

MARYLAND BIRDLIFE

Bulletin of the Maryland Ornithological Society, Inc.

Cylburn Mansion, 4915 Greenspring Ave., Baltimore 9, Md.



VOLUME 15

SEPTEMBER 1959

NUMBER 3

THE MARYLAND ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY, INC.

Cylburn Mansion, 4915 Greenspring Ave., Baltimore 9, Maryland

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MARYLAND BIRDLIFE

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A DAY AT THE AUDUBON CAMP OF MAINE *

Nancy Dulaney Rowe

The hurricane flag was flying from the flag staff on the Hog Island Weather Bureau porch. It was 6:50 A.M., July 7, 1959, as 5½ men and women campers, 7 instructors, and other staff members converged on the dining room of the Audubon Camp of Maine. Had those in charge of forecasting the weather for the day already made their prediction? True, we had heard about the hurricane coming up the Middle Atlantic Coast -- but it was such a perfect day in Maine! As breakfast started, Mr. Bartram Cadbury, Director, followed his usual procedure of announcing the morning programs for the three study groups. (In addition to Birds, with Mr. Joe Cadbury and Mr. Peter Mott, and Nature Activities, with Mrs. Margaret Wall, each camper elected one Major: (A) Marine Life with Mr. Franklin Roberts, (B) Plants with Miss Farida Wiley, or (C) Insects with Dr. Donald J. Borrer.) Mr. Cadbury began, "Although our Weather Bureau 'seems' to be predicting a hurricane, B and C Groups will meet on the porch of the 'Queen Mary' promptly at 8:30 to go on an ALL-DAY trip to the outer islands. Bring your rain coat, which you ought to know by now is your ticket for any boat trip, and plenty of film! A Group will meet Mr. Roberts in the Lab of the 'Queen Mary!', prepared to go wading along the shore of this island." Cheers and applause. The flag had only been a hoax to mislead the B and C campers, who had been watching the weather hopefully ever since the A's had returned from their ALL-DAY trip three days before.

Among the enthusiastic campers boarding the boats at 8:25 were their equally enthusiastic and also untiring instructors: Director Cadbury, who teaches biology at Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Conn.; his brother, Joseph, of the Germantown Friends School and University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia; Mr. Mott, of the Middlesex School in Concord, Mass.; Mrs. Wall, who is a school principal in Greensboro, N.C.; Miss Wiley, of the American Museum of Natural History in New York; and Dr. Borrer, of the Ohio State University, bringing with him his instruments and apparatus for recording wildlife sounds and songs. Lined up along the rail of the 'Queen Mary' porch to wish us "Bon Voyage" were the Marine Life Group and their instructor, Mr. Roberts, of Gorham State Teachers College of Maine. Soon

*With sincere appreciation to the anonymous donor of the Helen B. Miller Audubon Camp Scholarship for an unforgettable two weeks at the Maine Camp, I wish to share with other MOS members one small segment of that exciting learning experience.

the Osprey II and the Puffin II were on the blue waters of Muscongus Bay heading toward the open sea. Large flocks of Common Eiders were seen flying low over the water. Double-crested Cormorants, Herring Gulls, and Common Terns passed the boats frequently. A single loon dove under the waves, only to surface a hundred yards away. White-winged Scoters and a few Surf Scoters were sighted. We learned to distinguish at some distance the bee-like flight of the Black Guillemots and the slow wing-beat of the Great Blue Herons. Seals, resembling old burlap bags, sunned themselves on a rocky island and flipped into the water as we passed. Here was an Osprey carrying a fish head-first in his talons; there was another jockeying with the gusty winds as it "helicoptered" meticulously onto its nest with an enormous stick. Another island bore some tall, sparsely-needed spruce trees, slowly dying from over-fertilization by the generations of cormorants which had been inhabiting them and whose black silhouettes punctuated nearly all of the topmost branches. These birds' nests could be easily distinguished and, at closer range, one could see the heads of the young peering over the edges.

