

*The
Lady's-slipper*



Spring 1990
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Macnamara Field Naturalists' Club 1990.

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Study group leaders:	Adolf Vogg (Botany)	623-2575
	Jack Gill (geology)	623-5124
Lady's-slipper	Carol Bennett	432-8992

(Submissions to Mrs D.W.McCuaig, R.R.2, Renfrew, Ont. K7V 3Z5.)

East is East and West is West but there's no place like home!

By Claire & Russell McKeogh.

If you're like us, it takes a change to make you appreciate more what we have right in our backyard in the realm of natural beauty and wildlife. We had occasion to attend a conference in Winnipeg in May 1989 and decided it would be a good time to make a loop trip further West before the height of the tourist season. It was well worth it.

The prairies, the foothills and the Canadian Rockies themselves have their own big space, beauty and big sky grandeur. There's something about a prairie sunset that is almost supernatural - and it must be that quality that led the birds to put on such a show as we saw one evening on Good Spirit Lake just north of Yorkton.

As the sunset glow faltered and rose and spread back eastwards across the sky and then peaked again in blazes of colour on the western horizon, dozens of terns, duck, gulls and smaller birds swept across and around in sweeping, circular flight patterns that seemed to be a tribute of some sort to the sun god. Their blending of cries, repeated in cascades of sound, gave one the impression that the birds wanted to make it known that they not only appreciated the beauty of the setting sun, but hoped it would come back next day!

We had good sightings of elk and moose in the wild, as well as the bison in the huge paddocks in Alberta at Elk Island National Park. There were the elk right in the Banff townsite which tour daily around Banff Centre. There was the lone loon on Pyramid Lake above Jasper and there were magpies, which we had never seen before.

A highlight was the long, leisurely viewing of a tawny young grizzly not far off the highway between Banff and Jasper. It unconcernedly went about its business of "schmoozing" around- through the bush, rooting and grazing in the sunshine for 15 minutes or more, while 15 of us snapped away on 35 mm. A park

ranger pulled up and said "yes, it's a grizzly all right. They come in all colours."

There were more moose as we left Jasper, heading down towards Hinton, and then, the moose that got away! A young male, grazing and posing, waiting while I got the camera out again and staring disdainfully while I clicked vainly. I had been sold a "short roll", a 12 exposure roll from a tourist shop's last year's stock, no doubt, which had reached its end without telling me.

This little episode was compensated for the morning after we arrived home a few days later, when I looked out behind the house at the amount of "jungle" that would have to be tackled after our absence, to see two beautiful little fawns picking their way daintily down the slope, letting us know that things were still thriving on Morris Island.

Over the next little while, this was further confirmed as we picked up on our local horizons; the ducks quarrelling over territorial rights on Lavergne Bay, the herons and kingfishers in the same locale, the ducks and herons down at the new/old conservation area which is slowly being put back together by the Mississippi Valley Conservation Authority.

Porcupines up trees, plus skunks and badgers - the female cardinal also up a tree, which paid us a brief visit. Hawks, including another osprey sighted up by the Boeing plant.

Perhaps the real buzz from the viewpoint of our particular interest was the completion of a rewarding bluebird season, with two nestings in five of our dozen and a half boxes, producing some 34 new bluebirds, fledged into the burgeoning bluebird population hereabouts, double last year's brood, and leading us to appreciate again that while the grass may seem greener elsewhere, the bluebirds are bluer and the fauna friendlier, right here at home.

Turtle encounter

by

Donna Thompson

One late June afternoon as my daughter Farrah and I were taking a leisurely drive down a small country lane, we discovered a huge snapping turtle by the wayside.

On further investigation we found it was female in the process of laying her eggs. It was above a small stream, over the culvert in the soft, moist gravel. She had dug a hole with her back right leg, as far down as she apparently could reach, and there were 8 - 10 white eggs in the hole. As she laid an egg she would put her leg back in the hole, wait several moments, then would withdraw it and lay another egg.

This ritual was repeated at equal intervals.

She appeared completely oblivious to our presence and made no move to discourage our curiosity . . . keeping in mind we weren't about to press our luck, either!

We returned the next morning to the site and found the gravel smoothed out, and the tufts of grass in the immediate vicinity looked untouched.

On our travels over the summer we kept a curious watch over it.

