

The Broadwing



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November 2021

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Message from the Editor November 2021

Dear Members,

I'm only familiar with the history of the Montclair Bird Club for the last 10 years, but if I am right, our current membership is the largest it has ever been, with over 100 members. It seems an appropriate number for a club that has been in Montclair for over 100 years. If we add our community of friends to our membership total, we reach over 300 birders every month with quizzes, virtual bird walks, in-person walks, and monthly meetings with guest speakers.

Sandy Sorkin

Next meeting: Wednesday, November 10
Virtual Bird Walk: Thursday, November 18

Baseball Birds



November Virtual Bird Walk

The theme of the November Virtual Bird Walk is **Birds in Winter**. A fluffed-up bird or a little snow in the picture definitely makes it a winter bird. “Winter” in the name works as well. Once again, you get to interpret the theme.

Participants will be able to share their screens or email their pictures for inclusion in a group PowerPoint. Emails should be sent at least three days before the meeting to MontclairBirdClub100@gmail.com.

Sandy

Recent Montclair Bird Club Meetings

| | |
|-----------------|---|
| May 2020: | An Online Quiz, with Rick Wright. |
| June 2020: | A Walk on Pipeline Road, by Sandy Sorkin. |
| July 2020: | The Real James Bond, by Jim Wright. |
| August 2020: | An Online Quiz, with Rick Wright. |
| September 2020: | Manakins and Microbes, by Jeniffer Houtz. |
| October 2020: | The Bizarre Breeding Behaviors of Tropical Cuckoos, by Christine Riehl. |
| November 2020: | Dispersal in Young Peregrine Falcons, by Elise Morton. |
| December 2020: | An MBC Story Slam, by Pamela Olsen. |
| January 2021: | Modern-Day Exploration in the Tropics, by Dan Lane. |
| February 2021: | Winter Raptors, by Giselle Smisko. |
| March 2021: | Damselflies and Dragonflies: the Other White Meat, by George Nixon. |
| April 2021: | Wolf Natural History and Tourism in Yellowstone, by Paul Brown. |
| May 2021: | Sandhills and Saw-whets, by Matthew Schuler. |
| June 2021: | Magnificent Namibia, by Linda Woodbury. |
| September 2021: | Raptors, by Wayne Greenstone. |
| October 2021: | Watershed, by Hazel England. |
| November 2021: | Build-a-Bird, by Rick Wright |

| Classifieds Help Wanted | Classifieds Help Wanted |
|--|---|
| <p>Refreshments (1 response)</p> <p>Whether you like to bake cookies and brownies or prefer to buy them, we are looking for individuals to be responsible for refreshments when we return to in-person meetings. A résumé is not required, but a cookie would clinch the job for you.</p> <p>Apply with an email to MontclairBirdClub100@gmail.com.</p> | <p>Field Trip Coordinator</p> <p>If you have ever been outdoors, you know how rewarding a field trip can be. The club is actively promoting field trips, and we need someone to manage registrations, schedule and promote outings, and recruit field trip leaders. The coordinator will also announce field trips at each bird club meeting. This position does not require the coordinator to wear camouflage or an enormous hat.</p> <p>Apply with an email and some ideas to MontclairBirdClub100@gmail.com.</p> |
| <p>Writer (1 response)</p> <p>The Broadwing, a publication of the Montclair Bird Club (the PDF you are reading right now), is looking for talented writers to contribute nature-related articles for publication. If you do not feel that you have the talent, but are certain you have the enthusiasm, then you are absolutely qualified for the job. The pay is abysmal, but you do get a byline. This can be a full-time or part-time position. Apply with an email to MontclairBirdClub100@gmail.com.</p> | <p>Scholarships, Awards, and Contests Committee Chair</p> <p>This position coordinates the club's community outreach programs. The chair will be responsible for contacting schools and working with faculty members to promote essay contests, develop program RFPs, and find students to present lectures to the club.</p> <p>Apply with an email to MontclairBirdClub100@gmail.com.</p> |
| <p>Membership Committee Chair</p> <p>Are you ready to chair your own committee? You get to make the rules and recruit volunteers. The club is in need of an individual to be responsible for recruiting new members, communicating with current members, fussing with dues, and creating status reports for the Executive Board. Some experience with email, telephones, and talking probably qualifies you for this position.</p> <p>Apply with an email to MontclairBirdClub100@gmail.com.</p> | <p>Volunteers (1 response)</p> <p>We have numerous openings for club members who want to collaborate with committee chairs to get things done. Not being a chair allows you to do your job without the anxiety of being in charge. Surprisingly, though, the salary is the same as the chair's. Everyone can help, and all members are encouraged to identify rewarding areas for their participation. Apply with an email to MontclairBirdClub100@gmail.com.</p> |

September Chimney Swifts

Sandy's [Chimney Swift Video](#).

