



# Cape Cod Bird Club

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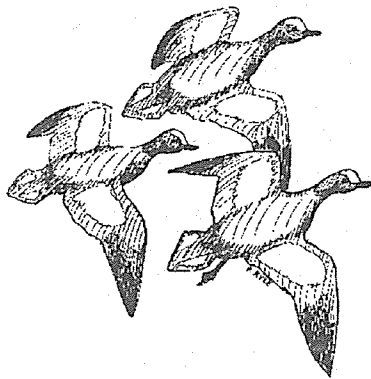
ISSUE 3

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

*Don Scott*

In their introduction to *Birds of Massachusetts*, Ludlow Griscom and Dorothy Snyder make note of the writings of Edward Howe Forbush and refer specifically to his efforts, as an officer of various Audubon societies, to work for better protection of birds and to promote to the public the beauty and value of birds, as well as the joy inherent in studying them.

Forbush was born in Quincy, Mass. in 1858. As a young child, he displayed a keen interest in all outdoor life, birds in particular, and at the age of sixteen was appointed as Curator of Birds at the Worcester Museum of Natural



History. He was one of the last "collectors" of specimens, but later in life he worked hard to stop the senseless slaughter of birds. Forbush became the first official State Ornithologist of Massachusetts in 1908. The culmination of his prolific writing was his final work, *Birds of Massachusetts and*

*Other New England States*, a three volume work which was edited and completed after his death in 1929. In 1935 John Richard May, with the support of Massachusetts Audubon, prepared and issued a one-volume abridgement of Forbush's work, expanding it to include the birds of North America east of the 95th meridian. This work, *A Natural History of American Birds of Eastern and Central North America*, features plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes and, thanks to Forbush, some of the most entertaining and detailed descriptions of birds one will ever have the pleasure of reading.

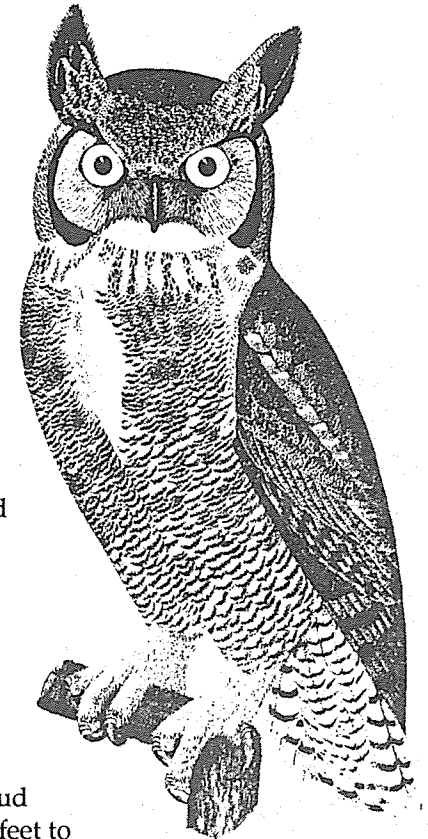
The House Wren, he writes, "is a modestly colored, cunning little elf, but true modesty is not in him. His is a character that makes its mark. He is a bold and happy warrior, and wherever he is there is action." In reference to the Mockingbird, Forbush says "The Mocker is more or less a buffoon, but those who look upon him as only an imitator or clown have much to learn of his wonderful originality. His own song is heard best at the height of the love season, when the singer flutters into the air from some tall tree-top and improvises his music, pouring out all the power and energy of his being in such an ecstasy of song that, exhausting his strength in the supreme effort,

*Continued on Page 8*

## MOST MEMORABLE OWL SIGHTING

*Phil Kyle*

One morning I was late for my morning jog under the power lines, so I hurriedly pedaled down the sandy path to the spot where I hide my bike each morning. As I set my bike down, I heard a bunch of Crows raising a ruckus close by. This was not unusual for I often had seen Red-tailed Hawks perched on the top of power line poles at the end of the path. I decided to walk quietly the next 50 yards rather than start my jog, on the chance I might be able to sneak a peek at what the Crows were up to. I hadn't taken more than 10 steps when I disappointedly glimpsed the partially obscured forms of several Crows flying off through the scrub oaks and pitch pines. They all seemed headed in the same direction. My assumption was that whatever the Crows had been mobbing had escaped and that they were giving chase.