Presently we dropped anchor off a low, rocky island, perhaps a quarter of a mile long and half as wide. Its only vegetation was a low growth of grasses and shrubs interspersed with wild blue iris and yarrow. As we approached in the dories to disembark, a mother Common Eider and her brood swam along the shoreline. Black Guillemots, in their bright red boots, waddled penguin-like upon the boulders or landed on the water, pitching forward on their noses because their webbed feet are set quite far back upon their bodies, a characteristic of most diving-birds' feet. Upon taking off, they had to patter across the surface before becoming airborne. A huge cloud of Great Black-backed Gulls rose, some calling a special "ha-ha-ha" to warn their young to take cover within the rock crevices or thick growth. Herring Gulls were much less abundant for, although they had at one time populated this island in great numbers, the Great Black-backed had gradually taken over, being the larger and more dominant bird. This was Eastern Egg Rock. It received its name in Colonial times when the early settlers daily and systematically robbed the birds of their eggs in order to have them for their own consumption.

Upon the rocks lay regurgitated gull pellets consisting of fish bones and shell particles. As we moved through the grasses and bushes, taking care not to step upon a concealed nest of an eider or gull, we were taken by surprise by a sudden explosion of feathers bursting from the low growth. It was a mother eider. Mr. Mott quickly located the spot and pulled back the grasses to expose a nest made almost completely of eider down and containing 3 buff-colored eggs. Mr. Bart Cadbury had, meanwhile, found another nest for us: the dried-grass nest of the Great Black-backed Gull, with spotted and darker eggs. At that moment Mr. Joe Cadbury was banding a young gull, one of the several thousand birds of many species he has already banded in this area. Just then a Student Assistant, who works in the kitchen and performs camp chores in return for the opportunity of attending lectures and going on field trips, came over with a baby Black Guillemot. The inside of "Little Willie's" mouth was as scarlet as his feet would become in adulthood.

Presently we found ourselves surrounding several tide pools, which form as the receding tide leaves shallow pools of water in depressions of the rocky shore. Mr. Bart Cadbury, who had been Marine Life instructor prior to becoming Director, began to explain and point out the differences between the types of animal and plant life which high, middle, and low tide pools contain. Each is a habitat different from the other, depending upon the frequency and length of time it is replenished by fresh sea water. Since cold water will support more life than warm water, due to the more abundant supply of oxygen, the Maine coast contains a large variety and a large number of sea animals and plants. The vegetation of the sea is to all sea life what the vegetation of the land is to all land creatures; without plant life there would be no higher form of life. There is a purpose in the existence of every living thing, whether it is a snake, cowbird, crab, spider, mouse, or dandelion. "To live and grow, each needs food, water and room. By feeding on one another and competing for available food and space, increases in population are held in check and a state of balance results between the species of a community."¹

In Australia a few years ago the fishermen complained that their catch of game fish had declined. Noticing how prolific were the cormorants, they accused these fish-eating birds of reducing their sport. There followed a mass destruction of the cormorant population. However, the quantity of game fish continued to diminish. Upon scientific examination of the contents of the stomachs of some of the remaining cormorants it was found that they had been feeding upon the very fish that were actually the real predators of the game fish. Removal of the cormorants, therefore, had removed the "check" so that the predators of the game fish had become more numerous and more destructive than ever. A balance of nature had been unwisely disrupted. Predation is a natural and necessary control, for a given habitat will support only a certain number of creatures. The Red-eyed Vireo is much parasitized by the Cowbird, yet it is still the most common bird in the New England woods. "Man-made prejudice, based on ignorance, divides animals into harmless and beneficial species. No such distinction is made in Nature, where every animal occupies a vital niche and where its presence is necessary to the well-being of the wildlife community of which it is a part."²

Because Mr. Cadbury was about to be washed off the rocks by the rising tide, we took to higher ground where we observed Savannah Sparrows swaying on the tops of the tallest grasses. Our attention was suddenly diverted to something which Mrs. Cadbury had searched for, found, and was hiding: the treasure of today's field trip, a Leach's Petrel. This oceanic bird is smaller than a robin, yet spends its life at sea, coming to land only to breed, to lay a single egg, and to rear the young bird within the dark recesses of a 2 foot long burrow under a rock. The petrel is rarely seen in the daytime near its breeding grounds since it may be preyed upon by the Great Black-backed Gull. It flies in and out at night, feeds far out at sea, and is directed back to its hidden tunnel by some unerring and instructional sense. The young petrel may not "see the light

1. Forest Food Chains, Chart O, National Audubon Society, N.Y., 1955.
2. Audubon Nature Bulletin

of day", literally, for three months. When it does, it lies out once and for all to spend the rest of its first year at sea, returning to land only during the breeding season. Since the bird hides so completely, the best way to find it is by "following your nose," for the petrel exudes an odor like that of a musty rug.

