

DAYS WITH THE DESERT BIG HORN

BY ROBERT BLACKSTONE

LOS ANGELES AUDUBON SOCIETY, INC.
PLUMMER PARK

7377 SANTA MONICA BLVD.
LOS ANGELES 46, CALIFORNIA

We were threading our way down the narrow dirt road which follows Titus Canyon as it cuts its tortuous path through the Grapevine Mountains on the eastern side of Death Valley. Rounding a curve we suddenly came upon three bighorn sheep, a ram and two ewes, which had apparently been drinking at a trickle of water which crossed the road here. We stopped the station wagon at once, hoping they might remain, but they turned and bounded up the north slope of the canyon a short distance, then paused to gaze curiously back at us. When I attempted to approach them a little closer to take a picture, however, they moved away up the slope until they were out of sight, pausing every now and then to look back at us. This was my first acquaintance with the desert bighorn.

In relating these personal experiences no scientific treatise is intended. I hope you will enjoy reliving them with me, and I hope in some small part to be able to convey to you the feeling inspired by these magnificent animals. Although the desert subspecies is appreciably smaller than the Rocky Mountain one, and is lighter in build as well as in color, magnificent is still the most fitting word to describe them.

It was more than two years later that I next encountered them. I had heard from an acquaintance of a desert mountain spring where the bighorn were said to drink. On this occasion,

happening to be in the vicinity, I decided to locate the spring. I didn't reach it till midday and having been told that this was the least likely time to see the sheep, I really didn't expect to. On my arrival I flushed a little flock of mountain quail which had been drinking there, and I took cover behind a shrub in hopes that they might return. As I squatted there I heard a sound off to my right and got a glimpse of a bighorn ram coming down the slope. He disappeared into the gully and I expected him to make his way up it to the spring. He was too canny for that, however; he crossed the gully instead and came up behind me. The sight of me apparently took him by surprise. I heard a clatter of hooves behind me and, startled, turned around to see the ram gazing down at me from the slope above. He was only a few feet away and I already had my camera in my hand, but there was a shrub between us. I tried to edge out where I could get an unobstructed view, and had almost made it when he suddenly turned and made off over the hill.

A year later I again visited the spring, prepared this time to spend a day there. I got there late one afternoon, intending to set up a blind and then come back in the morning with my photographic gear. As I came in sight of the spring, I saw that there were several sheep there, and I could see also that there was someone else there, of the human species that is: I could see the top of

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CONSERVATION NEWS from FRANK LITTLE

As the 87th Congress adjourns for the last time it might be interesting to look back on its conservation record. The first bill that comes to mind is the Wilderness Bill which came to a battle-torn, anemic end. The bill was successfully passed by the Senate, but ravaged by the House, due particularly to the efforts of Representative Wayne Aspinall who contemptuously refers to those of us who support the measure as "purist conservationists". The final session of the House found the bill missing from its agenda (it was so badly mangled by amendments from Mr. Aspinall's committee that it was virtually worthless anyhow), and so it died with the adjournment.

The picture is by no means all dark, however. The Golden Eagle Resolution was passed, although it did pick up one rather weakening amendment. The amendment which originally stated that the Secretary of the Interior may order control of the Golden Eagle when the governor of any state requests it was further amended to state that he shall order control (although still under his regulation).

Then, too, there was the creation of three new national seashores by the 87th Congress: Point Reyes, Padre Island, and Cape Cod--the first such action since 1937. Even though some additional legislation such as appropriations, etc. is still needed for the seashores, certainly here is a major gain for conservation.

Other favorable conservation measures that were passed include: the Pollution Control Bill to help purify our disgustingly polluted rivers and streams; the Billboard Control Amendment to restrict billboards from federally subsidized highways; ratification of the international Oil Pollution Control Treaty to drastically reduce the noxious spillage and dumping of oil on the high seas; the Wetlands Acquisition Bill whereby money from future duck stamp sales can be used for present purchase of marshes and swamps for wildlife purposes; and a bill to curb the inane subsidies from the Department of Agriculture for drainage of prairie potholes when such drainage is not only unnecessary in the face of our national food surplus, but downright harmful in view of the alarming decrease of duck breeding habitat (this latter bill, at present, is not actually law yet even though having passed both Houses because of certain unreconciled differences in the two versions).

One desperately needed piece of legislation, that of appropriating funds to protect



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Early Christmas Shopping

Los Angeles
Audubon Society

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8th.

CORDIALLY INVITES YOU...YOUR FAMILY, AND FRIENDS!

Rainbow Natural Bridge from the rising waters impounded by Glen Canyon Dam, was, however, never passed.

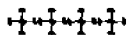
Thus on the whole, the record of the 87th Congress on matters of conservation was mixed: many fine pieces of legislation were passed, but the failure of the Wilderness Bill, one of our major objectives, and also the failure to protect Rainbow Bridge sour the otherwise good taste left by the Congress.



