Rutherglen, Ontario, April 2nd 1951.

Dearest Doris,

I do hope that you are all right and that your recovery is going along according to schedule. Tell Murray I have thought of him a lot during this time and can well imagine his anxiety and general state of mind. But crisises of this kind have, like the medallion, two sides, both of which are as necessary as they are interdependent. Generally, I have found, that getting <u>through</u> things is of more value than getting over them. End of moralizing.

Just a short note today to tell you that I have reports of EG;S from both east and west. Pidge reports EG:s in flocks through most of the winter but particularly lately, coming and going. No counts, no dates. Musse and Leif Juell reported great flocks down feeding in their garden on March 28 and 29 in the mornings, not on Manitoba maple seeds, but down on the ground under their white cedars, "the only bare spot in our garden", said Musse. Leif estimated about 200, "beautiful golden birds, about the size of a robin".

My own birds are still here, but have been much less in evidence during a couple of dull mornings which we have had lately. There must be a little flock of about 6 or 8 living close by, because they are always here the first, because they are getting banded more and more, because they stay longest and leave last, and because yesterday morning, just as dawn came and I went out on the back steps, I heard a distinct "churr" coming from the tapering tops of two balsam firs just behind the white pine beyond the cherry tree. It was too dark to <u>see</u> any bird sitting there in the shadowy top.

If the last female down to feed this morning had gone into the trap, I would have chalked up my 50th EG banded since March 7. She will probably get in there tomorrow morning. Meanwhile, I present to you data on the last 12, which you have not yet received:

<u>March 27</u>

44-200242	Fem.	<u>WW</u>,	TD,	UD;	PT;	7.30	am.;	L M L;	G;	110	mm.;	65.1 gr.;
44-200243	Male,	<u>WTB</u>,	<u>WPB</u>,	TB;	"	8.15	" ;	L L N;	YG;	114	" ;	61.9 " ; see below
44-200244	"	WTW,	WPB,	TB;	"	10.45	" ;	M M L;	GG;	111	" ;	61.6 " ; " "

<u>March 28</u>

44-200245	Fem.	WW,	TW,	UW;	"	11.45	" ;	M H M;	GG;	111	" ;	67.6 " ;
44-200246	Male,	WTB,	WPW,	TW;	"	"	" ;	M M M;	GG;	112	" ;	61.9 " ;

<u>March 30</u>

44-200247	Fem.;	WY,	TD,	UD;	"	9.00	" ;	M H M;	GG;	111	" ;	68.4 " ;

<u>March 31</u>

44-200248	Male,	WTW,	WPB,	TB;	"	9.15	" ;	M M L;	GG;	114	" ;	68.2 " ;
44-200249	"	WTW,	WPB,	TB;	"	"	" ;	M M M;	GG;	112	" ;	62.5 " ;

<u>April 1</u>

44-200250	Fem.;	WW,	TW,	UW;	"	9.30	" ;	L M L;	GG;	109	" ;	62.5 " ;
44-200251	Male,	WTW,	WPB,	TB;	"	"	" ;	L M L;	GY;	117	" ;	61.2 " ; see below

<u>April 2</u>

44-200252	Fem.;	WW,	TW,	UW;	"	"	" ;	L M L;	YG;	106	" ;	58.0 " ;
44-200253	Male,	WTW,	WPB,	TB;	"	11.25	" ;	M M M;	GG;	118	" ;	68.2 " ;

44-200243 was an extensively bronzed male, only the undertail coverts and the most posterior part of the rump yellow. There was no dirt on him.

44-200244 was also very bronzed, but less extensively than above bird, some city soot also on the plumage of this one, as shown clearly on the white tertials

44-200251 was a very loose-feathered male, of extremely nervous disposition, screamed, fought and bit, much more than any other bird banded. This one is marked GY bill, which means that the yellow tissue of the bill appeared to be flaking off on top of culmen, only place where there was any of this colour left. This apparently has also been noticed by Parks, and presumably you too.

Note that 44-200242 and 44-200243 are in what may be called intermediate plumages, in the first wings without much yellow being combined with dusky throat and under-tail coverts, in the second black on white tertials being combined with black primaries and tail.

Spring is here, snow in the bush has gone down a foot and 3 inches in a few days, first Robin March 31, which sang, must be resident, and first Redwing in SW Marsh this morning, also sang and is resident. I am noting how true MIN:s data on warm spell being necessary before arrivals of early birds. it never misses.

This must be all for today. Am deeply immersed in the vireo notes and facts.

Love as ever,

Louie

Oh, yes, I would like to know, how many did you band last year? How do your weights compare with those of my birds?

Rutherglen, Ontario, April 10th 1951.

Dearest Doris,

I just got your letter and the eraser, and thank you, Doris, and thank you, Murray! I have tried it and it seems to work far better than any I have had for a long time. I do hope it was not too expensive. Fosdicks are very nice and good people, but there is a little too little competition in their branch of business.

It was indeed wonderful to hear that you are better. Now spring is here you will surely gain with every day of sunshine, provided you take care of your strength as assiduously as you spent it up to now. It is a very hard thing to know how to spend yourself wisely, when there is so much that tempts abandonment. Yet, I suspect, one really gains in the long run by using discrimination. How else would Margaret ever have achieved the Song Sparrow Epic? Even for a person in her best years, that was overwhelming work.

Thank you also for the long and lovely letter, and drawings, that crossed my last one. I can see clearly that you feel MaGee is a far better plumage authority than Parks. So, I was so glad for all the good information from your own experience with your private birds. I don't feel we have obtained much guidance in the plumage question from my data on 53 birds to date. You will have the missing links below. There is a tremendous amount of variation in spots and colouring, although there appears to be a tendency in the days of, at least, rather clear-coloured males, that is without white spots in the tail and primaries and black in the white. In the struggle with the banding I cannot tell wherefrom the feathers fall, which I have sent to you; most often I only discovered them after the whole thing was over. In enclosed envelope the black and white ones are from a female and the yellowish from a male, I think from the breast.(see, this eraser does not smudge).

The weights appear to me most interesting, and I can hardly contain myself until we can do up a few averages. The possibility of the females obtaining a higher average than the males is very exciting. I have got that before in two species: in the Junco during the cold spring of 1950 (but not during the normal spring of 1949) when the females averaged 0.9 gr. heavier than the males in April and 0.8 gr. heavier in May; and in the Purple Finch in May 1949 when 2 females, weighed 3 times, averaged 2.0 gr. heavier than one male, weighed twice. You will note, I hope, that I have not only a male heavier than Schaub's, but also a female beating his light-weight record, 44-200223, apparently a small bird with a wing of only 109 mm. I call your 70 gr. female a whopper, my 44-200247 appears to reach our limit with 68.4 gr. It was a pity you got no opportunity to get more weights, I think weights give an awful lot of sidelights on all kinds of aspects; I hope mine will fill the gap partly, at any rate.

You said a pink band is from Glastonbury and Windsor, Conn. It was a pink band <u>over</u> Red and according to Hoyle, i.e. Survey rules, the bird should have come from Penna. Will you look again, please!

The EG picture at Pimisi Bay has changed considerably with the coming of the warm weather. The day of my record count, 157, occurred on April 5. All these birds were counted between the Great Elms on top of Big Hill to past the Peninsula, not quite half a mile. Some came down to eat grit on the shoulder of the road, "the churring was deafening", says my notes. But that was the last day of big concentrations of the flocks. Since then small groups have been seen;

The Dies work has been progressing nicely with Junco in spring from N.H. to S. Song Sparrow, Have re-written and re-worked the whole beginning into shape, Phil, is far more useful. Now time will be an interrupt

giving daily counts between 6 and 50 birds. They have been coming in small parties to the feeding place, but I have only caught 4 more since my last letter, recording my 49th bird banded. As you know, we have experienced a warm spell and that the birds, or most of them, still are in the neighbourhood, but spread out in various sections of the bush, appears evident from their morning and forenoon appearances and movements. Yesterday, again, I had more birds down at the feeding place than during the previous few days. One female got caught and I kept her in, in the hope of her getting another catch for me. She didn't. But when a male came and fed outside her door, which was shut, she crouched and quivered her wings. One male came down with two females and he chased one of them, but not the other. I see gold-banded birds, my own, in almost every party that comes down, but neither the Red banded one with the pink over, nor the female with A band on the right, or that one with it on the left, have been seen for several days. The birds do not bud to the same extent as they did, the poplar catkins are getting too big. I still see them in the balsam tops, but the new feeding place is now the ground under the evergreens where it is bare. Today no bird has been at the feeding place, at least not in my presence. I have seen one flock of 9 flying west along the highway and heard a couple of birds calling northwest of the Loghouse, back in the bush. I do hope it is not the end. But I have the feeling, there is going to be nesting, and what shall I do then, will you come up?

Banding.

April 3

44-200254 Fem. WW, TD, UW; PT; 12.00 noon; M L L; GG; 109 mm. 61.9 gr. (50th bird.

April 4

44-200255 Fem. WY, TD, UD; PT; 1.00 pm. ; M H M; GG; 110 mm. 64.3 gr.

April 5

44-200256 Male; WTB, WPW, TB; PT; 9.50 am. ; M M M; GY: 113 mm. 66.0 gr.

April 9

44-200257 Fem. WY, TD, UD; PT; 9.30 am. ; L L L; GG; 113 mm. 56.7 gr.

Male 44-200256 was very bronzed down to the rump and undertail coverts, had a narrow fringe of bright yellow over the white tertials, also showed some sootiness.

The grosbeak invasion in North Bay apparently was so heavy that it got into the news. The Nugget called them American Grosbeaks and said they were from the west, which prompted me to write a correction. I asked Miss Petty to clip it, if it appeared, and will send it to you when I get it. I thought that interested people, and apparently there were such even in so unbirdy a town as North Bay, would like to know something true about them, so I gave a few notes on food and habits.

New birds this week: American Merganser (6 today a beautiful flight on a misty morning) Kingfisher (this morning) Sapsucker (also this morning) Goldencrowned Kinglet also Bluebird, Herring Gull, Killdeer, and all the rest. Got a Purple male and, I think, a Robin into the study area this morning to stay. The little male Downy got a wife, also today, such a very immaculate little personage. This apparently is a perfectly new generation, none of the old birds having returned. Have banded 10 Red nuts and I cannot get out into the bush yet to see where they have settled. Tried today, but you still go through up to your knees. The ice is floating and the deer still coming.

Next weekend the niece is coming, at long last. I feel very inadequate for doing ~~xxxx~~ good for a youngster who sorely needs some wise guidance. But I shall do my best to take care of the good opportunity. Love. Love. Love.

Rutherglen, Ontario, May 31st 1951.

Dearest Doris,

You wrote in the nick of time for me to get my EG resumé in to the Shaubs. I had totally forgotten it in the stress of the vireos and spring, two, if I may so say, rather exacting interests. So I got down to the EG:s yesterday, in spite of having a visitor, and herewith you have the carbon copy of the original which was sent off by airmail. I hope you feel I have given them enough data to pick from, I thought these were the most important things for a survey, although of course one could enlarge on each point. This is the form I have finally worked out for my monthly museum reports, it gives a clear view of the content and the headings make it easy for reference. So I adopted it for the EG:s too.

You would wonder what had happened up here with the EG:S in general, but you would also have known, that had there been anything startling and not a perfect vanishing act you would have been kept au courant. Will you check that you have the banding data on all 54 birds, as far as I have marked them in my book you have. The decline came very quickly and the spottiness of appearance endured throughout May. I have seen or heard no birds since May 25. I have taken a long walk back in the bush west of the Loghouse, none, absolutely none there. The last birds came from the east and I rather surmise there are one or two pairs somwehere out that way, perhaps between here and Wonderland Camp where you stayed, but altogether out of my orbit. With so many around, I was so sure some would remain, "held down" by the salt. For the birds <u>knew</u> of the salt, but still did not think (?) it worth while staying. If any were settled in the vicinity, one could expect them to begin coming for the salt now when their breeding season is on. Pine Siskins began coming direct to the salt on a certain date and for a time I had quite a little run of them, caught and banded some, nearly all of them with large broodpatches. And these birds have returned, which is proof of nesting somewhere not too far away. Otherwise no salt-eating birds, not even Purple Finches. One would have thought there would be many of them after such a winter in the south, but no - surprise again.

Your migration data are most interesting. I knew there was a bottleneck somewhere with birds held up for three weeks by persistent northerlies. What is most amazing is the speed by which they moved on, once it began to blow from the south. Your wave apparently reached here the very next day, May 17. Both Miss Petty and I have recorded that as our gala warbler day. That whole week was arrival week, I registered 25 new species for the season. After that was over, almost everybody had arrived.

We find a marked scarcity of Myrtle Warblers this year and an increase in Redstarts and Chestnut-sided Warblers over last year. The study area appears less densely populated so far, but I have not made up my final notes for the month yet. Three pairs of Hairies are feeding young in the nests; one by the garage, where there is much "cryptic" action around a hole with a nice camouflaging overhang, from which interesting small sounds emanate. Four pairs of Red Nuts are scattered around the four corners and the parents are beginning to look "oily" around the "gills", which leads me to think that there are young in those nests too. I haven't time to sit by any of them, much as I would like to. Another spring I shall avoid being high-pressured by overlapping deskwork into a season whereto it does not belong.

Would you when convenient look up the nesting of Grackles, especially locatio of nests? Darling P.A. is not explicit enough for my nest, which I verily believe to be rather out of the ordinary. One pair, a rather lanky female and a male with a voice like a toy trumpet, have set up abode right out in the SE Marsh down in the reeds. It is exactly like Redwings would locate, in fact a counterpart nest is situated not more than 15 feet away. But the Grackle nest is big, clumsy, pushed down amid the reeds, not elegantly slung around the reed stalks like the Redwing's. The female Kingbird, which you may remember from your last visit with HH, that became widowed at an inopportune time and "sublimized" her grief (?) by continuing to build on the telephone post a nest that never would stick, apparently returned alone; I really do believe it was she and nobody else, although lacking bands it cannot be proved. Kingbirds, according to authorities, return mated, do they not?!

Uncle Charles has again produced birds another Clarnie knew about, probably positively, playing, boyish

A week later she had a mate, and now they are living in an enchanting period of fluttering and twittering love-making and charming indicision about the nest site. This is the second time in my experience, when the tradition of a territory has been upheld by a female. The other was the Kingfisher at Big Hill.

Just now Kicki returned after a prolonged absence of a week or ten days during her second confinement for the season. This is so early, one may ask if it is going to be a third one? ! She hopped up to the window, where she saw me sitting typing this letter to you, nosed the air (she always looks impertinent). We met at the cupboard where she got peanut butter and sunflower seeds. Obviously, she need sustenance after having attended her biological duties with such admirable assiduity.

I am glad you have Whippoorwills. The crop must be good all over this year, Since the remarkable year of 1946, when the Whippoorwill lived at Peak Hill and loved on our rock beside the bedroom window, we have had none so near to hear it every night or meet it on the path. Now we have one again, whose "goodnights" and "good-mornings" we may now listen to, sometimes like in a lovely dream.

How nice for George North to be with Murray! How nice for Murray with George North! I am half counting on the possibility that you may pay us a visit, somehow. We are fixing up the Green House, have taken out the stove and Len has made a miniature picture window where the pipe used to go out. We have now recovered the roof at the peril of our lives, but so nice to know that your guests will not be rained on. Could you not go NNE from Put-in-bay? I have also some new exciting cooking abilities stored away for gay occasions like that would be.

I have two gripes. One is the horrible fad of tourist camps up here to use caged innocent little bearlings as attraction. In most places this is a definite cruelty to animals because the poor things are kept in very confined quarters, usually without the least bit of shade in plain sunshine all day long. Their only retreat is, usually, an irondrum, and without the least bit of imagination it may be surmised how cool a place that would be with a midsummer midday sun blazing down upon it. Why does not the Department, which is the one that ought to, investigate these things and put a stop to it???????????? The other is the spraying of the roadsides by the Department of Highways and the Hydro Commission. This spraying destroys acres upon acres of nesting habitats for small birds like Song Sparrows, Indigo Buntings, Yellowthroats, Mourning Warblers, to name but a few. And it does this without being really effective, because it does not kill all the unwanted growth, and for those who live near it leaves a most obnoxious stink for several weeks afterwards.

The army caterpillars are drawing near Pimisi Bay. We have none yet, but they are at Rutherglen. At Corbeil the woodlots are stripped stark naked, the trunks clothed in blankets of moving wriggling masses, the rodds covered. I am not wishing it will reach here, horrors, but it would be intersting to study how such an infestation would affect the nesting birds. Imagine all the nests stripped of cover, imagine all the nests suffocated under the crawling multitudes! I am recording all the birds seen to have eaten the caterpillars, Len saw a Starling with one in the bill and Petty saw a Philadelphia Vireo eat one.

I, too, feel much better about Margaret not crossing the ocean. To her I think it is a sacrifice, because she is an international at heart and contact with her confrères on the other half of the globe is especially inspiring. But like the brick she is, she does not let on.

Len wants to know, when did these caterpillar infestations begin? Have they always existed? If not, what role did the passenger pigeons play in the control of similar insect eruptions? I ask, what role did the moving down of the forests play in this drama? Before that, there was scarcely the same need for the formation of "armies", as there was presumably enough food to take care of overpopulations until natural controls had time to grind into action.

Love from us to you

Lots Louis

Rutherglen, Ontario, June 29th 1951.

Dearest Doris:

I think your "Vociferous" fine writing; it is an experience rendered alive through words and rhytm. I think you have no reason at all to be too modest about it. My heartiest congratulation to so successful an effort!

Thank you for your letter! I was gratified to get a raise out of my two most tolerant friends on the subjects of bears and sprays. With the same mail I got a letter of solicitation for membership from the F.O.N. So, in making my first contribution, I wrote them a letter on the subject, according to your and Dr. Fry's advice. If nothing else comes from it, I have at least added my voice to the disapprovals. My strongest argument was, I think, the enumeration of the pairs of nesting birds in the less-than-an-acre piece of right-a-way belonging to my study area, as yet unsprayed, and what would happen to them when the hose dragon arrives, as it surely will being only half a mile away at the present moment. Counting adults and young, one may estimate a total of 66 birds endangered in only this wee spot. Multiply that with the thousands of other wee spots sprayed or otherwise mutilated in this province and even the anti-conservationist ought to be staggered. The Department of Highways is by no means the only culprit, the Hydro Commission is quite as good a destroyer of wildlife in their huge right-a-ways and so is the Bell Telephone, if not by spraying, by brushing during high season months. I suggested in my letter to the F.O.N. that ever effort be made to protect these important "forest edge" areas by enforcing an injunction allowing none of these operations, except during the fall months.

About the bears I don't know what to do. I understand the Department of Lands and Forests give a permit allowing these places to keep caged bears. If so, Dr. Harkness is the one to put a stop to it. It can only be an attraction to a populace with highly immature sensibilities and perceptions. Any person with so-called human feelings would go miles out of his way not to be confronted with these barbarities It is no less. One of the worst teachings of the Catholic Church is, in my opinion, that animals have no soul.

The Grackle nesting was very interesting. The male disappeared some time in the middle of it and the female carried on alone. She hatched 4 young, 3 of which disappeared one by one. I suspect that they fell out of the nest.which began to tilt badly as the nestlings grew, and drowned in the water below, only 6 inches from the bottom of the nest. She fledged one, however, and I have seen her feeding it in several places safely out of the marsh. Do you think Bent would want these data? I have the measurements too.

I shall give you the records of the EG:s when I have made up my month. I think there is only one or two. The carbon copy of my summary is yours and made for you, I am glad you both approved of it.

How very exciting about George North. I cannot imagine he has committed the error of chosing one who is not sharing his chief interest, and so they should be very happy, now with a good job and a nice-looking future. I am very glad for him, he is such a nice person. Thinking of the Hamilton Nature Club in connection with George, did I tell you I had the nicest letter from Mr Sabine, saying very agreeable things about my writing.

I am very anxious to hear about Put-in-Bay and all your adventures there. I am sure you must be having a wonderful time, perhaps seeing EG:s and probably many other interesting species. Please tell me when you leave and whence you go from there. Will the return trip be so planned as to make a visit here absolutely impossible? Remains then the ACU meeting to look forward to, because you will surely be there, won't you? I am anxious to show you the marvellous Swedish nature work which is coming out piecemeal month by month and which my cousin is presenting me with. It contains some

wonderful photography, one a woodcock in flight at dusk for example, delicately beautiful colour plates, one close-up picture of the head of a Loxia curvirostra. The text is also most interesting and informative, quoting Margaret Nice ever so often. In the chapter on The Birds' Flight, it says in one place: " It has been attempted to calculate how the muscles of a human being would look, had he wings and could fly like the birds. The breast muscles would then have to be so much enlarged (in proportion) that their mass would cover the breastbone to a depth of one to two meters, (not feet), - observandum for artists who picture angels in the form of a man." In the third instalment there is a picture of a Coccothraustes coccothraustes at a feeding place, that but for the caption could easily be mistaken for an EG. There is an interesting description of the species, about a page.

Thank you for the information on the Passenger Pigeon. Only a few of the caterpillars got here, although they were bad only 2 miles away at Rutherglen. A pair of Cuckoos have been doing some elimination work in our bushes. I believe the Redwings and Grackles do good work along this line too, but there would have to be a real bit of infestation in the Pimisi Bay area to know how good. It is said, (where did I read it?) that Vireo olivaceus also eats them. Speaking of "oliva", I am pressing ahead with that paper. It is like plowing through deep snow, laborious, exciting and singularly rewarding in some spiritual way. Don't you feel the same about your EG study? Some day soon I shall be able to send you the first-revision draft, for comment and criticism.

Have you any bird list available that would tell the Latin name of Latimer's Vireo? Bent does not include it. I suppose it is latimeri, but would like to make sure.

Lew sends greetings. Lots all

love

Louis

Rutherglen, Ontario, July 31st 1951.

Dearest Doris:

All is well and I wrote the last word on the Vireos yesterday. And you are the first one to whom my thoughts turn as I emerge from nesting success, rate of feedings, defence activities, voice, etc. I should of course have answered your long and lovely letter from Put-in-Bay long ago, but you will understand the urgent reason ~~why~~ there was nothing to greet you on your return home.

The manuscript turned out quite long and it will probably have to be cut down. Now I shall do a first revision of the work in its entirety and make another copy of it for my files. Then I shall send it to you for your and Murray's criticism and after that we can discuss what changes ought to be made. Thank you for all your data. You will find how well they fit into the vireo pattern. In my opinion the incorporation of odd notes, such as the Vespertina "peet", is an individual perculiarity in some birds. Bent mentioned it on page 343, a bird introducing a note like that of the Crested Flycatcher and Francis Allen says he has heard it"imitating the Olive-sided Flycatcher and the Blue-bird." That would be notes similar to the one we heard in the woods behind Gauvreau's camp, do you remember? I do not think there is any imitating but an innate oddity in the singing,which appears in some individuals, perhaps hereditary. There is a White-throated Sparrow with a distinct whistled-"whui" note inter-and superimposed in the middle of his regular song. I first heard it while I watched the Red Crossbills in 1948 because the bird had its territory around there,and this year I heard it again at the very same place, in all probability the same bird which could very well still be alive, or possibly his off-spring which, however, scarcely would take up exactly the same territory as his father.

I thought that the Loghouse Territory was a densely populated place. I am amazed at the masses of birds you found on your island. Of course, 1382 acres is quite an area. How interesting with your friend who is working on the lifehistory of the Indigo for her Ph.D. How lucky she is that she knew so young exactly in which direction her keenest interests lay! I do hope we shall hear more about her findings, us too,the populace, and not only the highbrows, who are to pass upon her her degree. Here Indigo Buntings have increased amazingly. Do you remember how rare they were when you first came here in 1944 and 45? This year there were 6 pairs nesting between the garage and a half mile westwards, or a pair in less than every 500 feet. Unfortunately, this area was sprayed at the height of the nesting season,in the beginning of July,and I have only seen or heard two young from all these pairs. Apropos the spraying, I had a nice acknowledge-ment of my letter on this subject from Dr. Dymond himself and he said they were to take the matter up at the next meeting. I have been thinking that I wrote perhaps a little too strongly, the spraying is apparently not lethal to many insects, adult birds and humans, I have eaten quarts of sprayed raspberries without succumbing, obviously. But the dis-advantages remain, the stripping of cover, the unsightliness, the obnoxious smell and the degree of efficiency, and I certainly do not think that baby birds do well under it. If you go to this meeting, will you talk for me? In your well-balanced and tolerant manner, please!

I can ask Margaret about Latimer's Vireo, it was from her I got the reference, Spaulding. Through an exchange of letters, in which I apparently said the right things, I have got into a very agreeable and profitable new relationship with Editor Terres. His last letter was a very charming revelation of an idealist who is spurred on towards a high goal of artmanship (new word) by high thinking. These kind of revelations are always inspiring, don't you think? Especially when spontaneous.

Please tell me when in October is the ACU meeting??? Eddie would like to know so that she can plan for it with me there. Margaret apparently is considering going, and would that not be marvellous, if, she said, she could find suitable and not too expen-sive accommodation. I thought, how would it be if I asked Eddie if she knows of some nice place in West Montreal where you and Margaret could stay together? This is not

entirely disinterested concern on my part, as, in case such a place was found and you stayed there, we could all go to the meetings together. Let me know how you feel about it and I shall write Eddie at once. Eddie lives on Ballantyne Avenue North in West Montreal, in a charming French style house, you will like her husband who is interested in birds, and I am going to invite them for the annual dinner, thought they would enjoy it. I suppose the meetings will be at the Museum on Sherbrooke, you cut through to Côte des Neiges and there you are, not very far from Montreal West.

I do not feel that the mind is opposed to creative activity. What I feel I am up against is not inertia but incapacity, as opposed to the kind of capacity which puts order into thinking fast and methodically, which sorts out the essentialities from the weeds of the unimportant with unfailing accuracy. This capacity is only partly achieved through inborn faculties and for the rest through training. And although it takes ability to make good use of training, training is awfully important.

If I am going to translate Coccothraustes, I must start now, and I am sure you are eager to get it. The accompanying illustration in the book shows a bird at a feeding station that could almost be taken for a H.V. Around here H.v:s have been as scarce as hens' teeth all summer, July dates 3, 5, 11, 12, 20, 27, and only one or two birds at a time flying over.

I am expecting Dr. and Mrs Harrison Lewis on a visit August 12.

With love and love

Louie.

The Swedish book lists magpies as the Common Starlings' worst enemy. It will be interesting to see how the Starlings will do in the Canadian West with the Picas there and also if the western Magpie, because of the Starlings, will come east in numbers, in which case it took the Starlings to get west first before the Magpies moved east.

The warbler migration has started.

Eve. Gros. record filed.
Answered Aug. 20/51.

Rutherglen, Ontario, August 13th 1951.

Dearest Doris,

It was a lovely surprise to find you and Murray standing on the doorstep asking for admission to the Loghouse that night. Even so short a meeting with friends like you and Murray is a wonderful enjoyment. A friendship like ours is, I think, one of life's greatest blessings, its binding quality rests upon mutual giving free of demands, and that I believe is the soundest basis. Every thought of you is to me an experience and every meeting a fulfilment.

I am distressed to hear about Uncle Charles. I have scanned the Star for the sad advertissement of his passing, but I have not seen it and therefore hope that he is spared to us a little longer. How often have I not thought of writing him and even planned what and how I would say what I wanted him to know. I would start: Dear Uncle Charles, and then go on telling him how delighted I have been with his clear and logical thinking, with his unbiassed conclusions, and above all by his utterly polite way of telling truths to people's faces with neither his tongue in his cheek, like GBS, nor blinking an eye-lash.

The Lewis' visit went off as a great success, best proof of which was left in the entry written in our guest log: "An outstanding example of intelligent, well-planned human ecology. How pleasing is the good estate so well deserved by the benvolent self-reliance that endured and overcame adversity! What a joyful interlude for the fortunate guests!" I sometimes think that guestlogs may become too complimentary for the good of the hosts. The Green House was at its best, crested sheets, soft pillows, dusted, even perfumed by order of Len with a wee spraying of lavender eau de cologne plus the scented tips of balsam fir to oust the "mousy odors", as Len calls them. The first thing Mrs Lewis said upon entering, in her quiet voice: "How nice it smells in here". Not for nothing did I labour. In addition to this, I had put my best foot forward in planning the menus. Chilled pineapplejuice greeted them upon arrival with small squares of my prize cake, shortcake with a delicious filling of eggs, brown sugar and masses of nutmeats, Len's favourite and, lo and behold, immediately also becoming Dr. Lewis' favourite. He ate of it to the rejoicing of the cook. For dinner, chicken, cooked to a T, stuffed, "Accented" if you know what I mean, and tended through long slow cooking-time. For dessert "Chilled Lemon Crisp", an ice smooth as velvet, tinged with lemon and strewn with crisp crumbs of Graham wafers. It really was a success dinner; Len did the honours at the chicken with utmost grace and the Lemon Crisp was accepted in two servings by the Doctor, testifying its palatability. I took them for a ride in our Mercury in the evening, down to Eau Claire, where we walked about between the waterfalls and called briefly on Pidge for a look at the rapids and the ducks. The next day Dr. Lewis and I birded along the highway. And did the warblers play up to the occasion. My dears, they went through in droves all day; and time and again one looked in vain for Dr. Lewis, he had disappeared up the hill, down to the lakeshore, birding and getting plenty of thrills. Mrs. Lewis was delightful, I thought, a type of woman, I should imagine, who "wears" exceedingly well with longer and closer acquaintance. Animals and birds behaved perfectly, Shorty-tail, the chipmunk came to her hand, Japper, the young male squirrel that goes to bed on the cupboard, took peanuts and scolded her, and the Downies and Hairies and Red Nuts and Chickadees all sat for pictures on the suet sticks. I have the feeling she loved every minute and she was a dear, and so helpful. At the last meal, luncheon on Sunday, which consisted of a cold plate, tomatos stuffed with creamed smoked oysters, devilled eggs and thin slices of tendersweet ham on crisp lettuce, plus rasberries with thick cream, Dr. Lewis insisted on doing the dishes. When I demurred he said: "You know I have got my certificate." He gave us some wonderful talks on geology and how it affects life, especially with reference to the lack of calcium in the pre-Cambrian shield which effects such plants as wild rice and wild celery and with them the occurrence of ducks. His careful listing of birds was also an experience, I don't think he ever takes a bird on its voice, and if I counted two Flickers he wanted to know by what reason I did not consider them the same bird. It was a very good visit indeed and I think that both Len and I have acquired two good new friends. Both are coming to the ACU meeting and I may stop over at Ottawa to

to visit them for a day or so,

Speaking of the ACU, you have probably also seen by now that the Meeting is in October, 9th to 12th. Eddie sent a wire and it is also in the last AUK. Eddie also said in the wire "shall investigate possible accommodation and write further". So as soon as I hear from her I shall drop you a line.

Can you imagine, about an hour before the arrival of the Lewises, I hear a noise outside the kitchen at the back. I look out and see the birdbath rocking on its feet. I step outside and there, right on the terrace what do you think?..... A bear, as shiny black as you would ever see one. We gazed at each other from a distance of less than 10 feet. He stood about 3 feet 5 or 6 inches to the shoulder. My heart beat a little fast and I said: "Well....well....well," adding for lack another intelligent thought: "..and how is Mumsy's bear?" Billybear turned on his heels and gave the awfullest snort I have ever heard. He reappeared at the corner of Venice and again we measured each other in astonished gazes. He turned and gave another snort which startled me less this time. He gave several more snorts as he walked up the hill behind Venice, and I took this bearish conversation as being not particularly complimentary to the one to whom it was directed, namely me. During the short visit, Billybear had time to eat all the squirrels' bread and all the birds' suet and he pawed down one suet stick and with that all the wasps' and Hummingbirds' sugar-water fountains. Dr. Lewis cautioned us that if he came to think we had anything nice to eat inside the Loghouse, he might force an entrance not being able to manipulate doorknobs. So now I am putting out suet rinds, bread and the like to save the Loghouse from having its gates crashed. Len thinks we are perhaps carrying our hospitality a shade far by extending it to yet another form of life. Now I am stepping around in the bush with my heart aflutter, hoping for another meeting with this magnificent beast. He was here a couple of days before this, chasing the cats up a tree and upsetting our incindiary. Every dark shadow now has really exciting possibilities.

Today at 8.10 am. two vespertinas flew over, crossing the highway southwards.

Now I must get dinner. Before I lick this too in the morning I shall enclose the weight data.

Meanwhile, my love and were Len here he would surely like to be remembered.

Louise

Note: Letter of sympathy about Uncle Charles' passing filed under his name--Dr. Charles Herbert Huestis. DHS.

Rutherglen, Ontario, November 3rd 1951.

Dear Doris and Murray:

The only reason for the delay in writing to you after our return from Montreal is my effort to meet a deadline for an article for the Wood Duck. The request was in before I left and it always takes some time to collect one's wits after such an exciting time as we had.

Then yesterday came the MS and I once more offer you repayment of the enormous postage which you so carefully put on for the safety of the precious papers? My most heartfelt thanks, Doris and Murray, for your critical reading. I have only just glanced at your comments in the beginning; and even if you had never told me of the time Murray had spent on it, and Doris too, I would have known what an invaluable help you had given me. Your interest in my work, and that of Margaret too, is such an enormous encouragement to me in my often so dilettante work. I do hope you understand that I recognize Murray's guidance in ornithology as academic lessons, the only ones I have ever had, even though it is always given as mild and tactful suggestions, and even though they may not appear to "sink in" until long after. Now I am very anxious to start on the last revision and so get it ready for Mr. Godfrey as soon as possible.

I was completely exhausted that evening after you left, to the extent I hardly enjoyed the ballet as much as it deserved. So I decided not to take in the field trip at all and to use the last three days left to be peacefully and quietly with the Mitchells. It was a very good decision, when all is said and done, even though I felt a bit of envy I could not be with you to see the snow geese. It is really a great handicap to go to these meetings without a car of your own. I think the arrangements failed a little in leaving everybody on their own at Quebec, which of course would suit some, but not such as Lucie and me and probably others, who would also have liked to have gone. Did Lucie go, by the way? Otherwise, the meeting was altogether perfection from all points-of-view, and although we had very little time to talk, it was a marvellous occasion we had to enjoy this interesting meeting all together. Thank you for letting me drive with you all the time, I do feel you ought to have let me contribute a bit towards that expense. I have not written to Margaret yet, but will as soon as I get rid of the Wood Duck.

Will you please tell me what you would prefer to have for Christmas, some journal, Audubons for example, or a book, which?, or merely a present????????

I am sending a copy of my monthly report; I have also one for Margaret. I think it may interest you, especially to compare dates of bird movements. Thank you for your interesting letter, dear Doris, which should have been answered long ere this, but now you know the reason. Your description of the chickadee and jay migrations is most interesting. The chickadees particularly tie up nicely with what happened here during the first part of September, but which I slipped over, thinking it was purely local, until I got your letter. You can see that it is not even mentioned in my report, but it will be in the October one. In early September I noted an unusual influx of chickadees at the feeding station. Usually the winter congregating is very gradual and seldom really begins before late September and early October. In this assembly there were also remarkably many unbanded birds, but no Brownies, I only heard one on the 16th. Finally I made an entry on Sept 27: "All of a sudden there appears to be very few chickadees coming to the feeding place, as compared to the numbers that came earlier in the month, when there were unusually many for the season." Doubtless, this was a part of your migration. It is not likely that the chickadees would travel very fast, especially during an Indian summer period, and so did not pass by your latitude until 3 weeks later.

For six years I have hardly seen one single Canada Jay. On October 2nd I saw two, not in any likely habitat, but on the highway near the waterfall

at Bonfield. Since then Len and others have reported 6 more birds in all. Now Len is looking for them here at the Loghouse and he is rather put out that they have not made themselves visible yet. I think they will come. I think we are having a return to the winter bird epoch of the early forties. I think everything is pointing to a sunspot low. The northern birds must be coming down because there is not enough food for all, combined with an unusually good breeding season, achieved perhaps because of the sunspot high, generally speaking of course. It does seem as if any one or even any one group of factors are ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ not alone responsible for the periodicity in nature, but that they influence each other in various ways. So that even if there is a general tendency towards repetition, it is never total; else would evolution be possible? How I wish I knew more facts! And I often wish we could sit down and quietly discuss these things from all our different viewpoints, but it takes a bit to get in the mood for such things. At any rate, I think that my opportunity to concentrate on observing everything pertaining to one locality is of great value and importance. The naturalist merely passing through a region may see a lot that was never seen before, but he will also miss much that requires coincidence and hairfine timing. Johnny on the spot does it, to the incredulity even of his ~~confederates~~ peers, as I have many times experienced.

Did Mr. O. not answer his telephone when Len called?

I also have an Evening Grosbeak record for Hudson. On Sunday, October 14, I saw 3 birds while sitting in the garden of the McKinnons, about 200 yards back of mr. Ommanney. They came and perched in a tamarack, called a few times and then flew over to a sugar maple whence they disappeared. This was at 4.15 pm. That is all I have for you. But we have quite a few Pine Grosbeaks eating ash samaras, or rather the seeds therein, more than usual, and one Arctic Three-toed, and at the feeding station 2 little male Red Nuthatches and female White Nuthatch. Never had the two together before.

Today we have full winter with 7 inches of snow, all branches drooping and white lacework through the bush. The lake is lead-grey amid all this purity. A most handsome Red Fox came visiting at the feeding place the other day. He nosed around for nearly half an hour, unearthed old bones and suet which he proudly carried away to eat and then return for more. It was interesting to note that the fox, exactly like the deer, displayed this extreme alertness. When a woodpecker flew over him he sank to the ground, a sound and he would fall all over himself to avoid whatever it might be. His muscles fairly quivered, always on the qui vive. Sometimes he would point, one fore-paw lifted. He had a charming face, pointed nose, the loveliest brown eyes, and ears of lush black velvet. He had black stockings on all four legs and the bushiest tail you ever saw. He even took a trip over the porch and nosed at the door.

Again thank you both for the wonderful help you have given me with the MS and for your unselfish sacrifice of time to do it. Love from us both,

Louie

no need to return

OBSERVATIONS ON BIRDS September 1951 AT PIMISI BAY, ONTARIO.

by Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

Weather: Fourteen days were mainly sunny and 16 cloudy. The daily mean temperature on 22 days was higher than the normal mean of the month, 56.2 F. Warm peri with temperatures reaching 80 F., and over, occurred between Sept. 1-5 and 8-15. Fronts passed through the region Sept. 6, 16-17, 22, 24, 27. First snowflurries Sept. 22.

Migration: Large movements of birds noted Sept. 1, 8, 10, 11, 12, 19, 20. Lesser movements on Sept. 3, 6, 7, 13, 15, 18, 29.

Numerous in Migration: Common Loon, Yellow-shafted Flicker, Sept.4; American Crow, Sept.17 and 2 Red-breasted Bluebird, Sept.1 and 25; Common Starling, Sept.8, 24 and 25; Orange-crowned Warbler, Sept.9; Myrtle Warbler, Sept.20; Bronzed Grackle Sept. 22; Chipping Sparrow, Sept 15; Swamp Sparrow, Sept.13; Song Sparrow, Sept.1 and 24.

Scarcity: found in all Thrushes except Robins and Bluebirds, Ruby-crowned Kinglets, Mourning Warblers, American Redstarts, Evening Grosbeaks, Purple Finches, White-crowned and Lincoln Sparrows, the latter totally absent.

Abundance: More numerous than usual: Cooper's Hawks, Orange-crowned and Cape May Warblers. Notable increase appeared in Black-throated Green Warblers and Common Loons. On 3 occasions flocks of between 45 and 65 Loons were report seen on Lake Nipissing by H. Petty. Lesser parties passed through at Pimisi Bay throughout the month. Seen in flocks of over 100 birds: American Cro s, Common Starlings, Bronzed Grackles.

Rare Birds: A Holboell's Grebe, Colymbus grisegena holboelli, was seen at Pimisi Bay Sept. 22 and was positively indentified as an immature the next day in good light. It was last seen Sept. 24.

New Birds: On Sept. 13, as I stood watching Swamp Sparrows, a Virginia Rail, Rallus l. limicola, emerged from the reeds on to a flat rock 8 or 10 feet from where I stood. In plain view for fully half a minute, it was impossible to mistake the identity of this rail, especially as I was familiar with it from two previous occasions at Toronto islands and Burnt Ship Creek, Buffal The record was later re-checked with skins at the Redpath Museum.
On Sept.20 I saw a Connecticut Warbler, Oporornis agilis. Identification was based on a study of skins of agilis and philadelphia sent to me by W. E. Godfrey for the purpose of learning their specific fieldmarks. Main characters noted in this bird were: the large size compared to a Black-throated Blue Warbler, very conspicuous eye-ring, yellow but not bright yel underparts and the undertail coverts longer than half the length of the tail. The duller shade of the "hood" and the presence of a pinkish white patch under the chin suggested that the bird was an adult female or an immature.

Rutherglen, Ontario, November 27th 1951.

Dear Murray: (Darling Doris please peep over his shoulder)

I have just finished the last revision and copy of the vireo paper and I want you to know how very, very grateful I am for all the work and all the time you put in going through the MS. The very thoroughness with which you did it, I cannot help but take as a compliment, even though I doubt it really deserves much praise. Personally, looking upon it with as much impartiality as an author can, I feel it is good in spots, but also rather thin scientifically in spots. However it is now ready and packed to go off to Margaret; she wrote in her last letter: "I suppose the Speirs will soon send me your Red-eye MSS." So evidently she wants to see it before it goes to an editor.

It was a wonderful assurance for me that you went through most of the tables. Nothing taxes my patience and brains as much as tables and they have an awful way of springing surprise errors on me, when I really think I have worked them out foolproof. I also checked every one once more and still found some mistakes which I corrected. I do not know what I would have done if I had not had those good nesting diagrams which I always work out at once after observation and which sometimes are quite a chore. There was a mistake in the numbering of the tables which you did not see, but I did, luckily. The diagram I re-drew, noting your suggestion with regard to the Feedings Rate per hour. All your suggestions were acted upon, some I loved - vireo pace, your pace, how far? - for instance; one horrified me, the extraordinary egg-laying by the B-49, which when I once more studied my notes, dissolved into the two last eggs merely having been laid quite late in the day. Imagine if you had not checked that boner! I revised the whole beginning of the Voice chapter, thought it was badly composed and also the "songs" to make the meaning clearer.

I was very interested in your note on "Do vireos drive their young from the territory when they become independent?" It would be logical to suppose that they did in the case of young from early broods. I have no evidence that they do, but with vireos it is very easy to miss such a thing. I do know that it did not happen with the B-49's and I do know that all the young I could follow stayed with the parents on the territory at least for about a month after fledging. Whether they left on their own after that or were chased, is a matter I would have to investigate further. Put-in-Bay is perhaps so much to the south, compared to Pimisi Bay, that two broods in a season is common there; because here, unless the male does a great deal more work than my evidence shows, there appears to be too little time for the raising of two broods except under special circumstances, in which case the chasing of young off the territory would also only occur very rarely.

→ Last week we had a very interesting visit by two young Cornell University students, sent here by Dr. Hewitt. Both naturalists, one an American stuying game management and conservation, the other an Englishman ornithologist in spe. Both glowing with enthusiasm, both brilliant in my opinion, and apart from all this perfectly charming lads. We offered them the Green House and they stayed with us from Wednesday to Saturday. With the new Leo heater we got last year, they were fairly comfortable up there in their sleeping bags. They went on long treks back in the bush, saw otters and grice, thrilled with both, visited the fish hatchery another day and saw a dead elk, and for the rest spent their time photographing around the Lighthouse. And of course all the birds and beasts obliged, especially two Canada Jays, Len's special birds one of which arrived a couple of days after my last letter to you. Yes, imagine, to his vast gratification, Jennie made her entré by immediately perching on his broomhandle as he shovelled the snow off the roof without any previous personal acquaintance and thereafter took food from his hand. A couple of days later

Jack made his appearance and he was so hungry that he chased Jennie all over the place. But he soon recognized his mistake and shortly after the two began to go to roost together and to appear together, laughing softly to themselves. Doris will forgive me for using the EG's golden band on Jennie, but her first appearance was an occasion that needed something very special. With all this you can imagine our friends Al and Ken really enjoyed themselves. We regret that our fox did not show up while they were here. Had they been here one day longer, they would have got some wonderful shots of this beautiful beast. He (or she) now comes every day and gets pieces of bone and bread. Yesterday, can you imagine, the old cat insisted on going out while he was here, and all of a sudden she dashed out and chased the fox with a speed and power, not to say courage, we thought incredible for her age and physique. We thought that was her last dash in this life, but lo, there she returned, her tail swinging, with the air of a conquerer, and the fox, standing behind the corner of Venice, yap-yapping at her. This did not prevent the fox from returning several times later. He was then so tame that I could go out and offer him a piece of bread in the hand while he tentatively approached to within 10 feet of me. One day he may take it out of the hand; meanwhile we are conditioning him to a special food whistle.

The winter birds promise us a very interesting season. Len reports Canada Jays, 10 to a mile, going up through the Temagami Reserve and Al and Ken reported them from the Temiskaming highway too. Flocks of about 100 Pine Grosbeaks have been reported to me too by the stationmaster at Rutherglen, who is quite interested in birds and always asks me to identify some he has seen. From Lake Nipissing comes word of a Cardinal. What with the birds now at the Loghouse, does it not look like the early forties all over again? The low-sunspot pattern of species I calls it. Oh yes, Arctic Three-toed too, but no Brownies, they must all be down your way. A belated little Junco stayed with us for a week and we built a shelter for it, a tunnel of wire lined with spruce boughs, thinking it really planned to remain the winter with us. But, although it vastly appreciated our thoughtfulness, it left two nights ago, perhaps for its own good. Now the Blue Jays appreciate the feeding shelter.

This is all the news. Len is on his holiday. We really rested the first part of it and now he is repairing the walls in the kitchen, as usual doing a marvellous job.

Thank you again for your wonderful help with the MS and much love to you both from us,

Louise

Ack Dec 10/57

JMS

Dear Doris:

Nor can I, at this moment, send you a formal letter about my being elected a corresponding member of the Margaret Nice Ornithological Club. Hence I invite you to read from this letter whatever you see fit of my expressions of appreciation at your next meeting.

Let me then first say, that I am equally astonished at so archaic an attitude as the exclusion of women from the TOC's midst. I am sure, that this midst must be rather a static affair under such circumstances. The foundation of the Nice Club is, therefore, in my opinion a happy thought and now a reality, that will be an inspiration to all of us, who will have part in its work and achievements. and, indirectly, it is to be hoped, for those who are on the outside. I feel particularly honoured to have been included as a corresponding member and I hope sincerely that the contributions I shall make will prove me worthy. It will be a pleasure, indeed, to join you in a meeting or fieldtrip when I come to Toronto and I can only regret that it will hardly be often enough for a membership fee to be exacted. In return, I should like to feel, that any member of the MNOC, who finds herself in the vicinity of North Bay, Mattawa and Pimisi Bay, will consider the Loghouse Territory as their own, to which she will be highly welcomed by the inhabitant birds, beasts, and persons.

The name that has been chosen represents a particular incentive to worthy achievement. The name Margaret Nice is the synonym for inspired thinking, for a meticulous and unremitting search for facts, for unrelenting analysis of conjectures and reasoning, interpretations and evidence, and a most rigid acceptance of nothing but the truth. She has given us an example, most particularly in her study of the Song Sparrow, of the benefit of making individual study comparative to that of others, the only way, she says, of making true progress. She has shown us that not a single observation, however seemingly trivial, is without significance when repeated often enough. She has pointed to the importance of evidence in every shape and form, not only with which to support the statements and allegations of the researcher, but upon the strength of which only to accept the assertions of anyone else. Lastly and always, she affirms the matchless satisfaction and joy of research and creation, and I would translate a quotation she gave me once from André Gide's writings; "The Poet is he who looks...the Poet must understand, then repeat these verities...Does not the Scientist this very same thing?" It is for us to look, to achieve understanding, and then to repeat the truths we have learned, and so to promote the comprehension of life itself, both of ourselves and our fellows.

I thought perhaps that you would be interested in having a copy of my monthly reports for the club? It would not be very much added work even if I should add some pertinent data or comment. Also any other lists on nesting and birds might perhaps be of value to emphasize the importance of records, to some of the future members who are less advanced in ornithology than the charter and executive members. Let me know what you would like to have in this respect. I think I would feel quite at home speaking to the club some time; at any rate I would be less put out by my own shortcomings as a speaker before so sympathetic listeners.

The question of Lucie is vexed. I do not think she would accept an election if she knew Mae H. could be elected too. I rather agree that the election of clashing personalities should be avoided if possible. Clashing of opinions is permissible and needs not to overstep the limits of politeness (mark who is talking), the clash of personalities is rather unnecessary when avertions are viewed with intelligence. Both Mae and Lucie will be hurt and I don't know who deserves it of the two. Mae has previously been excluded from many things because of her unsuitable manners; I have nothing serious at all to bring against her. On the other hand, it is a pity for Lucie, but there are possibilities she might clash with others too, who, like you and I, do not simply love her exactly as she is.

I think she would be less hurt if you told her the exact truth, she is a very candid person and would appreciate your effort to be "square" with her, when all is said and done.

We have now 5 Canada Jays at our feeding place, a banded pair, an unbanded pair (so far), and a loose female which came in on a cold wave in a pretty starved condition, although she was not emaciated. It is still a riddle to me what these birds feed upon of natural foods in principal. I have seen them "budding" in poplars and when the snow goes off the ground digging under leaves and vegetation for grubs, presumably. At the feeding station, they like suet, pieces of meat and bread, and also a special preparation I make mainly to keep the Red squirrels "at bay". I suppose that others beside the Pimisi Bay squirrels would take to it too, in which case I recommend it for feeding-stations with squirrel problems. It is cheaper than peanutbutter and is gnawable for squirrels even at rather low temperatures, when they become so occupied with the gnawing as to leave all bird dinners alone. Recipe: one pound of lard (20 cents) is melted in a pan. Add 4 or 5 full cups of rolled oates (49 cents a large package) and 2 or 3 cups of flour. Cook. Add hot water, which makes the oates and flour swell to unimagined volume, until the concoction has absorbed as much water as it will hold without losing a thick consistency. Cool. This mixture is well liked by Chickadees, Nuthatches, Woodpeck and Blue Jays, the Canada Jays love it.

We have still got a fox or foxes, but we do not think it is Vulpes, he is presumed dead from gun wounds. We also think that our deer have returned; although they have not actually visited the "boudoir" infront of our window, they have tracked around in all the other favourite places and the size of the hoofmarks look like those of the little buck and the cud-chewing doe. We have also one or two Ravens which croak a greeting every time they fly over. I am getting very fond of the Ravens.

I must end. But I do feel that often a day's working hours used in the writing of a thoughtful letter to one's best friend are as well spent as on any other literary creation.

Love Louise

P. S. For success with the squirrel dough, it is imperative to establish several feeding spots in order to avoid clashes of personalities, and the distractions due therefrom.

Rutherglen, Ontario, January 28th 1952.

My dearest Doris:

The tragedy with our sweet Dory lies not in her death but in the unpreventable course of events. Her death was rather the crowning glorification of her being, not only in the blessedness of slipping away like the dying of the wind. Four days before she died, she wrote me, and from what she said I am convinced that she gave up the fight for the sake of her family. A greater self-sacrifice no one can make. It is only heart-breaking that it should have come to that.

When I saw Dory the last time at the farm, I knew that she was developing TB. I think I told you how concerned I was about her, and I am too experienced in those things not to have made the right diagnosis from her looks, her loss of weight, and that little dry cough. Only 3 months later, she was brought up in her tracks by the acute state of her sickness, that could no longer be ignored, after having contaminated both her children, little Maughin so badly that she had to spend months in hospital. I warned Dory at that time to get a check-up at once. Who can blame her for being too afraid to do it? I tell you I cannot; but it is, nevertheless, utterly shocking that those should have been the consequences. When you told me of Dory's indisposition last summer I knew, too, that she was in for a relapse. Since then, nothing has surprised me, all of it has been as inevitable as that the sun forever sets. And this, to me, is the most awful aspect of this tragedy.

The TB germ is, paradoxically, the most easily killed organism, at the same time as it is the most invidious one that plagues the human being. Exposure to daylight for a day, or a few hours in sunlight, kills it outright. But it is absolutely fatal to ignore it, or to neglect it, or to experiment with it. Dory both neglected it and experimented with it and my sister studiously ignored it. They did this much for the same reasons, their love and devotion to their families, and both paid the price, a much too early death and inestimable loss to their families, not to speak of all the others who loved them. Dory made a miraculous recovery the first time from sheer will-power and mental fortitude. But no one who has suffered from Tb can be considered cured until they have lived 10 years without a relapse. During these 10 years, this sickness should never be considered anything else but temporarily arrested. As such, a constant vigilance is required to sound out the actual physical condition very, very often and without any sort of symptoms to prompt it, because any symptom is already a relapse. Proper physical care, rest, food, and most important of all, the achievement and maintenance of a favourable mental attitude that prevents fear from overthrowing the intelligent approach, can and will, in most cases, effectively inhibit the need of prolonged hospitalization. It was this I meant when I talked about Dory's warning in the summer, prevention and prevention and again prevention of all this horrible contained in the imprisonment in a San. Further, would not the year's lease of life with her family, that Dory had, be a thing of far too great a price if it was bought for the life of her daughter, or son, or even Jimmy who is not by any means immune? That question I do leave open, for the end of the chapter is not yet written.

I feel particularly distressed about Dory, this lovely sweet and true little person, as the whole of her story was an exact repetition of the sad story of my sister. I realize too the horrible mental suffering that she went through, of which none of us who love her but who have not experienced anything like it can have any understanding. A sword of Damocles surely hung over her head all this time, not only in the expectation of a renewed separation with those who were her whole life, but in the horrible thought of being like poison to those she loved. You said she was broken in spirit, was there any wonder? In her situation, indeed, it would have taken superhuman fortitude not to have been. But through the depth of her misery she reached peace. No death could have been as timely, nor as merciful, and through it she lives.

And now when I think of Jimmy, I only recall that drive home in the night

after he had seen her go from him, and in that, the whole of his grief and loneliness is contained. Jimmy is staunch, all the Houstons are, we shall behold the spectacle of self-control and courage, the like of which is not overly often seen. There will be compensatory aspects even to this tragedy, for nothing happens that has none. And the balance will be maintained, and as the acute stage of the tragedy passes, the memory of our Dory will brighten and shine.

This is Dory's letter and I shall add no more except a tear.

Lois.

Eve. Gros. records filed. DHS.

Rutherglen, Ontario, January 8th 1951, 12 noon.

Dear Doris and Murray,

Just now I was startled by two loud "p-teers" and churring from the pines above the Loghouse. They never came down and I did not see them. It was as if they had only called to say: "Hey, are you writing to Doris? Time you did. Give her our love!" Yes, that they said, I am now quite sure. No doubt this is a finchy winter up here, although so far not quite as finchy as the winter 47-48. Up to December 29 and 30 I did not see one vespertina, while Len constantly reported large flocks of Evening and Pine Grosbeaks from the Temiskaming highway. One day he estimated having seen at least 100 vespertinas. He said many were killed on the road, but as he was on duty he could not stop and pick up any birds. My Christmas census on December 27, and starting out at 38 below zero, did not yield a record count, in spite of the fact that both Miss Petty and I worked and covered West Ferris, North Bay, East Ferris, black spruce bog, Bonfield, Rutherglen, Mattawa River and Pimisi Bay and Eau Clair We got 12 species and about 121 individuals only. Am. Goldeneye 7, Ruffed Grouse 1, Hairy 7, (Downy would not come out that day), Blue Jay 7, Black-capped Chickadee 49, Red Nuts 4, Creeper 4, English Sparrow 20, Pine Siskin 2, Red Crossbill 17 and White-wing 1, Snow Bunting 2. But on December 29, I look out, and gaze upon 7 vespertinas sitting squat in my dishwater and ash hole, eating slushy snow. It was an interesting group, one female had a round black spot on the culmen of her bill near the nostrils and one male was exceedingly dark. There were 2 males and 5 females and the dark male dominated all the others, females included. This I find unusual as it seems to me that the females, or rather one female, is the dominating individual. But this may be after mating, although in several instances I recall females being leaders of groups. Later on that same day the trees around the garage were full of finches, including 12 vespertinas which were eating slushy snow on the highway together with Redpolls, Siskins, Goldfinches and Purple Finches. The next day, December 30, Vespertinas called again at the Loghouse, but did not come down. Later I encountered a flock of 11, 6 males and 5 females at the black spruce bog, which were budding in white birches. I forgot to say that the 7 on December 29 spent quite a long time at the feeding place, coming and going a couple of times. I spread out sunflowerseeds, thinking I was letting myself in for heavy expense, but the birds scarcely touched them, in spite of hopping about right in them, and only two of the females had a little feed. Isn't that curious, why don't they care about sunflower seeds up here in the north, but only slushy snow flavoured with salt? In fact, none of the finches that visit my feeding station seem to care about the seeds I put out. They come for ashes, dishwater and salt. One must suppose that food in the bush, natural food, is too plentiful. The balsam cones are all eaten down to the bottom long ago, but there are still quite a crop on the white spruces and white cedars, and a very large crop of alder "cones". As a bird alights on the alders, the vibration shakes out a shower of red-brown seeds on the white snow, and under these bushes along the shore in the sun there are myriads of small siskin tracks. One can see how the birds have been sitting tight and gorged themselves in the warmth from the double-furrow tracks and the bill imprints. I got a whole lot of these "cones" and strewed them all over the saltlicks, but I have yet to see a Siskin eating them. They cannot recognize them in that situation, and presumably never will until the natural food supplies begin to dwindle.

