Dr.

BOTANY GROUP: There will be no meeting of the Botany Group in December. Watch for announcement in the January Newsletter.
Secretary - Mrs. May Persson, LE 6-0975

F.O.N. CHRISTMAS CARDS: This will be your last chance to get these attractive nature greeting cards. If you will be unable to attend the December meeting, cards may be ordered by mail from the Secretary. Price \$1.50 per dozen.

SLIDE BOX: If any members have nature slides which they would like to place in the slide box in the rotunda for viewing at any meeting, please telephone the Secretary. We are in need of fresh material.

JUNIOR CLUB: The Toronto Junior Field Naturalists' Club will meet at 10 a.m. on Saturday, December 6th. The Mineral Group will be in charge. Many study groups are now full, but there is still room in the Botany Group and the Insect Group for children 11 years or over. Children 8 to 11 may enrol in the Museum Explorers for an introductory study of the zoology and mineralogy galleries of the Museum.
Fee \$1.00 per year. Director, Don Burton - RU 2-2155

FEES: The annual membership fee of \$2.00 is due in September of each year. It is our custom to remove from our mailing list all those who have not paid their fees by the December meeting. If you have been putting off this little chore, do not delay any longer. Mail your \$2.00 to the Secretary NOW, or bring it to the meeting, to ensure continued receipt of your Newsletter and programme announcements.

President -- Dr. Walter Tovell

Secretary - Mrs. H. Robson
49 Craighurst Ave. HU 1-0260

Toronto Field Naturalists' Club.



Number 159

October, 1958

Bird-watching from an Ocean Liner

• by Doris Heustis Speirs

In order to attend the XIIth International Ornithological Congress in Helsinki, Finland, in early June, 1958, we left New York City at 11.00 o'clock on the twenty-fourth of May--a day of bright blue sky, of racing white clouds, of wind and salt-spray. How the ripples danced, how the streamers swayed merrily from shipside to quayside as the gulls wheeled overhead and our ship, the M.S. GRIPSHOLM, of the Swedish-American Line, blew her last blast and we were pulled away from the wharf by our two little piloting tugs. High up on the promenade deck we stood, my husband Murray and I, and strained our eyes to see each bird and to identify each gull.

There were several species of gulls to be looked over carefully; the big herrings of which there were at least fifty around the piers and, at first, accompanying our ship; the smaller ring-bills of which we noticed just four and the diminutive and beautiful laughing gulls, of which we saw about a dozen. We listened for their calls or "laughs". Murray described their notes as "ki-ya," (like the common terns' but less harsh).

Ed. Note.--We are very pleased to welcome once again to the pages of the Newsletter Mrs. Murray Speirs who has graciously prepared an account of some of the many fascinating bird observations which she and Murray made during their exciting trip to Finland.

As we got further out from the New York skyline we saw six more small gulls which were Bonapartes and not laughing gulls. These were discovered to the west at 2.25 p.m. About the same time Murray observed suddenly a gannet, It was bird not fully adult, with white head and tail and dark wings and was making high-diving plunges from sky to sea. Two ring-billed gulls still followed the ship and at 3.15 p.m. one herring gull escorted us briefly. All the other herrings had long since left us.

About 4.30 p.m. when we seemed to be definitely "at sea," there appeared in the distance our first pelagic birds. Six of these may have been great shearwaters (showing some white below) and two were probably sooty shearwaters (showing no white at all). A few minutes later Murray called me excitedly. He had discovered six birds that were undoubtedly sooty shearwaters and tried to point them out to me. Raising my binoculars, I looked over the waves. A pair soon were spotted, flying low over the very blue sea and only about a foot above the water. They were going in the same direction as we were and proceeding as rapidly, and no more so, than the GRIPSHOLM. I observed them steadily (or most unsteadily because of the motion of the ship) for about ten minutes, balancing myself as best I could. Into our nostrils came an exhilarating smell of sea and we took in deep breathfuls of it. Meanwhile the shearwaters had vanished. But at 5.00 p.m. a lone gull flew by, going southwest. We watched it sail over our ship, the last gull we would see until near land again. Then, from the brilliance of sea and sky which had gladdened our departure from New York, we glided silently into fog. And as the fog began to close in around us, the fog horn began to wail. We felt in a very private world, startled every few minutes by the boom of the fog horn.

