

The Broadwing



Publication of the Montclair Bird Club
November 2023

Montclair, NJ
Volume LXX, Number 3

Message from the Editor November 2023

Dear Members and Friends,

This is the last Broadwing of 2023. The club does not have a meeting or Virtual Bird Walk in December. However, **Your Weekly Bird** will continue weekly through the holidays. If you have a couple of pictures and write a paragraph or two, you can be featured with a Weekly Bird.

This is the time to submit your candidates for the **MBC 2024 Bird of the Year**. The email remains the same:

MontclairBirdClub100@gmail.com.

See you in January.

Sandy

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Next club meeting: Wednesday, November 8, 2023
Virtual Bird Walk: Thursday, January 18, 2024

Wild male palm cockatoos rock out with custom drumsticks

The instruments are part of their mating display and showcase their creativity.



Male palm cockatoos woo mates with percussive musical displays featuring custom-crafted drumsticks, which they throw to the ground after each performance.

C. ZDENEK

By Elise Cutts

Like teenage Romeos toting sticker-plastered guitar cases, male palm cockatoos show that romancing a crush with a love song isn't just about music—it's also about style.

Wild palm cockatoos (*Probosciger aterrimus*) craft bespoke instruments for musical mating rituals according to their individual tastes, researchers report September 13 in *Proceedings of the Royal Society B*. Some males were drumstick devotees, others made a mix of drumsticks and seed pod instruments, and one unorthodox male marched to the beat of his own pods—he made almost no drumsticks at all. These individual touches have more to do with personal preference than with available materials, the team found, hinting that these rockin' cockatoos' mates might prize creativity or individuality.

If humans were birds, we might be something like parrots. Like us and our primate cousins, parrots have big, clever brains, complex social lives, and extended childhoods spent learning from their parents.

The full Story: *ScienceNews* palm [cockatoos](#).

Science

Stella, the Steller sea eagle, making an economic impact on bird tourism

by British Ecological Society



Credit Pixabay

When an interesting bird shows up in an unexpected place, it can be a big deal for both local economies and nature lovers alike. Southern Illinois University researchers experienced this firsthand as they studied a single Steller sea eagle making its way across North America in 2020 to 2021.

The bird dubbed "Stella" by birders, flew almost 7,000 miles from its home to Alaska. It was first spotted in August 2020 as the COVID-19 pandemic raged, making its way to Texas in March 2021, and up to eastern Canada later that same year. Stella settled in Maine and Massachusetts during the winter of 2021, drawing curious onlookers into the harsh cold. But where is Stella now? Newfoundland is reported to be the bird's latest pit stop.

Brent Pease, an assistant professor in the university's School of Forestry and Horticulture, set out to quantify how such a bizarre—but natural—occurrence affects the human-nature nexus, with his findings published in *People and Nature*.

A striking raptor with an enormous wingspan of up to 8 feet, Stella was bound to make an impression on the birdwatching community when it showed up so far from home. The Steller sea eagle's normal range includes eastern Russia, China, Korea, Japan, and some islands in the Sea of Okhotsk and the Bering Sea. However, the species population is declining, with an estimated 4,000 birds in the wild.

The full story is In Phys.org: [Stella](#)

Urban light pollution linked to smaller eyes in birds: Study.

by Washington State University

The bright lights of big cities could be causing an evolutionary adaptation for smaller eyes in some birds, a new study indicates.

Researchers found that two common songbirds, the northern cardinal and Carolina wren, that live year-round in the urban core of San Antonio, Texas, had eyes about 5% smaller than members of the same species from the less bright outskirts. Researchers found no eye-size difference for two species of migratory birds, the painted bunting and white-eyed vireo, no matter which part of the city they lived in for most of the year.

The findings, published in *Global Change Biology*, have implications for conservation efforts amid the rapid decline of bird populations across the U.S.

"This study shows that residential birds may adapt over time to urban areas, but migratory birds are not adapting, probably because where they spend the winter—they are less likely to have the same human-caused light and noise pressures. It may make it more difficult for them to adjust to city life during the breeding season," said Jennifer Phillips, a Washington State University wildlife ecologist and senior author of this paper.

The U.S. and Canada have lost 29% of their bird populations or three billion birds, since 1970, according to [previous research](#). Scientists believe that habitat fragmentation is the primary driver of the decline in birds, but the current study suggests that sensory pollutants like human-caused light may also play a role in birds' ability to cope with city life.

The entire article is at [Urban Light](#)

Migrant Trap by Æneas Faber IX

Phoebe listened intently to my account of the day's birding with Tuck, and made a note of the red-necked phalaropes at the settling ponds; she then settled back with a cookie, looked lingeringly over the shelves in what was now in her library, and sighed.