The site appeared not to have been disturbed by predators. We unfortunately did not witness the hatching of the young.

Perhaps the little ones managed to make it safely down to the stream . .

Another Algonquin Experience

by
Cathy Koot

The persistent ringing of someone's "Big Ben" startled everybody into wakefulness at 5.30 a.m. on the morning of Saturday, September 16, 1989. Reluctant to cast off the warmth of our sleeping bags and emerge into the dark and fog-filled frosty morning outside our tents, we shook off the urge to go back to sleep, and donned extra sweaters instead.

By six o'clock a convoy of cars headed out from our campsite with Michael Runtz in the lead. Our first stop was alongside a large alder bog on the Opeongo Lake road. Here we stood in keen anticipation of seeing a moose, on this, the MFNC's annual moose/wolf howl weekend in Algonquin Park.

During the autumn of the year, moose are in what is called the rut. At this time, bull moose are readily responsive to cow moose calls, real or human.

As Michael convincingly bugled like a cow, the group of about thirty people stood silent on the roadside, attentively listening for a response. The rising sun began to burn off a bit of the fog as ten minutes passed without a sound. Then, barely audible but unmistakable to trained ears, the call of a bull moose was heard, off in the distance.

We drove a bit further, to where the road was sheltered by the trees. Michael began his cow calls again, but this time he added a few bull calls and thrashed around in the shrubbery with an old discarded bull antler he had brought along. This was to entice the bull we had heard into checking out the scene, and thus come into our view. The animal gave a responsive "whunk" and crashed around in the bushes, not very far away.

Michael continued his performance. Another response and then silence once again. As the minutes passed a wave of uncertainty swelled over the group, except for Michael, who kept on playing his part. Then, with the snapping of branches among dense brush, a giant antlered head emerged through the wall of trees. The bull scrutinized us from thirty feet away. Deeming himself stronger than all of us, he stepped onto the road in full view with all the majesty of a six year old male in his prime, with a rack of antlers spanning nearly five feet. He was stunning, and so assured of his power that each one of us tensed, prepared to run, just in case! He

"whunked" a few more times and "smelled" the air with his tongue in the hope of finding some aromatic trace of the cow and bull that Michael had so convincingly portrayed. Unsuccessful at finding either of them he continued across the road and into the bush on the far side, leaving everyone in a state of awe.

The rest of the day was spent around the Whitefish and Pog Lake campgrounds. People went exploring through the empty camp sites, or in the beaver-inhabited river nearby, or along an old railway bed where things like wild raisin shrubs, grey jays, boreal chickadees, mink, and numerous animal tracks were seen.

We had supper round the fire and then headed over to the Park Museum where we were to be joined by two other visiting groups, in order to see a presentation about wolves, given by Mike.

Enlightened with information, the entire troupe took to the road in the hope of locating a wolf pack. Even after numerous stops, and no lack of people who liked to howl, we had no luck in getting a response. Instead, Michael tried a few moose calls for the benefit of the newcomers.

When someone asked with trepidation if the moose would charge, he replied "no, they're for free."

The rain on Sunday morning allowed weary campers a little extra sleep. The day cleared, warm and sunny, ideal for the weekend's final hike, along another part of the old railway bed.

A nice relaxing walk through forest and alongside ponds provided a retrospective of our camping trip and added to our appreciation of the boundless vitality of Algonquin Provincial Park.

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Those were the days!

From The Eganville Leader in 1904:

On the Opeongo Road during the past winter the snow drifted in places to great depths, and when milder weather set in, the roads in parts were found impassable for teams. Last week, Reeve Sullivan had a gang of eight men shovelling snow between Vanbrugh and Foymount in order to permit the running of a mail stage. It is stated that the snow had piled up to a depth of eight feet.

Macnamara's Band visits the Perth Wildlife Reserve October 22.

*by
Dave Acton*

Yep! It was a cold and blustery day when the six of us met at the Canadian Tire parking lot. I was starting to wonder if I shouldn't have rolled over when the alarm went off that morning, but off we went. I hitched a ride with Eric and Arnold and soon was being chauffeured in a warm car. Ah! The field trip was looking better.