Coverage of the event in the [Montclair Local](#).

FIELD TRIPS

Clarks Pond, Saturday, October 9, 2021—7:06am, 2 hours, 25 minutes, 14 people

This bird walk was a bit different from what I had expected. Fourteen club members met in the morning at the south end of Clark's Pond. The paths through the park are still marred by the flash floods of Hurricane Ida, and it is almost impossible to tell if the damage had a serious impact on our birding. Seeing 26 bird species on a cool, cloudy morning is a reasonable total. Another benefit of the walk was meeting five new club members in person for the first time.

-Sandy

| # | Species | # | Species |
|----|-----------------------------------|----|--------------------------------|
| 55 | Canada goose | 20 | Crow sp. |
| 3 | Wood duck | 1 | White-breasted nuthatch |
| 3 | Mallard | 1 | Carolina wren |
| 9 | Mourning dove | 15 | European starling |
| 2 | Great blue heron | 1 | Gray catbird |
| 1 | Sharp-shinned hawk | 1 | Northern mockingbird |
| 2 | Red-bellied woodpecker | 35 | American robin |
| 1 | Downy woodpecker | 25 | Cedar waxwing |
| 1 | Hairy woodpecker | 5 | House sparrow |
| 4 | Northern flicker (yellow shafted) | 1 | Common grackle |
| 2 | American kestrel | 1 | Blackpoll warbler |
| 12 | Blue jays | 20 | Yellow-rumped warbler (Myrtle) |
| 2 | American crow | 1 | Northern cardinal |

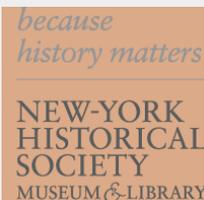
Fred Goode Photography Lecture

The club wants to thank Fred, one of our newest members, for hosting a photography discussion in October. The lecture was timely as more people are demonstrating an interest in combining bird watching with photography. Fred's insights were helpful as photographers at all levels of expertise and experience determine how to manage the new camera technology introduced every month. He also discussed the camera settings so many struggle with in the field as birds move from the bright sky to shaded tree limbs.

Proposal Guidelines for the Frances M. Peacock Scholarship Garden Club of America

The Frances M. Peacock Scholarship for Native Bird Habitat was created by the late Frances M. Peacock “to provide financial aid to an advanced student (college senior or graduate student) to study areas in the United States that provide winter or summer habitat for our threatened and endangered native birds.” For the purpose of this award, we consider “threatened” all birds that are experiencing marked population declines, ranked as of “special concern,” or are otherwise deemed at risk. Projects funded by this award must be conducted within the political boundaries of the United States, including Puerto Rico, Guam, etc. The award will be given annually by the Garden Club of America and administered by the Cornell Lab of Ornithology. This scholarship will fund one or more recipients up to \$4,500. The scholarship will be paid directly to the awardee. Proposals will be judged upon the significance of the research project, prior accomplishments of the awardee, and the appropriateness of the research topic as it relates to the criteria of the Scholarship.

Visit [Peacock Guidelines](#) for complete details.



Audubon Birds of America Krystyna Doerfler Focus Gallery

Did you know that the New-York Historical Society houses the world's largest collection of Auduboniana? One of the great American artist-naturalists, John James Audubon (1785–1851) was the legendary *rara avis* who created the landmark *Birds of America* (1827–38). Experience highlights from Audubon’s spectacular watercolor models for the 435 plates of *The Birds of America* with their corresponding plates from the double elephant folio series, engraved by Robert Havell, Jr. This intimate gallery—the only place in the world where one can see the artist's watercolor model, the Havell plate, and the reduced octavo edition exhibited together—features a bimonthly rotation that highlights a single species at a time. Each rotation also includes other watercolors and Auduboniana to showcase the artist’s creative process and his contributions to ornithological illustration. Curated by Roberta J. M. Olson, curator of drawings emerita.

For more information: [NY Historical Society](#).