Upon attempting unsuccessfully to share my sandwich with a young gull huddled in a rock crevice beside me, I learned that, try as he did to consume the bread as well as my finger, I lacked the proper formula and technique. In some species of gull the parent is provided with a red spot on the lower mandible during the breeding season. The young pecks at this, triggering a regurgitation response which results in the young receiving its meal. My gull finally took to the water, and we to our boats.

Shortly we were approaching another island, which was as wooded as Eastern Egg Rock had been bare: Wreck Island. Here we watched at close range a young Great Blue Heron exercise its wings on a branch near its nest in the uppermost crotch of a dead tree. Mr. Joe Cadbury brought us a young Black-crowned Night Heron, which he banded. While we explored the shoreline we nearly stepped on a pair of small Herring Gulls, so perfect was their protective coloration against the mottled pegmatite boulders. This was a perfect island for rock study: granite, pegmatite, even porphyry, a large basalt intrusion, and pot-holes formed by the smooth, rounded, baseball-size beach pebbles being washed around in depressions in some of the flatter rocks. We also found rocks with small garnet crystals imbedded in them.

At this point the Insect group went its way with Dr. Borrer to look for larvae in some rain pools and to explore the insect population, while the Plant group and Miss Wiley examined the lush vegetation whose leaves were larger than we had ever seen before. Plants are basic to all higher forms of life, but "underneath it all there is a rock," for soil begins from rock. We observed how lichen slowly disintegrates the surface of a rock through the action of its acid upon the minerals in the rock. This prepares an entrance for moisture, which may freeze and expand, thereby causing further disintegration. This process is constantly being aided by the action of the weather and the sun. Later mosses, and then ferns, will gain a foothold, their roots holding the crumbling rock particles together. Through many cycles of dying and regeneration the mosses and ferns add their decomposition to other decomposed organisms which have lived in the root structure. Then larger plants, shrubs, and trees take root, furthering the rock disintegration, adding more decomposed matter and gradually creating a rich soil. Eventually these orderly stages of plant succession will result in a spruce forest, the climax growth of Maine. This superior growth will maintain itself until adverse circumstances such as hurricane, fire, or disease might remove it. In such cases a secondary growth of deciduous trees and plants would be likely to come up before the spruce could make a come-back.

When the Colonists first came to America there was plenty of land, with an average of 9 inches of topsoil. Now the average is 6 inches - a loss of an inch every 100 years. Since it takes nature from 100 to

500 (even 1000 years in some cases) to create one inch of topsoil and since 95% of our food and clothing "comes from the soil," how poignantly this reveals the need for us to practice wise conservation. For many years in America there was always plenty of room. One could leave depleted and eroded land behind, only to move on to rich, untouched soil. This is no longer the case. By improper plowing and planting, over-grazing by cattle, unlimited harvesting of our forest trees, pollution of our streams, draining our swampland, and permitting unrestricted game hunting, we are hastening our own destruction. Fortunately, much progress toward education and restrictive laws is being made in some of these areas. Much more is needed. One of our deadliest, but indirect, forms of ultimate self-destruction is in the indiscriminate use of insecticides. Some kill more than the intended victim, either outright or indirectly: soil and vegetation become contaminated; the bird eats the worm while the mammal eats the plant and both die of poisoning. As wildlife "eats and is eaten," the poisoned food chain continues, with the resultant upset in the balance of nature. An attempt to exterminate the Fire Ant has been made in several areas of the South. In one particular community, indiscriminate spraying without regard for other wildlife was undertaken. The number of dead farmyard animals and wild creatures was staggering, the livelihood of the people severely affected, and the Fire Ant apparently was not exterminated. Man-made controls often produce bad side-effects. It is man's duty to practice intelligent conservation based upon scientific experimentation and upon research concerning the interrelated factors involved. With the resultant wise controls he can then be reasonably certain that the ecological balance will not be adversely affected.

There seems to be a sweeping attack on swamps today. Roger Tory Peterson's survey recorded in the September-October 1937 issue of Bird-Lore reveals that most bird habitats support 3 to 6 birds per acre, an exhausted and abandoned field about 2 per acre. A city park contains less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per acre, while a fill of inorganic mud and gravel which had been pumped into a drained salt marsh reduced the number to a startling 6 per 100 acres. It is not surprising, then, to learn that a cattail marsh was found to maintain 16 birds per acre. The facts support the statement that "a good bird population is a sign of healthy land." When we dry up our swamps we are not only reducing the wildlife population, but we are also lowering our underground water table.