The two in the front seat periodically pointed out bird sightings along the way to Perth. Your scribe isn't too adroit at such identification so I was content to nod my head in wisdom whilst madly thumbing my way through the Peterson Field Guide. I narrowed most of the sightings down to either raptors, or meat eating song birds.

From Perth, we got on to County Road one, and it was only a matter of a mile or so from the last of the houses that we came upon a sign pointing to the left. To reserve and Silversides tool museum? The museum reference on the sign was a bit confusing. Boy, I thought! One of my first field trips and we're lost! I had just finished reading the instructions for my compass when Eric braked the car. We were there.

It looked like it was an old farm, a house with out buildings, an old log cabin, a larger building marked "museum" and a parking lot and toilets. A quick scan indicated a land area of 430 acres bordered by the Tay River canal, Tay March and Jebb Creek. I thought for a moment about how my few months in the club had improved my perceptiveness when out in the wild. Anyway, I continued reading the field guide that was provided at the start of the tour. Carson, the reserve administrator, met us and kindly led us down a one and a half mile trail that circles the reserve. Noting my scaling ropes, brush clearing machete and all-terrain swamp-stomping alligator-proof mountain boots, he pointed out that this was an easy stroll and that his last class of first graders hadn't bothered with such gear on their tour. Okay. With trepidation I left my survival gear in the car and off we went.

Within ten yards of the car we came across a large grass area with a central pond. A check of my Peterson book confirmed several hundred Canada geese and numerous ducks. Carson spoke about the number that nested or returned each year, I must admit that I didn't catch all he said as I was a bit concerned about one particular mallard that was eyeing me as he browsed some 20 feet away. My fears of mad duck attack were soon forgotten, however, as our attention then went to some wild turkeys that were in close proximity. Noting the time of year I was surprised not to see a worried look on their faces.

Anyway, off we strolled.. High bush cranberry here, beaver pond to the right, numerous types of tree planted here and there. Carson pointed out their efforts to provide diverse habitat areas to assure a more varied wild life. Mindful of this, I sought out diverse habitat. Sloan shortly afterwards pointed out the hen pheasant walking down the laneway. Not impressed by my swamp-stomping alligator-proof mountain boots, the pheasant hardly looked up as we passed by.

Things were going pretty easy thanks to my conditioning workouts prior to the trip. Mind you, it was touch and go when we had to scale the lookout tower overlooking the Tay Marsh. I took note that with more conditioning I should return in the spring and take advantage of this good lookout for a bit of bird watching.

The walk continued along the Tay canal. A short trip over some old fence row stones interrupted some garter snakes on their way to hibernation. Certainly no respect! They hissed at my swamp stompers.

A finishing stroll and we were back at the farm. A tour of the tool museum and a lunch in front of the hot wood stove in the cabin had me primed for a little snooze on the ride home. Yep! The field trip was looking better.

A dispatch from Poison Ivy Acres

by
Carol Bennett McCuaig.

Although the flora and fauna are quite varied here at Poison Ivy Acres, with everything from purple bellflowers to dame's rocket, from coyotes to Blanding's turtles in season, birds have the highest profile. This is because they come into your line of vision whether you are looking for them or not.

The pond and creek near to the house attract a variety of water birds, and last summer we had a list of winged visitors that would do justice to any field guide. An osprey and more than one great blue heron were there as usual, attracted by the resident trout. The osprey has a favourite dead tree on which to perch; sometimes he remains unnoticed until a noise like a pistol shot indicates that he has just hit the water.

The great blue heron prefers to stand one-legged on the dock; the dogs hate this intruder and if they can get outside they will charge down to the pond to see it off. The bird usually waits until the last moment before rising into the air, scolding as it goes. By contrast, the green heron stands with both feet planted firmly on the dock. Last summer the dogs were intrigued to find an American bittern standing among the reeds on the bank, with its head and neck up in the air in characteristic fashion. I don't think that it stayed to nest because of this distraction and it is possible that it moved up to the other ponds, further away from the house.

One afternoon in the fall I startled a bird which was standing in cattails at the water's edge not far from where we had seen the bittern. At first I thought that it *was* the bittern, but no, it was an immature black-crowned night heron. We have had adults here in the past but they are easier to identify because of their colouring. These are nocturnal birds, and this one wasn't eager to move in daytime. It would move a few feet and settle down again. Finally it flew off and I was able to see the spotted markings which are a characteristic field mark.

