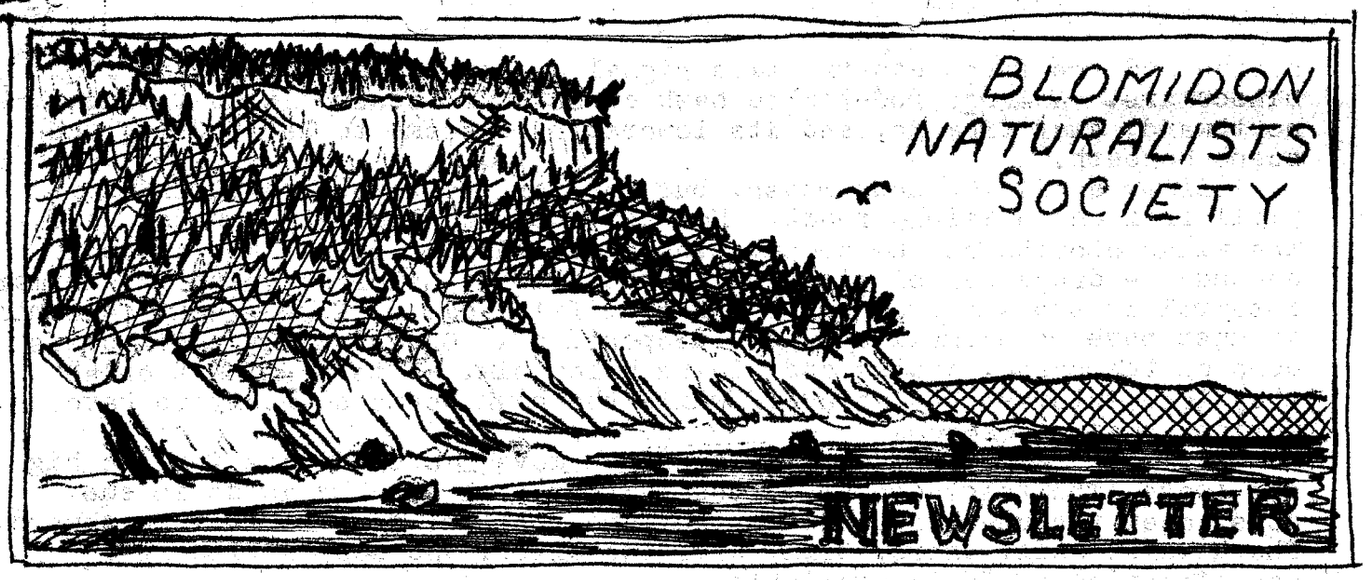

Volume 2, No. 1 March, 1975

Bounty on Bears

During recent weeks the media has given considerable publicity to the killing of sheep, allegedly by bears, in certain areas in Annapolis County. Those making the complaint are demanding that the present protective measures be removed from the bear in Nova Scotia and that the old-time bounty system be re-established. Though I have no personal knowledge concerning the extent of the damage bears have done in the area cited, let's assume that it was serious and that it calls for remedial action on the part of the Provincial Department of Lands and Forests. But because bears in a restricted area are causing damage that fact provides no justifiable reason for paying a cash bounty on all bears in Nova Scotia. Robins, for instance, are guilty of causing damage to commercial growers of small fruit, cherries mostly, in restricted districts. As a remedy it would hardly make sense to declare a bounty on robins everywhere in Nova Scotia.

In matters of this nature responsible Government officials are given authority to deal locally with them.

And there is another good reason why the bounty system should not be invoked throughout Nova Scotia. For example what would prevent the snouts of bears that were killed anywhere in Canada, or elsewhere, from being sent in and presented through local channels? That such abuses have occurred in the past is well known to the authorities and those who are clamouring for the bounty on Bruin are likely to be disappointed.

** R. W. Tufts, December 27, 1974

A November Afternoon

My home is located on Horton Bluff, or Maktomkus, as the Micmacs used to call it, overlooking the Minas Basin. This is an account of an unusual observation which may be of interest to members of the Blomidon Naturalists Society. It took place on November 11/72. ** Roy L. Bishop

It is a cold, grey day at Maktomkus with a fresh breeze blowing out of the North from the Cumberland hills. Occasional drops of rain appear on my study window and white caps show here and there on the full, brown tide.