I couldn't have been more wrong. Just as I had returned my attention to my exercise program, there was a loud rustling in the brush 20 feet to the right of me as a huge bird struggled to get airborne. I tried to focus on the identity of this huge bird as it flapped awkwardly down the path, but my eyes were drawn to a lifeless form dangling from its talons. Whatever this giant was, it had just captured a cottontail rabbit, and the additional weight was making its departure rather clumsy. I instantly returned to my previous bird stalking maneuvers and avoided every twig and gravel patch.

My persistence was rewarded. The bird, although it had seen me first, had decided not to fly and was beak snapping and hissing somewhere in the brush ahead. I moved a few cautious steps closer, and finally it came into view. On the ground only 40 feet away was a Great

*Continued on Page 5*

REQUIEM FOR A CROW

Jim Talin

Early one November morning after I had stopped in Brewster to see the Breakwater Road Screech Owl, and as I drove to the beach to walk our dog, at a modern-looking ranch house set back from the road on the right just beyond the owl, a man walked across his lawn with a rifle in his hand, and he stooped to pick up a Crow that was flightless and flapping on the ground. He acted as quickly as possible so that no one would notice him. The rifle appeared to be a pellet gun. He had just shot the Crow. I reported this man to the Brewster police and the Humane Society, and I found out that not only is there a hunting season on Crows, but Crows are considered nuisance birds. It seems that the most that can be done about the killing of this Crow is to reprimand the man for not killing it humanely, for allowing it to suffer wounded in his yard. Since this day, I have noticed other Crows feeding in the spot where this Crow was killed, so it is likely that the man attracts them with food and then shoots them.

I like Crows, despite and perhaps because of their bad reputation. I feed them. I enjoy watching them and listening to them warn me when a hawk is in the area or when a Great Horned Owl decides to roost for the day in an exposed spot. As a requiem to the Edgewater Road Crow, I offer this homage to the Crow written by Edward Howe Forbush in 1925.

On September 23, 1913, while sitting on a moss-grown ledge near the brow of a precipitous side-hill just east of Stowe, Vermont, I viewed a splendid panorama of mountain, valley and sky. Below me lay the village, nestling amid its environment of autumnal foliage like a gem in its setting or a bird on her nest. The neat well painted houses and well kept yards, the tall white church

spire pointing toward the sky and the American flag flying from its staff on the cupola of the public hall typified much that is best in American village life. The eye roved to the wide meadows stretching down the valley, clothed in plush-like green. There the winding course of the stream was marked by a double border of green shrubbery, with here and there a row of willows, and some scattering elms and maples glowing in the sunlight with the rich primal colors of the season. Then the eye, lifting, passed on over bordering fields to upland pastures with their soft and changing tints, interspersed with groups and groves of trees. Beyond the pastures on either hand rose the hills, and in the background towered the mighty Mount Mansfield, the giant of them all, its slopes darkened and blued by distance. The warmth and peace of summer brooded gently over all. Crows cawed in the valley, where substantial farm-houses and well filled barns attested to the prosperity of the people. This is indeed the country of the blest. Such are the favorite haunts of the Crow in New England. Such fertile valleys are chosen by the wise old birds when in March they begin to push northward, and in autumn many Crows from the hills come down to them, some remaining all winter in mild seasons or as long as they can find food.

Unfortunately for the Crow he has a bad reputation, and it must be admitted that there is some reason for the low regard in which he is held among men. First he is black, the color of evil; then, he knows too much; his judgment of the range of a gun is too nearly correct. If Crows could be shot oftener they would be more popular. Henry Ward Beecher once remarked that if men wore feathers and wings a very few of them would be clever enough to be Crows. Also, as Dr. N. A. Cobb says, "The Crow rises too early." We have to get up very early in the morning to get ahead of the Crow. Most of us rarely see the sun rise, and while sluggards still slumber, the early Crow is up to some abominable mischief in the back yard. It irritates us to have this disreputable fowl take such mean advantage of us, especially as we know it would not have happened had we been up and about, as we know we should have been. Then, according to human standards, the Crow is a thief and robber. He steals eggs, chickens, corn; he robs song birds of their eggs and young, and so he is vilified and anathematized, pursued and destroyed at every opportunity; but all to little purpose, for we may well believe that there are more Crows in the country now than there were when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. Today then, the Crow is the great American bird. Everybody knows him. How many people have ever seen the American Eagle except on the silver dollar? But who has not seen the crow? If a person knows only four birds, one of them will be the Crow. The bird is well known because he is large, black, ubiquitous and noisy. He is well worth knowing. (Edward Howe Forbush, Birds of Massachusetts, Vol. 2, pp 393-394.)