All the next day we were encased in fog and not one bird did we see. I occupied myself by reading Charles Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle," an especially appropriate book to ponder while crossing the sea lanes in this Darwinian anniversary year.

Our ship was bound for Sweden and Finland and we were on what is known as "the north route". We did not expect to see many birds, but of pelagic species we knew there would be some, if we could only discern them. The following day we were on the high seas off Cape Breton Island and Newfoundland. The fog horn was still blowing, the temperature was 52°F, and it was very windy on the starboard side.

At 10.30 I was in my deck-chair, swathed in rugs, book in hand, when I saw Murray running to the starboard rail. Birds! Somehow I got my feet untangled from the rugs and hastened after him. There were two great shearwaters in sight,

my first clear view of these famous pelagic birds. They were skimming the waves, just shearing the water, and keeping abreast of the ship. They flew with stiff wings and with only occasional flaps (never more than three) as they changed course slightly. They were flying, not straight ahead, but in a waving line. Soon a third bird was seen, then a fourth, a fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth, each one appearing out of the fog and undulating on its own weaving line above the ever-rhythmic waves of the sea.

The markings of the great shearwater are beautiful. The bird has an elongated black cap, a black bill, pure white throat, white crescent at the rump or base of the tail, dark wings outspread, and conspicuous markings of white between the primaries and secondaries as though the wings were divided into fore and aft sections. This division was not shown in the Peterson or Wynne-Edwards' illustrations which we had with us.

Returning from the deck and from such a wind-blown observation of the birds (which Murray had photographed despite the 40 m.p.h. gale) I went to our stateroom. There, through the porthole and out of the wind, I had a leisurely and private view of three of the shearwaters which were just outside the window. One bird's wingtip seemed to actually graze the surface of the waves as it banked in flight. Until mid-afternoon some of these birds could be seen from time to time. Murray showed them to the Danish Ambassador (who was returning to Denmark from Canada). I did not hear the Danish name for Procellaria gravis but the Swedish name is Större lira. A German passenger on deck who espied one of the birds, pointed it out to me excitedly and called it Grosser Sturmtaucher-- a most expressive name, although we did not see this bird diving in the storm. Diving into the wind he certainly did.

Fog enveloped us all the next day and no birds appeared close to the ship. On May 28th the weather was better. There were even a few breaks in the overcast sky from time to time. We were by then in the mid-Atlantic ($52^{\circ}28'N$, $37^{\circ}05'W$ at 12,30 p.m.). When we looked out of our porthole before 8.00 in the morning, we saw the first fulmar going by. Fulmars were the chief excitement of the day for us. By noon there were one hundred following the ship and with them were eight great shearwaters and one gannet (not fully mature). By 7.00 in the evening the number of fulmars had grown to about two hundred.

Just after 10.00 p.m. we went out on deck and as it was still daylight, we looked for fulmars. About a dozen were still following the ship. They were greatly attracted by the garbage which was thrown out from the galley. When the garbage was spread over the water, the fulmars quickly settled

by the floating debris, often in a quite compact raft. Murray observed that it was characteristic of them to hold their wings up at an angle when they first alighted on the water. He noted also that their manner of flight is much like that of the shearwaters but they rose up high above the wave tops more often and frequently fluttered their wings for half a dozen 'flips', then sailed again, banking stiffly this way, then that. In these short bursts of fluttering, the action often seemed to take place at the bend of the wings involving the primaries, while the base of the wing (secondaries) was still held stiffly. At other times the whole wing was involved in a shallow fluttering. Some of the birds showed a lot of white on the dorsal surface of the body and wings, while others were a quite dark smoky gray with only the head and tail white. Some had gray tails with narrow white tips. One was dark all over, above and below.

We identified during the day and from a distance five birds that were not following the ship. They were Manx shearwaters. These were of relatively small size. They were very dark above, white beneath and flew on stiff wings.

The following day we saw about twenty-five fulmars--no other birds at all.