Around mid-afternoon I raise my eyes from reading, lean back, and gaze northward over the Basin. My mind seems to idle for a moment, apparently relieved to be disconnected from the stream of symbols in the pages nearby. But a small yet strange signal brings it back to the external world. Directly in my line of sight between me and the distant water is a small object _ like a bird in flight as observed from the front or rear. Crows are common this fall and the sight of one would probably not have alerted me. What is weird about the thing before me is soon obvious _ it doesn't move!

A bird 100 feet above the cliff below in a gale of wind and not moving. I blink my eyes and shift my position to see if it is merely an improperly focused bit of dirt on the window three feet in front of me. No. All visual clues indicate that it is a motionless object in the turbulent air high above the shoreline. By now many circuits are

active and the first constructive signal appears: I reach for my binoculars. A large red-tailed hawk comes into focus. It is facing northward, away from me, and its lowered head seems to be studying the scene beneath.

After a bit the hawk moves, but not far, to take up another short vigil from an invisible roost. Now and then two legs stretch downward, the wings shorten and he drops, pauses, and drops again. For a few seconds he drops out of sight below the cliff. Later he spends a similar interval in the brown grass near the cliff's edge. If he caught something it must have been small and soon disposed of. Occasionally a few crows come on the scene, cawing and diving below him. After a minute or so they lose interest and move off while the hawk seems scarcely to have noticed their presence.

An interesting object that does not move _ a candidate for the big eye above (The telescope in my observatory). I quickly go up in the dome, open the shutter a foot or so and roll the dome to face northward. The hawk is still there, high above the cliff, and soon a view at a magnification of 75 is available.

A broad, fan-like, rusty red tail is plain. It is bordered by a dark, narrow band, while the tip itself is whitish, like the underside of the tail which shows when the hawk alters position. Its back and upper side of the broad wings are dark brown with scattered white spots. The head and neck are streaked, while the belly and legs are pure white.

The hawk's ability to remain in virtually one spot for ten to twenty seconds at a time is incredible. The tail is constantly twisting, expanding, contracting, while the great wings also make constant small shifts to correct for the high wind. I double the magnification to 150 and soon pick the hawk up again. At this power the wings span the field of view which is only about half the angular width of the full moon. I study the hawk's body and note that it does not move perceptibly for up to five seconds at a time. A shift of one inch would be readily noticed. To attain zero acceleration under such conditions would be a feat in itself, but the hawk also can make its velocity relative to the ground far below also practically zero. Only through its sight could it achieve the latter condition time and again. Such rock-like stability would certainly aid it in detecting small movements on the ground below.

Every minute or so the head flicks up and peers back over the wings to check conditions behind. A clear black pupil stares for a moment into mine. As he resumes scanning the scene below, I note the many fine hairs that extend from the base of the curved beak. I have to keep reminding myself that this object in the narrow field of my stationary telescope is a bird in flight! As he twist his head to look another way, the air flow becomes turbulent above his back and inner wings, and many dark brown feathers ruffle in a blur; however, the loss of lift here must have been quickly compensated for elsewhere for he does not move when the turbulence appears. The pure white belly feathers ruffle in the air flow, and now and then the talons appear as the legs stretch downward for a moment.

After a half hour or so, the hawk has patrolod several hundred yards of the shoreline, three or four groups of crows have had their fun and left, and the light begins to drop as darker clouds roll in. Three more crows appear and, either tired of their foolishness or simply finished with his vigil, the hawk veers and sails southward. I roll the dome in pursuit and last see him enter woods half a mile to the south, with one crow, like a dog after a car, following at full speed.

Volcanic Dust Paints Colorful Sunsets (C) 1975 New York Times

NEW YORK - A vast dust cloud thrown into the stratosphere by a volcanic eruption in Guatemala last October is spreading northward over the earth, causing spectacular, multi-colored sunsets and, in many areas, a prolongation of twilight.

Over much of the United States, in recent days, the dust layer has reached what may be its maximum density. The layer is about three miles thick with its median, most concentrated region 12 miles aloft.

The northward advance of the cloud, which is expected to affect sunsets for as much as a year or more, has been traced by U-2 planes and other high-flying aircraft, by visual observations from the ground and by a laser -probing system called lidar.

As with debris thrown aloft by the 1963 eruption of Agung in Bali, the dust is expected to provide dramatic views for those aboard airliners at evening or morning twilight.

