

A STATEMENT ON PESTICIDE HAZARDS PART 1 by Roger Tory Peterson

To Subcommittee on Reorganization and International Organization Senate Committee
on Government Operations:

Mr. Chairman, I appreciate this opportunity to discuss pesticides in relation to wildlife -- particularly birds -- because birds are my field of competence. I heartily endorse your attempts, Senator Ribicoff, to have the problem of persistent pesticides reviewed objectively.

A year ago in March, I was scheduled to lecture in Norfolk, Virginia. At dinner, before the lecture, I was informed that the city was to be sprayed with dieldrin. Three hundred acres were to be sprayed because the entomologists had discovered the presence of fringe beetles. Although there was some public protest, the edict had been issued. The town would be sprayed.

In my opening remarks that evening I said it was good to return to Virginia. It was good to hear mockingbirds again. Then, I added: "but you probably won't have them next week." A hush fell over the audience as I warned them that Rachel Carson's "Silent Spring" was no fantasy. It could happen in Norfolk.

I was not able to stay in Norfolk to see what happened, but I learned later that 236 dead birds were picked up immediately after the spraying and more later -- making a total of 309. More than one bird for every acre -- and I daresay they represented only a fraction of the birds that actually were affected, because dying birds try to hide.

The evidence was available because people were alerted, and they made it their business to see if birds were killed. The side-effects of most spraying programs go undocumented and millions of birds -- millions -- are probably killed yearly.

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The Jenner's Journey in the Northwest BLITZEN RIVER... DOSEWALLIPS and a few other places

BY BETTY JENNER

Perhaps you, too, were intrigued and tantalized by Caroline Adams' account in the June, 1963, Tanager, of the trip that she and Don had taken to Malheur National Wildlife Refuge. Well -- here it was August, 1963, and we just had to go exploring the area ourselves, in spite of the heat we expected to encounter.

In the hope that many of you will decide to see the beauties of Northeastern California and Eastern Oregon, I'd like to tell you about some of the little-known places we saw, with never any discomfort from the heat. Although May and June would be better for seeing breeding birds, the late summer is extremely rewarding.

We took the quickest route: to Sacramento, then East on #40 to Auburn, and up through the "Northern Diggins" on #49. This scenic route is being "improved" to divert some traffic from overcrowded

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STATEMENT ON PESTICIDE HAZARDS

Continued...

If we were to go so far as to apply the Norfolk yardstick to the 100 to 150 million acres of American soil that are sprayed every year, we might assume that more than 100 million birds are killed yearly. Of course, we cannot prove this, but we know that more often than not when a spray program is checked on by someone who knows birds there is mortality. We know through samplings by competent biologists that such infamous errors as the recent fire ant program in the southeastern United States, where dieldrin and heptachlor were used, accounted for several millions of birds as well as about 20 million dollars of federal, state and local funds. The U. S. Department of Agriculture (responsible for the campaign) gave an imitation of an ostrich, burying its head in the sand.

It is ironic that a citizen is subject to a stiff fine if he shoots a robin or so much as picks up a dead robin on the highway and possesses it -- yet he may, with impunity kill off hundreds of robins and other birds with chemicals.

Since World War II and particularly during the last 10 years the chlorinated hydrocarbons have been widely promoted, like wonder drugs, as a panacea for all conceivable insect ills and plant diseases. Dr. George Wallace, Professor of Zoology at Michigan State University, in describing the potential effect of indiscriminate spraying on bird life, went so far as to call it "worse than deforestation, worse than market gunning, worse than drainage, drought or oil pollution. If the pest eradication programs are carried out as now projected we shall have been witness within a single decade to a greater extermination of animal life than in all the previous years of man's history."

I, myself, am no stranger to pesticide research. During 1945 when I was based at Orlando, Florida, I was assigned by the Air Force to DDT research. My job was to census the birds on sample plots before and after spraying. This was shortly before the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service launched into similar studies. It was soon apparent that birds were less vulnerable to DDT than fish,

reptiles and crabs. They seemed to be able to withstand small percentages of the poison but larger poundages per acre would kill them. It seemed then, just a matter of prudent application. But in those days we did not suspect the residual effects -- that a bird slightly poisoned might add to the ingested stable poisons till a lethal threshold was reached. Nor did we suspect that human beings might accumulate the poisons.

