The Broadwing

Publication of the Montclair Bird Club
September 2020

Montclair, NJ
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Volunteers and Cliffs

President's Message September 2020

This issue of the Broadwing highlights the experience of one of our newest members, Anna Karapin-Springorum. After reading her story, I expect that more members will write their own stories for the Broadwing. Hopefully, in the near future we will be able to return to our regular schedules and non-virtual meetings. But until we can, we will continue with virtual meetings and twice-weekly quizzes.

Dues for the 2020-2021 season are due in September.

Last month we lost one of our club members who helped define our mission and whose name is forever linked with the Montclair Hawk Watch. We will miss Else Greenstone.

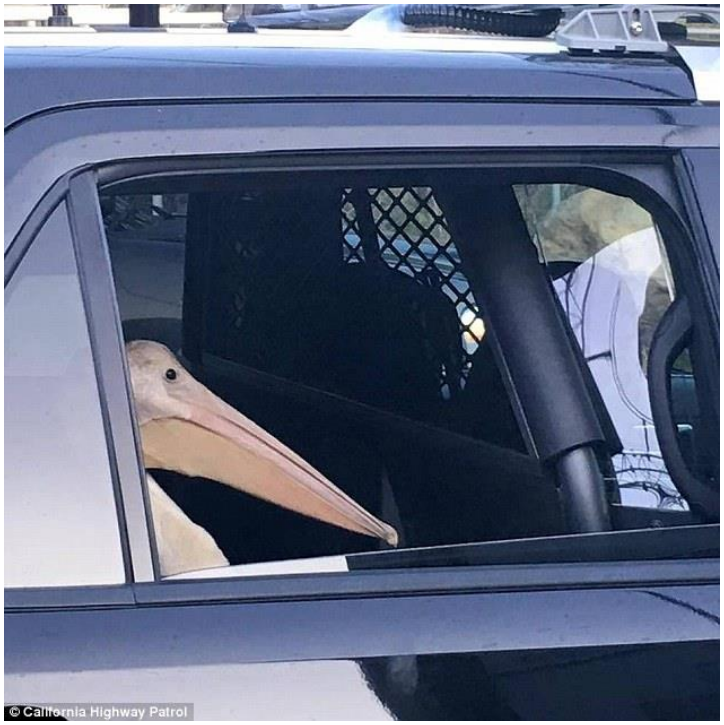
Sandy

In This Issue

Not one for mainstream sports like football and cricket, the Bentley Bentayga has added yet another eccentric accessory pack for an upper-class pastime with the Bentayga Falconry by Mulliner.

It is my understanding that when you have your own driver, the Rolls-Royce is the vehicle of choice. If you plan to motor your own vehicle, then the Bentley is for you. If your passion is falconry, the Bentley Bentayga may be the best option.

If, on the other hand, you just need to get somewhere in town, a taxi may be the best route.



Else Greenstone Avian Essay Competition

Else Greenstone will be remembered by everyone in the Montclair Bird Club for her inspiration and contributions. She introduced groups of children year after year at the hawk watch to the joy of bird watching and taught them to appreciate the spectacle of raptor migration. She did this for over three decades as the birds went south in the fall and returned the following spring. She also mentored hawk counters, helped visitors, dispensed knowledge, and passed on an infectious delight as an observer of nature.

In her memory, The Montclair Bird Club has established the **Else Greenstone Avian Essay Competition** to encourage students to participate in bird watching and contribute to our avian knowledge. One essay will be selected by the club's executive committee to be published in the club's September Broadwing newsletter. Other entries may be printed with the author's permission.

Eligibility:	The competition is open to high school and university students.
Submission:	Must be received by July 31. All submissions must be sent online in either a pdf or docx format.
Topic:	The content must be an original "avian essay." Non-fiction stories, original research, birding trips, etc.
Photographs & drawings:	While not required, they are desirable and will help to illustrate the written work.
Length:	Approximately 1,500-3,000 words. Content will always be more important than word count. Citations and bibliography are not included in the word count.