"Andy, I think I've mentioned to you that the results of my last checkup with Tuck were not entirely what one might have hoped. I was in his office again last week briefly, and it seems that not even clean living"—she raised her glass in an ironic toast—"and constant birding can make you immortal. Don't look so shocked; it apparently isn't anything acute or imminent, but to paraphrase Tuck's prognosis, the uncertainties of life are fast becoming certainties for me."

"Quite a bedside manner Tuck has."

"I have to say that I appreciate directness in a physician. Tuck doesn't talk about 'discomfort' when he means pain, he doesn't hide behind that white coat of his, and if there's something he doesn't know, he tells you. A good doctor has the same qualities as a good birder, and you know how good Tuck is in the field, how honest he is."

"He's not afraid to call a spadebill a spadebill, that's for sure. Is there something he doesn't know?"

"Unfortunately not. It seems that all of my questions have quite specific answers. His last answer—I'll let you figure out the question—was somewhere between a year and eighteen months."

"Phoebe. What can I do?"

"Well, I suppose what you can do is to keep asking over the next, say, year or eighteen months—I'm sure I'll eventually think of something, maybe several somethings. But for right now, there is one matter where I need your help. I've been talking to Bob Lenquist about what he calls 'estate planning', which essentially means how I can get rid of all this—the house, the land, the furniture—while causing a minimum of inconvenience to those poor souls I decide to burden it with. Bob is especially concerned about the club; I am too, of course. As it turns out, it was a good move to have transferred title to The Cave when I did, and Bob is working out a way, underhanded no doubt, to move some of the cash into the club account in the form of gifts over the next, say, year or eighteen months. The house is going to be more tricky, he says, but he's got the boys and girls at Lenquist, Little, and King working on setting up a separate trust or something to cover the inheritance taxes; there probably isn't enough cash to deal with the property taxes in perpetuity, though."

"Sounds like a future full of bake sales for the Averno Bird Club. Chocolate chip-note cookies, anyone? Brownie noddies? Cinnamon teal rolls?"



"Or maybe ternovers. I'm sure Bob will get something worked out. Penny told me yesterday afternoon that he'd come up with a plan to offset the eventual tax liability against the depreciation on Father's books."

"And that's where I come in, of course."

"That's where you come in. Father bought most of his books from Faber and Co. in the first place, of course, and I was hoping that you could give Bob a summary of the purchase records along with your professional appraisal of the library's current value. It would be a great favor to me, and obviously a great service to the club; and if it does come down to my having to sell the books, or I guess my estate's having to sell the books, then you'll already have a complete idea of what's there and what it's worth."

"Of course, Phoebe, of course, I'll help out however I can. But I'm not sure that 'depreciation' is quite the word I'd use to describe what's happened in this room over the last fifty years." Phoebe looked slowly around the room, and her eyes came to rest on the enormous, and enormously ugly, Boehm cassowary atop the low, flat cabinet in the corner behind me. I knew what was behind the cabinet's doors, what had always been behind those doors. How, I had wondered as a small child, had Mr. Miller managed to get not just one, but two elephants into that polished cupboard?

"I suppose that certain of the more valuable titles should be catalogued separately—we'll have to ask Bob when he gets back."

"So you haven't talked to Bob directly about this yet? Where was he yesterday, anyway? We could have used him on the big day." I was still a bit peeved at Bob for standing us up; Penny had been better company, of course, but even Tuck admitted that no one in Averno had ears like Bob's. And he had volunteered to write up an account—a first-person account—of the day for our newsletter, the *Sagittarius*, a task that would now almost certainly fall to me.



"Bob was up in Whiteshog checking up on a rumor of a pair of territorial Swainson's hawks—though why he needed to go all the way to Latium County to see them is a mystery to me. He'll be back tonight, I think. But he told Penny to tell me to tell you—all a bit roundabout, isn't it?—that we should go ahead and try to get this done before they leave for Ecuador next week. Do you think that's enough time?"

"Yes, I don't think it will be a problem. I'll get Do to compile the sales records down at the shop, and if you like, we can come over tomorrow afternoon and get started with the actual appraisal. It shouldn't take all that long."

"Thank you, Andy; you can't know how much it means to me to have an old friend involved in this. And don't be afraid of the elephants." Phoebe actually winked. "They're bound, you know."

To be continued

New Montclair Bird Club Members 2023

January

Monica Cardoza Ridgewood, NJ
Susan & Michael Monaghan Montclair, NJ
Anil & Seema Nerurkar Wayne, NJ

February

Karen Nikeson Edgewater, NJ

March

Grace Friend Montclair, NJ
Camille Gutmore Nutley, NJ
Christie Morganstein Randolph, NJ

April

Hillary Leonard Montclair, NJ
Kathrine McCaffery Maplewood, NJ
Kathy & Bob Wilson Newton, NJ

May

Michael Yellin Montclair, NJ
Amanda & A. J. Tobia Rockaway, NJ

June

Vicki Seabrook New York, NY

July

Michael Davenport Succasunna, NJ
Eileen Diaz Upper Montclair, NJ
Victor Go Bloomfield, NJ
Liz Hillyer
Marc Holzapfel
John Smallwood Randolph, NJ

August

Eric Knies Clifton, NJ
Diane Louie Madison, NJ
Roland Straton Montclair, NJ
Susan Sheldon Seattle, WA
Peter Rosario

This list includes new members, returning members, and additions from our Friends roster.