Slipping and sliding over wet rockweed-covered rocks we descended into our boats to depart for our Hog Island and Todd Wildlife Sanctuary home: the Audubon Camp. Weighing anchor, we also weighed with it an apron kelp, which is a flat, rubbery sea-plant about 6 ft. long with a 3 ft. "tube" ending in a root-like structure called a "hold-fast." The latter had in its grip a small rock to which it had anchored itself in the ocean depths. The apron was a veritable habitat for numerous small creatures; sea urchins, snails, worms, and crustaceans. These feed upon the minute plankton of the sea and in turn become food for other sea animals, all being linked together in a food chain similar to that found among the land creatures.

As we approached Hog Island a pair of Common Ravens screeched past us, taking a short-cut across the island by way of the blow-down which a hurricane had caused several years ago. We noted the thick stand of spruce on both sides of the swath. It is conjectured that the spruce which had succumbed to the gale had a shallower footing of soil than those which had been able to remain erect. At present the area is covered with grasses, ferns, red raspberry bushes, and other low plants. Here and there oaks, maples, birches, pines, and spruce are shooting up. What will the secondary growth be? It will probably be deciduous, for the spruce are slower-growing trees. But beneath protective branches the evergreens will thrive. Eventually the latter will become so large and numerous as to displace the other growth, remove the sunlight from the forest floor, causing even the ferns and mosses to die, and finally crowd out their "foster parent" trees. Then the secondary growth will have given way to the climax growth, the spruce forest. On this trip we had "read" within a few hours the story of plant progression of many years, from rock to climax forest, one of many kinds of progression found in nature.

This had been a full and thrilling day, but so were all the other thirteen, whether spent on Hog Island, on the mainland, or on boat trips. In the evenings we enjoyed talks, movies, slides, and recordings of bird songs. Nature activities provided us with many practical suggestions and experience in nature crafts and games which would be useful in teaching young people the natural sciences, especially in the fields of rocks and minerals, weather, astronomy, plants, birds, and conservation. The campers, ranging in age from 18 to 70 and coming from 14 States and Canada, represented many interests: 31 teachers and youth workers, 8 housewives, 3 college students, 2 authors and illustrators, and 10 different business people such as optometrist, public accountant, upholsterer, museum curator, secretary, and saleswoman. All were united here in their interest in nature and in their enthusiasm to share these experiences with those "back home."

Attending the Audubon Camp of Maine was for me a real privilege, a stimulating and challenging experience, and a lot of fun. The instructors are exceedingly well-informed masters in their own fields, as well as having an amazing amount of knowledge of their subjects. Their patience in retelling and their keen senses of humor were exceeded only by their genuine enthusiasm for the work they were doing. It should be remembered that this is not just a "bird camp," as some seem to believe. It is much more than that, and therein lies its success, for it is trying to spread the gospel of conservation and understanding of ecology by creating in its campers an awareness of the interrelationships of all facets of nature. And "to bring it all home," the teaching is done in the best natural science laboratory available: the out-of-doors, where natural history is being made. We learned many "whats," but primarily we had doors opened to us, opened wide enough so as to entice us to pursue and to share further study in the "hows and whys" of nature and in how we can help to use intelligently our natural resources of soil, water, plants, and wildlife in our own communities.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OPERATION RECOVERY

Mary Frances and Philip F. Wagley

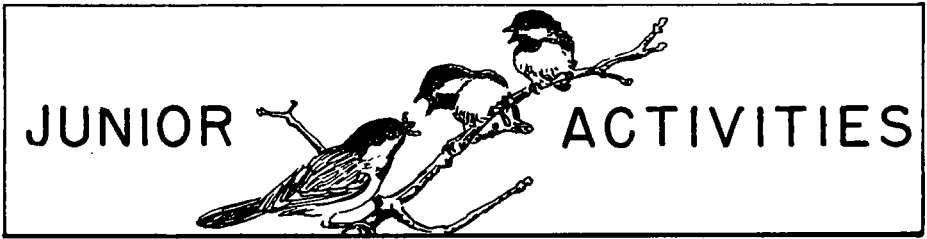
"Wing on the Catbird, eighty-nine millimeters." "Trace of fat on my Magnolia." "Can you take the band number of a repeat Chat?" "Twenty-six point nine grams on that second Swainson's Thrush. Is he finished?" "O.K., Swainson's checked-out and ready to go at nine-fifteen." "Can anyone here age and sex Ovenbirds?" "Please save that cuckoo for me. I haven't got a picture of a Black-bill." "Five more orioles, an immature Red-eye, and two 'confusing fall warblers' all collected from the A nets."