Cape Cod Bird Club Inc.

The Cape Cod Museum Of Natural History  
PO BOX 1710, Brewster, MA 02631

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## AN ENCOUNTER WITH A DOVEKIE

Jackie Sones

On the afternoon of Friday, 22 November 1996, I was lucky enough to be part of a group of birders that watched a Dovekie at the Wellfleet Town Pier. Upon arrival, we started scanning with our eyes and with binoculars for any sign of a small bird floating on the surface. When we approached the end of the pier, a single Dovekie appeared behind a fishing boat! It swam all around the boats and underneath the dock, occasionally lifting its wings and diving below the surface. We noticed its small size, compact body, tiny bill, and contrasting black-and-white markings. The water was so clear we could see the Dovekie's dark gray feet trailing behind its body, pushing through the water.

### "Scan for little black-and-white whirs"

The set-back placement of the feet is typical of alcids (otherwise known as auks); it aids them with aquatic propulsion, but hinders their mobility on land. Dovekies, with a body length of only 8-10 inches, are the smallest of the six species of alcids found regularly on Cape Cod. Their bill is short, only about half an inch long. Unlike most alcids, such as Razorbills and Murres, which use their longer bills to catch fish, Dovekies feed mostly on zooplankton: tiny crustaceans adrift in the ocean. Copepods, which look somewhat similar to very small shrimp, are among their preferred foods.

The distribution of food in northern areas may have something to do with whether or not we see Dovekies near Cape Cod. Some researchers consider Dovekies to be irruptive, meaning their presence and abundance here is irregular from year to year, and in "flight years" numbers are extremely high. Single birds or small flocks may appear in other years. Historically, observers recorded Dovekies in enormous numbers. In 1962, Carl Goodrich and Wayne Petersen counted 12,000 Dovekies flying by the coast of Chatham. Strong coastal storms with northeast winds sometimes produced Dovekie "wrecks." Winds blew thousands of birds inshore and into inland areas. Birders found them as far west as Berkshire County!

We are fortunate to see Dovekies in Massachusetts. During the breeding season they nest in the High Arctic. Greenland supports the largest populations, with some breeding colonies numbering into the millions of pairs. Each pair incubates a single, inch-long, blue egg on a steep, rocky cliff or ledge. At the end of the summer, they move west to Newfoundland and Labrador and then

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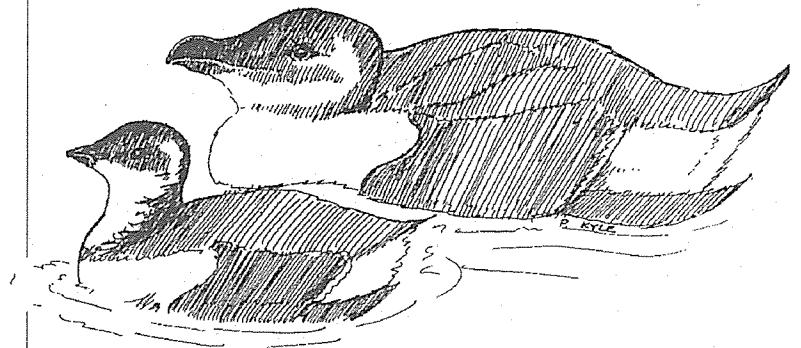
## GOING TO THE EXTREME FOR ALCIDS

Stauffer Miller

Alcids are chunky black and white seabirds that dive for their food and fly rapidly over the ocean. They visit Cape Cod mostly in the winter. There are six alcid species to look for here: Common Murre, Thick-billed Murre, Atlantic Puffin, Dovekie, Razorbill, and Black Guillemot.