Verona Park

Stefanie Shapiro

Every day, my son and I go for a long, ambling walk in Verona Park. Caleb—whose sobriquet is Cale, pronounced like the dark green leafy vegetable—likes to listen to an audiobook (the Wings of Fire series is his current obsession), and I like to read an actual book (most recently the Walt Whitman biography by Paul Zweig): the feel of its weight in my hands, the turning of the pages, that new-book smell or, in this case, that oft-read, many-hands-have-touched-it-library-used-book smell are exhilarating. I walk and read. People find this amusing and acrobatic. I find it efficient. I like to do both—walk and read—so why not combine the two? I'm not really a person who enjoys sitting for too long, and after years of practice, I have mastered the ability to walk and read. A man in the park commented once, as folks are wont to do; he told me that he was a soccer coach and that he should have his athletes do this as part of their daily practice. It's good to learn balance. Alas, I am normally not a good multi-tasker, physically or mentally. This doesn't upset me in the slightest, as research shows that humans are not supposed to be good at managing chaos in multiple realms at the same time. Entropy is always working against us.

There are a multitude of exciting events and people that we meet daily at the park. It is a routine, our walk in the park. It came about from necessity—the pandemic curtailed our ability to venture much of anywhere, and the park is right across the street from our house. It is a gorgeous park in Verona, New Jersey—a huge lake with a fountain sits in the middle of a verdant landscape. It was designed by Olmsted Brothers, the same architects who planned Anderson Park in Montclair and Brookdale Park in Bloomfield; the brothers' father, Frederick Law Olmsted, designed Central Park in New York City and the Arnold Arboretum in

Boston. There are so many birds to see—warblers, cormorants, egrets, great blue herons, night-herons, Canada geese, red-winged blackbirds, robins, kinglets, grackles, sparrows, European starlings; the list goes on. Caleb is ridiculously attentive to his environs; I'd like to think that is a positive genetic trait inherited from me. He always spots the birds: in the trees, by the water's edge, or soaring overhead. Often, he will just point, so absorbed in his audiobook or his hand play—his hands zooming this way and that, jiving, fast, slow, rhythmically, violently, fingers independently moving, gliding at times, just like the birds, and often with accompanying noises and sounds that would make a vocal percussionist proud. It's my job to figure out why he is pointing and at what. He is in his own world at these times; he's lucidly created a landscape in his mind, the real objects surrounding him



mere props to be shot at, hit, witnessed, and used for his own edification, his own entertainment.

There are so many people to meet—random encounters that, surprisingly, serve to reinvigorate my faith in humanity. Maybe it is the fresh air, the escape from the confines of the house, where it is always too loud, from too much stimulation, too much noise that zaps my patience and my verve. Being outside, surrounded by nature, is a welcome reprieve. The folks we see are usually

regulars—we all have the same routine, to walk around the park at the same time every day. Some of these folks we have taken to



greeting, a nod in their direction, a brief hello, how are you, gorgeous day—it's comforting to see the same people every day, even though they are strangers, and our interactions are minimal or non-existent.

My son is viciously observant—he is young, so his loudly spoken pronouncements are still acceptable—his thoughts honest and invariably wise. Every now and again, Caleb will ask, in a respectful whisper which never fails to impress me—a display of empathy, I still hope—“Mama, does that person have special needs?” He knows he does too. I respond with what I believe and want to be the truth, not just some condescending platitude I vocalize to make it all easier . . . for me: “Perhaps. And remember, lovey, that—in our own ways—we all have special needs.”

We have taken to strolling in the evenings. When dusk is settling down on the day, we stroll. As day turns to night, we stroll. We sometimes walk hand in hand. The quietude, the sounds of silence, of nature—we hear the crickets chirping, the wind whistling, and we stroll together. It is my favorite time with my son, when we can connect in nature and in silence. I am a person who needs and enjoys the solitude; I am a solitary. I barely get that opportunity for aloneness—I am with people most of the day, with my son, specifically, practically all day every day. There is no respite, and it is trying, it wears me down.

Evening strolls in the park, especially, are life-affirming, they provide me with a reprieve I desperately require. I fear, often, that my relationship with my son is fraught with discord and anger; walking with him in the drawn curtain of time, in the park—a landscape replete with good memories—in the autumn aura filled with crisp air, cool winds, and colorful leaves, life feels good—a balm for the onslaught of an entropy-filled day. I feel a positive, calm connection with my son that I rarely feel during the days. They are trying days. Days that attempt to be something other than what they are.