BY ELIZABETH ROSE

Audubon Activities

A tantalizing view of one Condor was about the only reward twenty-seven birders had on a trip to Sespe Canyon, Saturday, October 13th. It was, of course, fun meeting for breakfast at Tip's Restaurant. The place was crowded with duck hunters. Then a caravan of seven cars drove from Fillmore to the reservation. The dust was terrible. But leader Jim Huffman was able to find a place called Dough Flat, from which spot the caves in the great rock mountains where the Condor roosts could be kept under surveillance. On the way into the canyon, traveling about 10 miles per hour, several birds were spotted such as the Phainopepla, Clark's Nutcracker, Ravens, Crows, and scores of Scrub Jays flying back and forth over the dry desert. While waiting for the Condor to appear many deer and a bobcat were seen. After lunch everyone hoped for more wind or a thermal that would entice a Condor or two to fly over. Barry Greenslate and Larry Sansone made a note to bring water next time. Then the cry went up, a Condor had tested its wings. Guests Ted and Zoe Chandik and Eva Millsap were among the spotters. The Condor tried another takeoff and by this time Clare Maynard and George Venatta had it in their scopes. While it perched in the cave, everyone was able to make out the bright head coloring and those fortunate enough to catch its brief flights saw the white on the wings. Bruce Simon hoped his father would get a picture but the Condor remained about three miles away. Among the twenty-six birders spending the afternoon watch were new member Paul Kundig, Al and Dorothy Beals, and Frances Kohn. On the trip back several hawks were logged: Cooper's, Red-tailed, Swainson's, and Marsh Hawks. The total for the day only came to twenty-eight species, but one was the Condor.



Out of the blanket of fog emerged thirty-two birders Sunday, October 28th, for the Upper Newport Bay and Bolsa Chica trip. For those who persevered through the day with Caroline and Don Adams in the lead, seventy-one species of birds also emerged.

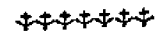
Douglas Dick was welcomed back from Europe where he had added many new birds to his list. Irene Greenhut and friend H. D. George joined the group for their first field trip.

Everyone had come to see wintering ducks and saw Baldpate, Pintail, Cinnamon Teal, Shovellers, Lesser Scaup, Buffle-head, Surf Scoters, Ruddy, and Red-breasted Mergansers.

Among other birds seen were: Great Blue Heron, American and Snowy Egrets, Clapper and Sora Rails, American Coots, Snowy, Semipalmated, and Black-bellied Plover, Killdeer, Ruddy Turnstones (turning stones), Long-billed Curlews and Whimbrels, Spotted Sandpipers, Willets, Greater and Lesser Yellowlegs, and an American Knot. Other shorebirds recorded were: Least

and Western Sandpipers, Dunlins, Dowitchers, Marbled Godwits, Sanderlings, American Avocets, and Black-necked Stilts.


There were other species of birds to satisfy all the onlookers, such as, four Wrens: House, Bewick, Long-billed Marsh, and Rock. There was a Costa's Hummingbird, a Loggerhead Shrike, and Starlings. Then, again just as the check list was being read, a highlight of the trip, a pair of Golden Eagles came soaring over in the bright noon-day sun. Finally, the press became interested in what all these people could possibly be doing. An interview and pictures by a reporter on the Huntington Beach Daily Post followed. If the Burrowing Owls had been found after this tremendous day, it would have been an anti-climax!



After corralling everyone in the parking area Saturday, November 3, Doris Bullion of Audubon Center, El Monte, led the way to the offices and museum where L.A.A.S. members were introduced to Director Paul Howard and John Bornaman. Coffee was served while the group looked at the many new and attractive exhibits. Before starting out to "bird", Mr. Howard sketched briefly the tremendous work done at the Center and expressed the hope that some Los Angeles members might volunteer a few hours of help for them there.

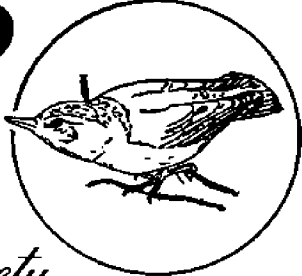
Armed with individual maps and Audubon Center Bird Lists, the assembly moved immediately down across the service road to the diversion channel, which had water in it, to see any shore birds and ducks before they might be "flushed". There they saw Horned, Eared, and Pied-billed Grebes, Mallard, many Green-winged Teal, Cinnamon Teal, Ruddy Ducks,

(Continued on page 34)