October

Jimma Byrd, TX

Field Trips

Bee Meadow Park

111 Reynolds Road, Whippany, NJ 07981

Thursday, November 2, 8:00 am. Rain date: Friday, November 3

Meet in the parking lot

A favorite childhood birding haunt of Pete Dunne, 89-acre Bee Meadow is a multiple-use park with playing fields, swimming pools, and great birding opportunities year round. The two ponds attest to the area's historical use in brick production, as does the often slippery clay soil. We hope to see a variety of ducks, sparrows, and other late migrants in habitats including wet woodland, a powerline cut, woodland edge, and native plantings. The trails here are flat, but can be wet and slick; off-trail walking is allowed. There are no bathrooms here at this season. Meet in the parking lot at 111 Reynolds Road, Whippany; [driving directions are here.](#)



Mill Creek Marsh Photography Trip

Saturday, November 11, 2023

with Sandy Sorkin and Ric Cohn

Rain date: Sunday, November 12

Join us for a Montclair Bird Club photography field trip to Mill Creek Marsh. We'll meet at the entrance gate by Bob's Discount Furniture at 8:00 am with cameras, tripods, scopes, and smartphones. We'll take our time on the trail, keeping the sun over our shoulders, and concentrate on photographing birds, landscapes, groundhogs, and any other slice of nature we encounter—sharing tips, helping each other with equipment, or reviewing shots. If you are new to photography or just like to watch photographers, you are welcome to come along. Contact Sandy Sorkin at 973 698-7900 for further information.

Search in your GPS for Mill Creek Marsh Trail, Secaucus, NJ 07094, or for Bob's Discount Furniture and Mattress Store, 3 Mill Creek Dr., Secaucus, NJ 07094. The entrance to the marsh is right next to Bob's Furniture.

1. Take NJ Route 3 East.
2. Follow NJ-3 E to State Rd 3 E Local in Secaucus. Take the exit from NJ-3 E toward N Bergen/Kennedy Blvd/I-95. **This exit comes up quickly, immediately after the second overpass.**
3. Take Harmon Meadow Blvd.
4. Harmon Meadow Blvd. takes you to a T-intersection in front of Sam's Club; turn left and stay to the right.
5. Turn right at the next light to park at Bob's Discount Furniture.



Field Trip Reports



We thank Deb DeSalvo for her quick thinking and photographic skills making this group shot at Clarks Pond a reality. (Left to right behind Deb are Fred Pfeifer, Rick Wright, Sandy Sorkin, Benita Fishbein, and Ric Cohn.)

Chimney Swift Roost Watch

September 10, 2023

Evan Cutler

This September marks the twentieth year I’ve been observing the chimney swifts that roost inside the tallest chimney at Buzz Aldrin School in Upper Montclair. Maybe “observing” is the wrong word. More like “obsessing.” I live just around the corner and do my best to watch the birds enter the chimney at dusk every evening I can from late August through September—and sometimes even into early October. As you can imagine, it’s always a crapshoot trying to pick the peak day to host our annual Montclair Bird Club Chimney Swift-palooza, but this year, September 10 would prove to be just about the busiest evening of the season.

The first swifts arrived about an hour before dusk, accompanied by several common nighthawks. One of the nighthawks actually landed, an event you certainly don’t see very often. It perched along a thick limb of a tree next to the library, giving us really good looks. You really get a sense of just how long the bodies of these birds appear to be when you see them perched. We also saw flock after flock of American robins heading southwestish—if that’s a word—as well as a northern mockingbird.

Slowly the number of chimney swifts began to grow. It’s hard to figure out how many we were looking at because they would fly over the chimney and then, after making a pass at the flue, fly away. This happened over and over. It looked like they were trying to steal a glimpse inside. For a few minutes, I feared that someone had capped the chimney and that that was why the birds were not going inside—but then the first swift fluttered above the chimney and dropped in, followed by several more in the next minute or so.

Our theory as to why the swifts would make multiple passes before dropping into the chimney was that they were scouting for the best spot to perch. They obviously didn’t want to roost directly underneath another bird and risk getting pooped on. Perhaps, a given bird also didn’t want to get stuck next to a boring bird and face an evening of the same dull stories over and over again. This, of course, is a bit of anthropomorphizing on my part. But this night it did feel like kids on a summer night pretending they didn’t hear their parents shouting for them to come in for the evening and just wanting to get in every last drop of fun before going to bed.