One day at the park, the squirrels started following us. Past the circle I often walk while my son sits contentedly on the perimeter, on the newly painted green bench, eating his lunch, playing with branches, turning them into swords and guns and whips. Listening to his audiobook. Contented. Sitting—a rare activity for my son. They followed us past the circle of harmony, down the long, winding path bordered by an abbreviated forest, where my son enjoys using the nature-made fort of fallen leaves, twigs, and branches. They were following us because they know they are much smarter than even I, a self-professed animal advocate, believed them to be. They know that we are the humans who feed them lots and lots of peanuts—almost every day. This day, we didn't linger at our usual stop, the circle of harmony, their favorite feeding place. My son wasn't having a snack that day; we were prisoners to a schedule and needed to rush back home. We were fast-walking this day. Fortunately, the squirrels do not know about time, agendas, and schedules. They spend their days frolicking, eating, sleeping, and looking for humans to feed them. We are



those humans. Sometimes I think we shouldn't do it—I don't like interfering with nature. Domesticated squirrels seem odd, wrong. My son often asks if we can have a squirrel or a chipmunk as a pet. This makes me uncomfortable.

My son's love for animals and nature is matched only by his adoration of watching gamers play video games online. I find this amusingly profound. He prefers observing even to playing; perhaps because this prevents failure, it provides him a safety net, no opportunity for mistakes. For a boy whose ability to manage his emotional regulation remains undeveloped, obscured, even at eight years old, this distinction becomes paramount.



These chunky squirrels live in the knotted branches of a crabapple tree. My son sits on the bench directly next to it and feeds them. Over time, the squirrels have become more trusting and, consequently, more aggressive. They climb onto the bench where he rests and go directly into the bag to grab the peanuts. They will also take peanuts directly from my son's hand—I have mixed emotions about this, but the joy I see in my son's face when this happens supersedes the trepidation and wariness. One day, we didn't stop to feed



them, they saw us, they knew we were those humans, and so they did the most sensical squirrel thing to do—they followed us, spirits high that they would be able to pick up some peanuts along the way. *Maybe we forgot them*—they were hopeful.

We have taken to dropping peanuts on the concrete walkway to expedite the process for them. This seems more fitting anyway. A concrete walkway in the middle of grass and land is a reminder of the human touch upon nature, our intrusion. Feeding squirrels peanuts feels the same—it is not natural, they are well versed in discovering their own food, the plethora of acorns peppering the ground, for example. They do not need us. Yet there is delight in the blurring of boundaries, in the transformation, the metamorphosis (however unnatural) of what is to what it can be. They do not need us, yet they are so joyful for our interruption, a disruption laced with tasty treats, an intermission in their mundane day.

There are so many joys in life—lately, it is these mundane adventures that have been most significant, substantive. The oxymoron is not lost on me, it is intentional—the recognition that everyday activities reveal gems to be excavated, mini-adventures, daily delights. When we are primed to look for the delights, for the interactions, for the experiences, for the adventures nature and life constantly offer us, we discover unexpected treasures. My biggest daily delight is that walk of silence and tranquility with my son in the evening, perhaps with the squirrels following us, when the sun has taken leave for the day—its trusting delayed wink letting us know that it is only gone for a bit, closed for an eternal moment, but will reappear again tomorrow, to greet us, open-eyed and cheery, life giving, life affirming, to give us another chance at the day—holding his only slightly smaller than mine hand, feeling it move, fidget (as it always does), and then feeling it go still . . . just for a moment.

In the Rockies—Part 1

Sandy Sorkin

I acknowledge that Colorado is a big place. For years, my wife and I summered in Aspen, leading to the erroneous impression that the whole state looks like Aspen with its forested mountains, streams, and trails. Summer in the mountains probably sounds crazy to skiers, and to compound the craziness, I've never been there on a day when you could ski. Summer allows me to appreciate the trees, birds, butterflies, and fields of flowers. Our condo was at 8,100 feet, slightly higher on the hill than the base of the ski lift. Our view to the south was the ski slope, with brush and trees in the distance. The view to the east was the best. You routinely saw ravens, Steller jays, black-headed grosbeaks, red-naped sapsuckers, hummingbirds, bears, coyotes, and foxes. I enjoyed the mountainous landscapes, and never gave a thought to the relatively flat grasslands in the northeast corner of the state.



Colorado is also a great place to try becoming a nature photographer, and it presents interesting photo choices. One option is to sit on your deck and wait for the birds to come to you. While you wait, a fox may become curious and sit in front of you or just bask in a small sunlit patch of grass, or a bear might just walk by your front door. More likely than a bear, a coyote may stroll down one of many narrow paths across the mountain face, going somewhere in search of food. Another choice is to

visit any of the flower beds around town with morning coffee and watch the green-tailed towhees, house finches, magpies, and hummingbirds. The third and possibly best option is to hike any one of the dozens of trails leading in all directions from town.