DECEMBER
SUNDAY **30**

THE LOS ANGELES



Audubon Society

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS CENSUS

YOUR PARTICIPATION IS
URGENTLY NEEDED---
PHONE HO-7-9495---TODAY



DAYS WITH THE DESERT BIGHORN

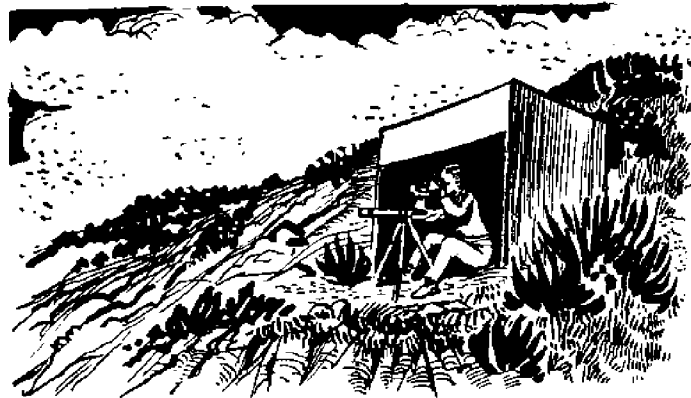
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a "blind. I counted fourteen sheep, but knew that my count was probably not accurate as they were moving about a great deal and I couldn't see all of the area about the spring. I remained back where I was until the sheep moved off and the other chap emerged from his "blind." He told me there had been nineteen sheep there at the time.

We returned to the spring together the next morning and, at his suggestion, I rigged the framework and canvas of my blind as a shelter, similar to his, against the heat of the sun. He said it was better to sit quietly in plain sight, that a blind was unnecessary and perhaps actually undesirable. It certainly would be from the point of comfort. We saw an even dozen sheep that day, all but one of which came to drink at the spring. Even when there were no sheep to be seen, it was far from dull as there were many birds coming and going. There was even some excitement when an immature Sharp-shinned Hawk made an unsuccessful pass at the small birds gathered at the spring and then followed it by seven more equally unsuccessful passes during the afternoon. That day I managed to get a few decent photographs but was left with the urge to try it again.

The opportunity came the following year when Jim Clements (of "Fiasco in Penasco" fame) proposed a trip to the desert to photograph bighorn. Jim and I together with Jim's son, Danny, went out to a spring of which we had both heard as a likely place for sheep. We scouted it in the late afternoon, carrying some of our gear in. We saw

no bighorn but there was "sign" at the spring. There seemed to be literally hundreds of mountain quail in the vicinity, apparently making their way to the spring. We returned to our campsite and early the next morning hiked back to the spring. Before long a lone ewe came and drank while Jim took motion pictures of her and I took stills. She did not remain long and then the spring was left to the birds and us three till about nine o'clock when a doe mule deer with her spotted fawn appeared. They stared at us for a long time before they finally left without coming to drink. An hour or two later in the midst of the excitement when a Cooper's Hawk apparently made a strike in the bushes below us, a full curl ram took us by surprise by approaching the spring from below instead of over the ridge. However he didn't go to the spring after all, but climbed the slope to one side of it and lay down unconcernedly in the shade of a small tree. After a time he arose and we got set once more to take pictures. He just looked at us though and climbed up behind the spring and out of sight.



We waited an hour or so, ate our lunch, and waited some more. Jim had to get back to town, so he got ready to leave and just then the ram reappeared from behind some shrubbery back of the spring where he had apparently been all the time. He still didn't come to the spring, however, but climbed higher up the slope and lay down again in what shade he could find. Jim decided he couldn't wait any longer, so he and Danny left. It must have been about one o'clock then; I thought I would wait it out until three. Three o'clock came, and the ram still lay in the shade up on the hillside. I concluded it was a lost cause and packed up my camera gear. Just as I got it all put away, the ram got up and headed straight for the spring in the most business-like manner imaginable. I frantically put together camera, telephoto and tripod and managed to get a half dozen exposures of him as he came in to drink. He didn't waste much time drinking and then wandered off over the hill. I decided I had had all the luck I deserved that day, so I packed up and left.

Some three weeks later Arnold Small and I went back to this spring as Arnold had never seen

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR . . .

Robert E. Blackstone, Jr. has been active in the Los Angeles Audubon Society for about a decade, having served as Conservation Chairman, President, Evening Program Chairman, and now Editor of the Tanager, in that order. His interest in birds dates from many years ago, but was quite casual until about ten years ago. About then he began to take an active interest in the subject, and to become interested in other branches of natural history as well as conservation. Nature photography is a hobby which he would like to have more opportunity to pursue. He is a member of the A.O.U. and of the Cooper Ornithological Society. He makes his home in West Los Angeles along with his wife Melba and daughter Dwynwen.



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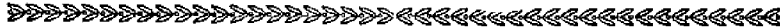
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December 1962

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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30	31					



Dec. 1 SATURDAY - JUNIOR NATURALISTS 9:45 -11:15 A.M. Meet at Griffith Park Zoo to study "Crocodilians" (alligators). For further information call: John Peebles, HO 7-1661 or Bill Watson, NO 5-0745.