On May 30 we proceeded from north of Rockall to north of Scotland ($58^{\circ}4'N$, $13^{\circ}9'W$ at 12.30 p.m.). Fortunately there was no fog but the sky was overcast with only occasional breaks and there were some light showers. The most common species observed (and these were seen from quite a distance off) were gannets, of which we estimated there were 75 or more. Only five fulmars were observed but we saw with pleasure fifteen guillemots, the lovely little "sea pigeons". One great black-backed gull appeared, a sign that we were not so very far from land. Between Rockall and the Hebrides we saw a flock of what may have been Arctic skuas, flying north in a graduated line. They were about the size of sooty shearwaters but flew with deep wing beats and backswept wings, like terns. They appeared to be a uniform dark brown or black in colour.

On May 31 we were in the North Sea ($58^{\circ}58'N$, $0^{\circ}44'E$ at 12.30 p.m.). We passed Ronaldsay at 6.45 a.m. The day was foggy at first but cleared briefly. In the morning we did a little birding on deck with the Ambassador (he was really interested in birds). We were able to list eight species, chiefly because we saw about a dozen fishing boats off the northeast coast of Scotland in the early morning and there were many birds in the vicinity of the boats. We listed 50 fulmars (these were following the ship), 4 gannets, 30 great black-backed gulls, 5 kittiwakes, 10 razorbills, one little auk and one puffin.

On June 1, approaching the west coast of Sweden, eider ducks were really common along the rocky shores of the barren islands off Göteborg. They were nearly all females, but with careful looking we did spot eight or ten of the handsome males, these by themselves and not with the females. There were about forty eiders in all. Soon we were met by eighteen lesser black-backed gulls, a new species for us. There were about 200 in the harbour. They are very trim birds and Murray got a good picture of three of them. Two great black-backed gulls were seen also and we noticed how considerable larger they are than the lessers. We were delighted to see our first black-headed gulls. They really have brown heads, although we must admit they do look black from a distance. We saw another new species at Göteborg harbor, the handsome common gull. This, we discovered, is a bird of the canals and the city streets. There were herring gulls and common terns too and we heard a chorus of singing land birds coming out to us from the shore.

On June 2 we left Göteborg at noon. We had listed eight species at this harbor: great black-backed gull (1), lesser black-backed gull (30), herring gull (60), black-headed gull (10), common tern (25), eider (200), goosander (1). The ducks were by the little islands after we left the city. We saw several families of eiders; two females with four downy young apiece, and two females with about fifteen young between them. Sailing later between Sweden and Denmark on that arm of the Baltic Sea called the Kattegat, we saw sixty or more gulls and of three species-- lesser black-backed, common and herring gulls.

We were on the Baltic Sea all day June 3. It was foggy at first but then became clear, calm and warm--really ideal weather. It was indeed a seraphic day, with the water almost opalescent. We could see for miles, but, alas, there were no birds. Only at sunset did we discern in the distance the silhouette of one gull.

June 4 was our last day at sea and the most exciting. We were in the Gulf of Finland and due to arrive at Helsinki before noon. It was glorious weather with the sky very blue and a brisk wind blowing.

When about one and a half hours out from the capital city, I saw a small bird (about 7-1/2 inches) being blown across an upper deck. It sought refuge on a white railing, fluttering its wings continuously and spreading its tail as though to maintain balance. There was a line over the bird's eye as in our red-eyed vireo. The head and bill quite resembled a Carolina wren. But we immediately got out our European Peterson and consulted the pages on the warblers. Quite a group of people had gathered beneath the high railing

on which the bird was crouching. Remarks were being made in various languages but none in English, so we had to make our own identification carefully. The bird turned out to be a great reed warbler.

We found out later that the great reed warbler is a rarity in Finland. On our arrival that day at the headquarters of the Congress on the peninsula of Otaniemi, the General Secretary of the Congress, the Baron Lars von Haartman, was told about our find. He became quite excited. "You must publish that," he said. Apparently it was not until 1930 that the first singing male of this species was observed by Hytönen in Finland, and this bird heard on May 25 of that year was in the Helsinki region. According to Einari Merikallio (Finnish Birds, 1958, p. 123) nests have been found subsequently in Helsinki in 1943 and at Espoo in 1951. The bird therefor is now breeding in southern Finland but is still very rare.