The mammal situation is also interesting. There are two deers, both hornless at this time, which have established a feeding route below the Loghouse on the lakeside and into the cedar clump in front of the house along the path. Here I put out fresh cedar within reach for them and half a block of salt. The other day I saw one of them bound out from there, a big fellow. There is nothing that so thrills me as the beauty and grace of a deer, it is the same kind of enchantment as watching Russian ballet. Hares are plentiful this year and yesterday I found the tracks of 2 brush and 2 timberwolves and red foxes. The deers are keeping so close to the house, one visiting Venice the other night and the other stepping up right to the frontsteps, that perhaps they are safe.

Having divulged all this woodsy history, it is high time I began to acknowledge all kinds of blessings I have had from you lately. The least being not a renewed subscription on the Wilson membership, for which I thank you most heartily. It is such a boon with so many membership fees coming due all at once just after Christmas. Not one I would

over

like to miss, but many more associations would I like to belong to. Thank you also for Doris' really long and wonderful letter, which I shall go through presently. But first thank you for reading the Phoebe builds a nest. I am glad you liked it and I can see your points in your suggestions. I thought the nest never being used after all that wonderful labour was quite a point, a truth and a teaching that in reality the weight of significance lies less often in the things our faulty logic would assume, but in something quite different and, as you think deep into it, the only logical way really. It is a pity, I think that the reluctance to face truths is so prevalent amongst us, and readers in particular. Look only at McLean's, all sensationalism, talking down to the reader as if he were a half moron, playing upon artificial feelings with artificial instruments, all for false effects, not even a single sentence from cover to cover of literally value, let alone content. I loathe and abhor Fred Bodsworth's articles and that on the Aurora borealis by somebody else was just as bad, not to speak about the one on the Dionnes which was a bunch of lies and wilful misinterpretations from beginning to end. And such as McLean's grow rich on popularity. Writing to sell is a very discouraging job unless one is ready to sell one's soul for dollars, or one is so talented that even editors have to admit it. After this outpouring I should really change to another line lest you think I am "griping" because the Atlantic just returned the Bird that flew south. My style is apparently not popular and I doubt very much either of these two articles will fare any better with the Monitor. I have a feeling that the Atlantic definitely is down on Canadian authors, that is that it will not let them in unless it has to, as it would with a CanadianBernard Shaw. I think that perhaps my style will only become popular if I ever really should make a hit with a book. That book isn't written yet, so it will be a long time. However, I think I shall send both sketches to the Monitor just to see what reaction, if any, they would make. I think Audubon's would take the Bird that flew south for one of their fall issues if nobody else will, the Pheobe would have to find another berth as they have already accepted the other Pheobe story. Or perhaps they would take it as a next instalment, like Crip's Last Brood. But what I would like very much would be to establish another outlet beside Audubon's, but the question is who, where, which magazine? I mean a paying outlet. One has to have something besides the "scientific".

Speaking of the Monitor, did you see an article called The Soviet 'Plays by Ear' by Joseph Harsch, Chief of the Monitor's Washington Bureau? This is the truest and most accurate paper I have ever seen on Russia at the present time. This writer must either himself be "playing by the ear", or he must actually know Russia, and there is nobody who knows Russia who either is not a Russian himself or who has been or is deeply involved with Russia. If only one single one of the multitude of "leaders", who have a finger in the Korean mess, knew or understood the situation and its deepest inside as this Mr Harsch apparently does by intuition or otherwise, this horrible embroilment in Korea that has cost so much blood, tears and prestige, and false teeth(which I call McArthur's stupid pronouncement about home for Christmas), that has been so full of lies, mistakes and betrayals, probably could and might have been conducted to a dignified end before the prideful and inane crossing of the 38th parallel. Harsch's net conclusion is the Truth, if ever a truth was pronounced by anyone these days. Had Roosevelt lived we might have come closer to it than we are today.

Nice to know that you, too, are enjoying Crossbills. We have both kinds and they are sometimes difficult to differentiate ~~between them~~ only from call notes in flight. The white-wing fills in a lot of spaces with "tchet" notes, but not always, and sometimes the Red uses that note too. At present there are apparently mostly Reds, judging from the number I pick up dead from the highway. I asked Godfrey if he would like to get the least damaged birds. He wrote back: "I am a glutton for Red Crossbills, please send all you can!" I have a little box with 6 waiting to be sent and another went off the other day with 4. I number and label them and keep a list of them, Godfrey sends me all post-mortem particulars, such as subspecies, etc. I can understand that you don't like poachers in your coon bush. In my experience a sign with one or two expressive words is more often heeded than one with a long legend. I did a beauty once with the picture of an eagle under cellophane and a versified admonition. No one ever saw it.

I am impressed with the existence of Sheba. Our orphan Annie deserted us soon after your visit in the summer and never came back. Rumour has it she is still alive and living with her owner who never fed her. There is no dog at the Loghouse, there would be no deer if there was one. I loved Betsy, I have not yet acquired a desire to replace her.

Margaret Nice has taken up the question of the scales with her usual enthusiasm. But before anything is done I shall suggest the payment of the duty, which is something around $ 7.00. I don't like to pay it on something that is not mine, but if I can keep the scales indefinitely and it will stop the Customs worrying me, it might be the best way out. Dr. Van Tyne, whom MMN had approached, was in favour of my getting a grant.

Our Christmas was very fine with my nephew here, in spite of Len and me both coming down with a feverish flu two and one days before Christmas Eve. But we speedily recuperated and the celebrations went off according to schedule. I did my first turkey ever, and by dint of 5 hours' labour and constant attention to basting and oven temps, I may say I turned out something of a culinary triumph. It was much fun for Len carving it for the first time in the new little diningroom, and with candles and decorated tree and polished silver an' everything the atmosphere was very festive in that new place. Santa was particularly good to all of us. Len and I, never otherwise being able to afford my presents to each other, triumphantly overstepped all limits this Christmas and had reciprocal surprises, mine being 2 pairs of most expensive nylons, plus Laura Secords my figure to spite, and Len's was a Ronson lighter which Santa himself had dropped in the very toe of his limp workingsock that hung attached to the mantelpiece with a thumbtack. That sock was only there in remembrance of a long past childhood without any expectations whatever. But this year it didn't hang ther in vain. And if Santa had been able to choose amongst a hundred things, I don't think he would have hit on a more welcome gift. Which was awfully nice for her who was in connivance with Santa.

How very nice about Marion. It sounds very wonderful in every way. There may only be one love in one life, but many are capable of several loves, each one perhaps a little different from the other, but all with something of the same essence. I think that the capacit of loving again in the right way is most enriching. Please send my best remembrances and good wishes to Marion when you write her next.

We had a long lovely letter from Dory Houston and one equally long and lovely from Jim's sister of whom I am very fond. These two gave me a very good idea of the whole Houston situation. It will take a great deal of the Essential Qualities for the little family to pull their craft safely ashore. It cannot be done with one heave, nor in a day or a year. But I think they both have the substance.

The time is running out. I had a whole day and thought I would have time both to write to you and to start catching up on daily reports. But it has been too much fun to talk to you. I shall let you know about the articles where they go and what happens to them. My next work is to get something written for the Wood Duck and then to finish the Vireos, do or die. Only thereafter can I begin work on books with a good conscience.

Love and love and best wishes to you both from those two who live in the Loghouse,

Len and his Lorie

My chickadees are doing a great deal of singing and Lucy started hers in December. So far only 2 silent days in January one must presume the males are in preponderance. My next banding day with Len. Leave 9 Blue Jays and Cowbirds feeding was seen Dec. 31. The Downies have begun drumming. There is an equal number of males and females. I wonder if Green W. the third time will marry old Red (3!)

Eve. Gros. records filed. DHS.

Answered Jan. 23.

Rutherglen, Ontario, January 19th 1951.

Dear Doris:

This is not going to be long, I simply cannot spare any time for letter-writing, but I do want to tell you about the EGs. During the last week there has been a notable increase in winter finches at Pimisi Bay. Perhaps Len's from Temiskaming are moving down our way. I say this because I am under the impression that the influx is rather local and that the "total" number of winter finches is not so awfully great, as for example in 1948. From January 12, I can say, the E.G.s became numerous. I have seen or heard flocks of them feeding on the Big Hill near the garage nearly every day. Some days I have had rather big counts, comparatively, 38 yesterday, 24 today in about an hour's watching out there. I have looked for identification marks, have seen none except a female with a shining, new?, aluminum band on the left tarsus. The birds, although keeping mostly in their own flock when on the wing, mingle with both species of Crossbills, Pine Siskins, Purple Finches and Goldfinches when on the road. There they are eating slushsnow filled with salt and sand with great avidity. Bills are"greening". There is a lot of locked-bill fighting, which appears to be entirely between birds of the same sex, males and males and females and females. The birds are becoming very vocal, a lot of soft churring and the fights described release a very musical series of half warbled churry notes. A Northern Shrike came into their midst this morning and there was a perfect "hawk reaction", restlessness, loud calling, departure, recommoitring return, circling, moving off elsewhere, etc.,

I am getting the EGS News and I want you to know that this is where the EGs are. We have not so far, except for the very last days, had any unseasonably mild weather up here. The weather has on the contrary, been what might justly be called seasonable. But we do have cones. The Pine Siskins and Goldfinches are certainly here for the alder "cones" and also for the white cedar cones, which are quite abundant. White pine cones are plentiful, though not quite as plentiful as in 1948, and white spruce much less, though plentiful, than in that year.

Curiously enough, my alter ego, Hazel Petty, reports no finches from the West Ferris, North Bay areas as late as January 17. We were in Mattawa yesterday and the day before and saw none, but found two males killed on the highway near a swamp in Calvin not far from Potwa Creek. What we did see in Mattawa which may amaze you was a Loon in winter costume, splashing and spraying himself in a small open pool of water on the Mattawa River, some 3 or 400 yards from the bridge. We saw him two days and the last time he appeared restless, making attempts to run on the water to get on the wing without taking flight. This made me wonder if the bird is injured and cannot fly and therefore finds itself in these northern spheres. He picked a good spot, Mattawa, with the broad Ottawa River running open all winter, that is if he can get from his little pool that night freeze over any cold night.

Our great fascination this winter is our deer feeding station which has now successfully been established in the little space in front of the Loghouse. Len and I have balcony seats on the sofa at the window of the livingroom, from whence we are learning of some intimate details of the life of a deer. They are, for instance, quite regular in their mealtimes; in spite of cleaning up several bunches of cedar boughs at each sitting, they are apparently not the least bit surprised to find the supply not only replenished quite regularly but often increased to last over a couple of days; they are getting so used to us now that

the buck merely camouflaged part of himself against a red pine trunk not more than 100 feet away as Len unexpectedly interrupted his ceremonial coming down from the brow of the hill to the lunch counter; and many other things, such as the behaviour between buck and doe, etc. You would think that so large an animal, which indeed looks as a small cow moving about in our hillside slope in front of the house, with so large an amount of white expanses among the trees, could not possibly achieve adequate camouflaging on the spur of the moment. We have again and again been completely amazed at the disappearing acts performed before our very eyes, when the doe would freeze on three points behind a small bush, or the buck would vanish into a shadow among the tress on a bright moonlit night, and we knew he was there only because we happened look just the split second when he moved into it. We are hoping we are not enticing these deer into some undesirable perils or situations and that the timberwolves on the lake will keep at a respectful distance from the Loghouse santuary.

I got the Wilson Bull, without the frontespiece. Also got the note suggesting writing to Sutton to get one. The Mourning Dove on the Census list was nice for you - if I had known about that Loon! Axel Heilborn tells me his party, covering"15 miles diameter", got 24 000 individuals. Wow, says I.

It is getting dark, I must end. With Brooks, Van Tyne, Nice and Wolfson as sponsors, I have been advised to apply for a scientific grant to Dr. Sibley as soon as possible. Len and I have not been well lately, Len is off duty just now and will be for a couple of days more, stomach flu and sciatica attack, and I am not feeling up to par for some reason, which retards the workingschedule. Sent the two articles to the Monitor the other day, with no great hopes of success.

Love as ever,

Louise

Rutherglen, Ontario, February 9th 1951.

Dear Doris,

Forty seven below zero this morning when I went out with Len to the bus, about an hour before sunrise. And this registered by a new accurate thermometer. Dawn was just breaking as we went out, a frost fog stood over the lake and spread in amongst the hills, every sound was like banging on tin so brittle. With all its nippiness, it was a magic hour to be afoot. Presently, as light came in full, the woods resounded with chickadee songs and woodpecker drummings; for both these have spring in their hearts this Arctic morning.

I read in the paper that your mother was sick and I am so concerned. I do hope it was nothing serious and that she is all right by now. If convenient, please remember me to her! How proud you must all be over Phillip Gordon. You are getting to be quite a grandmother with so many small descendants. I am very impressed by Barbara's child undertakings, it must be quite thrilling to see a bud slowly opening under one's care. I can quite well understand that this would be the kind of study that would fascinate Barbara, very few would have the qualifications.

Thank you for the Gould article which was most interesting and factual. One feels that the truth is presented as impartially as possible, or rather, that as much of the truth as possible is presented. This, I feel, is also the case with the Harsch article which I am enclosing. I have not heard from the Monitor yet about my sketches, but I did compliment them on the Harsch article, which brought the nicest note from the American News Editor, saying: "....watch Harsch for the next six months...", so this you will have to do. It is good to know that there is so much soundness in the thinking of Americans in these days when confusion in every direction is overripe. You see, I share entirely your uncle's opinion of the States and American politicians. He has the most delightful way of criticizing, killing in its gentleness and logic. Returning to the Gould article, can one be absolutely sure that American intentions in Korea are unquestionably honest?????? I am afraid I cannot, not with Japan and McArthur before the eyes, nor with the past to recall. And that is just it, if only we of the west could achieve so much self-discipline and rational self-control as to be honest, with all other humanly failings we have, we might be more sane and just in our judgments and contribute a bit of substance towards decent human living upon this earth. As it is, all we can contribute with noise and fanfare is an atomtrigger to H-bombs. My disgust is infinite.

I dwell with much greater comfort and appreciation on the topic of vespertinas. First, Len's dates which you asked for. He saw Evening Grosbeaks December 21, 22 and 23, 1950, and about January 4, 1951, near the fish hatchery and near the town of Temiskaming on these dates when he happened to be travelling over the Temiskaming Highay on duty. He described them as numerous, quoted at least 100 in one day when asked to be more precise, and they were in the company of Crossbills, both species, and Pine Grosbeaks. No, the dark male was not soiled from city smoke, but the seal-brown of his plumage was exceptionally rich in nuance and extended farther down around the neck than in normal males, of which there was one for comparison. Also his eyebrow-line was broken and, although sharply contrasting to the dark seal colour, it was not as well defined as in normal males. The rest of his yellows and white was beautifully clear and lovely- it would not have been if soiled by city dust, as this would naturally have covered all the plumage. Did Lucie tell you of the second female with a dark mark on the middle of the upper mandible? This female was seen on January 31 when 7 birds alighted in the ashes at the feeding place, and I watched her at 15 feet with binoculars for quite a while. This flock consisted of 5 males and 2 females, (the first one was 5 females and 2 males), and the dark male was not present, all these things together with the more than a month's interval since the first one was seen, make me feel rather sure I saw two females and not only one. The spot is very conspicuous, plunk in the middle of the nose, might be dark blue or black, and it would be interesting to know what natural agent would have decorated these females so precisely alike. I think they are Dr. Meade's females. This flock of seven birds were the only ones seen between Jan 19 and 31, and since then none. Cold spells, like snowstorms, keep the finches off the roads and off the ashes. My ashes, now, are coal ashes, very little wood ashes. I am now beginning

to doubt previous conclusions that the salt is the important thing. Pine Siskins are nearly impossible to flush from a spot of snow discoloured by the cats' urine, but they studiously avoided a dash of snow coloured exactly alike with tea. Now why?????By what did they sense the difference?????Dead Crossbills are picked up with their bills full of slush snow that tastes of salt and is full of grit. I think it is the wetness and the grit which are important. Melted salt makes anything look wet. Is the salt important becasue it makes things look wet and because it is an alkaline? Salt can be substituted by ashes, dishwater (soap), mortar, limestone and urine. Is the urine of animals alkaline? I forgot charcoal, you remember the charcoal stumps at Rutherglen. Charcoal is an alkalizer Somewhere deep down there is a complete answer. It is only Finches which eat salt. Evergreen trees are acid, their coneseeds ought to be acid too, are they, Murray? Winter finches' diet consists almost exclusively of evergreen seeds, or to a very great degree, and they move from place to place in search of abundant supplies of these seeds. They would need something to counter-balance the acid contents of their stomachs, if seed remain acid down inside. But the climax salt-eating in winter finches is not during the winter but at their breeding time when their coniferous diet reasonably contains considerable admixture of other things, such as insects. The finches feed mates and young by regurgitation. Has this anything to do with salt-eating? Why, then, are not Waxwings salt-eaters too? It is the most puzzling and the most fascinating problem,and apparently it has also somsthing to do with climate, since the same birds when in the south eat sunflowerseeds but in the north neglect seeds,almost entirely to gorge themselves on salt, grit and slush snow.

Speaking of finches, it will interest you to know that of 9 Red Crossbills collected by me on the highways and byways,killed by cars, 6 were of the race sitkensis and only 3 of the race minor. But the most interesting was that none of the sitkensis showed any sign of breeding condition, while the minors examined in 1948 all were in full sexual development. All this is quoting Godfrey, of course, who examined all the birds and who professes himself to be a "glutton for Red Crossbills". So I am leaving no drift unturned to satisfy his craving for curvirostras. To us both, more or less scientifically, these discoveries are most thrilling and opening vistas.....

From day to day a story is enacting itself and taking shape, the title of which will be "In the Afternoon of a Fawn". Dixie and Puck, for so we have named the big doe and the little buck, come every day to their mangers of cedarboughs in front of the windows, except on days like this one when it is 40 below. Then they hide,Len thinks in the swamps, but we do not really know, and when they return, leisurely walking down the hill or coming up the path from the lake, chewing the cud, they settle down to half an hour's voracious feeding that strips every leaf of cedar off the boughs. Never was there a doe chewing the cud so interminably, never was there a yearling buck set on such spinkly stilts of legs. We love them and we can now tell them apart even when we do not see them together. My new and ardeous chore, deer foraging, has become a labour of love on snowshoes in 40 below, a deep-freeze plunge through 3 feet of snow,with the only advantage that it hoists me up to bushy branches I would never have reached from the bare ground. But it is all in the game, and Dixie and Puck have taught us much that we never knew before.

I just cannot wait for your finished work on the vespertinas. The hour of completion must be getting close, when you are employing an expert typewriter. I got Sutton's beautiful bird the other day. He is my favourite bird painter, he has such finesse, and Francis Lee does my favourite bird drawings, he has such dash of line and shadow.

I must end,not having exhausted half the topics. Love,

Lovine.

2.30 pm Dixie and Puck just came
Puck is looking at me, both long ears
pointed, frost on their whiskers, frost in their hair and eyelashes.
3 pm Now they walked off up the path to the spring.

Rutherglen, Ontario,
February 27th 1951.

Dear Doris,

I shall only accompany this little story with a few words to tell you the latest vespertina news. Since February 4 EG:s have been seen on February 14, 15, 16, 21, 22, 24, 25. Peak date 22 when 14 came into the trees at the Loghouse, then flew on southwards, possibly to the highway or railway. The most interesting was on Sunday morning at breakfast when a flock of 8 came down on a patch of snow on which there was ashes strewn in front of the window. These were an even number of ♂♂males and ♀females this time, and again a male was the boss, once reprimanding a female soundly by poking his bill into her side. We saw them for a little over 10 minutes and there were no markings on any of them whatsoever, either on legs, wings, or bills. When they had finished eating ashes, they discovered sunflower seeds in the cocoanuts, as one of them, a male, perched on the wire. He alighted on the cocoanut and had a good meal and another male and a female also tried to do likewise but found the perching a bit precarious. This is the first time any vespertinas have ever deliberately gone to eat sunflower seeds at this feeding station. You can imagine it was a thrilling sight. Then they all flew away and did not come back. Wherefrom I draw the conclusion that the birds we have seen here lately have all been transients and none stationary flocks, as in that case they would surely return to a feeding place like ours, once they had discovered it. Len said that those birds were not at a feeding station for the first time, he thought they had a certain routine experience. It was on the whole a very exciting Sunday morning, at the very same time the two deer were having breakfast with us after an unexplained absence of 4 days, and there was a grouse walking along on the crust of the snow, all this together with the usual 100 winter residents. (That number is no exaggeration, pray, all hand-counted.)

Thank you for the Monitor and the interesting China article. They returned both stories after having kept them a month with one of those horrible little printed notes. I think anybody's effort is worth a more personal rejection slip. So I sent the phoebe story to Elstone of the Wood Duck, who was very glad for it, and the "Bird Flew South" to Audubon. If it were not that a bit of cash would be so welcome now, I would never send another story to anybody, but go on with my other work uninterrupted. As to the enclosed, would you and Murray read it critically and any suggestions or criticism would be most welcome. Margin notes and corrections are in order, this is a revised copy that will have to be transferred onto better paper before sent anywhere.

This will have to be all for today. Len has been sick for a week with the flu but is now better, we are going to see the doctor for the last time, we hope, today. The weather is horrible, wet and slushy, but the snow is going and the chickadees are singing almost incessantly.

Love

Louie

We hope you and all yours are well and escaping all viruses.

Rutherglen, Ontario, March 6th 1951.

My dear Doris,

I must have been mistaken about the vespertinas all being transients, for the flock of 8, 4 males and 4 females, have come back and gone directly to the cocoanuts to sit in peace and crack sunflower seeds. Yesterday they came along at 7.30 am and stayed all day, off and on, until 3 pm. My feeders were sunbright with the beautiful birds and the air was almost continuously filled with this little metallic churry note in which they seem to converse under their breaths, as it were. They came exclusively for the sunflower seeds, were hardly interested in grit and not at all in salt. They found the Canadian holly, which Len had stuck into all his little bunches of cedar twigs with which he long ago decorated all the feeders. They crowded four high on Len's sagging bouquets anddevoured these berries, that long since had lost all their bright red colour and become brown soggy remnants, until they were all gone.

I am sure these were the same birds that first came February 25 and of which I have written you in my last letter. Their number, the division of the sexes, lack of any survey markings whatsoever, and their obvious knowledge of the premises, indicate this. This past night some of them must have roosted in the pines near the lake at the front of the Loghouse, for as Len and I came out at 6.40 am., just as it was getting light, a little startled metallic churr, only a single note, came from one of these pines. When I got back, having seen Len off at the bus on top of Big Hill, they were all up and about. Six came flying into a tall poplar by the garage to call a little and bud a little and hop around a little to get the sleep out of their eyes, humanly speaking. Three Pine Grosbeaks came into the same tree. One vespertina hopped towards them, but retired and the matter of encroachment on anybody's rights was dropped by all concerned, and the Pine Grosbeaks went for a prolonged love chase as the morning was auspicious. The vespertinas were all watching me as I put out food, and today I set all available traps. Whether the birds actually realized that little change in the set-up, they behaved in a disappointing flighty manner, quite unlike their confidence of yesterday, and only one male, once, went into a trap not far enough to catch him. But I am all prepared and I am going to put brown and yellow bands on their right legs and the A-band on the left, if I ever catch any of them. Perhaps the Shrike was there and I did not know.

There were so many interesting things in your last letter. Your notes on the plumages of vespertinas I eagerly absorbed. It is a very interesting deduction by Magee, which sounds logical. Where do the western birds come in? Is there interbreeding between western and eastern birds? I have not seen Parks' article. I don't suppose you would let me see it? Prompt return promised. I was both surprised and amused at your extensive quotation of my letter in the Survey News. I read " gazed on 7 vespertinas sitting squat in my dishwater....." before realizing who had written it and laughed heartily. I predict no invasion of vespertinas southwards this year, and I use the word in its full meaning. This is the picture I have of the birds, and finches in general, this winter, asdeducted from my own observations and the study of the Survey News. Birds and food supply are inextricably associated, naturally. This year the food supply, cone seeds, berries, samaras, etc., has been of medium abundance in a very large extent of the northern territories. A medium crop cannot support as large a number of birds as a bumber crop, of course, hence all finch species, including the vespertinas, have spread over a large extent of country. Therefore there has been no large counts of birds anywhere and there has been considerable movement of minor numbers in and out of northern regions. During a bumper crop I think it is possible for a far too great number of birds to be attracted to such a region, with the result that some must move on into regions that are not actually their homegrounds, although in part providing sufficient food for extensive flocks of birds during most of the winter. Why the birds supplement with such large quantities of artificial food as soon as they get south of Muskoka must be because the natural supply is not sufficient. The reverse must have been the case up here, as hitherto observed by me, except this year when the crop was medium and obviously has not outlasted the demand. The birds only have to makeshift for a week or two more, which is the reason why I predict no invasion for the south this year. I am under the impression that those "invasions" are an abnormality in the birds' natural living schedules rather than

measure against an
the contrary, ~~the~~ a reaction to upset balance of normal food supply fluctuations by the depletion of the forest through fires and humanity and the inroads of civilization. I think therefore that the News should be less interested in looking for "invasions" than in tracing the relationships between crops and flocks. What is a medium crop? At what abundance degree is the effect transmitted to the movemnet of the birds? Or rather, at what degree of abundance follows the inevitable change in the birds' behaviour? Am I talking nonsense?????

And I come to your last paragraph. It will probably not surprise you to know that I have been suffering from much the same kind of upset of the system as you. Only the reactions have been a bit different according to our different temperaments, you swooning and blacking out, and me being the victim of abnormal fatigue continuously for no apparent reason with due accompaniment of irritability, depression and general insufferableness to my environment. I have known for some time that this was an unbalance between age and expenditure of energies, but there was not the incentive to make the adjustment, and so it went on for months. I have spent my energies in being frantic about all the things I could not possibly achieve, instead of calmly doing what I could. The crisis came when I, all of a sudden, realized that all this was not affecting only me but Len, too, in a most unfavourable fashion, which has considerably decreased his working capacity and depressed him to the point of ill-health. He is just back to work after a two-weeks session with the flu, at which he made known his last wish, even, it was so bad. What little thing changed the whole picture amazes me no end. I decided Len did not get enough love, not so much of the conjugal kind, but of the everyday, little-bits-of-roses, commodity that is of such importance in the daily routines of those who live together under one roof. I know of no remedy to most ills as a turn of the mind to the objective, no exercise on earth is as health-giving as the merging of the ego into its background. I believe that this is why nature study and bird-loving is so profitable for the soul, because at the moment of intense observation the self must be totally immersed into the whole of its surroundings like a user into a shadow on a moonlit night, else the entire perception would be of nothing. I began by going to bed for two whole days for no other reason than to rest. I arose with my bits of roses. And lo and behold, the irritating things did not vanish, but I failed to notice them, any rash word from Len failed to upset me, I became nice and pliable, and I hope to goodness it lasts. But I have reasoned, if I could stop smoking I can equally well discard bad habits in everyday life, and this is what I am setting out to do just now. Relaxation is part of this programme, because it is as bad a habit as smoking to refuse to relax until one is unable to do so when needed. The temptation to overwork is also included, there is a reasonable limit to all ages and the timetables have to be set accordingly. With all this comes a renewed ability to enjoy things, and it is a sad and bad thing to lose this ability. So, beginning with love, I hope to go on to renewed well-being and a refitted capacity for work, in spite of greying hair and slowed down motion and some more furrows on the face. In your programme there would have to be some emphasis on a little bit of reducing to ease the strain on your heart. It can only pump so much according to the tone of its muscle, etc. I would suggest an ample and protein-filled breakfast, eggs, nuts, cheese, (forgot the vegetarian) milk, fruit: a store of energy upon which you can draw in the course of your working day, but thereafter a wise restraint in the intake, because, as the day progresses, your work will be done and you will take your rest and resting and relaxation require a much reduced quantity of calories. At our age, eating becomes a more important factor in the balance of things than in youth for various reasons and both you and I will have to use some discrimination, also for various reasons. I have long thought that there must have been something afoot as our correspondence got a tendency to lag at times. Once you get your mind set, there is a way for everything. The main thing is to become infallible in the separation of the essential from the less essential. I know of no one who has achieved such perfection in this art as Margaret, that is why she is of such importance as a mind, because all, absolutely all, she does counts. Now don't get complexes about nervous prostrations and people not knowing, and business as usual. Just relax and forget all about it. Just sit back into your background and go on playing the game, all you have got is a bit of changed cards from another deal, and you can make just as good use of them as of those you had before. Good luck, my very dear sister,

as ever

Lorie

Rutherglen, Ontario,
March 9th 1951.

Dearest Doris,

Thought it might cheer you to know that the vespertinas are beginning to go into my traps. The flock of 8 has increased to about 16, counted 12 at the road this morning, and 11 at the house at one time, and I know there were some more in the trees near by. There is much "churry" singing very early in the morning, around sunup, as they first emerge from their night twigs; the air is delicately filled with it as they sit and get the sun on them first thing. At this time they bud in an offhand manner, getting warm seems to be the prime reason for the treetop sitting. Several birds today clung to the tops of the balsam spruces and fed on the few remaining seeds there, the cones otherwise being almost totally stripped all over the country. I also saw a real actual "pairing" chase, you know the kind that goes swish, swosh, zigzag all over the place, the birds' movements entirely synchronized as one. Two males and a female took part in this one, first I have seen. Bills are greening variously, in some individuals being distinctly greener than in others. Here are the details of the birds banded to date:

44-200204 Adult female, wing 107 mm, weight 61.7 gr. She was plump with heavy fat on abdomen, bulging, also in axilla and fulcrum, a kind of very yellow fat, not creamy as in chickadees.
March 7, 8.40 a.m. Potter's trap. Blue sky, 37 F. Screamed as if I had stuck her with a knife.

44-200205 Adult female, wing 115 m.m. weight 64.8 gr. She was even plumper than the one above, especially on abdomen. She screamed too.
March 8, 10.00 am. Potter's trap. Blue sky, 24 F.

44-200207 Adult female, wing 112 m.m. weight 64.7 gr. She was less plump than the others, not so bulging anyway. She bit, and how.
March 9, 8.15 am. Potter's trap. Blue sky, 17 F.

44-200208 Adult male, wing 116 mm. weight 61.9 gr. Fat medium, not bulging. Also nearly bit off a piece from my finger.
March 9, 9.30 am. Potter's trap.

All were marked with brown and yellow bands on the right leg and the aluminum band on the left. None of these had any survey markings. The two last ones had a lovely yellow wash over the edges of their white wing feathers. If there is anything else you would like me to note, let me know. Giving these data to you, I take it you will transmit them to the survey, that is, the band numbers and markings. I mark them in my book with a red D and shall send you further information and banding data, if I get any.

I hope that your wonderfully sound attitude to your condition soon will show results in a great deal of improvement. I was just thinking what a marvellous piece of readjustment Margaret has achieved, the effect on her scientific work can hardly be noticed, can it? A frail little body with a gigantic spirit. She is a worthy example to both of us, don't you think?

With much love and fondest thoughts of you all the time, of course, today,

David.

Received March 15
Answered March 15
100 1A Gold bands sent.

Rutherglen, Ontario, March 13th 1951.

Dear Doris,

"6.30 am. Vespertinas began coming to the feeding place. Out on the road there were pairs or small groups of 3 or 4 birds flying together, from tree-top to treetop, all around, calling loudly. Presently more groups assembled as if from nowhere. All the birds were calling loudly and there was an almost continuous churry singing as the birds merely sat in the tops of the naked poplars with the rising sun shining on them. Often a male and a female would take off together and go in a flight together, closely following each other or dipping in deep flight waves up and down side by side, alight somewhere and there sit together. In some of the trees there would be only females sitting together and in others only males. The sex-ratio, estimated from the various groups, was about as 3 to 4 in favour of the females. There was no eating, just sitting and calling and churring. Total count at the highway and feeding place 62." This is an excerpt from my notes this morning. All of the birds, or at least most of them presently came to the feeding-place and sat thick in the tall poplars. After calling there for ¾ hour they all came down, led by two females. The ground and every trap and tray was alive with them. The female with the band on the left tarsus, possibly the same as seen January 12, was here both yesterday and today, and yesterday she went into my trap twice, but never far enough in to get caught. She knows. There was also a female to day with a white band, about 10 mm wide, placed in the same spot as the male woodpecker's nape spot, but running from eye to eye. A most peculiar looking bird. Apart from the one with the aluminum band I have seen no bird yet with any other markings. I banded 4 today and 3 yesterday and here are the data:



March 12.

44-200209	Adult female, wing 110 mm. Weight 58.7 gr. Potter's trap, 7.10 am.	She was not very fat, designated as little.
44-200210	Adult male, wing, 118 mm. weight 64.3 gr. Potter's trap. 7.10 am. Bill very greenish. Released without coloured bands, A-band on left tarsus. (Forgot)	He had medium, little medium fat deposition, ab. ax. and fulcrum.
44-200211	Adult female, wing 109 mm. weight 62.0 gr. Potter's trap. 10.10 am.	Fat little, little, medium, ab., ax. and fulc.

March 13

44-200212	Adult female, wing 115 mm. weight 64.7 gr. Potter's trap, 8 am.	Fat little, little, little.
44-200213	Adult female, wing 114 mm. weight 58.6 gr. Potter's trap. 8 am.	Fat little, mmedium, little. bill green.
44-200214	Adult male, wing 116 mm. weight 64.9 gr. Potter's trap. 8 am.	Fat medium, medium, medium. bill yellow, i.e. not green or even greening.
44-200215	Adult male, wing 113 mm. weight 58.5 gr. Potter's trap, 8 am.	Fat little, little, little. bill yellow.

Len suggests that the greening of the males' bills, generally, appears slower, that is there are more males with yellow bills and more females with green or greening ones. It seems to be true. The fat depositions appears to recede or rather decrease beginning with the abdomen, then fulcrum, then axilla, opposite to the order in which fat generally, at least in chickadees, is put on. Note the female 44-200213 with medium fat in axilla and bill very green. Her bill was a beautiful full apple-green.

Is there a moult at this time? The birds taken today lost a good deal of feathers, some enclosed. Can you guide me a bit on the pairing of the vespertinas? It seems to me pairing is in the air, these flights in pairs, chasings, vocalizing, one might well call it. In your experience, were the birds trap-shy?

I have only seen one female, of those banded, back at the feeding place. After a banding all birds fly away and do not return for an hour or more and then possibly it is not the same flock. Since March 5 they have been here every morning and steadily increasing in numbers every day. Only once they remained around, coming to feed off and on, until 3 pm. Otherwise they they have come down in droves early in the morning between 6.30 am and about 10.00 am. then depart and there is not a bird to be seen or heard all day anywhere in this bush until the next morning when they are all there again having come forth literally from nowhere. How does this compare with your observations? I think many of them will nest around here, but that remains to be seen. They are often seen in the balsam firs, as I told you before, although it seems scarce a seed can remain in those stripped cones. Budding in the poplars is also one of the chief sustenance methods just now.

With all this tremendous vespertina congregation and activity I simply have to write often like this, else both you and I would be overwhelmed. One of your friends in North Bay saw vespertinas there and was going to write you. If she has not - imagine I had the list and now it is gone. Oh, yes, could you possibly send me some brown bands, I am running short; if not used I shall return them. I have no yellow left, but thought I would use pink, brown and alight band might do just as well.

Snow and ice are disappearing fast today with the temp nearly 50. Had a tremendous morning today with the two deer in front, not having been seen for nearly two weeks, and all these vespertinas. How I ever got a dish done is a miracle.

Now comes dinner and I must leave you. How I wish you were here. How I hope you are recovering very fast.

Oh yes, Len and I went for a long walk back in the bush to Crooked Lake yesterday morning high and handsome on the hard crust. In the tall timber across the lake, you know, where we saw the Pine Warbler on the nest, we saw two vespertinas, a male and a female flying in from the feeding place, presumably. They swooshed into the top of a thick pine tree together - there <u>is</u> pairing in the air. Later on, at the mouth of the river, we saw 4, two pairs, flying together across the bush along the lakeshore.

End.

Love Louise

March 15, 1951.

Dear Louise:

Barbara had taken me to have my hair done this morning and on my return your most exciting letter was waiting. How successful you are being with the banding, even to running out of colour bands. Now we have no yellow, brown or pink bands but we do have these 100 gold bands which I am sending you post haste. (Needless to say this is a gift.) You may have heard of my sending for coloured bands from the Mass.Aud. Soc. and thinking there would be nothing to pay for them. Imagine my horror when a bill came for $24.00! So now it is good to have some of these expensive bands used in such a worthy cause. The enclosed bands are the same as though to be used for grosbeak banders in Mass. and N.Y. If you paint half the band brown, the effect would be brown and yellow, but it might be hard to get the paint to stick over a metallic surface: but Len would know. Both Low rather discourages using celluloid bands on grosbeaks because of their heavy bills, and it was he who advised us to buy these metallic bands. The recommended band size is 1A as you know, so the size of these should be just right.

Concerning the ♀ with a white band running from eye to eye around the back of the head: E.G.'s seem to have a tendency to injure this part of the head when frightened by owls, etc. "Tina" had such an injury and for awhile it was bare of feathers. Eventually it looked quite white there. Perhaps you will be able to band this bird and make an examination of her head.

Thank you for the feathers which I am mounting. Please collect any others for me. E.G.'s seem to shed feathers very easily. Concerning a spring moult, [illegible] J. Magee observed a few new feathers on occiput and cervix on a number of birds in late spring, and also new feathers on both crown and rump. I have seen birds moulting on the head in North Bay and on the neck. You might examine the whole head thoroughly for spring moult. When you look over Parks' paper he will have put more ideas into your head as to what to look for, concerning age groups. Magee says in one paper: "The young females do not have the whitish throat; it is the same color as the sides of the head and the upper breast. This gradually becomes lighter until the gray-white throat of the adult is attained. In almost all cases the dark lines at the side of the throat are present....The amount of white on the wings varies much in the females, hardly any two having exactly the same markings. I believe that those showing the least white are the young females. These young also show less of a yellow tinge on the feathers of the nape, back and breast. I have never seen a female heavily tinged with yellow that did not have more than the average amount of white on the wings...After molting the feathers in the white wing patch of both males and females are distinctly edged with yellow..." (Magee, 1936, Wilson Bull., 48, No.3:170-172.) The whole article is so good that I wish you could borrow it from the Wilson Club Library. I would copy out more but typing still makes me dizzy. Len and your observations re bill greening are most interesting, also the relationship to fat deposition. I am enjoying and studying your every word, my pet, even though unable to comment at length at this time. The birds are arriving, at this time, or beginning to: keep watching for any singing of the "pilee-chizz-tee" and other signs.

Rutherglen, Ontario, March 19th 1951.

Dearest Doris,

I am most glad to find that you really sound a great deal better in your last letters, which shows that you respond nicely to treatment. Now it is to find the suitable middle way, by which the improvement rate is maintained at the same time as you gradually gain a bit more lee-way. This requires a good deal of good judgment and you will have to learn very graciously to put a stop to peoples' innocent impositions (and your own too) when the glass runs full. The same goes for the reducing, I would hardly like to call it that, there is need of a great deal of discimination, especially if you already have lost some weight. Remember this, that proteins are a necessity for the refuelling of the life functions, especially as one grows older, the carbohydrates are also necessary, believe it or not, to turn calories into energy, hence they should not be shunned but taken in moderation, but fat is fat is fat, as Getrude Stein would have said. (I think she really was a little mad). So there you are. The superintendent hath spoken.

Under no circumstances must you tire yourself with my letters. They are being written for two reasons, first, not to let the amazing EG news accumulate until I can no longer do them justice from sheer copiousness, last, but not the least, just nicely to keep you in the doing while you are reclining beautifully, I am sure, on your chaise-longue. Inevitably there arise many questions that need an answer, there will be times, as there has been with the pairing, when I shall need some guiding again from one who knows so much as you about these interesting birds. Therefore I shall henceforth underline any question that I really want an answer to very badly and number it, 1, 2, 3, in accordance with its importance, 1 being a question needing a speedy answer. In such a way you can find my questions at a glance and answer briefly, without having to go dizzy in your poor little head. On my part I shall use all kinds of discretion, dearest Doris.

Thank you for your two letters and for the gold bands. Two of them have already been put on today on the left leg <u>above</u> the aluminum band. I chose this way as I thought probably nobody else would have used them in such a manner. No, I have no black bands, or this is what I would have put on them, hence chose brown, as the next darkest, with a station identification, the yellow band below, in some cases a pink one when I ran out of yellow. I shall return to all this later. Thank you also for Bent's letter and Buckmaster's article which is very fine, I think. Undoubtedly I feel this awareness very strongly, it is the reason why we cannot "go back" on our animals and trees, or anything for that matter, in some way or other we must always "measure up". It is when we fail to do this, when we get out of the frame, so to speak, that things get upset. In fact, and I don't know how you will take this pronouncement, I have become convinced there is but one sin, excess, and only one virtue, the maintenance of a fine balance in all things. I hardly need point out that I mean much more than what we generally mean by balance in nature, yet all is encompassed in the <u>full</u> conception of that short term. I did not mean to get into philosophies.

Thank you also for Parks' reprint. From reading it I am not under the impression he agrees with Allen's statement, on the contrary, but he evidently does not know, however, that the sex of young males and females can quite easily be distinguished. Remember that we had no difficulties with this at the saltlick, when the birds were still being fed by their parents. Otherwise I think his observations are of value and we might get to know the positive answer to this question by going along in the same footsteps and directing our attention into the same channels, the answer is somewhere along the way. Therefore I am now going to look for the characteristics as suggested, both in the male and the female, and make special notes on the plumages, M meaning mature when none of Parks' "immature" spots are present and I, immature, when they are. We have to do the same with the White-throated Sparrows, I have a 4-year-old female of this species forever presenting herself beautifully immature.

I shall not go over to the EG:s before I have said everything. How very nice with Murray's summer appointment and the prospect for you to spend some time at Put-in-Bay. You did seem to like it so much there when you spoke of it last. Maybe you will have Grosbeaks there. And perhaps you can come <u>this way</u> either coming or going. I meant you to keep Uncle Charles's article of course. You heard probably of Margaret's going to Europe this summer, she <u>is</u> a marvel. I feel so glad that her sister is going with her. She got that by crook, (not meant literally), and remarked about it: "It is so nice sometimes to be famous." No, she didn't say that as you would well have known. Here I quote verbatim:" Isn't it fun to be important at last!" That is in

character exactly. I am glad you liked the Nuthatches; the subject is so entrancing I am glad if I made it justice a little. Terres expressed a desire to see (exactly that way nowadays), so I suppose I shall have to send it in there first. Meanwhile, I thought I might try In the Afternoon of a Fawn on Whittemore. Margaret says that Skutch, who writes so beautifully, and Ruth Thomas, who also writes exceedingly well I think, have the same difficulties in placing popular stuff as I have, who could write a lot better. I am sure we all three do that writing, and engage in hunts for editors who might accept it, only for the dollars.

Now, I shall speak of the EG:s. First the list of banded ones which you must like to get, don't you, for the facts therein contained??? For conciseness I shall use letters denoting: A for adult; M and F for sex; Mp for mature plumage and Ip for immature; PT for Potter's 4-cell trap, ATT for auto trip trap; H for heavy, M for medium, L for little, N for none, fat; Y for yellow, YG for yellow green, G for green, GG for very green bill; figure and mm for wing-measurement; figure and gr. for weight.

March 14.

44-200216,	A.	M.	PT.	8.45	am.	M N L (ab. Ax. Fulc)	YG.	115 mm.	60.1 gr.	
44-200217,	"	F	"	8.45	"	M M L;	YG;	115 mm.	65.3 gr.	
44-200218	"	M	"	"	"	L N L	"	112 "	61.6 "	Growth on abdomen.
44-200219	"	F	"	"	"	N L L	"	107 "	54.9 "	
44-200220	"	M	"	10.00	"	L L L	G	117 "	59.3 "	
44-200221	"	"	"	11.00	"	M L L	"	119 "	59.9 "	
44-200222	"	"	"	"	"	M L L	"	116 "	69.3 "	

March 15

44-200223	A	F	PT	11.00	am.	M M M	G	109 mm.	52.1 gr.	
44-200224	"	M	"	"	"	M L L	YG	112 "	60.4 "	

March 19

44-200225	A	F	PT	9.30	am.	N L L	G	117 mm.	60.8 gr.	Tumor on abd. Gold band above A.
44-200226	"	"	"	"	"	M M M	GG	111 "	67.6 "	Gold band (and all birds hereafter)

The tumors I found were small hard things under the skin in the pit of the stomach.

Yesterday a bird appeared with a RED band on the right tarsus and A band on the left, a female. She also had a narrow pink band above the red, which may mean a certain station identification. As I was not feeling very well Saturday, Lea kept me in bed Sunday and I could do no banding (he looked after me like an angel, tray-service and everything). She went in the trap several times, but it was not set of course. I may get her another time, however, together with the other banded female which I have seen several times. But the latter is trap-shy. I tell you there were birds here yesterday, there must have been well-nigh a hundred of them. They stood like sardines on traps and trays and we just felt our pennies running out of our pockets with every sunflower seed. But how we enjoyed it even if I could not band! On March 5 first day they came in numbers, and yesterday, were the only days when they have been around until close to 3 pm. Other days they have gone away anywhere from 8 am to about 11 or 12 noon. On sunny days, but also occasionally, like this morning, on dull days with precipitation, they are first heard close to the Loghouse about 6.30 am. about half an hour before the sun rises. They come after the Brown Creepers and some of the Chickadees. They do not roost in the same place every night, apparently, one night they definitely sat and awakened in the pine by the lake in front of the house. They seem to come from places where there are thick evergreens, such as the swampy cedar clumps where there are also tall thick spruces north of the house and south of the highway. One night, before this latter day invasion which started on March 5, EG:s evidently roosted near the top in the tall white spruces at the back of the house. These are the two times I know positively where they were. There is still over 2 feet of snow in the bush and hard to get around. This is what happens in the morning. First a bird comes into the tall poplar at the back of the Loghouse and calls and calls. This is what they call the "scout". I think the "Caller" would be a better description, as the bird is definitely there to call and does call. If it remains alone, it may go on calling for half an hour, I clocked one once. Then it either flies away or other grosbeaks come and join it. Evidently it may be either a male or a female. I have most often seen a female and the one that comes into our tall trees is a female. My impression is that the birds of the surrounding country have

certain gathering places, the feeding place at the Loghouse is one and out on the highway by the garage is another. Morning after morning I have seen the same thing happened out by the garage, as I returned from seeing Len ~~x~~ off on the bus. If it's nice weather, it starts earlier than when it is bad. The caller may therefore be calling as I come down or the flocks may already be gathering. They come from the thick stands of evergreens at the mouth of the little creek south of the highway, you know, from Peninsula or probably rather from back of the Peninsula. Some days there is a really great gathering with 3, 4, 5 flocks and counts that probably ought to be near 100 birds. They mill around so much, shift perches, and it is very hard to get an exact count. They do not eat on the highway any more, it is quite a time since I saw any down there, but they often fly over to the railroad, I imagine for the cinders. The gathering place at the highway must be connected with the feeding place, for now with so many birds marked or recognizable by peculiarities in plumages, one female with a white nape band, one male with a white tuft of feathers at the bend of the right wing, one male very bronzed far down on the body and of a mottled appearance, one realizes that there are flocks of about a dozen birds or so relieving each other there. With some of these groups my own birds have been coming back to the feeding station too, several males and females of 22 already banded. At the highway, treetop-sitting is the main occupation, but there is also some feeding, as I have told you, and some play. When the feeding trays are too crowded, everybody fights each other with no regard to sex, mostly locked-bill fights. Both males and females are dominant. They sit for long periods in the top of poplars before coming down, sometimes an hour. But when they decide to come down, usually it is a female or two females that begin, it is like a golden cloud had descended upon the wee narrow place in front of the sunroom window. Blue Jays are dominant over the EG:s, but the EG:s are getting used to them and less often minding their more or less aggressive advances. The Red Squirrels are also a bit of a hold-back for the EG:s; when too many are around the sunflower places, which are up above the ground, the EG:s will not come down but sit in top and call and churr. If they are down feeding and a squirrel makes a run at any of them, they all fly en masse and there is a loud whirr from all their wings. The deer watches the EG:s but the EG:S do not mind the deer.

Then, all of a sudden, they are all gone both from the highway and from the feeding place. And there is not a note, not the softest churr, nor the flash of a golden feather, in all this place and all these woods nearby, that but a moment ago were filled with churring and calling and clouds of golden birds. Doris, I do not know where they go, I have no idea. Those I have seen go off, have gone in the directions from which they came generally. They go across the Peninsula, they go over the Loghouse north into the bush north of the bay and the river where I have seen them, but never later than noon, they go towards the mouth of the creek, perhaps farther, that my eye cannot follow. But where are those that ~~some~~ some nights have roosted just above the Loghouse? If they went to roost, they sneaked in with never a sound to disclose their presence. Perhaps when it gets warmer and one can get about a bit more, I shall come across their secret place, if they are still here.

I am terribly glad for the gold bands, it was sweet of you to send them, and so many. If there are any over I will return them to you, because they really belong to the EG:s. I shall look for moults. Your remarks about how the female with the white nape band might have acquired it, is very interesting. If I get her I shall know what to look for. With regard to what you have seen in birds you have examined in the museums, do you think that the younger a bird is the less heavily tinged with yellow on the wings? As I understand it Magee and Parks differ on this question. When I mark immature on the plumage of my birds, I merely mean to say that its plumage coincides with what Parks has described as charcteristic of younger birds. Just to get a fast point for a beginning. There is so very much variation in an EG:s plumage. It is only for your and ~~m~~ mutual information. I have not heard the "phizz-phizz-tee" song. I shall listen.

Now, my beloved will soon be home and I shall put a roast in the oven. Love, love, more news to follow, I hope. Keep the stiff upper lip!

Did you notice difference in behaviour on rainy, sunny, dull days from the sunshiny ones? In my opinion, they do not like bad weather and go hide in the thick evergreens? (not important I understand)

As ever and always
Louie

Rutherglen, Ontario, March 25th 1951.

Dear Doris,

I have just read through again your notes on the roosting of the EG:s in the Wood Duck and note how alike the birds behaved at your and at our feeding places. Yesterday, in an all-day snowstorm, the birds were an hour late exactly and very few came down, and they soon left. This lateness and non-appearance during bad weather or dull days I also noted in Red and White-winged Crossbills and Pine Siskins, a finchy trait apparently. Then the first sunny day after, there is a particularly numerous influx of birds at the feeding places (feeding station and highway). We have had much snow this last week and it has covered up again all the bare spots that began to show in southern exposures. On March 23, a day after a snowfall and the day before the bigx storm, I went to Rutherglen. There were flocks and flocks of EG:s, flying along the highway and coming down to feed on the slush snow after a salting and sanding of the road. I found one dead female, just killed by a car. She was unmarked. My count for that day, as well as I could take it with those crowds, flying , alighting, shifting perches, was 126, probably far below the actual numbers of birds around. It is to be noted that very few birds came to the feeding place that day and none were banded. There were birds all the way from Pimisi Bay into Rutherglen, where I heard birds calling from our "SW woods", remember. I have seen a female with an A-band on the right leg. That makes three birds from the outside that are marked. I suppose that those without coloured bands have lost theirs. I am seeing several of my own birds every day. There is a group of about 3 very dark males, the "bronzing" reaching very far down over the yellow, that look as if they were moulting, they are mottled and untidy in their plumage and have very yellow bills, that is bone-yellow.

I find the plumage designation unsatisfactory, so I have worked out a series of letters showing the various things particularly noted in the plumages.

Female:	WW - wings white with little or no yellow.	Male:	WTW - tertials white.
	WY - with yellow edgings or shading.		WTB - with black spots.
	TW - throat whitish.		WPB - primaries all black
	TD - throat dusky, like colour on cheeks.		WPW - with white spots or edgings
	UW - undertail coverts silvery.		TB - tail all black
	UD - " " dusky.		TW - " with white spots.

In the female WW, TW, and UW would denote "mature" plumage and WY, TD, and UD, "immature"
In the male WTW, WPB, and TB " " " and WTB, WPW, and TW, "

You may not want to be bothered with all this, but then you can just skip it as you come to it. However, I would not note this were it not for your sake.

March 21

44-200227 Male; WTB, TW; PT; 7.50 am. M M M; 110 mm; 56.7 gr. No goldband; very bronzed, YG;
44-200228 Male; WTW, WPB, TB ; PT; 7.50 am. M L L; GG; 113 mm; 63.3 gr.
44-200229 Fem. WW, TW, UW; PT; 11.30 am. H M M; GG: 115 mm.; 68.3 gr.;

March 22

44-200230 Fem. WY, TD,; PT; 7.20 am. L M M; YG; 109 mm,; 59.0 gr.;
44-200231 Male; WTW, WPB, TB; PT; 7.20 am. L L N; G; 116 mm.; 63.3 gr.;
44-200232 Fem. WY, TD; PT; 7.45 am.; L L L; G; 116 mm.; 65.0 gr.;
44-200233 Fem. WW, TW, UW; PT; 8.00 am.; L H M; G; 113 mm.; 65.9 gr.;
44-200234 Male; WTW, WPB, TB; PT; 8.00 am.; L L N; G; 117 mm.; 64.0 gr.;
44-200235 Fem.; WW, TW, UW; PT; 8.00 am.; H H M; YG; 109 mm.; 67.7 gr.;
44-200236 Male; WTW, WPB, TB; PT; 8.50 am.; L M L; G; 114 mm.; 61.3 gr.;

March 25

44-200237 Fem.; WY, TD, ; PT; 9.00 am.; L M N; G; 111 mm.; 60.1 gr.;

It is amazing how heavy the females are. How does this compare with yours? Is there, or is there not, some relation between the greening of the bill and loss of visible fat depositions? I am eager to check on all these things when the data are complete.

The amount of Red-breasted Nuthatches around this year is astonishing. I have banded 10 and there are still at least 2 running around without bands. Finches, Red Nuts and cones go together. Are your Purple Finches still with you? Some have been wintering here.

This is all for today. We hope your recovery is going forward steadily. Love to both from us,

As ever

Lonie.

Len forgot to take this with him this morning, so I get a chance to add some more.

It was a very bright and cold morning, 15 below zero. I had a good chance to see from where the birds came in as I went up with Len to the bus. They came in groups of from 4 to 8, all congregating in the tall trees from the highway into the feeding-place. A tremendous music in the air of calls and churrs. The birds came from every spot in the vicinity where there are stands of thick evergreens, especially spruces. Thus they came from the thick bush below the elms between the highway and the railroad, from the thick bush north of the highway a little east of the elms, that is west and southwest from the feeding place. They left early after having been down in several relays, clustered on top of the PT trap, down on the ground, on the other traps and the cocoanuts. I have only had the PT trap in operation, it is safe from squirrels. They took an hour and 15 minutes to come down. One would think they would be more eager than that in this cold weather, and early in the morning there is nothing to disturb them much, the squirrels and Blue Jays having plenty of fresh food in their own places. I saw a group leave as I went out for boughs for the deer at 11 am., they went north across the lake and they were the last heard around here this morning. There must still be plenty to eat in the bush.

Four more birds banded:

March 26.

44-200238,	Fem.;	WW,	TW,	UW;	PT;	8.15 am.;	L L L;	GG;	112 mm.; 60.0 gr.;
44-200239	Fem.;	"	"	"	"	"	L M M;	G;	109 " 61.6 "
44-200240	Fem.;	WY,	TD,	UD;	"	9.00 "	L M L	G;	110 " 56.6 "
44-200241	Male;	WIW,	WPB,	TB;	"	" "	L M L	G;	116 " 76.8 "

I weighed the last humdinger male twice to be sure. He was large in size and very slick and beautiful, though as you notice not very fat. There is another bird calling outside now as I write this at 12.15 pm. But for me this will be the end and I am licking to the envelope.

If you should ever come across a really good eraser for type-written stuff, one that will not smudge, will you get it for me, please! There are such things, I had one before the war, but Fosdick's do not have them. Love, love, again,

Lonie

Again

March 29, 1951.

Dearest Louise:

Even a wee note is better than none, is'nt it? and I just had to say Thank You for your two splendid letters and their vast fund of information on grosbeaks. You will note in the last EG News that the Editors did not use nearly all the notes I sent them from Rutherglen, and my last letter telling of the further banding must have reached them after the stencils were cut. However, they may be able to use more in the next issue so I shall continue sending on to them your wonderful notes.

For my own information and this grosbeak study being done at Cobble Hill, all the details you are studying when you have the bird in your hand- studying and most carefully recording, is most invaluable. Please know that every moment you are spending on these observations are really worthwhile. We are not sure yet if Parks or Magee is right or wrong on various points. Their data can be used and compared with your own, and in the end all will be the wiser (Mr. Magee is no longer on this plane, but his wisdom on grosbeaks is for the ages).