While all these options can be productive for the average birdwatcher, I had the added benefit of a wife who wore a bright green bathrobe with a magenta collar while we had our morning coffee on the deck. The color combination confused every hummingbird in the area, who thought they had just discovered the largest flower in the world. Hovering within inches of her face, they studied her nose and ears while she sat on the deck trying to read. Later, when we went indoors, a few hummingbirds would hover



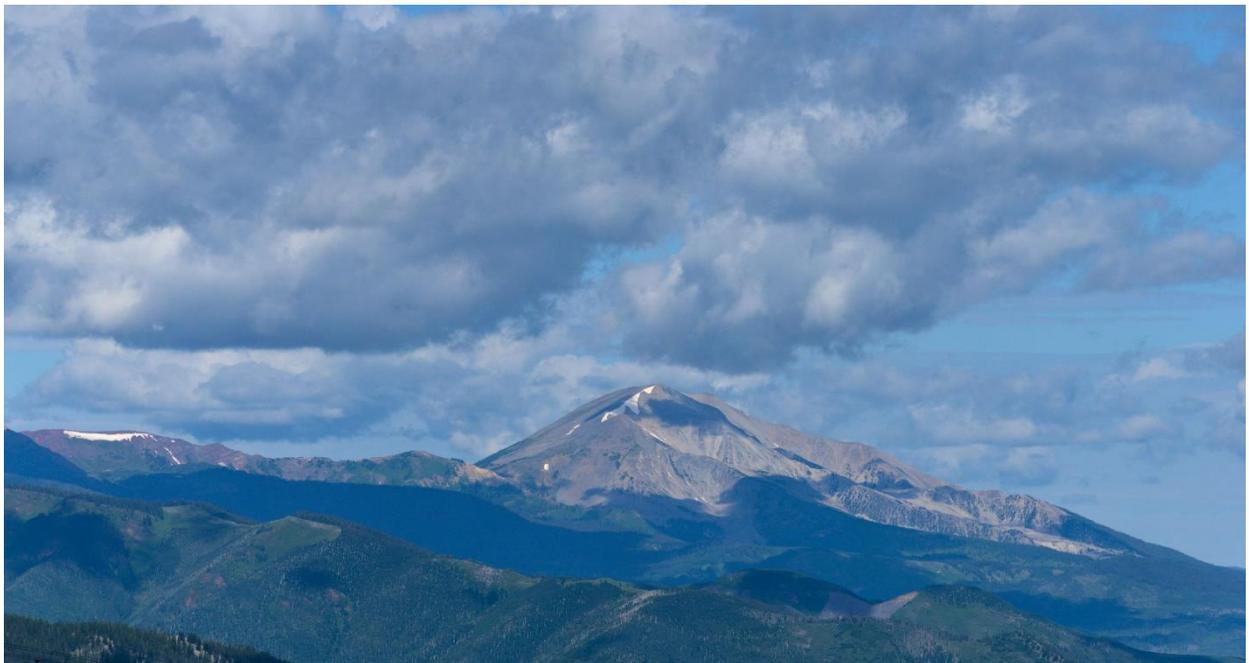
outside the large picture window staring at her. The persistence of the hummingbirds was incredible.



The deck also offered a wonderful view of a raven family that thought Ski Lift One was built for their amusement. My favorite raven was extremely curious about my camera lens. Usually this allows for some great shots, but this bird flew toward me quite rapidly, making focusing impossible. The raven flew a few feet over my head and landed on the edge of the roof and just looked down at me, or possibly the camera. His decision to perch at least gave me a chance to focus and snap a shot.

It was hard to concentrate on reading or crossword puzzles on the deck. The broad-tailed hummingbird route included the flower baskets on the deck, and the sky was frequently filled with violet-green swallows thankful there was no shortage of insects.

These were the scenes and experiences I expected to relive on my September visit to Colorado, but I'll address that next month.



Mount Sopris as seen from the top of Aspen Mountain

Not Watching Hawks at the Hawkwatch

Evan Cutler

Here's a revelation that will surprise no one who's ever worked as a hawk counter: Counting hawks can be really boring. While hawk counters like me live for those incredible moments when the sheer volume of raptors is so massive you need a hand clicker to keep track of the rushing stream of birds, unless you're fortunate enough to be stationed in south Texas or Mexico, moments like those can be few and far between. On some days, the human visitors to the hawk platform actually outnumber the hawks. Thank goodness there's more to counting hawks than just counting hawks. In fact, when we look back at some of our most memorable hawk counting moments, often raptors don't even enter into the equation.