These residual effects are much more subtle and sinister than the immediate results of spraying. Earthworms ingesting leaf mold months after elms have been sprayed with DDT against the Dutch elm disease accumulate the poisons. Ten such infected worms may be enough to kill a robin, but the mass dying might not occur until the spring after the spraying.

Noting that the resident robin population of the Michigan State campus dropped from 370 to 3 in a period of only 4 years, Professor Wallace asserted that "millions" of robins must have died in the effort to save the elm trees of the Midwest. Professor Joseph Hickey of the University of Wisconsin, more conservative, estimated that up to half a million robins were killed when DDT was first used on elms in the Middle West, plus somewhat lesser numbers in succeeding years. And remember -- these figures applied only to robins. At least 40 other species were involved.

As any ornithologist is aware there is a floating population of songbirds, a marginal population to fill in the void when niches are left empty, so it is hardly surprising that a year after a killout there might seem to be nearly as many singing males on territory as before. Nature abhors a vacuum. And if an area is sprayed repeatedly, as some are, it becomes a death trap for repeated waves of pioneers.

It is possible that the continental population of small birds could withstand a certain amount of spraying. The chemical people tell us that only 5% of our country is sprayed. But what if the spraying is doubled to 10%? The trade journals have even boasted of increasing their pesticide output tenfold during the next ten years. Then there could be no adequate reservoir to fill the vacuum. Then we would really see the "Silent Spring." The collapse could come very, very suddenly. In fact there are even now certain large blocks of land in California and elsewhere where this collapse has been reported.

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PESTICIDE HAZARDS

Continued . . .

Birds cannot be ignored as a recreational asset. Today more people watch birds than shoot ducks. I point out here that birds are far more than ducks and quail to be shot, and chickadees and cardinals to brighten the garden and the feeding shelf. They are indicators. Truly, they touch us in unexpected places. To use the words of Dean Amadon of the American Museum: "Birds have helped us for thousands of years, from the geese whose warning cries saved Rome to the canaries that were used to warn coal miners of methane gas leakage. Current research indicates that they may continue to provide this kind of life-saving service by warning us that the doses of chemicals and radioactive particles that we eat, drink, breathe and absorb day after day may be reaching dangerous levels. Therefore, this growing army of bird watchers, which ranges all the way from enthusiastic aficionados to scientific ornithologists, has become an important watchdog over our environment.

The producers of hydrocarbons have said "What's all the shouting about? There are more birds now than there ever were." Dr. White-Stevens of American Cyanamid even misused the figures put out by the National Audubon Society after their nationwide Christmas Count to back up this contention. These public relations men use statistics to their own advantage and not being biologists, fail to interpret their meaning. True, more birds are recorded in the U.S. on the Christmas Count because there are now ten times as many observers participating in these counts. Due to long experience and streamlined bird guides such as my own field guides, bird watchers are now ten times as efficient. And inasmuch as the count is really a game they go where the birds are; they skip the birdless areas. The really big number of birds -- the figures that go into the millions -- represent only several species that are enjoying a boom -- red-wing blackbirds, starlings and grackles -- birds that are not so subject to poisons in their food because they are mainly granivorous rather than insectivorous. In fact, their numbers are actually a symptom of agricultural over-reachment -- single-crop farming -- which, because of pesticides has tended to replace the time-honored method of crop rotation. A count of 2,000 birds in a southern state is likely to mean nearly 2,000,000 blackbirds.

It has been pointed out that many pest insects have "developed a resistance" to such compounds as DDT and therefore more potent poisons must be developed. This leads to the question: If insects develop a resistance why don't birds? The answer demands an understanding of genetics and evolution. Insects such as mosquitos or flies, near the base of the life pyramid, have an enormous reproductive potential. And if one in millions has a mutation that enables it to live with the poison, that stock can breed back rapidly to fill the vacuum. The predacious insects on the other hand are less numerous. There might be only a few of such an insect to every hundred of its host species. Their chances of having life-saving mutation are mathematically much reduced. Insect-eating birds, which exist in still small numbers therefore have but an infinitesimal chance of such mutations. The end result is that we find the pest still with us while most of the natural controls have been eliminated.