Now concerning the white patch on the wings of young males: in the collection of the ROMZ there are 10 August males. Of these ten, three only have much black in the secondaries, and buffy grey. Seven have white or nearly white patches, as in the drawing on the left hand. My own "Cro" at 16 days had a conspicuous white patch, and black primaries and black tail. All of these young males have also black primaries and black tails with the exception of the young one in the right drawing which has some white on the tail. Two of the other youngest also have some greyish white. None of the adult males taken in Autumn or until November, in the Museum collection, show any black on the white wing patch. Only one shows some yellow--a bird which died in captivity. The white patch did not seem to come in yellow or yellowish after the moult, in these specimens.

One of the Autumn females has a whitish throat, the others grey. The throats of the juvenal females are pinkish grey: some have malar stripes, others do not. One very beautiful daughter of my "Tina" at Mr. Ivor's had the whitest throat that I have ever seen, and when she was less than a year old. So it is not always the most mature that have the whitest throats. When I get to typing all your banding reports on to separate cards for each bird, I shall be able to make a more careful study as to what we are finding out through your noble efforts! You are having most wonderful success with the banding! Oh, and a pink band is from Glastonbury and Windsor, Conn. One of these birds with a pink band has turned up at Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island, this month!

What a whopper of a bird you got the other day. It was good you made sure of that weight. Shaub's heaviest male was 74 grams: his heaviest female just under 74 grams. His lightest ♀ was 52.5 g.: his lightest ♂ 53 g. Is'nt it good that Margaret is getting to Europe? She must be thrilled. Such a nice letter came from her yesterday. We still have hundreds of purple finches--some red and white-winged crossbills and many pine siskins. We saw 110 red crossbills on Sunday feeding on hemlock cones. Yesterday (first warmish day) our song sparrows arrived, a meadowlark, a killdeer and phoebe--also 25 Canada geese flew over.

EASTERN EVENING GROSBEAK

Contributed by Doris Huestis Speirs

Voice.--At feeding stations throughout the range of the species

Answered Jan 7 52

Rutherglen, Ontario, January 1st New Years Day 1952.

Dear Doris and Murray:

How appropriate is it not to write to one's best friends on this Day! Happiness in a high degree, contentment and peace of mind seem to us the best things on Earth, and these we wish you with all our hearts.

Was it merely coincidence, or is it not a special affinity of mind that we should have selected the same card from Peter Scott's collection as the most beautiful and suitable with which to please each other? That you and I, Doris, were not born twin sisters is only a mistake of the stork. And thank you for the "Green" blessing. "And may the blessings of the great rains be on you; may they beat upon your spirit and wash it fair and clean, and leave there many a shining pool where the blue of the heavens shines reflected, and sometimes - a Star."

And thank you for the Active Membership of the Wilson Club! One of the best presents Christmas brought me, and always more welcome because it has come each year since I got to know you. We shall be most delighted to welcome Mr. Crich some time soon, we hope. He sent us one of his lovely Christmas cards with a nestful of young Cooper's Hawks, but he neglected to note his address. Hence we cannot thank him for it, nor tell him how welcome a visitor he would be. He nearly came last summer, according to Lucie, but did not for some reason. At the moment we have had an amazing thaw and the whole place looks dirty, but that will not last. The Canada Jays are still here and you should see how comical they look when they try to hang on to one of the cocoanuts to gorge themselves on their contents. We are a bit worried about Vulpes. Some time ago he appeared with a fresh wound in his shoulder just above the elbow, we think he was shot at, and the last couple of days his meat has lain untouched on the rock. He ranges rather far and we are sure runs terrible risks near farmsteads.

In Nature, is it not true that loss is always gain, and one might go still further and say that all gain is also loss? This constant interchange between kind and kind and species and species, between elements and plants and animated forms of life, is to me the most fascinating manifestation of all. It emphasizes the "rights" of everything, the "usefulness", the fitting, the need of everything, the "niche" and adjustment of everything into everything else, the dependability of one upon the other, the absolute perfection of the Pattern. This is a most encouraging circumstance, which, in fact, eliminates despair and makes every phase and expression of life positive, by which I mean true and absolute. I feel so satisfied that I have achieved this view. It involves what we call tolerance, but is much more profound and substantial. It is a good thing when one starts to get away from hatreds.

Thank you for the conservation booklets. How the Loghouse library (which is a magnificent word) needs every kind of addition. I did a great house-cleaning among my reprint files the other day, and was that ever needed! Now they are all filed according to "master title", for instance Behaviour, Migration, and "sub title", for instance Jays, Wrens. I got so many titles that most of the reprints sit lonely in their folders. But what of it, I can at least find them now. I tried to get my friend, Miss Petty, interested in helping me with a card system, but it was not very successful, she killed the suggestion by silence. I envy you your small moments togsther, which is the advantage of both having the same kind of work. If Len from force of circumstances did not have to chase the wolves from the door in an unornithological way, I would have a wonderful assistant in him along my lines of work.

I am enclosing my Christmas count. I was surprised at such good results. It is amazing what you may hear and see on foot and those four miles tramp, tramp, tramp, got most of the list. Over by the dam there was a lovely flock of half a

dozen Pine Grosbeaks. They were feeding on the seeds of the bush honeysuckle and as they "crawled" around along the branches, tipping over to feed low down, and then as they flew up with a soft surprised whistled notes, they looked astonishing large and beautiful in their bronze and rosy tints. In the black eddie of the rapids a pair of goldeneyes floated around lazily. The bog yielded the redpolls flying over and deep in a dark cluster of black spruces one Canada jay and a little bit up on a hardwood ridge the Pileated. But I have <u>never</u> seen that bog as completely empty of Chickadees of any species. There was not one, and I was there for two hours. Our Hairies are in the midst of pairing hilarities. Pair A of last year did an actual display during Christmas week with perching together, flying away, pursuing, wickawicks and bill-pointing from side to side, tails and wings spread, you know what I call the "bizarre gestures". Drumming started before Christmas, December 16-20 are my dates over a number of years. The Chickadee concerts before sunrise are getting very animated. The sun has turned.

It is getting very dark. When Len went to see the doctor after his near-pneumonia, he was told he had to take off 15 pounds and given a 1000 calory diet. He went right to it, giving up <u>all</u> sugar and most of his beloved white bread and potatoes. He took off 8 pounds in 2 weeks. In spite of his 50th birthday 3 days ago he looks younger. I am rather proud of his self-discipline. We are having our half New Years turkey for dinner with broccoli and without potato, followed by grapes. It is a very fine arrangement and I jog along with Len from pure goodfellowship.

With all our love,

Louie

Give my love and kind remembrances to all your families.

Rutherglen, Ontario, January 19, 1952.

Dear Doris and Murray:

Yesterday the vireos went off to Godfrey and this person is in a holiday mood. It got quite a bit of re-working, the incubation and care-of-the-young chapters particularly. The data on the feeding of the young at Nest B3-49 was "viewed with caution" as Margaret said, to the point of being altogether eliminated. I never knew, actually, how many eggs or young there were from the start, only that two young eventually were fledged. It is quite possible that a third young died or disappeared in the middle of nest-life, and so might account for the reduced rate of feeding, which according to MMN is not natural, see her SSes. A new investigation into my notes also revealed larger meals both generally and particularly as the young grew older, this investigation also inspired by MMN to find a reason for the consistently slow rate of feeding. So all this got re-vamped. About incubation, she made me do much more with my data and I made a whole lot of new calculations which not only established the single-sex ~~feeding~~ brooding beyond a doubt, but also showed the rhythm of the Red-eye completely correlated to that worked out by MMN for several other species of "small passerine birds".

You will find a difference in the finches' rhythms, do you not? I am thinking of the Red Crossbill and if you want any detailed data (now I know better how to work them out) of the rhythm of the crossbills, just let me know. I could really have used that myself in comparison with the vireos, now I come to think of it. But I probably havenot enough data to get a good picture of it.

Thank you for the Post. It was a good story, even with the "human interest". (What a stupid term!) If it had to be there, it was not offensively over-done. She must have been up there and seen some of the birdlife in those parts of the world, because she wrote very convincingly. I don't think I could ever make those pages, I do not write pleasing to editors. My migration story was published in Audubon and drew nice comment. About the other story, the fate of which I lamented in my last letter, Terres allowed my changes very graciously. So I am at peace on that account.

How did you get to visiting the National Museum at Ottawa without mentioning Godfrey? Such a nice trip you must have had. I am all sympathy for your dental troubles. I went to a doctor who was most pessimistic about my oral condition; figuratively speaking he just sat down to await the day when all my teeth would have to come, with discouraging fatalism. At this I rebelled, no teeth were ever coming out of my own free will, said I to myself. I changed dentist and told the new one that I was quite intelligent and that I wanted a true statement and prognosis. So I submitted to elaborate X-rays (awfully expensive) and then he filed off a bit here and there, told me to use "stimudents", eat sensibly, and have good faith. Lo and behold, all my teeth are once again fast in my head and I have had no trouble, not even a tiniest cavity, ever since, and it is now two years ago. The only thing this new man apparently cannot cope with is abcesses, and if that was at the bottom of your trouble you need not regret your loss.

Your Christmas Count was very interesting and didn't you get many more birds than last year? How wonderful with your Oregon, he, or is it a she, must be a very beautiful bird.

I am heart-broken over the news from Dory Houston. I suppose you know the sad story. I am sure that if you investigated all these cases of relapse in "arrested" conditions, you would find that the constant vigilance and routine care had been neglected in some way or another. The return to sexual life after a long abstinence appears to affect the improved condition adversely in many cases. Perhaps the mental as well as the physical excitement, unless taken in very gradual doses, is too exhausting for the nervous system. Dory has been home only a year and she got a warning already this summer; I am just wondering if she got a real check-up that time, when the relapse probably began in the invidious way of the TB germ.

I have been wondering, are you, Doris, quite recovered from your ailment of last year? You always seem so well and radiant. What a Christmas you must have had with so many people! What happened to your "new Canadians"?

The EG Survey was very interesting this time and I thought the Schaub resume very well done. It is a wonderful way of getting an idea of the movements of these erratic finches. Similar efforts should be done to trace the ways of the Crossbills. Food certainly is a major factor, or rather the lack of it, I am sure that interesting correlations might be found in a study of the periodicity of the seeds on which these birds feed between the migratory movements and fruition. We have only Pine Grosbeaks here this year and they have a fine time with all the seeds of the bush honeysuckle sticking up above the unusually low snow cover, snowstick says only 8 inches. Speaking of EGs, how is your work progressing, it is such a very long time since I had a report on it? Did you see Lack's paper on the "Breeding seasons in the Galapagos", where he spoke of the change in colour of the beaks of the endemic finches? I have the paper and if you need this information I can either send you the paper or quote the passages.

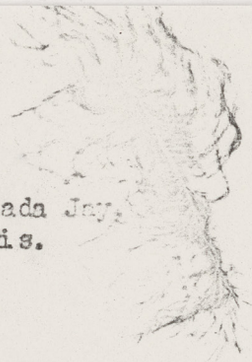
We have now 4 Canada Jays. A new one came 5 days ago and the 2nd unbanded one was seen today for the first time. By taking away all the free dinners, I have tried to induce them into the traps, but in vain. There was some interesting chasing manoeuvres between the "home-pair", which have been "going steady" ever since the male arrived, and the new one while it was alone. Now the last arrival has immediately taken up with "the new one", first unbanded, which leads me to believe these last two are of opposite sex. If all goes well, all points to a very good story on the Canada Jays. We are overrun by squirrels, but no one is Kicki. Also my oldest Hairy never came back this winter. But she may "jump" a season, she did that once before.

The Heilborns have added another chapter to their Cardinals. You would have seen it if you take the Prothonotary.

I must go out to Callander very soon to fetch Len who is currently working 80 miles from here, near Port Loring. Before that, I should prepare everything for dinner. So I must take leave of my two dear friends with much love, in which Len would join were he here.

Love

Yours as ever



Belly feather of Canada Jay.
Perisoreus candadensis.

FEBRUARY 1958. REPORT ON BIRDS AT PINISI BAY, ONTARIO.

by Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

Weather: Thirteen days were mainly sunny and 16 cloudy. On 22 days, the daily mean temperature was higher and on 7 days lower than the Normal Mean for the month, 11.7 degrees F. Maximum temperatures of 40 degrees and above were registered on Febr. 1. A cold spell occurred Febr. 10-16 with below zero temperature, the lowest being 20 degrees below zero on Febr. 15. Warm fronts passed on Febr. 1 and in the night of Febr. 10-11, with cold fronts following Febr. 2 and 11. The maximum snow-cover of 20½ inches was reached on Febr. 24.

Feeding-station: The Black-capped Chickadee increased in numbers during the latter part of the month. Birds caught and examined showed medium to heavy fat, an indication that some of these might have been on migration. The other birds at the station showed no change in number of species or individuals.

Corvidae: Canada Jays were observed courtship-feeding on Febr. 2. Birds caught and examined showed no broodpatches. The Northern Raven was heard " singing" on February 6, the song containing loud whistled and clucking notes; the latter sounded like the loud popping of champagne bottles.

Finches: The flocks of Pine Grosbeaks seen during the month were small and scattered. Birds were observed feeding on the red fruits of the sumach and eating salty snow and gravel on the highways. No other finches were seen.

Rutherglen, Ontario, February 12, 1952

Dearest Doris:

I am in the amazing situation of being completely caught up with all records, including banding and the colour-banding files. It gives a wonderful feeling of freedom ahead, nearly a holiday mood. The indexing is going ahead fine, too, by dint of devoting some time to it every evening through the work-a-day week, and it is rather astounding how you creep forward even in so tedious a job. But the wonderful thing of only having to look at a cardfile to find anything you want at once is a great incentive. As I have been working, I have wondered how you were doing with yours?

So I am enclosing the reports for October, November, December and January. These really belong to you and Murray, but if you think the MNOC can have use for them, do with them what you please. I am eager to hear more news of the club and about the Lucy dilemma, what you did and what "the people said". Speaking of clubs, hurrah for Dr. Gunn and hurrah for the FCN. That is to put weight on the procedure in forwarding most important work. I approve highly and only wish I could contribute much more money to such a worthy cause. Do you approve too?

I have just made my will legally through lawyer. I thought I had better with all these relatives around. Did I tell of the last one to arrive last summer, my cousin's son, an utterly charming and apparently rather talented young man who is a construction inspector with the Federal Government at the North Bay airport at present. He is currently rushing Joyce Fosdick off her feet and I only hope, for his sake, that it will stick, I think Joyce is a perfectly charming person and what I call "a good woman" and the more I see of her the more I like her. To return to the will. I have directed that Murray act as adviser and expert counsel in the sorting of my ornithological and literary estate, that is to advise my principal heir about what of it is valuable and what is not, the first to be offered to the National Museum for their files and the second to be burnt. I do hope that Murray will not refuse; I could think of no one better or more understanding and so very likely to survive me.

We were exceedingly pleased to find that our Vulpes is still alive and hale. He returned the other day and looked as red as fire in the bright sunlight on the rock. His gun-wound had healed and he appeared in very good condition. We do not know why he comes so seldom in the day time, before he was here at any time of the day. We suppose that he is engaged in various amorous exploits, the time is getting on and the sun is going north. Our red squirrel in the cellar, named Chatterbox for obvious reasons, has taken unto himself a spouse. The love-talk that has been going on under our floor has been no less than inimitable. Whether she was invited in, or simply usurped the privilege, I do not know, and whether she is going to stay there is a speculation with exciting possibilities. At any rate, marriage, or a kind of preliminary token variety, took place on the trunk of the red pine January 28 and instead of being greeted by one squirrel that would tolerate not another within sight, as I set out the breakfast rations, I am now confronted by two, sitting demurely

side by side on the woodpecker trap, squirrel-kissing right under my very nose. Len would not believe me when I told him Kicki had children in early April last year; what is going to happen under our floor this year in early April remains to be seen.

Do give me some news of the little family at Wilson Heights, I have heard nothing. I am especially wondering how the TB tests turned out. They are all very much in my thoughts.

Love and love,

Louise

Rutherglen, Ontario, February 19, 1952.

Dearest Doris and Murray:

We hope that all is well at Cobble Hill. And we wonder if you still have your little Oregon. I also hope that Doris' dentist affairs are over with desired results. I am also very curious about news of the MNOC.

I hope you will not mind looking over the enclosed little MS. I would hardly believe in its luck had it not passed under your critical yet sympathetic eyes. What do you think of it? Audubon has no more stories of mine on hand, so I am sending them this one. Since the Canada Jay affairs are progressing slowly, I thought I would do another piece on the Blackburnian Warbler. There is very seldom anything about warblers in Audubon and I have quite a lot of good notes on this particular species.

There is extraordinarily little change in the bird picture this winter, little movement and prolonged stability of species and numbers. No wandering flocks of any kind, certainly no EG's, even few Pine Grosbeaks. But the jays and Ravens are beginning to incorporate all kinds of exciting notes in their repertoires, clicking notes, smacking notes, whistles that are loud and sharp, or soft and gentle like plush. Tragedy occurred among the squirrels. An immaculate weasel found the nest in the cellar and since then neither Chatterbox nor his consort have been seen and it is very quiet under the floor. But there are many squirrels left and someone else may take up the abandoned home, if not the weasel himself intends to do so. Len would not have to worry about rats then, any more.

This is a very short letter, but I must get out to the Postoffice to day before too late. You will hear from me soon again. But with as much love as ever,

Louie

Rutherglen, Ontario, March 12, 1952.

Dearest Doris:

I am just indexing the Speirs files and it is astounding the wealth of information that almost every letter contains. Also there are so many good memories attached to these pages as well as the history of the birth of a naturalist. I am really getting along veru fine with the indexing and how wonderful is not the feeling with each added item to know that it can never again become hopelessly lost. I am also thinking that this will be fine for the Trustees of my will.

Herewith the report for the MNOC, perhaps some of you will be interested in the plume-like texture of attached belly feather. I also enclose the Peter Scott pictures, tore them out for you and no need returning.

This little story please criticize! Len does not like it as well as the Afternoon. I think myself I am giving rather a lot of good information in a pleasant form, no startling masterpiece for all that. I have had great difficulty with the title, have racked my brain for a bolt of genius, but no. This is the best I have been able to press forth. Would you have a better suggestion? What would you think of my trying it out on Nature Magazine? Don't they like short pieces that are both informative and readable? They have so far <u>always</u> refused all the stories I have sent them.

The mail today brought two very nice letters. One was from Mrs. Michener; I did not know her husband was dead and had written to both of them thanking for the reprints they sent me some time ago. The other was from Dr. Gunn, asking me to give a talk at the April meeting of the Federation. It was rather pleasant to have this come out of a blue sky. But I cannot afford to make an extra trip down to Toronto in the spring, if I also want a holiday in the fall. And two weeks is all too short time to compose any kind of decent paper for so august a gathering. So I thanked no, but told him I planned to come down in the fall and that if he got an empty space in his fall programme and wished me to fill, I would be delighted and exceedingly honoured. My accepting such a proposition for the fall, I thought, would not be looked upon with disgust by the MNOC since it is affiliated with the FON, although I promised them first, would it, madam Secretary? Meanwhile, after I have finishedtwo short write-ups long planned, I intend preparing a paper for any fall appearances I may be called upon to make, so that it lies there ready. For this I would like to have yours and Murray's advice. Would you indicate what kind of topic would go over best at the FON, scientific, semi-scientific, or merely a nature causerie? For instance, the singing of the Red-eyed Vireo, that chapter out of the life history, or - well I don't know, I have to think this out and not in a hurry. If you have any suggestions, do tell!

Visitors are coming, I must end.

Love

Louise

SUBJECTS OF ADMIRATION, DISCUSSION AND ARGUMENT: CONTEMPORARY ART, HISTORIC MEMORIALS, A PAGEANT.





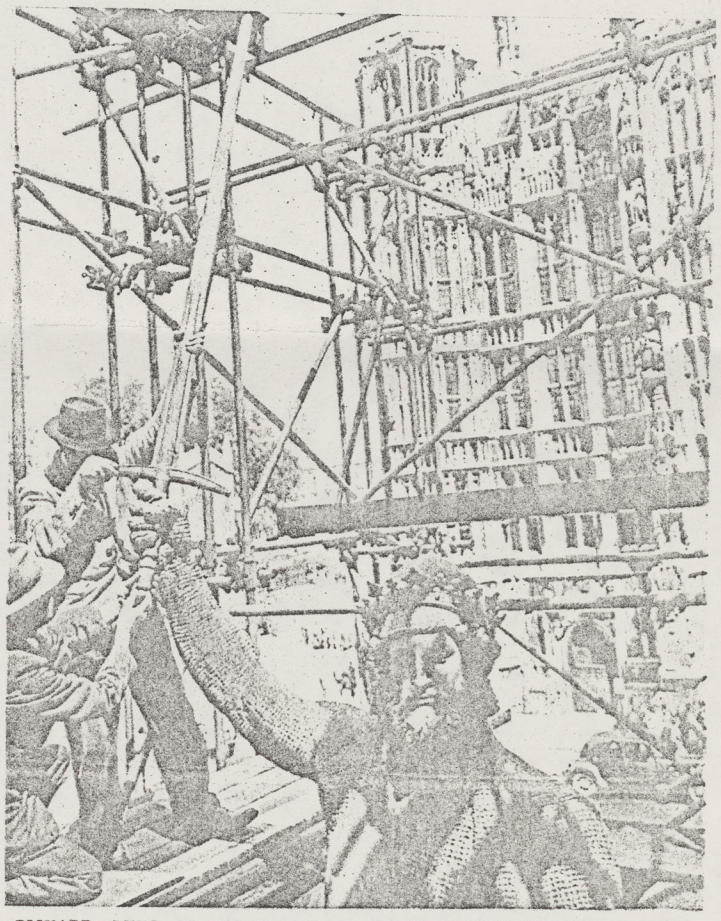
PROMOTED BY THE L.C.C. IN ORDER TO HELP LITTLE-KNOWN ARTISTS: THE OPEN-AIR EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS IN THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS.

The open-air exhibition of paintings which has been held daily in the Victoria Embankment Gardens from June 18, when it was opened by Mrs. Patricia Strauss, closes on June 27. This innovation, sponsored by the L.C.C., was designed to help little-known artists to sell their works. Any painter was allowed to bring his or her pictures and display them.



A MODEL OF GENERAL GORDON'S STATUE TO AID THE FINE ARTS COMMISSION TO DECIDE ON A NEW SITE FOR THE ORIGINAL.

General Gordon's statue was removed from Trafalgar Square to make room for the new Beatty and Jellicoe memorials. Protests against its going to Sandhurst culminated in a plea by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons. A model has been made to assist the Fine Arts Commission to decide on a new position, which, it is hoped, will be in London.



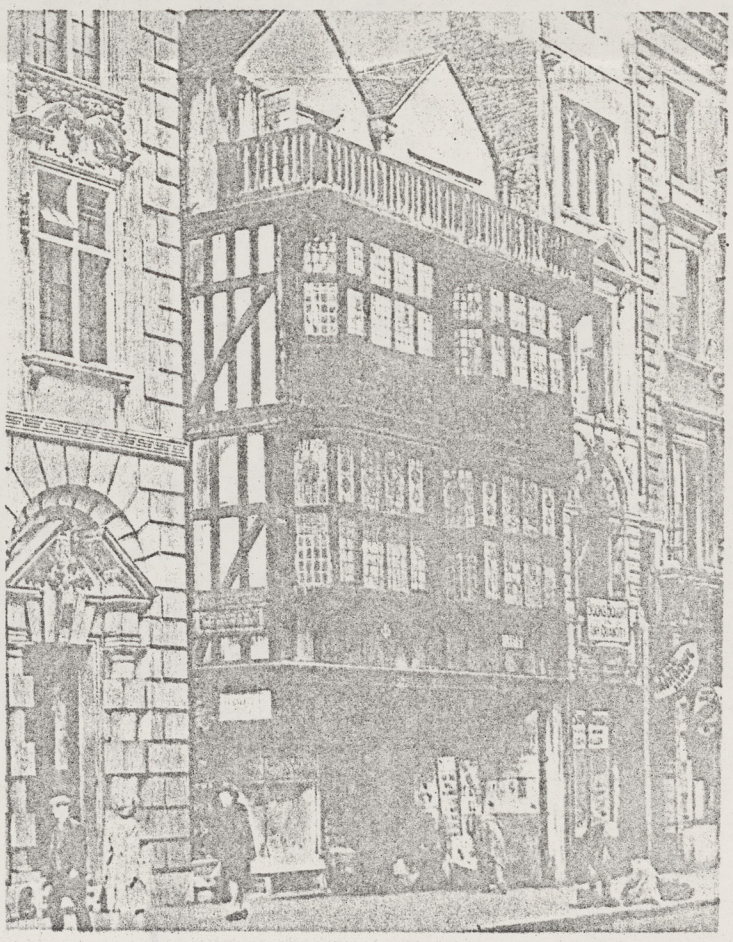
RICHARD *CŒUR DE LION'S* STATUE RE-ARMED: THE SWORD, DAMAGED IN AN AIR RAID, HAS BEEN REPAIRED.

The statue of Richard I., the Lion-heart, which stands outside the Houses of Parliament, suffered damage during an air raid in 1940, and the sword which it brandishes aloft was bent—but not broken. The weapon has now been repaired and was replaced last week. Our photograph indicates the size of the statue.

(RIGHT.)
AN EPISODE FROM "ONE THOUSAND YEARS OF HISTORY"; THE ST. ALBANS MILLENARY PAGEANT; QUEEN ELIZABETH VISITING THE CITY.

As recorded elsewhere in this issue, the St. Albans Millenary Pageant "One Thousand Years of History," was due to take place from June 21 to 26. Our photograph, taken at the full-dress rehearsal, shows the Tudor episode, Queen Elizabeth (represented by the Hon. Mrs. John Grimston), with one of her retainers, on her way to visit St. Albans. Mrs. Grimston is a daughter-in-law of Lord Verulam, of Gorhambury, St. Albans.





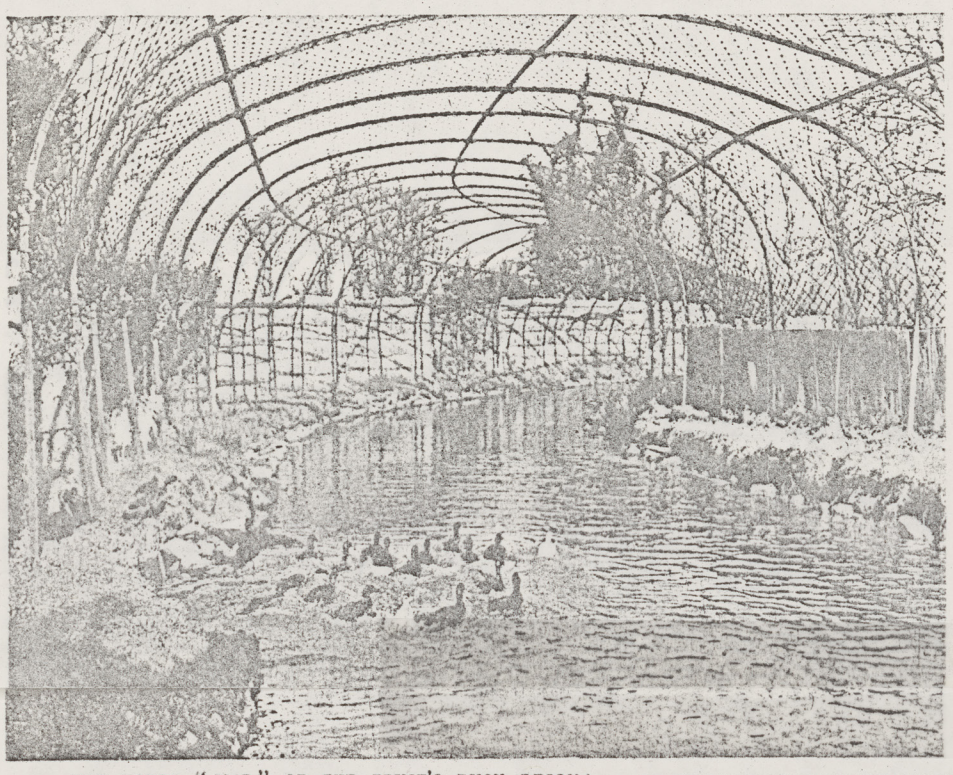
THE INTERIOR OF "PRINCE HENRY'S ROOM," 17, FLEET STREET, NOW REOPENED TO THE PUBLIC, AND (RIGHT) AN EXTERIOR VIEW, SHOWING THE PICTURESQUE FAÇADE.

"Prince Henry's Room," said to have been the Council Chamber of the Duchy of Cornwall under Prince Henry, elder son of James I., from whom it takes its name, has been reopened to the public after having been closed throughout the war. The fine Jacobean ceiling bears the initials "P.H." and the Prince of Wales's plumes. The ancient inn that stood there was rebuilt in 1610 and renamed "The Prince's Arms." The L.C.C. acquired the building in 1900.

DUCK DECOYS AND WILD GEESE: WORK OF THE SEVERN WILDFOWL TRUST.



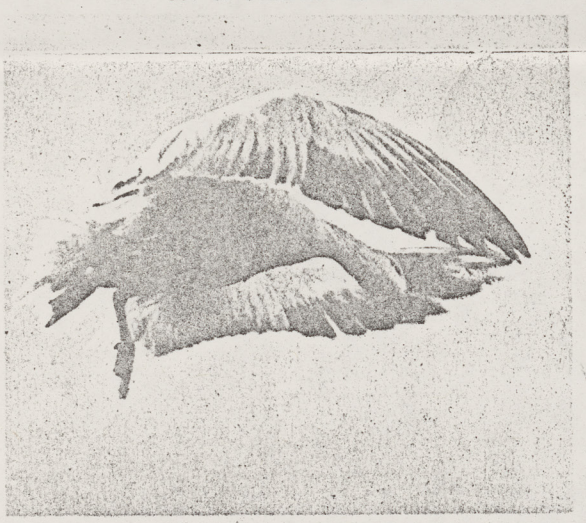
GEESE RISING FROM THEIR FEEDING-GROUND AT THE SEVERN WILDFOWL TRUST SANCTUARY: THE PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM AN OBSERVATION HUT, SHOWS THE BIRDS ALARMED



THE NORTH "PIPE" OF THE TRUST'S DUCK DECOY: THE TAME DUCKS FOLLOW THE DOG, WHOSE APPEARANCE THEY ASSOCIATE WITH FOOD. WILD DUCKS FOLLOW OUT OF CURIOSITY AND BRAVADO.



THE SMALL END OF ONE OF THE DECOY "PIPES": SHOWING THE DIRECTOR, MR. PETER SCOTT, DRIVING DUCKS THE LAST FEW YARDS INTO THE DETACHABLE TUNNEL NET FOR RINGING.



ONE OF THE TRUST'S COLLECTION OF WILDFOWL: A FULL-WINGED GREATER SNOW GOOSE LANDING, ONE OF THE SMALL GROUP OF BIRDS NOT PINIONED. NOTE THE ALUMINIUM RING ON LEG.





(ABOVE.) A YOUNG FULL-WINGED GREATER SNOW GOOSE IN FLIGHT; AND (LEFT) THE DIRECTOR, MR. PETER SCOTT, PEEPING THROUGH THE REED SCREEN OF THE DECOY TO WATCH THE PROGRESS OF DUCKS IN THE "PIPE."

THE first Annual Report of the Severn Wildfowl Trust, published recently, calls attention to the interesting and, in many ways, remarkable work already done by this young society. The Trust was inaugurated in November, 1946, and by April 1 this year its membership had already grown to 1131 full members and 379 associate members. The sanctuary and headquarters are situated on the Severn marshes, near Slimbridge, in Gloucestershire, and there the work falls into three spheres: the catching of ducks in the decoy for ringing; the study of the collection of tame waterfowl; and the observation of the winter flocks of wild geese. In

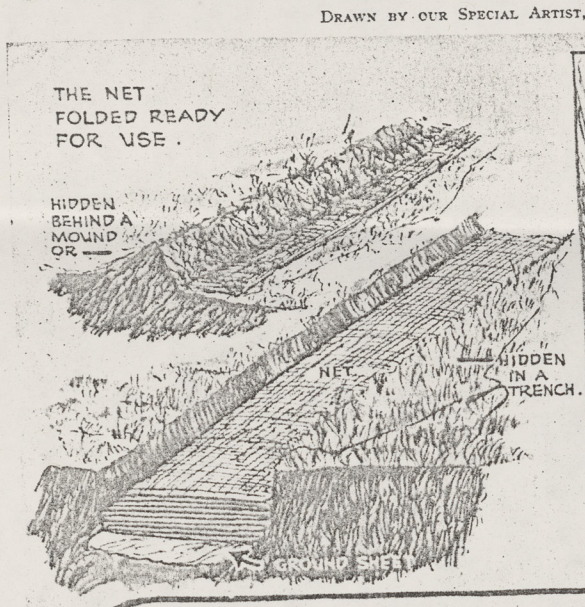
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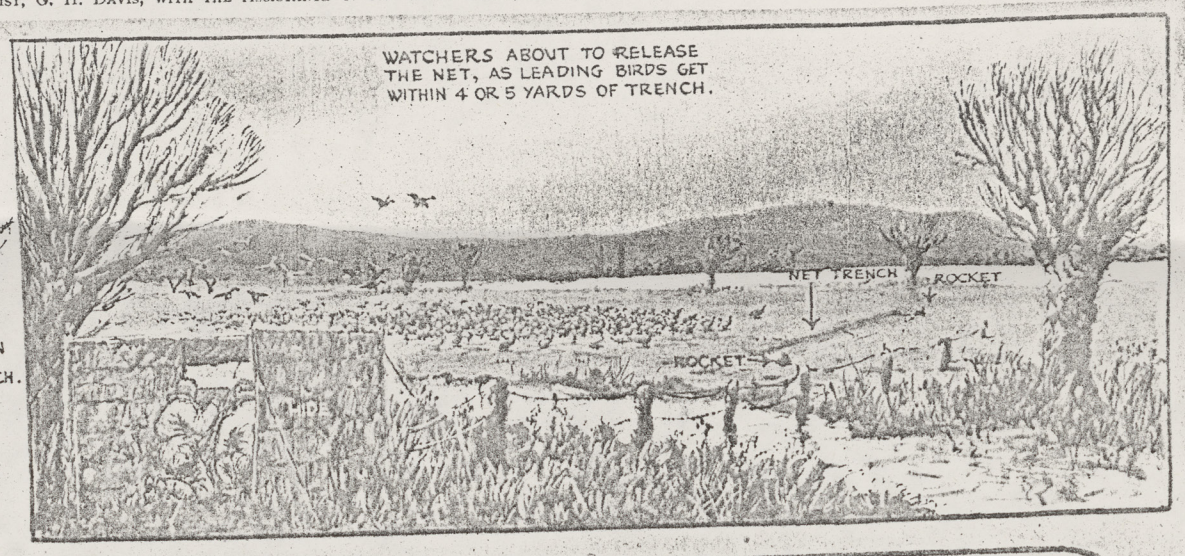
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connection with the last, the Trust has developed a new technique of the rocket net for catching geese. This is fully described on the opposite page. Here we show two of the tame wildfowl, two Greater Snow Geese, of the small group which are un-pinioned; and several views of the duck decoy. Duck decoys on this site are of very long standing, the New Decoy being built as long ago as 1843. It had fallen into disuse by 1929, was reconditioned in 1937, but little used, and much work was necessary when it was rented by the Trust from the Berkeley Estate in 1946. Eventually four "pipes" will be in operation, and the decoy has great possibilities.

CATCHING GEESE BY ROCKET: A NEW TECHNIQUE FOR WILDFOWL RESEARCH.

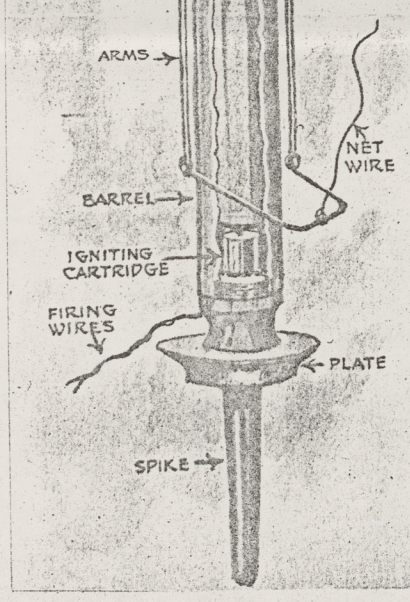
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF MR. PETER SCOTT, DIRECTOR OF THE SEVERN WILDFOWL TRUST.





THE MOMENT AFTER FIRING THE ROCKETS.











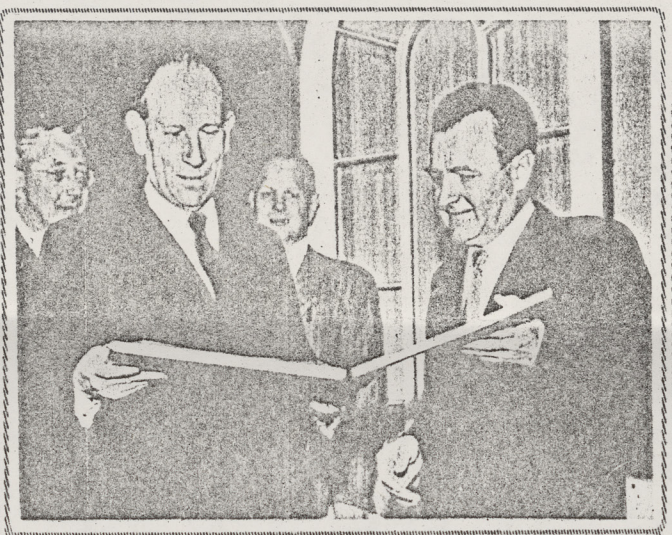
A DEVICE WHICH MAY REVOLUTIONISE WILDFOWL RESEARCH: HOW THE SEVERN WILDFOWL TRUST'S ROCKET NET WORKS.

In nearly all parts of the world wildfowl, especially geese and ducks, are decreasing in numbers as the kind of wild country they need is being whittled away by the inroads of civilisation. If they are to survive, certain actions must be taken, and the first necessity for all action is knowledge gained from research into the birds' habits, life stories and migration routes. Among the various groups engaged on this work is the Severn Wildfowl Trust (briefly described on the opposite page). The ringing of birds is one of the chief means of research, and in order that a bird may be ringed it must be captured alive and uninjured. With ducks, the usual means of achieving this is the decoy, and on the opposite page we show some of the Trust's decoys. For the capture of wild geese, however, they have devised a new technique. In brief, a net 25 feet square is folded, in concealment, in the birds' feeding-ground. Two corners are anchored, two others are attached to two 1-lb. rockets, in small rocket guns fixed in the ground. Electric cable is attached and leads to a nearby "hide." When the birds are well within the area likely to be covered by the falling net, the rockets are fired electrically. The method was first tried out early this year, and although the net was carried out only to about half its width, thirty-two geese were caught in it, one of which escaped before it could be ringed; and the technique had amply proved its worth as a weapon of research.

PERSONALITIES AND IMPORTANT OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



EIRE'S PREMIER, MR. J. COSTELLO (CENTRE), IN LONDON FOR TRADE TALKS, WITH MR. ATTLEE (R.).
On June 16, Mr. Costello arrived in London with members of his Cabinet for talks on trade and finance. They were photographed with Mr. Attlee outside No. 10, and the others in the picture are (left foreground) Mr. Dulanty, High Commissioner for Eire; (back row, l. to r.) Mr. W. Norton, Deputy Premier; Mr. S. MacBride, External Affairs; Mr. Morrissey, Industry.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S NEW PRESIDENT, THE COMMUNIST LEADER MR. GOTTWALD (R.), WITH THE NEW PREMIER, MR. ZAPOTOCKY (L.).
On June 14, Mr. K. Gottwald, previously Communist Premier, was elected President of Czechoslovakia in succession to Mr. Beneš. There was no other candidate, and the election was by show of hands, with 296 votes out of a possible 300. Of the abstainers one was Mr. Gottwald, the others were abroad. Mr. Zapotocky, also a Communist, has succeeded Mr. Gottwald as Premier.



MR. JUSTICE SLADE.
Appointed to be a Judge of the High Court of Justice and will be attached to the King's Bench Division. Since 1942 Recorder of Tenterton and since 1944 Chancellor of the Diocese of Southwark. Aged fifty-six; educated at Bedford and Trinity, Cambridge. The King has approved that the honour of a knighthood be conferred on him.



CELEBRATING HIS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY WITH A DRIVE THROUGH STOCKHOLM: KING GUSTAV OF SWEDEN WITH HIS GREAT-GRANDSON, PRINCE CARL GUSTAF, AND THE PRINCE'S MOTHER.
King Gustav V. of Sweden, who acceded to the throne in 1906, was born on June 16, 1858, and this year celebrated his ninetieth birthday with a drive through the streets of Stockholm. The father of the young Prince Carl, it will be remembered, was killed in an aeroplane crash in January, 1947. Among those who saw the procession were 400 cadets from H.M.S. *Devonshire*.



MR. EARL CARROLL.
A well-known American theatrical producer. Killed, with forty-two others, when a United Airlines D.C. crashed near Mount Carmel, Penn., on June 17. Wrote lyrics and music for many shows. He built his second theatre in New York in 1931, and the present Earl Carroll Theatre, Hollywood, in 1938.



MR. E. H. BROWNE.
Appointed Chief Mining Engineer for reconstruction and planning on the National Coal Board to take charge of long-term reconstruction. Educated at Repton and Cambridge, he is a brilliant engineer, and took a mining degree at Birmingham University. Aged thirty-seven.



IN STOCKHOLM FOR KING GUSTAV'S NINETIETH BIRTHDAY: (R. TO L.) KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK WITH HIS QUEEN INGRID (WHO WAS A SWEDISH PRINCESS) AND DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MARGRETHE, AND PRINCE WILHELM OF SWEDEN.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AT HOME, AND ABROAD.



PIERINO GAMBA, THE TEN-YEAR-OLD ITALIAN CONDUCTOR, AT A REHEARSAL.
He conducted the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra at Harrington on June 17 in a programme which included Beethoven's C Minor and Schubert's B Minor Symphonies. He uses no score, his assurance is complete, and his great musical gift undoubted. An audience of 10,024 heard him on June 17.



GENERAL KAREL JANOUSEK.
The Inspector-General, Czechoslovak Air Force in Britain during the war, and an Hon. Air Vice-Marshal R.A.F. He was arrested on May 15 when attempting to leave Czechoslovakia. A death sentence, later commuted to eighteen years' imprisonment, was passed on him on June 18 after three days' trial *in camera*.



MISS GERTRUDE ATHERTON.
Died at San Francisco, aged ninety. One of the most prolific and popular of American novelists. The author of "American Wives and English Husbands," "Senator North," "The Conqueror," a biography of Alexander Hamilton in fiction form, and many other works.



MR. THOMAS K. FINLETTER.
The representative in Britain of the Economic Co-operation Administration. He arrived in this country during the week-end of June 12-14. His mission will maintain direct liaison with the British Government on all matters affecting Marshall Aid under the much-discussed European Recovery Plan.

Rutherglen, Ontario, February 28, 1952.

Dearest Doris:

The thing I value most of your friendship is the moderating influence you have upon the tempestuous impulses of this person. This I think I have said before. But how right you are that it is unbeautiful to let an expression of aversion mar a picture, especially as it is rather groundless. Furthermore, if tolerance is the means of understanding life, it must include all its forms. Any other way is inconsequent and illogical. I am not meaning to be a hypocrite when I say this, but my pet striving is to be neither. The success of the effort still leaves much to be desired.

So I have elected not to speak of exhausts at all. Roaring monsters with glaring eyes is quite picturesque enough. Just now the two little bucks came down the path at the back of the house and one of them is looking at me through the window, vastly curious about this thing that moves inside and makes tapping noises, which he undoubtedly hears. Yes, can you imagine that the doe came back but without the grey buck. Instead she was accompanied by two small bucks that could be none other than her twin spring fawns. Len and I have studied them at length and taking everything into account, their colouring, their looks, their behaviour, the fact that the doe was visibly pregnant when I saw her last in early April but she is not pregnant now, this must be right. When do fawns lose their spots? But you can imagine the delight of having at least her back again and of having 3 of these elegant creatures browsing beneath our very windows. Whoops, here they go back up the hill again! I wonder what scared them, perhaps somebody is coming. There are no wolves at Pimisi Bay this winter. So only the fox can disturb them, but he gets a meal a day for free and I don't think foxes run deer. Have you any evidence to the contrary? I have seen them share the spoils of a wolf's deer hunt and they were quite upset about my disturbing them and came towards me as if intending to defend their rights in this respect. They must have thought I looked a bit too big for aggressive action.

Thank you for letting me see Margaret's lovely letter to the Club. I did see the notice in the FON Bulletin. You are having marvellous success with so many and various contributions and so much good will. I say it is NICE. I am glad that you found my monthly reports adequate. The February one will reach you shortly.

I have not yet got my ordinary January-Feb. copy, of Aud.Mag. but they have sent me my six complimentary ones, which you get when one of your articles is published. This is the nuthatch story, Kicki was published long ago. If you do not get it within a few days, perhaps you should write and remind them. I also got acknowledgement of the gift subscription. If by any chance, you should not get this copy, I shall keep one of mine for you. But they always tell me not to hesitate to ask for more extra copies, so there should be enough to go around.

Did I say anything about teeth to you? I have just been down with a bad session of abscessed tooth, lost one. I hate to lose these things because they don't grow back again. I do hope you are quite recovered and have no further trouble.

I was so sorry to hear about your father. It is no trivial matter at his age to have such a thing happen and one may marvel at his recuperating capacities. Will you kindly remember me to him, and also to your mother when you see them next, and wish them well of all my heart.

It was sweet of you to give me such a detailed picture of Jimmy. He has all it takes, heart, head, and personal courage. I would never associate condemnation with him and Dory, I was always under the strong impression of perfect harmony and

adoration all around. I wrote him soon after I got your letter, just to let him feel that all our thoughts and hearts were with him.

How lovely that you still have your little "Orrie" with you. It must be a beautiful little thing, but isn't it irregular to go steady with a Slate-coloured, or do they interbreed? Did you note if the Slate-coloured male was fat? How interesting with the return Black-cap. I presume you quoted Lucie's note upon first banding and what particularly interested me was her remark that it was moulting in March. Black-caps are not supposed to be moulting in the spring. I have always found a losing of the body feathers from the end of January to about the middle of March, but I have not been able to establish a definite regrowth of feathers for lack of a magnifying glass. So long as we have no such proof of a replacement of the feathers lost, Godfrey will not accept the theory of a spring moult in Chickadees, of course rightly so. I would like to know more about Lucie's findings in this respect, if this happened with only one bird or many and at what time. Did you note the fat deposition in the Chickadee? If fat, it may be presumed to be on migration north especially if you get it again and find a notable difference in weight, the bird being on a stop-over and laying on migration fat at your bountiful tables. Did you measure the wing? It sounds to me as this little bird was a female. Did she, it, give the "weasel-note", you know that note which is given when disturbed in the nest? My theory is that only female Black-caps give this note. All my females give it at one time or another and I mark it on their cards immediately. But sometimes I get one with "undetermined" wing length, that is between 65 and 68 mm, or indeed one with a "male" wing length, 68 and over, that gives the same "special note" (s.n.) and of course I cannot then be sure of the sex unless I kill the bird and dissect it. And this, as you know, we won't do.

We have been looking for Mr. Crich, but perhaps he does not intend coming here before the spring. What is his address, I would like to send him a little note and say how delighted we would be to welcome him to the Loghouse Territory.

I am so happy not only that Murray is willing to serve as adviser to my heirs but also that he is now "putting his house in order". Yes, I think it is a good thing to save confusion at the emergency. I will let you in on a secret that only Len knows. In case he dies before me I have willed the land and the Loghouse to the FON with no strings attached. I thought I could do no better, since none of my nieces or nephews would have any use for it. It might be a wonderful thing for the FON to keep this sanctuary intact and to have their own place to go to for their schools and studies. For this reason I am almost sorry we do not intend to die very soon, if we can help it. Thirty more years seems an awfully short time in covering all that you and I have to do before we have finished, indeed, indeed. As Margaret always says, one has to compromise and separate the essentials from the less essential with intelligence and then concentrate on the essentials. We have both decided that the "mundane" is the less essential and we are sorry that we cannot do like two Chinese who lived in a house until it got too dirty and then moved to another. And yet, I can't let a dish be a dish until it is washed and put away. It weighs on my mind.

Now I must get on with the "Fawn". Oh, yes, I must say that I think your way of guiding your club members on the right road to nature study is cleverly and well planned. Can you imagine I have to get a new type-writer. After 17 years this one is entirely worn out. I am getting a small Underwood. In Illustrated London News I found interesting photographs ~~and an article~~ about ~~the~~ Peter Scott and his work of banding at the Severn Wildfowl Trust. If you would like to see it, I can send it to you. Love, love, love, from us two to you two

Louie.



THE BLUE JAY

Officially and bluely dressed
With black string tie and snowy vest,
A Sunday cop, from top of tree,
Screamed his shrill authority.
Sparrows got together, noted
Not a single one had voted.
Crows ignored the self-selected,
Uninvited, un-elected
New official. Stop and go,
Traffic, roof to fence to bough
Flowed around him. All alone
He ruled upon his swaying throne.

BIANCA BRADBURY in the
New York Herald-Tribune

db

Received Mar. 27. Answered Mar. 27.

Ruthergien, Ontario, March day indeed, squalls, winds, broken clouds and incredibly bright spots.

24th,1952.

Dearest Doris: Your letter contained many exciting items and I am writing today, Monday, before getting involved in the week's labours. First then, let me thank you heartily for having again used up precious moments of your time on one of my MSS. I found the little piece read quite well after its absence. Yes, I think I will try it out on Nature Mag. I expect nothing of it, but sometimes persistency pays. I have a feeling that the Blackburnian is written more in the style they want than my other stories were. I shall get it off as soon as possible.

Thank you for Crich's address, I shall drop him a little line. I did not know he was a school teacher. At Easter it might be too dirty around here, the break-up, you know. But I want him to know that he is welcome whenever he cares to come. On the Thursday before Good Friday we expect Jimmy. He wrote and asked if he might stay over night on his way to Josephine, where his children are. We are happy. Jimmy is all right, he has the right grip on things, but it has been a hard and perplexing experience to come through.

Pray, dearest Doris, do not labour under the impression I have FINISHED my indexing job. Far from it. But it crEEEEEPs ahead, little by little, and each folder put back in with all its contents on a string in the cardfile is like many lost sheep suddenly all found again. I am just at my 4th folder of Speirs letters. And again, I repeat, what an amazing lot of good writing, good thoughts, good information, they contain! It is pure enjoyment doing those folders. I index only according to content, thus one letter or reprint may be indexed in several places. One index is exclusively ornithological with headings grouped according to species, Cardinal; Grosbeak, Evening; for instance, and special subjects, such as Moult, Migration, etc. I have not yet had really good occasion to test how well the system works, but I shall give you a report later. I always thought that Dory Houston would come here one day and teach me the fundamentals, she was an expert. But, alas, this was not to be. You are very lucky to have your darling Barbara to help you, you need it too, your library and files are much more extensive than mine. And yet, you know, thanks especially to Margaret, I am really accumulating not so little at all. Give Barbara my very best love, please!

(not sipped)

All your news about the MNOC has been drunk up with greatest avidity. I am pleased you find my reports useful. How wonderful with your library! I am enclosing 2 reprints and 3 Audubon under separate cover. If any of the magazines are dublicating what you already have, perhaps you would return when convenient. I even think it is fine you are in the "red", so I enclose a small contribution.

Now about talks and papers. I am nearly finished with the scientific edition of the Blackburnian data. In my last letter to Margaret I offered it to her for the Wilson Bull. if she thought Dr. Sutton would accept it. I had told her about them once and she asked me to write them up, as well as the Kingbird incidents. Your suggestion now that I give it at the MNOC when I come down next fall has put me in a quandary. (Here come the deer!) (Four, imagine, there are 4 now, mama, papa and two wee ones, Galahad, because he is the bravest, and White Patch)(Enclosed a snap of Galahad). It is now a question whether the study would not do more good for the MNOC than for the WOC, I mean the publishing of it. As to my reading of the paper to the MNOC, I think that is a splendid idea, if you, when you see it, think it is really a worth while work. With regard to the printing it in Nicsia, therefore, will you let me think that over for a little! Perhaps, if Margaret does want it, the Kingbird notes would be acceptable to you as a substitute?

I did not know it was an Annual meeting, Dr Gunn wanted me for. I thought it was only an ordinary meeting that they had ever so often. Anyway, I could not afford to make two trips a year, and I am so hoping that I can persuade Len to take a little holiday too, if only a few days, he has not seen his sister since the beginning of the war. Heartiest, warmest thanks for your invitation to Cobble Hill. Len's coming would not prevent me from

being with you, because he would want to stay with his sister at least one or two days. (And then they all went, flags aloft). We shall only have to time it right, since I take it you will go to Baton Rouge?

The other day we had the visit of two perfectly charming people, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Heslop from Sturgeon Falls. He is with the Abitibi. Both keenly interested in birds and nature, they came early and stayed for dinner, we had tea with Pidge (for the sake of the ducks). It was really a most agreeable Sunday. They wrote the day after and invited us and Pidge to Sturgeon some day. They also allowed me to suggest them for membership in the FON, they are associates of the ACU. They said they would go down to the FCN meeting, so please look for them and take care of them a little for me. Not that they need being taken care of, quite people of the world, but I mean friendly-like.

Your suggestion to talk of the Loghouse Territory seems good to me. I have already drawn up a mental synopsis. I think I shall work it out and have it ready, it will always come in useful some day for whomsoever. Please tell me (how many times have you done so already), how many words can be said in how many minutes? In other words, how many words should a paper contain to last, say, 15 or 20 minutes?

Personal items. The Danish nephew is going to marry Joyce Fosdick shortly, with the parents' exceedingly benevolent consent. I am very happy for the nephew, Len thoroughly approves, we think he is a very lucky person. Joyce is perfectly charming, and everybody seems to have become contaminated with the happiness of these two young people.

With love to both from us,

Louie

Somebody said they had seen a Killdeer in all this snow at Powassan. Len thought the farmer really knew what the bird looked like. Could be - with all these turbulent moving airmasses. But I am not overly eager to accept so "loose" a report as authentic. Here we had only a rather perceptible increase of Crows.

Received April 12.
Answered " 13

Rutherglen, Ontario, April 9, 1952.

Dearest Doris:

Here I am sitting and waiting for Jimmy who is due to arrive at any time. We have really got spring today, the waters are trickling, the snow is sinking, Downy is "laughing", the ice is floating, the deer don't come any more, nor the Canada Jays, the Crows are cawing, the jets are thundering, invisible demons, and newly arrived resident Robins sang sweetly, meditatively, from their respective territories. It is all very beautiful, full of promise, a little nostalgic as one grows older. In order to get something said before Jimmy arrives, I shall abandon the poetic prose and get down to business.

I am absolutely filled with admiration over your work with the IWOC. You certainly have a gift for such things and a leadership talent that is bound to bring you success. Your enthusiasm is contagious, your purposefulness respect-giving, your seriousness and perseverance inspiring. Hence you get your members with you willy-nilly. It is very fine and I am sure that this club is going to do wonderful work in every field into which its members eventually will venture.

You cannot have been very deep in the red when so humble a contribution as mine got you out of it. Gwen Taylor is full of sense, and of generosity, give her my special warmest greetings. How wonderful with the Aurora Wing, such a lovely name. Perhaps there will be more Wings spreading out over the country. I am enclosing my monthly report.

Margaret has also sent me Crip, come home and I am reading it now. It is gentle and fluent writing that touches the heart. She is also sending me Sherman's book, she is indeed totally spoiling me with her bounty and I have racked my brain to think of anything I could do for her. So I have decided to knit her a little scarf, something that I have done with mine own hands, thinking of her. She has now got the Blackburnian study, not the story. She says that it ought to go to the Wilson Bull., but that you can reprint it in the Nicea if you wish. At any rate, I shall read it for the club when I come down and give you a reprint if it gets published. It got to be quite a long write-up when I got down to manipulating the data, and that with nearly no repetitive references in the two versions. The Nature Magazine accepted the story by return of mail, followed by cheque, the amount of which, however, was somewhat of a disappointment. Audubon would have accepted it too, and financially I lost out on the deal. Nevertheless, knowing now what kind of material they like, I may be glad some day for an additional outlet. I am now thinking of offering Audubon chapters of the Loghouse Territory as I get them written, I am aching to get on with that now instead of the child's book. That has to be written xxx, it has all matured inside, low down.

Not counting Crows and Starlings, migrating birds began to arrive here on March 30. The first two species were unique in the annals of this observer, a Killdeer and a Herring Gull, neither Robin, Junco nor Song Sparrow. They came a day or two later. The warm spell brought in 8 species from March 31 - April 4, Marsh Hawk, Robin, Northern Shrike, Redwings, Juncos and Song Sparrow, apart from the first two. The first Junco was my very own Reddy, 5 years old this summer. Then there was a halt in the migration as NW winds blew, but today brought Grackles and perhaps more birds tomorrow.