In several sports the participant is judged by degree of difficulty. Alcid finding, I think, is somewhat proportional to the degree of difficulty and discomfort one can tolerate. By difficulty, I am speaking of a long walk along soft sand, scoping the ocean while enduring blasts of arctic air hitting one in the face, straining to make out the field marks of a distant black and white form that is alternately diving, and bobbing in and out of sight with the swells—that sort of thing.

There is a walk that can be made in Provincetown that minimizes about as much as is possible the difficulty of an alcid quest. This walk is to Race Point which is probably the best spot on the Cape for alcid searching. Take the Race Point Road off of Route 6 and go left at the sign pointing to Herring Cove. Park in 0.9 miles at an inconspicuous fire road. There is room for several cars to parks here in the meager amount of pull-off room. Walk the firm sand road through pines and then across the long dike, which will take about a half hour or so. Continue straight following the path over several dunes and Cape Cod Bay will appear. This is Race Point and you are at the very epidermis of the knuckle of the clenched fist of the Cape Cod arm.



Scan as carefully as possible out to sea. Although it's a long carry, a spotting scope is quite helpful. By walking south, the Race Point light will be passed and more ocean can be checked that way. One can return to the dike and your car by walking around or through the sanded-in Hatches Harbor. George Martin first told me about this access to Race Point.

Good luck in the sport of alcid searching, and I hope you aren't awarded too terribly many degree of difficulty points.

## OWLS CAN'T COUNT

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*Marge Marion*

That is what Karen Von den Deale said about owls when she brought a rehabilitated Great Horned Owlet into my area because I knew of an owl family with juveniles "branching," which was a new word for me.

This family of Great Horned Owls had caught my attention earlier in the year, on March 1, 1996. They had a nest about forty feet up in a scrub pine. It was not a very sturdy looking nest. Most of the time I wasn't sure the female adult was sitting on it, but occasionally I would catch sight of an inch of tail. This bird seemed to be in that nest head first!-not like any other Great Horned Owl I had watched on her nest. Then, on April 15 two white round heads appeared. This pair did it all by the book-30-35 days to hatch and three weeks to move out of the nest. By May 15 both juveniles were out and about the pines. But I mustn't get ahead of myself.

On May 13th at a Cape Cod Bird Club meeting Richie Hall announced that Wild Care of Brewster needed to return a Great Horned Owlet to the wild. Did anyone know of a nest of these owls? he asked. I did! Talk about a union made in heaven. Well, not quite heaven but definitely skyward. Thus started my new connection with a baby owl. This one really wrapped its talons around my heart.

When Karen brought the owlet to my area, we chose to place him in the branches of a fallen pine. He promptly fell to the ground and did his "chirp-alarm." Karen moved him to an oak branch with clear ground underneath, and this time he held on but looked so forlorn that we had all we could do to walk away. We could see the other two curious juveniles in trees on either side of the new owlet. I was to check for signs of feeding, to see if the new owl was adopted and treated the same as the two juveniles that moved about frequently, cuddling in branches nearby. An adult hooted very softly when I checked on the 16th. I actually could see the adult in a direct line with the new owlet. That evening it rained, and I had a moment of panic when I checked the owls. The juveniles had moved near the oak, but the new owlet had moved to a fallen pine trunk about forty feet away. All three were very visible, and the new one cheepped at me. I suspected that I had interrupted dinner and quickly left.

By May 17th, I was calling the owlet FC, short for foster care. When I checked him, he was quite wet, not aware of me, and looking dismal. Worry, worry. I called Karen, and we decided to hold off feeding him for another day. On May 18th, all three owlets were close together. FC had moved under some branches. An adult flew off. FC gave a few warning clacks, and I found a very large pellet about ten feet away which indicated that an adult had been near. All systems were go! Now I could relax and check

from a distance. The owlet needed to separate from people. He tended to cheeup whenever he heard voices. FC was quite social. I continued to monitor the owl family for three weeks until one morning when I noted that the deciduous trees had all filled out and that the woods were a quiet as a silent prayer. While FC seemed to take longer to fend for himself, he looked handsome when I saw him in September-still noisy as his adopted mother flew off from a tree near to him when I approached.