Additional information will be found on the club website: MontclairBirdClub.org

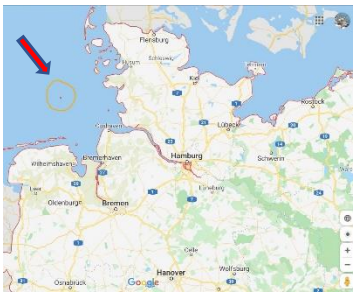
The Montclair Bird Club is pleased to announce the first recipient of the

Else Greenstone Avian Essay Competition Award

Anna Karapin-Springorum
for
When Birds Fall from the Sky

When Birds Fall from the Sky

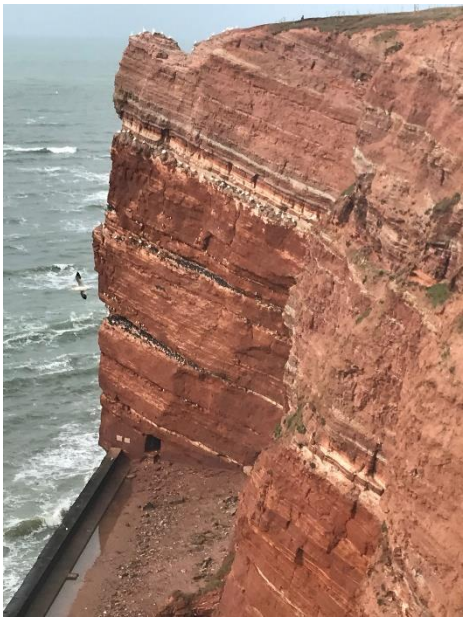
by Anna Karapin-Springorum



On a small rocky outcrop of an island in the North Sea, dusk settled slowly. The lighthouse's triple beams swept over the island with soothing regularity. On clear nights such as that one, the lights of container ships waiting for the tide to turn so they could navigate the channel to Hamburg twinkled back from the fuzzy line where sea and sky met. It was around 9 pm, and a warm wind brushed my face as I pulled my apartment door shut and walked to work. It was mid-June in 2019, and after living there for almost a year, the small island of Helgoland (or Heligoland, as the English-speaking world knows it) felt like home.

After high school, I knew I needed to take some time off to do something practical and hands-on before continuing my education at college. Having grown up bilingual and with dual citizenship, I took advantage of one of Germany's many gap-year programs, in my case a Freiwilliges Ökologisches Jahr, or Voluntary Ecological Year. In what is essentially a year-long paid internship, young people work for non-profits, often in nature conservation or environmental education. I had the good fortune to be accepted to an incredible position as an intern with a seabird conservation non-profit, Verein Jordsand. Of the many nature preserves they care for, I worked on Helgoland, about 25 miles off the coast of Germany in the North Sea, accessible by a two-and-a-half-hour ferry trip or a short flight in a tiny plane.

Helgoland boasts a unique set of features that make it appealing to many different organisms, including many seals, but especially to seabirds and migratory birds. Seabirds breed here, and migrants that get lost in their flight over the North Sea stop to rest and refuel. Helgoland consists primarily of a huge block of sandstone some 200 feet high, sticking out of the ocean. In the last hundred or so years, more land has been created at the base of the rock, especially by military activities during both world wars. But the massive red sandstone cliffs are still the island's hallmark. They are vital to the seabirds that hatch and rear their young here. The common murres, razorbills, fulmars, kittiwakes, and northern gannets that spend their summers are not unusual species along rocky shores, especially farther north and in Britain, but in Germany, they occur only on Helgoland.