As a volunteer hawk counter at the Montclair Hawk Lookout, much of my time up on the platform involves filling in for the New Jersey Audubon official hawk counter on weekends—which is often the busiest time up there. The platform is high above an old quarry. Looking north, we face the opposite side of the quarry—Mills Reservation—which happens to be the site of the spring hawk watch. It's also a very popular spot for hikers and for folks who just enjoy the spectacular view of New York City. A few seasons ago, four young adults were enjoying a picnic together near the edge of the cliff. From across the quarry, I heard a scream. One of the picnickers had apparently dropped her iPhone while taking a group selfie. It had fallen about 20 feet, landing on a small rock ledge below. The owner of the phone wasted no time and bravely began shimmying her way down the cliff. One slip and she would most probably fall to her death. Meanwhile, we were watching this all transpire through our binoculars, and began shouting at her to stop. Fortunately, she took our advice and quickly gave up. Or so we thought. Ten minutes later, we saw her looking up from the bottom of the cliff, trying to figure out how to climb *up*. Even the most experienced climber would struggle to get up the sheer rock face of that 80-foot-plus mountain face. Not that she didn't try. She managed to make it about five feet before finally giving up. Or so we thought.



Twenty minutes later, we watched as she returned to her friends—this time with a rope. She proceeded to tie the thick yellow rope tightly around the chest of one of her friends—just under his armpits. He seemed like the most athletic of the four, and was now tasked with the dangerous job of being lowered down the side of the cliff as his three friends held onto the other end of the rope—just in case he slipped. And if he did fall, he would most likely take all three of his friends down with him. We held our breaths as he slowly rappelled down the cliff until he was able to reach his friend's phone. He picked it up and hollered, letting them know the phone was miraculously undamaged. And just to prove his point, he smiled for the camera and took a selfie.

While this season’s official Montclair hawk counter has yet to witness any brushes with death, Cliff Bernzweig has seen his fair share of bizarre moments. The incredible broad-winged hawk flight, which put Montclair on the raptor map, apparently passed well north of the platform this fall. But Bernzweig was witness to a different sort of huge flight—in the form of dragonflies. On one exceptionally warm mid-September day, thousands upon thousands of common green darners filled the Montclair skies. “I counted 9000-plus, but there were probably closer to 20,000,” recalls Bernzweig. Which raises the question, how do you go about counting that many flying insects? “Each hour I would scan the skies for one minute and count, and then multiply by 60 to get the count for the hour. Kestrels were migrating that day as well and were picking them off on the fly.” Though little is known about the migratory behavior of green darners, recent studies have shown that millions of these insects make the annual trek all the way from Canada to Mexico and the West Indies—an incredible distance for such a small creature. Which makes that wild day in September all the more spectacular. “There were other species of dragonflies in the air, but for some reason that day happened to be Green Darner Day.”

Bernzweig’s dragonfly big day is just the tip of the iceberg. Over the years, I’ve had the pleasure of becoming friends with many hawk counters in the area. Here are just a few of their memorable non-hawk recollections.

Stephanie Seymour oversees the Purple Chickadee hawkwatch from her yard in Ringwood, New Jersey, in Passaic County near the Wanaque Reservoir.

In May of 2019, we had a massive push of blue jays coming back from the wintering grounds. Many had moved south the previous fall, an irruption year. I have a great southern view from my driveway for hawkwatching, which is what I was doing the morning of May 2. I noticed large groups of blue jays migrating north, and I began counting. They're my favorite bird, so it's always a pleasure to see them en masse. By that afternoon, I had totaled 917! I loved watching them land in the large tulip and oak trees in the yard to rest. After a few minutes, 30 or 40 birds would burst into the air. I had other great days, too: May 4 (825 jays), May 6 (319), May 7 (402), May 16 (117), and May 17 (273).

Alex Bernzweig is a veteran hawk counter at the Montclair Hawk Lookout.

The Montclair hawkwatch has been known to attract a fair number of strange characters. My choice for the oddest character is our infrequent visitor who comes up to the spring watch and plays the recorder. He usually spends a few minutes talking to me first, asking questions or telling me the story of his latest encounter with a bird. Then, if a bird flies by or lands in sight, he'll pull out the recorder and fire off a jumble of notes to communicate with the bird. He seems to firmly believe that the birds appreciate the conversation. I have to admit that I have never seen any evidence that it bothers them.