Leader: Mr. John Haynes Jr.

Dec. 1 SATURDAY FIELD TRIP (NOTE CHANGE OF DATE TO 1st SATURDAY) - 7:00 A.M. at first Tip's Restaurant on Highway 99, south of junction with Highway 126 for those wishing to have breakfast there. We will leave promptly at 8:00 A.M. to explore the area between Highway 99, Highway 6, and Highway 138. Take lunch.

Leader: Russ Wilson PO 1-7635

Dec. 6 THURSDAY EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING 7:30 P.M. Audubon House.

Dec. 8 SATURDAY - ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY AND BAZAAR 1:00 - 4:00 P.M., Great Hall, Plummer Park, Christmas decorations, tree ornaments, Christmas cards and many wonderful items for your Christmas shopping. Program and refreshments.

Chairman: Olive Alvey NO 1-8036
or call Audubon House HO 7-9495

Dec. 9 SUNDAY ECOLOGY FIELD TRIP - 12:30 P.M., Corona del Mar. This will be a field trip to study marine life at low tide. Take Pacific Coast Highway to Corona del Mar, turn right on Carnation Street and park in empty lot on left at bottom of hill. It is advisable to be prepared to get wet feet--sneakers are recommended. Be sure to bring extra dry shoes, socks and other clothing to change to after the trip. This is to be a study trip only, not a collecting trip.

Leaders: Mae Wilson CL 5-3903 and Bill Watson NO 5-0745

Dec. 11 TUESDAY - EVENING MEETING 8:00 P.M., Great Hall, Plummer Park. Mr. Arnold Small will present the photographic results of last summer's birding in the State of Michigan under the title "North and South from Mackinac". Having read Arnold's story in the November Tanager, you will not want to miss this opportunity to hear more about birding in this part of the middle west and to see Arnold's slides, which are always outstanding.

Chairman: Russ Wilson PO 1-7635

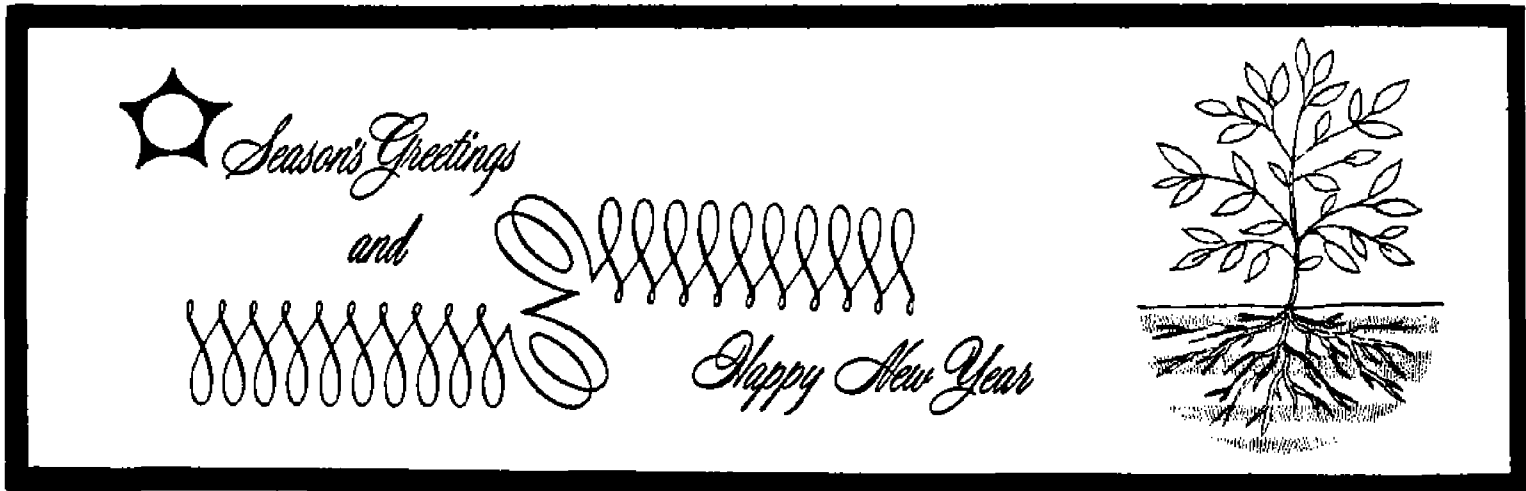
Dec. 30 SUNDAY CHRISTMAS BIRD CENSUS Midnight to midnight Dawn to dusk or any portion thereof. Anyone wishing to participate in this American birding classic, please contact the chairman. Also contact him if you know of any feeding stations within the count area. After the count participants are invited to gather for dinner, comparing notes, and general discussion of the count at the Ontra Cafeteria, 4137 Crenshaw Blvd. (near Santa Barbara Ave.)