I truly have no idea what our final tally was, since so many that appeared to have dived into the chimney may have disappeared behind it and never actually gone in. Definitely a bit of double or triple counting is always a concern when trying to get an accurate number for these birds. But we did get a good number. And just as we thought the last of the swifts had entered the chimney to roost, another group would appear. If I had to guess how many chimney swifts entered the chimney, I would say somewhere between 83 and 177. Eight species seen or heard:

Common nighthawk	Chimney swift	Northern flicker
Blue jay	Northern mockingbird	American robin
American goldfinch	Common grackle	

This trip was sponsored by the Texas Ornithological society and included friends from elsewhere, including Sandy Sorkin from New Jersey.

Texans in the Tropics

Texas Ornithological Society Panama Trip 2023

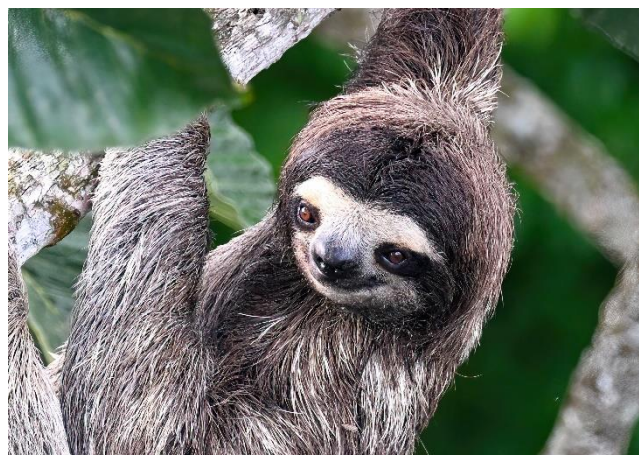
By Carter Crouch, edited by Sam Wolfe

In late August, twelve Texas Ornithological Society (TOS) members made the trip south to Panama for a TOS birding adventure led by Susan Foster. The trip was coordinated with the Canopy Family and included stays at both the Canopy Lodge and the Canopy Tower. Our group ranged from people that had traveled across the globe on birding trips to those who had never done an international birding trip. For my wife, Sam, and me, this was our first birding trip in the tropics, and we were excited but quite intimidated by the long list of species. It felt like no amount of studying could prepare us for that amount of avian diversity. Luckily for us, the guides were incredible and knew where to go, how to find the birds, and more importantly, how to get everyone's eyes on the birds. That is no small task with 12 birders who were often distracted by interesting plants, butterflies, mammals, and other birds! Carlos Bethancourt was our primary guide. In addition to Carlos, we had one to two additional local guides each day.



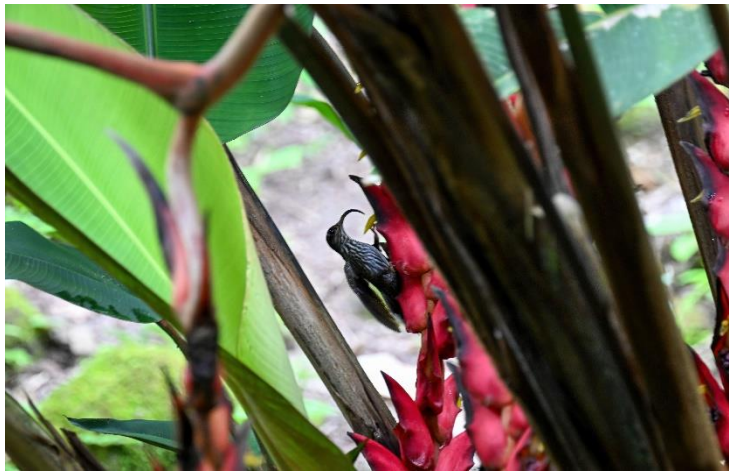
Keel-billed Toucans were a frequent showstopper throughout the trip.
Photo by Mark Fuller

All the guides were incredible and could identify birds by sight and sound. But far more impressive was the fact that all of them could mimic many of the birds with a whistle. They were always in good spirits and made the trip incredibly enjoyable for all. They even spoiled us with mid-morning coffee and snack breaks. Another memorable part of the trip was the lodging at both Canopy Lodge and Canopy Tower. The atmosphere at both locations was extremely peaceful, with every facet well thought out—a true birder's paradise. Each meal with fresh-squeezed juice was a treat, and the homemade hot sauce went well with everything, at least it did on my plate. The staff were friendly, and the hospitality was top notch. Additionally, I was pleasantly surprised by the comfortable nighttime temperatures, the lack of biting insects, and the luck we had with the rain, considering we were there in the rainy season. Everything about the trip exceeded my expectations!