David Brown is currently the hawk counter at Ashland Hawkwatch in Delaware. His season at the Montclair Hawk Lookout was memorable, to say the least.



David Brown

I had many interesting experiences when I was the hawk counter at Montclair in spring 2018. The one that stands out is when I got bit by a dog while it was stealing my pizza lunch. I always enjoyed watching all of the airplanes, and once saw Air Force One fly over. Many people stand out, such as Charlee, who always finished his daily workout at the hawkwatch and would stretch and meditate at the edge of the cliff. I enjoyed seeing a yoga class from Montclair State and occasional sunbathing girls.

At other hawkwatches, I have seen people having sex, high-altitude balloons, ice fisherman falling through thawing ice and needing to be rescued, an RC airplane crashing into a tree, and government drones flying high overhead.



Alex Bernzweig



Cliff Bernzweig

Stateline Hawkwatch Meet-up, Saturday, October 23, 2021

It was a cold, overcast, damp day to be standing out on the hawkwatch but stand we did, and were rewarded with excellent looks at two bald eagles as they flew beneath us along the Hudson River. How often do you get to see a bald eagles from above?! That's one of the draws of the Stateline Hawkwatch, in Alpine, New Jersey, which sits atop the Palisades overlooking the Hudson. We also enjoyed spectacular and close looks at two perched peregrine falcons. These two are resident birds in the area who seem to enjoy the attention and often give the folks at the hawkwatch a good show. In the two hours we were there the hawk flight was slow, but we had good views of many of the birds we did see, and the scenery was magnificent.



| # | Species | # | Species |
|----|--------------------------|----|------------------------|
| 7 | Double-crested cormorant | 15 | Blue jay |
| 1 | Great blue heron | 1 | Golden-crowned kinglet |
| 70 | Turkey vulture | 12 | American robin |
| 2 | Cooper hawk | 9 | Chipping sparrow |
| 2 | Bald eagle | 4 | Song sparrow |
| 1 | American kestrel | 2 | Palm warbler |
| 1 | Merlin | 2 | Northern cardinal |
| 2 | Peregrine falcon | | |



Beni completely prepared for any weather event.

View from the Stateline Hawkwatch.

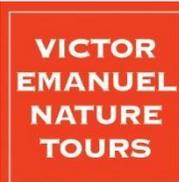




Roman theater of Arles

Upcoming VENT Tours

VentBird.com



| | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------------|---|
| Nebraska: | Cranes and Prairie-Chickens | March 15–22, 2022; March 15–22, 2023 |
| Kansas: | Shorebirds on the Prairie | April 18–4, 2022; April 17–23, 2023 |
| New Jersey: | Birding the American Revolution | May 13–20, 2023 |
| France: | Birds and Art in Provence | May 12–20, 2022; May 22–30, 2023 |
| France: | Birds and Art in Burgundy | May 20–29, 2022 |
| Germany: | Birds and Art in Berlin | May 30 – June 9, 2022; September 28 – October 7, 2023 |
| Colorado: | Summer in Estes Park | June 19–25, 2022; June 18–24, 2023 |
| Colorado: | Mountain Plover and Longspurs | June 25–28, 2022; June 24–27, 2023 |
| England: | British Bird Fair and Norfolk Coast | August 18–27, 2022 |
| Sweden: | Fall on Öland | August 28 – September 4, 2022 |
| Spain: | Birds and Art in Asturias | September 7–16, 2022 |
| South Africa: | Birds, Culture, and History | September 27 – October 4, 2022 |
| Italy: | Venice and the Po Delta | October 7–15, 2023 |
| Israel: | Birds, Culture, and History | November 3–15, 2023 |



**Triumphal arch at Glanum,
first century BCE**



**Viking ship burial
on Öland**



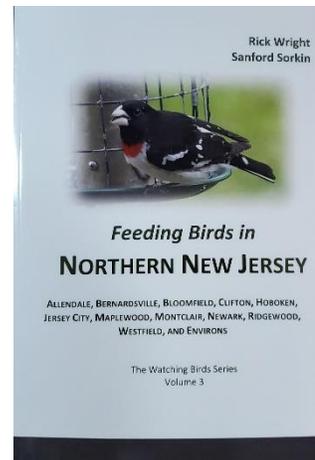
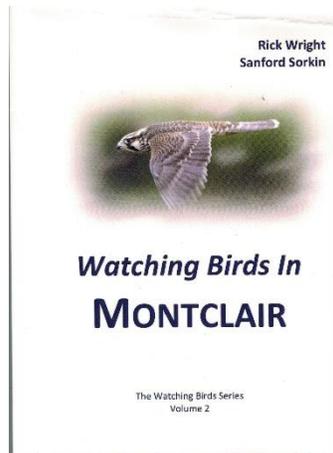
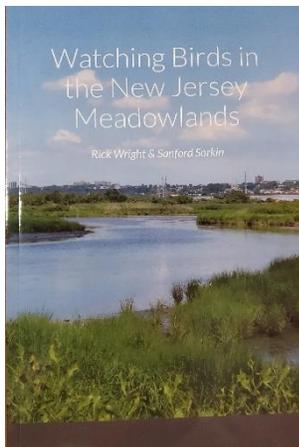
watchung booksellers