Helping this owl had been a unique lifetime experience for me. While Great Horned Owls have always impressed me, this family has added a new dimension. The adults took on the extra mouth with equanimity. There was more residue from feeding than I had ever seen. I had never seen more than two young hatched. I could see an age superiority manifest itself as the owlets moved about in follow the leader style. But with all the pages of notes, I never did prove or disprove that owls can't count. Did it really matter?

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## THE LAST LAUGH

*Dick Koeppen*

I love to watch birds from my kitchen table, so I decided to add a second feeder on a line strung between two trees (the first feeder is on a pole). I had heard of a trick to defeat squirrels by inserting the line through two plastic tubes used to hold golf clubs in a golf bag. When the squirrel climbs out the line, it will fall off when it encounters the plastic tube. I thought this would be great entertainment, and I could gloat about outwitting the squirrels. I had to wait several months before I had an opportunity to see a squirrel attempt to reach the feeder. One morning I saw a squirrel on the ground picking up dropped seeds as usual, but this time it kept looking up at

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Then, much to my horror,  
it happened...

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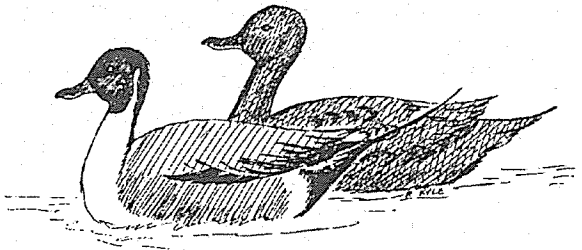
the feeder, and it became increasingly agitated. With tail switching faster and faster, it would climb one tree and then another, trying to gain a vantage point from which it might jump onto the feeder. At last it ventured out the line, forced to hang up-side-down on the thin nylon strand. When it tried to negotiate the plastic tube, it did indeed slip off—much to my entertainment. With tail still switching, and after several fruitless climbs up the wrong trees, the determined squirrel finally arrived again up one of the trees to which the line was attached. It sat there in an agitated state contemplating another attempt at getting past the plastic tubes. Then, much to my horror, it happened—the squirrel leaned out and calmly chewed the line in two and watched victorious as the feeder fell to the ground.

## RESCUED BIRDS DO POORLY

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*NY Times*

After oil spills and other pollution disasters, we are all familiar with the image of diligent workers scrubbing birds, rinsing their feathers, nursing them to health and then releasing them into the wild. A study published in *Marine Pollution Bulletin* followed Brown Pelicans and found that 12% to 15% of rehabilitated birds survived 2 years, while 80% to 90% of birds not exposed to oil spills survived the same period. The reason for the deaths is given as immunosuppression resulting from the ingestion of toxins. In another study published in the journal *Ibis*, the average survival time of oiled and treated Murres, White-winged Scoters and Western Grebes was one-fifth to one-hundredth that of non-oiled birds. "We are doing this cleaning," stated author Dr. Sharp, "which is supposed to be a fix of some kind and allows the public and politicians to ease their conscience. But the birds are not benefiting." Supporters of bird rehabilitation find hope in the improved response time to natural disasters, which increases a bird's chance of surviving treatment. While only 2% of birds survived treatment and lived long enough to be released in 1967, 60% survived treatment after a 1990 spill.



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## MOST MEMORABLE OWL SIGHTING

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*Phil Kyle*

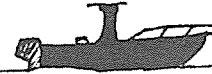
horned Owl, its wings fully extended and arched forward to protect its kill. It was also staring me right in the eyes as it clicked its curved beak repeatedly. I'll admit I was intimidated. It was making it very clear that I was rudely interrupting its breakfast and would I please just move along. I obediently obliged. In fact, I started my run immediately!

As I ran I thought to myself: "Why are you running away from a bird, you wimp?" But the image of those huge angry yellow eyes reappeared as a quick answer to my question. During past birding experiences, I had heard Great Horned Owls calling many times. In fact I had called them in a couple of times using my version of a territorial call. I had even seen Great Horned Owls roosting on several occasions. But this was my first sighting of a Great Horned Owl with its kill, and it would definitely rank as most memorable.