Chairman: Hugh Kingery 528 S. Harvard, LA 5 DU 3-6282
or: Bill Watson NO 5-745

CALENDAR

CONTINUED

- Jan. 3 THURSDAY EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING 7:30 P.M., Audubon House.
- Jan. 5 SATURDAY JUNIOR NATURALISTS 9:45 11:15 A.M. Meet at Echo Park Lake to study "Water Birds". For further information call John Peebles HO 7-1661.
Leader: Bill Watson NO 5-0745
- Jan. 10 THURSDAY - EVENING MEETING (NOTE CHANGE OF DATE AND PLACE FOR JANUARY ONLY) 8:00 P.M. Auditorium at West Hollywood Park, 647 N. San Vicente Blvd., between Santa Monica Blvd. and Melrose Ave. Parking lot on San Vicente. Mr. Herbert Clarke will present "Holiday in Mexico", which will include his trip to San Jorge Island in the Gulf of California to photograph oceanic birds during the nesting season.
Chairman: Russ Wilson PO 1-7635



More Participants Needed

ANNUAL BIRD CENSUS SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30

Sunday, December 30, the Los Angeles Audubon Society will take to the field in force. We hope to see at least 75 bird watchers counting for our annual Christmas Census.

We aim to count within a 15-mile diameter circle, all the birds. Obviously this is patently impossible. However, the more observers we put out in the field, the more birds we will count. Our 15-mile circle covers roughly the area from Elysian Park and downtown to Santa Monica and from North Hollywood to Inglewood. We strongly encourage all interested, whether experienced birders or not, to join us. Call or write the Census Chairman (name, phone, and address listed at the end of this article) if you would like to participate.

If that Sunday will be a busy day for you, but you have an hour, we welcome your brief participation in your own neighborhood. If you have a feeder, let us know what birds come during that day. If you have an unusual bird spotted, either in a particular area or coming to your feeder, let us know. So far our list of feeders within the whole Los Angeles area covered by that circle reaches the grand total of two! One of those last year boasted a bird recorded on only one of the past 6 Christmas Censuses--the Hooded Oriole. We hope that the bird stays around again this year.

Also if you know of any owls frequenting the area, let us know. Last year we recorded four individuals of two species--definitely a minimum figure. On a bird watch of this magnitude, you almost always find unusual species, and in unexpected places. The most unusual bird from last year's census, the Golden Plover, was seen in an undeveloped section of Inglewood Park Cemetery.

Census Chairman: Hugh Kingery
528 South Harvard
Los Angeles 5
DU 3-6282



Days with the Desert Bighorn

CONTINUED

the desert bighorn and was anxious to do so. We were at the spring early in the morning, and had not been there long when a young ewe came in, had her drink and left without wasting much time. After that we waited six hours before we saw another sheep. Fortunately the wait was enlivened by the variety of birds coming to the spring. And once a pair of Golden Eagles flew over our shelter, so low that we could hear the wind in their pinions.

Eventually, however, Arnold remarked that this was all very fine, but that he thought it was about time we saw some sheep, and how did I feel about it? I replied that I hadn't been particularly anxious up to now, but that, come to think of it, it was about time we saw some, and that now the light was better for photography. I peered out from beneath the canvas which was sheltering us from the sun and, lo and behold, almost as though on cue, there on the ridge south of us was a fine ram with two ewes. The two ewes soon started down the trail to the spring, but stopped some twenty-five yards short of it and stood looking at us. The ram, however, remained up near the ridge. We were commenting on the seemingly superior courage displayed by the female of the species, when suddenly the ram came prancing down the trail shaking his great head of horns in a lordly manner. He joined the two ewes, and it almost seemed as though he was urging them to go to the spring, which they presently did, at any rate. As they were drinking, the ram went off down the canyon out of sight, but shortly returned with two more ewes! These two drank and then after a time the ram escorted his little "harem" off without having drunk at all himself. This ram was one of the finest looking I have ever seen, and I have a picture of him standing with his two front feet on a rock as though posed.

My latest bighorn adventure was late this last summer, again in company with Arnold. We had planned, as usual, to get to the spring by dawn. However, we had both forgotten to bring alarm clocks and failed to get up as early as we should. By the time we had breakfasted and made our way from our camp to the spring, the sun was well up. As we approached, I glimpsed the head of a ram

that was coming up the trail between us and the spring. He turned and whisked out of sight in a moment, and we thought we had probably seen the last of him. We found a promising place opposite the spring from which to observe, put down our packs, and began setting up an awning to protect us from the sun. In the midst of all activity, we looked up to see a ram that had come down the trail unnoticed by us till he was almost to the spring. He looked at us for a few moments, then turned and went back up the trail along the canyon side to the south of us.