The brown-throated three-toed sloth was one of many remarkable mammals of the trip.
Photo by Sandy Sorkin

Some of our group landed on August 25, and the rest of the group landed on the 26th. My first Panama bird was a cattle egret, Susan's was a turkey vulture, and Kathie's was a Great-tailed Grackle. However, we quickly replaced familiar birds with unfamiliar ones. After a long travel day, the August 26th travelers arrived at Canopy Lodge and joined the rest of the group. We sat down for the first of many excellent meals. Unfortunately, we arrived well after sunset, so birding at Canopy Lodge would have to wait until morning. At least we thought it would, as we settled into our rooms



The white-tipped sicklebill was worth the wait.
Photo by Sandy Sorkin

after dinner, we were serenaded by a tropical screech-owl. The next morning kicked off a week of surreal birding, adventure, and encounters with some remarkable reptiles and mammals. Each day we traveled to a new spot with new birds, new habitats, new mammals, new reptiles, and new scenery. Our life list continued to grow each day, with no sign of slowing!

It would be hard to pick the best bird of the trip. I asked group members throughout the trip what

their favorite was, but everyone struggled. I guess when you've seen well over 200 birds in just over a week, and most of them are lifers, picking a favorite is nearly impossible. The shockingly small pearl kite and Tiny Hawk were adorable! I have been an American kestrel fan for years, so seeing these other tiny raptors was certainly a highlight for me. The toucans and toucanets were incredible and gorgeous, and I never got sick of looking at the keel-billed toucans that we saw almost daily. All the motmots and trogons were beautiful, but how do you pick the best one? The blue cotinga was electric. The



The guides were able to get this singing Streak-chested Antpitta in the spotting scope through an immense tangle of forest vegetation.
Photo by Sandy Sorkin

boat-billed heron was one of the most unique looking birds I've ever seen. The black-and-white owl was a spectacular bird. The white-tipped sicklebill, a hummingbird with a near 90-degree bend in its bill, provided a challenge and took many stakeouts at Canopy Lodge. Finally, on the last morning at the Lodge, we got to watch it feed on a heliconia, one of this rare bird's primary sources of nectar.

Our group's experience with the black-crowned antpitta was one I'll never forget, and certainly one of the "best" birds of the trip. On the first day trying, we had an incredible mixed flock come in to the calls. A streak-chested antpitta landed on a branch and put on a show while singing its heart out. However, there was no sign of the black-crowned antpitta. On the second day trying for the black-crowned, we tried for it at four or five stops along the trail. At each spot, the guides would have the group cluster together; we couldn't talk or move for fear of spooking the approaching bird. At the last spot, we were about to throw in the towel, when the second guide heard one in the distance. We walked back up the trail, clustered together, and tried again. We all held our breath when there was a quick glimpse of it moving behind the thick vegetation, but it disappeared into the dark forest. We continued down the trail, now spread out and unprepared. I looked down and there it was, not five feet from my boots! My jaw nearly hit the forest floor! The black-crowned antpitta is a ground-dweller, and I expected it to walk like a quail or maybe hop like a robin, but this bird jumped like a bull frog, leaping a good foot or two with each jump. It jumped to the right of the group and wrapped around to cross the trail behind us. After our many prepared stops, this bird caught everyone off guard, but after a 90 seconds of pure chaos, the group had all seen the black-crowned antpitta, and everyone walked out of the forest with a big smile.

Among the birds I was most excited about seeing were the tinamous. Tinamous are an ancient lineage of birds, related to emus, rheas, and ostriches. Both the little and great tinamou were on the Canopy list. While we heard little tinamou at one location near Canopy Lodge, great tinamous seemed to be everywhere we went around Canopy Tower. Their haunting whistled calls at sunrise and sunset drew me in, seemingly taunting me. Instead of relaxing before dinner, I'd go wandering down the road hoping one would pop out and give me a look. More seasoned travelers kept telling me they'd heard tinamous on many trips but had never seen one of these secretive birds. I was determined, but as the days continued to disappear, I began accepting that the great tinamou might be a "heard only" bird for me. On our last full day of birding, while at an army ant swarm, I heard Carlos gasp and announce that a great tinamou was coming in from the right! Finally, I was looking at the bird that had haunted me for days. Not only that, but it was within twenty feet of us, right in the open. AND there was a second one! The two tinamous were sizing each other up and trying to claim the front row at the army ant swarm. They put on a show for twenty or thirty minutes right in front of us, grabbing insects flushed by the ants. What a highlight to wrap up the week!



After days of hearing the secretive Great Tinamou, I was beginning to accept that the only one I was going to see this trip was the one on the Canopy Tower mural. Luckily fate, and some incredible bird guides, had other plans.

Photo by Sam Wolfe

On our last full day of birding, while at an army ant swarm, I heard Carlos gasp and announce that a great tinamou was coming in from the right! Finally, I was looking at the bird that had haunted me for days. Not only that, but it was within twenty feet of us, right in the open. AND there was a second one! The two tinamous were sizing each other up and trying to claim the front row at the army ant swarm. They put on a show for twenty or thirty minutes right in front of us, grabbing insects flushed by the ants. What a highlight to wrap up the week!