The new dust cloud would appear to explain a number of dramatic sunsets visible in the New York area in recent days. Its effects have been observed from such widely separated sites as Hawaii, Wyoming, Massachusetts, France and England. The display tends to be brightest 25 to 30 minutes after sunset.

At that stage, sunlight, reddened by its passage through the atmosphere several hundred miles to the west illuminates the lofty layer, although landscape near the observer and lower cloud layers are darkened.

The result, as the sun sinks lower beneath the horizon, can be a succession of brilliant colors - purple, ochre, yellow, orange and red. Under idea(sic) conditions the western sky brightens noticeably as the effect reaches its maximum.

On Friday, Jan. 17 Mrs. Aden B. Meinel of Tucson, Ariz. who with her husband made early observations of the cloud, told how, as they witness such sunsets, it becomes too dark for her to see her notebook. Then a half hour after the sun's disappearance, the pages again become visible.

** Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. McKay

Has anyone noticed what they consider unusually brilliant sunsets in this part of the world?

Star Gazing

On occasion many people must have the uneasy feeling that perhaps it would not be inappropriate to know something of the Universe, and furthermore, that perhaps such an undertaking might be sufficiently interesting even to be enjoyable. At this point the question arises: Where do I begin? Should I go to the library to look for a book on astronomy? Doesn't one need a telescope? Perhaps I should phone that guy who has a telescope and ask if I can come down some clear evening. But maybe I'll just get discouraged. I can't even remember my high school math, and gosh, what will my neighbours think if I start lurking in dark corners peering into the nigh sky? I'd better forget it for now and get at more pertinent things. Let's see, where is the newspaper - there's supposed to be a good show on TV tonight.

For those few who avoid this scenario, the question to be answered still is: Where do I begin? The first point to be emphasized is that if you really want to become familiar with the night sky, you have to do most of it on your own. It is not that there is no one else with a similar interest; it is simply that this endeavour is like any other human endeavour, be it learning to play the piano, becoming familiar with literature, et cetera: the only way to make the subject really part of you is to do it yourself.

Initially progress will be slow and mistakes will be made; but only through this groping do techniques and knowledge really sink in. Guided tours of the heavens are pleasant social affairs; however, the lesson seldom sticks, and one is being cheated out of the much more meaningful experience of discovering the Universe in a personal way. Perhaps the latter experience can be likened to sailing with Captain Cook over the immense, uncharted Pacific, whereas the former is like crossing the same ocean on board the S. S. Mammoth with one thousand other jaded tourists.

So, again, where to begin? Firstly, a telescope is not necessary. In fact it is not even desirable. One must first go through the enjoyable experience of becoming familiar with the large scale features of the night sky, and this is best done with the unaided eyes over a period of many weeks or even months. Once one knows one's way around, only then is it reasonable to consider some optical aid such as binoculars or a small telescope. (Incidentally, the telescopes usually sold at Eaton's or Simpson's, or hobby shops are <u>not</u> suitable for astronomical use. Many misinformed parents have, no doubt, inadvertently destroyed a beginning interest in astronomy in their children by buying one of these "astronomical telescopes" for them.)

To start with nothing at all would be hopelessly slow. One person alone cannot hope to rediscover even a fraction of what mankind has learned of the Universe. Books provide an excellent way to get started. The information is readily availble, and yet you have the pleasure and education of digging it our yourself. Below are three recommendations. The first is an excellent book for the beginner. It is attractive, easy to read, and well laid out as an introduction to the night sky. Anyone from 9 to 90 would enjoy it. The second contains much information on astronomical events for the current year; however, it is not suitable for the beginner. The third is a monthly magazine. Although not

designed to introduce one to the sky, once one has some knowledge of astronomy, it is very interesting to read. Each issue contains star maps, an account of current astronomical events, articles, and advertisements from book publishers and telescope manufacturers.

Guideposts to the Stars
L. C. Peltier (About $6.00)
Collier-Macmillan Canda Ltd.
1972

The Observer's Handbook
Royal Astronomical Society of Canada ($3.00)
252 College St.
Toronto, Ont. M5T IR7

Sky and Telescope
Sky Publishing Corp.
49-50-51 Bay State Road
Cambridge, MA 02138
U.S.A.