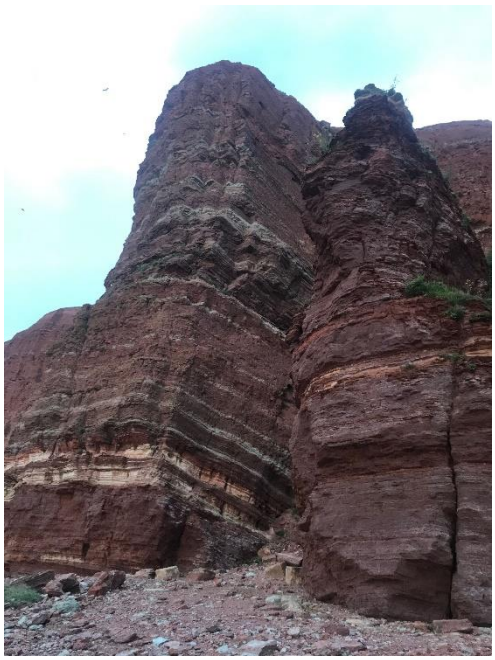
Despite the large number of flighted visitors on the island that June, that night I was concerned with only one: the common murre. These penguin-like birds, with dark brown backs and heads and white bellies, are endowed with flight abilities only marginally superior to those of their lookalikes in the Southern Hemisphere. In June, they were getting ready to move out of the nursery and head off into the ocean with their youngsters. Common murres lay their pear-shaped eggs directly on the bare rock of the cliff, taking advantage of narrow bands of eroded rock. They do so at great heights, often 120 feet up. Gathering in large numbers with other murres, each pair occupies an area of only about 4 by 4 inches, just enough space to huddle over an egg or a chick. Thousands of mating pairs of common murres alone were counted in the cliffs that summer, and the deafening cacophony of their calls and those of the other breeding seabirds rose into the night air that June.

After meeting with the group of volunteers who were going to help us that evening, I distributed hardhats and headlamps, and we joined the group of ornithologists from the island's Institute of Avian Research, whom we were assisting that evening. I unlocked the heavy iron gate that normally prevented tourists from wandering below the cliffs on the west side of the island, where landslides and rockfalls could seriously injure unwary wanderers. Keeping close to the sea wall to our left and feeling the towering presence of the cliffs to our right, I was struck by the absurdity of the natural phenomenon we were about to witness.

Common murres, though excellent divers and swimmers, are poor fliers. They have surprised marine scientists by swimming past the windows in the pressurized hulls of submarines at depths of almost 600 feet, but taking flight and staying airborne takes considerably greater effort. With the help of a long running start across the surface of the water, the murres must reach speeds of 31 mph if they are to stay aloft; otherwise, their football-shaped bodies will stall out. Incubating an egg on a narrow ledge 120 feet up is tricky enough, but once the chick hatches, it demands food from its parents. Having to make many trips up and down the cliff in order to feed the youngster every day, and needing to do so more and more frequently as the chick grows, is exhausting. After 3 or 4 weeks, murre parents have had enough. From now on, if the chick wants food, it will have to come down to the water and be fed there.

At the age of three or four weeks, murre chicks are still small and fuzzy, with chubby bodies and stumpy wings adorned mostly with downy fluff. They certainly cannot fly yet, so they have to find another way down the sheer rock face. Once it's time, one parent flies down to the water and starts to call to the chick. Recognizing its parent's call, the chick chirps back, and the two keep track of each other by calling until they're reunited. The other parent waits up on the cliff, remaining there to defend the breeding spot from latecomers even once the chick has gone off with the other parent.

When we reached the section of the cliff where most of the murres were breeding that year, we unpacked our equipment. Metal bands, banding pliers, a scale, rulers, and clipboards were placed on or against the seawall, and cotton bags were distributed to the volunteers. The noise of the seabirds was very loud, but above the din of kittiwakes and gannets screeching and calling, the high-pitched cries of young murres were distinctly audible. It was too dark to see from down here, and the cliffs were very high, but I had watched the scene unfolding from the pathways and lookouts on top of the cliff enough times to know what was happening among the tumultuous noise.