The passengers of the GRIPSHOLM received a tremendous ovation on arrival at the Helsinki pier. The flags of Finland, Sweden, United States and Canada were waving in the wind. A band played the national anthem of Finland, then Sweden, then of the United States and then our own dear "O Canada". We stood by the rail with tears in our eyes and gulpy but happy throats. A gracious lady (the Minister of Education I believe) gave a speech of welcome in Finnish, Swedish and English. Finland took us all to her heart and of course we took Finland to our heart. An so, as the bands played and the lesser black-backed gulls and the black-headed gulls and the terns flew over our heads, we alighted on Finnish soil to attend the thrilling XIIth International Ornithological Congress.

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Willow Beach has been known for many years as one of the most favoured birding spots along the north shore of Lake Ontario. Here is a delightful account of a most interesting observation to prove that the region has lost nothing of its attraction and charm. Mrs. Reeve, the friendly hostess of Willow Beach, is well known to the members of this club who have been making annual peregrinations to her domain for quite some time. This article was first published in "The Curlew", Bulletin of the Willow Beach Naturalists (Vol. III, No. 6) in September.

What Was That Bird I Heard???

by Florence Reeve

Creatures ornithological, canine, feline, or rodent that disturb our slumbers in the wee sma' hours usually cause us to rise and exhaust our supply of old shoes in target practice.

But the Yellow-breasted Chat that sojourned at Willow Beach from June 8 to July 28 had the opposite effect on us. We felt like applauding his nightly concert. I give the above exact dates as they are the ones on which the bird was first heard and last seen or heard.

We were calling on some people who were staying in one of the cottages on the evening of June 8th, when, at about eleven o'clock, we heard a bird call. We dismissed the idea as too fantastic, but upon going out of doors shortly afterwards, our first impression was confirmed by hearing the loud call of a Robin. A Robin? Not quite a Robin; more like a Flicker. By the time we had retired, armed with Peterson, we knew a lot of things it wasn't, but what it was remained a mystery until morning. We very cleverly eliminated it from the Grebes, the Herons and Bitterns, right through the Warblers. And I say "through" advisedly, as that was one thing it couldn't be-- too big a sound and at night. After fitfully tossing and wondering the night through, came the DAWN, (the dawn comes late at Willow Beach--about eight) and visual indentification of THE BIRD as a Yellow-breasted Chat, a WARBLER, a blow to our pride in our powers of deduction. When our cottagers asked, "What was that bird that made so much noise in the night?", we were able to reply with a nonchalance born of much bluffing, "That? Oh, that was a Yellow-breasted Chat."

For seven weeks the Chat did its imitations, running over each night what it had learned by day--the Blue Jay, the Baltimore Oriole, the Thrush, the Catbird and finally I saw it leaning out of the apple tree at the back door, mocking our cat. Some think the Chat has been miscast in the role of a Warbler and should be in the Mockingbird class because of its size and its habits.

Though no nest was found, the fact that the Chat stayed at least seven weeks bears out our belief that the bird nested close by, as it was seldom heard more than fifty yards from the house. It was heard almost daily and nightly, but rarely seen. We felt a sense of loss when the Chat no longer helped us with our game of "I wonder what he'll imitate to-night?" So, in closing, I say, "If you like guessing games, suspense and varied entertainment, get yourself a Yellow-breasted Chat."

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From time to time it has seemed worthwhile to bring to the attention of readers of the Newsletter some of the fine nature bulletins issued by the Forest Preserve District of Cook County, Illinois. The Forest Preserves are a series of green-belt park and conservation areas around Chicago, and constitute one of the finest park systems in North America.

In these Preserves a great deal is done to arouse public interest in nature and to educate everyone in both appreciation and use of man's greatest wealth, his natural resources. Two of the recent bulletins are of particular interest to our readers, one on the muskrat, one of our most common wild animals, and one on the problem of stream pollution, a problem that Toronto and Ontario share with Chicago and Illinois. These bulletins are No. 537 (Sept. 27, 1958) and No. 538 (Oct. 4, 1958). We are deeply grateful to the authorities of the Forest Preserve District of Cook County for the privilege of reprinting them here.

THE MUSKRAT

LITTLE BROTHER OF THE BEAVER

Roberts Mann
Conservation Editor

David H. Thompson
Senior Naturalist

In the Algonquian Indian languages he was called Musquash. The Hurons called him Ondatra and that has now been adopted as his scientific name. But the best Indian name of all meant "little brother of the beaver". He gnaws like a beaver, swims like a beaver, builds houses like a beaver, and looks like a little beaver. We call him Muskrat because, also like the beaver, he has a pair of musk glands used to leave messages for others of his kind.