Here he was presently joined by no less than four more rams and, after a time, all five came to the spring and drank one by one. As they were standing around in a group at one side of the spring one suddenly took a short run and butted another head on. This was the first time either of us had seen this happen. There were a couple more encounters before the group moved off up the trail to the ridge above, and there was much clacking of horns as they passed one another or as they stood side by side.

Soon three more rams and one ewe came along the canyon-side trail. One of the rams from the first group came down and joined them, and these five made their way down to the spring and took turns drinking. Again there was much clashing of horns and some half-hearted butting, and then this group also wandered up the ridge trail. A ram and ewe then came down the canyon-side trail together. This ewe appeared to be in very poor condition. This pair came and drank without much ado and went on up the canyon together.

Meanwhile a yearling lamb in company with a young ewe and a young ram had appeared over the ridge, and came down the trail from there. The two adults came right to the spring, but the lamb took his time. The young ram drank first, then the ewe. She drank long, and the ram must have become impatient for he butted her on her rump so that she fell forward and caught her horns under a root which overhung the spring. This seemed to throw her into a panic until she succeeded in freeing herself. After the ram had drunk again, the lamb took his turn; the ram stood behind him as he drank but, though he appeared impatient, he didn't molest the little one. The three then went up and joined the others. One or two of the other rams made overtures to the young ewe, but she didn't give them any encouragement. Soon they all began moving off toward the ridge and by noon they were all gone.

Altogether we had seen fourteen sheep during the morning; among these there was only the one lamb and only three ewes. We hoped that this was not typical of the population of this area as a whole.

Spotted Sandpipers, Greater Yellowlegs, Western Sandpipers, and Marbled Godwits. A Lincoln's Sparrow was spotted in the bank brush. Later in the afternoon, several Wilson's Snipes were seen in this same area.

It was on the service road leading from this area that most of the passerines were seen. The Cardinal was seen briefly and then dropped into a bush before everyone could catch it. An exciting view of several Blue-gray Gnatcatchers pleased everyone.

Leaders Paul Howard and John Bornaman then showed off, with great pride, the new Lake Aquatecos, which, when last viewed on an L.A. A.S. field trip, was only a man-made hole but now appears to have been there as a refuge for birds for all time. Returning to the Center on the Theodore Payne Trail a number of Pheasant were "flushed", and several good opportunities were had to hear them in the brush. Considerable interest was added on the trip by the capable additional notes and comments of the leaders. The ecology of the environment is stressed. Animal prints in the dust are identified, as are spiders sitting on their webs. A shrub will be marked and the information that it will attract Bush-Tits is added.

Finally, after observing a Cassin's Kingbird, everyone had lunch, supplemented with hot soup furnished by the Center. New staff member, Lynn Stafford, helped with this. There was a total of fifty-two species for the leisurely two hours spent birding here. There was a pleasant mixture of people. Several very new faces, several on their first field trip, and one Life Member--Helen S. Pratt, who joined Audubon in 1913!

+++ +++

Sparkling autumnal days and beautiful moonlit nights made the Santa Barbara and environs weekend trip memorable for the rendezvous of birders and birds November 10 and 11--and for some of the lucky ones, the 12th, also. Dave Robison, the leader, with his wife, Naomi, met the assemblage of thirty at the bird refuge, a lake with an island, just off Cabrillo road as one enters Santa Barbara. A Snowy Egret was padding about close to shore in its "golden slippers". No glasses were needed to watch a Greater Yellowlegs (the bill slightly upturned) "bobbing" as it walked on the shoreline. Several pair of Shoveller Ducks were methodically feeding in a line on the lake. In with the large number of geese normally fed there was a Canada Goose. The island produced the first of the trip's many, many herons: Great Blue, Green, and Black-crowned Night Herons. The listing began. The "People List" began with Kay, Don, and Chris Hardt, then, Carol and Dan Siemens, and Lillian and George Venatta. Next, the people who later stayed over in motels: Edith and Lee Eppler, Dorothy, Mabel and Hal Baxter, the Austin Innes

and their guest, Virginia Cappell from Chicago. And, thirteen campers in all for Lake Cachuma, including, Steffie and Bill Daywalt, Otto Widmann, Louise and Clair White in the White House, Christine Hayden, Frances Kohn, and the Adams, the Wilsons, and the Roses. This congenial crowd lost no time, however, and listed 54 species of birds before lunch time at Goleta Slough.

While caravanning and making several stops on the University of California campus they saw Eared and Pied-billed Grebes, Brown Pelicans, Double-crested Cormorants, a magnificent view of a pair of Black Brant, Pintail, Baldpates, Redhead, White-winged and Surf Scoters, and Ruddy Ducks. The White-tailed Kite performed beautifully, first perching where everyone could see the black wing patch, then flying to show the long, pointed wings and long white tail, then "hovering" in the manner of the Sparrow Hawk. There was a beautiful view of a Black Phoebe, a field full of Savannah Sparrows, a marsh with several dozen Black-crowned Night Herons, four species of hawks, plovers, curlews, sandpipers, gulls, and terns.