I always enjoy seeing the colourful birds which nest here; rose-breasted grosbeaks, orioles, hummingbirds, bluebirds, yellow-bellied sapsuckers etc, but there was a special delight last summer, a family of scarlet tanagers.

In June there was a "first" for me; not a bird, but a winged creature nonetheless; a bee assassin. You may recall that 1989 was a great year for blossom, and we

had the best display of lilac that I had ever seen. The blooms were heavy with bees, which may account for the sudden appearance of this predator. It was an orange-coloured, noisy creature with whirring wings, and it was certainly after the bees.

My Audubon field guide tells me that the bee assassin belongs to the family Reduviidae, or assassin bugs. They attack and inflict stab wounds on their victims, and they are found throughout North America, although they are more common in the West.

In the early all, trying to complete my notes for the herpetofaunal survey, I was lucky enough to get another "first" which was a wood frog. While childishly shuffling through the fallen maple leaves, I startled this beautiful little frog which was perfectly camouflaged amid the red-brown leaves.

On to winter. I took part in the Renfrew district bird count, working on snow shoes throughout P.I. Acres, which, as some of you know, consists of 250 acres of varied habitats. It was so cold that I wouldn't have stayed out all day had it not been an official count, and when I finally went home and turned on the news I learned that there was a chill factor of minus 45 degrees!

It was hard work for little return because numbers were down this year. My best species included a boreal chickadee, which obligingly stayed at my feeder throughout the Christmas season, and a Cooper's hawk, which also had been on my property for some time. I was lucky to find it on count day; it had just killed its prey and I flushed it up from the ground. Oddly enough, I had earlier seen this hawk going after ruffed grouse; I'd only seen them hunting small finches before.

Other interesting birds that day included ravens, kinglets, a red-breasted nuthatch and our resident barred owl. I also found a fox den with tracks leading up to it. Judging by the steam that was coming from the hole, the animals were at home.

February was a better birding month at home. On the edge of the bush I startled a hunting American rough legged hawk which flew in front of me at a low level for some time, giving me a good look at its back and tail. In its melanistic phase, this bird had no white on it whatsoever, leading me to think that it may have been a bird with similar markings, previously seen

elsewhere in the township by Jim Ferguson who writes the bird column for The Renfrew Mercury.

For a period of two weeks there were very few birds at the feeders, which was annoying because I'm taking part in the LPBO feeder count and hoped to make a good showing. Of course, I suspected a northern shrike, but I was amazed to find *two* shrikes hunting within fifty yards of each other, one being an immature bird. I have never seen more than one at a time before. One of these birds stayed around until mid-March.

Snow buntings and pine grosbeaks have been here as usual, and in the final week of the month, five white-winged crossbills arrived, working on the cones in the tall spruces outside my window.

I recall that when I wrote a bird column some years ago, some people wanted to call the pine grosbeaks "rose-breasted grosbeaks," a natural error when the male birds are a rosy pink, but of course the two species are quite different, and the rose-breasted grosbeak is only here in the nesting season. A further confusion occurs with the female and immature pine grosbeaks. There are a large number of immature pine grosbeaks here this winter and their rump patches are quite orange.

Beginners sometimes have a problem in distinguishing between female pine grosbeaks and white-winged crossbills because both are olive-grey with two white wing bars. The grosbeaks are much larger, about robin-sized, and the beak is a distinguishing mark for the crossbill, if you can get a close enough look. I was lucky enough to have both species here this past winter.

I'm now looking forward to spring. (Who isn't?) Poisson Ivy Acres is usually a busy spot by mid-April, with the return of the red-tailed hawks, mallards, black ducks, wood ducks and hooded mergansers; bluebirds, yellow-shafted flickers, yellow-bellied sapsuckers and all the rest. As I write this, I must report that my first returning spring bird was the yellow-shafted flicker, March 13. The cat is fascinated! Beware the Ides of March, all you new arrivals.

There will be the usual surprises and mysteries to look forward to. Will the red-tailed hawks select the same nest in a pine tree near the house, that they have used for the past five years? Will the flying squirrels take up residence in the same bird boxes they used last year? Will I finally spot the nest of one of the many ovenbirds which inhabit my hardwood bush? Will I ever find out what laid a pullet-sized egg on a flat rock on a hill top, under neath a juniper bush?