This is the most important fur bearer to professional trappers and the American fur industry. More than any other wild animal, the muskrat converts millions of acres of cattail marshes and weedy shores into a crop of fur and flesh. To the farm boy with a few traps it means money in the pocket and experience in the skills of outdoor life. Our womenfolk prize rich warm coats of Hudson seal, the trade name for muskrat fur. The dark red meat has a wild game flavor, but, because of the word "rat" is unpleasantly suggestive, muskrats appear on menus under such names as Marsh Rabbit and Maryland Terrapin.

Sometimes these animals become a pest, raiding corn fields and other farm crops near the water's edge, but they do the most damage to earthen dams, dikes and canal banks which are occasionally destroyed thru leaks started by their burrows. In our Cook County forest preserves, however, the muskrat plays a star role in establishing and maintaining natural landscapes and a natural balance among the wildlife of almost a hundred bodies of water which have been created or restored during the past thirty years. Neither they nor any other wild animal may be hunted or trapped in any of the preserves.

In cattail marshes and other shallow weedy waters, muskrats pile up great heaps of aquatic plants to build a house or lodge

that has, inside, a warm living room reached by an underwater entrance. From this home they range out to feed on the succulent roots and stems of such plants, even under thick ice in winter. However, in streams, farm ditches, and in many ponds and lakes--especially during summer--muskrats live in burrows dug deep in the banks. Those burrows start beneath the surface and slant upward to an enlarged chamber above the water level.

The muskrat is a thickset short-legged animal with a foot-long body about the size of a small cat. The adults average two pounds in weight but, rarely, reach four. It has a 10-inch black scaly tail which is flattened vertically -- unlike the broad paddle-like tail of a beaver. This tail is used as a rudder, or to scull slowly, or to smack the water as a danger signal. The fur is dark brown on its back, with very thick waterproof under-fur and long reddish-brown guard hairs that glisten.

The "rat" has small beady eyes and ears which are nearly hidden in the dense fur. The hind feet are large, webbed between the toes, and used like the flippers worn by skin divers. While swimming, the small forepaws are folded underneath the chin. Like all rodents, it has a pair of chisel-teeth or incisors above and below, separated from the grind-teeth or molars by a gap, and its lips can be closed behind the chisel-teeth to keep water out of the mouth while gnawing beneath the surface.

A muskrat is clumsy and slow on land, seldom venturing away from water in daytime, but it is a courageous scrapper when attacked or cornered. Next to trappers, its greatest enemy is the mink which raids muskrat houses and burrows to eat their young.

In trappers' language they are "mushrats" or just plain "rats".

CLEAN STREAMS WEEK*

Roberts Mann
Conservation Editor

Roland F. Eisenbeis
Superintendent of Conservation

Next week, October 5-11, is Clean Streams Week in Cook County by proclamation of Daniel Ryan, President of the county board and the Board of Forest Preserve Commissioners, and in all of Illinois by proclamation of Governor Stratton.

Ed. Note: It is clear from this bulletin that even with the best of plans, the problem of pollution can arise in an industrialized metropolitan area.

Its purpose is to focus the attention of everyone, young and old, upon the disgraceful conditions in our streams, formerly clean and beautiful, which have been made foul and unsightly by pollution with sewage and by the dumping of garbage and junk into them.

Some of us remember when fish such as northern pike, black bass, sunfish, bluegills, crappies and channel catfish were plentiful in the rivers and creeks of Cook county. Now the desirable kinds of fish have largely disappeared and many portions are so polluted that even carp cannot exist. Swimming, once popular in the DesPlaines river, Salt creek and other streams, has long been prohibited by the State Board of Health. In some streams the stench and appearance of the water is so repulsive that no one enjoys picnicking or resting in the shade along their banks, and canoes or boats are rarely seen.

We people in Cook county are more fortunate than those of any other metropolitan area in the United States. We own more than 45,000 acres of forest preserves purchased for our recreation and pleasure. These holdings were chosen so that the major streams and many of the smaller ones flow through or along forest preserve property-- not only because much of the woodlands in this county are in these stream valleys, but also because water areas are necessary for many kinds of outdoor recreation. Needlessly and shamefully, some of the purposes of the forest preserves have been defeated and the recreational values of our streams have been destroyed by pouring sewage and industrial wastes into them, and by using their banks as dumping grounds.