Such were the sounds of Operation Recovery at North Ocean City, Maryland from September 5 to September 27, 1959. From dawn to dusk banders and assistants walked the net lines to retrieve caught birds and to bring them into a central station. Here they identified, banded, aged and sexed (when possible), measured, weighed and estimated the fat of close to nineteen hundred birds of eighty species. At the suggestion of Mrs. Richard Cole and through her kindness and that of Mr. Chandler Robbins, we participated in a part of this year's Operation Recovery.

Final rounds of the nets were made by flashlight after dark to insure that no birds were left in the nets overnight. It was on one such flashlight round that we found the Belted Kingfisher pictured on the cover in a net stretching across a small swamp. With a long serrated bill and an erect crest a kingfisher is quite a sight under any circumstances. In a net in the darkness pierced only by a weak beam, it is a startling sight.

It is rare to participate in an activity which combines aspects of sport, beauty, science, and good-fellowship, but Operation Recovery is one such activity. Walking the net lines yields all the thrills of anticipation and reward that the hunt provides and without the necessity of wounding or killing a living creature. No matter how busy, all the participants were willing to take time to admire at close range the incredible beauty of a live bird, and many photographed specimens of each species caught. Science also was served in two aspects. One's own knowledge of birds increased enormously. Here was a chance to become familiar with fall plumages; to observe eyes, feet, tarsi, and the patterns of molt; and to make any other observations of personal interest on live birds in the hand. In addition, it is gratifying to think that the data conscientiously obtained and recorded may be of value to the science of ornithology when collected and analysed.

Such was the enthusiasm of the participants that we never wished for a slack moment. But there inevitably were some and then one realized how enjoyable it was to sip coffee from a thermos top and to swap stories and information about homes and families, professions, hobbies, books, and, of course--birds.



PLEASANT VALLEY SYMPOSIUM

Prose and poetry written by fifth graders at Pleasant Valley Camp,

June 1959

BIRD CAMP

Terry Golden

In this visit at bird camp, I have learned many interesting things. One of the things I liked the best was netting and banding birds. I am very interested in it. I hope I can become a bird bander when I am 18. I like the way Mrs. Cole does it. She handles the birds that she nets and bands very lightly. I would like to learn the different kinds of bird calls like Buck knows them. I learned many interesting things at bird camp and I hope to come back next year.

WHAT BIRD CAMP MEANS TO ME

Gail Ann Sanders

When June 15th came around I was ready for bird camp. I'm here now and I'm going to tell what bird camp means to me.

Bird camp means a place for the study of birds. It is also a place to study about the other things God gave us.

Bird camp is a place where people are friendly. The people here give you such a warm feeling.

Bird camp means a lot of things I cannot explain. But I can say, I've had a great pleasure being here.

A POEM OF NATURE

Ricky Willetts
Thorton Trigg
Harry Swain

In the valley down below,
There is a river that does flow.

In the tall green pine tree
There lives a little Wood Pewee..

The birds fly, the deer run
Down in the valley in the hot sun.

In the big hickory tree
Squirrels count their nuts one, two, three

In the day the rabbits hop
Flippity - flippity - flop - flop.
As the beavers cut each limb
The little babies take a swim.

We really want you all to know
Our love for Nature can grow and grow.

I LOVE NATURE

W. Karl VanNewkirk

I love nature;
From the placid beauty of a lake at dawn
To the golden glory of an evening sunset.
I love the songs of birds in the morning,
The quiet of midday,
And the calls of frogs at eventide.
The sight of a deer drinking from a woodland stream holds me spellbound;
And the whirr of a grouse is a sound to quicken the blood.
I stand, awestruck, at the power of a thunder-storm,
But the quiet of an evening soothes my soul.
I love nature.

Beall High graduate June 1959

Written at Pleasant Valley, June 1959

* * *

FOGBOUND GULLS IN FROSTBURG

Rickie Willetts

When I went to eat breakfast this morning, my brother, Johnny, said, "Look over on the pond". Everyone looked. We saw nine large whitish birds. One started to fly. We saw black wing-tips. Later they moved out into the field. We could hardly see them in the thick fog.