After lunch, when ten more species were added to the list, a Belted Kingfisher exhibited his diving and fishing ability at the Slough. Meadowlarks and blackbirds were to be heard and seen everywhere. The motorcade then moved on to Lake Cachuma where they were greeted by a pair of Acorn Woodpeckers. A nearby tree produced nuthatches. On a late afternoon walk, more species of ducks were seen on the lake, a Western Bluebird on a wire, and three species of goldfinches. During the night, several owls were heard but not identified.

Sunday morning there was great excitement upon the discovery of a pair of immature Bald Eagles at a roadside stop overlooking Lake Cachuma. First, one was spotted perching in a tree. A second one soared over and landed on a sand bar. The first one joined it and they "danced" showing their long feathered "pantaloons" before taking to soaring in the area again.

But these enthusiastic birders had not yet had enough and drove on to Nojoqui Falls Park near Solvang to see the Yellow-billed Magpies. These beautiful birds were all around the tables at lunch time. This second part of the trip added twenty-six birds to the list. Included were a Nuttall's Woodpecker, Phainopepla, Hutton's Vireo, Oregon Juncos, Golden-crowned Sparrows, and Tree Swallows. The eventual list of almost ninety birds was possible because of the varied "life zones" visited during the course of the several days' jaunt.

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Frank Little, Vice-President, presided at the evening meeting Tuesday, November 13 in the newly decorated surroundings at Great Hall. After greeting the record turnout, he called on the officers and chairmen for reports. Greatest moment was given to the Christmas Count scheduled for Sunday, December 30. Hugh Kingery, Chairman, solicited help from members. He stressed, again, the importance of individual reporting from one's own feeder in one's own back yard!

(Continued on page 35)

Cookie, Cake Donations Sought for Bazaar

SATURDAY DECEMBER 8 TH.

DONATIONS REQUESTED!

Will all the good cooks get out their very best recipes and make cookies and such for the bazaar? We can use: cookies, cakes, coffee cake, pie, candy -- your speciality. It will be gratefully received. BAZAAR DATE: December 8, 12:00 - 5:00 o'clock, Great Hall, Plummer Park.

(Continued
from page 34)

★ Audubon Activities

Youthful world traveler Dean Fisher, after having been introduced by Russ Wilson, Program Chairman, then took his audience with the aid of his colored slides from Cape Horn to the Kilimanjaro mountain top, Africa. The vehicle he and his Navy companion used for their travels was a jeep which they appropriately labeled, Roadrunner.

For his first bird picture, Mr. Fisher showed the Wandering Albatross, which, he explained, was somewhat symbolic of the trip because not only was it found off the Cape but a skull of an albatross came into his possession early in the trip and accompanied them in the jeep many miles and aroused the curiosity of the natives. All of his pictures, carefully selected from 8000, were noteworthy for their lighting but to his Audubon audience the bird pictures were the most captivating. There was a beautiful picture of the basket nests of the Weaver Bird, and a fine flight picture of Crowned Cranes. The Lilac-breasted Roller was shown as a most attractive blue bird whose acrobatics give it its name.

One of the places that Mr. Fisher visited was a bird sanctuary. Here he was able to get a picture of the Giant Eagle Owl which may be compared with the Great Horned Owl but is larger. The country side of Africa is chiefly thornbush savannah, according to the speaker. Common still is the Ostrich, the world's largest bird. He had pictures of White-bellied Storks flying over. He spoke of the Sunbirds, the Old World equivalent of the Hummingbird. The Hooded Vulture shown feeding on the carcass of a rhinoceros is an Old World variety of vulture.

There was a great assortment of pictures, small children working tending cattle, scenes from a sisal estate, Giant Lobelia, beautiful wild flowers, up to the climax, the snowy scenes taken from the top of a Kilimanjaro peak. With three years of material available, Mr. Fisher's evening was noteworthy for its "brevity" and was the "soul of wit"

Audubon in the News? Please Clip

Our invaluable Publicity Chairman, Mrs. Gene (Elizabeth) Rose, is doing a fine job of bringing the Los Angeles Audubon Society and its activities into the public eye. She would like, however, to get more evidence of the results of her efforts. Members are asked to be on the lookout for news items about the Los Angeles Audubon Society and its activities appearing in the newspapers or other periodicals. She is especially interested in getting clippings of items appearing in neighborhood advertising papers. Clippings (which should be identified as to date and source) should be sent either to Mrs. Rose at 17050 Sunset Blvd., Pacific Palisades or to Audubon House, 7377 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED FOR TANAGER FOLDING



Call Audubon House
HO 7-9495

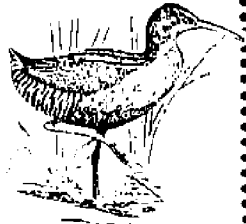
AVAILABLE TO NEW BIRDERS

Marion Wilson has a supply of April and May 1962 issues of the WESTERN TANAGER containing Dudley Ross' article, "Birding Hints and Helps", which will be given on request to those who qualify by belonging to the above category of "new birders". Those interested may contact Mrs. Wilson at Audubon House.