The Clarke article was to me depressing. Contemplation of humanity's selling out its heritage, the grave facts of our destructive living, the abysmal ignorance and maljudgment that prevent constructive action, fill my heart with an aching kind of woe. I agree with Mr. Clarke in some things, but not in that conservation, the creating of a preserve, the saving of the wilderness, ought to be undertaken only if many wish it. How much land and wilderness would have been preserved today, had it not been for a few who not only saw the need but who acted and won by sheer willpower and conviction! Nor do I agree that all, nearly, naturalists are sentimental asses that go nuts over a place where they saw a certain bird. Nor do I agree that killing for pleasure is either a need or beneficial. It is so utterly different from hunting for food, which all animals do, and nutures in the human being its refined brutalisms, examples of which are legion and too nauseating to relate. If we want to "manage" anything in the altogether perfect evolution of things existent, let us then first make sure that no land is stripped bare and dead and

then
~~not~~ scientifically resurrected to a proper phase of living and let us then not prevent the natural controls to act adequately instead of substituting with, amongst many things, such means as "blood sports". I thought of writing something in answer, then thought better of it. I am living to learn that to get into arguments and controversion in whatever way, is a waste of good thought and equanimity of mind. And here I shall end.

All my love,

Louise

Rutherglen, Ontario, April 17, 1952.

Dearest Doris:

Your letter of the 13th just perused with greatest interest. The suggestion about the day-long observation stumped me at first, as I felt I could not possibly undertake anything so strenuous alone. But thinking it over, I found two reasons why it ought to be done. One is that it is feasible with help, and although it would involve my having to house and feed Hazel Petty for 2½ days (she is a bit heavy on the take-off) it would probably be worth while. The second reason is that it would afford me an opportunity to do such a study on the singing of the Red-eyed Vireo, which is a subject I have often wanted to investigate much more thoroughly than I have been able to heretofore. Then, generally speaking, I think these very complete investigations are of utmost importance and should be incorporated in the research of every worker far more often than it is, whether from lack of patience or from lack of opportunity,(which latter is my trouble since my house and husband won't run themselves while I gaze at birds). I have always an uneasy feeling that longer observations might often change important data quite a bit. So, bar accidents, sickness or death, I shall get Hazel Petty down and we shall study the singing of a Red-eyed Vireo from dawn till dusk, on May 25.

I am sending you herewith the copy of the finished version of the Blackburnian study. Margaret has critically read it and her suggestions are incorporated. You will see that chages have occurred in the male's feeding after the female was took. When I looked over the material for the umpteenth time, I found an extra feeding in a place where there shouldn't have been one,and this made quite a difference at this very important point. Luckily this discovery was made before I sent off the MS to Nature Magazine and, I think, adequately corrected. I meant to ask you last time for your data on the Magnolia Warbler you studied at Beckwith, was it? Or Southbay Mouth? Have you anything on the incubation, average on and off periods, percent attentivity? Have you anything on average brooding periods on and off, feeding by male and by female, rate of feeding, how many young fed at each visit, size of meals, for the 1st, 3rd and 4th days of nest-life? It would be interesting to see how it would compare with what I have written on this subject, even though it may be too much to include in the paper. Any suggestions, corrections and criticism on the paper will be warmly welcome and gratefully accepted. I did not like to send it in without your seeing it and I am holding the original until I hear from you. The reason why I did not send it, is that this copy is easier handled. Best if you would be good enough to write your corrections and suggestions on a separate piece of paper, the yellow paper is not very good and smudges easily.

Your notes on the Crows interested me deeply. This triangle of birds at a nest is interesting and the amity of the two pairs of the same species, I wonder if this is peculiar to the Corvidae? With the Canada Jays I was often surprised about 3 of them going together, coming to the feeding place together,and going off together in the same direction. In this case,it was a loose female that went with the first pair. The female of this pair did not chase the loose female, but the female of the second pair did chase this female when they happened to meet at the feeding station. Nor did the male of the first pair chase this female, but he chased the male of the second pair whenever they met at the feeding place. I regret infinitely that for the life of me I could not locate the nesting grounds of either the first or second pair. The first went off westwards from here and the second due south. Far and near in these directions I have searched, but to no avail. So I do not know whether the loose female lost herself on the way to the first pair's nesting place in her own nook somewhere, or whether she stayed with the pair in the capacity of a friend of the family. I am definitely under the impression that the Corvidae are given to various rituals and ceremonies in their conjugal relationships. The Canada Jays often touched each other with their bills, as if caressing each other. Perhaps it is a pleasure to them, as it is to us, gently to touch the"beloved". These ceremonies undoubtedly promote the development leading to the consummation of their relationship, tighten the bond of each to each other, and to their nest and young. The Corvidae "go together" apparently also in the off-seasons, I have often seen courtship-feeding of Blue Jays in mid-winter and approaches and attitudes

towards each other similar to what in us would denote devotion. I do not know if Crows have lice.

We were very happy over Jimmy's visit. We find he has changed a great deal, but he has suffered a great mental shock. His effort to be honest with himself and with his world is of a very high order. I only warned him not to become so immersed in his problem that he forgets to live, but luckily he realizes that this is a danger, whereby the temptation is already half conquered. It is not an easy situation for him, but there is a solution that answers all the purposes. His sister Joey is a very fine woman, exceedingly well-balanced and sensible. It is a wonderful good fortune that his children can be with her until he finds the proper decision for his own future life.

Today my own old Sapsucker returned, the red male. He was banded in 1949 with a sounding board for bait. I find that old birds are the quickest to return to their territories, bar of course "involuntary" delays. Every year this bird has been the second Sapsucker seen, my Myrtle Warbler was every year the first one to return, the Kingfisher of the South Bank also the first Kingfisher seen. What have you found? I have also found that a male returns to the territory he last occupied. I mean, if there was a change from one territory to another, a shifting of boundaries for whatever reason, he will not return to the first territory but to the last he left the previous year. This has happened with my Myrtle Warbler, a Chipping Sparrow, a Song Sparrow, and now the Sapsucker. There was a definite change last year and he occupied a territory about 300 feet from the one he had occupied during the previous 3 years, when he nested in the same tree. Today I did not find him in the old place, where I have found him all the other years, but in this new place, where he made himself very conspicuous to an intruder by drumming, ballooning and stalking. Doubtless this was enough at this stage, for the other one undertook evasive action.

I must stop. Dinner awaiting. I never have time to write ~~about~~ half the things I want to write about, before I have to stop.

Love as ever to you
from us, Louise.

Very interesting as to Abundobill

April 18, 1952

Dear Doris:

Here we are all lying about your mail box until you get back home from the Wilson meeting. Iwas so eager writing you yesterday that I not only completely passed over your sentence regarding your departure Apr. 22, but also forgot the Table which I enclose herewith.

If you get this before you start out, just leave everything. There is no hurry with the MS as everybody concerned will be away to the meeting anyway. I do hope you will have a wonderful time. I envy you a little, setting out in this blessed springtime on a trip through the country.

Love Lorine

answered

Rutherglen, Ontario, June 5, 1952.

Dear Doris and Murray:

This letter has been started and ~~finished~~ interrupted a hundred times, but perhaps this Saturday afternoon it will get finished. Thank you a million times for reading the Blackburnian MS with such care. I appreciate and also agree with all your suggested changes. No, the term arrival date is not satisfactory and I have often hesitated before writing it. Yet it is so frequently used by so many that its meaning is hardly misunderstood. Nevertheless, it is just as easy to say "date first seen or noted" and be absolutely accurate about it. I am also very glad for the correction of the distance and direction of Pimisi Bay from Toronto. I have often wished I knew the exact longitudinal and latitudinal position of Pimisi Bay. It would be so much better to use in scientific papers. How can I find out? Any MS written on yellow paper is not a final draft and may therefore be marked in pencil to any extent. At any rate, the Speirs' corrections are always the most discreet pencillings, as to which who would object! I am glad you liked my description of the song. Margaret sent me Saunders' latest edition on Bird songs for loan and I find that the section needs still some further adjusting. Perhaps I told you in the last note.

I am enclosing my preliminary write-up of the day-long watch. Now, is this the way Mr. Rollins desires it done, do you think? Will it matter that it was not done on May 27? What is he going to use all this material for? Is there anything in the way for my using it as I wish? Please answer these questions!

I think it would be excellent material for a story for Audubon, a little bit out of the ordinary, could be done very effectively if I get in the right mood. I need some more money. We are just getting the bits of land which we asked for to protect this strip of untouched forest from so called land"improvement". And they want such a lot for it; but Len is ready to go to any lengths for it. So we are stinging on everything to meet the bill.

You should see the "improvement" that is going on on the Peninsula. Men are slashing through the underbrush for the Department of Highways, laying all the forest bottom bare, destroying every Ovenbird and Thrush habitat. It broke my heart at first; now I do not look, but concentrate on enjoying our own sylvan luxuriousness, wherein all, also the earth, have cover and coolness. It is being made into a "park", many degrees better than a tourist camp, which is something to be grateful for.

Did you ever think that any Red-eyed Vireo would sing as much? Remarkable as it may seem, he was not hoarse when he brought his day to an end, just a little languid, perhaps sleepy. On the whole the study corroborates my other findings, although the persistency of the singing was a bit more than I would have expected at this period. Obviously, however, this male is a fast singer. The female came the next day and the silence from that quarter was conspicuous, judging from my listening with half an ear without counting "nothing". If you think it should go to Rollin, please look for bad sentences and unclear meanings before you return it.

I am over my ears in work, 3 MSS to prepare for the editors and a bookful of daily notes to transcribe, monthly report, etc. The field work is being done very sketchily, just the time when the most wonderful nests would undiscover themselves, unasked, and I would have no time to sit with them. Thus I have my first and the very cutest Black-throated Blue nest, with the little female, having laid 4 eggs, sitting deeep, deeep down in it; and one of a Wilson's Thrush placed on top of an old birch stump with a beautiful upstanding piece of birch bark protecting its rear. In that "scoop", the thrush all but disappears as it sets on two blue eggs; the third egg unaccountably fell on the ground, perhaps kicked out by the bird itself, and smashed. And just outside the Loghouse there is a holeful of Hairy Woodpecker young, red-cockaded and all but ready to lift their wings for the first time. The racket at feeding time drowns all other forest sounds. I expect 5 Hairy fathers and mothers soon to present



their year's crop of young at the feeding place. Later on, the same is to be expected by two pairs of Downies and Sapsuckers. The lard pie-dough is at a premium these days.

We started out with the finest infestation of Malacosoma disstria and I was looking forward to what was to happen next with greatest interest. But, lo and behold, the larvae then began dying by the millions. Whose fly was let out to play this trick upon them, I ask you, or was it just the ever-wise law of Nature that naturally and simply opened the door for the controls! When you stand under a tree that is being eaten by healthy larvae you find yourself under a rain of wee black dots of larval excreta. Healthy larvae spin threads upon which they descend on gossamer express lifts in search of other foraging grounds; hence when you walk through such a bush you are caught in this webbish network. The absence of these two things is almost conspicuous when you discover the deceased state of the larval crop. First sign is a cessation of wandering and a caking together of dense clusters of larvae on the trunks of the trees. Watching the larvae, you will then find many in a state of cramplike twitchings of heads and tailends, next comes lethargy as their insides are being eaten out, change of colour, finally death, and where the cake of larvae was a day or so ago there is now nothing left but empty dry skins stuck to the trunk by the two petrified hindmost sucking feet.

When the larvae were young the Hairy Woodpeckers, with their own young just hatched, foraged among them literally with gusto. For 10 minutes I watched one male Hairy return to a young aspen crawling with caterpillars 3 times, fill his bill with at least twenty each time, which he twitched to pulp in a dexterous manner as he picked them up one or two at a time. He almost cleaned the tree off before I left. Since I noticed the deceased state of the larvae, I have not seen birds eating them, though they may still. The Redwings are just hatching young and spend a good deal of time in infested trees. But when the caterpillars get together in these cakes, they spin their weavings around them; I don't know why unless it is an involuntary exudation of mastic brought on by their condition. This serves the warblers well and I have seen Chestnut-sided, Blackburnians, as well as Red-eyed Vireos, sit on these cakes of caterpillars and tear off billfuls of this marvellous sticky and adhesive webbings for their nest-making. How wonderfully well each serves the other in Nature, an everlasting pattern of perfect coordination, none to do without the other, nothing without an end or a purpose!

And with this I leave you for today. I celebrated the anniversary of our meeting 8 years ago on May 24, 1944. There have been many changes since then in the territory, trees have grown up, territorial occupants have gone and returned no more, leaving the land vacant for to or three summers. But 'round and 'round she goes, and there is once more a new Mourning Warbler singing behind the house and another shy Song Sparrow, after little Melodia, sitting on four lovely eggs under a dry cedar twig out on their little peninsula near the Point.

Fuchest love. Louise

I forgot to tell you that Len and I went to see Hoffmann's Tales the other day. We both enjoyed it so thoroughly that we did not regret driving 50 miles and staying up long into the night. It was the best and most beautiful film performance I have seen, and knowing all the Russians I rate Moira Shearer absolute perfection in technique and artistry.

The BG records and monthly report will come with the next letter.

Copy MNOC

JULY 1952 REPORT ON BIRDS AT PIMSI BAY, ONTARIO

by Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

Weather: Twenty days were mainly sunny and 11 cloudy. On 27 days the daily noon temperature was higher and on 4 days lower than the Normal Mean for the month, which is 67.0 degrees F. Temperatures of or above 90 degrees F. were recorded on July 3, 5 to 8, 13 and 14, with a maximum reading of 94 degrees F. on July 7, 8 and 13.

Feeding station: Up to the middle of the month the number of Hairy Woodpeckers making regular visits was very great and of these 10 juveniles were caught and banded. A young of one pair of Downy Woodpeckers was brought to the station on July 9 and the first young Yellow-bellied Sapsucker on July 12. Towards the end of the month the number of Hairy Woodpeckers decreased by half and only one female Downy Woodpecker and a pair of Sapsuckers with young continued to frequent the station. The number of flocks and individuals of the Black-capped Chickadee increased during the last days of the month.

Nesting: Judged by the numbers of young birds which were seen in the area during the last two weeks of the month, the nesting in general terminated comparatively early and with an unusual high percent success. The numbers of young Hermit and Wilson's Thrushes, Northern Waterthrushes, Mourning Warblers, Northern Yellowthroats and White-throated Sparrows were especially notable. Two main causes for this are conjectured: the warm and dry weather throughout the season and a low density of bird populations in the area. As a consequence, the post-nuptial moult also began earlier and was simultaneous in a greater number of birds than noted in other years, when the nesting seasons have been more prolonged and the moulting of the birds accordingly staggered. Further evidence of the rapid progress is furnished by the Red-eyed Vireos, of which 6 pairs nested in my study area. These 6 males went silent almost at the same time, denoting an early and simultaneous beginning of the moult, while in other years the cessation of song of this vireo usually is so staggered as to be hardly noticeable. That all but one of the 6 pairs were seen conducting begging young through their territories before the end of July is additional confirmation of the point in question.

Migration: In appropriate relation to the above circumstances, the first southward movement of Warblers was noted on July 30, 5 to 10 days earlier than in other years.

Finches: At the very end of the month, small flocks of from 2 to 13 individuals of Pine Siskins and Red Crossbills began to appear. The balsam firs and and white spruces are showing a moderate number of green cones.

Eve. Gros. records filed.

Rutherglen, Ontario, July 12, 1952.

Dear Doris and Murray:

I really went about expecting to have you walk into the Loghouse during the long July 1st weekend. All the same, this letter is long overdue, which circumstance I beg you to overlook. But can any of us be held responsible for delays of this involuntary kind these days of growth and nesting, when our lives are filled with living to the brim?

I am enclosing the monthly report for the MNOC, also two other things that I thought might interest you, a letter from Harrison Lewis and an excerpt from a letter to Margaret from Dr. Skutch, just in case she did not send to you to read. The joy and happiness of Dr. Lewis is so contagious and delightful. Dr. Skutch's comments on conservation as always thought-provoking and beautifully expressed and, personally, I was delighted to find my own "crazy thinking" to such an extent reciprocated. No doubt you saw Elder's and Kirkpatrick's article in the Wilson Bulletin and rejoiced as I did on the plain speaking based on such array of fine facts. I wrote to Elder and told him so and got a charming letter in reply. Amusingly enough from Delta, where he had been together with Margaret. In nearly every paragraph I found things in his article to underline heavily, such as the expression "this latest blasphemy against nature" and about the importance of predation on early nests, prolonged and staggered nesting season, the concept of inversity, etc.

Then I want to say, congrats on your fine contribution to Ebba News, Doris, on the juvenal plumage of the HG. Having seen so many young things of the dear species, I never cast a thought upon any difficulty in separating the sexes at the earliest age. We did too many drawings of them, remember! It seems we have again got the better kind of editor for this little journal. Have you heard what happened to Geoffrey Gill?

Thank you for the information on the day-long survey and for your comments on my particular efforts. I have not had time to touch it yet, but will by and by. So I shall send Rollins the data and then publish my own account somewhere and also do a story for Audubon out of it. I think there is enough to satisfy all 3 metamorphosises, if adequately handled. I do hope that you will let me see your results on your Starlings, preferrably have a copy of your data if this is not asking too much. I am very much thinking of inaugurating a rule of such a day-long survey at least once a year, if I can induce the cooperation of Hazel Petty. The only time when you really know what is going on in the field is when you sit and sit, and sit, seeing and hearing all there is to see and to hear. If you can do that well, you exercise the most perfect kind of objectivity. And to the soul, that, in my opinion, is the greatest kind of satisfaction, in other words, living.

Is it a special parasite, or many kinds, that attack the Tent caterpillar? I thought my notes on the infestation here might be useful for the Wood Duck, they will probably ask for something before long. This man who writes in McLean's talks of the Mexican Horse Fly? Can you describe this insect? I am sure I have seen it. Personally I am convinced of the effectiveness of the control in this region without waiting for next spring. The bush is full of larval envelopes, I have opened thousands with nary a one containing a live pupa, all dried-out dust, and tree trunks are decked with "knots", "dots", of deceased worms. There will be another chapter added in the June report. And then you will be glad for your Starlings.

Thank you very heartily for the longitudinal and latitudinal determination of Pimisi Bay. In scientific articles, I think that is far better to use than longdrawn descriptions of distances, etc., don't you?

I am a little sorry that you have decided to share the glory of the HG revelations, yet full of admiration that you are great enough inside to do

it with this apparently worthy young collaborator. Margaret always emphasizes that only by working together, comparing, increasing our knowledge with the work and thinking of others do we truly contribute to the great search for truth. That, she says, is progress. Therefore, the honour of the doing is of less import than the quality of the work. And you must be pretty sure of the scientific integrity of Mr. Packard. Yes, I have seen his reports in the EG Survey. Imagine 2000 cards on anything! What a collection of facts and work! And yet, have you any full sequence on the nesting life of the EG's, except your interrupted one at Wall's farm?

There must have been a pair of EGs nesting somewhere south of Pimisi Bay. On May 1st I saw the first bird of the year, rather heard it, going over the Loghouse. May 6 there is a record of 2 birds going over calling in the same direction as the first one S or SE. May 14, one bird called E of Pimisi Bay bridge, or in the direction where they may have been nesting. Two birds flew over Pimisi Bay on May 18 from this direction. May 19, a bird heard calling at Bonfield (no connection with these other birds). May 20, two birds, he and she, feeding in poplar in Green Wood across the highway from the garage, churring softly. May 21, one called just above the Loghouse, that was all. May 22, two birds sat in top of pine above the Loghouse called and departed. May 23, two birds called again behind the Loghouse. May 26, one bird called near the garage. June 2, one bird, looked like a male, came flying along the highway eastwards, calling loudly. One called from trees at Big Hill on June 5, then flew east. And again on June 7, a bird came to the trees near the garage, then flew away. June 11, two birds came to the trees at the garage, sat and churred, but I could not get eye upon them in the dense foliage before they departed. June 12, an unbanded male alighted in a "caterpillar tree" at the garage and ate what appeared to be one or two Tent Caterpillars. He flew down on the road evidently to pick grit, a car came, and he flew off in the direction of the railroad. June 15, one bird flew over the Loghouse, calling. And this was the last I saw or heard of them. By this time, it may presumed, the young hatched, or the nest was destroyed, and the changed circumstances led the birds in other directions.

And now I must go and get Len, and it is Saturday and our holiday begins. And so I shall say goodby to you, dear Doris and Murray. My holiday plans for the fall are fading, so it should be a case of the profets coming to the mountain.

Love, love,

Louise

What do you hear from Marion and her children? I have often wondered about them.

July 24, 1952.

Dear Louise:

Would it be convenient for you if Murray, Shebe and I came to Pimisi Bay the week-end of Civic Holiday? We could get to the Log-house in the afternoon of Saturday, August 2, and be with you until Monday morning, August 4. If the guest house is occupied, we could put up in one of the cabins at L'Amable du Fond River, as we did when Margaret was with us two summers ago. If we came to your guest house we would bring our own bedding including pillows and sheets. We do hope that this particular week-end will be a convenient one for you. It will be so wonderful to see you. We shall bring fruit and fresh vegetables with us. Please let us know anything else you would like us to bring.

I don't know how to answer your very good letter of July 14. First of all, thank you for letting us read Dr. Lewis' enthusiastic letter about his new environment. He sounds like a man new-born, with new life and new vision. There is a radiance through the whole epistle. Iris and her family have been here for over a week (they left last evening) and Iris made a copy of the letter for our files. We felt that you would not mind. Iris also made me a copy of Dr. Skutch's letter to Margaret Nice, or, rather, of the extract which you sent us and which we are now returning. Dr. Skutch's thoughts are so sane as well as profound...and simple. In writing to members of the KWOC recently I have quoted your comments after reading the Skutch extract. "The only time when you really know what is going on in the field is when you sit and sit, and sit, seeing and hearing all there is to see and hear. If you can do that well, you exercise the most perfect kind of objectivity. And to the soul, that, in my opinion, is the greatest kind of satisfaction; in other words, living." Now, just in case you have not a carbon copy of your letter to me, you have now in this letter this quotation. These are words of wisdom which you have written. Gwen Taylor wrote me: "Tell Louise, the art of sitting still will come gradually with the peace of the country. We have both led very active lives (she and her husband) and when I sit and gaze, I find I am apt to leap with a guilty feeling; but we shall carefully cultivate an ease of mind." (Did you know that Gwen's nice husband has had a thrombosis and nearly passed on? He is better now and retiring from business. They left on Monday for the west. They have bought a beautiful piece of property 40 miles from Victoria on Vancouver Island, right over the sea. (I mean looking over the sea.) There they will build. There she hopes to make her study of chickadees, and will have a banding station. Both she and her husband are reading the Purple Martin study which Margaret has sent them. Her husband is getting very interested in birds. I visited them twice before they left. They lent me Frank Stuart's "Findings" on the life history of the Pintail--a most thrilling book. You could have it.)

Thank you for your kind remarks on my letter in WORLD BIRDS. I saw 6 or more juvenals at Camp Billie Bear last week-end, and although some of these young birds were still begging from their parents, there was never any doubt as to which sex each and every one belonged to: the young males had such conspicuous wing-patches, and no [illegible] on the tail. We have not heard what has happened to Geoffrey Hill.

Enclosed are our notes on the day-long study of a pair of nesting Starlings. As this is our only copy will you keep it for us until our visit with you, when we shall pick it up? It was certainly a most interesting, if exacting, experience. The number of feedings given did amaze us, even as you were amazed at the number of songs given by your Red-eyed Vireo.

The forest tent caterpillar defoliation was very marked in the east end of Algonquin Park when we were there on July 1. It looked like early spring there, with the trees just coming out. At the west end of the Park, in Mature forest, there was little sign of defoliation. Three diptorous flies are parasitic on the forest tent caterpillar. Dr. Henning of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, is an authority on these flies. I do not know his initials, but there is only one Dr. Henning in the Department of Entomology, at O.A.C. Your observations were very interesting to us, and would be to Dr. Henning.

Thank you for the Evening Grosbeak data. Surely a pair must have commenced nesting activities not far from the Loghouse. I wonder what happened after June 15th. But you may have more news for us later. Perhaps young birds will appear. No, I have no full sequence on the nesting life of the Evening Grosbeak except the one made at Mr. Ivor's aviaries. There were young already in the nest at the Wall Farm, and also at the nest in Algonquin Park. I am still hoping to get to a nest when the female is incubating; or better still, to find a nest in construction, and follow right through until the young leave the nest. Dr. Bent hopes too that such a nesting study may be made before that volume of the Fringillidae goes to press. I am up to my ears in grosbeak work, and making some progress.

Thank you for the May report on the birds at Pimisi Bay for the MNOC. We also have found Black-throated Green Warblers scarce this year; Least Flycatchers abundant. On July 1, driving from Combermere home, we listed just 5 Black-throated Greens, but 32 Least Flycatchers. On June 30, Buckshot Lake to Combermere we listed 6 Black-throated Greens and and 33 Least Flycatchers. You might be interested in Indigo Bunting numbers. Little highway spraying was noted in the regions where we drove: June 30: 25 Indigo Buntings: July 1, 30 Indigos.

Marion (now Mrs. John Harwood) is very happy. She has been doing quite a little painting in England, and exhibited on the Thames Embankment recently. She is able to see her daughter Nancy (Mrs. Peter Dickens) often, which makes her happier still. David is now taking an officer's training course near Winnipeg. In the fall he is going to start taking an electrical engineer's course at the University of B.C. He loves the west: has been living with his best "boy friend" whose mother is a friend of Marion's. He is over 6 feet tall and has just had his 18th birthday.

We are very sorry that your holiday plans for the fall are fading. All the MNOC members wanted to meet you; and we to have you here. Now the prophets must go to the mountain! Sometime all the MNOC members may be landing up at the Loghouse for a day. They have been so enjoying your articles in AUDUBON MAGAZINE, etc.

This letter is so long that I have missed the mail: shall get it into the box though now.

Much love to you and best wishes to Len,

Rutherglen, Ontario, Saturday, July 27, 1952.

Dearest Doris:

Just a word immediately upon receipt of your fine sweet letter to tell you that the Green House will be all awaiting your arrival next Saturday. No need to take bedding.

I have a good market garden at Bonfield which I visit on Fridays, so I shall have most of the vegetables needed. If you should wish to bring anything you like especially, that would be fine, but it is not necessary. The only thing that would be nice is a tin of shrimps or other seafood that you like, so that we all might indulge in a luxury salad. Also I think you like cream cheeses better than the limburger variety Len and I eat with such relish. We have several jars of the limburger.

I am impressed no end of the starling study. We shall talk of all those things when you come. Meanwhile, a huge welcome from us both

As ever,

Louie

Copy for MNOC

AUGUST 1952 SUMMARY OF OBSERVATIONS ON BIRDS AT PIMISI BAY, ONTARIO

by Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

Weather: Eighteen days were mainly sunny and 12 cloudy. (Weather observations were incomplete on one day) On 19 days the daily mean temperature was higher and on 11 days lower than the Normal Mean for the month, which is 64.8 degrees F. Temperatures of or above 80 degrees were recorded on Aug. 1, 15, 20, 25 through 28, and 31. Warm fronts passed through the region on Aug. 4, 15, 25, and 31; cold fronts Aug. 5, 16, and 29.

Feeding Station: Daily or frequent visitors during the month were: 8 to 12 Hairy Woodpeckers, 1 to 2 Downy Woodpeckers, 1 to 2 juvenile Yellow-bellied Sapsuckers, 2 to 3 flocks of Black-capped Chickadees of from 4 to 8 individuals each, 2 pairs of moulting adult Slate-coloured Juncos, 1 pair of moulting adult White-throated Sparrows, of which one disappeared, as well as a couple of juveniles, and 2 Ovenbirds, of which one disappeared.

Migration: On Aug. 4, migrants calling overhead before dawn were heard for the first time (J.M.Speirs). Notable movements of birds occurred on Aug. 7, 8, 9, 14, 19, 20, 21, 26, 28, and 31. Peak dates: Rose-breasted Grosbeaks Aug. 6; Eastern Kingbirds, Eastern Phoebes, Chestnut-sided Warblers, juvenile Wilson's Thrushes Aug. 7; Chipping Sparrows Aug. 8; Nighthawks, Eastern Kingbirds, Least Flycatchers, Warblers Aug. 14; Ruby-throated Hummingbirds Aug. 18; Warblers Aug. 20; Cliff Swallows Aug. 26; Yellow-shafted Flickers and Chipping Sparrows Aug. 28. The flights of Nighthawks on Aug. 14 and of Cliff Swallows on Aug. 26 were especially remarkable and larger than hitherto recorded in the region by this observer. The Nighthawks came over Rutherglen and Bonfield between 6.30 and 8 p.m., going in SW direction. The Cliff Swallows "darkened" the sky over Bonfield at 5 p.m. and they went in an almost due southerly direction.

Abundance: A marked increase in the numbers of Wood Ducks, American Sparrowhawks, Least Flycatchers, Savannah Sparrows and Chipping Sparrows was noted. Red-breasted Nuthatches were first seen July 29 and appeared in increasing numbers towards the end of August, frequenting the tops of the balsam firs in particular, where the cones had been partially opened by the red squirrels. On August 14, Common Starlings were observed coming in to Bonfield to roost. Flocks came from all directions, finally to unite into one huge mass of birds, which must have contained over a thousand individuals. This and other observations indicate that the species has increased considerably in this region.

Scarcity: was noted in Black-throated Green Warblers and, especially, in Black-poll and Cape May Warblers. Parula and Connecticut Warblers were not seen.

Finches: In certain sections Pine Siskins and Red Crossbills were seen in gatherings of 1 to 15 individuals. Appearance of Evening Grosbeaks very spotty.

Rare bird: An Osprey was seen flying over Bonfield on August 27.

Rutherglen, Ontario, August 11, 1952.

Dear Doris and Murray:

Were not the promptness of your letter following your visit here foremost such a sweet way of telling us you loved it, I would say it was the most perfectly polite way of doing things, imaginable. Let me then tell you that, in turn, we loved you for it and for coming all that long way to stay with us and be with us awhile. No less do we find it agreeable that the trip to you was satisfying; in review, that is precisely the uppermost feeling we have, too, of your visit, in spite of the fact that we shall never reach the bottom of the pit of things to discuss together. Perhaps that is one of the strongest ties in our friendship, this enormous width and breadth of our common interests.

We followed you all the way down in our thoughts and wished there were a way in which we could know at once that you had arrived home safely. We allayed our anxieties with the thought of Murray's eminently safe driving to get you through the week-end traffic hazards without mishap. We are very glad to have made Sheba's acquaintance, at long last. I never realized that the third member of the Cobble Hill family was so sympathetic a personality. Now when we say we love you, she is included therein too.

Fundamentally, I think we got a whole lot of good talking in during your visit, more, at any rate, than we have done for a long time. One reason for this is, I think, that I am getting to understand the basic things better, upon which rest our ornithological interests, I mean that less wording is necessary to say and to understand what we mean, mutually.

As you see from the report, migratory movements were noticed earlier than usual this year. Now I am quite sure that it was migrant thrushes that Murray heard that morning, because the next following days our territory was ~~been~~ simply overflowing with young thrushes of all kinds, Hermits, Wilson's mostly. With your permission I would like to use that date in my next monthly summary? A day or two after you left, I saw a small Flycatcher which had the feathers on the head ruffled, as if moulting. I want to ask, does anybody know whether Traill's moults before or during migration? It would be quite impossible to have seen an Acadian Flycatcher in these parts, would it not? Taverner says that it is "very rare in Canada and new records should be accepted only on the authority of experts". I doubt I would be expert enough to know for sure. Nevertheless, I saw the bird in full sunshine and, without having checked any references, was struck, first, by the moulting, if such it was, then by the unusually green tint of the back and prominent white wingbars of this bird. Even though I could not be sure of this bird, it is interesting to speculate on what it could have been. The bright sunshine may have made it look brighter than it was. What do you think?

The morning after you left, I go out at 5 a.m. to find Rosa Mephita in my drop trap, you know The Striped One. She stepped around in it most daintily, never tripping it, for which I was most grateful. She had a wonderful time around the Loghouse and stayed until 7.30 a.m., taking up much of our time and attention, naturally, that things went completely out of routine and Len was nearly late for work. Apparently she found my rolled-oat-concoction a fine dish. She ate all she could find of it and then searched for more. During this procedure very delicate situations arose, as when she mounted the cement steps and saw me gazing at her in the door window. This, luckily, did not even raise her tail, but then, all of a sudden, I had to race out the frontdoor to snatch the Kitty out of harm's way and, finally, when Len got an urge to visit Venice, I boldly baited her with pie-dough, a lump of which hit her squarely without undesirable effect. On the

whole, she had no objections to my joining her on the lawn, only sudden sounds, for instance the banging of the refrigerator door, made the plume go up. I thought Rosa Mephita a fine name, but Len says it could not have been a lady, since she had no young ones in train. In this he may be perfectly right, but I am at a loss to find an equally good name for a scented gentleman. We hope for another visit soon because we like the pretty creature and it (her, him) is very entertaining by the very unexpectedness of her (his, its) movements and reactions.

I have found and seen the first reference to any of my published work. It is in IBIS by Derek Goodwin in his very fine paper on the behaviour of the European Jay and he quotes my Canada Jay paper as being the only proved case of the incubation in a corvid being done by both birds, though, he says, "the possibility of both birds being females cannot perhaps be entirely excluded." I cannot deny it gave me a thrill.

Last but not least, some thrilling EG news. One of my birds of last spring was retrapped at Glastonbury, Hartford County, Connecticut by Mrs Olive S, Rhines.

This is all the information:

44-200213 Evening Grosbeak, adult female, taken at Pimisi Bay, March 13,1951, in a Potter's trap, bait sunflower seeds; time 8.00 a.m. Blue sky, temp 32 F.; wing 114 mm.; weight 58.6 gr.; fat: abdomen little, axilla medium, fur. little; bill green; colourbands brown over yellow (I think)

Retaken March 2, 1952 at Glastonbury, Hartford County, Conn. by Mrs. Olive S. Rhines, 1855 Main Street, Glastonbury.

If you write to her, do give me all the details you get from her, such as bands and condition of these. Unfortunately I had not started to look at the plumage according to Parks' specifications when I got her. I would also like to know the full significance of this return according to your studies.

And now I must end by telling you once more how wonderful it was to us that you came, and how we loved all you did and all you said, and we do hope we may repay your visit next fall, though we hope to see you again sooner. Meanwhile, our love,

As ever, Louise

On a morning of dismal pouring rain our first morning glory blossomed, a full blown baby-blue chalice with the most delicate lemon-coloured spathe (hope I am using the proper word), deep down at the bottom. If ten blooms had blossomed, we could never have enjoyed each one as we did this first one in the rain.

Do tell the MNOC's in your own words how welcome all and each one of them is to the Loghouse Territory whenever opportunity comes for them, all together or singly, to pay us a visit!

Tuesday, August 19. 1952

Dearest Doris:

This is just the shortest note to say, the interesting quotations arrived safely. I want to think this over properly and also to read the Udvardy papers when at peace. May I please keep these two things for a little while, not very long? Just at the moment I am at the all-day-virgo story and too many visitors, not birders, to distract. Birders never do.

I am glad the parcel reached you safely and thanks for the cloth. It would be very bad if an exchange of such little services between friends could not take place without refunding. Just look at all the good things you left here, we had the last of the last package of Frostade yesterday, enjoyed by Len especially.

For the last couple of days I have seen Len off at Kennedy Lake. One morning I was confronted by the beautifullest Wood Duck drake in eclipse plumage that swam about by his lonesome amongst the waterlilies and dipped and dabbed with his bill. This was the closest I have ever seen a WoodDuck. The most spectacular flight of warblers seen hitherto occurred on the same day, August 14, at this very place. What a grand thing it is to look at confusing fall warblers with Peterson's newest edition in the pocket! Most edifying. On that same date, Len and I saw the largest flight of Nighthawks we have ever seen. Counted 53. This was THE migration date, a day before the warm front that sucked warm air from the middle States into Ontario. (Metereologist, please don't laugh!) The next day came a cold front, but why the birds should have migrated on just that date I cannot explain. What do you think? Otherwise, migratory movements appear to be very spotty. But you will hear more in the next report. We also discovered the largest Starling roost in Bonfield. That is, the exact spot was not uncovered, we had not time, but we saw flock upon flock come in from all directions, join into one huge mass of birds, that must have contained well a thousand individuals, which all together swept and circled over the village, finally to drop down into a large solitary elm that stood on a slope just off some thick cedars. We are going in there soon to try to find it.

Love to both from us,

Louise

When married women achieve a certain standing in creative work I think it should be correct to address them by the name they are known by, independently of their husbands, bless the darlings. Don't you? To wit:

Margaret Morse Nice, Doris Huestis Speirs.

Rutherglen, Ontario, September 2, 1952.

Dearest Doris:

I am sending you my vireo-sing-all-day story, hoping you will have a wee spare minute some time to read it critically both from a literary and ornithological point of view. Do you think its is too factual and dry? I thought I would make a short resume of the scientific data of this study and send it to Godfrey for publication in Can. Field-Nat. under notes and comments, or whatever term they use. I think that all my vireo data should go to this publication, don't you? Read the MS at your leisure, I know how very busy you must be all the time.

Margaret asked me to send on the Ruth Thomas' clippings. There is something very readable and engaging in her way of writing things that keeps your interest going, I think. But it seems to me a mistake to quote reviews of her own book. Margaret will probably have told you herself that she is donating the Great Tit study to your MNOC Library. As soon as I have finished the Upvardy papers, I shall read it and then send it to you. Meanwhile, I am nearly half through the U. papers and I find them most interesting and informative. He often refers to Professor Einar Lönnberg who was a good friend of father's and whom I can remember from several visits at our home. I am also sending along the Goodwin paper on the Jay, which I thought would interest you. Margaret sent me two copies by mistake, I discovered this yesterday. So I shall tell her in my next letter and let you know if she wants it back. I was especially interested in his findings on dominance among paired birds. That the female becomes dominant during the nestlife of the young I think is true also of the Red-eyed Vireo and, if so, is the best explanation I have found hitherto of the strange behaviour of my Pair B-49 during their 3rd nesting.

With the greatest interest I have now gone through the quotations you sent me on the Problems of Migration. Rowan's thinking on this subject appeals to me most, as I think it does to you too. His theory as representing "a non-productive branch of the evolutionary tree of migration," speaking of the nomadic species, is very interesting, for I think we have to delve deep into the past no less than deeply into the physiological functions to find the ultimate in the drive of migration. How did the difference arise in the timing of the breeding seasons in the Crossbills and Pine Siskins and in the Evening Grosbeaks and Purple Finches? The two latter are confined to the spring and early summertime, while the Crossbills, in particular, may breed apparently at any time. But one asks, does any individual Red Crossbill have more than one breeading season in a year? How did Mr. Griscom know that the Crossbills he observed were the same birds? Did he know if they were of the same race, even? The sitka birds that Godfrey identified and which spent much of the winter and early spring here in 1950 were not in breeding condition, while the minor race, which I studied here, were. But that does not solve the migration question, nor what happens to make a bird breed at various times of the year. Don't you think Moreau's and Lack's studies of tropical birds are interesting in this light? Apparently food plays a certain role in the timing, and naturally so, but with all my very superficial knowledge of this fascinating question I have a feeling, a surmising, that all these things, photoperiodism, food availability, fat deposition, etc., are but small parts of the innermost truth, and perhaps the innermost truth about the migration drive is somewhere among the combined factors of the physiological and evolution. Why is it that the Hummingbirds and Ovenbirds north of here are already migrating, that is the migratory mechanism in them has already been set going, since they are invading our premises currently and well distinguished by their behaviour as well as lack of bands, while our resident Hummingbirds and Ovenbirds, distinguished by behaviour and bands, are not yet showing signs, even, of a migratory mood? Yet overnight it will happen. And when you start to think deeply into all these mysteries, it strikes you forcibly how very little even the most learned amongst us actually know. I think that Rowan's suggestion to ignore our avian nomads, the Crossbills, Evening Grosbeaks and Pine siskins, in connection with migration, photo-

periodism or otherwise, is the best to do to save us from further confusion. These birds are not migratory in the usual sense of the term, I agree fully, and their movements must be the result of a differently set-up mechanism to that of true migrants, in which food certainly, I agree with Griscom, plays a major part. What a pity I was not weighing birds and investigating their fat when the Crossbills and Pine Siskins were here. Perhaps Chickadees are something intermediate in this respect, some of them migrate in the true sense, some of them don't, maybe we can prove this some time, but all return to breed in a home locality. Do share with me any other interesting discussions on this subject that you may come across.

My unanswered correspondence is heaped high and I must leave you, always most regretfully.

Our love to you both

Louie

always

Does anybody know whether the Evening Grosbeaks actually "go to bed", head tucked under scapulars, as soon as they "retire" to their roosting localities in the early afternoon in winter? Or do they have a bit of social entertainment before they go to roost? It is apparently from innate habit, most probably originating in an ancestral way of living, perhaps boreal, perhaps tropical, that the Evening Grosbeaks eat sufficiently during the earlier part of the day to last them throughout the better part of the 24 hours. It is interesting to think that this behaviour is an atavism from a boreal origin, but we only know they disappear from our feeding stations, that is they cease feeding there. But suppose they did not have enough by the time they withdraw from there, don't you think that they would continue to feed there or elsewhere if food were available? I am also thinking of my Red-eyes, why do they awaken and retire so early in comparison with other birds? Why are the thrushes such early of the earliest risers and later than the latest go-to-bedders?

Rutherglen, Ontario,
September 13, 1952.

Dearest Doris:

One is imbued with the beauty of the weather and the land, these marvellous fall days. The display of bloom, grown out of this acid soil under the shade of our great pines, is incredible, were it not a fact. The magnificence of the sky-blue morningglories I cannot adequately describe. Imagine 30 blue chalices garlanded around the bird bath and then 30 more adorning the little pillar of green growth to the left of it, that emanated from one single seed.

Birds move very slowly in this weather. Apart from marvellous sights of Wood Ducks, there has been nothing startling. The first Lincoln Sparrow was seen Sept. 9. It will soon be coming to you. Broad-winged Hawks have been in evidence, not in flights, but sitting and spying in trees. The sweetest little Ovenbird walked (literally) into my trap on Aug. 23. It showed no fat, but was over the moult in shiny lovely plumage, so new, so new. I took it again on Sept 5 and still had no fat. I was much put out on my own and Dr. Wolfson's behalf. Time was going short and its own species were migrating through these parts in numbers. Surely, I said to myself, it is being very tardy with its migration preparations. Or don't Ovenbirds get fat? I got it again on Sept. 9, just 4 days later. Was it fat! Belly bulging, breast even and plump, and big wads under the armpits. It had gained 1.7 gr. and its fat was beautifully white, like lard. I had it in my hand and it looked at me with its deep-well large eyes. Ovenbirds are so lovely to handle because they are so still. I kissed it goodbye, I knew it would be gone soon. And it did go soon after with my green band on its right leg, for that was the last I saw of it. If it passes by Cobble Hill, give it my love again on the journey.

Doris, I wonder if you would help me with something? I am knitting a cape for Mother for Christmas, a beautiful warm one of wine-red wool. She loves wine-red. At the neck it should have a clasp, something to hook like a belt. One cannot find anything of this sort in North Bay. Do you think it could be found in Toronto, perhaps in one of those antique shops on Bloor or those small second-hand places, where one sometimes finds amazing things. Would you have it in mind when you pass places like that and perhaps go in and have a look? It should not cost more than 3 or 4 dollars. There is lots of time, I do not need to have it before the end of October. By this time I shall have the cape ready and be packing her parcel. You would earn my eternal gratitude if you would help me with this and, needless to say, I trust your taste implicitly.

I am sending you my summary for the MNOC. The EG data on cards, like the August records, seems to me much more practical and henceforth they will be done monthly at the same time as the summaries. When there are none, you will know there have been no birds.

I am endlessly intrigued by the plumages of the White-throated Sparrows. I think "immature" is a misnomer for the brown speckled plumages of this bird, except perhaps in first-year birds. Female BG-A was first banded when she returned in spring, most probably a first-year bird. She was in brown-speckled plumage. At the age of, at least, 4 years, she was still as completely "immature" as she was the first time I took her. Of course, a female White-throat can be known by the brown in the median stripe towards the nape. I have watched another female through her moult this year. She was first taken this spring as a beautifully marked bird in "mature" plumage. When her feathers began re-growing her plumage was distinctly "immature" and I was wondering if she would ever regain her beautifully "mature" plumage. Now she is over her moult and the metamorphosis has taken place. With the exception of the speckled brown at the base of the median stripe, her markings are clear black and white on the head and her breast beautifully mellow in greys, buff and dusky white without stripes. What is known of this peculiarity in the Whitethroat plumages? Apparently it is not due either to age or wear or sex; might it be blood strain?

Love and love. We have got Lorenz's book Solomon's Ring. It promises to be wonderfully fine and delightfully entertaining. If you have not got it, we will send it to you when we have finished with it.

Love, love again.

Louise

P. S. Mae Halliday unexpectedly appeared the last week of August. She stayed at Wonderland and remained only 2 days. In spite of all I heard, I shall visit Lucy as I planned. I do not think a friendship is worth anything if it can just be lifted off by anybody else's real or fancied experiences. On the other hand, I think that the MNOC's management of the vexed question was extremely diplomatic and well-bethought.

Rutherglen, Ontario, October 7, 1952.

Dearest Doris:

I have a horrible feeling that you are using too much of your precious time writing letters to me lately. But you may imagine how delighted I am to be in such close communication with you! Thank you for your last one of October 1. I am relieved that the valuable Upvardy papers arrived safely. I was also most gratified to find my EG recovery mentioned. That is interesting with the Algonquin Park bird also having been retrapped by her, I mean Mrs Rhines. I am not so surprised that my bird should be one March at Rutherglen and the next in Connecticut. The first one was one February at Presque Isle, Maine, and another February at Rutherglen. Are there any <u>returns</u> recorded for the EGs, I mean to their breeding grounds?

Herewith the EG notes for September and the Summary. I cannot imagine why I have not thought of writing the EG notes on cards before. Also why you did not tactfully suggest it?? How thrilling with your trip to Haliburton. Judging by the migration here since the middle of Sept.,you should have had fine birding. And how terribly exciting about the scooping bulldozer. It is not often that bulldozers do good scooping. Next time we come visiting you, you may have an improved Kingsville at Pickering.

Do you not think that the red Junco, see Summary, was a very red immature Slate-coloured? I am perturbed about having a potential Oregon around and not knowing what it ought to look like. What does a female or an immature Oregon look like? My books do not say.

Purple Finches have been on the move through here the last two days. A beautifully red Fox Sparrow appeared at one of my traps just now, but did not go in. A little Myrtle Warbler is recovering migration fat on my famous oatmeal mix. I go out and all the Chipmunks come running. One finds his own acorns in my pocket and knows which leg to run up as the shortest route. They do not recognize me personally, both Len and I appear to them as something very tall and vertical and trunks and the pillars of the porch may occasionally be mistaken for us. Now, however, the fact that these particular pillars move about is apparently becoming another clue to our identity.

Must end. I have not finished the cape yet, will give you a full description of the finished garment with clasp.

Much love, As ever,

Doris

Though I says Dearest Doris, does not mean Dearest is not included in this letter.

C O P Y

October 22, 1952.

Dearest Louise:

The Wolfson papers have been very interesting to study and I am only sorry and apologetic that I have been so long in returning them. His point that the birds with fat deposition (what you call in your last letter "migration fat") migrate, while those without such a fat deposition do not, is indisputable and came as the result of much research. Only in one conclusion do I disagree with him, and with physiologists in general: he puts the cart of the physiological condition before the horse of the motive, which is mental. I do not believe that the birds migrate because they have a fat deposition of a certain thickness, but they they have put on this fat because they are going to migrate. I cannot believe that they do not know that they are going to migrate. The adult bird has a remarkable memory, one so keen that it can return year by year to the same nesting tree or barn or hillside, to the same banding station on migration. The bird must be conscious of weather changes, and the urge to commence on the first or second or third stage of migration will stimulate it to eat with great heartiness and even devotion until the physical machine is in condition for the journey. One can sense the urgency and the restlessness before the journey starts. You have written of it in your stories. The bird does not start forth blindly because it has a certain amount of fat on its bones. The fat does not initiate migration. The urge, impulsion, memory or idea does.

The concept of continental drift is fascinating and would explain the lengthy migrations of the Arctic Tern, Golden Ploverand Greenland Wheatear, etc. It does not explain the unpredictable Evening Grosbeak, who as few years ago commenced coming east and last winter went so far south. It does not continue to do what its ancestors did, but is ever a pioneer, moving into some new territory each year.

You ask if there are any returns recorded for the Evenin Grosbeak? Mr. M. J. Magee of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. caught ve birds from time to time which he had banded; some in the bre season. For a few years they were returning to that gone then stopped. On the other hand his birds have been to the country as far east as below Quebec city. He cons corrigibly unpredictable. Thank you for the EG for the fine Sept. Summary for the MNOC. Your like an Oregon. I have not seen young ones seen a female (most of our visitors last have been a male, but of this we were no dark head and throat, and yet the dark d as in a Slate-coloured. The sides of the ish. The back was rufous to cinnamon brown about the Yellow-throated Vireo. We were s and a Solitary here on Sunday. The Red-eyed from the bird bath. He was here on Saturday flying over twice. On Monday there was a good counted 25 Red-tailed Hawks during the morning a species were seen. Mother thanks you for

Rutherglen, Ontario, September 30, 1952.

Dearest Doris:

Your letters have been lying uppermost on my unanswered-letters-tray, awaiting the conclusion of the month for summaries and EG notes. And then I got a terrible twinge of conscience for having burdened you with the matter of the clasp - and then I get your letter and the perfectly beautiful clasp your Mother gave you to give me. My dear Doris, it is as if made for the cape and you need in no way think that I would touch or deform or discolour it under any circumstances. I had thought of a wooden clasp, as a matter of fact, and I intended to relieve you of the whole business and ask Nan Treadwell to do it; she loves shopping and has not any exacting other interests like you. I tried it on the cape last night and this morning. The colour blends most beautifully with the wine-red yarn and it will "make" the whole cape, because its design is so simple and lovely. The material looks like some kind of dyed bone, far better than anything metallic on that kind of garment. I got the idea from the Pettys, wherefrom there does come a great deal of good suggestions; the knitting is simple and the result not only warm but smart. And as Mother often complains of the flat being cold, I thought this would be a splendid Christmas present. At a distance, it is sometimes hard to think of suitable things to send her. I am enclosing a little note for your Mother, please give her when you see her! To you, dear Doris, warmest thanks for doing all this for me; my Mother will be so delighted knowing the clasp comes from your Mother through you.

I am glad you liked the Vireo story and thank you and Murray for your fine suggestions, all of which I gratefully agree. I am at a loss to think out another title. I took it from a quotation of Shakespeare, Merchant of Venice, originally being thus: "The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark, when neither is attended; and, I think, the nightingale, if she should sing by day, when every goose is cackling, would be thought no better a musician than the wren." The Audubon editors will likely change it anyway. Occasionally they do hit on a great improvement upon the author's original, Crip, come home, and Flight South, to wit. But sometimes they do spoil things, thinking out the acme of banalities, Redbreast makes a home, for instance. How I kicked about that one to no avail! A banality it remained, though the leading lady, you must admit, was not of the common herds, or flocks, to be exact. Please do not let yourself be interrupted by these little MSS from the north. Whenever you have time to look at them is fine, it never hurts any of them to rest a bit. Have you, by the way, noticed how much better your own judgment gets after such a rest?

I hope you got the Upwardy papers safely? I sent them back some days ago. I am desolate that your request for Mrs. Metcalfe slipped my mind and I have not done anything about it todate. I have no more separates of the Crossbill paper, or I would have been delighted to send her one. Perhaps I could send you the copy of my files on loan in the care of the NMOC librarian? I should be very glad to do this, and perhaps others would like to read it at the same time. Just say the word when next you write, and it will be sent by return of mail. At the moment I am deep in the Great Tit paper. Some marvellously interesting data on flock movements of titmice, much similar to what I have seen in the Blackcaps. Most important, in the light of Hinde's findings I understand them better.

I was terribly sorry to hear about your poor finger. I have done this same thing with mine a couple of times, one memorable time on a prison train in the heart of Soviet Russia, not in the most auspicious situation, I can tell you. But even that healed fine after a while, and so will yours, I am sure. But one is handicapped while it lasts. I have always wondered why doctors, as a rule, are

so exceedingly dilettantish when it comes to bandaging! I have never yet encountered one that made a decent job of it. How unnecessary for you to suffer from a bad bandage for so long. Another time call in a nurse to remake it at once.

I was much interested in all you wrote about the EGs food habits and origin. The early roosting habit is peculiar, perhaps the key to some of the riddles about these birds. As a seed-eater, the sparrows, Song and Whitethroats for instance, are among the birds here that feed latest at night far into the dusk. I always get them in my traps at this time if never otherwise. And speaking of the nomadic species, I had the sweetest letter from Wolfson, from which I quote a few things:

> "Encouragement from stimulating persons.....means a great deal to investigators like myself. Several years ago, it made a difference to me whether one was wrong or right in his search for the truth. Now, all that seems important is that one searches and is intellectually honest.....I have learned over the years that nature does not give up her secrets easily, and that the search is more important than the solution."

I like his modesty, it's honest and deep-rooted in the heart and it has evolved from experience.

> "I am unable as yet to fit in the breeding seasons and wanderings of nomadic species with my present theories, but as we learn more about these species, I am confident that we will be able to fit them in to a general theory of some kind."

I was, however, sorely disappointed that you passed by in stony silence through 3 letters the thrilling recovery of my EG female 44-200213 at Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A. Have you, have you, lost interest - or something?

The White-crowns and Whitethroats are on their way you-wards, peaks here are passed. Nevertheless, my resident Whitethroats were with me as late as last night, when I caught my elusivest lady and found her bulging with fat. I am almost certain she, at least, went on her way during the night, I have not seen either of them today, although the male may still linger. Len saw his first Geese yesterday and dutifully counted them for me, 22. I have seen flocks of Blue Jays going southwards, but whether this is bona fide migration or just a flight to an acorn-full oaktree, I cannot tell. Last night after he came home from work and before having dinner, mind you, Len took me to his special oaktree back on the boundary line between Calvin and Bonfield and there we picked two large basketfuls of acorns for the Chipmunks and the Blue Jays. Who would deny Len being a fullfledged naturalist! We were much thrilled about your hawk-count-accounts. It must be marvellous to see so many and watch their sailing under the clouds. I have gazed under clouds on days with NW winds blowing in vain. But we have both seen Redtails. I saw one fiercely and vociferously attacked by a dimunitive Sparrowhawk still on territory, and I have also seen Cooper's Hawks singly but definitely migrating. Today there were Pipits all along the roadsides from Kennedy Lake.

I must end now, but I shall look through your letters once more as I index them to see no topic has escaped attention. The summary and EG notes will follow later. Thank you again for the lovely clasp! Much love to both from us,

Lovis

P. S. We have a little Chipmunk running all over the house looking for acorns, when the cat isn't looking, and Rosa Mephita is still with us.

A loving pat for Sheba.

Copy MNOC

NOVEMBER 1952 SUMMARY OF OBSERVATIONS ON BIRDS, PIMISI BAY, ONTARIO

by Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

Weather: Twenty three days were mainly cloudy and 7 days sunny. On 23 days the daily mean temperature was higher and on 7 days lower than the Normal Daily Mean of the month, 31.1 degrees F. Temperatures of 40 degrees and above were recorded Nov. 1-6, 11, 14-23, and 26, with a maximum of 60 degrees on Nov. 1. Warm front passed through Nov. 1, and cold fronts Nov. 3 and 27. A maximum cover of snow of 4 inches was reached on Nov. 28.

Feeding Station: The number of Hairy Woodpeckers increased to 10 with the return of another old female on Nov. 19. Downy Woodpecker remained the same, 1 adult male. Blue Jays also increased to an est. 8 or 10 birds with the return of an old male Nov. 6 and an old female Nov. 12, as well as 1 or 2 unbanded birds. A peak number of 25 Black-capped Chickadees was recorded, the increase being the result of two minor influxes of a few old birds returning and a half dozen unbanded birds arriving. The Red-breasted Nuthatches increased from 1 to 3, all males. One or two Brown Creepers became daily visitors.

Migration: A considerable movement of Redpolled Linnets (also noted at North Bay by H. Petty) occurred during the first week with peaks on Nov. 5 and 7. Great numbers of Redpolls were found milling about alder swamps and weed fields and feeding on the alder "cones" and weed seeds. At one time I stood on the south shore of Pimisi Bay and watched a day-time migration of 204 (by count) Redpolls which flew in from the north in the course of less than half an hour. They came singly, in 2:s and 3:s, and in small flocks of from 4 to 15 birds. Some alighted in the weeds along the shore, others in birches and aspens to "bud", while after circling twittering over their companions many flew on southwards. The heaviest movement of Ducks, chiefly Mergansers and Lesser Scaups, occurred also during the first week of the month, but in numbers far below normal.

Abundance: Ruffed Grouse increased. The crop of wintergreen berries and the fruits of the pasture rose (Rosa humulis), both favoured foods of the birds, is unusually heavy in the region. The hunting pressure around Pimisi Bay was considerable, and it is possible that the birds sought shelter in the protected area around our home and therefore appeared there in greater numbers than usual.