Murre chicks, hearing their parent call to them from down below, scramble along the rock face, looking for a way to get down, wandering many yards to the left or right, often managing to descend a few yards in the process as well, but eventually coming to a point at which there are no more outcroppings for their small webbed feet to hang on to. Here, some chicks with stronger instincts will jump. They'll launch themselves forwards, towards the water, as far as they can, flapping their stubby wings ineffectually as they plummet to the ground. Others scramble along the cliff some more until they slip, instinct taking over as they, too, beat their wings and fall.

I would be remiss if I did not reassure you that almost all of the chicks that leave their childhood homes like this survive. Many fall directly into the water, where they immediately start to swim towards the calls of their parent. But even those that hit the rocks or concrete below the cliffs are padded by their fat bodies and cushioned by down so that their young bones don't break. They quickly stagger to their feet, regain their bearings, and continue

their determined march towards the water. A very unlucky few land on their necks, but their deaths are swift and painless.

Without human intervention, the continuous erosion of the west side of the island would allow more chicks to plummet directly into the sea, or to tumble over boulders and skree and enter the water by crossing short stretches of beach. However, since sandstone is soft and wave action in the North Sea far from gentle, concrete seawalls have been constructed along the west side of the island, slowing erosion. A few sections of the cliffs still jut out past the wall, and in some areas, the base of the cliff meets the top of the seawall, allowing chicks to just hop off the concrete and into the waves. Much of the west side of the island, however, is protected by a seawall anywhere from three to fifteen feet high, which chicks can't hop over. This is where the ornithologists, the volunteers, and I come in.

What started as a means of transporting murre chicks over the seawall soon became an opportunity for ornithologists to monitor the population. By weighing and measuring the chicks, scientists can determine how healthy the chicks are as they head into the world, and by counting the number of chicks that jump or fall, they can estimate how many of the breeding pairs on the cliffs have been successful. The bands that are secured to the legs of the chicks also allow these scientists to identify birds found dead or captured in Heligoland traps in the banding gardens, where mostly smaller landbirds are caught, banded, and released, allowing humans to track their migration routes and survivorship. When a metal band, marked with a number and a location, is reported, the origin of the bird and often its age and health at the time can be determined.

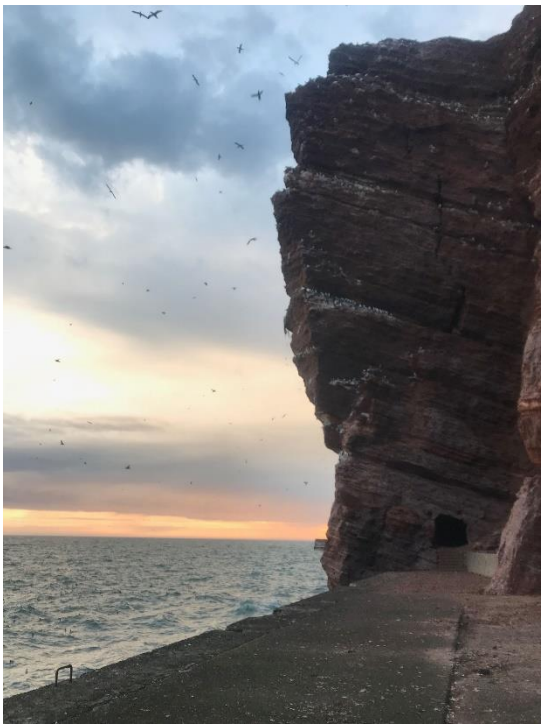
So, standing at the base of the cliffs of Helgoland, we waited for chicks to jump. A few had jumped before we got there, and we spotted them waddling down a small gravel slope. They were hard to see in the deepening dusk, but the movement of weeds and small shrubs let us know where they were. We carefully stepped over rocks and shrubs to scoop up chicks and deposit them into our cloth bags. This

early in the evening, with only a few chicks jumping, there was no need to wait for new arrivals on their way from cliff to seawall, so once I had a chick in one of my bags, I headed back to the banding station.