YOUR COMMUNITY BOOKSTORE

54 Fairfield Street, Watchung Plaza, Montclair, NJ 07042 Monday - Friday 10-7
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Not every community is so fortunate as to have a community bookstore. Here in Montclair and Bloomfield, Watchung Booksellers has supported our communities, and vice versa, for more than three decades. Watchung Booksellers offers a carefully selected range of literary fiction, biography, history, travel, education, poetry, the arts, and natural history, including *Watching Birds in Montclair*, *Watching Birds in the New Jersey Meadowlands*, *Feeding Birds in Northern New Jersey*, and other titles in the Custom Bird Guides series.

With over 70 combined years of bookselling experience, the staff knows how to choose challenging, nurturing, and inspiring books, and knows, too, how to value the input and advice of readers and writers in our area's thriving literary community. Watchung Booksellers further serves the community with a full schedule of events, including author presentations, poetry readings, children's story times, in-house book groups, and special programs for writers and readers of all ages. The store and its staff are fierce supporters of our community's schools and libraries among many other political, religious, and civic institutions, including the Montclair Bird Club.



SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
April 5–11, 2022
with Rick Wright

A perennial winner in the contest for Birdiest County in the US, San Diego offers the visiting birder an almost overwhelming mix of habitats, from tidal salt marsh and desert chaparral to boreal forest. Among the specialties and rarities to be sought here are the mountain quail, Allen hummingbird, Nuttall and white-headed woodpeckers, wrenit, and “the Californians”: the quail, the thrasher, the towhee, and the endangered gnatcatcher. April is also prime time for a wide variety of more common and more widespread western migrant, too. Based in a single hotel, we will drive each day to a different combination of sites--none much more than 60 miles from the San Diego airport--as we get a taste of some of the most exciting birding on the continent. Minimum of 4, maximum of 7 registrants. Participants are responsible for their own airfare, lodging expenses, and food. The non-refundable registration fee, covering vehicle rental and the volunteer leader’s expenses, is expected to be between \$700 and \$900, depending on number of participants. **Register with Sandy Sorkin, montclairbirdclub100@gmail.com, beginning December 10.**

SOUTH AFRICA: WESTERN CAPE AND KRUGER
September 27 to October 14, 2022
with Rick Wright and Patrick Cardwell

We start in Cape Town and return from Johannesburg, in between visiting sites such as West Coast National Park, the Cape of Good Hope, Kirstenbosch Botanical Garden, and Kruger National Park. We will enjoy a vast range of birdlife, from penguins to rollers to cisticolas, along with many of the large mammals that South Africa is so famous for. With visits to Robben Island, the site of Nelson Mandela's long imprisonment, and Johannesburg's Apartheid Museum, our trip also offers insight into the history and culture of this beautiful and diverse country.

Strictly limited to 12 participants plus the two leaders, this trip is open to LSNY members, members of the Montclair Bird Club, and clients of Victor Emanuel Nature Tours. For more information and to register, please email or phone Erik Lindqvist at erik@ventbird.com or (800) 328-8368.

From the Editor's Desk

Please feel free to email 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.

Sandy

MontclairBirdClub100@gmail.com

2021–2022 Montclair Bird Club Officers and Executive Board



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The MBC Bulletin Bird

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Treasurer Sandy Sorkin
Recording Secretary ... Pat Sanders

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Field Trips..... Vacant
Programs..... Donna Traylor
Publicity Wayne Greenstone
Refreshments JoAnn Katzban
Betsy Cohen

**The Broadwing Editor
and Photographer Sandy Sorkin**

THE BROADWING

The *Broadwing* is published five times a year: January, March, May, late summer, and October, but **monthly during a pandemic.**

Send photos, field notes, or articles to Sandy at MontclairBirdClub100@gmail.com.

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