I was unable to pick a best bird of the trip while leaving Panama, and a few weeks' reflection has not added any clarity. But I will never forget the pearl kite, the tiny hawk, the boat-billed heron, the blue cotinga, the white-tipped sicklebill, the toucans, the motmots, the trogons, the black-and-

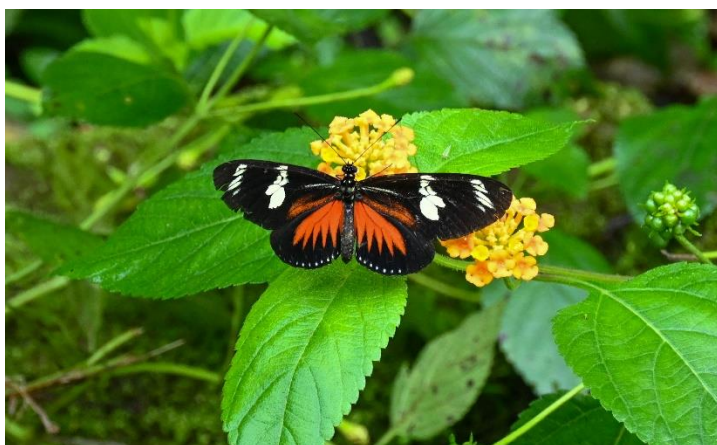
white owl, and the great tinamous, and every time I think about that bullfrog-leaping black-crowned antpitta, I will have a smile on my face! Susan Foster will be leading the same trip next year, and Sam and I would highly recommend it. Good luck picking your own best bird of the trip!



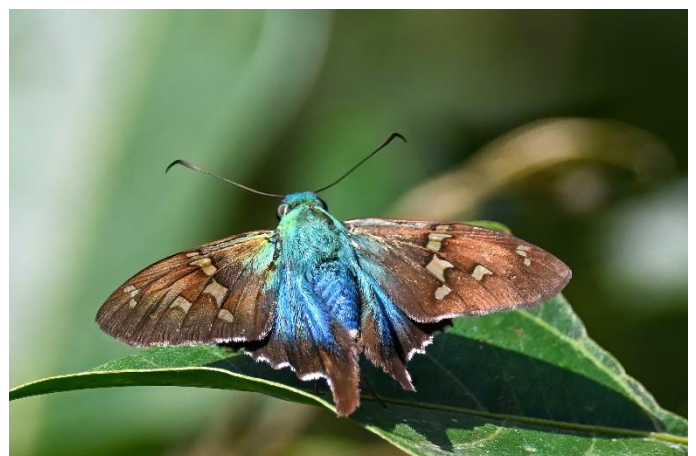
The famously secretive great tinamou forgot about its secretive nature at an army ant swarm.
Photo by Sandy Sorkin

A little more from Panama...

Butterflies were plentiful, and I am told that if you sign on to a butterfly trip, you may see upwards of 400 species.



Heliconius doris



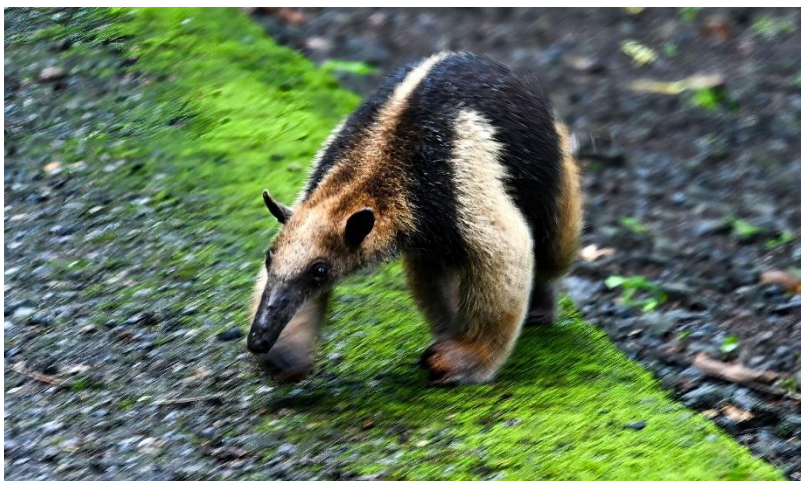
Urbanus proteus



Three-toed sloths were seen almost every day. This picture was taken from Canopy Tower shortly before our dinner.

Further down the same tree was a juvenile taking a short rest between dining on leaves.

The juvenile awoke shortly after the picture was taken and started climbing to a new and, I assume, better branch to continue its nap.



Northern tamandua (lesser anteaters) are typically seen in trees clawing at termite nests.

This was the first time I found one crossing a road.