The cotton bags we used for transport are perfect for carrying birds: the breathable fabric, continuous support on all sides, and relative darkness inside the bag make a safer and more relaxed environment for transporting a small bird. We waited at the banding station for the few minutes it took to weigh, measure, and band the chicks, then carried them back to the approximate location where we had found them so they wouldn't be too disoriented. We placed them on top of or at the edge of the seawall, and they jumped down to the water to find their parents.

The murre chicks' departure from the breeding cliffs each year (called "Lummensprung," or "murre jump") lasts a few weeks, and those working with the chicks know what to expect from those nights. Early in the evening, only a few chicks jump: ideally, they wait until it is dark enough that seagulls can't spot them. Besides being menaces to tourists (a vacationer once told me, aghast, that his family had been eating breakfast on their balcony when a herring gull swooped in and carried off an entire stick of butter in its beak), European herring gulls don't say no to a late-night snack in the form of a fat chick. Jumping under cover of dusk or darkness protects many chicks from falling prey to the gulls. Later in the evening, more and more jump, until activity wanes around 11 pm or so. That evening was no different, and we started to pack up around 1:00 or 1:30 am.

A week later, I was back at the base of the cliff. It was still relatively early in the evening, but the number of murres jumping each night was steadily decreasing, and this night promised to follow the trend. With so little to do, even the head of the Institute of Avian Research, who oversaw and did much of the banding himself, took a walk along the cliffs, leaving the banding station unattended for a few minutes. I had just positioned myself in the mouth of one of the maintenance tunnels in the cliffs, the place we were told to wait because of the ever-present risk of falling rocks or landslides, and was gazing out at the deepening pink and orange of the sunset when something hit the ground a few yards away from me with a smack. Even after having heard it a few times before, the sound was jarring, like a bag of wet sand falling from a



great height. But the murre chick clambered to its feet, shook itself, and started waddling towards the water. I stepped out, cutting off the route to the ocean, which the chick took as an invitation to dart into the tunnel I had just left, waddling at surprising speed into the darkness.

With the help of my headlamp, I chased after it until it ducked under a small rock outcrop and hid. Carefully pulling it out, I scooped it up into my cloth bag. It chirped, calling to its parents, but stopped wriggling around as it calmed down. Finding the banding station temporarily abandoned, I sat down to wait. I opened the bag, letting the chick poke its head out. Eyeing me critically, it stepped out of the fabric and stood up in my lap. Perhaps the prevailing smell of the bird dung that coated every rock beneath the cliffs and penetrated every article of clothing we wore while banding murres reminded the chick of home. Still chirping intermittently to locate its parents, the murre tolerated my stroking of its downy feathers. After a few moments, it seemed to decide I wasn't a threat, and burrowed into the crook of my arm.

Hatched on narrow ledges of rock, murre chicks instinctively know to face the wall of the cliff so that their parents can sit on or over them, shielding them from predators and harsh weather. The warm, dark pocket of the crook of my arm must have felt much like the space between parent and rock that the chick had enjoyed up on the cliff just a few hours earlier. Even after being banded and weighed, this small chick seemed reluctant to leave my side. Many chicks, once placed on the ground or on top of the seawall, will run towards the water, leaping off the last ledge and plummeting into the water to find their parents. Some stay at the edge for a few minutes, locating their parents by sound, before jumping. This little one, however, stayed at my feet, calling for its parents and moving as I did. If I backed up, so did it, and if I moved to the side, it followed. If I crouched down, it took shelter

under my bent knee, and even when I pushed it as far as I could without forcing it off the ledge, it chirped indignantly and tried to climb over my hand back towards me.

Eventually, with the night darkening and fewer and fewer murres jumping, we had to pack up. Knowing the chick's parent would find it once in the water, I scooped up the small bird, said goodbye, and tossed it into a nice patch of calm, deep water. Airborne, the chick's instincts kicked in; small wings flapping, feet spread wide and stretched back, it dived once it hit the water, resurfacing a few yards away and paddling off to meet one of its parents.

