

Forty years he's lived with birds

The wild hawk watched Roy Ivor sip his sherry then tamely bent his beak into the glass and drank.

Roy Ivor is a renowned ornithologist. Last Thursday he added to his accomplishments when his book *I Live With Birds* was launched.

The occasion was marked by a reception at his secluded home in the sanctuary.

involved in his family stone and marble business.

HOW IT BEGAN

I asked how his interest in birds began.

"When I was 10," he told me, "I found the first nest of hawk eggs out west ever found in North America. It was in several magazines. It was a nest of the western pigeon hawk or Richardson's merlin."

But how did he develop his sanctuary?

When he moved to Erindale, his home was on a large cow pasture. "The only tree here was that maple," he said, looking around at the thick woods. "I planted everything."

The large maple near his home had held a blue jay nest some 40 years ago. One of the hedge-lings was somehow disabled, he told me, and Mr. Ivor kept it in his window.

"The parents would come to feed it. Then I started to feed it and they stopped coming. Later I climbed back up to the top of the tree and took another."

That was the beginning. In 1928 Mr. Ivor left the family business and concentrated on the bird sanctuary. His mother, who lived to be 105, kept house for him until she died 13 years ago.

Through special permission from the federal and provincial wildlife departments he has been able to hand-raise birds, gaining their confidence.

He can coax, soothe and encourage them as few can.

FED BY HAND

Winding lane sanctu-

By
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I followed the winding, narrow lane through woods to reach his house.

Mr. Ivor has collected much bird wisdom during the 40 years he has, indeed, lived with birds.

He is a gentle man, slight of build and 89 years of age. His observations have led to numerous awards for service in wildlife conservation.

Mr. Ivor came to his spot near Erindale 43 years ago. I asked him what brought him here, thinking it must have been some species of bird.

"It was a deposit of humus down there," he said, pointing to the west of his property. "I sold it to golf courses throughout the country."

When he moved to Erindale he was still in-

ary has befriended thousands of disabled birds over the years. "We have 250 to 300 each year," he told me. In addition to the crippled, about 100 birds are resident, raised by Mr. Ivor.

In spring and early summer — this time of year — the nestlings must be fed by hand every 20 minutes for 16 hours each day.

Many of his hand-reared birds live in chicken wire cages strung around his home, and connected to it by chicken wire flyways, passages

which are open from the cages to the house windows where they may be fed, about six feet above the ground.

Some younger birds are kept in the house in a pen off the living room. Another coop is attached to the house.

His familiarity with birds has given Mr. Ivor remarkable insights. He credits his feathered friends with characteristics previously considered uniquely human.

Psychological research is also concluding birds have powers of reasoning, ability for joke-playing and a need to give and receive affection.

Proof of his acceptance by the wild birds is his friendship with Teo, a big red-tailed hawk.

Her name is derived from the type of hawk she is — Beateo. She is ferocious, posing in typical predatory manner for visitors.

DOCILE WITH HIM

Ivor goes into her cage, strokes her and feeds her from his hand. She is docile with him alone, always anxious for his affection.

Winding lane sanctuary is well-established and more than Mr. Ivor alone can handle. Bernice Inman is involved in the work and learns from Mr. Ivor.

I asked what engaged her in this work, thinking perhaps she was a biologist.

"It started when I had a crow I brought in," she said. "It looked as if its feathers had been combed with an eggbeater. I was fascinated and just came back."

It is obvious both she and Mr. Ivor love their work. At the moment guests were preparing to toast the new author, he asked, "Mrs. Inman, did you feed the birds?"

I wondered when the next book might be coming. The ornithologist just shook his head.

"But there are over 1,000,000 birds in my diary," he makes an entry daily concerning his birds, and says, "I can't write like I used to. Maybe some day someone I will go through my diary and write six books," he said.

Ryerson press is ready. So am I. I Live With Birds is indicative of a wealth of information chronicled by a man who cared enough about nature to devote his life to its preservation.

Future generations, too, can live with birds.