** Roy L. Bishop

Preservation of the Cape Blomidon-Split Area

The lands comprising the Cape Blomidon-Cape Split area is considered 'hallowed territory' to those of our members who have personal knowledge of its unique beauty. Having been advised that it was threatened by commercial real estate promoters, I wrote Dr. Delory, Minister of Lands and Forests suggesting that the present Blomidon Park should be extended so as to include all lands through to Cape Split. In his reply he states: "We are aware of this potential and are presently investigating possible land purchases in that area."

** Robie W. Tufts, December 27, 1974

Astronomical Calendar -- Spring 1975

March 21, 1:57 am The equatorial plane of Earth passes south of the Sun, marking the beginning of spring in the northern hemisphere and the beginning of autumn in the southern hemisphere.

March through late July Venus, the second planet from the Sun, is about the same size as the third planet, Earth. Venus is named after the goodess of love; however, space probes have discovered that its surface is more like hell, with almost red-hot temperatures, winds, thick clouds, and a crushing poisonous atmosphere. Venus now appears as a very bright, star-like object in the western sky after sunset. It sets about three hours after sunset. It will remain in this part of the sky until the end of July when it races ahead of Earth, passing between us and the Sun in late August.

March through May Saturn resembles a bright, yellowish, steady (non-twinkling) star to the unaided eye. In late March it is high in the western sky during the evening and, with two stars above it, forms a narrow isosceles triangle in the night sky. On May 23rd Saturn will pass Venus. For a few evenings on either side of this date these two planets will form a pretty, star-like pair in the western sky.

May 5 through May 22 Mercury, the closest planet to the Sun, will be visible low in the western sky about an hour after sunset. Few people have seen Mercury; however, during the middle of May it will be easily visible if one has an unobstructed view of the western horizon. It will resemble a bright star near the edge of the last of twilight.

May 25 (1:00 am to 4:30 am ADT) A total eclipse of the Moon will take place early on this Sunday morning. The Moon begins to enter Earth's shadow at midnight but will not dim noticeably until near 1 am. It will be completely in the shadow from 2:03 am until 3:33 am. The totally eclipsed Moon is one of the most beautiful astronomical sights, especially when viewed through a pair of binoculars. The last total lunar eclipse visible from Nova Scotia was over three years ago and was partly obscured by clouds; however, if you are unfortunate enough to miss the May eclipse because of clouds or badly needed sleep, there will be another one in the early evening of November 18. ** Roy L. Bishop

A Summer on Bathurst Island, N.W.T.

For a number of years I have been involved with various aspects of wildlife in Nova Scotia, particularly in and about the Town of Wolfville. I am now eighteen and for twelve of those years have been encouraged and inspired by Dr. R. W. Tufts, along with a score of other naturalists, into formulating my chosen career, ornithology. It was through the efforts and patience of these people that I was privileged enough to gain opportunity of working with the National Museum of Natural Sciences on a research project on Bathurst Island in the North West Territories.

To many the North is a mysterious, timeless, unbearable wasteland. To those who have experienced it the North is a challenge, untouched, unspoiled and virtually the last unexplored frontier. When I left Wolfville on the 29th of June in 1974, my thoughts were somewhat negative, reluctant to explore that new land at the top of the world. Naturally, it was quite a shock leaving a warm 55 degrees only to trade it in for a cool 30 on Bathurst Island about 12 hours later; with an additional bonus of several feet of snow and 24 hours of daylight. Perhaps the most alien aspect of the north was the continuous daylight. It was so strange awaking with the sun beaming on my face, only to find it 2:30 A.M. Before leaving Wolfville I thought I had the North "in my pocket," what a surprise! A person could spend a lifetime in the Arctic and never know all of it. After a few months however, once you get the feel of it, one can appreciate it much more and finally learn to live and love it.

The project I was working on was only one branch of a detailed long-term study being carried out by the Vertebrate Enthology Section of the Museum, entitled, The Breeding Birds of Bathurst Island. This project tied in with other wildlife projects going on at the station will hopefully, someday, give valuable information into interrelationships between species of Arctic animals and will also yield answers to adaptations that enable them to survive in their specific style of arctic life. The project entailed a lot of walking as a means of transportation, after most of the snows had melted, while cross-country skis were employed when it was in abundance.