Over the next few months, that chick would presumably travel north to spend the winter off the coast of Norway, being fed by its parent at the surface until it could hunt for itself. In ten weeks, it would be able to fly. In two to four years, it might reappear at the cliffs of Helgoland, find a mate, and claim its own brooding spot. There, a new chick might hatch, grow, and eventually have to brave the "Lummensprung" itself.

Anna Karapin-Springorum is a sophomore at Mount Holyoke College, where she is majoring in biology with a minor in geology.

I Need Eighteen

by Sanford Sorkin
July 22, 2020

In 2008 I officially became a birder. I had my new camera and started recording sightings on eBird. It was a year when I was still teaching at Temple University and shared an office with an accomplished software engineer and, coincidentally, an equally accomplished photographer. The confluence of admiring his work and my inability to remember birds well enough to look for them in field guides in the evening after a long hike convinced me that bird photography was a necessity. With my camera, I could take a picture and identify it at my leisure.

My introduction to Cornell's eBird database was also in 2008. For years, I simply made notes in field guides and never really cared to know the total number of observed species. In essence, I thought being a lister was silly and maybe even pretentious until I read about how eBird used the information. But the reality of eBird is that once you use it, you are a lister. Possibly a de facto lister, but undeniably a lister.

January 27, 2008, one day before my 40th wedding anniversary, I visited DeKorte Park in the New Jersey Meadowlands. I have no recollection of the weather, but eBird tells me that the first bird I saw was a Canada goose. Followed by mute swans, mallards, canvasbacks, and ruddy ducks. Thus, I now had the first five birds on my eBird list.

During June 2008, we vacationed in Aspen, Colorado, and I reached the 100 species milestone with a broad-tailed hummingbird. The broad-tailed hummingbird wants to be photographed. Unlike the silent hummingbirds that just show up whether you are ready with the camera or not, the broad-tailed announces itself with a trill that can be heard moments before it finds the flowers next to you. You can comfortably relax on your deck and only move when the bird says it is on the way.

Species number 200 was almost a year away on May 20, 2009. A red-shouldered hawk in the Jay B. Starkey Wilderness Park was sitting on the back of a rather large turtle. Being completely unsure of what to do, he just stood on the turtle's back and dodged the blue-gray gnatcatchers swooping in front of his face. The gnatcatchers eventually realized they were getting nowhere with the hawk and left, and the turtle never seemed to notice the bird on his back. It almost sounds like the beginning of an Aesop fable.

Number 300 was a beautiful painted bunting in Florida's Storm Water Treatment Area #5 in May of 2013. I don't remember any of the details of the day, but I still have a beautiful picture of the bird. STA-5 is 17,000 acres and just one of the many impoundments in Florida to allow phosphates to leach out of storm water before being released to flow south into the Everglades. STA-5's variety of bird species is rivaled by the huge quantities of birds. Painted buntings are exquisite, but I wish the snail kite that arrived a little later had been 300.

On my first trip to Costa Rica in January of 2014, I registered 400, a green hermit at Rancho Naturalista. Birders could watch the hummingbird feeders from the open-air dining area, or from a balcony above it. In my case I had both of those options, plus my own private balcony. I had requested a single room, and the only available room was the honeymoon suite that had its own private balcony with an even more expansive view than the other locations.

I also recorded 500, 600, and 700 in 2014. Number 500 was a least flycatcher at a Research and Education Center in Costa Rica. 600 was across the ocean with a reed bunting on the Staines Moor outside of London, England. 700 was back to South America, and a sulfury flycatcher in the Nariva Swamp on the eastern side of Trinidad.

A brown-hooded parrot was 800 at the Esquinas Rainforest Lodge near the Pacific coast in Costa Rica a short distance north of Panama. The lodge is in a very secluded area with a large number of bird species. On the same day as the parrot observation, I saw another 70 species. The visit was in 2015.

In 2017 I hit 900 with a forest elaenia in Trinidad and Tobago on the Blanchisseuse Road near the Asa Wright Nature Center. The road leads to the top of a mountain and offers amazing views of the ocean. The next major round number was 1,000 in Arizona in 2018. The bird was a Hammond flycatcher on Mt. Lemmon.