I went to school and told my class about them. We looked in Peterson's, A Field Guide to the Birds, and decided that they were Herring Gulls.

Grade 5, Beall School, Frostburg

FIELD TRIP TO SEE THE GULLS

Mrs. Taylor's Fifth Grade

When Rickie told us about the birds, we had no idea that we would get to see them. But guess what happened! Mr. and Mrs. Willetts called and offered to come for us in a school bus during lunch hour. Mr. Brain, our principal, gave us permission to go. As we rode along we wondered if they would still be there. Sure enough, there they sat in the field. There were eleven grayish-white gulls and one brownish gull. We got out of the bus and took turns looking through the field glasses. One boy went into the field to make them come closer so that we could get a better look at their pinkish legs. They all flew away into the fog.

Beall Elementary School, Frostburg

A CANOE TRIP ON THE PATUXENT RIVER

David Bridge

From March 30 to April 2, 1959, Paul Rybon and I went on a canoe trip down the Little Patuxent River and the Patuxent River.

March 30

We started at the first bridge below the B. & O. Railroad at Savage on the Little Patuxent. It rained all day. We camped that night 9.7 miles out or about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the town of Patuxent. Interesting birds seen that day were: 1 Great Blue Heron, 4 Canada Geese, 2 Mallards, 4 Wood Ducks, 1 Woodcock, 2 Great Horned Owls, 3 Kingfishers, and 18 Winter Wrens.

March 31

In the morning we traveled 6.1 miles to Priest Bridge where the Little Patuxent joins the Patuxent River and U.S. 301 crosses the river. The weather was very cloudy but it did not rain. This part of the river is full of logs and we had to portage 8 times. We saw 2 Mallards, 2 Black Ducks, 8 Wood Ducks, 1 Red-shouldered Hawk, 9 Winter Wrens, and 1 Louisiana Waterthrush.

In the afternoon we continued, covering 8.7 miles. We camped about one mile below Route 214, which is the head of tidewater. Of particular interest were: 10 Great Blue Herons, 18 Mallards, 8 Black Ducks, 11 Wood Ducks, 1 Green-winged Teal, 1 Turkey Vulture, 2 Killdeer, 5 Great Horned Owls, 4 Kingfishers, 1 Yellow-bellied Sapsucker, and 4 Winter Wrens.

April 1

The weather was wonderful. Before I got out of the sleeping bag I saw: 5 Wood Ducks, 2 Red-shouldered Hawks, and 1 Pileated Woodpecker.

The paddling was easy, the river was flat. It got wider and we came to the first tidal marsh. We did 8.5 miles before noon, then stopped for lunch where Route 4 crosses at Waysons Corner. 3 Great Blue Herons, 2 Mallards, 2 Wood Ducks, 11 Turkey Vultures, 2 Black Vultures, 7 Red-shouldered Hawks, 1 Red-tailed Hawk, 2 Ospreys, 2 Killdeer, 4 Ring-billed Gulls and 5 Winter Wrens.

In the afternoon we made 7.9 miles from Waysons Corner to about 1.5 miles above Nottingham. No count was kept of gulls or Turkey Vultures. 1 Great Blue Heron, 42 Canada Geese, 16 Mallards, 2 American Widgeon, 3 Wood Ducks, 2 scaup, 7 Common Goldeneyes, 6 Common Mergansers, 4 Ospreys, 22 Greater Yellowlegs, 4 Dowitchers, 40 "peeps" in flocks of 15, 15, 12, and 1 Winter Wren.

That night as we set up camp we found that there was a blackbird roost about half a mile down stream. It contained about 1,000 Common Grackles and between 6 and 7 thousand Redwinged Blackbirds.

April 2

It rained. We went on down to Nottingham and decided to stay there instead of going to Benedict, because of the tide, the rain, and because there were small craft warnings up. On the way we saw: 6 Lesser Yellowlegs and 27 Tree Swallows.

I then made a 4 mile hike out to a telephone to tell my father of our change of plans. Around Nottingham were seen: 1 Sparrow Hawk, 1 Bobwhite, 6 Mourning Doves, 1 Horned Lark, 1 Brown Thrasher, 2 Bluebirds, Meadowlark, 3 Rusty Blackbirds, Goldfinches, Three Sparrows, 26 Chipping Sparrows, and Field Sparrows.

