
Newsletter No. 12January 1976

THE SNOW BUNTING

The Snow Bunting is the winged sprite of our winter wilds. Its plumes mimic the purity of the crystal flakes, and it comes in flocks wayward as the whirling drifts. The Buntings are here in October, and then frequent lonely shores and sand reefs, running over the sands in pursuit of marine insects in company with Sanderlings and Plovers. We see little of them till snow covers up their food in the wilds, then they come about the farmsteads looking for grain and stray seeds. They are very fond of oats which they shell with address, eating only the mealy kernel.

Francis Bain
1891

NEXT MEETING

Date: Tuesday, January 6, 1976
Time: 8 p.m.
Place: Provincial Health Building, 3rd floor, Room 47 and 48. Enter through garage on west side of Prov. Administrative Building.
Program: Rosemary Curley from P. E. I. Fish and Wildlife Division will present information on P. E. I.'s red fox population. She has been conducting research for the last two years.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Fees of \$2 for 1976 membership are due at the beginning of the fiscal year, January 1. These should be paid very soon--if left late in the year it is "like paying for a dead horse."

"Winds of Sea and Wood," the Natural History Society's first book, is for sale at \$1.35 per copy. If ordering by mail, please include 15 cents extra for postage. Order PREPAID from Margaret Mallett, 53 Fitzroy St., Charlottetown, P. E. I. CIA 1R4.

"Winds of Sea and Wood" is also for sale at the Heritage Foundation, the Card Shop and the Book Mark in Charlottetown.

At the December Meeting a nominating committee was chosen. Kathy Martin, Rosemary Curley and Vera Beck are on the committee. At the January meeting, they will be presenting to the membership a slate of officers for the year 1976.

THAT KINGFISHER AGAIN

Covering our section of Hillsborough Christmas Bird Count area on Saturday, December 27, 1975, Mary Willms and I came to Mount Herbert at noon and stopped with expectancy at the junction of Routes 21, 215, and Fullerton's Creek. Was our friend the Belted Kingfisher still there? He was not on his favorite dead tree downstream. Neither was he disclosed by sweeping the binoculars along the trees upstream. Getting out of the car and listening carefully, I was able to hear his subdued rattle coming from upstream. Peering intently through the mist, we spotted him away back, perched on an alder overhanging the brook. Brook? No, lake, rather, because of the heavy rain during the night. Slim pickings for a kingfisher---waiting for the water to subside and the stream to clear.

Margaret Mallett, Charlottetown
