

## BOOK REVIEW

### BIRDLIFE AT CHINCOTEAGUE AND THE VIRGINIA BARRIER ISLANDS

Brooke Meanley. 1981. Cornell Maritime Press, Centerville, Md. 21617. 117 p. Softcover. \$7.50.

This book provides an invaluable introduction for a amateur naturalists intending to visit the Chincoteague area. The short chapters are an interesting combination of ones on specific birds (e.g. The Atlantic Brant), groups of related birds (e.g. Strikers & Flood Gulls), ecologically related species (e.g. Birds of Oceanic Littoral Zone), and activities of bird students (Banding Royal Terns, The Christmas Bird Count). *Chat* readers may be especially interested in Meanley's chapter entitled "Some Unusual Bird Records" because it gives some insight into rare species likely to show up along the Carolina coast. Indeed, many already have done so. Numerous charts, drawings, and black-and-white photographs add to the value of the book, which should prove enjoyable to anyone wishing to become familiar with the area and perhaps to those who already are.—DSL

### BACKYARD BIRDING

(Continued from Page 40)

fluffy breast feathers were on the ground at the spot I had last seen the jay—so the hawk did make contact. I was sure, however, that when the hawk flew, it did not have a bird in its talons. That Blue Jay was so "shook up" that I did not see it again for almost 24 hours. For several days, the crippled jay was quite shy about coming here and away from cover.

An hour or so after the hawk attempted to get the Blue Jay, it returned and, like a shot out of a gun, dived toward a spot within a few feet of my chair where some White-throated Sparrows were feeding. We startled each other, and the hawk left without catching anything. This time I watched it fly up onto a branch of a large oak tree in the front yard. I went up front and looked at the hawk carefully with my glasses. When it turned its head and saw me, it flew off across the street into the woods. What surprised me, however, was that the hawk was not our resident Sharpie, but a fine adult Cooper's Hawk. I surmised that it was migrating north and was looking for a quick meal. Now I am fascinated with hawks and know that they have their niche in the scheme of things, but somehow, I don't want them taking my "pets," not even the crippled ones to which they are entitled by Mother Nature.—GAIL T. WHITEHURST, 1505 Brooks Avenue, Raleigh, N.C. 27607