Whatever takes place, I am sure that I shall not be disappointed. Nature, in her infinite variety, always enthralls.

The Pakenham- Arnprior Christmas Bird Count 1989

by
Michael Runtz.

Each year the Boxing Day Bird Count is eagerly anticipated. For some, it offers the opportunity to burn off excess Christmas calories while tromping around in some familiar woodland retreat. For others, it offers the opportunity to compete congenially against friends birding in a different area. Striving for the highest count of different species or discovering a rarely seen bird adds excitement to the day's outing.

Being the organizer of this special count, the approach of December 26 is of special interest to me. The weather on count day dictates the success or failure of the census. Poor weather might cause some observers to cancel their efforts and most definitely would result in a reduction of birds reported. As count day approaches I nervously survey the weather forecasts.

Some inclement weather can be dealt with. Cold can be countered with extra clothing. Deep snows can be conquered with snowshoes or skis. Wind, however, is the most dreaded of all environmental factors that might affect the result of count day. Wind destroys our ability to hear distant finches. Wind causes birds to shelter and become difficult to find. Wind carries blinding snow that impairs or ability to spot birds.

I am sure that all of you out on count day will never forget the winds that plagued the day. Some wind can be tolerated, but gale-force wind, coupled with morning snow, is not only intolerable but is also extremely frustrating. Verna McGiffin had never previously encountered such wind in her 60 plus years of count participation. One could not hear, and, at times, one could not see.

Yet, birds were discovered. Although the total number of individuals is about half the usual count, almost all of the expected species were recorded. An amazing 42 species, about our average count, were recorded. Several species not often recorded on count day were observed. A Merlin near Blakeney, Lapland

Longspurs near Pakenham, and a Barred Owl in Arnprior were all unexpected prizes. Most incredibly, considering the conditions, a number of open-field birds were seen; large numbers of Horned Larks, a massive flock of Hungarian Partridge and a Snowy Owl were all reported.

Also of note, despite two months of unrelenting cold that froze all but the fastest of waters, a Common Merganser at Pakenham and an astounding 15 Common Goldeneye at Galetta were spotted on that memorable day.

This count will go down in history as the windiest ever in our region, and undoubtedly one of the windiest ever in North America. My sincerest appreciation goes out to all of you who braved the elements to make this another successful venture. Thank you all, and may your next count be blessed with a calm, clear and warm day. I think we all deserve it!

Legend:

- Underlined and Bold** = new species
Asterix * and bold = new high count
Bold = ties high count
Brackets () = # of counts recorded.

Red-breasted Nuthatch	19
White-breasted Nuthatch	40
Brown Creeper	2
Golden-crowned Kinglet	18
Bohemian Waxwing	158
European Starling	140
Northern Cardinal	5
American Tree Sparrow	83
Dark-eyed Junco	23
Lapland Longspur	2
Snow Bunting	873
Pine Grosbeak	16
House Finch	28 (4)
Red Crossbill	2
White-winged Crossbill	149
Common Redpoll	3
American Goldfinch	147
Evening Grosbeak	510
House Sparrow	402.

Total species **42**
Total individuals **3976**

Seen in count period but not on count day:

Hooded Merganser
Northern Shrike.

**Pakenham-Arnprior Christmas Bird Count
December 26, 1988**

<u>Species</u>	<u>Number</u>
Common Goldeneye	15
Common Merganser	1
Sharp-shinned Hawk	2
Northern Goshawk	1
Accipiter species	1
Red-tailed hawk	1
Rough-legged Hawk	1
Merlin	1 (2)
Gray Partridge	22
Ruffed Grouse	35
Rock Dove	137
Mourning Dove	21
Great Horned Owl	2
Snowy Owl	1
Barred Owl	1 (5)
Downy Woodpecker	43
Hairy Woodpecker	33
Pileated Woodpecker	3
Horned Lark	140
Blue Jay	125
American Crow	178
Common Raven	12
Black-capped Chickadee	565