Birding numbers are very much like stock market numbers. We pay attention whenever we cross round numbers that we perceive as boundaries or heights to be reached, and the same is true for bird life lists. There are hat and lapel pins that recognize round numbers like 100, 200, 300, etc., while all the in-between numbers are mostly ignored. My dilemma is a current count of 1,082, leaving me with an 18-bird deficit to reach the respectable round number of 1,100.

That is why I need 18 birds.

Birds in this Issue

Rick's VENT schedule through September 2022

- **February 22 - March 1, 2021** Guatemala: Birds & Art in the Highlands
- **April 20 - 28, 2021** France: Birds & Art in Provence
- **April 29 - May 9, 2021** France: Birds & Art in Burgundy
- **May 12 - 20, 2021** Poland: Birds & Art in Royal Krakow
- **July 18 - 31, 2021** Circumnavigation of the Black Sea
- **August 19 - 28, 2021** England: British Birdfair & Coastal Norfolk
- **September 8 - 17, 2021** Spain: Birds & Art in the Northwest
- **September 19 - 28, 2021** Germany: Birds & Art in Berlin & Brandenburg
- **May 12 - 20, 2022** France: Birds & Art in Provence
- **May 20 - 30, 2022** France: Birds & Art in Burgundy
- **May 30 - June 9, 2022** Germany in Spring: Birds & Art in Berlin & Brandenburg
- **September 7 - 22, 2022** Hungary & The Czech Republic: Birds & Music from Budapest to Prague

ELSE GREENSTONE ENVIRONMENTAL EDUCATOR AND HAWK MIGRATION AUTHORITY

Else Nielsen Magagnato Greenstone, 73, an environmental educator and authority on the migration of hawks and eagles, died yesterday after a long illness. She made significant contributions to migration studies during her 35 years as a volunteer with the New Jersey Audubon Society, and was responsible for teaching conservation and raptor biology to thousands of school children and countless other visitors to the Montclair Hawk Watch. She was one of the first women in the United States to conduct hawk migration counts.

Her extraordinary life reads like a fairy tale. Orphaned at the age of 18 in her native Copenhagen, Denmark, she fell in love with Venice during a trip with girlfriends and moved there in 1967. Not knowing the language or anyone there, Else was able to find work at the Danish Consulate and also with an Italian family, where she cared for three sisters. Her Italian "parents," the late Bruno and Gianna Magagnato (101), adopted her into their family.

She met her husband Wayne, when the train they were traveling in derailed near Nuremberg, Germany. They wed a year later under the Barnegat Lighthouse, and she passed away on their 48th wedding anniversary.

Always a lover of nature and birds, but without any formal training, a visit to New Jersey Audubon's Montclair Hawk Watch in 1981-on a day when over 10,000 broad-winged hawks were observed-led to a lifetime devoted to studying birds of prey and teaching about their migration and conservation. Many of the interns who worked under her mentorship went on to follow careers in biology and ornithology.

One of her often-cited observations exemplifies Else's spirit:

> *One need only look at a child's face beaming at the sight of a soaring bald eagle or the glorious colors of an American kestrel to realize that while the count itself is important, it is the shared experience of the beauty of these birds and the mystery of migration that is at the core of the Montclair Hawk Watch. While sharing in the quest of the autumnal wingspan, we reach out for an increased knowledge and a growing awareness of the plight of the birds of prey . . .*

For 35 years, she spent nearly every day observing and recording the migration of hawks during fall and spring in the skies over Montclair. Else and her husband Wayne, a retired environmental attorney, traveled to many parts of the globe to observe migration, including southern Spain, Sweden and Denmark, Hawk Mountain Sanctuary in Pennsylvania, Cape May, and five trips to the Rio de Rapaces project in Vera Cruz, Mexico, site of the largest raptor migration in the Western Hemisphere.