EVERY
LITTER
BIT
HURTS

DON'T
BE A
LITTERBUG!

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



BY ARNOLD SMALL

BIRDS

October continued to provide additional surprises to those visiting the Tia Juana River bottom and Solano Beach in San Diego County. To date, twenty-five species of warblers have been found in these areas during this fall migration alone! In addition to more Blackpolls, Palms, Prairie, Redstarts, Virginia's, and Tennessees, McCaskie found Black-throated Blue, Chestnut-sided, Blackburnian, and Parula while others saw Magnolia.

Other remarkable birds seen here during this period included Orchard Orioles (at least 2), Red-eyed Vireo, Painted and Indigo Buntings, another Scarlet-headed Oriole, and several Tropical Kingbirds. The Tropical Kingbirds are regularly found near San Francisco in October and must pass through this region en route. Careful observation of all kingbirds seen here in late September and early October should reveal these birds to be regular here in the fall. A very strange plover was found dead on the Silver Strand by Eleanor Pugh. It superficially resembles a Wilson's Plover, and was sent to Washington, D. C. for positive identification.

In the opinion of many, the very best shorebirding in California, south of Humboldt Bay, is to be found on South San Diego Bay and the adjoining Salt Works during September and October. Surprisingly enough, one of the commonest shorebirds is the Knot. In our areas, we seldom see more than a dozen or so Knots in the fall. There were at least 1000 of them at South San Diego Bay during October, plus hundreds of Ruddy Turnstones, thousands of "peeps", dowitchers, Avocets, phalaropes, Marbled Godwits, and Willets. When the tide is low on the Bay, these birds occur in fantastic numbers near Imperial Beach and Silver Strand State Park. At high tide, they retreat to loaf on the dikes of the Salt Works. It is a very difficult job to pick a strange shorebird out of such a conglomeration.

Continued mild weather during late October and early November did not drive waterfowl south in very great numbers, but along the seacoast, good flights of scoters could be seen. The northward flight of Elegant Terns was good at San Diego, but very spotty north of there in our region. No birders that we know of saw the Red-billed Tropic Bird near San Clemente Island on Sept. 1 although a few of us were out there at that time. A very accurate description of such a bird was received from the skipper of a charter sportfishing boat, however. White-crowned Sparrows seemed a bit late this fall, and Golden-crowned Sparrows seemed down. This late fall, look for Varied Thrushes and Lewis' Woodpeckers in the canyons.

Pelagic Trip Planned for January



A pelagic trip is planned for Sunday, January 27, to the vicinity of the Santa Barbara Islands for wintering seabirds and alcid. The boat "Corsair" will leave from 22nd Street landing, San Pedro at 7:30 A.M. and will return to port before 6:00 P.M. This is a large, roomy, modern boat with an ample galley. The galley will be open to serve coffee, cold drinks and food. Lunches may be brought along.

The fare will be \$8.00 if we get 30 people; \$7.50 if we get 40 people. Reservations will be on a paid, first come basis, and will be limited to 40. Send check to Arnold Small, 3028 Cavenish Dr., Los Angeles 64 (VE 7-2272) before January 1, 1963. Make checks for \$8.00; \$5.00 will be refunded if warranted.

Late reservations will be placed on a waiting list, and those persons will be informed of this.

Look for additional details in the January WESTERN Tanager.

THE DESERT BIGHORN

CONTINUED

At one time thought to be a separate species, the desert bighorn is now considered to be a race of the Rocky Mountain bighorn. It occurs in some of the desert mountain ranges, such as the Santa Rosa Mountains and the Little San Bernardino Mountains, as well as the mountains on both sides of Death Valley. In their recently published *THE BIGHORN OF DEATH VALLEY*, Ralph and Florence Welles discount entirely the hypothesis that the desert bighorn can survive with no free water, stating, "What is indicated here is a constant need for water, varying in intensity with changes in weather, forage and activity." no doubt this is the chief consideration affecting their distribution in the desert ranges.

Is the desert bighorn worth all the effort that is being made, and that will have to be made in the future, to preserve the species? My answer is a hearty and unqualified yes. The main problem, of course, is water, since it has been found that they will not continue to use a water supply in permanent use by humans. It means preserving some of the desert mountain country the way the bighorn like it, the way some of us humans still like it also.