And yes, there were birds...



tropical screech owl



tiny hawk



blue dacnis

violet-bellied hummingbird





Super Moon from Canopy Tower



squirrel cuckoo

October 1, 2023

Montclair Hawk Watch Raptor ID Workshop

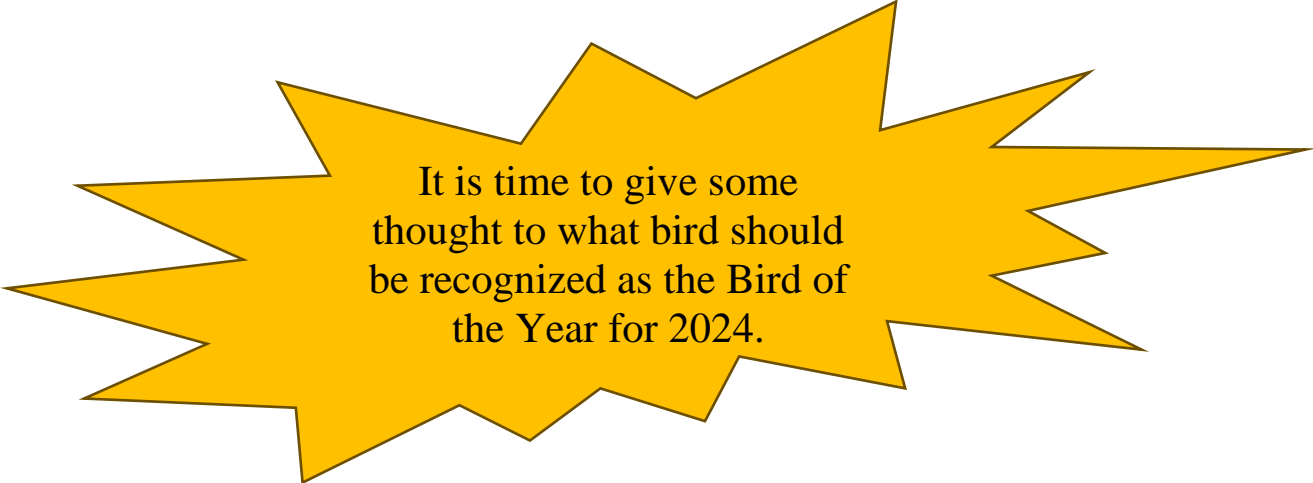
By Evan Cutler

On Sunday afternoon, we did battle with the “Blue Sky of Death.” And the “Blue Sky of Death” won. Impossible blue skies and bright sunshine made finding raptors a challenge—but for the folks who climbed those 103 steps to the platform, it was less about numbers and more about spending time together at a special spot. If we had scheduled the workshop a week earlier, we might have seen a few hundred broad-winged hawks. In fact, the third week of September had seen a three-day stretch with about 10,000 broad-winged hawks. We managed to see a grand total of one. We did get a good variety of other raptors, including both Cooper and sharp-shinned hawks, an osprey, lots of local red-tailed hawks, both turkey and black vultures, six kestrels, and four adult bald eagles.

The resident Coops were very cooperative, and we managed to get some very good looks. Having them around was super helpful for our ID workshop. The larger head of the Cooper hawk was quite noticeable in comparison to the sharpie’s much smaller head, which barely went past the front of the wings. It was not as easy using the ends of the tails for identification. We had trouble seeing much of a difference between the rounded tip of the Coop’s tail and the squarish tail of the sharpie. While the Cooper hawk seemed crow-sized compared to the blue jay-sized sharpie, we saw a couple of really big female sharpies. I guess when you get down to it, it’s really seeing the “gestalt” of the bird: when you see enough of them, it starts to get automatic, and you just “know” when you see a sharpie fighting the wind as it heads southwest past the tower. Flying Coops usually seem more in control. I can go on and on about the differences between these accipiters. And if you were there on Sunday, that’s exactly what you heard . . . for three whole hours.



**Send your Montclair Bird Club Bird of the Year submission to
MontclairBirdClub100@gmail.com.**



It is time to give some
thought to what bird should
be recognized as the Bird of
the Year for 2024.

Virtual Bird Walks

2020

July	1	Local Birding
August	2	Backyards and a Marsh
September	3	Backyards and Trips
October	4	Member Birding
November	5	Member Birding
December	6	Member Birding

2021

January	7	International Birding and New York City
February	8	International Birding
March	9	Member Birding
April	10	Shore Birds
May	11	Local Birding
June	12	Member Birding
July	13	Birding Costa Rica
August	14	Identify a Bird by Its Eyes
September	15	Birds and Water
October	16	Birds with Masks
November	17	Winter Birds

2022

January	18	Personal Choice
February	19	Color
March	20	Signs of Spring
April	21	Birds Eating or Black & White Birds
May	22	Local Birds
September	23	My Summer
November	24	Bird Pairs
December	25	A Trip

2023

January	26	Winter
February	27	A Month in a Birder's Life
March	28	Egrets, Herons, and Wading Birds
April	29	Woodpeckers
May	30	Small Birds
June		Members Meeting, no Virtual Bird Walk
September	31	What I Did on My Summer Vacation
October	32	Black & Orange

Montclair Bird Club Meeting History

2020

May	An Online Quiz, with Rick Wright.
June	A Walk on Pipeline Road, by Sandy Sorkin.
July	The Real James Bond, by Jim Wright.
August	An Online Quiz, with Rick Wright.
September	Manakins and Microbes, by Jennifer Houtz.
October	Bizarre Breeding Behaviors of Tropical Cuckoos, by Christine Riehl.
November	Dispersal in Young Peregrine Falcons, by Elise Morton.
December	An MBC Story Slam, by Pamela Olsen.