In addition to her work at the Montclair Hawk Watch, Else served as President of the Montclair Bird Club. Her work in conservation and raptor education has been recognized and honored by

the Hawk Migration Association of North America, New Jersey Audubon, and the Montclair Bird Club.

She leaves behind her husband, Wayne, of Cranford; nephews John Nielsen and Frank Castella and their families, of Denmark; sisters Lucia and Roberta Magagnato of Mestre-Venice, Italy, and their families; brothers-in-law Sam Greenstone, of Woodland Hills, California, and Jay Greenstone, of Livingston, New Jersey, and their families; and sisters Susan Schell, of Ohio, Joan Castine and Barbara Schwartz, of Florida, and their families.

Donations to honor Else can be made to the New Jersey Audubon Society in support of the Montclair Hawk Watch and raptor conservation and education.

Montclair Hawk Watch 2011

Montclair Hawk Watch 2012

Evan Cutler Remembers Else

My nearly lifelong obsession with birds began in fourth grade. My mom nurtured my newfound hobby, driving me to the Deserted Village in Watchung Reservation each and every Saturday morning for the weekly Summit Nature Club bird walk led by the legendary ornithologist Oscar Norloff. I appreciated my mom for sacrificing her Saturday mornings for my quirky hobby. And then, just a few years later, when I was home from college for fall break, I wanted to return the favor, and invited my mom on a birding excursion. I chose a place about 30 minutes north of Springfield called the Montclair Hawk Watch.

From the moment we arrived, I was in heaven-surrounded by like-minded folks all there for one reason: to watch raptors. That day I met a lovely woman named Else Greenstone and her husband, Wayne. They lived near us in Cranford, but schlepped each day to Montclair to oversee the nation's second-oldest continuous hawk count. She made me and my mom feel so welcome, and it felt like everyone there was like one big family.

Fast forward to the fall of 2004. Patti and I finally made the move to the suburbs, and wouldn't you know it, bought a house less than a mile (as the crow flies) from the Montclair Hawk Lookout. And yes, Else and Wayne were there on the platform the first day I visited (before we even closed on the house). Over the next 15-plus years, I spent countless hours on that platform. I helped coordinate field trips from the Montclair elementary schools to the hawk watch every fall--and was touched by the thank you letters each student would write to Else thanking her for such a special morning. A few years ago, Else's health took a turn and she was no longer able to make it to the top of the platform. Nevertheless, she'd still come by to say hello near the entrance on Old Quarry Road. And I'd often run into her and Wayne at places like the Great Swamp or Eagle Rock Reservation, where it was easier for them to bird.

Today we got word that Else passed away. Out of all the birders I've ever met, she was by far the kindest, warmest, and most welcoming person I ever had the pleasure to spend time with. And she was a terrific birder. As well as a great hugger. Generations of Montclair students (including ours) learned to appreciate raptors thanks to her-and I've met many parents who now bring their kids up to the hawk watch, sharing with me memories of when they first visited and met Else. She was so good at making everyone on that platform feel welcome, and so many of us up there are now good friends thanks to her and Wayne. The hawk watch opens back up in just a couple of weeks, and when we unlock the gate and climb those steps to the top of that special place, we'll do so knowing the world is a much better place thanks to Else.


EXIT

The MBC Bulletin Bird

Broadwing

The Broadwing is published five times a year: January, March, May, late summer, and October. Or more often if there is a pandemic.

Send photos, field notes, or articles to the editor at oguss.editor@gmail.com or mail to Elizabeth Oguss, 200 Valley Road, Montclair, NJ 07042. Thanks!

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From the Desk of the Very Temporary Editor:

Please feel free to e-mail me with any items you would like included in future issues of the Broadwing. Please include pictures and any other news that will reduce anxiety and make us smile.

MontclairBirdClub100@gmail.com

Montclair Bird Club
Officers for 2019-20

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Vice President..... Jim McGregor
Treasurer ..... Donna Traylor
Recording Secretary ..... Pat Sanders

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