Scarcity: Black-capped Chickadees and all species of Ducks.

Finches: The Evening Grosbeaks departed from the stockpile neighbourhood, only 1 or 2 were seen during the month. Not more than a dozen Pine Siskins, Red Crossbills and Pine Grosbeaks were seen during the month and 1 Purple Finch Nov. 12.

Strange plumages: About 3 or 4 Black-capped Chickadees, one an old returned bird, appeared whose black caps were more or less heavily dotted with white spots, giving the impression of snowflurries stuck on to their heads.

Rutherglen, Ontario, November 11, 1952.

Dear Doris:

It is incredible that this letter should have been so long delayed, but each day I said: "This is the day for writing to Doris," unexpected things kept interfering with the good intention, indeed, the most eager desire to get talking with you, and putting me off. It is by the skin of my teeth I sit down just now, having finished the EG data herein enclosed and getting your two last letters out here beside me to answer. Whether I finish today or not remains to be seen. We are in a very unsettled period just now, when the weather interferes with Len's work and the exact time for his holiday is not yet decided, and, naturally, this is not conducive to effective routine. When Len starts his holiday I am not going to work regularly so that we can do things together, unless there comes moments to fill in, for which there are always heaps of things to be done, that do not need heavy concentration, such as records and indexing. So there you have us.

Before I go on,-I have rechecked and recopied all my calculations on the incubation of your Magnolia Warbler, all typed and clear for the time it will be needed. At present the study is filed in my MS drawer in a special labelled brown envelope. Do you wish me to send it down right away, or would you prefer me to keep it thus until either I come down, or you come here, or I can send it with somebody trustworthy?????? Just let me know, please.

I am also enclosing the Monthly Report for the MNOC. You will note the migration of the Red-wings, which really was the feature of the month, as far as I am concerned. I have got some fairly good notes on it with regard to time and other things. I do not know what has been written previously on the migration of Red-wings, except Packard's good article in Bird-Banding 1936. Would you and Murray think the observation interesting enough for a write-up?

I hope you got the Hinde paper and the Crossbill article safely? I find the Hinde study exceedingly fine. I have copied out a few things from it, but I do hope the Club would let me borrow it again if need be. You may keep the Crossbill paper as long as you please, provided it comes back to its roost some time. It will be very interesting indeed to see Mrs. Metcalfe's paper when it is finished.

The pond operations sounded very exciting. Is there no clay at the bottom to catch the water from the heavens, that surely will make it into a beautiful shorebird sanctuary in due time? We think the bulldozer man got a finer deal than he deserved with all that good fill from your field. I heard about your successful trip to Minden also through Mrs. Pratt, via Grace Morgan.

Are you banding? What I meant by my question about the returns of the EGs, has banding given any proof of a bird being in the same breeding place at separate breeding seasons and, if so, is it known whether the bird actually left the area, or the district, or the region, taking all three in wide, wider and widest sense. I mean, are there any indications that individual birds are ortstreue in any sense? I have the impression that Evening Grosbeaks and other nomadic species are not driven to travel by any kind of "homing" instinct, but that their movements are regulated by some quite different cause or causes, so that their "return to their breeding places" can only be loosely meant as their breeding places in general, not the same place, and perhaps only in the case where there are no suitable habitat just where they happen to be, or the other requirement which we do not yet understand is lacking. In the Upvardy papers there was some interesting information on how the non-return and going-elsewhere of some birds of a species helps in the distribution of that species over larger ranges. From the point of view of

ortstreue-ness, the EGs must be at the other end of the measuring-stick.

Dr. Wolfson says: "A diagnostic feature of the premigratory state is a heavy deposition of fat." He means that one can tell by the heavy deposition of fat, which one may observe in a bird in the hand, that this bird is about to migrate. The fat is not the incentive to migration, but it is apparently an indispensable physical need for a bird to have this creamy white fat to migrate. The "urge" to migrate, of course, does not originate in the fat, but the fat deposition is initiated by the "urge". What is the "urge"? Wolfson says in his paper "The role of the pituitary, fat deposition, and body weight in bird migration: 1945, The Condor, 47:(3):95-127, "Only when the nervous control of the migratory behaviour has been released can the weather influence the initiation or continuance of the migratory flight." I do not think that he puts the cart before the migratory horse. But we still do not know exactly what the "urge" is? I do not think I can quite share your belief that birds "know" that they are going to migrate in any other sense than entirely subconsciously, in the same way as we often feel the urge to do things that we have not premeditated doing. This would not prevent the exhibitions of restlessness and "hesitancy" and fast eating which we observe in birds about to migrate, but I do not think a bird knows he is migrating until he is driven on the wing by his inner drive, which is the result of certain nervous and physical states, closely linked together and evolved one from the other. I do believe that the bird starts forth almost "blindly," but not solely because he has fat on his body, although this is evidently an inescapable condition, created by the same mysterious power or set of circumstances, that initiated the urge, the impulsion. But, to my way of thinking, ~~this~~ migration is a drive, not an idea, in the bird, perhaps to a certain extent linked with memory once he gets started. By this please do not think I discount memory in birds, which I have many reasons to think is amazingly good, if not precisely in connection with the homing instinct which you mentioned as an example. I am more inclined to believe that the bird remembers the place when he gets to it, than that he goes to it because he remembers it. Nov. 12. I found your paragraph on the subject most thought-provoking and welcomed it heartily because I think it is good to discuss these things, pull them out, turn them over, and look at them in the light of what we do know, and I think we should go on discussing things as we get to them. All what I have said above is of course highly conditioned by the very poor background I have of basic knowledge of biology in general and birds in particular, and the opinions expressed hence subject to all kinds of alterations as I learn more and understand more.

I just got a note from Mrs Shaub asking for data on the abundance of fruits and seeds. You will remember my stressing before the apparent importance of available foods in the movements of the "winter finches", wherefore, naturally, I feel gratified by this trend of thought in the cooperative research on the EGs. May I suggest, however, that I do not think the buds of either birch, aspen or pine is an item of food that would influence movement, because its availability is constant. Rather it is an emergency ration that supports the birds when other foods either have come to an end or do not exist in the region through which the birds may be travelling. I will add another card on seeds and fruit with the information I can give you. Perhaps Murray could get official data from the Department. I shall write Mrs. Schaub a little note telling her that all my data have been sent off to you.

Len is creating a little pond down by the small bridge on the path to the garage from the overflow of the spring. He is expecting Least Bittern to favour it in due time. Yes, indeed, Len is becoming quite a naturalist and his ideas are sound. We found a very cold garter snake out in the snow on the path yesterday. I worried about what to do to save its life. Len said quietly: "Nature will know what best to do." And with that very good word for today I end this letter. There simply isn't room for any more, though neither thoughts nor subject matter are by any means exhausted after two closely written pages to my almost sister.

with love do you hear from us.

Lovat

C O P Y

November 25, 1952.

Dear Louise:

The members of the MNOC, being most appreciative of the great contribution which you are making to Canadian ornithology, want to express their gratitude to you in a tangible way. We want to send you a typewriter, or the money for a typewriter before Christmas. For some time I have known, and Margaret has known too, of your need of a better typewriter, or an extra one so that you could have your old faithful fixed and yet not be minus this most necessary tool for a writer. So now the whole club has come to the conclusion that another typewriter you must have and we want to have the pleasure of seeing that you get one.

At present, there are almost as many different ideas as members. I do not mean by this that there has been any disagreement, but so many investigations are afoot. These range from type of machine, whether it would be possible for a near relative of a member to bring a typewriter with him from the States when he comes up at Christmas, thus saving something in duty; whether you would rather have us send you the money and then you could choose your own machine.

It seemed wise to write to you at this time, just in case you should go and buy a typewriter yourself and then suddenly find yourself with two new ones! You should be warned, in other words, of our little plan. The idea came first to dear, dear Margaret, but she does not want you to find this out! However, we both know what a darling she is, so I am sharing this part of the secret with you. Her letter about you and your work brought tears to my eyes. How she loves and apprecaites you. All the members of the MNOC do really value what you are doing, and are longing to know you.

Now, Louise my dear: would you like to select your own machine in North Bay? We understand that there is an Underwood Agency there. Do you prefer a portable? Both Viola Prattand I do, because we can then carry it from room to room without breaking our backs. The standard machine is very heavy and rather beyond our means, unless you should find a good reconditioned one. We had thought of a new portable. If you have any strong preferences, will you let us know?

Your letter of November 11 is so full of interesting material, that I shall delay answering it until after this gets into the mailbox. Our thanks for the October summary, for the grosbeak records, for the grosbeak food data, and for your lovely letter.

With love to you both from us,

Dear Louise: At the meeting of the Directors of the T.O.N. I told them of your beautiful property and wish that it be made a sanctuary. Much interest shown. See report on Parks Committee, p. 3. Mr. Doglish was to contact you. Has he?

MEMORANDUM TO DIRECTORS

It is suggested that the ratio between income from members' contributions and income from other sources should be 50:50.

With an annual budget of $12,000, this means that the objective of the membership campaign should be $6,000.

While it is considered that this sum should not include income from the Bird lectures, it will probably be necessary this year to include income from that source to reach the $6,000 mark.

The following is suggested as a preliminary allocation:

	Contributions from members & clubs, 1952 to October 31	Suggested Allocation for 1953	Possible proceeds from Dick Bird Lectures
Toronto	$2,300	$2,500	600
London	588	300	300
Hamilton	402	400	50 ?
Thunder Bay	244	150	50 ?
Guelph	61	100	
Ottawa	82	150	
Kitchener-Waterloo	93	125	
South Peel	75	100	
Chatham	30	60	
Peterborough	46	100	50
Kingston	60	80	
Barrie	52	60	
Quinte	39	60	
Woodstock	20	40	
St. Thomas	26	100	50
West Elgin	27	40	
Province at large	345	535	50 ?
Foreign	51	100	
	$4,561	$5,000	$1,000 - 1,150

J. R. Dymond, Chairman
Membership Committee.

November 28th, 1952.

FEDERATION OF ONTARIO NATURALISTS

Meeting of the Directors held in the Board Room,
85 King Street, E., Toronto 1, Ont.
November 29th, 1952.

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Present: J. L. Baillie, A. W. Baker, G. M. Bartman, C. H. D. Clarke, J. W. Douglas, J. R. Dymond, W. G. Girling, W. W. H. Gunn, K. M. Mayall, Mrs. H. McDougall, T. F. McIlwraith, Mrs. G. North, Mrs. J. M. Speirs, Mrs. J.Westman, C. D. Fowle, Dr. J. M. Speirs.

Minutes of the meeting of April 4th, 1952 were read and approved on a motion by Mrs. Speirs, Seconded by J. L. Baillie.

Business arising from the minutes:

(a) A.W. Baker reported action of the Executive regarding the Honorary Life Members, namely those who have contributed $100.00 or more in one payment, be designated as Benefactors, and their names entered in our records. On a motion by A. W. Baker, seconded by J. R. Dymond, the action of the Executive was confirmed.

Carried.

(b) On a motion by A. W. Baker, seconded by T. F. McIlwraith, the appointment of, and acceptance of Dr. R. A. Laidlaw as Honorary President of the Federation, was confirmed.

Carried.

Report of Committees

Budget Committee: W. Gunn reported for F. C. Hurst that the estimated budget of $12,000 for 1953 was the necessary amount as approved by F. C. Hurst, our Treasurer. Proposed expenditures had been carefully screened. On a motion by W. Gunn, seconded by J. L. Baillie this was approved.

Carried.

Finance Committee: A. W. Baker reported, as acting chairman, outlining steps leading to the setting up of a secretariat, a project long desired, and planned long before any step was possible. We are working satisfactorily with Gunn as Executive Director.
The Directors had hoped that the Federation would continue to be able to receive $3,000.00 from the Anglers' and Hunters' in return for our Executive Director acting as secretary to the Conservation Council of Ontario; this has proved impossible because the Federation work has become full time. On the other hand, our expanding activities in youth education work have given us financial support, actual and promised, from the Department of Education.

A. W. Baker reminded the Directors that the decision to establish a secretariat was a decision of the Federation, with member clubs participating, therefore the responsibility is that of the member clubs. The executive has been successful, with the aid of member clubs, but these member clubs must continue their full support, not only with memberships, but also with special contributions. A. W. Baker spoke at length, feeling that the necessary money for the 1953 requirements could be raised.

Membership Committee: J. R. Dymond discussed means of raising the necessary monetary requirements for 1953. To keep the finances right, $12,000 must be raised for 1953, retaining the present amount as sustaining account.

W. M. Girling reported that in London approach to industry had not been perhaps well timed.

J.W. Douglas suggested the Atkinson Foundation be approached via Mr. Alec. Givins, a personal approach.

G. M. Bartman urged finance committee members making a personal approach as more valuable than brochures.

Mrs. J. Westman commented on problem of continuing support.

W. Gunn reported 1000 individual members, an increasd of 600 in the last year.

G. M. Bartman asked whether the possibility of raising a capital fund had been considered.

A. W. Baker commented on several possibilities for raising funds by member clubs, and by the work of the finance committee. Strong finance committee needed.

Nature Camp Committee: Deferred through the absence of Miss Austen. A. W. Baker spoke briefly of the possibility of enlisting aid from the senior Inspector of the Department of Education.

Regional Gatherings: K. M. Mayall suggested that W. Gunn speak. W. Gunn reported a number of successful outings in 1952 especially where several clubs cooperated. W. G. Girling had accepted chairmanship of Regional Gatherings Committee. This appointment was received with enthusiasm, and W. G. Girling spoke briefly of plans.

Parks Committee: A written report by Mr. K. C. Dalglish was presented, and W. Gunn reported supplementary information. This committee has been working on two main problems, namely: Springwater property and Rondeau Park.

C. H. D. Clarke said that the position of Rondeau Park was not yet clear.

Mrs. Speirs asked about the wish of Mrs. Louise de Kiriline Lawrence to have her property made a sanctuary. Considerable discussion of mechanism for setting up areas as sanctuaries. It was suggested that Mr. Dalglish be asked to get in touch with Mrs. Lawrence on this possibility.

Flora and Fauna Committee: No report.

Annual Meeting Committee: It was reported that Mr. R. D. F. Bourne had agreed to arrange for the 1953 Annual Meeting to be held at McMaster University in Hamilton. Mrs. North reported that Hamilton would be delighted to have the annual meeting there, but that a local committee had not yet been set up.

Nature Camp Committee: Miss Edith Austen was expected at this meeting. At the moment we are ignorant of whether she will continue as Chairman. There was comment on means of publicity, and the greater cordial relations between the Department of Education and the Federation, leading to the possibility of making the Nature Camp known to High School science teachers. Mr. Douglas spoke of the Department of Education Inspectors attending the course of lectures on Conservation, held in Toronto. In view of urgency it was moved by A. W. Baker, and seconded by Mrs. Speirs that Messrs. Gunn, Walkinshaw, McIlwraith and Fowle be given authority to appoint a Nature Camp Committee.

Carried.

Conservation Council of Ontario: A. W. Baker reported briefly on the work of the delegates to the Conservation Council.

Dick Bird Lecture Tour: W. Gunn reported that Mr. Dick Bird had agreed to come for a week lecture tour at the end of February. Arrangements had been made for - Toronto, February 24th and 26th; Peterborough, February 25th; London, February 28th; St. Thomas, March 2nd; also the possibility of Hamilton on February 23rd and St. Catharines on February 27th. With Brantford possibly participating in addition. This was thought of as a project which might bring additional financial aid to the Federation each year.

New Business: W. Gunn reported approval of the executive for billing of members on a yearly basis, instead of at the first of the year. This was approved.

W. Gunn reported that the executive had approved that half of the discount given by the publishers on the books we order from them for our members, be passed on to the members or clubs who order the books, and half of the discount be retained by the Federation as handling charge. The former policy had been to pass on the whole discount to the members.

J. W. Douglas raised the question of getting bird feeding stations. Mrs. McDougall commented that bird feeding stations are needed in larger numbers than are available. Agreed that Dr. Gunn should publicize the work of J. W. Douglas and Mrs. McDougall and act as a clearing house.

After a lengthy discussion on the question of Income tax deduction it was moved by C. D. Fowle and seconded by Mrs. Speirs that the question of discount on books and/or bird houses be referred back to the Executive.

Adjournment: The meeting adjourned at 1.15 p.m.

....

Chairman of the Board Hon. Recording Secretary.

Rutherglen, Ontario,
December 3, 1952.

Dearest Doris:

I can hardly describe my feelings ever since I read your letter yesterday. We had not been for the mail for a couple of days and there it was.

That any group of people should wish to make me such a big gift as that, that any of my work or my contributions in any way should make me worthy of such a thought and such a desire on the part of others, it will take me a long time to realize and to understand. I am not looking for any glory until I am dead, and then it will not matter much to me personally whether I get it or not, and that I should then experience now this testimony of recognition for work, it seems to me, I have only just begun is entirely overwhelming. For your part in it and Margaret's I have no words, you are my two best and most beloved friends and I can give you no more than my abiding devotion and gratitude for your tireless and ever generous support and encouragement. How much this alone has been of value to me you both must know and feel.

Apart from these personal reactions, this is, indeed, like a good omen at a time when the Loghouse family's fortunes found themselves at a very low ebb. Reverses of various kinds have beset us lately, some of which actually absorbed the money earmarked for a much-needed type-writer; and when I tried to replace it, Audubon for the first time in its life rejected an article of mine. The worst of all was when Len, all of a sudden, became so discouraged that he has very nearly been having a nervous breakdown. A sudden feeling of excessive inadequacy, coupled with very hard and thankless work throughout the summer and the prospect of a still harder winter away from home, all contributed. You know sometimes how you can take just that much, and no more. I have been arguing that we must have faith in life and that when things look their very worst, as a result of the eternal balance, ways and means unexpectedly present themselves to make possible adequate adjustments. I feel that this gift, therefore, is like the confirmation of my belief and faith. My old type-writer has stood by me for 20 years; it has lost all kinds of springs and minor gadgets in the course of its labours, the roller categorically refuses to handle any copies, of a sudden it stops and I have to poke down into its innards and rather miraculously I succeed in persuading it to go on for just a bit longer. Ah me, I love it, but it exasperates me when it cannot hold its margins. I have just been waiting for its total break-down; and then I was going, willy-nilly, to get a new one from Eatons on the instalment plan, $ 2.00 down, you know. Your gift is therefore much more than a much-needed replacement, it is an encouragement to go on and to keep faith.

Dearest Doris, what I was going to get was a new Portable Remington Rand or a Royal. I am used to the Remington and it has served me well. I believe and have heard that the Royal is very good value, but I think it is a little more expensive than the Remington. I decided against the Underwood because some people who had it were not satisfied. Only two things especially I wanted it to have, namely, small type so that I can get the most words on the least amount of paper, this one is small type, and the roller big enough to take ordinary large envelopes with ease. This one is apt to crumple the edges a bit, of the 9½-inch envelopes.

No, I would much rather that you, meaning the MNOC, chose the type-writer and if arrangements can be made to get it from the States so much the better. I feel that the contribution each of you will be called upon to make is rather large and if any economy can be achieved so much the better. My dear, you know how grateful I am!

I shall write a letter of thanks to the MNOC when I get the machine. I have already started to compose it in my head. Meanwhile, tell them that I find the whole thing almost incredible and that my appreciation of what they are doing is of the warmest and most profound kind. Also that I shall now be still more eager some day soon to find myself in their midst, so that I may personally tell each of them exactly what this wonderful thing has meant to me.

And I shall say no more today, but you will soon hear from me again.

With all my love,

Louise

Doris

Bird Count, Dec., 1952.

RUTHERGLEN, Ontario. From 14 miles E of North Bay, township of Bonfield, villages of Bonfield, Rutherglen, Eau Claire, areas around Kaipuskong River, Pimisi Bay, Mattawa River, Pacaud Lake, Smith's Lake, Amable du Fond River, to 10 miles west of Mattawa, Ontario; open farmland 30%, coniferous woodlots and black spruce bog 10%, second growth mixed forest 50%, lakes and rivers 10%, settlements 10%; Dec. 30, 7.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., blue sky, 4° below to 11° above zero F.; wind SW, S to E, 5 m.p.h.; ground covered with 5 to 6 inches soft snow; all fresh water except rapids and eddies frozen; total hrs. 9; total miles 42, by car 33, on foot 9; American Goldeneye 13, Great Horned Owl 1, Hairy Woodpecker 11, Downy Woodpecker 1, Blue Jay 9, Northern Raven 3, Black-capped Chickadee 46, Red-breasted Nuthatch 8, Brown Creeper 2, Pine Grosbeak 9, Redpolled Linnet 7, Snowbunting 8; total species 12, about 118 individuals. Seen in the same vicinity Dec. 24 Ruffed Grouse 1, Dec. 27 Common Starling 1, Dec. 31 Pileated Woodpecker 1. Observer: Louise de Kiriline Lawrence.

MONTHLY SUMMARIES OF OBSERVATIONS ON BIRDS AT PIMISI BAY.

Mr. James L. Baillie once pointed out that the Mattawa River region appears to be the dividing line between the ranges of the northern birds, which reach here their most southern limits, and those of the southern species attaining their most northerly extent at present about this latitude. This, he added, makes the area especially interesting and important from the point-of-view of bird observations.

Hence the Loghouse, perched on its rock above Pimisi Bay, by chance came to be in a favoured spot. My daily records, inaugurated on June 11, 1944, in their present form, bear ample witness thereof.

About a mile northwest of the Loghouse, the Mattawa River begins its course by tumbling out of Talon Lake in a 75-foot drop. It passes through the north end of Pimisi Bay and continues in a series of rapids and falls 15 miles eastwards to Mattawa, where it empties its waters into the Ottawa River. A reservoir of water, Pimisi Bay bulges southwards and Highway 17 runs across it on a causeway some 400 feet from the Loghouse grounds.

The land around Pimisi Bay is extremely rough and rocky. It has been cut over and burnt over many times in the past 80 years. The forest floor is littered with slash and windfalls. Now the land supports an almost mature second growth of mixed forest trees. Upon its slopes, in its ravines and secluded thickets, along the shores of the lake, the wee babbling creeks, and inland forest ponds, live an amazing assortment of woodland birds, such as the Hermit Thrush, the Winter Wren, the Solitary Vireo, and all the Warbler throngs. From here come most of my records. Through the years and the seasons, they have been assembled, especially in the early hours of the day from dawn to sunrise and from sunrise to the

early forenoon, which are the best, but also all day long and into the evening twilight, for we live right in the thick of an avian paradise all the time.

Several times a week I have gone elsewhere too, across the lake and into the uninhabited hinterland beyond the Mattawa River; and in this wilderness was obtained the one and only most northerly record of the Green Heron. Some days I have travelled across the fields of the Calvin and Bonfield townships adjoining the northwest tip of Algonquin Provincial Park. I have gone through marshes and black spruce bogs and over the backroads into the "Great Desert" of eroded land and nowadays mostly abandoned farms. It is here I saw the great migration flocks of Swallows, Pipits and Sparrows, here where for the most part we came upon the migrant raptores, travelling singly, or in small loose parties, or sailing leisurely and stiff-winged on the winds above the earth.

It was because of Mr. Baillie's need for information for Audubon Field Notes that I began writing my Monthly Summaries. Gradually they have evolved into a fairly comprehensible synopsis of each month's observations and they have now become an important part of my recording and a great asset to my work in general. To all those whose birding is carried on continuously in one and the same locality, I highly recommend the working out of similar periodical summaries, for they are invaluble and time-saving as a basis for comparative studies of fluctuations, population densities, cooperative migration work, and similar research in the field.

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SUMMARY OF OBSERVATIONS ON BIRDS AT PIMISI BAY, ONTARIO.

JANUARY 1952 by Louise de Kiriline Lawrence.

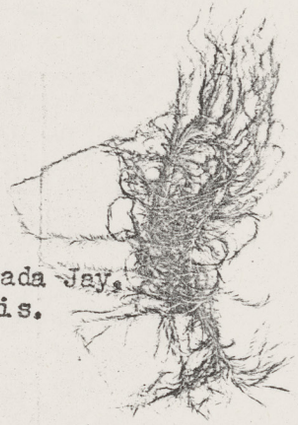
Weather: Fifteen days were mainly sunny and 16 cloudy. On 21 days the daily mean temperature was higher and on 10 days lower than the Normal Daily Mean for the month, 11.5° F. Maximum temperatures of 40° F. and above were registered on January 1. Cold spells occurred Jan. 21, 23-25 and 28-30, with below zero temperatures, 43° below zero on Jan. 30 just before sunrise. The maximum snow cover was reached on Jan 31 with 16 inches.

Feeding-station: The Hairy Woodpeckers increased to 10 with the sexes evenly divided; Their behaviour further emphasized their association into pairs. A lone Canada Jay female appeared on Jan. 14; she was chased by the banded pair, but remained and on Jan. 19 she was joined at the feeders by an unbanded pair. This brought the number of Canada Jays to 5. The other species and individuals remained stationary in numbers.

Finches: D. Mackensie reported flocks of about 25 to 30 Pine Grosbeaks congregating to feed on the sumach at Eau Claire during the cold spell Jan. 28-30.

Sparrows: On Jan. 11, two large flocks of Snow Buntings were seen on and alongside Highway 17, 6 miles E. of North Bay, between 200 and 225 individuals according to a rough estimate.

Ducks: Two pairs of Common Goldeneyes known to be wintering on the Mattawa River at Pimisi Bay and 5 to 6 pairs on the Amable du Fond River at Eau Claire, (D. Mackensie).



Belly feather of Canada Jay,
Perisoreus candadensis.

FEBRUARY 1952. REPORT ON BIRDS AT PIMIBI BAY, ONTARIO.

by Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

Weather: Thirteen days were mainly sunny and 16 cloudy. On 22 days, the daily mean temperature was higher and on 7 days lower than the Normal Mean for the month, 11.7 degrees F. Maximum temperatures of 40 degrees and above were registered on Febr. 1. A cold spell occurred Febr. 12-16 with below zero temperature, the lowest being 20 degrees below zero on Febr. 15. Warm fronts passed on Febr. 1 and in the night of Febr. 10-11, with cold fronts following Febr. 2 and 11. The maximum snow-cover of 20½ inches was reached on Febr. 24.

Feeding-station: The Black-capped Chickadee increased in numbers during the latter part of the month. Birds caught and examined showed medium to heavy fat, an indication that some of these might have been on migration. The other birds at the station showed no change in number of species or individuals.

Corvidae: Canada Jays were observed courtship-feeding on Febr. 2. Birds caught and examined showed no broodpatches. The Northern Raven was heard " singing" on February 6, the song containing loud whistled and clucking notes; the latter sounded like the loud popping of champagne bottles.

Finches: The flocks of Pine Grosbeaks seen during the month were small and scattered. Birds were observed feeding on the red fruits of the sumach and eating salty snow and gravel on the highways. No other finches were seen.

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MAY 1952 REPORT ON BIRDS AT PIMISI BAY, ONTARIO.

by Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

Weather: Fourteen days were mainly sunny and 17 cloudy. On 23 days the daily mean temperature was higher and on 8 days lower than the Normal Mean for the month, which is 51.0 degrees F. Temperatures above 70 degrees F. were recorded on May 10, 19, 22-24, 25-26 and 28. Warm fronts passed through the region on May 23 and 31. North winds prevailed on 13 of the first 21 days of the month.

Feeding-station: Hairy Woodpeckers, 4 pairs, Downy Woodpeckers, 2 pairs, and Black-capped Chickadees, 2 pairs, all nesting, continued regular visitors. Towards the end of the month one pair of Yellow-bellied Sapsuckers and at least one more pair of Downy Woodpeckers also began to make use of the feeding-place.

Migration: The weather was unfavourable for any spectacular movements of migrants during the first 3 weeks of the month. Over this period a total of 34 first arrivals were well distributed with a minimum during the third week: 1st week 13, 2nd week 15, and 3rd week 6. In the 4th week birds first seen numbered 25 and the "main" migration of a number of species was especially heavy on May 23-25, (see peak dates list). Of 27 species first seen, whose mean dates for the last 9 years are used for comparison, during the period May 1-12, 5 species were from 4 to 6 days early and 5 normal, or within 3 days of their mean dates. During the latter part of the month, 2 species were from 5 to 16 days early, 14 normal and 11 from 4 to 14 days late.

Normal		Early	
Eastern Kingbird	May 26	Spotted Sandpiper	May 11
Eastern Wood Pewee	" 29	Black-billed Cuckoo	" 14
House Wren	" 13	Least Flycatcher	" 10
Wood Thrush	" 17	Barn Swallow	" 3
Wilson's Thrush	" 11	Blackburnian Warbler	" 7
Red-eyed Vireo	" 19	American Redstart	" 14
Philadelphia Vireo	" 24	Chipping Sparrow	" 2
Black and White Warbler	" 7		
Nashville Warbler	" 6	**Late**	
Magnolia Warbler	" 14	Whippoorwill	May 20
Chestnut-sided Warbler	" 12	Nighthawk	" 31
Ovenbird	" 10	Chimney Swift	" 22
Northern Yellowthroat	" 14	Ruby-throated Hummingbird	" 25
Mourning Warbler	" 23	Olive-backed Thrush	" 22
Canada Warbler	" 23	Solitary Vireo	" 17
Baltimore Oriole	" 15	Tennessee Warbler	" 24
Scarlet Tanager	" 20	Black-throated Blue Warbler	" 23
Rose-breasted Grosbeak	" 13	Black-throated Green Warbler	" 28
White-crowned Sparrow	" 14	Bay-breasted Warbler	" 27
		Northern Waterthrush	" 12

Main migration: In 19 species the peak dates and the dates the females were first seen were:

Canada Goose	peak	date	May	19			
Least Flycatcher	"	"	"	28	Females	May	20
Barn Swallow	"	"	"	5			
Wilson's Thrush	"	"	"	29			
Red-eyed Vireo	"	"	"	23	"	"	26
Black and White Warbler	"	"	"	23			
Tennessee Warbler	"	"	"	27			
Nashville Warbler	"	"	"	18			
Magnolia Warbler	"	"	"	24			
Black-throated Blue Warbler					"	"	29
Blacburnian Warbler	"	"	"	22	"	"	28
Chestnut-sided Warbler	"	"	"	24	"	"	29
Ovenbird	"	"	"	19	"	"	20
Northern Yellowthroat	"	"	"	23			
Canada Warbler	"	"	"	24-25		"	29
American Redstart	"	"	"	27	"	"	29
Scarlet Tanager	"	"	"	20	"	"	28
White-throated Sparrow	"	"	"	11	"	"	8
Swamp Sparrow	"	"	"	4			

Scarcity: Late appearance tied with small numbers in 7 species: Whippoorwill, Nighthawk, Solitary Vireo, Tennessee, Black-throated Blue, Black-throated Green Warblers, and Northern Waterthrush. With the exception of American Sparrowhawk, all Hawks, at least locally, were conspicuously absent during migration. Further, a decrease in the numbers of Ruffed Grouse, White-crowned and Swamp Sparrows was noted, as well as in Northern Yellowthroats and Indigo Buntings. The two last species were lacking especially from the Hydro right-a-ways where last year they had been abundant. These areas were heavily sprayed with a weed-killer late in August 1951. In such a right-a-way of about half a mile in length, which I had under special observation and where 5 pairs of Yellowthroats, 4 of Indigo Buntings, 2 of Mourning Warblers, and 1 of Song Sparrows occupied territories before and after the spraying, this year no Mourning Warblers and Song Sparrows and only 1 pair each of Yellowthroats and Indigo Buntings could be found.

Increase: Least Flycatchers and Olive-backed Thrushes increased in numbers.

Forest Tent caterpillar: The first sign of infestation was noted during the 4th week of May. By May 29, groves of quaking aspens were being defoliated. By May 31 it became obvious that whole masses of caterpillars were dead or dying apparently from the effects of internal parasites.

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APRIL 1952 REPORT ON BIRDS AT PIMISI BAY, ONTARIO

by Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

Weather: Eighteen days were mainly sunny and 12 cloudy. On 25 days the daily mean temperature was higher and on 5 days lower than the Normal Mean for the month, which is 37.9 degrees F. Warm spells occurred April 21-23 and 26-29, with a maximum temperature of 76 degrees on April 29 at 3 p.m. Warm fronts passed through on April 9 and 21, cold fronts on April 10, 23, and 30. On April 1 the maximum snow cover of 17½ inches was measured. From then on the snow gradually decreased until all of it was gone on April 26. The ices on the lakes began breaking up during the week of April 14-20; on Pimisi Bay the ice was all gone on April 22.

Feeding-station: In the middle of the month the Black-capped Chickadees drastically diminished in numbers as most of the winter population departed to their breeding grounds. But the Hairy and Downy Woodpeckers continued their visits, all but one of the 5 wintering pairs of Hairys and 2 pairs of Downy Woodpeckers, a new pair of the latter showing up on April 24. These woodpeckers commenced nesting within easy reach of the feeding station. None of the Canada Jays were seen after April 7, and the visits of the Blue Jays became altogether sporadic after April 21. The White-breasted Nuthatch female disappeared after April 14 and the Red-breasted Nuthatch male was not seen after April 9.

Migration: While no spectacular flights of migrants occurred during the month, the numbers of first arrivals per week reflected preceding warm spells and weather conditions in the south. Thus 7 new arrivals occurred from April 1 - 6 (warm spell March 30-31); 5 from April 7-13; 9 from April 14-20; and 20 from April 21-30. Of 26 species, whose mean arrival for the last 9 years is used for comparison, 8 were from 4 to 8 days earlier, 16 normal or within 3 days of their mean date, and 2 from 6 to 7 days late:

Normal		Early	
1 Common Loon	Apr 21;	1 Great Blue Heron	Apr 19
2 Bufflehead	" 22;	2 Ring-necked Duck	" 22
3 Broad-winged Hawk	" 28	3 American Merganser	" 7
4 Belted Kingfisher	" 16	4 Herring Gull	" 1
5 Yellow-shafted Flicker	" 16	5 Eastern Phoebe	" 11
6 Yellow-bellied Sapsucker	" 16	6 Winter Wren	" 14
7 Tree Swallow	" 25	7 Ruby-crowned Kinglet	" 17
8 American Robin	" 2	8 Savannah Sparrow	" 25
9 Hermit Thrush	" 21		
10 Myrtle Warbler	" 23	Late	
11 Red-winged Blackbird	" 2	1 Hooded Merganser	" 22
12 Bronzed Grackle	" 9	2 Tree Sparrow	" 12
13 Slate-coloured Junco	" 2		
14 White-throated Sparrow	" 28		
15 Swamp Sparrow	" 25		
16 Song Sparrow	" 4		

Main migrations — The arrival of the females,(as seen and deducted from behaviour), and the peak dates of 10 species were as follows:

1	Ducks(spp and individuals)	peak date	April	22				
2	Flicker	"	"	26				
3	Sapsucker	"	"	28	Females	April	24	
4	Robin	"	"	9				
5	Hermit Thrush	"	"	22				
6	Ruby-crowned Kinglet	"	"	26				
7	Myrtle Warbler	"	"	27-28	"	"	30	
8	Red-winged Blackbird	"	"	28	"	"	28	
9	Slate-coloured Junco	"	"	16	"	"	14	
10	Song Sparrow	"	"	17	"	"	22	

Scarcity: As compared to last year, the following species appear to have decreased in numbers locally: American Robin, Myrtle Warbler, Bronzed Grackle, Evening Grosbeak, and Purple Finch.

Abundance: An increase has occurred in the numbers of Winter Wren, Hermit Thrush, and Ruby-crowned Kinglet.

Rare bird: A Northern Shrike was seen sitting in the top of a tree along an open field apparently hunting fieldmice on April 3.

Rare occurrence: A female Myrtle Warbler no sooner arrived upon the territory April 30 than she was seen carrying nesting material into a white pine. The nest was discovered on May 2 when this activity was still going on and the nest appeared half finished. After this the female disappeared. The earliest beginning of nesting activities in this species previously recorded was May 20, 1949.

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JUNE 1952 REPORT ON BIRDS AT PIMISI BAY, ONTARIO.

by Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

Weather: Twenty days were mainly sunny and 10 cloudy. On 25 days the daily mean temperature was higher and on 5 days lower than the Normal Mean for the month, which is 61.6 degrees F. Temperatures above 80 degrees F. were recorded on June 6, 13 to 17, 22, 23, 25 and 30, with a maximum reading at 3 p.m. on June 14 of 89 degrees F. There were no heavy storms or rains.

Feeding station: Four pairs of Hairy and 3 pairs of Downy Woodpeckers, as well as 3 pairs of Yellow-bellied Sapsuckers hatched young in the neighbourhood and food was fetched from the station by all the parents. A young Hairy Woodpecker first appeared at the station June 16. Parties of young birds appeared for the first time and were fed at the station by 1 pair of Slate-coloured Juncos and at least 2 pairs of Black-capped Chickadees. The first came on June 14 and the latter on June 17.

Forest Tent Caterpillar The infestation reached its height before June 16 when pupation was noted to have commenced. Although a considerable number of aspen trees, white birches, hazel bushes, maples, basswoods and blueberries were denuded, a parasite, presumably the larvae of the Tachanide flies, began attacking the Tent Caterpillars at an early stage, reducing their numbers at an astonishing rate. The controlling action of the parasites evidently continued throughout the pupa stage, since no cocoons examined later were found to contain any live chrysalis. A few nests of the Orchard Tent Caterpillar were found in red cherry trees. Against expectation, a general decrease of the Black-billed Cuckoos was noted, a bird was heard in the distance only 6 times and none was seen. Yellow-billed Cuckoos were absent.

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SEPTEMBER 1952 SUMMARY OF OBSERVATIONS ON BIRDS, PIMISI BAY, ONTARIO.

by Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

Weather: Twelve days were mainly cloudy and 18 days sunny. On 15 days the daily mean temperature was higher and on 15 days lower than the Normal Mean of the month, which is 56.2 degrees F. Temperatures of 70 degrees and above were recorded on Sept. 1, 4-5, 9-15, and 28, with a maximum of 85 degrees on Sept. 13. Warm fronts passed through the region on Sept. 9 and cold fronts on Sept. 2, 6, 15, and 26.

Feeding Station: One pair of Hairy Woodpeckers dropped away, but many of the young ones continued to visit the station. This is unusual, since in other years the young ones dropped away and the old birds remained. Of the Downy Woodpeckers, one adult male remained. Black-capped Chickadees decreased in number. The 2 pairs of resident Slate-coloured Juncos remained during the month. Blue Jays, which have been absent since spring, again became daily visitors. The female Ruby-throated Hummingbird was last seen Sept. 6, the young Sapsuckers Sept. 19, the Ovenbird Sept. 9, and the female White-throated Sparrow Sept. 29, all these having been local summer residents. A few migrants, Juncos, White-crowned and White-throated Sparrows were daily visitors for varying periods.

Migration: Notable movements of birds occurred on Sept. 5, 16, 17, 20, 22, and 24. Peak dates: Red-eyed Vireo Sept. 5; American Robin Sept. 16; Yellow-shafted Flicker and Myrtle Warbler Sept. 20; White-throated Sparrow Sept. 22; White-crowned and Song Sparrow Sept. 24. A flight of Blue Jays was seen on Sept. 18, going southwards, but it is doubtful whether this was actual migration or a journey to oaktrees, the crop of acorns of which is particularly heavy this year. Retarded migration was noted of a Barn Swallow Sept. 9 and a Cliff Swallow Sept. 22. The latter was obviously in a poor physical condition, sitting motionless on a wire with all feathers fluffed. The first flock of Canada Geese was seen Sept. 29, (L.C. Lawrence). Red-breasted Nuthatches moved through the region until Sept. 25, after which only occasional birds were seen or heard.

Abundance: Palm Warblers, Lincoln and Vesper Sparrows appeared in greater numbers than usually seen at this time. White-crowned Sparrows literally overran the land during the week Sept. 21-27. Also Chipping Sparrows continued unusually abundant. ~~in numbers~~. Among the warblers, Tennessee and Nashville Warblers were most numerous.

Scarcity: During their main migration period, Myrtle Warblers were not as numerous as usual.

Finches: The occurrence of Evening Grosbeaks and Red Crossbills continued very spotty. Fairly large flights of Pine Siskins were seen Sept. 20 and 22.

Rare birds: A Yellow-throated Vireo was seen with a flock of warblers Sept. 20. The bird was seen in good light and all fieldmarks plainly noted. On the same date, an exceptionally red Junco was first seen. Using Chapman's colour chart, (Birds of Eastern North America, 1940), head and "hood" Slate-colour with Rufous wash on the crown, back Rufous to Cinnamon Brown with wing feathers edged with Ochraceous Buff, flanks Vinaceous,

almost touching to Orange, and the demarkation line between the "hood" and the flanks noticeable if not marked. It appeared conspicuously reddish among the other Slate-coloured Juncos, even the immatures, but I am not convinced that it was actually an Oregon Junco. It remained at the feeding station 3 or 4 days.

MNOC

SUMMARY OF OBSERVATIONS ON BIRDS AT PIMISI BAY, ONTARIO

DECEMBER 1952 — Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

Weather: Twenty one days were mainly cloudy and 10 days sunny. On 23 days the daily mean temperature was higher and on 8 days lower than the Normal Daily Mean of the month, 15.7°F. Temperatures of 40° and above were recorded Dec. 8 and 10 with a maximum of 45°F. Dec. 10. Below zero temperatures occurred Dec. 27, 30 and 31 with a minimum of 16° below Dec. 31. Cold fronts passed through Dec. 16, 18 and 27. Maximum cover of snow of 9 inches was reached Dec. 14. The ground was bare from Dec. 9 to 12. Pimisi Bay froze Dec. 1.

Feeding-Station: Hairy Woodpeckers decreased with the disappearance of 2 old females during the last part of the month. Downy Woodpecker remained the same, 1 male. Blue Jays remained the same, 8 to 10 birds. An influx of about a dozen banded and unbanded Black-capped Chickadees was noted throughout the month. Among these was a female hatched 1945 or earlier. First Red-breasted Nuthatch female joined the 3 males Dec. 17. A Brown Creeper was a visitor all month. A female Pileated Woodpecker made a short and breath-taking appearance Dec. 31.

Abundance: Wintering in greater numbers than usual are Common Redpolls, Snow-buntings and Red-breasted Nuthatches. The reason for the presence of the first 2 species appears to be that the snow is not yet deep enough to cover the seeded heads of the weeds. For the Redpolls the fruitfulness of the alder is obviously another cause.

Scarcity: Despite the influx of new birds, the Black-capped Chickadees are still not as numerous as compared to the past 3 or 4 years.

Finches: Although generally spotty, the appearance of Pine Grosbeaks, Pine Siskins and Red Crossbills was to a great extent dependent on the spreading of salt and gravel on the highways. At a stockpile of salt and gravel west of Rutherglen a flock of about 45 Evening Grosbeaks was seen Dec. 11.

Christmas Count: Taken Dec. 30 from Bonfield to Emu Claire. Total miles 42, total hours 9, yielded 12 species and about 118 individuals.

Behaviour: First drumming of the Hairy Woodpecker heard Dec. 20. First singing of the Black-capped Chickadee Dec. 31.

Plumages: White-capped Blackcaps still present.

Mammals: Increased numbers of Varying Hares, Porcupines, Short-tailed Weasels and Short-tailed Shrews. Comparative scarcity exists in Red squirrels and Red Foxes. Brush and Timber Wolves very scarce or totally absent.

CHRISTMAS CENSUS 1952

From city of North Bay, townships of East Ferris, Bonfield, Calvin, villages of Bonfield, Rutherglen, Lac Claire, area around Pimisi Bay, Mattawa River, Kuipuskong River, Kennedy Lake, Smith's Lake, Amable du Fond River, to 10 miles west of Mattawa, Ontario; open farmland 30%, coniferous woodlots and black spruce bog 10%, second growth mixed forest 50 %, lakes and rivers 10%, settlements 10%; Dec. 31, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., clear to freezing rain, 4° to 33° above F; wind W to SE, 5 - 15 m.p.h.; ground covered with 6 to 10 inches crusty snow; all fresh water except rapids and eddies frozen; total hours 8; total miles 43 (39 by car, 4 on foot). Am. Goldeneye 6, Pileated Woodpecker 1, Hairy Woodpecker 7, Downy Woodpecker 2, Canada Jay 3, Blue Jay 7, Northern Raven 2, Black-capped Chickadee 42, White-breasted Nuthatch 1, Red-breasted Nuthatch 2, Brown Creeper 1, Common Starling 29, English Sparrow 20, Pine Grosbeak 13, Redpoll 3, Snow Bunting 3; total 16 species, about 142 individuals. Observer: Louise de Kiriline Lawrence.

February 26, 1953.

Ron Wise Typewriter Service,
939 Lakeshore Road,
New Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Wise:

You will have heard from Mrs. Viola Pratt that Mrs. Lawrence received her Royal Typewriter eventually. The one that reached her safely was the one that you sent from Parkdale Station on January 11. Perhaps this was number 3 was it? Incidentally, Mrs. Lawrence and her husband are very curious to know if the other one or two typewriters got back to you safely? We received such a joyous wire from Mrs. Lawrence right after her "Royal gift" reached her, and a most gracious letter of thanks since. The club/were only sorry that you had to go to so much trouble because of the complications over the two railroad lines.

The first machine was in such perfect order, as we know. However, the one which reached Mrs. Lawrence needs some adjustments. Of her difficulties Mrs. Lawrence has written me recently. Her last letter to my husband and myself came today, and I am enclosing part of it for you to read. Could you write to Mrs. Louise du K. Lawrence, The Lighthouse, Rutherglen, Ontario and let her know what to do. Should not she have a Guarantee? To whom should she go in North Bay? We have had "sex symbol" rubber stamps made, one like this-- ♀ -- and one like this-- ♂ --and think that she will be pleased. She finds all of the keys so useful, that she did not want to sacrifice any of them for the ♀ and ♂ keys, so rubber stamps seemed the solution.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Rutherglen, Ontario, March 6, 1953.

Dear Doris:

The delay in answering your last letter has been caused by visitors and various disturbances. Today I am writing these lines first, so that Len can mail them tomorrow, even though I may not have time enough to complete the monthly summaries and another instalment on My Best Bird Note. In such a case, they will be sent to you later.

First, I am returning the money order with my most heartfelt gratitude for the MNOC:s continuous and never-ceasing generosity towards me. But I beg you all to forgive me for not accepting this latest proof of your thoughtfulness, and instead to use this money in another way! In giving me the type-writer, I feel, that you have given me very much more than enough, and now for a time you will have to let me try to deserve it.

I do, however, accept the stamps with eager gratitude and I thank you, darling Doris, for all the trouble you have taken over them. How sweet of you to be so insistent I should have them; and they are very fine as a help especially with the card system, the symbol showing the sex immediately much better than the writing out of the whole word. Again, thank you especially, and the MNOC generally! You are all being very good to me.

It has been very difficult for me to do any of my own business when in town with Len during this time of rather great ordeal for him. Hence I have not been able to visit the Royal agent at North Bay, although I know now who it is. I have not heard from Mr. Wise to date. My worry about the guarantee is, why it did not come with the machine, if it is new! I take it you intended me to have a new one and not one that had been reconditioned? This one looks new but acts reconditioned. I suppose type-writers have guarantees?!? It would have been natural if Mr. Wise had sent a reconditioned machine in place of the lost one until proper adjustment could be made. I also wonder, why Mr. Wise had no machine in stock with elite type when he was given the order first, then, all of a sudden, at a moment's notice, there were plenty of machines available with small sized type. The type of this one certainly is smaller than yours, at any rate. So now I think the best way is for me to take the machine to the agent in North Bay, whether or not I hear from Mr. Wise, have him go over it and make the needed adjustments. Therefore, do not worry about it any more and I will tell you what happened after I have been to the agent.

Hazel Petty reported Crow for March 1. They have also been reported from Rutherglen, but these reporters may not know the difference between crows and the resident pair of Ravens. I have neither heard nor seen any yet, mean date for Pimisi Bay March 12. Hazel Petty saw two hawks, Feb 15, Cooper's, she is almost sure because it was an Accipiter that seemed too small for a Goshawk, and another Feb 16, which she is almost sure was a Marsh hawk because of size and outline, although she did not see the white rump. The behaviour also influenced her almost sure identifications. She is doing a marvellous job with the indexing of my daily records. One volume is finished, the easiest and shortest. It is a big job. I got her a member-

ship in the FON for which I think she was happy.

Len is over the worst, I am glad to say. But it has been a long session. It will take him some time to recover altogether from the effects of auto-intoxication from so many abscessed teeth. The fact that he did not actually have a nervous break-down shows considerable physical stamina, for which I am grateful. I do hope that any kinds of further break-downs will now have been averted. He has been touchingly sweet in trying not to prevent me from working on the book, but it has been hard to keep from getting distracted from worry, etc. So there has been less done than planned, all the same. Poor Margaret said she was going through the same kind of thing, so she did warmly sympathize with Len. How fortunate you and Murray and I are, not to have to go through such things, and my ardent wish for us all three is that it may long delayed, perhaps never needed.

Must end! All my love and, again, my abiding appreciation for all that you and the MNOC have done for me,

Lovingly
Louise

Rutherglen, Ontario, March 19, 1953.

Dearest Doris:

Imagine I have lost your last letter in some unaccountable manner. But I want you to know that all is well with type-writer and there is no more need to worry. I am still entirely amazed at the largesse of the MNOC and still wondering how properly to repay it.

This is not going to be a long letter. Did my Chickadees yesterday and must get on with the book today. The time of winter's grace for literary labours is running short and if this earliness of spring continues, it will not be long now before the ratatata-ta-ta-ta is heard; and if it will be Red or Green or Gold that returns first will keep me in a nice suspension.

Will you please investigate which Gull is Larus glaucoides glaucoides? My cousin recorded the appearance of an immature of this species in the Stockholm harbour last month as something very rare. I suspect it is a species renamed by the AOU. Is it the Iceland Gull? In Swedish it is called the White-winged Gull. Yes

I was most interested in your comment on females sometimes taking the initiative in pairing in off-seasons or very early. As two new blue-grey-headed lady Nuts arrived Mar 15 and 17, respectively, the scene is set for more nutty revelations. I may say that so far neither of them has accepted a mate from the 3-male bachelor surplus. But I shall return to the fascinating subject on a later occasion.

filed DNS. CMP. Len is coming in with reports on EGs nearly every day and doing his best to get you sex ratio counts. I do not think I ever commented on your information regarding a male EG seen in Maine, which carried a gold band. My gold bands were placed on the right leg and I do not know if anybody else used this way of marking. I am very inclined to think that it was my bird and you will doubtless have noted the twice shown lateral migration of the Rutherglen EGs, almost due East or just, just North of East.

Spring is too early, 80% of the fields are bare and about 40% of the ground in the bushlands. Robins were reported at Rutherglen Mar 14, but I have not seen or heard one yet. Rosa Mephita came down for the first time last Sunday morning and met Len when he got up to shake down the fire. I tumbled out of bed to look at her. She was very thin and very nervous and did not stay. I thought the air was a bit skunified this morning too. She slept under the brooderhouse, apparently choosing that site when she was not permitted entrance under the steps in front. By Len's order, not mine. But he had his reasons, as he has long planned to fix the cellar. The uprights need to be replaced, and this time it is going to be cementblocks and not logs that rot.

Then I have not yet mentioned the wolf concert, or did I? Nor about the "Treasure", with capital letter, which Mother sent out a year ago and now at long, long last safely arrived. All this will have to wait. Len is better, though all is not yet completely well. But time helps. Love to both. Enclosing R.Ts clippings, thought perhaps someone of the MNOC might be interested.

Love and love

Louise

over

P.S. I thought to day, shall we, when I have finished my Sapsuckers and you your Vespertinas, take on the Magnolias? I would rely on you for most of the research work in the literature while I could do most of the field work, you having already contributed with such a fine piece of same in the nesting study.

Received April 16
Answered " 18

Rutherglen, Ontario, April 13, 1953.

Dearest Doris:

I have been thinking of you constantly the past week while preparing the enclosed notes and records, which were to go with the letter in answer to your interesting and lovely one of March 24. You will know, therefore, that the delay in writing was not from neglect. I hope you will like the Mammalian Note. I thought it should go on record, and how could I do this better than by writing it up for the MNOC! I enclose also a clipping from the North Bay Nugget. The hunters are complaining over the "colossal depletion" of deer in this neighbourhood and blaming it on everything but themselves. Russell Whitfield worked this out and I thought it was a very fine piece of conservation work, done in a subtle manner. Only I fear that the number of hunters not bright enough to understand the implication, is too great. So I let a Blue Jay have something to say about it - but that is my awful secret.

Now, dearest Doris, I have a confession to make, and I may as well do it first as last. I have exchanged the Royal for a Remington. It took me several weeks finally to decide upon this step. I hesitated most, lest this decision should in any way suggest a lack of appreciation on my part to you and the members of the MNOC; but as I tell you the details I do hope that you will all understand that there could not exist such a lack in my heart, and so give me your approval. The Royal did not work well and Mr. Wise never confirmed any kind of guarantee on the type-writer. When I took it in to Remingtons for appraisal, they said it was a new machine. They also said that it was a new model just being put out by the Royal people, and that it does happen, that an odd machine, in the beginning, comes off the assembly-line with flaws. They thought this was the reason why I had had trouble with this one. Nevertheless, because it was new, they offered me at once a good price for it, only a few dollars less than what you probably paid for it. Len was with me and, in the two weeks since I first visited them, they had got in the type machine I wanted with elite type. I had received from Mother a generous cheque for my birthday. I thought that I could not do anything better with it than use part of it for the difference between the Remington and the Royal, and I felt besides, that you and the MNOC could not object to my Mother sharing in their gift as it stands on my desk today. Do please confirm this! The Remington has a year's full guarantee and I am due for a check-up 3 months from now. It has the miracle tabulation, which Len insisted upon without knowing rightly what it meant, I am sure. I find it is the best of miracles, me who never thought I needed such a thing. Apart from that, its next best feature is the riband mechanism which is like on the standard office machines. This means that it is much longer than on portables in general and goes off and on with a few tricks and gadgets. Otherwise, it is much like my old faithful; unlike the Royal it has no °, but since you taught me how to produce it with the o, this does not matter. Furthermore, the Remington service department in North Bay appears very much up to date, said I could call on them for service even at Rutherglen and that they would supply another machine while they serviced mine, which I hardly need with old faithful. But I shall not feel quite, quite happy about the change, although my fingers do, until I know that you approve of it and give me assurance you are not taking it amiss.

You can understand that the MNOC has been much in my thoughts. I do hope that this exclusive ornithological club femina will become a permanent institution and live and prosper by its own integrity and good work. I want Murray to remember, as the advisory executor of my scientific and literary estate, that I would like such journals, reprints, and books out of my library of natural history to go to the MNOC library, as it needed or wished to have after my death. I shall mention this if and when I write a codicil to my will, meanwhile you know of it.

Thank you for the information on Larus glaucoides! I do hope you had a wonderful time at Long Point seeing the swans. The development in your pond sounds thrilling indeed and I can well understand that you feel torn between giving it some of you time and all your other work. A naturalist's greatest lack is not having omnipresence,

-vision and - hearing, not to speak of omnipotence, in the sense of perpetual strength. Len's ponds are doing very fine too, but in them life did exist at the established forest pond stage from the beginning. All Len did was to enlarge and deepen the water area of the existing creek, plant trees around it and mosses to cover the excavations, which is emerald green just now after all the rains. We observed with joy that Robin A made use of it the other day. How lovely with the birdhouses around the pond! You will have a wonderful time watching all this and you will give it some time; I do not think you can escape it, even with the sternest will to limit your activities within well-defined lines.

Thank you very much indeed for the information about the paper in the Condor by Howell. I could write to Mr. Howell for a reprint perhaps, if you give me his address. Like you, I feel that I should do some investigations on Sphyrapicus varius varius of my own first, then read what others have found, and then again give him another summer's work. Would you and Murray approve of such a plan or have you any suggestions? I feel that lacking an academic education the proper planning of a scientific investigation is a weak point with me. Nor do I know how properly to read. I suppose it can be done in various "proper" ways, but have you any suggestions that you have found particularly useful in your own work? I am talking to the two of you.

A great deal of cold air is lying over us just now and more is being swept in by a north wind. Migration at the moment appears predominantly of the surface variety, when hordes of birds move low across country and need a lot to eat. Ducks and Juncos are numerous, but I am still waiting for the Loon, which ought to be here because the ice went out yesterday. A Flicker came in this morning and the Sap should not be far behind. A lone male EG came into the top of a poplar at the garage this morning. He remained there for 7 minutes calling. Between the calls he gave faint continuous notes, which I just, just could hear as I stood 50 feet below him. I wrote them down as "see-tseet-tsreet-see-see etc. These in turn, were occasionally interspersed with "churrs" and "chirrs", very soft and pretty notes. Was this the EG song, do you think? The record belongs to the April section.

