

Window On Wildlife

A visit to a heronry.

By Art Briggs-Jude

My first introduction to a Great Blue Heron happened in our own living room when I was a very small child. I remember it was much taller than I, and it had a very long, sharp bill. My father bought it from a taxidermist in Quebec, and it occupied a place of prominence until a new, nearly full-grown kitten decided to practice stalking on this big bird. For its pains, the cat was banished to the shed and the headless heron ended up in a closet, eventually to be discarded with other refuse. Such was the fate of many of these large birds before public opinion and ensuing legislation decided they looked better in living color than in a living room pose. Oddly enough though, it was not the laws passed prohibiting the killing of these large birds that saved them from the very brink of extinction. Rather, it was a U.S. bill designed to stop the demand for heron plumes on the New York market. With the milliners trade unable to use the gorgeous plumage in their creations because of this act passed in 1910, all members of the heron family began to recover. Today, in many areas, Great Blue Herons are a common sight.

Most of us know the Great Blue Heron as a patient fisherman, a large winged "crane" that jumps from the water's edge when disturbed and flaps away with a loud guttural "awk". But this picturesque part of our rural landscape has another side few people see. For this long-legged wader, standing four feet high, and with a wingspan of nearly six feet, nests in the uppermost branches of tall trees in colonies. Come with me on a visit to one of these isolated nesting sites and discover the birthplace of "Old Stilts".

After an early morning trip, one of my companions gestures towards a large woodlot. "The heronry is in that section," he says, "but we can get closer by driving around and coming in over the railway tracks." The wood lot we are entering stands tall and green against the early morning sky. Where the sun breaks through the canopy of new leaves, pools of blackish water can be seen. The dark muck squishes under our boots, creating a disturbance that sends up swarms of hostile mosquitoes. Only liberal applications of insect dope keeps these hordes

of fury at bay and allows us to continue. A quarter mile into this shadowed seclusion, and we come to a place where several dead oaks open up patches of the forest cover. High in the tops of these trees, each on a separate bleached limb, are fastened the large round stick-nests. We have reached the heronry.

At our approach, some of these huge birds utter deep nasal notes, not unlike the calls of tame geese. A few birds spread their wings and clatter out of sight, while others merely stick their serpentine heads over the nest edge and remain motionless. From our position some eighty feet below, these herons look about the size of chickens. The herons are beginning to return with food for their brooding mates. Each arrival is greeted with much fuss, a show of plumes, and a lot of duck-like gabbling. Sometimes when the big birds take off again, the whole tree shakes and vibrates which may account for some of the broken greenish eggs we see lying at our feet. Also in the debris below the next structures, are the splattered whitewash droppings of the forty or so pair nesting here. This excrement coupled with dead fish, and some

unfortunate young that have tumbled down, give the place an aroma that is far from pleasant. But you try to breathe a little less than normal, fascinated by the activity taking place in the tree-tops above.

Finally the hour and the circumstances dictate it's time to leave. From your companion you learn this particular heronry has a history that dates back to when the first railway line was laid, sometime in the early 1900's. It is to the credit of the farmers nearby, that the heronry has survived. For it is in such nesting sites, the huge waders face their toughest task. By nature normally wary and alert, when at nest they seem to lose this caution, falling easy prey to those who would destroy them. This fact, coupled with the bird's traditional nesting site tendencies, means that new colonies are rarely started. Thus the loss of a heronry by thoughtless action, whether on the birds themselves or on their tree-top sanctuary, reflects a loss to the whole surrounding community.

Luckily, there are more than 400 known heronries in Ontario. A co-operative project involving the Ministry of Natural Resources, the Canadian Wildlife Service, and the Long Point Bird Observatory is now under way to map out unknown nesting sites, and to discover the effect pollution and habitat destruction is having on the heron population. Hunters, anglers, naturalists, and anyone else who may know of a heronry, are asked to contact Terry Quinney, Long Point Bird Observatory, P.O. Box 150, Port Rowan, Ontario.

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For those of us who have gazed wonderingly at a Great Blue Heron's sudden, yet unhurried, departure from the marsh ahead, or watched from a concealed position his one-footed fishing escapades, let the hope prevail that this traditional part of our ponds, lakes and rivers survives for as long as the water contained in these waterways remains.



Events

Each week, The Tribune publishes a list of events scheduled for the days ahead. Organizations wishing to utilize this service should call 640-2100 not later than 5 p.m., Friday.

MUSSELMAN'S LAKE - The Ballantrae and District Lions Club are holding a benefit bingo, Thursday (to-night), August 2 for Ed and Stephanie Morgan and family, whose home was destroyed by fire, July 17. The event begins at 7 p.m.

DICKSON'S HILL - Aircraft flying demonstration at the Toronto-Markham Airport, Dickson's Hill, Monday, August 6 from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., sponsored by Wycliffe Bible Translators. Rides provided by missionary pilots at three cents a pound. For more information call 640-2867.

SUTTON - Sutton Fair, August 9, 10, 11 and 12, featuring horse racing, a fair queen pageant, a senior queen, horse-pull competition, cattle, sheep and horse judging, stage show and a Conklin midway.

VANDORF - Antique and classic car show, sponsored by the Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum Board, Sunday, August 12 from noon to 4:30 p.m. Admission, adults \$1; students and senior citizens, 75 cents; children, 25 cents.

Editor's Mail

'I was shocked'

Dear Editor:

In the July 19 issue of The Tribune, a story was published concerning an accident, that occurred north of Stouffville. Accompanying it was a picture of the mangled car and its driver lying on the ground beside it.

In my opinion, a photo showing the car should have been enough to satisfy the ghoulish curiosity of the few. But was it necessary to show the broken, bloodied body of the victim?

I would expect this of

a big city newspaper but surely a small town paper like yours could show more compassion for the bereaved.

This lady had lived in the Stouffville area for many years and held a job here until her untimely death.

As a co-worker and friend of Miss McBurney, I must say I was shocked and hurt.

Perhaps you, the editor, should have stopped and considered how you would feel if confronted by a similar picture of someone for whom you cared.

I hope that, in future, The Tribune will show more thought and consideration for people's feelings before using the misfortunes of others for sensationalism.

FAYE COLE, Uxbridge

Praise

A tip of the hat to our Mayor and members of the Council for the stand taken re the use of beer at our Stouffville "S'lebration" in August. It has been proven beyond question that the "high spirits" of this community are not dependent on alcoholic beverages. Enthusiasm and cooperation are the two important ingredients for a successful venture, as we found especially in Centennial Year and in numerous activities since; and hopefully into the future!

The Executive and Members of The Silver Jubilee Club



Memories

Dear Jim:

The Front Page picture (July 26) of wheat harvest using the old pull-type binder, brought back many memories--fond memories of days gone by. Not so good, however, are my recollections of the hours I spent stockpiling the wheat by hand. That

chore I wouldn't wish on anyone.

Wilmet Palmer, R.R. 4, Stouffville

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