All nesting birds were checked regularly and complimented with elaborate notes. Similarly, non-breeding birds were recorded and noted in much the same way. Naturally, when writing up these notes and observing in the field, many questions were formulated, few of which were answered. It is my experience that for every answer I found, a dozen holes were exposed in it and from these holes a dozen more queries were left unsolved. Below 60 degrees latitude, most or many of these questions do have solved answers; such is not the case in the High Arctic. The challenge is something which is unique and makes a person feel that he is contributing something to science, thus justifying his existence on earth by breaking new horizons. Maybe this is the drawing force or magnetism to the North, of which great men have written - I believe it is.

Another remarkable aspect of Arctic living is the lack of sound. If you have ever experienced silence, to the extent of being able to hear only the functioning of your body, you must have been to Bathurst. I have travelled all across Canada below the 60th parallel and never experienced anything like it, perfect silence; few planes, no automobiles, clean air-100%, and best of all, few people. All the ingredients towards a perfect paradise and an exciting new experience.

The style of our living was accordingly much different than had we been working in a similar camp in "southern" Canada. Water came from the melting of snow, clothes were seldom washed and, when they were, by hand in the cold river. Most of our food was freeze dried, or canned, with the exception of an occasional frozen steak for Sunday dinner and with what usually turned into a hot discussion on a number of biological issues for our desert. Living quarters consisted of a network of bow-shaped, steel bars for a frame, over which two thick nylon sheets were placed. A layer of fiber-glass insulation went between the nylong and a wooden floor was made from sections of the cases in which the frame and nylon coverings came in. These are called Parcolls and are very typical of living quarters used for similar projects in other areas of the North. We had no electric power in camp, so heating was afforded by a small oil-run, cabinet heater which made for a warm, comfortable living standard.

Perhaps more valuable than any material thing, dollar or cent, was the"priceless" experience and knowledge I gained by working with such talented people in their own specialized field. From my listening to

peculiarities of their projects and questions they posed me, a new friendship arose between each camp member and me. With that friendship came a strong need for more probing into nature's house of secrets, and hence the conclusion that a higher education was necessary in order to do so. The camp members were for the most part very tightly knit; the camp's success depended on teamwork, and all eight members did their best to see it was there. Whether work consisted of kitchen duty, and a demonstration of cooking skills or repairing a ski-do it took everyone's full cooperation, thus few quarrels arose and little or no sense of ill-feelings of friction existed between members.

The Arctic is very final and any sudden disturbances or modernization may push the ecological balance into a state of no return. In southern climates an ecologically disturbed area can usually bounce back to a normal rate of previous function. Such a situation cannot and will not ever happen in the North. The Arctic code is too well defined; any degree of disturbance will leave a virtually unerasable mark. It is my belief all northern development should be ceased and the land should be retained in its past natural state, in the form of National Parks or reserves. We as Canadians should make a stand on our North; it is part of Canada and a last frontier in the world. Why sell centuries of unknown land for the sake of a dollar's worth of minerals?

Last summer is now just a vivid memory which will burn inside me until I am again northward bound. Memories of a wide variety: I learned something about plants and animals, about 24 hours of daylight, about the Polar Continental Shelf Project which has helped the Bathurst Station, and about Resolute Bay. I have learned of other camps, about polar bears and wolves, and have tasted Arctic living. All of these experiences have changed my life-style, my way of thinking and my goals in life with new hopes for the future. I would surely enjoy another taste of that unknown, but for now it will remain a vivid burning memory. ** Mark F. Elderkin

New Blomidon Naturalists Society Executive

Congratulations to the new executive of the Blomidon Naturalists Society elected at the regular monthly meeting, March 17. Cyril Coldwell, Gaspereau, will be our new President; Sherman Williams, Avonport, Vice-President; and Larry Bogan, will return from the wilds of Conneticut to resume his duties as Secretary-Tresurer. Oscar Morehouse will continue on the Programme Committee and will be joined by Richard Elliot, Wildlife unit, Department of Biology, Acadia University. Roy Bishop and Jean Timpa will continue to co-edit the Newsletter.

A Visit to the Micro-World

On Saturday afternoon, February 22, at Huggins Science Hall, Drs. Darryl Grund and Graham Daborn of Acadia University's Biology Department conducted a workshop to the micro-world for approximately 30 members of the BNSociety. Following the viewing of various prepared microscope slides, the members were instructed in the use of the microscope and preparation of wet-mount slides. Various protozoans, algae, crustaceans, nematodes and planaria were seen to the great delight of young and old alike.

