

first Bald Eagle spotted. Horned Larks and Kinglets were in East Point. The point itself had a number of Common Eider, Oldsquaw, and three species of Scoter. I had been hoping for a Harlequin duck but the rare species was not seen.

It was now 3:00 p.m. and time was becoming important, the list was at 83 species. The shorebirds were obviously the group that would be easy to find, so we decided to head back along the north shore. North lake supplied us with Bank and Barn swallows. Campbell's Cove Provincial Park had shorebirds, 8 species in total, and bringing the group up to 93. Next was a Palm Warbler, but only one of the group saw this bird. Everyone saw the sparrow that flitted beside us as we drove into Naufrage Harbour, and we all seemed to think it was a Swamp Sparrow, but not one of us could say what field marks we were using. Although we were in suitable habitat several times, we were unable to find a Swamp Sparrow during the day. We managed a few more birds, including an Eastern Kingbird that was seen twice but not by two people at once. Mount Stewart supplied the first nesting Northern Mockingbird for the Province. The P.E.I. National Park would surely have to come through with enough to take the record. We added two species and one person identified a third Chipping Sparrow on his own.

Our goal was 105 species with each species seen by at least two of the group. It was now dark and our total using this criteria was 103. We knew where we could likely find Canada Geese and a stop on the way would give us a House Sparrow. Agro Co-op was the next stop and by the time we arrived the Sun was long since gone. We waited, listening for calls and looking for any movement but nothing was around. Our thoughts were of trying for the geese and trying for the record. Then we heard a Killdeer. Seconds later the House Sparrows were obtained and the record was broken. The total number of species seen by two or more participants at one time was 105. The total for the day was 108 species.

MAGIC MORNING

by Jack Gallant

Some mornings on the Island are enchanted. Not many people know this, because to experience such a morning one must be abroad in the countryside before dawn, away from the lights and noise, with a mind at peace and receptive to enchantment. Perhaps the secret is known only to a small, fortunate group: farm boys with a passion for trout fishing.

He knew, as soon as he stepped out the back door into the pre-dawn darkness, that it was a special morning. He had discovered several years before that certain mornings had a unique quality that he could not define. He knew they were rare, no more than three or four each year, perhaps in some years none at all. He also knew that shortly after dawn, they become just another fine summer day. He had named them MAGIC MORNINGS.

He quietly closed the door and picked up the fishing pole and bait can which he had placed beside the step the evening before. He started out the lane, and as he left the domestic odors of house and barnyard behind, all the scents of the summer night came to him. On the left was the smooth, sweet smell of new-mown hay, cut, raked and coiled the day before. From his right came the sharp, raw smell of the turnip field. Beneath it all the rich smell of the salt marshes along the river. "Tide should be just right" he thought.

At the end of the lane he turned up the road, which here ran between spruce hedges, then through a small wood. Here the darkness was almost complete, and his bare feet found and followed the windrow of soft dust made by the passing wagons. Here and there, where a gap in the trees allowed the

