

Confusing Winter Oriole

The Raven (41:55) recently published a note pointing out once again that no matter how carefully we study a bird in the field or even in the hand, some circumstances require a critical comparison with study skins:

"A bird fulfilling all the field marks of a female Bullock's Oriole—include a white belly—appeared at a feeding station near Fairfax, Virginia, in late December 1969. Gale Monson saw the bird on 12 February 1970, and on 13 February it was trapped and turned over to J. M. Abbott for treatment of a frozen foot. Several weeks later the bird died and was given to the U. S. National Museum. A critical review of the specimen, particularly by Mrs. Roxie Laybourne, revealed that it was, in fact, a Baltimore Oriole. This strongly suggests that sight records of female or immature Bullock's Orioles in the East are all suspect."

Bank Swallows in July at Kerr Lake

The September 1970 *Raven* also reports that Gilbert Grant and Carl Johnson found Bank Swallows at Kerr Reservoir near Clarksville, Virginia, in early July 1969. Because there are no known breeding sites in the vicinity, these birds must be assumed to be early fall migrants. However, recently established Cliff Swallow colonies at Kerr Lake and other major reservoirs in the Carolinas suggest the possibility that Bank Swallows might follow suit.

BOOK REVIEW

HIGH ARCTIC. George Miksch Sutton. Paul S. Eriksson, Inc., 119 W. 57 Street, New York, N. Y. 10019, 1971. 105 p. Illus. Index. \$12.95.

Subtitled "An Expedition to the Unspoiled North," this book is a charming memoir by the man who is currently Professor Emeritus of Zoology at the University of Oklahoma and Curator of Birds at its Stovall Museum. At an age when many men contentedly play miniature golf in retirement villages, Dr. Sutton joined a field expedition to Bathurst Island, halfway between the Arctic Circle and the northernmost lands known to man. Young in mind and spirit, Dr. Sutton gamely bounced around the Far North in a toboggan pulled by a Ski-Doo and in an Otter airplane, making field sketches under miserable weather conditions. Each time he encounters a scene of great beauty, a new species of wildlife, or a new awareness of his own humanity, he expresses himself with prose as beautiful as his paintings. I suppose the purpose of the book is to show how zoologists study the birds and mammals of the Arctic, but I am most impressed by what it reveals about George Miksch Sutton, artist, writer, teacher, and thoroughly remarkable human being.—EFF