Mother sent the Treasure last July and it arrived here about a month after Christmas. It is a rococo dressing table from the 18th century, a heirloom from my father's family from great and grand parents and willed to me by my father's only sister. It is exquisitely inlaid and designed, such curves, such slenderness! It is festooned with secret drawers and compartments for the lady of that day to keep her powders and mouches, combs and whatnots. It has the loveliest mirror which rests on the top of the table, which, in turn, can be raised and supported at various angles according to requirement. Its right place will be under your picture on the wall beside the door and the sofa. But at the moment the indispensable chest-of-drawers we have there now, containing linen, is too tall to stand where the Treasure now stands, on the wall between the door to the kitchen and the bookshelf. Some day we shall get a low long bureau that will fit there under the little cupboard in the wall, which by the way also is indispensible. The Treasure, as you will see when you come here next, is the most adorable object imaginable. You will love it.

Old Mrs. Mackensie is 88 today and I thought she would be pleased if I paid her a little visit. Hence this lovely hour with you must come to and end. Would you like to see the book chapter by chapter, or would you rather have the whole works at once? This is a 60-dollar question. Love from us to you both,

Lorie

P.S. I am worrying about Margaret. Is she well?

p.p.s. How is your darling mother?

Rutherglen, Ontario, April 23, 1953.

Dearest Doris:

You and Margaret Marsh have now made me feel completely happy about the new machine and I am tapping away at it with increased assurance. How very tactfully and sweetly you worded your approval and of course especially M. Marsh's experience topped everything. The gift is so great and the gratitude so deep and one would hate to detract the slightest bit therefrom, but I know now that all is well and your understanding perfect. It is so extraordinarily wonderful to have such a peach to work on as this Remington and the tabulator is really an unimagined benefit in all kinds of my daily recording. We shall do whatever you feel is best with regard to telling anybody else. I only felt that I could not enjoy the exchange until I told you about it and left you free to act or not to act in letting the members know.

Thank you so much for letting me see the Allen outline and I am returning it herewith having taken down some of its brilliant ideas. It was, however, not so much the actual study I meant. I think that I can cope with that fairly well after all the high pressure training Margaret, bless her, has given me through our discussions of my work and all the literature she has put in my hands, not to speak of the potent examples of her own work. Also your Magnolia study gave me many valuable hints. I am even going beyond it in the set-up of the Sap study by writing a "synopsis" at the end of each day's work of all the things observed, notes, displays and so on. This helps enormously in the computing amd interpreting afterwards. I meant primarily how properly to use the literature. I find that a great deal of extra work is done by copying references which one does not know will be actually used when one gets down the writing of the paper, other references you find you need but have not got them. I mean especially with borrowed stuff which one does not like to keep too long. From the experience with the vireos I am not going to borrow anything until I am ready to sit down with it. There must be a proper academic way in which to organize oneself with regard to the extracting of references and if you and Murray have any suggestions along that line I would be vastly helped.

The Sap males are here and I hope to goodness that no female has slipped in behind my back in the face of today's cold front; I had to go to town with the truck this morning because the battery ran down in some unaccountable way. I find I can call them at will and have them behave for me in convenient places. But if I want a perfectly "natural" study I shall have to use this method with discretion. They have an enormous variety of movements, displays and notes, and I am saying this watching only one sex currently. I shall wish for a hundred eyes when the hes and shes get together on a limb.

It may please you to hear that I have just finished reading the proof of the Vireos. It may sound funny, but I was favourably impressed with much of it. I felt I had done least well with the incubation chapter. It is not concrete enough, if you know what I mean. It appeared to me that Dr. Senn, who usually is a stickler for eliminating ambiguities, has done very little editing. I hope it is not because he is falling down on the job. Could he fall down on any job, do you think? (I still get a bit entangled in the keys of the Remington, hence the erasings which you are asked to overlook. To get completely used to a new machine takes more time than I realized.) The Blackburnians is coming out in the May American Nature. I am beginning to get on the printed pages again.

I am also enclosing a copy of my letter to Mr. Dalglish. I think much more would be accomplished between him and me if he came here in the summer as you said he could and perhaps would. Wouldn't it be wonderful if the FON really became interested in taking this beautiful spot "under their wing"! Just imagine

what could be done of effective demonstration. I wish they would set up their own camp at the place across Pimisi Bay which is now a nondescribable awfulness with all kinds of nightly affairs going on. He is supposed to want to sell out, have been looking for a buyer for some time, so it is said. But as you said, what is to come out of the project will come in due time. Forcing issues is probably very unwise. So I thought I would not say too much to Mr. D. I hope you think I said enough.

Today I saw how a Robin got his bride. The whispered song and the female's answering notes were the most remarkable features, I thought. Also the "supplanting" moves on the part of the male which could not dislodge her, merely made her do little circular flights that finally got them both quite close together on the same branch. He still appeared not quite satisfied with the evidence in hand, but asked for more with still a few more supplanting moves. Looking at her, I could have sworn she smiled at his incredulity. He had been alone a pretty long while, since April 7 in fact. Later both came worm-hunting on the "lawn" and, oh, she is feminine all right.

How nice with Fred Helleiner. He is such a nice lad. I am sure he learned nothing from me. Len will be pleased that you were glad for his records. He is pretty careful in his observations and likes doing it I think, deep down inside. He has been in Redbridge this week and he does not like to have to stay in those places, which nobody can blame him for. The great recompense to that sort of thing this year is that they have all gone on the 5-day week in the department. And what a boon that is, one does not know until one gets it. So my research has gone on 5-day week too with Saturday a kind of no-mans day. And on Sunday I play at Len's games with him. For not being a research worker dyed-in-the-wool, he is the best kind of besider.

Well, Len came home unexpectedly and I have just finished giving him an impromptu dinner. He is again hoarse with a cold, the third one in so many months. I do hope this abnormal susceptibility will abate in time. Tomorrow he goes on his own township work and that will smooth things out.

But it is now getting late and I am very early on the go these days. All our love,

As ever,

Louie

Do not return

Rutherglen, Ontario,
April 21, 1953.

Mr. K. C. Dalglish,
1156 Bay Street,
Toronto.

Dear Mr. Dalglish:

Mrs. Speirs has told me of her conversations with you about the establishment of a sanctuary in this area.

I want to make clear that it is not a question of our own property which covers less than 10 acres and therefore can be protected quite easily by ourselves.

My original idea was to seek protection for areas around Pimisi Bay and the Matteva River for several reasons:

1) because this is part of the trail taken by Champlain on his journey to Georgian Bay and therefore of historical value;
2) because it is the undefined line where birds of the north appear to reach their most southerly limit at present and birds of the south their most northerly;
3) because this is the end of the Laurentian hills and the only part of them that lie within Ontario;
4) because a wide belt on the north side of the lake and the river and a narrower one on the south side are still practically uninhabited and not suitable for farming and because wilderness conditions still exist here, which are threatened by mining and logging exploitation and which practically can and should be preserved, like an oasis, in time before the tidal wave of human progress overruns it;
5) because it lies open to the highway wherefore its wildlife is exposed almost continually, but especially during hunting season, to thoughtless shooting and maiming, particularly the migrating waterfowl coming down to rest within dangerously easy range of the man with the gun in a car.

If the FON is seriously thinking of taking a sanctuary under its wing, to borrow Mrs. Speirs' words, I would certainly recommend that the possibilities of this area be properly investigated. Much the best would be if you could come here some time in the summer to see for yourself what you think of it and to discuss the pros and contras. Naturally there are groups which would not be easily convinced of the need and benefit of such a sanctuary. But the Chamber of Commerce of North Bay, but for one vote, resolved whole-hearted support when I first presented my plan to them. I have no idea how much land could be made available. Probably

this would be best to find out from Mr. Clarke. Why should the naturalist wish for "unusual features", if he has a wilderness of lakes and rivers and forest that are preserved from being "improved" by man? One thing of greatest importance is, I think, to have a sanctuary right on a thoroughfare, because how more effectively can the common man be conditioned to look but not to shoot than by enforcing familiarity upon him with the sanctuary attitude?

With the absence of fear and frustration the dream could perhaps come true and I do not mean only mine. Possessed with knowledge, patience and tolerance, the Federation ought to be well advised and extremely well adapted to undertake an experiment of this kind, wherever it is decided to be.

Yours sincerely,

Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

Evening Grosbeak Survey News
159 Elm Street
Northampton, Massachusetts

April 13, 1953

Dear Banders:

We have appreciated the data sent to us from time to time, and whenever possible such material has been used. We wish to have a summary of the Evening Grosbeak banding activity for the winter of 1952-53 in the next issue of the News. Will you kindly fill in the following blanks in order to facilitate the compilation of banding data. The next number of the News will be the final one of Volume III, and as banding activities will have ended by about May 15th we hope you can arrange to send us the data by that time.

Color band or bands used & on which leg: _____

Wing mark or marks used & which wing: _____

Length of time the above marks lasted: _____

DISTANCE from banding station & towns where marks were noted:

_____

_____

Dates of banding for 1952-53: first _____ last _____

Number of color bands used 1952-53 _____

Number of Evening Grosbeaks banded without color bands _____

	males	females
Number of E.G.'s banded in Nov. 1952	_____	_____
" " " Dec. 1952	_____	_____
" " " Jan. 1953	_____	_____
" " " Feb. 1953	_____	_____
" " " Mar. 1953	_____	_____
" " " Apr. 1953	_____	_____
" " " May 1953	_____	_____
Total for season	_____	_____

Interesting returns:

Interesting foreign recoveries:

Miscellaneous observations of interest: No EG:s were banded at Pimisi Bay, Rutherglen, Ontario.

Rutherglen, Ontario, June 30, 1953.

Dear Doris and Murray:

Thank you, Doris, for your fine notes on the Red-breasted Sapsucker nesting. They are so valuable for the background of comparative presentation which I intend this study to have, e x t e n s i v e l y. From my present knowledge, I would question the nestling note is actually a food-call in the word's narrowest meaning - but we shall discuss these things when you come here. Do give yourselves good time for your visit here, I beg again. There will be so much to talk about. I take it you know that Margaret and Blaine are coming east in the late summer and plan to visit us and you during their sejourn. Won't it be wonderful!

I have spent a good 150 hours with my birds so far this summer with 2 all-day sittings, one during excavation and the other with the young 4 days old in the nest - this with the help of Hazel. Len has said that he might help me with the one for incubation which I plan to do next year. So you see, I have plenty of cooperation. I tried to find the female's roosting hole the other night and sat and watched a woodpecker hole near which she had behaved curiously on one occasion. Guess what I found in it? Flying squirrels. No wonder she behaved curiously, methinks, but not for the reason I thought. Oh assumption, assumption, thine pitfalls are legio! With all this I am nevertheless getting to know my sapsuckers. They are such a fascinating variation from other birds. The male's role, the female's role, so different, yet so precisely coordinated, equality in nothing, contrariwise to much supposition in the ornithological annals. Dr. Howell has probably seen most of the being and behaviour of this species hitherto with his 160 odd hours in the field, but he bypassed all the ceremonies, the meaning of the "tattooing", the distinction between the notes, excavation, incubation, and feeding and brooding rhythms, not to mention the crucial instant of copulation, which no one has really described. For it is only in one position that the consummation of a woodpecker union is achieved. Howell describes it up to that instant and says he was not sure if coition actually did take place. Of course the main point with Howell's fine study was not the life-history but the interrelationship between the 3 subspecies, and it is up to me worthily to fill out the details to which he could not extend himself. There is a thrill and an incentive in the very thought, for I have always highly appreciated the benefit of teamwork. If you hear of anything said or written about woodpecker behaviour, please make notes how I can get hold of it. I have now at long last developed a good plan for this study and if I can follow it right out, literature and all, I think that my saps will be a good study.

The Vireo study is just out and will be awaiting you on your return home. Ornithologically speaking, it is still, I feel, immature work. But also that serves its purpose, in that it has apprentice value. How young people can scoff at the value of academic training is beyond me. It is extraordinary that they should miss its most important point, of putting system and method into their approach to research and proper coordination of their studies. It is this, chiefly, which I have not got and which retards me exasperatingly. It has taken me 15 years to realize a little what a university student gets served on a platter for individual absorption in two to 4 years.

Haven't time to write any more. Pages and pages of uncopied first notes lying waiting. We have the nest of an Olive-Backed Thrush at the back of the garage, made with mud. The single egg hatched yesterday after a long incubation, 15 days, (not yet double-checked). Len and I are working like slaves on Len's workshop and the back of the garage; and how this little bird got conditioned to all the banging and hammering is amazing. But she sat as trustingly on her single egg as if she had been in the most silent and secluded sylvan nook. I must stop.

Good bye. I am terribly looking forward to your coming. Give Gwen my love when you see her. You must be having the most wonderful time

Love Louise

CANADA

AIR LETTER
PAR AVION

Dr. and Mrs. J. Murray Speirs,
~~c/o Pacific Biological Station,~~
~~Nanaimo, British Columbia~~
Cowichan Bay R.R. #2.
PICKERING, ONT.

L. Lawrence
Rutherglen, Ontario.

VANCOUVER B.C. AUG 7 1 PM

No enclosure permitted
Ne rien insérer

Rutherglen, Ontario, August 19, 1953.

Darling Doris and dearest Murray: Having read your letter, I am left almost speechless. But I shall try regain the use of fitting words to express what I feel and think about the whole trend of events, through which you had to pass after you left here.

We had begun to wonder why you were so silent, and I would have written you, but there was no address where to send it. No wonder you could not write. No wonder!

Doris, I think that, to your friends, the worst of all this is the condition of your health. I have known of the HBP ever since your last illness. But I have also known, that you feel the same way as I do about your own life, that come what may we shall live freely and with all our might the time we do have left to be here and that we shall not let ourselves be intimidated by any naive thinking of the time limit. Only a few days ago I wrote down in my book a thought that came to me. I often do, just like that, and sometimes these entries do not fully explain themselves until afterwards. "To live is fully to realize the aliveness of death." I am still not the least bit religious, Doris, and I do not mean this in a religious sense, although to you it will probably appear that way. I mean it strictly biologically speaking. And that which has a particle of truth in it is exactly the same in whatever way it is thought or said. Hence, my dearest friend and almost sister, all I want to say to you is this: Blessed be every single minute of your life!

It was sweet of you to tell me all about it in such detail. Such a lovely residue comes out of the incredible mess - yours and Murray's attitude throughout and your refusal to lose your temper. That is what I think of most now, when the first shock has somewhat abated. It is a shining thing, lovely to behold. I am sure that your daughters will bless you for it forever, such a good example you gave them in how to behave like Gentle People, this to be taken in its very best meaning. Next Barbara's resolute interference to set things straight. Of course, this in her appeals to me in the highest degree. Withal her gentleness I know she has this little stiffness in the backbone, which detracts nothing from her loving-kind disposition, but makes her effectively so. It was a heavenly mercy that she got you back into your own room, so that you could close the doors upon those two young jackanapes. I hope fervently that they do not crawl in again through a window. Forgive me for casting a bit of doubt upon their consciences not giving them any peace! Judging from their whole attitude to you and to your precious home, they are incapable of being bothered by consciences of any kind; perhaps later, when life has mauled them a bit, they will know what ingrates they were, to use a very, very mild term. With such a kind of youth, no wonder that England is losing face all over the world! One simply cannot go down on quality, however lionized quantity has become.

When I first got your letter I had a horrible feeling that your mother had passed on. Even though the news about yourself were equally saddening, I am sure you will not mind me feeling relieved to know that nothing like that had happened. I must suppose right that you have not told her anything of all this; to her, too, unexspected shocks are not favourable.

Long, long I have wanted to tell you, how deeply we enjoyed your visit here. The atmosphere was so full of common interests, love, and enthusiasm, and it seemed to me that never has our meeting been so profitable and giving, as this time. I am feeling much more peaceful inside nowadays and that probably helped me best to feel this way about it. I only regret that you were so cold. I had not the faintest idea that the little window on the north side was taken out. Len told me afterwards, that when he was up there to put the screendoor in, he thought it would make you so much more comfortable in the heat that still prevailed then. It would have been so simple to put it back in. I cannot forget how radiantly beautiful and well Doris looked when you came up the path in your pretty little pink hat. The trip west must have done you a lot of good, in spite of the unspeakable home-coming.

It was wonderful for me that you so patiently and with such interest looked over my sapsucker notes with me. Thank you most heartily! There will be many a thing I shall want to discuss with you and Murray later on and you will know better what I am talking of. I have just finished the synopsis of the nestlife period. I have done all the calculations and the review became rather long and took much time to think out and compose.

I am now reading Bent's lifehistories very carefully. It is amazing that, so far, I have found none of the behaviour observations adequately analysed. But to try to understand bird behaviour is, of course, only a recent development. When these things were seen, a truthful description of them was what mattered most, and what was unintelligible remained unexplained. It is only a recent development in myself, attempting to find the reasons for what I see, and it fascinates me. A new door has sprung ajar (I think Margaret pushed it), revealing new vistas. For instance, I know now the special meaning of chickadee's cheek-patches and black cap and bib. They were not created haphazardly.

Len's workshop now stands ready. It has a redtile-painted floor, cream walls and very light brown trim. It is very bright and comfortable. It has the sturdiest workbench in the world, two-inch planks on 4x4 legs. Len is very proud over it and he has made and painted a special frame in which his tools are to hang. Now remains only shelves and the sorting out of all his equipment and the installation of that. It is a wonderful morale supporter.

We had Jimmy Houston here in two instalments for a few days each time and little godchild Margaret Louise was with us for a week. We think her a very engaging little personality and she reminded us a lot of her sweet mother. I think that she has been happily endowed with much of Jimmy's best och much of Dory's best and, if the loss of her mother can be made good to a safe extent, she should have good chance of developing into a highly desirable little character. But that IS the great question mark. We had the impression of Jimmy being very disharmonious inside, all too much taken up with "finding himself", when his chief effort obviously should be spent on his two motherless children. And this, I think, would be the best way of finding himself. But all this is very easy to see, sitting on the fence. I am afraid, however, about his entanglements with women, which do not sound propitious. He said he wanted very badly to see you again and I hope he will do so when you get back home. Do what you can for him, he needs a good setter-upper.

Never in the annals of the Loghouse Feeding station has it seen so many hummingbirds. As I write this, 4 little females are sitting on the wires, or trying to helicopter into an advantageous position above each other, with pearl-trimmed tails spread like fairy fans, from which the elfin power-dives therafter can be executed. All this musically illustrated with "chittering" notelets. When you go out, it is fabulous that these green-shimmering miniature projectiles do not constantly pierce you like bullets. But they avoid obstacles with perfectly magic precision. When the two or three male Ruby-throats come upon the scene, the aeronautic acrobatics of their wives and daughters pale in comparison with their own. I have to fill the two sugarwater fountains every day.

About a week or two ago, an Ovenbird family cockstepped into the Loghouse arena. Undoubtedly the adult birds, finding foraging for two youngsters and themselves as well in need of rejuvenescence, observed the chickadees and nuthatches feeding from the sticks and returning again and again to an inexhaustible supply. One of the Ovenbirds alighted on the wire. It observed a chickadee eat brown stuff. It rope-danced over and pecked the brown stuff. That was how it came to find out that peanutbutter is edible. Of course it was quite easy to repeat performance. It was also quite natural that its mate should immitate what appeared to be a profitable procedure. Two ground-feeding birds thereby elevated themselves to wire-feeding and stick-pecking like woodpeckers. But it did not end herewith. Other ground-feeding birds looked up and observed the Ovenbirds rope-dancing and thus securing fine and generous mouthfuls of food. There were moulting White-throats and their following of almost independent children; there were two pairs of tailless and "moth-eaten" Juncos and their spotted progeny, which no longer dared shiver a wing for an extra morsel. It was amazing how they all got up on the wire and began feeding on peanutbutter. Len, whose ornithological sense grows in leaps and bounds, remarked upon the ground-feeding birds being off ground in such a manner. Then I took out my autotriptrap which has a bottom in it, hung it up like in winter to trap the chickadees, decked it enticingly with peanutbutter, millet grains and sunflower seeds. A juvenile Junco was the first to learn how to get into it; then by stages, all the others followed suit. I have left the front and top open and some very exciting encounters are enacted in the small space of the 4 by 6 suspended diner. S U S P E N S E - they say over the radio. What about the stalled minute when a White-throat

and a Junco find themselves face to face with only a glob of peanutbutter between them!

I wrote to Bill Gunn after you left, at the same time as I sent him a reprint. I must have said what I wanted to say in a very tactful way, for I had the nicest letter back, leaving the untouchable subject untouched, but showing me in the warmly sympathetic discussion of my vireos unmistakably, how much he appreciated the things I had said. He was very lavish in his praise. The best he said was that my study was in "the grand tradition of Margaret Nice". The next best, "that anything I learned (of the Red-eyed Vireo in Algonquin Park, he once thought of writing his Ph.D. thesis on it) is covered in your paper and that nothing in your paper disagrees with any observations I made". This last I find very reassuring and encouraging, for how often do you not doubt the truth of your own observations and interpretations thereof? He wants to review it for the Bulletin and asked for a biographical sketch. I must write of Father and Einar Lönnberg and Bruno Liljefors.

Now please tell me, should I send a reprint to Godfrey and R.M. Anderson, just in appreciation of all they have done for me, when they surely have the Field-Naturalist?

I must end now. I am still at the first week of May in my daily recording. My Swedish friend is coming Sunday morning and staying two days, then Margaret and Blaine on the 27th. I do hope no Atlantic hurricanes place themselves as low pressure areas over Labrador the next two weeks, wafting polar air into the Green House at night. On such occasions I wish for a guestroom off the east wall of the Loghouse, where I could keep my darling visitors comfortable.

With all my love to you, Doris, and you, Murray. Be sensible in your activities and may good courage help you over the obstacles and keep you invincible!

Ever your devoted friend,

Louie

Rutherglen, Ontario, September 1st 1953.

My dearest Almost Sister: This is the most un-September-like day, with the heatwave continuing unabated, like a tropical, equatorial noon. I have been wondering how you have been standing it, but I am not worrying, since I think that you will be all right. Once a circumstance gets to its brink, its stands at bay and is easier to cope with - if you can follow these extravagant metaphors. But I have been thinking of you very often and with much, much love and hoping that each day and hour in the peace and beauty of your surroundings is gradually restoring you, soul and body.

Secondly, I thought perhaps that you would love to hear of Margaret's and Blaine's visit. Let me tell you at once that it was perfect, wholly perfect as far as I am concerned. I felt very strongly that they, too, loved it. Margaret is what I would call an international personality, by which I mean something ultra elite from every possible standpoint. It is marvellous to be together with a really brilliant person. That she then combines this with a heart in her bosom, whose generosity knows no limits, certainly does make her outstanding. Two and a half days we were together and I am really getting to know her a little. Blaine won my heart totally. He is so American, so very much the very best type of American, keen, fine, large-hearted and broadminded. He came reserved, on his best behaviour; he ended up with his heart wide open for our woods, our animals, all of us and our life. They are both amazing for their years, but he is very young. He and Len got on well. Blaine has a good appreciation of people and Len felt he was well understood.

It was very hot while they were here. But at the back of the house, where we could see everything that went on at the feeding station, we sat most of the day in comfort, with small breezes stealing around the corners of the house and wafting the the hot air around. Margaret read every word of my Sapsucker study. She made some apt suggestions. I think that she thought I had used the summer well. I read her Inc. Per., a stupendous piece of research work. She left it with me to reread critically. I have done so and I think that I have found the reason why the Auk editor rejected it wholesale, without suggesting a revision. I think that was unpardonable short-sightedness, and he had apparently done so without having this important paper read by the editorial committee. Dr. Van Tyne and Andrew Berger had not seen it, at any rate. Perhaps the editorial committee does not read MSS. I shall suggest a revision of the first part, which will shorten it, without eliminating any of its gist. I think that the paper is tremendously important because it shows impressively how simple errors, errors of omission, and the errors of preconceived ideas, can halt progress and create confusion if not quickly rectified. Not only that, but it shows what an unforgiveable sin it is in research, not to stop and personally to think, and to weigh evidence. Obviously, the authority, with the rank and file, constantly needs to be on guard against the temptation of accepting things ready-made. After her generosity, perhaps Margaret's intellectual integrity is her most amazing quality. At any rate, I think that she provides an excellent example to try to live up to. Doubtless, she is highly inspiring, without even trying to be so.

Our forest stands scorched and yellowing in this great drought. I believe that because of its effect on the insect life we have passed through an August richer in birds at the feeding-station than we can ever remember before, all coming for the peanutbutter or lard pudding. The Sapsucker family, he, she, son and daughter, and perhaps another daughter, are here every day. Yesterday I caught 4 of them, caught MB, Fago's new mate and colour-banded him, got a re-weighing of Fago herself. The daughter lost herself in a trap at an early stage and got marked, and father and son entangled themselves together in the same trap just as I was going to cease operations in the middle of dinner-cooking for Len. He bore with interruption with angel-like equanamity, in spite of not having had the effects of a scorching day on the grader alleviated by food and drink. Len's Ponds, dried out as they are, are havens of recreation for uncounted birds. Yesterday I saw the woodcock bathing in it, a lovely sight to behold. He and his partner (or progeny) have even searched themselves up to the vicinity of the Loghouse, where they have evidently discovered

the compost heap and the lucious dewworms excisting therein. I must say that all the birds and animals performed par excellence while Margaret and Blaine were here. A flying squirrel sat for her in a birdbox with its head and tail outside in broad daylight and she made a pretty little drawing. They flew around, the woodcocks flew around, the bats flew around, at dusk, and the whippoorwills called both morning and night, thinking spring was ressurecting itself backwards. Apart from that the hare ate all the pansies for the second time, so that everybody might see, and the heavenly-blue morning glory sprang forth in profusion just long enough, in the heat, that a bee or two could steal the drop of nectar secreted in its unbelievably lovely chalice.

I absolutely must end this letter now, but it is not yet half finished. Thinking of you with love every day,

Louise

I enjoyed your letter as you asked. Forgot to tell you that!

Received Oct. 1/53
Answered " 3 "

Rutherglen, Ontario, September 28, 1953.

Dearest Doris: How far I shall get on this letter and whether it will be very long or not cannot be foretold. I am starting it at nearly 16.00 and intended only to send you a short little note about recent events. - First I must tell you how happy your last letter made me. My basket of unfiled matter, in which I put it to await being answered, is now so filled to overflowing that nothing can be found in it, and so I have not got it at hand just now. But the main thing in ~~thing~~ it stands very clearly before me. You said that you had recovered an equilibrium of mind, so that you were able to look at everything philosophically. And of course I know, that once you get that far in any difficult situation, you have conquered the whole show. It is of no importance by which avenue you attain this mountaintop. You are there and nothing can unseat you. I am also so glad that Margaret wrote you. She is an extraordinarily levelheaded person, apart from being the most knowledgeable one I know. Besides, she would speak to you from her own experience, for has she not been through much the same thing as you and known how to adjust to her bodily limitations? Because there is a change in the physical set-up, it need not influence the spiritual vitalities detrimentally, if the spirit has the necessary resilience. Be just as strong to say no, as you must be to go on and to fulfil your mission! I had a very strong feeling from your letter, that this time at Trout Lake had been used to the very best advantage to improve the soundness of your whole person - that it was, indeed, the very best that could have happened to you. I fervently hope that you will come away reborn in many senses, for you have much to do yet.

We have had many visitors since Margaret left and I thought you might like to hear about them. First, we had the 3 Cornell students, of whom I think I already told you. Soon thereafter, who would come in one evening after supper, but 3 members of the Aurora Wing, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Wilcox and Dr. (what's her name?) Devlin - her signature in the book is indistinct. I liked the last one best, she was nice, looked so clever - but they were all so charming. We thoroughly enjoyed their visit, but only thought they stayed too short because it got to be late. So the next day I sent them a reprint of my vireo study, saying how delighted I had been to see them, and had a lovely note back from Mrs. Williams. I did not mention the type-writer, not knowing whether the Aurora Wing had also participated in the Great Gift, but it was there for them to see, neatly covered by its

green cloth. Then this week we received a Swedish engineer from the department of highways in Stockholm, a friend and co-worker of my cousin. He was the nicest person you could imagine, smart, energetic, and intensely interested in everything. Although he evidently occupies a high-up position, being in charge of the maintenance department for the whole country, he went out on nearly a year's study trip throughout Canada on an immigrant visa, working his way through, beginning as a pick and shovel man with an ashfalt company. We thought that was a very smart thing to do and, with the exception of the Arctic, he has seen Canada from Vancouver to Halifax and from the bottom up. The accuracy of his knowledge of Canada was amazing in that short time, but that certainly was the way to achieve it. He saw all the fine things about this country and I think that he would have stayed had he been 10 years younger, for he was over 40. He understood and saw the shortcomings too in such a nice way without being critical, which of course only an intelligent person can do. He stayed with us for 4 days, had to spend the nights at Wonderland, unfortunately, because the Green House is half wrecked. But we went and got him every morning and took him back nights. For the rest we took him around everywhere, he and Len got on famously and I am so happy that Len at long last got to know a really decent and smart Swede. He was a clever photographer and took oodles of pictures. And what do you think happened? The Saturday ~~Sunday~~/afternoon I took him for a long walk back to the cliffs near Talon Chute, who would arrive but the Selbys. You know I have often hoped that they would come some day/and I had been thinking of them recently. Luckily Len was at home and did the honours exceedingly capably, as he always does, so that they remained until we arrived nearly 2 hours after. So we had tea and a very happy visit together, talked Hummingbirds of course. They said they would return the next day, but apparently changed plans, I suspect out of tactfulness not to interfere with the visit of our Swedish friend. That would be so like them. They were going to Tomogami and I am very much hoping that they simply delayed their return until they come through on their way back to Tallyhooo-hooo, where they are apparently making their headquarters. Now next week-end Mr. Broley is coming to North Bay to give a talk Friday night and I expect he and his wife will be calling in on their way, as they are motoring up. The world is indeed wearing a path in to the Loghouse at Pimisi Bay. And how lovely it is, that this kind of world does! /

I have been working hard to catch up with my records and I have now only to copy out 2 more of the monthly summaries. Imagine I had 4 to do, no,5, April, May, June, July and August, all that I was behind, thanks to the Sapsuckers. Would you let me know who is the MNOC secretary now and what is her address? Or would you like me to send them to you first, so that you can read them? I have still all the post-nesting period of the Sapsuckers to copy and there are pages and pages of notes. And then I have not yet finished, as I am still following 2 males in their post-nesting territories. This is one of the great surprises they are giving me, still being here so late,it is nearly October, long after the main migration of Sapsuckers take/places during the first and second weeks of September. All the birds north of here are gone and there was not much excitement as they passed. The females and the children went off, obviously in the 24 hours ending yesterday (this is the 29th) at 11.00. They are gone and only the old males remain. How untrue have not my last dates of the Sapsuckers been, how misleading, because I did not know. Now I know. And it is so easy to know if you know how to look. They have revealed their post-nesting secret to me, which is, that they choose a certain very constricted area in the nesting territory in which they live/the whole family together, all through the moult,until they reacquire what I call their "vaselined" plumage, this lovely smooth shiny feather garb with the black arrowheads on the tips of the belly feathers. In this area you will always find them so long as they are alive,and it is characterized by one or two sapwell trees, one apparently the favourite tree of the female and the other of the male. This is the time when the main sapsucking is done;and often starts on sapwelling is done on other adjacent trees as well. Sapsucking and wasp-eating. But one or two trees become chief sources,and there they hang every single time you come to look. Now I shall begin to take notes on the Hairy. It is well to start now, because soon he will begin selecting his partner, and I must study his notes, so that I can differentiate between them and their meaning. But hitherto I seem to have been so awfully occupied with the Sapsuckers and other things. However, I am learning not to stew, and find it much easier on the blood pressure. And the work is better tooo- hoo-hoo. Yes, a Great Horned has been much in evidence lately around the Loghouse, everybody in the mammalian world has been so terrifically prolific this year. There is a new bunch of juvenile Red Squirrels cavorting around the white pine trunk, must be somebody's 4th litter.

And I can go out every night and have a Flying Squirrel snuggle up in my hand, stowing away a ball of peanut butter. So there is an awful lot of food for an owl, running around. But we do love the Flying Squirrels with their large eyes and soft fur. Today we saw hundreds of Crows coming out of their roost ~~on~~ at Lake Talon and a flock of Red-winged Blackbirds being attacked from underneath by a Pigeon Hawk. But they veered and looped skillfully to defeat the enemy, though they were so numerous he must have got somebody, as they flopped to weight down the treetops in Hill's Woods.

Now I must end. I would love to get the second instalment soon, but I can also wait, for letter-writing is a secondary matter for you upon which your strength must not be wasted unnecessarily. My very sweetest and truest love to you both,

Lorine

1953

Copy MNOC

SUMMARY OF OBSERVATIONS ON BIRDS AT PIMISI BAY, ONTARIO.

JANUARY 1953 by Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

Weather: Twenty days were mainly cloudy and 11 sunny. On 20 days the daily mean temperature was higher and on 11 days lower than the Normal Daily Mean for the month, 11.5° F. No pronounced warm or cold spells of any duration. Warmest days were Jan. 2 with a mean temperature of 34.6° and Jan. 31 with a maximum reading of 38° F. The coldest day was Jan. 6 with a mean of 9.9° below zero and a minimum of 23° below zero F. Warm fronts passed through Jan. 15 and 31; cold fronts Jan. 3, 6, 11, 16, 18, 20, 24, 31. Thickest snow cover of 15 1/2 inches was reached on Jan. 25.

Feeding Station: Hairy (appr. 8) and Downy (1) Woodpeckers remained stationary in numbers. Blue Jays (appr. 11) increased by one or two unbanded birds. The Black-capped Chickadees (appr. 45) increased by at least 26 (hand-counted) birds, 11 of these returns. Red-breasted Nuthatches, 3 males and 1 female, and Brown Creeper (1) were unchanged from last month. The male Pileated Woodpecker with red moustache and flamboynat crest paid a brief visit on Jan. 12. A flock of 5 Pine Grosbeaks appeared Jan. 23 and 2 Pine Siskins, eating ashes, Jan. 29.

Finches: Occurrence of Common Redpolls, Pine Siskins, and Red Crossbills, eating salt on the highways, very sporadic and birds not numerous. Pine Grosbeaks the most abundant species.

Snow Buntings: Flocks of from 12 to 25 individuals seen during the first and last weeks of the month.

Behaviour Note: The January singing of the Black-capped Chickadees did not get under way until the second part of the month and was at no time particularly vigorous in spite of comparatively warm weather.

Answered Jan. 9/53

Rutherglen, Ontario,
January 1, 1953

I am writing this year for the first time.

Dearest Doris and Murray:

Len and I hope that this new Year will bring you all the wonderful experiences of the soul that a full life and satisfying labours assuredly bestow upon their devotees. I do not think that our best wish for most beloved friends could be formulated in better words. I enclose also a little card from Mother, which came in one of my letters, rather outside one of them on its own as you see, and which should have been forwarded to you long ago. We thank you for your dear Christmas wishes, and Len especially does so for your separate heartening greetings to him, which he asks me to tell you he warmly appreciated. Thank you from me for the Wilson membership, and ever so welcome gift of continuous value! Thank you most of all for your loyal and ever inspiring friendship, which is the best gift anyone can give and anyone can accept.

We are so glad for your suggestion of your wish for Christmas, as you have already got Audubon. Good thing I asked you first. So I have subscribed for it for the MNOC and please let me know that it comes all right. The mountain ash from Pimisi Bay will be sent to you as soon as spring comes, and would you like some other roots as well, high bush cranberry, for instance, or Canadian holly? I hope I can find a suitable mountain ash, just around here there are not so many, but Len will keep an eye open for them on his travels and then we can go and get it there.

We wonder very much where the typewriter is? I have been to the station every day and until yesterday it has not turned up. Your letter of December 18 said it had been shipped, but the station agent here says he does not think it was, because he would then have had the waybill and would be able to trace it. Len suggested perhaps it got into the crash at Washago. Anyway, we thought it was time now that you knew, so that you can find out what happened. I have with great care composed a letter of thanks to the club, but as it must be the first words written on the new typewriter, you cannot have it until it arrives. I do hope that you did not have any extra expense on account of the type, I was under the impression that you could order any type you liked without extra cost.

I shall send you down the Swedish book shortly. It will be most interesting for those who are doing photography, Janet Goodwin, I thought of specially. But to those members who are going to Europe I think it will make them ache to get "Off the Beaten Track" in those fascinating regions behind the scenes, so to speak, of the Land of the Midnight Sun. To think that once upon a time I was myself just a few miles from the Three Realm Cairn of Norway, Sweden and Finland, and did not get into that marvellous scenery now fills me with regret. One should be born at 50 instead of zero years old. I have had the loveliest letter from Irma Metcalfe and she sent a box of interesting things to show what she is doing. Speaking of letters, the deer story brought more expressions of appreciation than any of my previous Audubon pieces. One was from a Mr. Scully of Bryn Mawr, Penn, speaking of the article as "charmingly written in exquisite prose". And, as to write good prose has always been my foremost desire and goal, this was encouraging. I should imagine that Mr. Scully from Bryn Mawr does know what he is speaking about.

I took the Christmas census December 30. It got me 12 species and about 118 individuals. I tramped, in all, about 9 miles, starting before sunrise to get in the birds as they came to the feeding place. I went to within a mile and a half of the Paresseux Chute down the rapids, or alongside rather. Saw there 4 Goldeneyes and an otter, chased a couple of deer ahead of me as I traced the hard-trammped highway of a porcupine down to water from his headquarters more than a ¼ of a mile away. I also got two drumming Hairies in here, that seemed to be too far away to come regularly to the feeding place. I walked through all the black spruce bog and got here two small flocks of Chickadees with a pair each of Red Nuts, a Redpoll and a Pine Grosbeak flying over. I tramped through Bonfield up street and down street, but neither an English Sparrow nor a Starling got on my list. I walked all around Pacaud Lake, back through the bog, got 2 beaverhouses, occupied certainly, judging by all the fresh boughs and trunks and mud with which they were fixed up. Also sounded out the under-ice-channel into the lake. The beaver had cut down all the alders that grew around the lake, almost to the last stick, and big birches had been freshly felled towards the lake. But not a bird. The clou of the day was a Great Horned Owl sitting, blithely revolving its head to cast its stare upon Pidge and me, upon a bleached mammoth stump along the rapids at Eau Claire. It was no more than 50 feet from us, the closest I have ever seen this owl, and a wonderful looking bird it was, fluffed like a balloon with its finely barred breast, and "spectacles", "ears" erect, and its coloration in the afternoon low sun blending perfectly with that of the gnarled old stump. And with that the census ended.

I shall make up the Evening Grosbeak data now and send that with this letter. The monthly report and the census copy will come later. We hope that you had a wonderful Christmas with all your children and grand dittos. The barometer here is rising towards "fair, brisk winds that will diminish".

With all my love,

Louie

Rutherglen, Ontario, January 13, 1953.

Dearest Doris:

I got your letter yesterday about the disappearance of the type-writer. I have been looking for it at Rutherglen, every day, but until yesterday it had not arrived. I showed your letter to the station agent and he immediately put in a call to search for it from his end. So he will let me know as soon as anything happens.

This year lots of things have gone astray apparently. Can you imagine that Mother has not yet got our parcel with the lovely cape and clasp which was sent on October 27! We are terribly disappointed about this, for it was sad that poor Mother should be without gifts from us and besides it was quite valuble. For us, I know, it is only a matter of time with the type-writer. Unless Mr. Wise did not put the proper value on it, the CPR will make restitution of its full cost. I do hope, however, that it will turn up. Who is Mr. Wise? Do you think he put a wrong address on it? Even if it had gone astray, it ought to have had time to retrace its steps by now.

I sent you the Swedish book the other day. Let it stay in your library ample time so that everyone who wishes to see it can do so. Tell me if you, too, were not thrilled by the close-up of the Eagle Owl, the moon and the silhouetted tree and the beautifully peaceful night panorama with the finely etched outlines of horizon and pines! In the same parcel I enclosed two publications of the Dep. Lands Forests, which I have already got. I thought Murray sent them.

I am very interested to know if Murray has any information on whether first-year Red-breasted Nuthatches can be recognized on the colour of the tarsus????? I have birds here that have black legs and that have green legs, somewhat ~~the~~ the Knot pages 119 and 120 Peterson, latest edition. Did I ask you this before? I have asked someone without getting an answer, likely Jim Baillie. I surmise that the green-legged ones are younger than the black-legged Nuts. It is funny that I have not noticed any difference in leg-colour when fledglings appear at the feeding station in summer.

This is a very jumpy letter-writing. I am checking Chickadees, which I try to do every week for the chickadee weight study and for the data on the Summary. Flop goes the trap and a darling Blackcap sits inside with an utterly bewildered expression on its face.

I am sending the Summary and the Christmas Count. I saw the fine write-up in the Telegram about the Toronto Census, also that you and Murray got 15 species. The other evening, the next but last Saturday to be exact, we sat having just finished dinner and were surprised to see a shadow pass by the window and a rap on the door. There, in the darkness, stood Fred Helleiner. Imagine getting in from the highway in pitch darkness without a flashlight! He is a most likeable youngfellow. He stayed overnight in Mattawa, as we could not get the Green House warm enough on such short notice, and came back for breakfast on Sunday morning. We went across the lake down the portages towards Paresseux Chute and saw a few birds. He is a very expert identifier.

Much much love. Keep well and feeling fine.

Lovingly,

Dorie.

Thank another lovely letter from H.F. Lewis. Bird news is gaining interest as days lengthen. Like a cold front just coming in. Bar. rising. wind turned NW, overcast, snow flurries, temp. dropping. How do I know an occluded front? — ? — ?

Between them, Laura walking ten feeding stations and he hoking around 28 miles on foot and bicycle, they got 31 species and 1317 ind. including 350 Canada Geese and 42 European Cormorants. And through December he has seen Myrtle, Pine and yellow Palm Warblers and Evening Grosbeaks and one does not need to doubt his identifications one bit.

His address is

West Middle Sable,
Shelbourne County. N.S

if you want to get his E G data. Chickadee!!

January 14, 1953.

Dearest Doris:

I just got your long letter and read it at Rutherglen. Thereupon I immediately phoned long distance to the CNR Express at North Bay and asked if they had got the type-writer, or type-writers. They swore they not got any, and if any had arrived, it would be sent over to the CPR at once. Our little agent, the nicest little man, phoned North Bay, and the CPR Express there swore they had not got any type-writers whatsoever. Tableau!

Our little agent thinks the type-writer is at North Bay and that CNR expressman may now look into his corners, likely discover it, and send it down tonight on the train. Our little agent says that people are getting far too selfish about everything to look after their daily jobs well.

So now we shall await the train tonight and I shall go out tomorrow. That is, if Len does not think it would be better for me to go to town tomorrow and personally invade the CNR premises and demand a thorough search for the missing object. Our little agent thinks this would have the desired effect. Perhaps he knows secretly that I am likely to be "dramatic".

Or Len will phone the CNR tomorrow when he goes up (for my towntrip was planned for Saturday), and if he can unearth the type-writer, he can have them deliver it to his garage and he can bring it down tomorrow on the bus.

So it does seem as if the time would not be long now before I see, at long last, the precious instrument.

How very sweet of Ina McCauley also to contribute! One becomes more and more amazed at the intrinsic kindness of people, when she herself becomes the special objective. Does she, Ina, belong to the MNOC?

Who are the Royal people at North Bay???? Dearest Doris, I am absolutely touched by your solicitude about additional keys. I feel I have put you all to a lot of extra trouble, if not expense, by wanting the elite type. But let me first see what the machine has got, when we get it, and then it is easier to decide, if there are any superfluous symbols that might profitably be replaced by the sex symbols. I always feel I need a "degree ° " symbol. You have one on your machine, or, if you haven not, how do you type it? My old Faithful has ¼ ½ ¾ and also an & which I wrote now for the first time.

Nobody can understand why the Expressmen in Toronto did not look up Rutherglen before he accepted the express package. And if one cannot send express to any other than CNR stations through the CNR Express, how could one ever send any express overseas or to the States from a place that had no other express company? I think Mr. Gordon is due for a letter, telling him that now we can quite well understand why

his railway runs at a deficit.

But joking aside, my heart has been aflutter for the type-writer for so long now, that it will get a "failure" if something doesnot happen soon.

Did you not see Mr. Godfrey when in Ottawa? He has been unusually silent for so long that I am beginning to be worried.

Your Census list was impressive. Why did not your Whitethroat get in on it? I have heard of many places where Whitethroats are wintering out of range. Fred Hellsiner told of two at Kirkland Lake, one of which disappeared before he went on his holiday. Dr. Lewis has several. I have none. Anne Merrill should not be allowed to write a nature column. Imagine that little Adele is big enough to Christmas - count! Do give Barbara my love when you see her next.

I do hope that Murray will investigate the Red Nut-leg business and give me a comprehensible answer.

I never intended to write such an immense letter, after having dispatched one yesterday. But the Cobble Hill - Rutherglen range of topics is without limit.

Love, love, love,

Louie

P.S. I got such lovely small things for my desk for Christmas (the type-writer of course cannot be included, since it is a giant) And most useful. One very nice stamp box from Musse with 4 departments for various denominations. And from Lilly Petty a lovely wooden pen-and-pencil-stand made of staghorn sumach, of all things. It has a most intriguing pattern of grain and a kind of warm deep-brown-greenish colour. Most practical, for it holds the pens and pencils and what have you upright, always at hand. Lilly Petty has an uncanny knack of selecting small-thing gifts.

Received Jan. 21/53
Answered Jan. 21/53

Rutherglen, Ontario, January 18, 1953.

Dearest Doris:

Here I go on the new Royal and I am already getting the feel of it in the grandest way. I am enclosing my letter of thanks to all the members, and when you read it to them, do please put as much feeling in it as you can, because all the little words I have written are altogether inadequate to express all I feel about this wonderful thing they have done to me. Included in that and far beyond, is my warm appreciation for your great part in the matter, not the least the financial share, but still more your contribution as a most beloved friend and almost sister. Believe me, Doris, it is a thing that I shall never forget.

I hope you got my telegram telling you of the arrival. It was at the station on Friday afternoon . I was alone when I unpacked it. Apparently it is the third machine sent direct on the CPR from Parkdale station. The first thing I looked for was the type, and my delight was great when I saw that it was the elite, so that I would not have to return it eventually. It is perhaps a fraction larger than on the Remington, which is of no account. I find it very easy to write on, the touch needed is lighter and the keys are very easy to hand. Some of the symbols are placed much better, like ! for instance. There was no exclamation mark on the other; and there is a °, can you imagine! Oh, for the joy of that! There are no fractions at all, but I don't think that matters. There is one key with + and = and that is the only one I would use very little and which eventually might be exchanged for sex symbols. How long is the guarantee on it? I suppose it carries one? I would also like to know who is the Royal agent in North Bay, so that I can take it there if need be? I shall write a little note to Miss McCauley after this letter to you.

Congratulations to your new type-writer! I can well imagine that you find it convenient to have two on hand, when it is such an important took for both of you. I take it, it is a Remington. They are good machines too.

I hope you will tell me what happened to the other two machines. I can still not understand why they could not transfer express goods in North Bay from the CNR to CPR.

I am going to have my old faithful looked over and the worst of its faults repaired, such as the margin gadget. Then I shall take it and my books of daily records, one by one or perhaps two by two, to Hazel Petty and persuade her to index their contents. It is almost hopeless to search through the volumes of nearly 10 years for a single entry. I think she will do it.

Your resignation as the Secretary of the MNOC does not surprise me. Margaret says in her article on Althea Sherman: " We must decide wisely upon the work we most want to do; then follow our path with the courage of our convictions, refusing to be diverted by the clamour and confusion of less important demands." I think it is an absolute necessity to do this, although in doing it one may often feel almost too selfish/ But the duty to use a short lifespan to the very best advantage, is of high importance. Heavens, what is the Royal doing now?

Most certainly I will write a little introduction to the bird reports. It will come in the next letter. I have also in mind to write a little note on "Is nature study a hobby?" I do not think it should ever be regarded merely as a hobby and I shall tell you why for the Niceia. Would you like me to? Further I have a suggestion to write for you a short"column" called

"My best bird note of the month". I would take som special observation, thought. or conclusion, from my Daily Records, describe it briefly and discuss it. This I would hope would interest the readers, draw comment from them, other views and conclusions, perhaps, etc. For instance, I would look forward to comments and comparisons of Dr. Ketchum in anything touching upon bird behaviour, because she must be very learned on subjects like psychology and biology in general. What is the Editor's reaction to this proposal? What is your deadline for copy?

I am enclosing the Annual Report. Thank you so much for letting me read it. As I say, it seems to me amazing with what seriousness and purposefulness you are carrying on your activities. It is admirable and impressive what you are putting into it as a group and it is, therefore, no wonder that you are getting so much out of it, as you are apparently doing. I do heartily agree with Margaret's view that "the MNOC is functioning very well" and that she is proud of you is no chance.

We are settling down for the winter after the holidays. Len is still very unhappy about his work, but he is really quite wonderful in his efforts to take things and vexations with equanamity. Sometimes it still gets too much for both of us with the nervous strain and there is an outburst. But directly this happens we sit down together and view the issue squarely and feel better about it. You know how these things work. One thing, all has combined to bring Len and me still closer together, and a deep love is a wonderful thing to put a lustre on the everyday. I am quite sure that things eventually will work out all right; Len needs the tranquility of mind at this period of his life, which comes with a congenial way of earning one's bread and butter.

I am glad you got Audubon and the Swedish book. Be sure to keep the latter for as long as any member needs to have it incomfort. From the next cheque I shall send you my subscription for Niceia. I had a letter from Godfrey, telling me he had been away from Ottawa for some time. I do hope he has not got family troubles; it appears his wife feels jealous of his work, which is most unfortunate and difficult for both of them. It is very funny, the correct scientists gradually shed formality. Jim Baillie immediately wrote "dear Louise", Bill Gunn very soon signed himself "Bill" merely. Now, after many years of perfect formality, Godfrey all of a sudden has become "Yours sincerely, Earl". I don't think any sliding off the pedestal will occur with HFL; I cannot quite imagine me writing "Dear Harrison", nor him beginning a letter simply "My dear Louise". But one never knows what may happen, of course.

End to this letter. See how easily we work, the Royal and I! Not so very many mistakes, considering this is the first tour of operations. All my love to both of you. Except at the feeding station, birding is slack. But I have not had much time lately to spend in the field. Len sends his best to you both.

Louise

P.S. Be sure to answer all the questions, please!

Answered Jan. 30/53.

Rutherglen, Ontario, January 24, 1953.

Dearest Doris:

I was more than delighted over your long and interesting letter just received. And the answers to all my questions, thank you so much.

Re the Nuthatch legs, I had a letter from Godfrey, of which I told you, and in this he gave the same information as you did. Why I noticed the leg colour at all was because I got two Red Nuts close after one another and the one having decidedly green legs and the other decidedly black ones made the difference striking. The black legs may have been only an individual diverson from the normal colour, if that is green. Godfrey said that the skins in the museums give no clue, since the colour of the legs in these specimens changes and fades very soon after killing. But he said he, too, would think of it when collecting. So I told him: "Please do not kill any Red Nuts for the sake of their legs; in due time we shall find the truth!"

The "Royal Gift" is just wonderful and I am beginning to get used to it. It seems to me that I am writing much faster on it. I think that keys and symbols are fully adequate and please do not trouble yourselves with sex symbols. I have hitherto lived very fine without any. The degree symbol is a pure joy. I do not know how many machines Mr. Wise sent. You said two and that the third one might come. This one was apparently sent on January 14 from Parkdale via CPR and because of the late date I concluded that indeed 3 of them had been sent off in search of me. I have had no word whatever of the other 2, or one. Mr. Wise will not get the Old Faithful, if he did, the MNOC would have the $10.00. It is well worth it to have an extra machine on hand in case of need and many uses can be made of it, such as assistance with indexing, etc.

I am sending the Introduction with this, thought you might like to have it soon. This will give me time to prepare the other things later. I shall do "My best Bird Note of the month" together with the summaries, if this is all right with you. It gets done when it has a regular time of being done. All too quickly time runs off and nothing is done.

I am also enclosing HFL:s letter and Christmas Count. I think both will interest and amuse you vastly. He is a perfect dear and so is she. I have not answered this letter yet, so perhaps you will return it with your next communication, but do not do it especially. HFL and I have decided that no pressure is to be put on our correspondence, all writing to be done when we feel like it and have time to do it.

The work on the Sapsucker is to be a behaviour study as far as I am able to do it according to the Tinbergen methods. I fear only that I have far too little knowledge to succeed very well. It is worth a trial all the same I feel very strongly.

Len has been down with a terrific strep throat. Took him to the doctor tha other day, because it is impossible to get any of them to budge from their cosy offices. He shot Len full of penicillin until he nearly fainted. But he is better again, although weak. Now I must end this with love,

Louie

So glad you liked the letter of thanks. Glad not dead - I was only on a Kwanked to ends Si.

Received Feb. 4
Answered Feb. 10, 1953.

Rutherglen, Ontario, February 2, 1953.

Dear Doris:

The heart of the author felt wonderfully warm and encouraged by your praise of the deer story. It is perhaps one of the best things I have written. It grieves me, however, that the editors should have come down so flatfooted and changed the title; "In the Afternoon of a Fawn" seemed to me so much more fitting. When the ballet title is "Faun", I cannot see why a fawn's afternoon should be involved in any kind of copyrighted impropriety. Surely one is entitled to use words that others have written once. She walked on pins, of course. I have asked to see the galleys of my stories, but the editorial staff is a very self-sufficing crowd, that thinks they are literary know-alls. How I do miss Miss King!

Here I have everything for the month ready for you and enclosed, including a copy of the January 1952 Summary. I hope you like my first Best Bird Note. Did you or did you not get my long letter with Lewis' letter enclosed, as well as my introduction to the Summaries, which you asked for when you wrote last? I do hope this safely. About the Best Bird Note, don't you think it would be nice if others took part in that too?

Re the typer-writer. There are a few adjustments that need to be done. The deficiencies existed when it came and are perhaps due to shaking during the transportation, in part. 1) the roller release does not work properly, which makes it very difficult to readjust the paper if, for instance, one wants to correct an erased error. 2) The ribbon has fouled very badly a couple of times and the spools do not change over automatically with ease. Sometimes they do, sometimes they do not. I take it they ought to in this modern machine? 3) There are no little clips to hold the paper to the roller when one wishes to write at the very top of the page. Result: rows of smudges above the writing. And the riband sticks. One can only begin writing with ease an inch from the top and this is rather a drawback with us who have to do so much writing on small index cards where space at the top is at a premium.

I wonder if it were not best to contact Mr. Wise and ask him about the guarantee. Perhaps he would then refer us to the North Bay agent and I could have these little adjustments done there? Apart from this, the machine works fine and I am gradually getting used to it. I still would like to know what happened to the first machine??

Len is under care of the doctor after a bad bout with a streptococci throat. He was really very sick and had to have several shots of penicillin. Now he has to have his teeth out and under the circumstances the doctor refuses to let him go back to work until the whole thing is over in a couple of weeks. The sick-leave is a blessing now. So he is having a real time of rest and taking stuff for his nerves too. I feel sure he will now go back to work as his re-conditioned old self. And perhaps all the world will look all the better for it.

Must end,

Love Lorne

P. S. Thought the Pine Grosbeak note might interest you.

Rutherglen, Ontario, February 23, 1953.

Dear Doris and Murray:

I warn you that this is not going to be a long letter. I am in the midst of the book. But I must acknowledge your letter of February 10 with all its wonderful contents.

First, the very best thanks to Murray for your painstaking and excellent explanation of fronts and barometer pressure. It is the best I have hitherto encountered and it makes it very easy for me to understand the fundamentals of these phenomena. Thank you again for the precious time spent on it, but it is of very real help to me !

Have you seen any hawks? Cooper's, for instance? Hazel Petty is very excited about seeing a hawk the other day that she thought was a Cooper. I thought it was more likely a small Goshawk she had seen. Hazel is now indexing all my daily records, and I can tell you that is a help. We are doing the all-day watch together on May 24 and our subject will be the Yellow-bellied Sapsucker at the nest.

Mr. Daglish has not contacted me. Who is he? It is very interesting to hear that some interest was shown for the project. I had abandoned the idea of working on it, since I realized how distracting it would be to all my other work. I have too little patience with the opposition, I felt. But some things have a way of working themselves out piecemeal, if left alone without pressure; the atmosphere becomes favourable all of a sudden-like. So I do hope that Mr. Daglish will contact me eventually. I am returning the Memorandum.

Mother's parcel is apparently irretrievably lost. It is very sad for her and for us and I regret most the loss of the cape with your mother's clasp. I am now knitting another cape, which is almost finished, and will send this off as soon as possible. Mother had the most wonderful 80th birthday on February 5 with gifts and reception.

This has to be all for today, although there is much more to tell about. I shall write again with the monthly summary.

All love Louise

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Rutherglen, Ontario, October 6, 1953.