<u>Species</u>	<u>Number</u>
Common Merganser	2
Bald Eagle	1 (4)
Sharp-shinned Hawk	2
Cooper's Hawk	1
Northern Goshawk	3
Red-tailed Hawk	4
Rough-legged Hawk	1
American Kestrel	4
<u>Merlin</u>	1
Ruffed Grouse	25
Rock Dove	562
Mourning Dove	51
Great Horned Owl	2
Barred Owl	1 (4)
Downy Woodpecker	50
Hairy Woodpecker	51
Pileated Woodpecker	12
Horned Lark	57
Blue Jay	269
American Crow	156
Common Raven	42*

CLUB FIELD TRIPS 1990

Black-capped Chickadee	1121*
Red-breasted nuthatch	36
White-breasted nuthatch	86
Brown Creeper	15
<u>Winter Wren</u>	<u>1</u>
Golden-Crowned Kinglet	12
Cedar Waxwing	23
Northern Shrike	2
European Starling	471
Northern Cardinal	3
American Tree Sparrow	103
White-throated Sparrow	1
Dark-eyed Junco	7
Snow Bunting	1765
Red-winged Blackbird	1
Brown-headed Cowbird	1
Common Grackle	1
Purple Finch	102
House Finch	64* (3)
White-winged Crossbill	13
Common Redpoll	27
Pine Siskin	1059*
American Goldfinch	435
Evening Grosbeak	511
House Sparrow	540

Total Species 46

Total individuals 7717

Seen in count period but not on count day:
Snowy Owl, Carolina Wren.

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Nature news from the past.

Parry Sound Star, August 1904. Reprinted in The
Eganville Leader.

While we deplore this treatment of a turtle, and trust that people have learned better since those days, we feel that this story does have some interest:

"Last week, Mr Jonathan Hymers, blacksmith, received a letter from a friend from Golden Valley. An enormous turtle has been captured which bears his name in large letters on the back. About 25 years ago Mr Hymers and a party were trapping in the vicinity of Golden Valley and one day a mud turtle about sixteen inches long was found caught in a trap. Mr Hymers released the turtle but first cut his name in its shell with a knife. Nothing has been heard of the turtle since that time until last week when Mr Smith's letter came."

Month:
January

Planned trip
Macnamara cabin ski/snowshoe outing
Day/time etc
Jan 14 9.am.
Leader:
Eric Ridgen
Bring:
Lunch; beverage; cup- soup will be provided.
Comments:
Historic cabin and old photos in Nopoming Sanctuary.

Planned trip:
Winter weeds field trip Mill of Kintail
Date/time etc
Sun Jan 21
Leader:
Jack Gillett

Month:
February

Planned trip
Thomson's at Mount St Patrick. ski/snowshoe
Date/time etc
Sat Feb 17, 8 a.m.
Leader:
Howard Wickett
Bring:
Lunch, binoculars
Comments:
Side trip to Mountain Chute to atlas eagles

Planned trip:
Plant i.d. workshop National Museum Natural Science
Date/time etc
Sun Feb 4, 9.a.m
Leader:
Adolf Vogg
Comments:
Drive to Ottawa.

Month:
March

Planned trip
Owl Prowl, Amherst Island
Date/time etc
March 3 or 4, 8.a.m.
Leader:
Howard Wickett

Planned trip:
Night sky, Mill of Kintail; pancake supper
Date/time
Sun March 25, 5 pm.
Leader:
Betty Ann Beckman
Bring:
Flashlight, binoculars, telescopes
Comments:
Buy own lunch. Short owl prowl until dark.

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Month:
April

Planned trip
Owl prowl.
Date/time etc
Sun April 1, 8.30 pm.
Leader:
Mike Runtz and Don Gordon
Bring:
Flashlight
Comments:
Cedar Hill to Mill of Kintail area.

Planned Trip:
Frog atlassing
Date/time:
Sun April 22 and April 29, 6.p.m.
Leaders:
Vogg, Watters, Ridgen
Bring: field guide
Comments:
All done by car, stopping along back roads. Three parties, different roads. Meet at the Rafters for late supper.

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Month:
May
Planned trip
Spring flowers etc at Poison Ivy Acres (McCuaig's)

Date/time etc
Sat May 12, 10.a.m
Leader:
Sheila Thomson
Bring:
Lunch, binoculars, field guide
Comments:
There should be lots of spring birds, frogs etc.

Planned trip
Tour of bluebird trails. Spring birds, E.Ridgen's.
Date/time etc
Sat May 26, 7.30 a.m.
Leader:
Mike Runtz
Bring:
Binoculars, field guide
Comments:
McHardy Road, Ridgen's and Macnamara cabin.