## ALIDRIS: THE BOAT TO MONOMOY

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*Fahy Bygate*



The boat, the boat that takes us there  
That waits alone below the stair  
The quickening pulse, the pounding hull  
The following and grieving gull  
The coolest breeze, the coldest sea  
The young of crow, the lonely tree  
The threaded streams, the horseshoe's blood  
The piper's print within the mud  
The creeping tides, the singing sands  
The sting of salt, our sunbrowned hands  
The "cracker's" bill, the willet's wing  
The silver, whirling sanderling  
The prink-prints on the flooded sand  
The clouds that fall upon the land  
The homeward whimbrels in the gray  
The compass grass that points their way  
The footprint's heel, the shadow's dune  
The ending of the day, too soon  
The fiery sun, the healing moon  
The heading home with stars in bloom  
The stood silhouette of man  
The ending at the stairs, again  
The honest, lonely, quickened heart  
The farewells whispered in the dark  
The boat, the boat behind us cries:  
"Come back, Come back to Paradise"

*Continued from Page 3*

## AN ENCOUNTER WITH A DOVEKIE

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*Jackie Sones*

south along the East Coast. Most of them winter far offshore, near areas such as Georges Bank. Dovekies regularly winter to Maryland, although there are records from as far south as Cuba!

Maybe there will be more Dovekies around Cape Cod this winter? Try looking for them at any town pier, especially in Wellfleet, Truro, and Provincetown. Scan for little black-and-white whirs flying by Race Point in Provincetown. Let other people know if you see one so that they can share in the amazement!

## BIRD SIGHTINGS

Jackie Sones

### October - November

**Seabirds** - Seabird reports were scarce during the late fall. On 21 October, Simon Perkins checked out First Encounter Beach in Eastham and Race Point in Provincetown. He found 1 Leach's Storm-Petrel at First Encounter and the following in Provincetown: 76 Black-legged Kittiwakes, 2 Leach's Storm-Petrels, 2 Northern Fulmars, and 1 unidentified jaeger. One Parasitic Jaeger was spotted at Race Point on 30 November by Seward Highley, Dick Comeau, and Jean Turnbull.

**American White Pelicans** - The original flock of eight pelicans split up and were seen in smaller flocks in various places throughout October. We received reports from Lewis Bay (Centerville), Namskaket Creek (Brewster), Salt Pond (Falmouth), Buzzards Bay (North Falmouth), and Bucks Creek (Chatham). The last report I received was an observation of four birds on the Centerville River on 14 November.

**Waterfowl** - Good numbers of ducks were seen on South Monomoy Island in Chatham. Maximum counts by Blair Nikula were as follows: 10 Green-winged Teal, 45 Northern Pintail, 25 Northern Shovelers, 80 Gadwall, 50 American Wigeon, 120 Canvasbacks, 200 Ring-necked Ducks, 200 scaup, and 45 Ruddy Ducks. Between 1 and 3 Eurasian Wigeons were reported at the Marstons Mills Mill Pond. Over 100 Ruddy Ducks made themselves at home on Herring Pond in Eastham during the month of November.

**Shorebirds** - Stauffer Miller was lucky enough to spot a flock of Purple Sandpipers on the breakwater at Corporation Beach in Dennis on 31 October. Blair Nikula found a few lingering shorebirds on the Monomoy Islands, including a late Western Sandpiper on 30 November, 12 White-rumped Sandpipers on 2 November, 1 Hudsonian Godwit on 27 October, and 3 Marbled Godwits on 2 November.

**Gulls and Terns** - One Lesser Black-backed Gull was seen by Ken Hamilton at Chapin Beach in Dennis on 6 and 15 November. George Martin found a Lesser Black-backed Gull at the Brewster Landfill, and he spotted an adult Common Black-headed Gull among a flock of Bonaparte's Gulls in Nauset Marsh in Eastham on 28 November. Two Caspian Terns were seen on North Monomoy Island on 5 October.

**Alcids** - Single Dovekies were reported from the Wellfleet Town Pier and MacMillan Wharf. Birders who were lucky enough to see these birds were treated to very close-up looks as the birds swam in and around

the docks. Single Thick-billed Murres were also reported from Wellfleet and Provincetown Harbors during the last two weeks of November.