2021

January	Modern-Day Exploration in the Tropics, by Dan Lane.
February	Winter Raptors, by Giselle Smisko.
March	Damselflies and Dragonflies: The Other White Meat, by George Nixon.
April	Wolf Natural History and Tourism in Yellowstone, by Paul Brown.
May	Sandhills and Saw-whets, by Matthew Schuler.
June	Magnificent Namibia, by Linda Woodbury.
September	Raptors, by Wayne Greenstone.
October	Watershed, by Hazel England.
November	Build-a-Bird, with Rick Wright.

2022

January	A Tale of Many Penguins, by Ardith Bondi.
February	Oh! Canada, by Chris Sturm.
March	Tracking the Migration of New Jersey Birds Using the Motus Network, by Cailin O'Connor.
April	Spotlighting Voices in Bird Conservation, by Mardi Dickinson.
May	101 Great Birds from Around the World, by Mark Garland.
June	Members Meeting.
September	Exploring the Big Bend in Southwest Texas, by Donna Traylor.
October	Build-a-Bird II, with Rick Wright.
November	On Safari: Botswana and South Africa, by Ric Cohn.

2023

January America's Iconic Birdman: Frank Chapman, by James Huffstodt.
February A Bird Club in San Diego, by Rick Wright.
March The Peregrine Project, by Wayne Quinto Greenstone.
April Piping Plovers on the Rockaway Peninsula, by Chris Allieri.
May Basic Ornithology, by Phil Echo.
June Members Meeting.
September Build-a-Bird III, with Rick Wright.
October Finding W. H. Hudson, The Writer Who Came to Britain to Save the Birds, by Conor Mark Jameson

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Upcoming VENT Tours

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Nebraska	Sandhill Cranes and Prairie Chickens	March 15–22, 2024; March 17–24, 2025
Texas	Totally Texas Solar Eclipse	April 5–11, 2024
Alabama	The Gulf Coast and Dauphin Island	April 15–21, 2024; April 14–20, 2025
Greece	The North of Greece	May 5–20, 2024
Scotland	Wild Scotland	May 26 – June 7, 2024
Colorado	A Summer Stay in Estes Park	June 17–23, 2024; June 15–21, 2025
Colorado	Northeast Colorado	June 23–26, 2024; June 21–24, 2025
Spain	Birds and Art in Asturias	August 28 – September 6, 2024
France	Birds and Art in Provence	May 1–9, 2025
Scotland	Scotland in Style	May 10–19 2025
Germany	Birds and Art in Berlin and Brandenburg	September 19–28, 2025
France	Brittany in Fall	October 1–9, 2025

**VICTOR
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- Page 19: Bald eagle (SS)

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 entertain or educate our members.

Sandy

MontclairBirdClub100@gmail.com



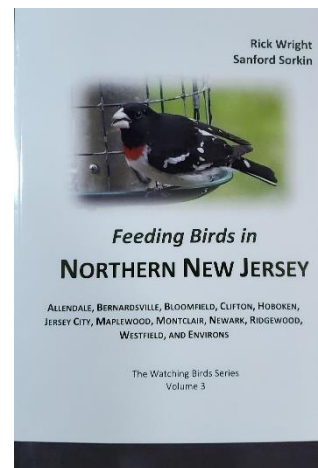
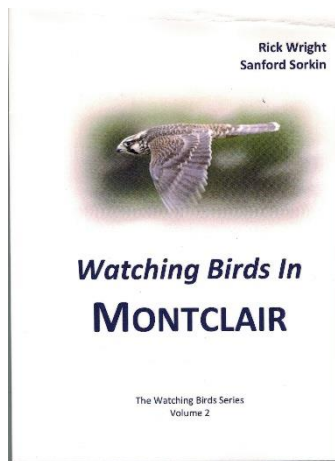
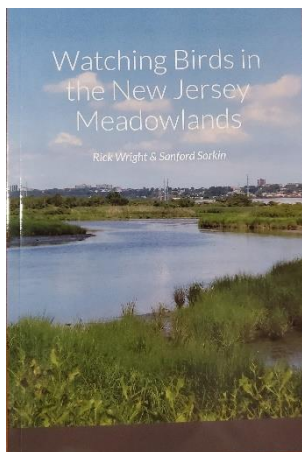
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The MBC Bulletin Bird

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and Photographer**Sandy Sorkin

THE BROADWING

The *Broadwing* is published ten times a year:
We vacation during July and August.

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

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