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Month:
June

Planned trip:
Purdon Conservation Area (orchids) and Foley Mountain Ramble.
Day/time:
Sun June 24, 8.a.m.
Leaders:
Donna Thompson, Dave Acton

Planned trip:
Turtles, snakes, salamanders atlassing
Day/time:
Sun June 10, 2.p.m.
Leaders:
Adolf Vogg, Sloan Watters
Comments:
All back roads driving. Bellamy Road-Wolf Grove

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Month:
July
Planned trip:
Canoe trip, Algonquin Park
Day/time:
Jun 30 to July 2, 8.30 a.m.

Leader:
Howard Wickett
Bring:
Canoe, tent, food.
Comments: TO BE CONFIRMED.

Month:
August

Planned trip:
Night flying moths
Date/time:
Sun Aug 12, 8.30 p.m.
Leader:
Mike Runtz
Bring:
Flashlight, field guide

Planned trip:
Canoe excursion, shore birds. Black Bay PQ on Ottawa R
Date/time:
Sun Aug 26, 9. a.m.
Leaders:
Eric Ridgen, Dave Acton
Bring: canoe, lunch, binoculars.

Month:
September

Planned trip:
Moose call and wolf howl weekend
Date/time
Sept 1 - 3
Leaders:
Mike Runtz, Don Gordon
Bring:
Tent, food, flashlight
Comments:
Split into two groups, north and south of the park.

Planned trip:
Driving tour of Opeongo Line; fall colours
Date/time:
Sun Sept 23, 9.a.m.
Leader:
Howard Wickett

Month:
October

Planned trip:
Baird Conservation Area visit
Date/time:
Sat Oct 13 8.30. a.m.
Leader:
Howard Wickett
Planned trip:
Tour of ornithology section National Museum of

Natural Science
Date/time:
Sat Oct 20, 9.a.m.
Leader:
Adolf Vogg

Month:
November

Planned trip:
Pakenham Mountain walk
Date/time:
Sun Nov 4, 10.a.m.
Leader:
Sloan Watters
Bring:
lunch
Comments:
Finish at Edmondson's

Planned trip:
Fossil walk
Date/time:
Nov 18, 9 .a.m.
Leader:
Adolf Vogg

Month:
December

Planned trip:
Pre- Bird Count
Date/time:
Sun Dec 16
Leader:
Mike Runtz

Planned trip:
Christmas Bird Count
Date/time:
Wed Dec 26
Leader:
Mike Runtz.

Arnprior Chronicle, August 1904.

"Monday afternoon while fishing at the mouth of the Madawaska River, Messrs John L Fraser, William Spence and Lorne McDougall saw what they supposed to be a flock of ducks coming up the lake. The birds, of which there were 10 or 12, proved to be wild pigeons. Many years have elapsed since wild pigeons were seen around here and then they were more numerous than mosquitoes in June."

Observations on nature throughout the centuries.

Twentieth century song:

"Jeepers, creepers, where d'you get those peepers?"
(*Naturalist taking part in the herpetofaunal survey*)

Aesop, 414 BC

"Listen to the little bird's voice, he has filled the whole thicket with honest song."
(*Leading a bird watching field trip.*)

Aristophanes

"You cannot teach a crab to walk straight"
(*Teaching nature to school kids.*)

and

"Under every stone there lurks a politician."
(*Acting smart while searching for salamanders.*)

Plato

"Astronomy compels the soul to look upwards and leads us from one world to another."
(*Searching the night sky at the Mill of Kintail.*)

Seneca

8.BC - AD 65.

"Not lost, but gone before."
(*Explaining the whereabouts of one who got bored with a field trip and went home.*)

Pliny the Elder

AD 23-79

"All men possess in their bodies a poison which acts upon serpents and the human saliva, it is said, makes them take to flight, as though they had been touched with boiling water."
(*Useful information for field trips department.*)

Benjamin Waterhouse

1754--1846

Tobacco is a filthy weed,
That from the devil doth proceed;
It drains your purse, it burns your clothes,
And makes a chimney of your nose.
(*Encouraging naturalists not to smoke, thus keeping them fit for field trips.*)