**Owls** - The first report of a Snowy Owl came from a boat off of Nantucket on 27 October! There have been several other reports since then, including the following: one photographed on the roof of a house in Brewster on 2 November (Art King has pictures!); 1 at Namskaket Creek in Brewster on 12 November; 2 together on Jeremy Point in Wellfleet on 22 November; and 1 on South Monomoy Island on 30 November. It has been a couple of years since Snowy Owls have appeared on Cape Cod in numbers, so it might be a good year to get out and look! The only Short-eared Owl report came from North Monomoy Island on 10 October.

**Flycatchers** - A beautiful Scissor-tailed Flycatcher appeared along the shores of Chipman's Cove in Wellfleet on 6 November. Unfortunately, this bird only stayed for three days! Two Western Kingbirds were reported during October and November, both on the Upper Cape. Peter Trimble found the first at Windstar Farm in Sandwich. Barry Good spotted the second along Sandwich Road in Falmouth from 18-21 November.

**Northern Shrike** - We have received one Northern Shrike report so far this season. Wallace Bailey found this bird on Morris Island in Chatham on 17 November. Keep your eyes open for others!

**Warblers** - One Wilson's Warbler lingered along the Coonamessett River in Falmouth until 21 November. Three Connecticut Warblers were reported in October: two at the Wellfleet Bay Wildlife Sanctuary and one at the Beech Forest in Provincetown.

**Sparrows and Finches** - Unfortunately, I was off-Cape for much of October, so didn't hear about very many sparrow sightings. If you have any records, please let me know! Simon Perkins spotted a Lark Sparrow along Samoset Road in Eastham on 21 October. One Pine Siskin was seen at a feeder on Morris Island in Chatham on 17 November. A flock of 30 Common Redpolls was identified at White Crest Beach in Wellfleet on 30 November.

*Thank you to everyone who reported sightings! To do so in the future, please contact Jackie Sones or Blair Nikula at 508-432-6348, 2 Gilbert Lane, Harwich Port, MA, 02646, or [odeneews@capecod.net](mailto:odeneews@capecod.net).*



## PROGRAMS/ MEETINGS

Ruth Connaughton

On Monday evening, **January 13, 1997**, at 7:30 pm at the Cape Cod Museum of Natural History on Route 6A in Brewster, Jean M. Ehret will present a program on the handling and raising of baby birds at the Bronx Zoo. As Supervisor of the Department of Ornithology, Ms. Ehret dealt not only with the exhibition, health and breeding of the birds, but also worked closely with the keeper staff, developing new training techniques. At the present time, Jean has started her own business leading bird and nature walks. She is also working with Mass. Audubon's Wellfleet Bay Wildlife Sanctuary as a contract naturalist.

On Monday evening, **February 10, 1997**, at 7:30 pm at the Cape Cod Museum of Natural History on Route 6A in Brewster, Jackie Sones, a naturalist at Mass Audubon's Wellfleet Bay Wildlife Sanctuary, will present a program on the Dry Tortugas. Jackie has been at Wellfleet for six years and prior to that she studied marine science at the University of New Hampshire. Her current natural history interests are focused on coastal habitats, birds and dragonflies. Among her many responsibilities, Jackie compiles bird sightings for the Cape Cod Bird Club. She co-publishes Ode News (a newsletter about the dragonflies and damselflies of Cape Cod) and maintains a web site based on Ode News.

## NAME CHANGES

Jim Talin

*The American Ornithologist's Union publishes a check list which becomes the occasion to announce changes in bird names, splits in species, as well as new species. The latest supplement makes the following changes.*

**Gilded Flicker** is a new species distinct from the Northern Flicker. (Red-shafted and Yellow-shafted are still sub-species.)

**Florida Scrub Jay** has moved from sub-species to full species.

**Bicknell's Thrush**, which was previously a sub-species of Gray-cheeked Thrush, is now a full species.

**Baltimore Oriole** and **Bullock's Oriole** are now individual species again. They had been lumped together as Northern Oriole.

The Rufous-sided Towhee becomes the **Spotted Towhee** in the West and **Eastern Towhee** in the East.

**Sharp-tailed Sparrow** has been split into two species.

**Nelson's Sharp-tailed Sparrow**, which nests in the interior of the continent, and along the Atlantic coast north of southern Maine. And the second species which nests south of southern Maine (and on Cape Cod) is now the **Saltmarsh Sharp-tailed Sparrow**.