The administrators and staff of the Forest Preserve District act as custodians and guardians of public property, including the water courses, but they must have public support and help--your help. Accordingly, in 1953, the Board of Forest Preserve Commissioners appointed a Clean Streams Committee to succeed one which had been appointed and active prior to World War II. It was instructed to search for every source of pollution, refer each one to the proper law enforcement agency and, with legal aid, endeavor to stop those abuses.

The present committee, which meets monthly at the Forest Preserve District headquarters, is composed of sixty public-spirited volunteers who serve without pay. They are divided into six watershed groups covering all of the streams and their tributaries in Cook county. They devote untold hours to travelling up and down our rivers and creeks. With the aid of sportsmen's organizations and youth groups such as the Boy Scouts, they have mapped and reported the source of every instance of pollution. Many of those have been eliminated.

Others will disappear after the construction of sewers and treatment plants now under contract or planned.

.. In spite of this progress, much more must be accomplished. Aided by new laws and ordinances enacted by the state, county and sanitary district governments, you can help. These streams are a part of your community and your life. Each one should be an asset, rather than an eyesore and a hazard to public health.

We will gladly tell you how you may help.

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Following our practice of several years we include in this issue a copy of the autumn report blank for the cooperative bird migration study being conducted for the continent from the Patuxent Research Center at Laurel, Maryland. In past years the cooperation of Ontario observers has been very good and has contributed emphatically to the growing success of this valuable project. We expect that this cooperation will continue and will increase. The wider the coverage the fuller the picture will be and the more certain we can be of what takes place during the migrations of our birds.

R. M. Saunders,
Editor.

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE
 PATUXENT RESEARCH REFUGE, LAUREL, MARYLAND

COOPERATIVE MIGRATION STUDY - FALL OF 1958

Thank you for your migration reports of past seasons. The present list contains the same species as in the fall of 1957, but 4 names have been changed slightly to conform with the new A.O.U. Check-list. We do not expect anyone to provide arrival and departure dates for all 22 species on the list. Dates and counts (or careful numerical estimates) for even one species will be appreciated. In the "Peak" columns please include any dates when migratory movement was detected. The "Last Noted" column is for the last day on which migrating individuals were seen or heard.

Observations submitted on this form will be put on punch cards and a machine listing will be sent you for verification.

We should like to have fall records by January 10. Late reports, as well as records from prior years (1953-57) can still be used, but they may not be processed as promptly as those received by this date.

We shall appreciate your cooperation in soliciting reports from other active observers. Additional forms will be sent on request, either to you or to lists of people you send us. As of June 10, spring reports for 1958 had been received from participants in 42 states, Alaska, and 5 Canadian provinces. Once again the best response was received from Ontario, closely followed by Wisconsin.

Please keep one copy of your report and mail the other to Chandler S. Robbins, Patuxent Research Refuge, Laurel, Maryland. If your report is completed by November 30 it may be sent through your Audubon Field Notes Regional Editor.

 STATE: _____ . COUNTY: _____ . LOCALITY: _____ .LAT: _____ LONG: _____

OBSERVER: _____ . ADDRESS: _____

Species	Code	First	Migrant	Peak		Peak		Peak		Last	Noted
	No.	Date	No.	Date	No.	Date	No.	Date	No.	Date	No.
Canada Goose	172	58									
Mallard	132	58									
Broad-winged Hawk	343	58									
Common Snipe	230	58									
Mourning Dove	316	58									
Common Nighthawk	420	58									
Chimney Swift	423	58									
Gt.Crest Flycatcher	452	58									
Catbird	704	58									
Hermit Thrush	759	58									
Golden-cr. Kinglet	748	58									
Myrtle Warbler	655	58									
Redwinged Blackbird	498	58									
Baltimore Oriole	507	58									
Common Grackle	511	58									
Rose-br. Grosbeak	595	58									
Evening Grosbeak	514	58									
Slate-col. Junco	567	58									
Tree Sparrow	559	58									
White-crown. Spar.	554	58									
White-thrtd. Spar.	558	58									
Fox Sparrow	585	58									

Chandler S. Robbins, James H. Zimmerman, John V. Dennis