Dr. Roy Bishop was drawn into a discussion between Dr. D. Grund and a member of the society which resulted in a visit to Dr. Bishop's Lab. There the members viewed indirectly the anihilation of an electron and a positron. The concensus of opinion drawn was that relatively little is known about the complex interactions of molecules in cells when compared to the advances in the realms of micro and macrophysics; also that we know even less about the self-aware lump of matter, man. ** John W. Timpa

Request for Assistance!

The new programme committee will be meeting soon to draw up ideas for forthcoming meetings and a more active field trip season now that our weather is moderating. They would like to hear from any members regarding future activities. Any volunteers to lead field trips? Would you like any of the former activities repeated that were especially interesting? Any areas of interest you think we have not been emphasizing enough? Too much? Your suggestions will be greatly appreciated and may be phoned to Cyril (542-2854), Oscar (542-5322) or Richard (542-9159).

Birds Through Our Binoculars

Relatively mild weather of the early wintertime enticed many a fall migrant to linger here far beyond usual departure date. Small flocks of Canada Geese were in the Minas estuaries, and Black Ducks--hundreds--were on the tidal flats to mid-January. Two yellow-breasted Chats showed up, one in Canning remaining to the end of the month. A Great Blue Heron was observed winging up a Cambridge watercourse on the 17th, while three others were attempting to winter near Yarmouth. One Wolfville lady counted thirty-two Robins in her rose hedge on the 23rd, and later identified a Mock ingbirdat a neighbor's place. A number of flocks of Pine Grosbeak spread over the area. A heavy cone drop drew small flocks of White-winged Crossbills. Golden-crowned Kinglets were well represented.

As the regulars began rather belatedly to crowd our feeders it became apparent that we had, almost without exception, more than average numbers of Juncos, Bluejays, Song and White-throated Sparrows. Most feeders had one or more Downey Woodpeckers, and some had Hairys as well. Chickadees appeared average. Pheasants everywhere.

The recurring snowfalls and deepening cold of February brought increasing numbers (huge flights) of Snow Buntings and Horned Larks to roadside and meadow. Too, forty six Tree Sparrows were counted in one weed bed, and these little red-caps began turning up at the feeders. Purple Finch became abundant; three appeared at one feeder on Feb. 4th, and this number increased to two dozen or more by the end of the month. Pine Siskins in small numbers were regulars at some feeders.

Three flocks, averaging twelve, of Gray Partridge have been spotted. Fewer than usual (3) Mourning Doves noted. A small flock of Redwing Blackbirds along with one Grackle, have been seen in a neighboring cornfield. Just one Northern Shrike, from a Yarmouth correspondent. Scarcity, if not total absence, of Bohemian Waxwings and Common Redpolls.

The headline story is RAPTORS: Bald Eagles on the Gaspereau River have increased to 14 individuals. Several Merlins about. Sharp-shins seen about most feeders. A Gyrfalcon, white phase. During the month there occurred an influx of the greatest number of Red-tails any of us had ever witnessed. These were and are hungry birds, striking down Purple Finches at the feeders; swooping on Rock Doves and Starlings; and picking off the Short-tailed Shrew.

Rough-legs are about the dykelands in reduced numbers. Snowy Owls are extremely scarce, - scarcity of Lemming in the Eastern Arctic and low levels of field mice here apparently account for this situation.

Fair numbers of American Goldeneye, and above usual numbers of American Mergansers on the rivers.

This report would not be complete without mention of the huge(thousands) flocks of Crows, Starlings and Cowbirds, concentrated in and about the many unharvested cornfields. There are hundreds of Ravens. Our observers indicate a decrease in House Sparrows, though one reporter has an albino at her feeder.

To conclude: the birds appear to have wintered well-as yet no damaging sleet storms. Using the author's feeder as an indicator: Juncos have decreased 15%, Song Sparrows reduced from 5 to 2, others either holding in number or have increased. Robins of course have had a hard time, and while some are still around, their numbers are sharply reduced.

Already one can hear the Song Sparrows trying their vocal chords on a sunny morning. And that tells us that its time to look forward. Soon the summer songsters will be back: save a box of old apples just in case it should snow during the first days of April, the Robins may need them for survival. And when the buds burst, tie a ball of cotton waste in your thickest shrub, a Yellow Warbler will use it to construct a nest nearby. Put up a little nesting box for the Chickadees in the darkest corner of your garden. And don't forget to provide one for the Swallows.