## WALKS & FIELD TRIPS

Kathy McGinley

### January

**Monday, January 6:** Fort Hill, Eastham. 9:00 AM. Meet at the lower parking lot. Leader : Dick Koeppen 432-1822.

**Thursday, January 9:** Saquatucket Harbor, Harwich. 9:00 AM. Meet at harbor's parking area across from Thompson's Farm Market, Rt. 28 Harwichport. "Bessie's Choice." Leader: Bessie Tirrell 432-9248.

**Sunday, January 12:** Falmouth Walk. 1:00 PM. Meet at Locust Street parking area of the Bike Trail. Leaders: Alison Robb 540-2408 and Bob Vander Pyl 457-0864.

**Wednesday, January 22:** Craigville Beach. 9:00 AM. Meet at the west end of the beach parking area. Leaders: Jinks Keil 771-8421 and Ruth Connaughton 432-1580.

### February

**Monday, February 3:** Fort Hill, Eastham. 9:00 AM. Meet at the lower parking lot. Leader: Bob Koeppen 430-1822.

**Thursday, February 13:** Saquatucket Harbor, Harwichport. 9:00 AM. Meet at the Harbor Parking area across from Thompson's Farm Market, Rt. 28 Harwichport. "Bessie's Choice." Leader: Bessie Tirrell 432-9248.

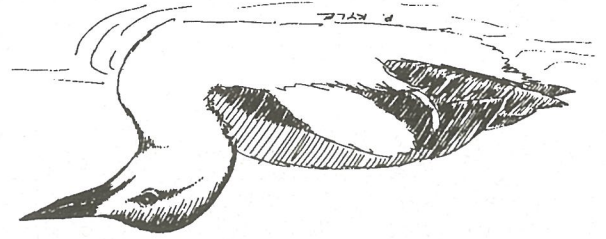
**Sunday, February 16:** Falmouth Walk. 1:00 PM. Meet at Locust Street parking area of the Bike Path. Leaders: Alison Robb 540-2408 and Bob Vander Pyl 457-0864.

**Wednesday, February 19:** Cumberland Farm Fields, Middleborough; Assawompsett Pond, Lakeville, Mass. 9:00 AM. Meet at the Sandwich Stop & Shop in front of the Bank. Leader: Frank Caruso 477-9807.

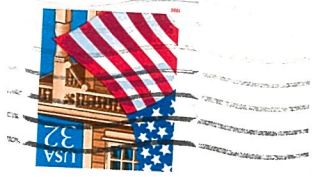
## CORRECTION DEPT.

*The following has been corrected to read 1998, not 1997, sorry for any inconvenience.*

The Cape Cod Bird Club has scheduled another trip to Trinidad & Tobago for the period February 28-March 8, 1998. Estimated cost, including airfare, is \$1600-\$1700 per person. Ten places are available. For further information, or to register, call Don Scott (432-2528).



Frank Caruso  
Barbara Steller  
17 Freedom Rd  
Forestdale, MA 02644-1725



Cape Cod Bird Club  
The Cape Cod Museum Of Natural History  
PO BOX 1710, Brewster, MA 02631



*Continued from Page 1*

### **PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE**

*Don Scott*

he slowly floats on quivering, beating pinions  
down through the bloom covered branches until,  
his fervor spent, he sinks to the ground below."

And in describing one of my favorite birds,  
Forbush writes: "The sprightly little Downy,  
smallest of our woodpeckers is an admirable bird.  
It sports no gay plumes and sings no song but it is  
a model of patient industry and perseverance, and  
though it may take a little sap from some maple  
tree occasionally in early Spring, the small amount  
that it requires will never be missed."

Few lovers of birds have mastered the ability to  
write about them as well as had Edward Howe  
Forbush. Though his works are not easy to find,  
they should be sought out by anyone wishing to  
read the ultimate descriptions of the habits and  
haunts of birds.

### **FALL**

*Bob Pease*

Alone, along dirt paths we walked together  
seasons past, or standing in a marsh  
where once we watched a willet rise and circle  
calling for her mate to come and lure  
intruders from the site, I wonder how  
and why a single angry word became  
the knife that slashed and tore and rent this closeness  
we had known?

How will I fill a place  
where willets nested, sparrows sang and you  
were near, when all have lifted off and gone?