When my father picked us up around 4 o'clock, we had seen 71 species in the four days. Thus ended four days in the wild.

8A Ridge Road, Greenbelt, Md.

* 1959 NEST RECORDS should be sent to Mr. David Bridge, 8A Ridge Rd., *
* Greenbelt, before November 1. Nest cards may be obtained from *
* Mrs. Raymond Geddes, Jr., 503 Overbrook Road, Baltimore 12, Md. *

COMING EVENTS

- Oct. 28 BALTIMORE seminar on "Conservation". Pratt Library, 8 P.M.
- Oct. 31 BALTIMORE bird walk at Cylburn Park, 7 A.M. Leader: Hank Kaestner
- Nov. 6 HARFORD dinner meeting, Presbyterian Church, Churchville, Md.
Speaker: Mr. David Smith, "From Down to Feathers".
- Nov. 6 ANNE ARUNDEL regular meeting, 8 P.M., new State Office Bldg.
Auditorium. Speaker: Mr. John Taylor, "Bird Painting Yesterday
and Today."
- Nov. 6 BALTIMORE monthly meeting, 8 P.M. Pratt Library. Speaker:
Mr. Brooke Meanley, "King and Clapper Rails". Mr. Meanley will
exhibit live rails.
- Nov. 8 BALTIMORE trip to Blackwater Refuge. Meet Sam Smith Park, 7 A.M.
Leader: Mrs. Richard D. Cole.
- Nov. 9 TAKOMA PARK monthly meeting.
- Nov. 14 BALTIMORE walk at Cylburn Park, 8 A.M. Leaders: Mr. and Mrs.
Hans Krimm.
- Nov. 15 TAKOMA PARK field trip to lower C & O Canal.
- Nov. 15 BALTIMORE bird banding demonstration by Mrs. R. D. Cole at 625
Valley Lane, Towson, 8 A.M. - 11 A.M.
- Nov. 16 TALBOT Audubon Screen Tour Lecture. "Forgotten Country" by Bert
Hartwell. Fox's Theatre, 8 P.M.
- Nov. 18 BALTIMORE seminar on "Conservation" at Pratt Library, 8 P.M.
- Nov. 18 ALLEGANY monthly meeting at Board of Education 7:30 P.M. "From
Down to Feathers".
- Nov. 20 CAROLINE meeting at Denton Health Center. Speaker: Mr. Jones,
Bombay Hook Refuge Manager.
- Nov. 20 TALBOT monthly meeting at Easton Library, 8 P.M. "Mexico, Five
Years Later" by Richard L. Kleen.
- Nov. 21 BALTIMORE trip to Carroll County. Meet 7 A.M. Hutzler's parking
lot, Towson. Leaders: Mrs. Elmer Worthley and Mr. Owen Fang.
- Nov. 22 ANNE ARUNDEL early birding. Meet 7:45 A.M. Hillsmere. Leaders:
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Long.
- Nov. 28 BALTIMORE walk at Cylburn Park, 8 A.M. Leader: Dr. Elizabeth
Fisher.
- Dec. 2 BALTIMORE seminar on "Conservation" at Pratt Library, 8 P.M.
- Dec. 4 BALTIMORE monthly meeting Pratt Library, 8 P.M. Speaker: Mr.
Vernon Strott, "Water Fowl Banding".
- Dec. 5 BALTIMORE trip Dulaney Valley and Loch Raven vicinity. Meet
Hutzler's parking lot, Towson, 7 A.M.
- Dec. 9 BALTIMORE seminar on "Conservation" at Pratt Library 8 P.M.
- Dec. 9 TALBOT Audubon Screen Tour Lecture. "Between The Tides" by
Robert Hermes. Fox's Theatre, 8 P.M.
- Dec. 12 BALTIMORE walk at Cylburn Park, 8 A.M. Leader: Mrs. Cole.
- Dec. 13 BALTIMORE trip Upper Prettyboy Dam. Meet 7 A.M. Hutzler's
parking lot, 7 A.M. Leader: Mr. Percy Jones.
- Dec. 16 ALLEGANY monthly meeting.
- Dec. 23 - Jan. 3 Christmas Bird Counts. Ocean City, Blackwater, St.
Michaels, Denton, Annapolis and Gibson Island, Seneca, Tri-
delphia, Catoctin Mountain; write editor or local clubs for
details.