Merritt Gibson	Cyril Coldwell	Sherman Bleakney
Gerry Trueman	Jeanette Denton	Charlie Allen
The Bob Theaxtons	Roy Bishop	Alice Fuller & Jessie Borden
The Gordon Baynes	The J. Timpas	The Morehouses

** compiled by Oscar Morehouse

Therapeutic Wildlife?

Staff of the Eastern Kings Memorial Hospital in Wolfville have enjoyed providing food for a large population of ring-necked pheasant this winter. Seed, donated by various hospital personnel, has been mixed with left-over cereals, bread, orange peel and apple which would normally be consigned to the garbage. As many as thirty-five birds have come to the feeding station at one time. There are probably few hospitals in Canada that can boast of a wild pheasant population of this size; the ever-busy staff is certainly commended for its interest and concern shown to the pheasants during a winter in which natural food has not been readily available because of the deep snow. Information conveyed to Jean Timpa by Mrs. George Anderson, one of the hospital cooks.

January 25th Winter Walk

As snow fell, 18 hikers accompanied Dr. Sam Vander Kloet on a wintery walk to the woods. With assistance from Dr. Vander Kloet the group examined various characteristics that aid in identifying several Nova Scotia species of trees and shrubs.

The area chosen for the hike was the wooded area located on both sides of the D.A.R. west of the highway from Greenwich to Port Williams. It offered good winter walking and a reasonable variety of trees and shrubs.

The highlight of the hike was the cathedral-like stand of pines and hemlock on the south side of the railroad. Many of these magnificent trees stand well over 30 metres high and measure up to a metre in diameter.

As a reference for those who were there and for those who may wish to visit the area on their own, a list of the common species of trees and shrubs which were found in this wooded area follows. The Flora of Nova Scotia (Roland and Smith), Trees of Nova Scotia (Dept. of Lands and Forests) and Identification of Nova Scotia Woody Plants in Winter can be used as good references. Since a number of common names exist for the same tree, the international botanical name is given with each.

Hardwoods:

- Red oak (Quercus borealis)
- Alder (Alnus rugosa)
- Largetoothed aspen or Poplar (Populus grandidentata)
- Trembling aspen (Populus tremuloides)
- Striped maple (Acer pensylvanicum)
- Sugar maple (Acer sacchrum)
- Hawthorn (Cretaegus macrosperma)

Shrubs:

- Sumac (Rhus typhina)
- Serviceberryor Shadbush or Juneplum (Amelanchier sp.)
- Willow (Salix sp.)
- Sweet fern (Myrica asplenifolia)
- Bayberry (Myrica pensylvanica)
- Honeysuckle (Diervilla lonicera)
- Wild rose (Rosa virginiana)
- Blackberry (Rubus sp.)

Softwoods:

- Balsam fir (Abies balsamea)
- White spruce (Picea glauca)
- White pine (Pinus strobus)
- Red pine (Pinus resinosa)
- Hemlock (Tsuga canadensis)

** Sherman Williams

Acknowledgements

The executive and members of the Blomidon Naturalists Society and "staff" of the BNS Newsletter extend special thanks to the following people who have recently given of their time and talents: Dr. Peter Austin-Smith, Mr. Lamont Foster, Dr. David Stiles and Dr. B. R. Pelletier who have contributed to our lecture series; Dr. Sam vander Kloet, Dr. Darryl Grund and Dr. Graham Daborn for their valuable guidance on field trips or in laboratory workshops; to all those members of our Society who shared exhibits and favourite slides at the "Members Night," to the

ladies who provided delicious refreshments on this occasion; and to those who contributed articles, time and thought to make this Newsletter possible.

Contributions for our next Newsletter should be sent to:

Roy Bishop
Avonport, N.S.

or

Jean Timpa
RR # 3 Box 129
Wolfville, N.S.

All contributions gratefully received. We like surprise mail (as long as it isn't bills!).

DEADLINE FOR NEXT BNS NEWSLETTER IS JUNE 21, 1975!

Wish to Join BNSociety?

Send ~~$2.00~~ $1.00 or ~~$1.00~~ .50¢ for students to:

Mr. Larry Bogan
Secretary-Treasurer
Blomidon Naturalists Society
P.O. Box 753
Wolfville, N.S.

HAPPY EASTER AND A WARM SPRING TO ALL!