Darling Doris: Your sweet letter will be answered first thing this morning, for I think it should have an immediate reply. I have thought over everything very carefully and tried to set myself into your situation, so that what I say may really be of help to you. I think that this is perhaps the most wonderful thing in a friendship like ours - first, the privilege it gives to one so freely to confide her worries to the other, and to the other to give, of all her heart, her support and love and, secondly, to possess the mutual perfect trust. It is still very early on a rainy and chilly autumn morning. But I have had my morning walk, seen Black Ducks and checked on the Red-wing roost down in the marshes, where at least 50 birds spend the nights close to the warming water and where bedtime and the awakening process are announced by a clamorous red-wing bedlam, heard far and wide. Outside my window there are still leaves on the trees and their golden tints give the impression of sunlight in spite of overcast skies. All the petunias are still in full bloom and the morning glory yesterday opened 11 new heavenly blue chalices, as a last tribute to the passing season, and because of the coolness of the air they are still open today, though edged with purple and dripping wet. The scene is lively, for about a dozen blue jays are competing eagerly with hordes of squirrels and a few chipmunks for pieces of white bread I just threw out. At least half of the jays are old birds returned. So there you have us all together. This comradeship with nature is such a wonderful thing and it seems to me, from the lovely descriptive passages in your letter, that, even if you did have your eyes wide open for the beautiful realities, you have never so consciously absorbed them as now, there in your little house in the woods in your hours alone. Last night a little flying squirrel came down the fireplace chimney while we were sitting listening to the radio after dinner. There it was out in the lamplight, lovely soft ball of grey fur with shining enormous black eyes. I put a little peanut butter in the palm of my hand. Pretty soon our little visitor found it and it snuggled deep into my hand and I could feel the soft licking of its tongue and the scraping of its rodent teeth as it ate. It became so absorbed, that I arose from the floor and carried it safely outside, away from the danger of the Kitty. Even there, it was so perfectly comfortable, that I had to shove it off my hand gently. Before I leave the thrilling subject of living things, I would like to tell you, that I have heard the grouse drumming in the fall on just such a warm and balmy

day as you describe. Why should not he drum, when other birds sing? Something comes astir deep in his being, that needs springtime expression. And so is the white-throat's autumn song something of the loveliest, and sometimes it becomes a unique vocal performance, if mixed with the warbling notes of the growing-up white-throat child. One of my wire-dancing immatures was such a singer, much to both mine and Margaret's delight. And I have noted, that the revival of song in the ovenbird is, as far as I have heard it, always the flightsong. Is this therefore his most important expression, and not his ordinary song which we think so characteristic? Is this perhaps his most primitive song, the song which his race evolved first? Did not Saunders also speculate along these lines; not having his first book, I cannot quite remember the result of his studies on this subject. And so we shall perhaps come to our main discussion for today, for we could dwell indefintely, you and I together, upon all these fascinating problems upon which Creation is based, searching, always searching, for the right answers. - Just now I saw my first wedge of Canada Geese coming over, a flock of 20, going due south - I believe that, for yourself, the striving to become totally unafraid is the most important factor in coping with the situation. It is probably the most exacting test of ~~your~~ spiritual values of your whole life, and, as such, I would also feel it to be the most stimulating. Not only should you be able to say - I am not afraid -; deepest down in your heart you must BE not afraid. I know that you have realized this long, long ago and that your recuperation so far involves a great many mental battles already won. But perhaps you do not realize that a complete achievement would give you an unequalled freedom of spirit, that would set you above all pains and discomforts, all anxiety and fretting, all regrets. Pain is relative, Doris, and quite conquerable, not only through direct medical relief, but spiritually, for if you are not afraid of pain, it will lose its edge. Your pain is a logical result of what is happening to your heart and your circulatory system in general. Angina pectoris is a hardening of the arteries of the heart and it is quite natural that there should be pains when they will not let through enough blood for the heart to work with. Did your doctor tell you that you had angina pectoris? If this is your condition, it cannot be cured any more than the hardening of the arteries of me and Murray and all of us at a certain age. In you it has only reached a certain limit, where it begins to show symptoms and cause discomfort. But I have known many who have lived with this condition for many, many years and,

after they learned how best to live with their hearts and their arteries, they suffered comparatively few discomforts. It is of course important to know exactly what is your condition, before a regime of living is evolved that will suit your individual case exactly and to the best advantage. Rest, of course, is an important factor in the treatment, but if by rest is meant only to keep quiet, to avoid fatigue, and not to walk uphill or other exertions, this is but the secondary part of the kind of rest your heart needs. Doubtless you know that the deposition of a kind of fatty substance, chlosterol I think it is called, is the main cause for the loss of elasticity in the arteries and a heart working in a cavity and impeded in its contractions by cushioning amounts of fatty tissues must sooner or later tire, and overfatigue, as you know, causes lesions in the muscular structures. Have you ever tried to open and close your hand while it is enveloped in a cloth. It is hard work. Imagine then the strain a heart must stand for years under certain conditions! We must admit, that it is an extraordinarily stout creation. But it has its distinct limitations, especially after it has suffered from overwork. If it is going to recuperate in any degree, its conditions of wor much be eased. Therefore, before rest comes a lessening of the load. Without this, rest becomes practically ineffective, since the heart still has its load and therefore cannot rest, perhaps even an increased load because of the inactivity. Sensible eating comes first and sensible resting is second. Best of all, Doris darling, I would like you to let a good heart specialist check you over to decide where exactly you stand and what exactly you can do successfully to become adjusted to your new physical situation. I am advising this, not for your sake since you have your spiritual attitude to depend on and enthrust yourself to, not to try to cure against your beliefs, but for Murray's sake and your daughters' sake, but mostly for Murray's sake, who suffers with you because he loves you more than his own life. Have you realized what a terrific strain it is upon your beloved to live in this appalling uncertainty of not knowing how you stand and what is the best to do, to be fighting in the dark all the time? Every fainting spell must give him a horrible shock every time and with a sensible regime I am positive, Doris dear, they could be eliminated. These are not strokes, but sudden weaknesses which I do not think are related directly to the labours of your heart, but rather it is the way the body automatically reacts to achieve a moment of complete relaxation. I think that you can give the body this relaxation without fainting spells

by following a good and purposeful regime. The longer we live I think that we come to realize the preciousness of love, such as you and I have experienced in our husbands, and so often I am overwhelmed by the feeling - how can I ever repay, how can I ever adequately reciprocate? Dr. Hurst Brown is one of our best heart specialist, who worked for many years with Dr. Detveiler and then took over his post as head of medicine at the Western. I know him well and he is one of the nicest persons to whom you could go with the greatest confidence, not only that he would know to diagnose your ailment and direct your needs of adjustment expertly, but that he would understand especially you and make everything as easy as possible for you. I can write him, if you wish, later on. Meanwhile, do not worry! Try to disengage your thoughts from how you feel and from the changes that have come over you! Do not let the pain you may feel dismay you! Self-suggestion, if applied with good sense and in the right direction, is an amazing attribute to successful recuperation. Eat sensibly! You know that you must have proteins, such as are found in cheese, eggs, chicken, vitamins and minerals, such as we find in all vegetables and fruits. These you should eat of as much as you like to give you vitality and strength. There are several things that are on the borderline of being fattening, yet contain nutrients that you should have. Butter is one, one to two standard measuring tablespoon a day; potatoes, one small or one half medium baked or cooked in the jacket; bread whole wheat two thin slices; cereal, only that which is made of whole wheat is of any use, should be taken in very moderate servings once a day, at the most; milk, skim only, which contains <u>everything</u> that is of food value with no fat added. No sugar, no floured things, nothing fried, no stuff thickened with cornmeal, no cream soups. Sucharyl is a good sweetener for cooking purposes. Do not be afraid of being a bit hungry! In fact, the only sensible way of reducing is to shrink your stomach, that is, adjust it to decreased requirement. Naturally it takes a bit of hunger feeling to start this, because a stomach used to volume needs to be emptied very little before it reacts with a little hunger pang. Before you can lower the hunger-response-threshold adequately, it is a very good way to make a point of going from the table just a wee bit hungry. By eating very slowly, lingering over the good meal, you make yourself feel full without being quite filled. From my own experience I can truly assure you, that a real hunger pang is vastly different from the slightly unfilled feeling. But even that, I remember, was highly relative - I could make the hunger quite unbearable by uncontrolling my thinking and, contrariwise, it could be

quite easily forgotten, despite the undeniable fact of an absolutely empty stomach permanently for weeks, even months, simply by thinking of other things. And in prison this was not such a terribly easy matter. I think that to reduce to the tune of a pound a week is a sensible way of doing it and, if you are willing to forego the equivalent in calories at another time, there should be no objection to a bit of indulgence of a favourite tidbit on Sundays. One never knows how good things are until they are withdrawn. It should probably be done oftener, deliberately so that we do not forget to put spice on the living. A glass of skim or buttermilk and a soda cracker or two in the afternoon and before you go to bed would add very few calories but relieve any wall-to-wall feeling in the stomach. I quite agree that it does not seem natural to curtail all movement, and it is not either, as I have tried to show you. There are a few good rules that may be wise to follow. Walk with measured steps and not continuously. The same speed continously wears out an engine much faster than intermittently slower and faster speeds. Avoid lifting your body uphill or upstairs and all necessary lifting in this way should be done with frequent rests. Arrange for regular periods of complete relaxation during the day. These periods do not need to be long, but should be frequent, and emphasis put on complete. Oh, Doris dear, now I have filled you to repletion with dos and donts, but there are two very good reasons. One is Murray, with whom you must keep faith, and the second is your work which you cannot leave undone. And for these two reasons we expect you to perform the feat of letting your spirit comfortably dwell in the clouds with the visions of eternity, while firmly keeping your feet on the good old rock of common sense. - I have written to you all day, and while I wrote I often stopped to walk around and to think. And in these intermissions, when I was so close to you as a loving friend can be in the spirit, I saw the most amazing migration of geese I have ever witnessed. Borne on a 4 NE wind, they came in 12 wedges and 2 lines, some 350 birds in all, out from the north and over Pimisi Bay, due south, very high, honking loudly. And this is the meaning this marvellous flight of geese gave me: Hard times ahead, but courage provides the wings that lift high and strong, and all we have to do is to keep faith.

Your most devoted friend

Irene

Over.

Love, love to Murray, and I am so happy about Marion coming. And how wonderful with the oil furnace at Cobble Hill! I wish we had a good place where you could all stay overnight comfortably on your way home. But the Green House is open to the skies and in pieces, awaiting rebuilding on the Point.

Have put a band around the waist of the mountain ash, so that Lewis can't, should you not be able to pull it until next year.

You will have your cape as a Christmas present even though it may not be ready in time. Two sweaters are suddenly disintegrating and I must knit them two before I do any thing else. One is half completed.

I shall have your Lucy Cross book data and other summaries for you next time.

Rutherglen, Ontario,
October 9, 1953.

Dearest Doris:

Herewith all kinds of records and summaries. I had such a nice letter from Dr. Ketchum who asked for the summaries. I told her I was sending them to you and that you would forward them to her very shortly. Hope you do. She also asked for a resume of my doings this summer to be read at one of the MNOC winter meetings and I shall write that in letterform, I thought. Promised it with the October summary. Even though its initiator is not there to inspire them, the MNOC seems to be very much alive and doing. More power to them!

Yesterday came the sweetest letter from Gwen Taylor. She wrote with such feeling about her birds and so unpretentiously that her letter was pure delight to read. She said how very happy she had been over your and Murray's visit. She is a very fine person, isn't she? I also had a card from Gertrude Selby. Unfortunately they did not find good accommodation at Mattawa, so they returned to North Bay and then south to Parry Sound. We hope they will come again another time.

With great brevity but yards of love to you both

Lorie

Rutherglen, Ontario, November 9, 1953.

Dearest Doris:

To think that I have not written to you since you were here for that brief lovely moment, nor as I promised after Murray's solo visit which we so enjoyed. But now when you are yourself deep in work (are you not?), alone at Cobble Hill with its smooth-running oil furnace, I assume that any kind of correspondence appears to you as it does to me of second importance to everything else. One must push away some things, if necessary by force, to get down to the essential. And this is what I did to produce the enclosed for the MNOC. I am sending it to you, because I thought you would like to see it and might not be able to attend the meeting, and I do hope that thereby the Secretary will not be offended.

It was pure joy to your loving friend to see you after all the anxious time. There was a look in your eyes which not only made you seem more beautiful than ever but showed so plainly that you had been in a hard battle and won. And with that it seems to me there is an end to worry, for what can go very wrong with you once you have achieved such wonderful spiritual independence! The quality which always has appealed to me most in you is your integrity - you are true in the best and widest meaning of the word. Bless your darling heart!

Murray arrived late that Saturday afternoon, as you have known long ago, not totally a surprise since I had just wondered that morning when he was due to pass through on his way west. We did appreciate his package of thoughtfulness, half of which we enjoyed together. Murray is a very peaceful person with his low voice and deliberate thinking. I do hope that he enjoyed the evening as much as we did. I am so glad to hear that part at least of his brilliant thesis is now being published, high time indeed.

I am getting fairly well caught up with the ends of my recording and routine work, loose since this summer. There is still the arranging and copying of the post-nesting Sapsucker notes, but this I hope to finish in between the writing of three solicited articles, one for Audubon, another for the Wood Duck, and Murray asked for one for the FON Bull. A busy winter lies ahead.

We are simply overrun with Blue Jays. Rests of meat, lard pudding, stale bread are gone with the wind the moment they are dished out. I have counted 16 here today and their appetites and ingenuity to get at the stuff, no matter how I try to circumvent their efforts in favour of woodpeckers, chickadees and nuthatches, are astounding. Doubtless the situation will evolve to a climax when something will happen to solve all problems as by magic. Some very interesting competitive behaviour has developed between blue jays and squirrels whci are both instructive and amusing to watch. I love the Blue Jays of course, their appetites notwithstanding. And I am training the squirrels to come to the door for individual lard-pudding balls which they can eat in peace if they know how to avoid the onslaught of the flock of Blue Jays which watch them get it.

It is getting late and I must end. With all my love,

Lovie

2/

But let me start backwards
with all I have to say.
Delighted and utterly grateful
I am over the wonderful gift
of a renewed membership in the
Wilson Club. Its value and enjoyment
only increase with the years and for me it
will have double meaning, because the money
I always assign for the Wilson Club will now
be released to buy Len's membership in the
FON, and this, I know, will please you, too.
Thank you also of all my heart for the
gift subscription of Monitor - I shall enjoy
that so much, dear you. As for my belated
Christmas presents, I count on your being
at home this spring to receive the rowantree
that I shall dig out of the ground as soon
as the frost has gone out of it. In my
knitting I have advanced to the point when
your cape is next on the agenda. I am on th
the next last sleeve of Len's second sweater,
which would have been finished sooner had
I not been continually held up for yarn and
the breaking of circular needles. But once
I start on the cape, it will not take me
long to do it and I do so want you to have

1

Rutherglen, Ontario, December 21, 1953.

My dearest friends, Doris and Murray:

I am
afraid that this long silence in the face
of several lovely letters and other messages
having accumulated on my desk from you, has
set you wondering - what on earth
is the matter at the Loghouse.
House building, Len's holidays,
the amazing fall weather,
several articles and the
meeting of deadlines - here
are the things which have
interfered with our normal
rate of correspondence. But,
pray, rest assured that
there has been no neg-
ligence, for you have
been in my
thoughts almos
constantly.

it as soon as possible.

I have not yet got the FON Bulletin of which you speak,and so I have not seen the boner pulled on Murray's Vancouver article, nor the heading of Gunn's review. You have made me very curious and it is probably just as well you prepared me for the heading, or I would have been perplexed - Gunn's letter telling me he intended to review the Vireos emphasized the close agreement in all his observations and mine on the species. He apparently made a special study of the Red-eye in Algonquin Park one time. But I have seen and with intense interest read Murray's robin paper and I was utterly disappointed in its exceeding brevity. I wanted to read much, much more of this admirably well prepared text. The clarity and succinctness with which you presented your argument were beautifully and scholarly and a lesson to me and your maps and banding records most interesting. I do hope that the rest of the thesis will be published in due time.

For the Wood Duck I finally wrote an article on The Jays of My Woods and for Audubon one on the Nuthatch Aggie, called Irrepressible Nuthatch, a title which Mr. Terres is likely promptly to change into something very trite, such as,Redbreast has two broods. I regretted immensely that there was no time to send the articles down to you for editing and I hope to goodness that I did not pull too many boners in either of them. I always feel it such an assurance when the Speirs ornithological team passes on the articles before submitting them. I am enclosing the nuthatch story for your enjoyment, I hope, and please do not withhold any criticism, always so helpful. This is my second copy and belongs to my files. The Wood Duck article you will probably soon see, if you still subscribe. If not, I shall have some author's copies for you and Margaret.

I think that the MNOC library still has the Swedish book which I lent it last winter. If all the members have finished with it, would you please ask the librarian to return it.

Thank you for letting me see your correspondence with Dr. Dymond. I had a letter from the FON some time ago saying that a decision had been reached about the camp in Algonquin Park, which apparently lets the Pimisi Bay proposition out, for the time being at least. It was a good effort, although unsuccessful. The conservation illiteracy of these parts continues to appal me, but as Doris would say, if it is right that it should be changed, it will be in due time. It is the soi-disant sportsman and conservationist that is the evil genius, which prevent the two fraternities from getting together in the vital work and which enthrones abysmal ignorance upon the breast of scientific approach. I shall never forget what happened to the two beautiful Mallards; it was a heart-breaking experience and, curiously, I feel more sorry for the man who did it than for the birds, although I love the birds far more than the man.

We shall probably do our census on December 26 too. Nice to do it together like that and we shall think of each other. In our case, Len will take the home area while I go afield. And he will probably get a better list than mine.

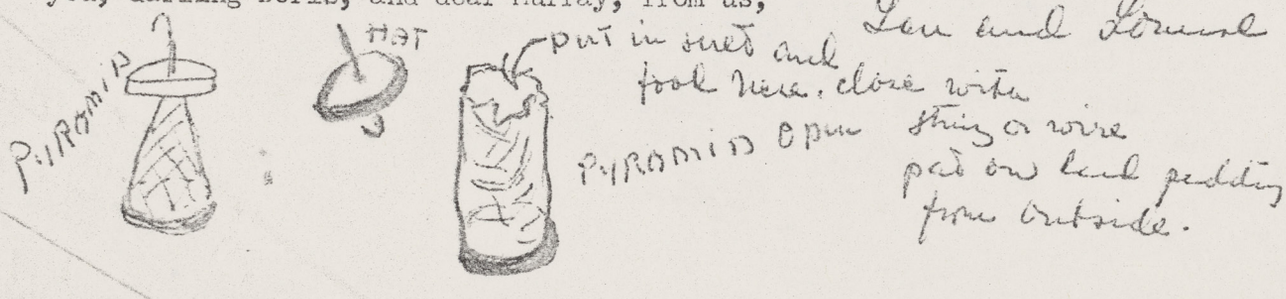
Thanks to the wonderful weather we had ~~all~~ during Len's three-weeks holiday, the new House on the Point is now arising upon the rock. We worked like trojans, I intermittently writing articles in between, but Len stuck to it hour after hour, until dark prevented him from seeing. We had to take down a 70-year-old white pine to make room for the house. It took us two whole days to clear it away and cut it up in blocks for the fireplace. The house stands broadside fronting the lake, just on the brink of cedar tree ravine. It has a rather large living-room and a smaller bedroom at the back snuggled in against the cedar grove. Having got this unexpected headstart, we shall now be able to make it habitable for ~~xxy~~ visitors already this summer. I never before realized what a perfectly beautiful spot it is and it seems so much more accessible, the distance from the house is shorter and no big inclines to climb. I do hope you will be one of its first occupants.

I have done nothing to the November summary yet, but it will come later.

No, darling Doris, you should not be impatient about the rate of your recovery. The main thing is to learn to live with yourself at a reduced rate. You will realize doubtless, that in this procedure any "seeming" need for shovelling snow under any circumstances whatsoever is outright suicidal. I have both cried and laughed at this disconcerting passage in your November letter. In fact, it is only such toughies as Len and I, whose living constantly include what other people regard as major physical effort, who can count on their hearts for support for shovelling 5 inches of snow from paths, roofs, and driveway in a couple of hours. Any other heart has a perfect right to refuse the motordrive for a system of untrained muscles. So yours showed no bit of untoward weakness in protesting. So that you will have no birdly reason to break through snow to fill the feeders, let me tell you of my pyramid feeder, the idea of which from Audubon Magazine. I made a round bottom out of a rubber disk and to this I fastened wire so that it formed a round cone with the rubber disk as bottom, the cone tapering towards the top, being held together with a wire or string. A hook is attached to the top under the sheltering "hat" made of the lid of tinpail. I fill this cone first with suet, then I pat on as much pard-pudding and peanutbutter as it will hold. And, lo and behold, you have here a pyramid which contains so much food that it will last for several days for a great flock of birds. It is one of my best feeders and enjoyed by all, jays, chickadees, nuthatches, woodpeckers, squirrels. I have trained the jays not to go on it by banging on the window each time they tried. Blue Jays learn fast.

This page is nearing its end and I must get on to the main theme of this letter. This is our warmest and most loving wish for peaceful happiness this Christmas season and for a New Year, that is new in every sense, fresh, strong, and constantly inspiring, to you, darling Doris, and dear Murray, from us,

Len and Lorne



Copy darling Doris

CHRISTMAS CENSUS 1953

Rutherglen, Ontario. From township of Bonfield, villages of Bonfield, Rutherglen, Eau Claire, areas around Kaipuskong River, Pimisi Bay, Mattawa River, Smith's Lake, Amable du Fond River, to 10 miles west of Mattawa, Ontario; open farmland 30%, coniferous woodlots and black spruce bog 10%, second growth mixed forest 50%, lakes and rivers 10%, settlements 10%; Dec. 30, 7.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., clear, 0° to - 6° F; wind NW, N to NW, 5-10 m.p.h.; ground covered with 8 to 10 inches of powder snow; all fresh water frozen except rapids and eddies; total hours 9, 8 on foot, 1 by car; total miles 43, on foot 8, by car 35; American Goldeneye 2, Hooded Merganser 1, Ruffed Grouse 3, Hairy Woodpecker 9, Downy Woodpecker 1, Blue Jay 20, Northern Raven 1, Black-capped Chickadee 53, Red-breasted Nuthatch 5, Common Starling 22, Red Crossbill 2, Snowbunting 27. Total species 12, about 146 individuals. Seen in area Dec.28 Evening Grosbeak 19, Pine Grosbeak 3, Common Redpoll 2; Dec. 31 Brown Creeper 1. Observer 1 .Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

Rutherglen, Ontario, July 14, 1954.

Dearest Doris:

I am now beginning to wonder if my last letter with two Summaries for the MNOC enclosed, sent in the beginning of June, never reached you at the new address? I have looked for a letter from you every day for the last two weeks. But quite in vain. I do like to hear from you occasionally, you know, my darling friend, but if all is well and you are busy, you are of course completely forgiven. What happened, however, was that I did not make a note of your ~~Sixbxinke~~ Sault Ste Marie address, hence I am addressing this to the Department and hope that, thus, it will come into your hands safely.

Here we have had a very busy time, as usual. Apart from the heaven's prevalent downpourings, a deep undisturbance has profited our various activities. Thus, the completion of the House on the Point has advanced to the extent that only the porch, part of the inside wallboard lining, and the window stops, and second floors, remain to be finished. In comparison to all the other work on the structure, these few items appear to us now as mere chicken feed. The most tedious has been the painting of the windows. Since there are 11 of them and each one has to be painted twice, I have done 22 in all. Len, meanwhile, created a door that is a perfect masterpiece of massive elegance, so well balanced that it opens and closes by fingertip-touch. It is cream-coloured in a setting of beaver brown and forest green. I am becoming so enamoured with the house and the location that I am tempted to move down there myself.

I am not an admirer of Gregery Clark's style in general, but I enjoyed this one, and hope that you do too.

All the EGs completely disappeared after June 7 and nary a one has been seen since. If you can give me the date of my last report at a convenient moment, I shall catch up with the rest also. And I have been in the field quite a lot all month of June, watching the Downies.

I missed the emergence of my young Downies, which was sad. It was a little earlier than I had expected and happened on a weekend in rather bad weather. The widower male Downy provided the greatest surprise in that he showed definite signs of feeding young in a nest far off west of the Territory in the third week of June and finally presented

two or three of them at the feeding-station early in July. By counting back and giving every phase of the cycle plenty of lee-way, he had no more than 8 or 9 days in which to find and woo a mate and prepare a cavity, from the time of his ex-marital escapade until he sat himself upon legitimate eggs. With considerable help from the partner, this might not have been such a rush job as it appears, since she likely introduced herself to him in the first place and then most certainly did most of the nest preparations. I was dying to find what kind of nesthole she dragged him off to and who exactly she was. But in spite of trailing him upon his aerial path, above the treetops, below through the thick mess of undergrowth innumerable times and searching far and wide in every likely area, I found nothing. A Hairy would have led me right by kick-ing and khirrr-ing and a Sapsucker by his rather loud mutual recognition notes at the nest site; but Downy maintains a grave-like silence in his comings and goings and flies far off from the nest at once, both foraging and with sacs. Now he is rapidly coming to the end of things, barely consenting to feed any of his begging youngsters, and getting into the moth-eaten apperance of full moult.

Did you see the dragon eating the sun? I was able to watch most of the performance in glimpses through slits in the clouds. At the time of greatest obscuration, the birds sang for all they were worth, but quite a bit into the phase of the dragon's withdrawal there occurred a comparative silence among the avian kindreds. Whether this was a delayed reaction or merely the usual pause for intensified breakfasting, is debatable. I think more likely the last.

Time is drawing near for Len's arrival home and I must start the fire for dinner. All of a sudden I am catching young woodpeckers, the one after the other. There is no food on the sticks and they all go into the traps instead. I even had the widower Downy which was first banded in 1952, then apparently at least 1 year old. It has been an hour of feverish activity, a race between the cookstove and the traps and the balance. I shall have a nice amount of weight records to present in my study. Goodbye, Darling Doris, goodbye. I must, simply must leave you now, ever so reluctantly. Love to you both from us here,

lovingly

Louise

Rutherglen, Ontario, July 19, 1954

Dearest Doris: Just now after Murray has departed, I feel it is right fitting to sit down and tell you about his visit.

I got your letter Saturday, so I knew that he was coming and the gate stood open for him with all other welcoming signs hung out by birds and beasts and Loghouse dwellers. He arrived just in time for Sunday dinner, which we had delayed a little, hoping that this exactly would happen. So very soon after his arrival we sat down to roasted chicken and lemon mousse, which seemed to be very much to everbody's taste. After that we went down to look at the house on the Point. How much we regretted that it was not completed and ~~in~~habitable on this occasion! Then you could have come with Murray and stayed here in peace and comfort while he was on his errand, and he would not have had to seek night shelter in a primitive and horribly expensive tourist cabin. But this will probably be the last time that we cannot receive our darling friends in a proper manner.

After this we had a wonderful ride in your new car. Such a lovely colour and so very comfortable and smart. I was most intrigued by the blink lights and I do hope that Len will have such a convenience installed in our truck too. Murray stayed at Wonderland camp where you both stayed when you and Margaret were here. I wanted him to try out the camp across the bay, which happened to be opened again recently. But neither Len nor Murray seemed to fancy the idea. The Buffalo people stayed there once and did not recommend it; hence stems Len's disapproval, I think. As we were reserving the cabin, a tourist came and showed us some fish he had caught, asking Len if he thought they were whitefish. Len said no, and forthwith put them on to Murray, who identified the fish as fallfish, a rarity, he said, except just in the Ottawa River and its contributaries. And he gave his eager listeners a long lecture in the quiet and scientific way of which he is master. It all ended up with three ice-cream cones. This morning Murray came back for early breakfast and then we took Len to his grader at Rutherglen in your car. Thereafter Murray and I birded from Rutherglen to Kennedy Lake. We got quite a list, including Rose-breasted Grosbeaks, 1 EG female at the saltlick at Rutherglen, 2 Indigo Buntings, a Traill's and 2 Olive-backed Thrushes singing beautifully at Kennedy Lake, etc., etc. Warblers were scarce and they are scarce just now, being in "eclipse". So there in the sunshine on the edge of Kennedy Lake we stood for a

short while and listened to Swamp Sparrows and Minkfrogs and the thrush songs in the background. And then Murray went on his way;and the very instant he vanished over the top of the next hill, a large sleek Otter surfaced on Kennedy Lake, turned up his back gleaming in the sunlight, and submerged once more. But Murray was too far away for me to call him back.

I thought that Murray looked wonderful and it was lovely to see him. But there is something vital missing when you are not with him. He told me, however, how you have been steadily improving for the last few months, news which I highly relished to hear. He said also, that therefore he thought that you could manage all right alone this time and we laid plans for the fall visit at Cobble Hill instead. Len says that he wants me to go during his holiday, which he hopes to take this year in late October, and that I can have the truck and be completely independent. Murray said that you will probably be alone at Cobble Hill at that time and that this would be very fine if I were with you then. Knowing Len at home I, on my part, shall have no worries either about him or the house. And, apart from all this, I think that Len really wants a week alone here at home to do exactly as he choses, dawdle and loaf around to his heart's content, and that this actually would constitute the best kind of rest for him. Everything does seem to work for this good fall visit. You cannot imagine how much I am looking forward to it. It will be a cherished desire fulfilled at long last.

It will be especially wonderful to have days in which to discuss all the various bird problems. I have an entirely open mind on the personal recognition matter and I am most eager to hear your thoughts on the subject. So far as I know, Tinbergen is the only investigator who has really shown that mated Herring Gulls recognize each other personally. I think that there is some relationship between courtship-feeding and personal recognition, i.e. birds which practise courtship-feeding must recognize each other. Hence my deductions about the Vireo would not fit. Woodpeckers do not courtship-feed. But I must think it over more thoroughly and see more of their behaviour. It is fascinating,however, to investigate 4 closely related species at the same time. Much light is thrown on the behaviour of one by comparison with the other 3. I am studying Tinbergen's Social Behaviour in Animals; he has such a wonderful capacity of presenting his subject clearly, concisely, and without a dull phrase or paragraph. It is of great help in the endeavour of recognizing the origin of various behaviour and finding thus the proper interpretations. We shall have to set

a limit to discussion periods, else we shall never be able to sleep and relax. Won't it be fun?

I am glad that you liked the Vireo story in Audubon. I felt very satisfied with the set-up and a compliment it was with the Roger Tory drawings. I thought them very good. Only it would be so nice if Terres would not always substitute my original titles for his highly trite ones. I shall never forgive him for the White-tailed Deer at Pimisi Bay instead of In the Afternoon of a Fawn.

It is wonderful to know that you are working hard on your EGs. When I make up my Summary for July I shall also catch up with the EG records for you. They will be rather thin, and one wonders whence in all the world did they all disappear?

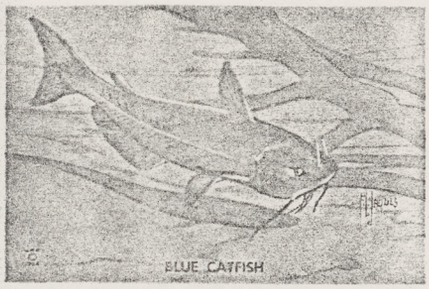
I am in the transition period between intensive field work and recommencing desk-work. One is still all ears and eyes and it is a little difficult to settle down and concentrate without letting sounds and sights distract attention. This year I have kept up with my daily records after telling myself that I shall never again get two months behind with them. The consequence is that practically nothing of the woodpecker study is copied out yet and I really do not know what kind of results I got, in effect. Which goes to show that it is almost physically impossible to keep both up to date while being in the field all day. But I am not fussing about it any more, which is a relief. My conviction is strong nowadays that all will be done in good time. I am planning to attack the Chickadee weight study early this fall, Wolfson is giving me such wonderful help with it. But it will be a job, I have 1276 weights of 342 individuals to compute. Just now I am doing nothing but catching up with some of my correspondence, half a year overdue.

Love, love love ever and evermore,

With my warmest
affection always
Louise

Where do you get these
convenient little strips?
What do they cost?

Mrs. J. Murray Speirs
14 Kensington Terrace
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.



© 1954 National Wildlife Federation, Washington, D. C.

Rutherglen, Ontario,
August 4, 1954.

Darling Doris:

Imagine what wonderful days you must spend now with your darling little granddaughter visiting you! Tell her that I think she must be having a wonderful time, too, with her darling blue-eyed grandmother. I know, because I love her too. Murray does think out the nicest surprises for you, does he not? It is good to know him back safely with you again and that his trip was successful. It was such a joy for us to see him and to have first-hand news of you, not the least.

Thank you for the personal label information! I shall certainly make use of it. They are very useful and look neat. I wanted to order envelopes with printed name, but I cannot decide on the copy, Mrs. L.C.Lawrence, Pimisi Bay, Rutherglen, Ontario, or Louise de Kiriline Lawrence, etc. It seems I need both kinds. And the problem would be solved with the Pers.Label.

Herewith the MNOC Summary and the EG notes. I was sorry I could not take more detailed observations. But most of what I saw happened during my intense watches of the Hairies, Downies, and Flickers. Speaking of woodpeckers, I wrote to Mr. Snyder to ask if he possibly had a copy left of his paper on the crown markings of juvenile Hairies and Downies, which appeared in the 1923 Can. Field-Nat., but he had not. I could get a look at it at the Museum when I come down in the fall, don't you think?

I think that personal recognition in birds is not a first-sight achievement usually, but a kind of gradual affair which grows with the intensity of their reactions to each other. I think that this is especially the case with woodpeckers for several reasons, which we shall discuss in the fall. Doubtless most birds know those of their nearest association personally, I think that one can say all birds do at one time or another in their lives. Doubtless also facial features and expression is the basis for knowing each other to a larger extent than anything else. But I also think that movements and behaviour and perhaps also locality play some part, especially at the initiation and early stages of an aquaintance. I shall have to delve much deeper into the lives of woodpeckers to find the right analysis of my Downies' extra-marital incident, that is from the female's angle. The male's behaviour under the circumstances could scarcely have been more specious.

Time is running out for me and this letter. So I shall only say - did I not tell you of my delight over King Solomon's Ring, which I got, and read soon after it came out and also gave a copy to Margaret? I loved all the passages thereof, which you quoted in your letter, and especially the falling-in-love passage, as well as a host of others. I think I marked some and I shall take the book with me, so that we can enjoy it all over again together. Now I shall ask you - have you read Tinbergen's Social Behaviour in Animals, 1953? I feel that I must own that book as one of the most clearly expressed and informative discussions on what lies at the bottom of animal behaviour and a splendid key to understanding it better.

Written in rather a rush but containing a flood of love to my darlingest friend from

Louise

August 6, 1954.

Dear Louise:

Your letter has just come and I have been sitting downstairs absorbed in it. The green paper with the blue catfish thereupon, is so fresh-looking, like the outdoors. I always enjoy your nature stickers. If I fail to comment upon them, it is because the letter gets finished before I have nearly covered all the points which I would like to comment upon! You know how it is!

We had such a happy week with Adele. She has such an interesting mind, and each day was a delight to the three of us. I read "Alice in Wonderland" to her, and how she chuckled over it, and then spent hours doing illustrations for it. Murray taught her how to swim. I shall never forget those swims in Harmony Bay, with the blue sky and cumulus clouds above, and the deep blue water, and distant pre-Cambrian hills. We even went in bathing in the rain one afternoon. Everything delighted the child, and Murray called her his "Chickadee". We took her across the St. Mary's River in the ferry boat, and she was enraptured to be actually standing on American soil. She reached for some grass. "This is for Mitter" she said. "though it does look like Canadian grass." We took her to a Drive-In Theatre under the stars one evening, and to a wonderful Finnish concert at the Armouries. She drew pages of pictures; interiors of 14 Kensington, fashions, etc. She also got a large book on drawing and painting out of the library, and pored over it. She wants to go to Art School when she is through High School. (She has just passed into Grade 7, at 10 years.) We put her on to the train on Sunday afternoon, and the coloured porter was going to look after her. Barbara had special permission to pick her up right at the train in Toronto the next morning. After the train pulled out Murray and I were both so gulpy that we could'nt talk. Adele said when she was leaving: "This has been the happiest 10 days of my life. I shall always treasure it in my heart." She wrote us an adorable letter from Scarborough on her return.

Thank you for the MNOC Summary. The numbers of birds at your feeding station in July is remarkable. Honora Cochrane wrote us that only Blue Jays and Cardinals appeared at all, with, very rarely, a Chickadee. So, the number of species bringing young to your station, is really wonderful. I wonder why so many species have not been successful this year in raising young, though? Perhaps the humidity did have a lot to do with it.

Thank you for the very full Evening Grosbeak notes. They are really precious to have. Noteworthy are your remarks on the "kissing" episode. This I have witnessed a number of times, beginning at Hanover, N. H. in 1937. I was amazed when I saw it the first time, because it is such a definite kiss. Your description is lovely. I was also especially interested in your July 27 observation near Kennedy Lake. Are you sure it was the adult female that was saying <u>querr-queer-queer</u>? My guess would be that a young one was with her, but well out of sight. What you were hearing was the begging note of the young, which I have written as <u>bee-er,bee-er,bee-er</u>. I saw a juvenal male the other day being fed wild cherry pits, and I found him by following the sounds of these give-away notes. That was up by the Goulais River, 15 miles north of here.

Now I do remember that you wrote us about "King Solomon's Ring". How I would like to reread your letter. I shall look it up on return home, as it is on file. Yes, do bring the book with you to Cobble Hill. Also make a note of the various items to be discussed or looked up. I shall do the same. We can go into the ROMZ one day, and find the Snyder article in the Canad. Field Naturalist, and you can make notes from it. We have not seen Tinbergen's "Social Behaviour of Animals", but if it is in the library here, I shall get it out. Marggret considers it a most important book, I know, as you do.

Murray and I are going south into Michigan next week for a few days. He wants to call in at the Biological Station, Douglas Lake, and then to go to Marquette, and check with American biologists on the lamprey problem. Two carloads are going from here, but Murray is hoping to arrange things so that we shall be by ourselves in our car--so as not to be too exciting for me (I won't feel responsible or having to act as hostess, as you are apt to if others are in your car whom you did not know before). Mrs. H. V. Taylor gave me --of all things!- a coffee party today. It was a very swanky affair, with 15 ladies present. ("Of course I know, Mrs. Speirs, that you don't drink coffee, but I thought you might enjoy the conversation...") There have been articles in the paper about us, and you know how curious people are! Well, they were very nice people, of the society type, and I did'nt get on too badly. Her house was a dream: such lovely floral arrangements; and she has a beautiful garden. The table center was of three Wedgewood bowls, one on top of the other, each filled with triangular shapes of pink watermelon, and draped with pale green malagra grapes. It was really a work of art. The refreshments were like Paris. It was all quite amazing; not like a party you would expect in attend in far-off Sault Ste. Marie. As you are my nearly-sister, it seems natural to tell you about it.

We were interested to see how often Jim Baillie mentioned Pimisi Bay weather records in his last summary in AUDUBON FIELD NOTES. He really does appreciate your fine records, and has told us both so on various occasions.

We are not seeing the EG's at the two salt-licks where they were earlier in the season any more. Now they must be looked for in cherry patches, but the only one we have discovered is now stripped of cherries. However, for two mornings this week, I heard the cries of young birds arriving in the Manitoba Maples on Upton Road, but have not caught up with them yet. By the time I get into respectable-looking attire for the street, the birds are gone. (Of course they come in the morning before I am decently clad!) At Cobble Hill one could run out as one was, but not on Kensington Avenue.

Now I must get Murray 's supper ready for him. Our best to you two,

Pimisi Bay, Rutherglen, Ontario, October 15, 1954

Dearest Doris:

Your letter was indeed welcome. I was just on the verge of sending Murray an SOS c/o the Department, Soo Ste.Marie, not because I was worried,because I had no feeling that anything was amiss except lack of time for letter-writing. I did not know where you were, darling almost-sister, and the September Summary had been lying around waiting to get of to the MNOC. So now when I know that you will get this letter personally, c/o the Department, I am taking this horrible rainy Friday afternoon off the Woodpeckers for the long-delayed communication.

The crucial information contained in your letter was the amazing news of Dr. Lorenz's presence in Toronto in November. You cannot imagine how much I have regretted not being able to get away to Madison and the AOU meeting to hear him and meet him and talk to him. Is it possible that I might get a chance to do this in Toronto, if I time my visit properly? At the AOU meeting he was speaking on just the exact theme, Ritualization, in which I am so terribly interested and of which I need to learn all I can, so that I can interpret the behaviour of my woodpeckers properly. I have been thinking of writing him - imagine if I could not only hear his lecture but talk to him face to face!

Len says that he thinks he will still be on his holiday in late November and that he would not mind if I went to Toronto then instead of in the beginning of it. So let us know when the date for the lecture is set, and then we can make the arrangements.

I have been thinking over the plans for the trip. Suppose I drove down on a Monday. Hazel Petty is coming with me and it is so nice to have company and not to go alone all that long way. She suggested that we come into Pickering by way of Whitby, thus escaping the Younge Street bottlenecks. She would take the bus to the city from there. I would then plan to be with you 4 days, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, we should be able to do some work then, Saturday ROMZ and lecture, Sunday I would leave you and go visit Jimmy. My brother-in-law has promised to get the truck undercoated for cost price, He runs a service station on Queen's. That would take up Monday, I would visit with my sister-in-law and Nan that day, perhaps drive out to the Hallidays that night and depart for home early the next morning, picking up Hazel at the city limits. How does it sound? I do not think I could spare more time away from Len on his holiday. I <u>wish</u> he could go with me, but we cannot leave the house without making elaborate arrangements for someone to stay and look after things.

I think that if we really settle down quietly together without letting ourselves be distracted by various entertainments, we should be able to have some really good discussions and do some work. It is important for us both, because I will learn much from you, as perhaps you will do from me too. I am taking the Woodpecker volume (s) with me, so that you can see how my work has evolved. I am almost through with the re-writing and synopsising of the summer's fieldwork. The results are really quite amazing with over 150 hours in the field in spite of all the rain.

It is not probable that you will be here in this pouring rain to day, but I shall look for you next week-end. I would be so delighted to meet Irma and then to see her again in Toronto. If it does not soon stop raining, you will have a poor time looking for nests, I am afraid, but I do not suppose that this really is the second deluge de facto. Hazel brought me rumours the other day of EGs nesting? near the Fosdick cottage last summer. I forgot to ask Joyce when she was here the other day, but will do so next time I see her. I have only one record for September:

Sept. 10 08.35 One bird, not seen, flew over the Loghouse calling.
Direction south.

Thank you for the felicitations on the Elective Membership! I cannot yet see quite how it came about. Margaret was wonderful to propose me and you can imagine that I <u>am</u> happy about it. But I am nearly as happy about Earl Godfrey becoming a Fellow.

I have had many good letters of congratulations, Mr Taber for one. Jim Baillie wrote quote: "...it could not have happened to a nicer and more ornithologically talented person." Coming from Jim Baillie, I take this as being something. He also said that I was the first Canadian woman to be so honoured. All I can say to myself on that score is: Lead on, McDuff! There are many more to advance from this quarter, just as good, and better.

I have palpitations of the heart from anticipation of the Visit. All things seem to combine well for it. I feel well rested from the summer's great exertions.

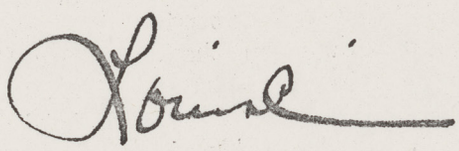
We had a lovely Thanksgiving with Lilly Petty and Ethel Chapman, former editor of the Farmer's Magazine, now with the Department of Agriculture and a free-lance writer. She is a wonderful person - it was a day full of Substance. All my cook's duties went without a hitch too, amazing to relate - no dish-breaking, falling over myself, etc. The lunch was good with cooked ham and creamed cauliflower, the dinner perfect with a capon done to a turn.

Must end.

All my love to all and my devotion always

to my darling friend Doris

Len sends his best too.



P.S. The highlight of the Pimisi Bay birding at present is to see the Red-winged Blackbirds and Starlings coming in to roost in the NE Marsh. Yesterday there came 33 flocks of Red-wings - 224 birds and 3 flocks of Starlings - 38 birds. Highest count was Oct. 7 with 34 flocks of Red-wings - 379 birds; 10 flocks of Starlings - 40 birds, 1 flock of Rusties - 1 bird. It is interesting to watch the approach to the roost of the differebt species and you soon learn them apart from their flights and behaviour.

Pimisi Bay, Rutherglen, Ontario,
October 29, 1954.

Darling Doris:

This will probably be a letter with many interruptions, because a contractor with 4 men is laying a new roof on the Loghouse. And there is an awful lot of dumpings and banging, such blessed sounds under the circumstances.

But before I go on to tell you all about us, let me say that we are immensely relieved to hear that Cobble Hill and Irma's home were not destroyed in the Great Wind. Yours is too sturdy and it was out of the worst path of destruction, so we thought that it would be all right. But we have worried a great deal about Bruce and the home in Thistledown, right sitting on the banks of the rampaging river. So we have been thinking of you both a great deal until your letter came. I was as sorry for Barbara's peach tree as for our pines. But I have no regret for the lovely trees, for it is the way of life that all must change. And so my sorrowful feeling is rather a tribute to them, a deep kind of gratitude for the blessings and beauty of their existence while they stood and a kind of promise never to forget whatever change is due to come at their disappearance. As Mother said in her letter, you will find new vistas opening and perhaps you will discover things new and very beautiful in a different way. So I pass on this word to Irma, for we have already discovered some of them, and it feels good and encouraging that we have new discoveries to make still, which have not yet become apparent.

When we listened to the radio at noon the day you left, we knew that you would not be able to get through to the Soo. We wondered a little if you had stayed in North Bay or Sturgeon Falls. We are glad that your trip came off with not too great difficulties. Luck that you did not have your own car - the stalling might not have been so easily or so cheaply remedied. I am thrilled to know of Iris' and her husband's wonderful contribution to the rescue work. Little it may appear that a hobby specialty can become a life-saver at a crucial moment. Give Iris my love and felicitations!

How very profitable your search of the woods was! There are many ways by which to gain knowledge, versatility of thought and action is the key that solves most problems. How interesting with the oval form of the EG nest. It is a practical adaptation to the form of the bird. The nests of the Red Crossbills were circular and the bird certainly has a more compact rotund body as compared to the EG. I wonder about the Pine Grosbeak? This species is more closely related to the EG, is it not? Forty to fifty feet is no uncommon height for the Red-eye. I have seen 3 nests that high. How high was this one you saw?

A thousand thanks for sending and paying for the cable to Mother. It was just exactly the right thing to do to prepare her what was to come. I am so glad I thought of it and my gratitude to you and Murray for carrying out my thoughtfulness in such a sweet and loving way. She heard of the storm over the radio in the evening, just the preliminary reports. She awakened early the next morning feeling a bit worried. The paper and the cable came at the same time, so she read the cable first and thus she was wholly prepared for what the paper had to tell her. It could not have been better timed.

Our hearts' deepest love to you both for your spontaneous offer to help with money. And just as simply and naturally as it came to you to do this would we have accepted it, had it been necessary. But we are really extraordinarily lucky that a friend of ours, who is now dead from coronary thrombosis much prematurely, and who used to be our insurance agent, fixed us up with this blissful clause of wind damage. So thereby we are now getting a $ 700.00 repair work done on the Loghouse to put it all in shape again, new roof, all house straightened and aligned, cracked chimneys fixed, inside ceiling in the big room, rafters replaced and added to in number, and all inside and outside plastering done. To have had to do all this ourselves would have been almost impossible and it would certainly have been a great economical set-back. I am constantly sending grateful thoughts to our insurance friend Roy Cooper. We have got a very good contractor and both he and all his workmen are my good old friends from Bonfield, who still call me Madame de Kiriline, French emphasis on last

syllable. Another contractor was here too to assess the damage. But his estimate was much higher and now we are getting just as good work done without the insurance company having to pay too high a price. He is Len's choice and that also works out very well and the work is progressing very satisfactorily, in spite of the rain today while the last of shingles are being laid. Inside we are going to support the rafters with joists to make it more secure, since the pitch of the roof is rather low to carry lots of snow. And so the peak in the ceiling will vanish and instead the ceiling will cut across along the joists. This will add a great deal to winter comfort and warmth and as we are having all of it lined with "knotty pine", 6 to 7 inch boards with V-joints, the same way as the sunroom ceiling is lined with log-siding, I think that even if an old attractive feature will disappear another will replace it successfully. Well, you will see when you come here next. We are shellacing and varnishing the ceiling so that it will have the same light honey colour as the sunroom. Then on our own and paying for it ourselves, we are putting on a nice porch in front to take off the bareness left by the fallen pines. The house looked horribly snub-nosed when all the trees draped over the house as you saw it were pulled away. So now the peak of this porch is right over the door and its one side is merely a lengthening of the main roof. This gives the effect of a long ranch-type squat house from the road, which we think is rather nice. The front steps will be enlarged to a platform that fills the room of the porch, big enough to use for a comfortable sitting-out place in the summer. The roof of the porch will be supported by two stone pillars part way up and then a square or round wooden pillar sitting on them. We strongly felt that the opportunity was of the now-or-never type and so we seized it. We shall not have too great difficulty to fill the little hole in the bank account.

We phoned the insurance agent at once after you left and got the go-ahead sign to save the house from the tottering pine. It took a tractor, a team of horses and 6 men nearly all day to clear away 6 pines before they got to the critical one and then finally topple it in the opposite direction, away from the house. The whole business was risky, for only two small branches held it upright and the tree had to be secured with long cables before these could be cut away and pine freed. It fell with a terrific crash right through the little grove of trees and bushes in front of the house, taking with it every blessed thing as it fell, poplars, birches, lilacs, balsams, cedars, all except the red ash. Men, tractor and horses tore up everything that the storm had not reached. So we were grateful for what they did, but decided to have no more of them. And so we are keeping the logs and by and by we shall saw them up and cord them, making ourselves fire wood for almost the length of our remaining lifetime. And was it not wonderful that the little red ash was saved! We are transplanting the honeysuckle that grew in front of the Green House to the flowerbed beside the Red Ash, where it will fill a great empty space and where it will grow and expand itself, we hope, and be beautiful. Then I want to keep the stumps of the pines and righten them and build flowerpots on top of them and have flowers well forth from them and garland the stumps in all the light and sunshine of that now open southern slope. And there will be lovely graves for the trees, flowery and brigth reminders of them where they once stood, from their very roots. And we shall plant mauve rock plants all over that slope that will creep over the rocks and replace the moss for which it will now be too dry and bright to exist. And in a year from next spring all that slope will glow purple and after the flowering go deep green, and so there will be a "new vista" to enhance the squat Loghouse and the new porch.

The white pine nearest the house was the oldest tree and 78 years old and the white pine nearer the lake was 61. The red pines ranged from 63 to 68. All were only saplings when I was born far away near the Baltic Sea. We shall top the one still standing behind the house to broaden its girth and to expand its crown so that it can better withstand whatever winds may hit it. And I will not take it down, for it saved us and I believe in it. And in front there is still two sapling white pines that will grow up freely now and one red pine that stands by the lake and is about 30 years of age. And then a young red pine which was smashed down but not uprooted, and this one we shall raise on its feet this week-end and I think that it will take root again in the rocks. So you see how much promise there is in the "new vistas".

Len thinks there is no reason to suppose that my trip to Toronto will need to be postponed now. So as we decided when you were here, I plan to leave Friday November 19 early. We hope to reach Pickering about 17.00; if we think we shall be delayed we will phone. I

would like Hazel to meet you, but I think that she will have to depart almost immediately as she plans to go on to St. Catharines the same night. I am then counting on staying with you until the next following Saturday when we shall attend the Lorenz lecture at Convocation Hall. If Irma still wants me to come to her, now after the storm, and if she will be at the lecture too, I could go on out with her, could I not? If not, I could likely stay with Grace or Nan or somebody, leaving the truck with my brother-in-law over Monday. Start for home on Tuesday. This would take 12 of Len's holidays, leaving 10, since he has 21 days and a holiday coming. I leave you a perfectly free hand to arrange the programme for the 7 whole days I shall be with you, provided you leave a few good whole days unbroken for work, study, and discussions. I think that it would be best to have them in the very beginning, we are likely to become very involved in all sorts of things later. How about Wednesday or Friday with Florence? Thursday you said was the day of the MNOC. Tell them all that I am tremendously looking forward to be with them. It will be a wonderful day. We thought Saturday afternoon would be best for the Museum. I think so still. Hazel would like to meet us there and to meet Jim Baillie. Perhaps we could shop in the forenoon. Len wants me to get a "city haircut". Could we do that at your hairdresser?

Now I must end. I have managed to do my Daily Records amid all the smash-bangs, you will have the Summary shortly. Meanwhile, love, love, love, and au revoir shortly and very truly,

Lucy

COPY

Pimisi Bay, Rutherglen, Ontario,
October 20, 1954.

Mr. W. D. Sutton, President
Federation of Ontario Naturalists,
313 Wharncliffe Road North,
London, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Sutton:

I have studied the Agenda for our next meeting on October 23, as well as the enclosed papers, and committee reports. Since I am unable to attend, I thought that you might like to know some of my reactions and ideas on the business at hand, leaving you free use thereof as you see fit.

Agenda: (f) I feel that the small clubs should be given all possible encouragement and these lecture films have a highly stimulating effect on the interest of the whole community. As I see it - the question is this, should a 50-50 sharing of profit and loss be adopted as a general policy of the Federation towards all affiliated clubs, even to those that do not need either the encouragement or the assistance? If not, how define the conditions for the privilege?

It should not be forgotten that the sharing of profit will not act as an encouragement, but rather the contrary in places where the financial success is certain or at times when the small club successfully sponsors a lecture.

It seems to me therefore, that we would better achieve our objective by offering to share the loss only in cases where small or newly established clubs are concerned. We would thus encourage them to try it again. The next time their little venture may be highly successful. And we would have gained rather cheaply a much better basis for more fruitful cooperation in the future with the club in question.

(h) I feel that the protection of hawks and owls is a crying need and I whole-heartedly support the Federation in its wish to give the most energetic and well-bethough leadership in the effort to have such legislation enacted.

I suggest, however, that great care should be taken in formulat-

ing the rights of the owner to protect his property from marauding individuals. I think that the offending individual should be left unprotected, but not a whole species. The farmers' general inability to identify hawks and owls must be reckoned with, as well as the possibility of an individual of a protected species sometimes "sinning" at an opportune moment. There should also be some thought given on the measure of reasonable protection that the farmer ought to be obliged to give their animals and flocks, apart from the loaded gun.

In this connection I would also suggest that the Federation should gradually and in a like way sponsor other conservation measures as well. I am thinking of the [illegible] of the roadsides especially. In principle, I feel that this is perhaps almost as important as the protection of the raptors.

This summer the Hydro in this area undertook a very successful spot-spraying of their premises. Not only was this done so early in the season that the wildlife was not endangered, but the untouched areas were so large that the encroachment of the spraying upon the potential habitats was negligible. By contrast, the township authorties literally went wild all over the country lanes in mid-June, leaving appalling paths of seared and whithered foliage high up into the trees - and I do not like to think of what happened to thousands of birds thus caught at the height of their nesting season.

It appears to me that spot-spraying and a rigid regulation prohibiting spraying of any kind between the dates of the birds' general nesting season in the various regions provide the key to this problem and its satisfactory solution for all parties.

The two main Objectives of the Programme:

I think that the second of these might be better thought out and expressed. To my way of thinking, the reason for our idea of Preservation is too superficially expressed here. Somebody said once, and I heard it repeated over the radio last night, that the strength of influence can be measured by the depth of feeling. I do not recall the exact wording. In other words, I think that we shall have to put more substance in the reason for our efforts of Conservation than what is contained in mere personal satisfaction contagiously inspiring.

My personal view is that Man versus his Environment is as much a moral issue as Man versus his Fellow. I cannot just now expand this belief further because I have still much work to do on the details of its formulation. But I am rather convinced that if we can

come to look upon Conservation as a much more profoundly rooted question, our chances of reconciling the diverging interests which are involved, without dogmatizing or moralizing, will be greatly enhanced.

Membership Committee Report:

I am appalled at the Committee's figures of unpaid memberships for 1953 and 1954.

I suggest that a list of members of the Federation and affiliated clubs be compiled at the end of each year preferrably and published in the Bulletin. Let us make it a matter of honour to keep our names in that list. I also suggest that fees should be made due on January 1st with a set period for payment, after which the non-paying member should be stricken from the list. Perhaps some adjustment could be made for members joining outside the month of January, such as considering the fee for the next following year paid when a member joins after the first six months of the year have elapsed, for example.

Bulletin Committee Report:

I am decidedly for Quality as opposed to Quantity. In my estimation, there is no reason why scientifically sound articles cannot be made readable to every kind of reader. We must all, every one of us, be made to feel a rising pride in our Journal, as it becomes the expression of our work and spirit and intellectual integrity. In a note and comment section all readers may be encouraged to take part. Much written here may prove valuable contributions and assist its writer to graduate to more serious effort.

This letter has become far longer than I intended. Having never attended any meetings with the other Directors nor been in personal contact with any of them, in all this I may only have expressed thoughts and ideas common to all. I repeat therefore, that you are perfectly free to use any or no part of it and in whatever way you please.

With my best regards and good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Louise de Kiriline Lawrence

COPY

February 4, 1954.

To the Editor (Am. Biology Teacher)

After half a century of teaching Biology and Paleontology I achieved automatically the dubious accolade of "Emeritus" and started putting my desk in order. Among my lecture notes, there appeared a library card upon which I had jotted down a quotation from Deems Taylor, seized from one of his comments broadcast with the New York Symphony concert some years ago. I hope my quickly scribbled note caught his words correctly but at any rate his comment on the subject of "Intellectual Music" contained this very much worthwhile idea.

-.-"Bad art is beneath thought but good art is beyond it. An art that asks man only th think is doing poorly what science does extremely well."

This is a gem in may opinion. I contend however that somewhat the same can be said for Science. Art and Science have much in common.

I once heard a great leader in art education state that to the Japanese, "The function of art is to bring repose of spirit." Yes, but to my occidental mind, a further function of Art and Science is enlargement of the spirit.

A generation ago a physicist thrust his inquiring mind beyond the limits of his almost static science, peered into the atom, liberated physics from its darkening walls, and the whole new field of atomic research was born. Astronomers now look outward through windows in our universe to other universes and my spirit is enlarged by the effort to grasp a new concept of space. Paleontology has looked back into the past to see the earliest trickle which slowly grew into a mighty stream of living beings responding, each in its own way to natural law. My spirit is enlarged thereby.

Facts we need, yes, but they are only the buildings blocks of science. It takes some mental gymnastics however to get much thrill out of a brick yard (though it can be done). Only the imagination of the architect, who is both artist and engineer, can visualize brick laid upon brick to build a jail or a cathedral according to his plan. The brickmaker may not have this vision. The tool-maker at his bench may not visualize a Cadillac or a rocket ship. But the technician with imagination, if his imagination be trained and patiently directed, breaks through into the free air of constructive science. Should his activity lead only to commercial developments, he has builded but a jail or at most a department store -- either of which may be a great comfort at times. If he be a true scientist, however he at least aspires to build a cathedral for the satisfaction of his spirit hunger.

I agree with Deems Taylor. But I hope he will allow me to add that a Science that asks man only to think falls short of its supreme destiny. If it seeks only a practical end for its inquiry, it has sold its birthright for a "mess of pottage". The practical we must have. Yes, but we must have more. "Where there is no vision the people perish."

Science, like Art, should lift the eye and enlarge the vision, should stir the soul of man and plumb the very depths of his feeling.

Loye Miller (Prof. Biology Emeritus)

Pimisi Bay, Rutherglen, Ontario, December 5, 1954.

Dearest Doris:

At very long last we have got the house fully in order again since the hurricane. Ever since I came home Len and I have worked on it, the kitchen particularly, scrubbing it from ceiling to floor. Result: a cleaner house than ever before, the exposed woodwork delivered of all accumulated smoke effects having taken on a rather lovely warm reddish colour (red pine) and a lot more light reflected from the new light ceiling in the big room as well as from the great open space in front of the house. I was eager to get it all done before taking up anything else, so that Len could spend the last precious days of his holiday enjoying the comfort of it. So here we are with snow and zero weather without but warm and cosy within, much warmer and much more cosy than ever before. Which goes to prove that the good and bad of everything is usually exceedingly well balanced. Len had done an awful lot of work while I was away. Apart from much work accomplished inside, he had cleared away the toppled big pine and all it had destroyed in front of the house as well as the huge mound of branches from all the fallen trees. It was wonderful to come up the path and to behold the New Vista. For even though I still do miss the trees, the New Vista, such as Len created it, is really exceptionally attractive. Within a fringe of trees on the periferi/ of the open space, there stand the red ash and the highbush cranberry all alone. How beautifully they will expand in all the light, provided of course they do not get too dry!

The hurricane business brought with it one regrettable casualty, the Mist Phantasy got ruined. I was heart-broken because I loved it and I miss it very much. But when moving things in and out, such things happen inadvertently, as well you know. So it cannot be helped and I had to tell you.

It was lovely to get your sweet letter on my return. So do I miss you and I thought of you all Monday and wondered if the let-down from the previous week's great excitement and tremendous speed were not too hard on you. I had such a wonderful visit with you and Murray in every possible respect. My gratitude for all you did for me and my appreciation of all your thoughtfulness know no bounds. I had exactly the kind of holiday that I needed most, contact with so many interesting and inspiring people, including my darling host and hostess especially, cultural experiences of the best kind, charming entertainment in various lovely ways, theater, shows, festive meals both at home and abroad. When I started away from home I never dreamed that we would do so much. All I can say is that every moment was full, "pregnant" (term borrowed from Lorenz), and wonderful. Thank you both of all my heart!

I arrived at my sister-in-law's safely and quite speedily by way of the lakeshore. I was horrified at the dumping in High Park. My Swiss friend fetched me personally after church and he and his sister took me for a long drive up through north Toronto and York Mills before luncheon at one. His house is right on the lake with the waves lapping up almost to his garden wall and lovely fresh air all around, unpolluted by any citified densities and odours. It is an old-fashioned and rather unpretentious house, but spacious and exceedingly comfortable within. He is a collector of art and his walls were decked with numerous very tastefully arranged paintings, some old, some modern, and some certainly of great value. Each one, almost, has its own light reflected upon it and apparently my friend Ernest does sit and simply enjoys them when in need of spirituel uplift. Luncheon was altogether European, Swiss specialties, French wines, Italian liqueurs. We found to our delight that he knew very well the girl, Greta Toll, with whom I went to school and together with whom I first came out to this country. She immediately fell in love with the Swiss Consul General upon our arrival and married him two years later, and he was a very great friend of Ernest's. It was a highly successful visit.

Since Ernest's chauffeur was off duty we arranged to meet Jimmy halfway at Leaside Station. And there he was as we arrived with a car full of kids. We had a very good visit together. I stayed for tea and dinner and then Jimmy and Enid drove me to High Park Avenue. The home is very small for a numerous family such as theirs and

a new addition ~~further~~ expected in January. But decidedly I had the impression that the atmosphere was congenial and harmonious. Both Jimmy and Enid looked happy and there is apparently very close cooperation between the two in their work and cares involved with so many individuals, old and young. Enid was a nice little person, not particularly pretty nor smart in clothes (which I had expected from a designer) but sweet and soft and calm and definitely pleasant. She is apparently also an excellent cook who did not seem to cook at all, in spite of the fact that she served viands to an army, double puddings, trebb steaks, you know, in that style. Do you remember Jimmy's sister, Jimmy and she came with us to an evening show at the AOU meeting, perhaps you recall? Such an awful thing happene to her last spring when her next oldest son by accident shot his youngest brother, killing him instantly. They were playing with a gun just before bedtime. Imagine the burden of self-reproach for the poor mother and the horror for the young lad to live with such a thing on his mind forever! I cannot imagine it. I was so deeply shocked hearing of it.

The whole day Monday I spent with Len's sister. She is a rather remarkable person. I like her very much. She is clever and sensible. She has had a very tough time with an unfaithful and otherwise inept husband who did away with all her money and nearly all her possessions before they separated. But she has achieved this amazing thing of rising above herself and doing an extraordinarily successful thing with what she has left and her children. We had a wonderful day together, discussing everything with great sympathy and understanding and to mutual benefit. Nan Treadwell had left a letter with Len's brother saying she had gone to Eau Claire, so I forthwith gave up all plans of visiting Grace, etc. that day. I felt it was far more important to spend this time with Len's sister, and rightly so I am sure. At least I have in no ways regretted it. The next morning we started out at 7 a.m. It took us half an hour to get out to 401 from College along Dufferin, even though I did run through a red light to my vast discomfiture. I stopped horrified at the curb and awaited the doom. It did not materialize, so I went on carrying a troubled conscience for about half a mile. Then forgot about it. We saw 2 Roughlegs along 401 and a long-tailed, round-winged hawk near Orillia, and also in this neighbourhood what looked very much like a Flicker flying across our beam. We got into light snow at Huntsville and met the snowplough at South River, after which all the whiteness disappeared. I delivered Hazel safely at her home a little before 2 p.m. and arrived at Pimisi Bay about 2.30, where a beaming husband came out of the woods and wanted to know all that had happened and what all the people had said. So I told him, until midnight.

Imagine 4 squirrels at your tables! Len reckons we have 10 here and they are all tremendously fat. I have never seen such fat red squirrels. The Chickadee throng has increaed to at least 50, coming and going constantly. A batch of lard pudding lasts 3 days at the most. I have had to increase the suet stations. Len had put down many interesting observations which will appear in the November Summary. I shall try and get both the October and November ones to you as soon as possible. But must get off my CHRistmas cards for abroad first. Saw my first Goshawk in many years the other day, unmistakable. My Swiss friend had a Snowy Owl in his garden a day or two before my visit there. Hazel is exceedingly happy about having become a Corresponding Member and you will hear from her. Tell Murray that I think his Bulletin is getting better and better. It is really very readable and informative. I thought that Clarke's article especially was fine and I have reread the last paragraph several times. Bear-faced Robbery we both chuckled at heartily. I am most favourably impressed by We've been thinking. It is thought-provoking and should so be for more people than me. I shall try to make a worthy contribution as soon as I get a bit straightened out with my work. Just now the accumulation seems insurmountable. Do repeat the name of your assistant editor! She was such an attractive person. I am going to North Bay on Friday December 10 and shall then seek an interview with Mr Ward and Mr Snow. Thought that this would give them time to digest any correspondence on the matter they may have had. Thought I would continue to climb down - Ward - Snow, in that order, leaving the hardest to the last, but with a certain amount of background, figuratively speaking.

Now I must end this. Don't expect the knitted Christmas present in time! It will be a Christmas afterthought instead. There is much I have not said which I wanted to say. There will be another time. Meanwhile my love and a very deep gratefulness for all you have always done for me. Len sends his best.

As ever

Irma

Pimisi Bay, Rutherglen, Ontario, December 15, 1954.

Dear Doris and Murray:

You must, of course, have one of my lovely Christmas cards and this one literally high-tails our good wishes and loving thoughts to you. Tell Sylvia Hahn from me please, that I enjoy immensely sending off her lovely design to all my friends here and abroad, that I hope she will make another lovely one for next Christmas which I might acquire, and that, last but not least, it is a standing regret that I missed meeting her during my visit with you.

Darling Doris, I felt painfully neglectful over the delay in writing to you after my arrival home, as your sweet second letter came to hand. But I am sure that our letters crossed and that, indeed, you know now the reason why and have forgiven me. At any rate, I deny emphatically that any pile of mail could possibly have been of such importance as to prevent me from first and foremost writing to you.

It is immensely relieving to know that you suffered no ill effects after our multi-active week together. Many fears pursued me like gnomes both during my visit and after. Constantly my better conscience insisted : Slow down for goodness sake, or you'll regret you ever came down! I felt terrifically responsible, and yet I knew the sweet and lovely pleasure you took in giving me such a perfect holiday. For it was perfect in every respect. I wrote Margaret, that you both spared no effort, no thought, no money, to make it so. I am often recalling all sorts of little details with such a delight, the citified hairdo, for instance, highly approved by Len by the way, the hors d'oeuvres at La Chaumière, all the little things that you thought out specially pass by in parade, as tokens of a very lovely and very dear friendship. I am happy therefore if anything I did gave you enjoyment, so that you might at least surmise my appreciation of all you did for me.

Mother's address, here it is: Fru Hillevid Flach, Jungfrugatan 50, Stockholm, 8, Sweden. She would be delighted to hear from you about everything. I wrote her a five-page letter after I had written to you, telling of the whole visit, from start to end. Yes, are not those gannet stamps beautiful?

We had a very happy ending time of Len's holidays. Once we had the house back to normal, we could loaf. And we did, doing things in a leisurely fashion. Despite all his outdoor labours, it was obvious that Len really had profited from his holidays. He was in good spirits and had much less trouble facing the thought of going back to work again. Perhaps the fact that he is on a different kind of work this winter helped, although how he is going to like it in the long run still remains to be seen. He is one of the crew of the snowplough running between Mattawa and Deep River. Low pressure areas moving up from the SW will mean a lot to us this winter, and so will storms drifting up along the Atlantic seaboard and sweeping in high cold air from the Arctic, temporarily relieving Len from his 24-hour duty. For my part, as soon as the immediate Christmas correspondence is dealt with, I shall settle down to a very full programme of work and reading. Are you subscribing on Audubon Mag.? If not I shall send you the last copy in which my Irrepressible Nuthatch appears.

Hazel will do her Christmas Count along Lake Nipissing and I here, and we shall send in a joint report. We have not yet decided the exact day. I think this is a good idea and it will cover more ground. Saw a Snowy Owl today, flapping over a field at Rutherglen in the early morning and into a woodlot under cover, probably to spend the day there.

Last Monday I faced Mr. Snow. He is a particularly charming man, such is my first impression. I do not know what impression I made on him, I tried my best to do well. I thought afterwards that perhaps I had talked a little too much, I was so eager to get the feel of his personality. I took with me all previous correspondence on the subject of Sanctuary with the North Bay Chamber of Commerce and so forth, as well as the copy of my letter to Clarke. I left it with him so that he could look it over at leisure and formulate his own opinion on it. I want

to know the particular nature of the technical difficulties there may be with such a project. We parted in what I felt to be an air of very nice cordiality, shook hands. He said he would like to call in at Pimisi Bay on the first opportunity he had and asked me to call again next time I were in town to see Mr. Ward. Mr. Ward was out of town that day. I feel very much that the whole thing should be discussed thoroughly first. I hope I shall not be too intimidated by my desire to be utterly fair to all the other fellows. Do repeat to me the good points of the creation of a Crown Game Preserve at Pimisi Bay, that are unrelated to personal considerations. I must stand fast on them.

I have got the yarn for the little hotwaterbag. I am also making another little thing for you. Both will take some time, as knitting sits only third on the daily agenda. But I thought that you would much rather have something I had made with mine own hands than a manufactured goods.

I should have asked you about Florence's address. Not knowing it, I am sending her card in care of you with a request kindly to give it to her.

The Monitor has been coming regularly ever since I came home. I have enjoyed many things therein, for instance, the article on letter-writing, many of the political discussions and comments, especially the leader Self-Exposing, Self-Isolating. That last one was priceless as an exposition of contructive criticism. Thank you for this <u>good</u> Christmas gift.

I am sending you the latter half of Harrison Lewis' last letter. I think that you may be interested in all his observations and discussions. Please return! He is a very fine correspondent whom I enjoy vastly. Lockley's Shearwaters is pure delight. The Summaries will be delayed, but the skies are clearing, day by day.

All my love,

Lorne

Rutherglen, Ontario, January 5, 1954.

Dearest Doris: As it will take me quite some time yet to prepare the summaries for November and December,(isn't it awful to be so far behind?) I thought that I had better write you, lest you should feel all too, too neglected. Holidays is such a time when routine work just has to be put aside, to be picked up again when all the excitement is over. I suspect that it was the same with you. I have been wondering if you got to spend Christmas with Iris,as planned,and felt all right for it and did not tire yourself too much? And how did your Census come out,with you in the window and Murray trotting around all by himself? It is a change in your routines, certainly.

I am enclosing my Christmas count which was not particularly spectacular but for one item. Do you observe the Hooded Merganser on the list? I trotted 4 miles down the Mattawa River just to get that one, through the snow. Coming to the second portage and seeing not a single Goldeneye, I was on the verge of turning back. What prompted me to go on,I do not know, but just as I neared the third portage,there, in the open water above the long crooked rapids, I espied this inconspicuous little lonesome female diving for her lunch in the sunshine. It is my first record in 10 years of censuses of a wintering member of this species. Do you remember the so called West Woods where we saw the Broadwing nest and the Bay-breasted Warbler? I went right through there, got nothing except 2 Red Nuts, not even a Chickadee. Black spruce bog was singularly empty of birds, 2 Grice and a Hairy was my pauvre catch there. Seeing that the white and black spruces and the tamaracks, not to speak of the mountain maples, stand heavy with fruit everywhere, I had counted on a single "winter finch", but no! The invasion in 1948 never got under way until after the New Year, so better just wait and see. At present there is a flock of about 2 dozen Goldfinches,which came upon the scene yesterday for the first time, roosting in the white pine by the Loghouse, eating salty slush on the highway, nibbling birchbuds, and picking ashes from the Blue Jays' ashpile. As to the EGs, you will see from the cards.

At long last I got the Bulletin, which I had looked for with curiosity ever since you spoke of it in your Christmas letter. First, may I say, that I think it is beautifully got up, such a fine cover with the lovely owl, which may not be so sleepy as it looks, the FON "trademark", Thoreau's fine vignette, all the sketches and drawings. Really,the Editors deserve much credit for their production. As to the contents, I thoroughly enjoyed

every bit of it, not the least, not the least, Murray's informative and readable leading article, its gentle humour and apt descriptions, to mention especially the "oh me, jibby jibby, gee - drrrr", you cannot fail to know exactly how that bird sings. It really was quite a peach of an article, Murray! Under separate cover I am sending Murray several reprints on migration, which came from Margaret earmarked for you afterwards.

Do you realize that on May 24 this year we shall have known each other 10 years? How wonderful these 10 years have been, how you have helped fill them for me with worth while things, how you have led me on into a world of fine cooperation between human beings, of rewarding search for knowledge and understanding of this life of which we are a part! I have realized wonderful possibilities, as well as the personal limitations to encompass what ought to be encompassed. It has been especially gratifying to come in contact with so many worthwhile men and women through your friendship, Margaret not the least of these. You have given me a great deal, intentionally or just simply unconsciously, and I mention it only, so that you will know that I do realize it and deeply appreciate the fact of our friendship.

No caption could destroy my delight over Bill Gunn's review. I know that his praise is quite honestly what he thinks, but, nevertheless, I grow highly doubtful of the vireos measuring up to the compliments, as I read it. While it is encouraging, it also scares me, but that is perhaps a healthy kind of effect.

And now I shall get down to the summaries. We have more Blue Jays than ever. I have counted 23 today. In 1944 there was a similar peak winter. This year the birds involved are overwhelmingly returns. In 1944 banding was still young at Pimisi Bay, which probably accounts for there having been more "new" birds that year. We have also 2 or 3 deer, a fox which comes for the turkey bones, and a short-tailed shrew.

I am longing for news and reassurance that you are improving steadily. Love, love, love in the new year, greetings to Barbara and Iris, kindest remembrances to your mother,

Your almost sister

Lorne

Rutherglen, Ontario, January 6, 1954.

Dearest Doris: Before I go out to the post office this morning I want you to know how very happy I was for your long and loving letter. It was such a major effort for one in your condition, writ I know to show me how lovingly you think of me and which I indeed appreciate of all my heart. I knew of your heart attack from Margaret, but even if she had not told me, I would have known you could not have escaped it. It is not an easy thing to learn to live with an impaired heart, but it is a thing that will have to come gradually, and too much advice, admonitions, and insistence on rules I do not think will help you. I have long been aware of Murray's sound and judicious way of handling this difficult and, I am sure it often is to him, heart-breaking situation. He has my whole-hearted admiration for his devotion and unselfishness, which I know is, your greatest, your very greatest, support in conquering your misfortune. And it is so wonderful to hear you say, that together you are winning the battle. That is all that your loving friends need to know and they will no longer worry. I am sending you the precious Christmas card my Mother sent me. I think it is one of the loveliest I have ever seen, perfect artistically as well as to its meaning, and perhaps, as you look at it, you will derive courage and peace, and you may keep it.

What an amazing Christmas Count you achieved between you! Where did you flush the Spruce Grice????? Also the abundance of Goldfinches is interesting, isn't it? I am afraid my EG cards will come too late. If I had thought of it, I could have sent them direct to Shaubs with my letter, asking to be kept on their mailing list, and they could have sent them on to you afterwards. The main thing of interest in them was the relationship between the scarcity of birds and the abundance of foods. I shall certainly send the extra copy of the Wood Duck to Irma Metcalfe for the MNOC library. She sent me a lovely Christmas card-letter and so did Margaret Marsh and I thought it was awfully sweet of both of them.

I also know of Jim's remarriage. While it was a necessity for Jimmy to become readjusted and settled in his home again, I cannot help but think of sweet little Dory with great sadness. She lived a tragedy in her short life, for her marriage was broken before she died, and I know so certainly that she died more of a broken heart than from TB. Like my sister, she also came to lack the security in the one she loved

most, not as directly as my sister did, but still enough to prevent her from winning her battle. From your own experience you know how vital this security is to support you in a fight against a serious illness. I warned Jimmy about this at the very start, but I know now, both from Dory's last letter, which was a cry of agony as if from a lost soul, and from Jimmy's and his sister's rather critical attitude against Dory, now when she is no longer there to defend herself, that there was something gone terribly wrong in that little family. I hope most sincerely and warmly that Jimmy has made a wise choice and that his new wife will prove herself a person with the capacities needed for her responsibilities, not the least for the sake of our little goddaughter; but, all the same, I shall never forget Dory.

This must not be too long, but there never seems to be any end of topics to discuss. Len and I calculate that we use up ½ ton of lard pudding in a year to keep all our birds, squirrels, chipmunks, and skunks satisfied, and this apart from sunflower seeds and peanut butter. The feeding station of the Loghouse is a major item on the budget, but we derive pleasure not only in sharing our assets but also in creating this intimate relationship with a nature's society devoid of hypocrisies and artificialities. We also get lucky windfall of fat occasionally, especially from the Pettys, and the goose at New Years yielded wonderful pounds of nutritious creamy fat, upon which we are all existing just now.

I must end. Goodby, darling Doris. Don't let yourself get intimidated by anything and keep your arms from being too active! I love you dearly. Len sends his best to you both.

As ever, Lovingly Lorine

How very, very interesting about your tack-chirrrrr!

Rutherglen, Ontario, January 30, 1954.

Dearest almost-sister Doris: What could be more fitting than on this my sixthieth birthday I should sit down and write to you and to Mother! You were the first one to congratulate me and for all the lovely sentiments you expressed in such sweet and loving ways I bring you my deepest gratitude. Yes, Doris, our friendship, individually and collectively, has been such a fine and worth while experience, both in what we have received from one another and in what we have been able to give one another. These kind of associations are the juice of life. - I sit here quite alone today with an inch and a half of newly fallen snow, not in my lap but outside of course. I have just run over the paths and the drive-way with the shovel, the snowplow has just passed, and the Loghouse Territory is once more fully connected with the outside world. To his chagrin, Len was sent off to Pembroke in the middle of the week with his big machine on a float, and there is little chance, with all this new snow, that he will be back to celebrate. So it will have to be put off until another day. But I have had so many lovely messages from Sweden, Denmark, Germany, from aunts and cousins and friends since long ago. And so I sit here, not at all alone, but encircled by a multitude of friendly loving thoughts, sent out to celebrate at the Loghouse on this day by all my friends and dear ones. My darling Mother has sent me letters, postcards, and then she sent a very large cheque, and then, as if she could not stop showing me how much she loved me, another little cheque arrived behind it. This large cheque was the greatest blessing. All at once it set our financial ship on even keel again and since then, as if it had turned on the right tap, various more or less expected contributions have flowed in to solidify the Lawrence sudden solvency. All this has done wonders to the morale and without the pressing worry that scarcity of means produces, Len has settled down to take the hardships of his unsuitable job in his stride with fine courage and I, at last, have got the perfect peace of mind with which productive writing can be done.

Now, darling Doris, before I go on any further I want to know how you are? Tell me, pleas in your next letter that you now are much better and that the long session in bed is at an end or soon to be concluded. Your lovely little notes have given me some indication how you were and, by your writing I judged, that you were feeling better when you wrote the pine-scented billet doux than when you tried to say so many things upon the bluejay one, until your strengt entirely gave out. And since the pine note was the last one, I hope that this improvement has

continued. I love to hear from, you know, but know, that I am fully satisfied with just the fewest words and then to find that you have spared your strength. I am enclosing a clipping which might interest you. If angina pectoris, then, is your symptom, you will know better what it is all about and it will then be easier to adjust yourself to it.

On Jan. 26 I sent in the EG records to the Shaubs and I am enclosing herewith your own. Of course there is not the slightest trouble in duplicating them, the ones for Shaubs don't need to be so detailed as those for you. As you see, the EGs are increasing here at the moment, apparently because of the availability of winter food. You should see the mountain maples now, all stripped of their samaras and many dropped on the snow, to be covered by snowfalls and saved for later days of winter and for spring. The influx of White-winged Crossbills, at the same time, is noticeably heavy. So it was not for nothing that the tamaracks and spruces got laden heavily with cones and seeds. I have been speculating on this salt-grit-slush eating on the highways and wondering if the combination of the three is not what is the important thing. The birds come in the mornings soon after day begins. That is to say, they need the salt-grit-slush in the morning before they do their main feeding and after they have digested what they ate the day before during the night. All the species which feed on coniferous seeds and buds obviously need the salt-grit-slush combination. I wonder if the salt's main purpose is not to make the slush-grit palatable and to promote the intake of water (slush) to facilitate the digestion of this kind of food together with the grit, rather than to act directly on the digestion. That the salt apparently is still needed during the breeding season but less during the moult would not deduct from its significance as a drink promoter.

I saw the light of the meteor sweep through the forest like that of a racing moon, making the shadows of the trees "run" like mad. Could Murray tell me if comparing the speed of the shadows created by the meteor and those created by cars at a distance of 500 feet going 50-60 m.p.h. would have any useful bearing on calculating the speed of the meteor? It seems to me that the distance of the meteor would be a missing link. What made me "connect" when I saw this strange light moving through the bush was, that its direction of movement made the shadows move opposite to the way any car-made shadows could "run".

Can you imagine that your cape is finished! It is now lying on the sofa appropriately blocked out and drying. Remains only a clasp, but I despair of getting anything fitting

in North Bay. However, I shall get the least terrible I can find and put it on. Then I suggest that, when you can look for a nicer fastening, or perhaps somebody will give it to you, you change it. I hope you will like it - it will certainly warm your shoulders with the cosiest hug. I envy it when I look at it.. But I shall make myself one eventually, but first I want to make one for Margaret. Don't you think she would love having one for her trip abroad? I have sounded out the departure date to aim at getting it done by then.

I have been working out all my post-nest data on the Sapsuckers and, really, there is a nice lot accumulated, very interesting too, when the two families stand compared. I am now getting quite a few items on the Hairies. There was a pairing process in December of the male in Territory A, which lost his wife of two years last July. It followed closely upon the commencement of drumming and was therefore correspondingly unusually early. When I then observed an attempt at coitus on Jan. 25, you can imagine that my eyes popped. Characteristically, and as should be expected, the swing under the tail did not occur, only a kind of trampling on the back, as if he did not know what he intended to do or how it should be done. Of course I do not know yet, if the Hairy swings under the tail. I know the Downies do it the same way as the Sapsuckers. Then I have been putting order into my files, tabulating an overflowing unindexed basket of various letters, excerpts, and reprints, as well as completed, nearly, an index of authors. Even though my index files follow no orthodox order and system, I guarantee those who come after me that their job of sorting out will be rather easy. That with the authors has helped considerably and I have worked on it nights. Then I have started in on the book. And you know this thing has ripened in these many years when I have only achieved intention movements. I feel it inside like a ripe fruit. And it is coming out in such modulated sentences and paragraphs, that I feel satisfied even myself at the way it is shaping. Now I have thought that perhaps you would like to follow the creation of the Loghouse Territory, chapter by chapter. All of them can be detached without detriment, yet all belong together in a whole. In that case I could send you the first chapter to read soon and the second is in the making. If this good inspiration holds out until the end and I really produce a <u>good</u> MS, at long last, I thought it would not be a bad idea to offer it to the Atlantic Monthly Press, whose manager, Mr Cloud, I know since the days I submitted the Cardinal story which nearly got accepted, in the hope that then will first run it as a serial and

then publish it as a book. If it is good enough, they will do it. If not, it is fine anyway to aim high, it gives a kind of springiness to the whole thing, wherever its destiny leads it.

But I must end now, or darling Mother's 81st birthday letter will never be written. Warmest love from us two to you two, and thank you for everything in all these years!

Devotedly,

and with the loveliest feelings
of Sisterhood,

Louise

Murray will have to abridge your date as Jubilee Year.

What is the procedure of calculating ratio of sexes?

Feb. 8

Dearest Doris: Just the tiniest note to accompany the Summary, which you will perhaps transmit to the MNCC after reading it. You will have masses of EG notes and records at the end of this month, if the present trends continue. We are at last having a real winter finch winter, as indeed presaged by cones and samaras. I was nearly giving up hope that they would respond this time.

I sent the cape last Saturday, Feb. 6, and I hope that it has reached you safely by now. Also that you like it. A green one for Margaret is almost 2/3 done already, so I am no longer worried it will not be ready in time for her departure.

Felicitations for the 60th birthday are still pouring in from overseas. Everybody has written or wired, it seems,

and I am deluged with correspondence for the coming month answering and thanking everybody. I devote Saturday and Sunday for this, so as not to encroach too much on the time of the book.

I hope that you are improving day by day. Don't write unless you can afford to spend a little effort on such a thing. I shall not worry, knowing that Murray or Barbara would write if there was anything special to comment on.

All is well at the Loghouse, and I am now going out to finish shovelling the drive-way. I am taking it in relays after last night's snowfall and with Len having done nearly half of everything this morning in the dark before he left.

all my very love

Lorna

Answered March 29/54

Rutherglen, Ontario, March 6, 1954

Dearest Doris: It was balm to my heart hearing of the remarkable progress you are making with your AP. It has been a simply marvellous victory to achieve, getting on friendly terms with It. Such a wonderful fortitude you have shown and such fine self-discipline. You must feel proud and blissful inside, deep down. I know that I do feel proud of my almost-sister, just as I would have felt about my darling Ebba. Now I do hope that AP will go along with you nicely without any self-assertive tendencies, so that you may gradually pick up your work again where you left off. I cannot stand the thought of all those EG files lying idle, and the first thing you will have to do is to get such order and system into them that an outsider, Murray and me for instance, can get head and tail out of them. Like I am doing with the Picidae. It is a gigantic undertaking, but none of your marvellous research work must get lost. It is also amazing what gets accomplished in the course of time with a few hours concentration every day. Doris, could you not find some kind of assistant-companion who would stay with you against board and lodging and perhaps a smaller consideration? Formerly you could get nice people for this sort of thing, but perhaps no more. It is also a drag with a strange person in the home, no matter how nice. I was only thinking that temptations to over-exertion must be eliminated as much as possible and the threshold for your over-exertion is very low (or high, which is it?) - I am so glad that you liked the cape. It is a practical thing, isn't it? I am just longing for the time I can make one for myself. Margaret's went off last week, a moss-green one, looked lovely when it was finished. Now I shall make another cardigan for Len and then a cape for Eddie Mitchell. And after that perhaps, some time for next winter, I shall do a cape for myself. I like knitting, it is fine relaxation after hours at the type-writer. Len is away again just now in a horrible place called Field, you may know it. At least he thinks it is horrible, because there are no comfortable accommodations and that <u>is</u> very trying on the system and mentality. So I hope it will not be for long. Len sometimes gets acutely sick from pure nervous tension, a relic tendency from the buzzbomb era, I think. Some people react that way. But, as there are no other claims on my time, I am sitting with the nose over the type-writer 9 hours a day, working on the book as well as the huge pile of letters of appreciation for all the birthday congratulations. And I am writing letters, not just notes, to all these old friends, relatives and formar playmates, which I feel that their remembrance

well merits.

2) ~~[illegible]~~. And Mother, can you imagine, just as if she could not stop heaping gifts upon her unworthy daughter! a couple of weeks ago came a mysterious, terribly elongated, package that contained, just guess - a Persian prayer rug. It is the most delicious thing you ever saw and I remember that it lay in Grandmother's home far back in the times. Now it lies just in front of the Treasure. Envisage the beauty of that special spot in the living-room with Liljefors, the rococo Treasure, and the Persian rug combined in a group! As the March sun shines in upon it, I stand and look at it in pure delight. What a birthday, indeed! - I was thinking that without having read Alice in Wonderland one could not know what an unbirthday present was, and this the cape was meant to be for you. Speaking of delightful fairy tales, Alice is one of the loveliest I know, and I was nurtured on choice ones, such as Grimm's Tales and H.C. Andersen. Since Mother was Danish it was natural that we should have a special, beautifully illustrated, large edition of H.C's Tales; and I can remember how she used to sit and read those wonderful stories of the Princess on the Pea, and The ugly Duckling, and the Emperor's Clothes, etc., to us in her mother tongue, so that they lost nothing of their exquisite humour and wittiness. I always cried over the Little Girl with the Matches. It was too heart-breakingly sad for me. But it had to be repeated ad infinitum, because it was really quite lovely to have the heart break. I am enclosing a lovely essay which Margaret sent me for you to read, and please return. And thank you for clippings which were sent on by Lucy. The one on the parakeet was delightful, the other one with the tongue in the cheek I liked less. I also enjoyed the one on the squirrel, which you probably did not miss. There have been a number of good and fine articles in the Monitor, one on architecture I cut out for Ib de Neergaard, the cousins in North Bay who married the Fosdick girl. Thank you again for that lovely Christmas gift you gave me in the three-month subscription! - Yes, was not Margaret's review wonderful? She sent me an MS copy first and then the issue of Bird-Banding. She is a prodiguous worker, isn't she? All those reviews, she said she had done over 20 lately, and then she got the Inc.Per. cut in two, re-written and revamped and sent off to respective editors, Condor and The Ibis. She may have told you. - Yes, I did hear about Mother's cape that got lost. It was actually sunk with the Ryholm, a Swedish ship that went down in the St. Lawrence after a collision. So there it lies, clasp and all. I am most sorry for the clasp, for that was a peach, apart from being such a sweet token of your

3) Mother's loving kindness. - I am jumping from one thing to another as I reread your little pine scent note. - Margaret's review brought me quite a few requests for reprints again. Among them a very kind letter from Harold Peters who said he was using my vireos in his material for such a lecture course. It amazes me no end that/a comparatively mediocre paper should have elicited so much good praise. That is one of the many fine things with naturalists, they are always so generous in their appreciation of the work of the other. - I suppose that you know that I have been nominated for a 3-year term on the Board of Directors of the FON. This, incidentally, caused some very pleasant correspondence between C.H.D. Clarke and yours truly, which may lead to a visit in the future and perhaps some further talk on sanctuaries. At any rate the atmosphere is decidedly benign on both sides, which is an auspicious state of affairs. I am wondering what I am expected to do as a Director? You can imagine that I was rather taken aback by the nomination. Len is a member now too, I told you, didn't I? A word to the Editor. Unless it would cause disorganization, there is no need to send us two issues of the Bulletin. We thought perhaps you could use the/an extra one. If not, we shall use it here by spreading it among likely prospects to membership. / I am deep in the Herring Gull World. What a world! Fascinating, and interpreted in a masterly way. Have you read it? He says in one place: " This demonstrates the typically instinctive type of reaction (speaking of the reaction of pecking red eggs in the nest and of brooding if they were rounded in shape). A human being in such a situation (hope nobody tries to lay red eggs of "optimal "shape in my bed) would think about the conflicting properties (red being repellent to a gull) of the egg, would make up his mind whether it had to be considered an egg or not, and would then show a consistent response. I would not claim that humans behave so intelligently in all situations, but they often do." I thought that was lovely and I have chuckled over it long and heartily. These kind of little remarks prop up now and again and makes this most scientific treatise delightful reading, apart from its highly educational effect on an ornithological nincompoop, Don't you, too,feel nincompoopish before the Higher Learning? I do,oppressively so. Although the low grade standing by comparison spurs to greater efforts onwards - onwards -----onwards! / Another word for the Editor. Would he like to have a short article on the winter finches, called Musical Treetops, or perhaps some other name. It would contain some material on roosting, highway feeding, flight singing, etc. If so, it might be forthcoming some time in the beginning of April. Won't promise before, March has to be devoted to the woodpecker

4) chapter of the book. The Chickadee chapter is completed, although it will have some more revising, doubtless. You are never satisfied, quite, are you? Would you give me an idea of the rules for a typically good paper to be read at an AOU meeting? How many words, structure, etc.? I am dilly-dallying with plans to visit Margaret this fall after her return from Europe, perhaps going also to the AOU meeting in Wisconsin, perhaps reading a paper on the drumming of the Yellow-bellied Sapsucker. It would not hurt to prepare one anyway, there will always be an opportunity to use it, by and by. All this depends on many things, of course. But it is nice to plan. Now, darling Doris, I must end this. I never heard from Irma Metcalfe. Perhaps she never got my letter with the Wood Duck in it. I am sorry that I have been such a poor corresponding member this winter, my only contributions being the Summaries. This becoming sixty has hampered my style in this respect considerably. I have no difficulty in promising that it will not happen again - next time it will be seventy, that is, bar accidents or otherwise abbreviated time. You can see that we have had the EGs here. I sent in the report to Shaubs - it was quite long.

Love, love, love, darling Doris. I must call a halt, the eraser is working overtime. But I always hate to leave you.

Yours loving always under

Lovie

Rutherglen, Ontario, April 16, 1954

Dearest Doris:

This will be a disappointment to you, as it is to me, and I wish I had been more explicit in my proposal. I am also running the horrible risk of being an "Indian proposer", meaning one who makes a proposal and then takes it back, like an Indian giver. Nevertheless, I did mean my offer to help you very truly indeed. I could come down later in the summer or, still better, in the fall. Just now it is difficult, because Len is very unsettled in his whereabouts at this time in between seasons and we do not know from one day what may happen the next. We can therefore make no arrangements about the home for the time I am absent. This unsettled period will last well into May. Since I wrote to you the Lands and Forests have been down, and the House on the Point will have to be up (in shell) by June for them to approve it and so clear the way for the patent. The foundation and part of the walls were finished last fall. But the spring has been so late this year, that we have lost much time waiting for the snow to go and the house to dry out. So you understand that Len will have to work awfully hard on it these next 6 weeks, evenings and all holidays and weekends. And I can do a lot to help him.

With regard to my own work I felt very definitely that helping you ahead in yours and doing my own was equally important, since both ways it serves the same end. This was why I suggested helping you at all, and I can still do so if you send me your typing to do. That ought to help you, leaving you free to do the "meaty" part of the work. That is, the drudgery after the draft is written and revised, and it would save you so much time and effort and I would love to do it.

Do not think I would not have loved to come! Your lovely and sweet invitation was so urgent and so very tempting. I long to spend some time together working with you again and we could have done much and had such a lovely time besides. But surely it can happen later. Have you any set time when your MSS must be in? Are you taking your material with you to the Soo?

I have decided not to visit Margaret this year. For one thing I think that she has quite enough of excitement, going to Europe, coming back, and having celebrities of the Lorenz' kind visiting her. And perhaps an AOU meeting thrown in. Besides, Len would

not
/want to come with me this fall, because he has other important things to do. The urgency of the House on the Point will be lessened by that time, but there are some urgent repairs to do to the house, which I do not think that he wants to delay. Hence I thought that I cculd get to Toronto this fall before he starts his holiday in the beginning of November. Could we not plan on a good working session together then? Or would that be too late?

I shall send you the Skutch article, but please return! Hazel Petty and I have the Nature Mag. together and she has not seen this issue yet. It will be time enough when you can send it back at leisure. I shall also send you the mountain ash. Hope nobody has touched it. The frost is not out of the ground yet. I will pack it well in burlap and perhaps somebody could dig a hole for you and put it down. Don't do it yourself!

I should perhaps take carbon copies of my letters. Both you and Margaret often tell me, I have written something good and I can never remember what I wrote. Yes, Harmonious Association is a good term. It is a great pity that I become such a poor writer the moment I try to express myself about an abstract subject. I get involved and trite. Horrible combination. Therefore, if Murray is asking me to do an article on Harmonious Association it is a tall order for me. That was what I tried to say in the reply to Clarke's sanctuary discussion, but which I failed miserably to make clear either to him or anybody else, for that matter. Or is it that people in general are unable or unwilling, or both, to enter into "ethical relationship with nature", with the living worlds, which Skutch certainly does to the highest degree,and Murray and you,and which it is my highest desire to do? I think that it is a natural necessity, nay, the most logical self-consequence of truly living. Like sportsmanship to the gentleman. Or benificence to an angel.

When I wrote Godfrey, I asked him to pass on the Racoon record to the mammologist with a few questions. So we shall see what he says. The Lands and Forsts think they are common here; but they also think that chickadees live until they are 17 (proved by R. Whitfield?) and that Blue Jays are "meat birds", which they may be sometimes, but not by being another species than they are.

Yesterday was a great migration day here, April 15 to be exact. I got 4 new arrivals (first seens) Kingfisher, Meadowlark, Marsh Hawk (new for me) and, of all things, Tree Swallows. The Sapsucker is not here yet, should be here tomorrow. Was not yours

a little late according to Murray's Key Dates?

April 17. The Sapsucker - and the Flicker - arrived here this morning. And my excitement was immence when I found it was my old male MAR, banded in 1949, thus at least 6 years old. I heard somebody calling owee back in Green Woods. So I thought, let's see who it is! And"I called him out" on the garage trimming, which gives a very good tone when tapped on with a small stone. No sooner did my little signal re-echo through the woods than his reply came with 2 owee notes, then 2, 3,4 tattoos. We thereupon indulged in a nice little conversation and, although it was still so very early and the "drive" in my bird was rather "dilluted" from the long trip hither, he, nevertheless, moved closer to me - and there, with his foot just out of the belly-down enough for me to see the band, he proved his identity. There is something extraordinarily uplifting to know a living wild creature so well, that one can come to be upon such intimate terms so as to understand the meaning of his moves and signals. There was another one here too and for a while we were a threesome, tapping messages back and forth. But MAR did not bother to investigate his identity. It will be time enough later.

I highly enjoyed your lovely descriptive blue pages. How wonderful about the Pond! Is it not amazing how fast the wildlife discovers the amenities arranged for them and make use of them? Their adaptability is very great; I have so often noticed that at the Feeding-station when I make small changes. The red squirrels have been quite numerous lately and many of them do eat a lot. I thought I would save a little by making porridge out of the oatmeal and water without the lard which has gone up so high lately. But, no, that they did not appreciate in the least, although it looked exactly as the stuff with the lard in. And they swarmed over the bird sticks again. So I mixed some lard, or rather fat with it, much less quantity than usual. Okay, said they, this is fine again! And once more they are back at their own dish in the pine and leave the birds' sticks alone. So now I am making two lots of lard pudding, one with more and one with less fat mixed in.

You were speaking of hybrid Juncos. I think that I have one here and that possibly the one I saw that fall, and thought it might have been an Oregon, also was one. The one I have now is reddish brown on the back, Rufous, according to Chapman, and down the sides.

Conspicuously so. But the black "hood" is absent, that is, it is grey instead of black, and the sharp contrast between the black and Rufous, as shown in Taverner's Birds of Canada, is not noticeable. How do you know the hybrids? Halliday's were talking of these birds too. He sent me such a good picture of their Carlina Wren of last summer. Perhaps we are indeed watching the creation of a new subspecies. But it is not happening in seven days. It must have been aeons, the old Biblical Fathers meant.

Must end now. Len has just gone down to the House on the Point. I must hurry off too, there will be lots of hammering heard this afternoon. Yesterday it poured all day. He has spent all morning cleaning up around the house, raking up pine needles and enlarging the dump. All the little birds follow in his tracks, they love him for doing all their scratching for them. A little Creeper sang so beautifully this morning. An early Phoebe is catching flies close over the freshets.

If I should think over an article for Murray, perhaps you could send the part of my last letter that you liked. Perhaps, I was thinking last night, I could build it around our own experience, how we grew to tolerate the squirrels, chipmunks, hawks. It has been an extraordinarily rewarding thing, something of great importance that happens within you. It encompasses not only a tolerance of fellow-beings, of living things, but of death as it marches on amongst us. It gives such a clear, distinct, and deep meaning to everything.

Love, dearest Doris, and please do not be disappointed. Before long we shall be together again, a meeting without haste, with deep and meaningful exchange of thoughts and views and experience.

Lovingly

Lovink

Rutherglen, Ontario, May 3, 1954.

Dearest Doris: Just a very short letter to day to say that I was so happy for your letter of April 28. I am looking forward to the fall immensely and our visit then together. How lucky that there will be work left to do and how I shall enjoy penetrating a little into the EGs with you, you cannot imagine! I shall plan on nothing but being with you, so that we can have the peacefullest and most profitable being-together, since our very first one in June 1944, do you remember??????????

On last Monday I went to the mountain ash armed with all regalia for disenterment and found it sitting solid in ice. I intended getting it today, but Len had to have the truck and he will be having it nearly all week. So unfortunately I may not be able to send it off so soon that you will get it before leaving. It is getting to the station during business hours that is impossible just now. But could you not have somebody dig the hole where you want it,and perhaps the kind persons who will be staying at Cobble Hill during your absence would not mind unpacking it and planting it? I shall put plenty of earth and sphagnum moss around the roots and it would only be to take off the emballage and put all of it down as is.

That is a fine idea with the review of Skutch article. I shall try and do something with it by and by. Just now I am in a daily dither before all my sapsuckers and downies get settled at nestholes. This pre-nesting period is very trying, especially with the two-day weekends when house-building cuts into the bird-watching and causes serious disconnection. Wives arrive and sites are settled while I do not watch and I resume the schedules totally at sea. To increase the confusion, my two banded females did not return, to break my heart nearly, and a new pair have superimposed themselves upon the territories of the two pairs of last year, creating problems as to who displays to whom in social hitching parties involving up to 6 saps at one time. The Hairies, on the other hand, show a stability and slow rhythm that is downright reposeful. And in the Downies ~~to~~ 2 females returned to one male; and I have watched an hour-long fight between these two, featuring bobbing, wing-lifts and wobbling, aggressive display of the very highest intensity, while the poor male hid under a

branch while the female battle surged back and forth over him, saying tick-tick-tick at climax moments of proximity and intensity. But imagine going on for 54 minutes with hardly any let-up!

The warm weather in the south certainly pushed on the migrants and here, too, many came early after the retardment in the first week of April. For instance, Whippoorwill 10 days earlier than mean date and Solitary Vireo 11 days earlier than his mean date. Juncos and White-throats must have taken an altogether different route this year, eschewing Pimisi Bay, since practically none but returning residents, banded, have been seen. Hawks, on the other hand, have been amazing for here. One day I saw 4 Red-shouldered going over, one after the other in a short time, and 3 Broadwings the same, all going due NE, which is interesting, Mississippi flyway birds(?) spreading E-ward, maybe??? Another day 2, imagine two at the same time, Ospreys "rittled" over Pimisi Bay (this word is taken from Swedish meaning stationary hovering on flapping wings) one evening, obviously looking for fish, but ignoring 4 Ring-necked Ducks floating below them in perfect serenness. Magnificent birds, exchanging loud whistles between them, perhaps a pair. And then a Peregrine Falcon shooting through the air, and all I saw in a split second was the tail, the wings, the flight, and the mustashes, oh, so unmistakable! Isn't it funny how you learn to spot the essential fieldmarks on the spur of the second? We have had beautiful warm weather all the week-end and I acquired a "hot" sunburn crawling around laying the roof of the House on the Point. But just now comes the cold front that dumped 8 inches of snow over Port Arthur. And I must stop. Even so I did not get the letter to Margaret written. But I love you.

Louise

Rutherglen, Ontario, May 15, 1954

Dearest Doris:

Just a few lines to say that I am distressed to hear of your recent reminder of AP. A smaller passage must have got blocked off again and all the packing, summer guests, and house in the world are not worth the blocking of the finest stream. I agree with Murray that it will be a relief to get you off safely with him to the Sault. Do be careful and before you do things weigh the pros and cons in your mind. However, I understand fully how frustrating it is not to be able to carry full activity of all the things to do. But this, and it so easy to say, is also a good exercise in self-discipline which we both agree is a fine virtue. Bless your heart anyway and be careful, please!

I am sending off the little tree on Monday May 17. I hope this will not be too late, but it is not in leaf yet. I was waiting to hear if it would be all right to ship it down if you were not there. We have also had car trouble all this week, so that we could not get out and our mail accumulated in the PO. Len was able to fix ~~out~~ it himself, changed the fuel pump, clever of him, was it not? It saved us at least $ 20.00.

Jimmy must not wonder at my not writing. He never answers letters and took nearly half a year to tell us about his wedding, etc. But I am not offended because such things do not offend me. The real reason why I have cut down all writing to the very minimum is that there is no time for it. I have all I can do to keep up my end with my three important personages, Mother, Margaret and you. And even you will have to wait with all the EG notes because I cannot get it done just now. There are quite a few pairs nesting in the neighbourhood apparently, for they still come to our driveway to eat salted grit. But have not found our saltlick. House, husband, woodpeckers(4 species all doing their worst to keep me up trees with all kinds of things happening at once) and the building of the House on the Point, which takes up the full weekend, is absolutely the maximum that I can handle just at the moment. I want to make a very good

study of the woodpeckers and I am 60 and the seasons are so short.

Also our windows do much harm sometimes. The other day I found my most important little female Downy dead on the step, having killed herself against the door window. Why she wanted to fly under the porch is a mystery. The worst is that I do not know where she nested, probably somewhere outside my range. I know she had laid her eggs, as I dissected her.. And it would be interesting to know if the male alone will be able to carry on.. There is a chance that he can, although to do so before the eggs are hatched is a lot to ask even of a woodpecker male.

Must end. Len is banging down there and I must get lunch.

So the tree will be off Monday. And DO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, my almost sister.

Love from us both

to you both

Louise

Rutherglen, Ontario, June 14, 1954.

Dearest Doris: This letter is long, long overdue, but there have been reasons. First let me say how happy I was to get your first letter from Kensington Gardens. If it is a Terrace, what oh! I was glad to hear of your reunion with Murray. It is so much nicer to know you safely tucked away in his protective nearness. Secondly, to know you well and happy and wisely measuring your work and activity according to heartbeat is also such a reassurance that can never be too often repeated. For, if I am in your thoughts, so are you in mine, very constantly indeed. Your summer residence sounds charming and certainly the name recalls charming old-world places. Everything sounds so attractive and augers well for a most pleasant sojourn in the northern country. Perhaps at the end of it you and Murray will turn into the Loghouse drive-way and take a look at the new House on the Point.

I am enclosing a clipping which you probably have, but may like another too. We think it is an excellent picture of Murray and also that his pronouncements as usual are well chosen and succinctly expressed. I am also sending you the Summaries of April and May. The first one should have gone to you when I wrote last, but somehow got mixed up with other papers and what happened to it while in eclipse I do not know. I hope the MNOC will not mind, for I cannot re-write it. EG notes will come some time in July.

The little tree, how does it fare? It was awfully hard to get, and because I had to cut the main root I am anxious to know if it really took? I feared it would not, but tried to pack it as well as possible and I do hope that it was not too long on the journey.

We have been struggling against the horribly wet spring-summer to get the roof of the House on the Point watertight and shingled. We were held up 3 week-ends and the house got drenched and took time to dry out. So I simply had to sacrifice good bird-watching hours to make the best of half a week of good weather and work, putting on the shingles while Len kept the wolf from the door. I nailed down the last one just as a thunderstorm, breaking the nice weather, let fall the first fat drops of a drenching downpour. Wasn't that luck!. Now it no longer matters what the weather does, there is plenty of work to be done inside under cover. You can imagine that this has been a strain on

everybody and everything, especially time. Then I have been plagued by a bad tooth. Because it was a visible one I tried to save it with sulfa and penicillin and heat therapy. I am just back from having sacrificed it upon my nice dentist's table, abcess and all. I feel relieved, having finally made the decision and got rid of it. Everything will be well now. All these things have, nevertheless, seriously interfered with my bird-watching this spring. I have lost out on several sequences, such as the length of the excavation period in the Downies and the Flickers and of the incubation period in the Downy. With birds that disappear inside holes, you can only read events in the subtle changes of rhythms and behaviour patterns. And these are usually imprinted upon a score of time, not comprising just a few minutes. I think that most of the mistaken statements, such as that the Red-eyed Vireo's eggs are incubated by both sexes, or that the male Hairy bores a hole in the neighbourhood of the nest in which he sleeps, are based on these misleading cursory observations, giving a glimpse of fact and a jump at conclusions.

Nevertheless, from what time I have been able to spend in the field I have got to know the Hairy quite well. When he shoots through the bush in his long swooping flight with the wing-clapping sound loud and decisive, calling kick----kick----khirrrrrrrrrrr he lets it be known:"Here, I'm coming!" And do you know that he can fly just as swoopingly, just as fast, so silently as an owl? Now when the young ones are out and about this kick----kick---khirrrrr-call is heard most often, which is natural since the inexperienced members of the family must be coached and guided hither and yon, parent to son and daughter to parent.

June 16. Still another delay with this letter. But I had to use the good rainless day yesterday to sit with my Downies. I sat with them for 6 hours and I am just now back from another session of four. And how little you would know if you did not sit! Out of a blue sky yesterday came the discovery that birds which do not recognize their mates personally will, under certain circumstances, show antagonism at the mate's approach to the nest. Imagine that the Downies should be the ones to point out to me why the Red-eyed Vireo, Pair B of the study to be exact, should behave so strangely as when the female suddenly became hostile to the male. The same thing happened with the Downies. He came to the nest in all innocence, and she dove at him out of the sky in no uncertain

manner, and after that he became timid. The releasing trigger for this behaviour was no food in the bill. So it was with the Vireos too. And read on to the instance with the Latimer's Vireo, there it was also no food in the bill. Now I do know, having evidence of, that the Downies, and probably the woodpeckers in general, do not know each other personally. The female knows the male as a male that belongs to the same nest stump and nest area as she and behaves in a "mated" fashion. I have evidence that any stump might do if there is a male there which behaves in a "mated" fashion. That is to say, she cannot differentiate between her mate and another individual seen under the appropriate circumstances and behaviou

I did not look for evidence of mates' personal recognition of each other in the vireo, so with them too.
I have no proof that this is so/ Nor have I any proof that they ~~xxxxxxxx~~ do know each other. But I think that the explanation fits the vireo incident like hand in glove. Don't you, Doris? Don't you, Murray? One might wonder what happens in birds that regurgitate. They never appear to have food in the bill when they approach the nest. But, of course, I do not know if no food in the bill tells the whole story to make the female's adrenalin flow. That's what I saw, but there may have been more to it.

Downie
It was really the death of the/female against the window which led me on to these discoveries. It took the widower two days to discover the extent of his bereavement, that is to say, to change his behaviour pattern from one of wedded bliss to ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ widowerhood. There is a reason for this too, but I shall not go into that. He took up stump territory in an area that lay just on the way that Downy female II took, travelling in a direct line from her stump territory to the feeding station. The bereaved male needed only to see her once to know that she was a female, and he needed a female to replace the lost one. (She is buried in my flowerbed under a lily.) So naturally he began to court her. And at last one day, oh, it was such a beautiful day with lovely sunshine and the whole forest in sheer green, he caught her in exactly the right mood. There it was the whole scene just right, stump with the hole in it, the male, his red pompon covering nearly all his crown, saying tick-tick-tick in such an excited voice. All she did was to sit crosswise on his very branch - and it happened. Up he rose into the air, and down he hovered from above upon her. And she threw back her head and received him, everything was just so right. And they united, he swinging his tail right under hers so that his body was almost crosswise to her, and their

4) trembling and vibration ceased, and they/motionless for the 10 seconds it took me to draw 4 breaths. He left her and flew away. She shook herself and flew after him. He hid under the branch upon which she sat. And if it had not been so totally ridiculous that he should, he looked to me as if he were ashamed of the beautiful deed. There she left him and went on her way back to her own. But just imagine the mixture of blood in that little brood which she and her legitimate mate are now raising, begotten as they are by two males! This is my best proof that the Downy does not recognize her mate personally. The widower is still single, but the fire in his blood has died down and he has ceased drumming and worrying about a mate.

Our population of Red Squirrels has grown to enormous size. We can often see 8 together at the feeding station and hence deduct that there are at least twice as many. Like Lorenz, we have to keep doors and windows closed to prevent the squirrels and the chipmunk from tearing our last bit of privacy asunder, not to speak of/dangers to their own lives if they appear upon the premises of the Kitty. We go out and they come running from all directions. Nearly all come to hand, some run up the pants' legs and search for food in pockets or in hands. They run up the screens to announce their presence and desire for food. We have had to ration it, incredible amounts of lard-pudding were consumed in the twinkling of an eye. Now they get a cupful in the morning, and that is all - apart from "courtesy-balls" when they beg very prettily. The hostilities evoked by that one plate of food, which is usually "possessed" by one squirrel, are spectacular, to say the least. Len sits and watches at the window and mumbles gently: "Fight, ye little divils, I hate peace!" The only sign of nature taking a hand in this situation so far is a pair of Broad-wings patrolling the Territory. The effect on the birds is not yet obvious. However, the despoilation of the Hairy's nest just a few days before the young were fledged must be laid at their door. But even from that I learned an important fact that I might not otherwise have seen. When a squirrel ran up the stump of the Flickers, the male popped out his head and gave him such a peck that he tumbled down head over tail. This, however, did not prevent the squirrel from making several more trials, for he smelled food from the outside of the belly of the cavity. But the male was home each time. One must admire the never-say-die spirit of the squirrel - I think that this one merit outweighs all the deliquencies of their existence. If they finally got the Flickers' eggs, I cannot blame them. For the

5) male disappeared before this happened. The bigs"holes" in the attention upon the nest that his absence created gave them plenty of opportunities. For here too the bereaved one took 2 days to evolve the new behaviour pattern;and with her very slow rhythm she left the nest unguarded often for one, two,or even three hours, periods equivalent to the time he would have sat were the male still there.

Heavens I must stop. But I have so much to tell you. I often think of the lovely days we shall have together this fall. We shall have to lay down a strict schedule for rest and talk, else we shall talk each other to death. Much love to both from Len and

Me