Hydrocarbon pesticides murder differentially, because they mostly have long life without chemical breakdown, and accumulate in soil and water, and in the bodies of all members of the animal pyramid based upon the earthworms, plankton, insects and other invertebrates of the soil and water. One of the classic cases of this buildup occurred at Clear Lake in California. DDT was applied, with several treatments within eight years in very dilute quantities -- one part of insecticide to 50 million parts of water -- to kill gnats. It did. It was also eaten and concentrated 250 times by the water plankton, the tiny invertebrate animals. It was found in 500 times concentration in the small fishes that ate the plankton. It killed most of the western grebes that ate the fishes -- a thousand pairs -- and they died with an 80,000 times concentration. Those birds at the top of the pyramid are particularly vulnerable, for they take poison biologically concentrated by their prey and their prey's prey.

Therefore, the thing that disturbs me most is not that a million songbirds should die with DDT tremors, upsetting though it may be, we still have a lot of robins and warblers. Their reproductive potential is high, and they will probably survive until we get some sense and the hydrocarbon syndrome is a thing of the past.

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Blitzen River ... Dosewallips and a few other places

Continued..

Highway #40. Those of you who remember the 6700' altitude Yuba Pass Road as narrow and winding, will find it wider and straighter now. The view from the top is still breathtaking as you look down on the flat green Sierra Valley, stretching for miles, dotted with ranches, sawmills, and little towns. We followed #49 to Alternate #40, then turned North on #395 at Hallelujah Junction, Turkey Vultures, Ravens, Quail, and Common Night-hawks could be seen in this sagebrush country. As we traveled North, we passed more and more alfalfa fields and beef cattle ranches. To our surprise, there was water in Honey Lake -- a remnant of ancient Lake Lahontan which is situated between the Diamond Mountain segment of the Sierra Nevada and the Armadee-Skedaddle Range. There were a number of waterbirds and shorebirds, but distance and heat distortion prevented us from identifying them. However, for those who have time to explore, we saw on our maps that there are two waterfowl management areas at the north end of Honey Lake. As we drove on we observed the still-visible tracks of pioneer wagon trains across the expanse of sagebrush. To our left was the area where, in 1856, Isaac N. Roop set up his own territory of Nataqua.

We had to look sharp for the town of Likely -- it was no more than a crossroads in a fertile farming area, and on Caroline's and Don's recommendation we were headed for a campground in Jess Valley. Here the Jess River flows between volcanic rimrocks and supports enough trees, grasses and shrubs to make it a fine scenic and birding

area. About eight miles east of Likely is a pleasant campground where Robins, Canyon Wrens, Allen's Hummers, etc., made us feel right at home. Fellow campers told us of a lake nearby as beautiful as Crater Lake in miniature, called the Blue Lake. Our schedule didn't permit us to see it, but the next day we took route recommended by these fellow campers as being scenic and comparatively unknown. Indeed, we had not realized that the Warner Mountains are covered with pines and firs, abound with wildlife, and have uncrowded campgrounds and a scenic summit trail. So, leaving #395 above Alturas, we headed east and crossed the evergreen-covered Warner Range over Cedar Pass (elev. 6,350'). Surprise Valley (elev. 4,600') is well named because, to our astonishment, there was water in the three Alkali Lakes -- Lower, Middle and Upper; these made a dream-like scene as they reflected the Hay Canyon Mountains over in Nevada. We followed the road on the alluvial apron on the west side of Upper Lake -- passing alfalfa and hay fields -- to Ft. Bidwell, right out of the 19th century -- a sleepy settlement under huge old poplars and cottonwoods. Since the Indian War that made Ft. Bidwell famous was obviously over, we returned south a few miles, then began the zig-zag climb that took us up to 6000' elevation Fandango Pass. One cow and one car comprised all the traffic we were to meet as we drove through evergreen forests to rejoin #395. Now we drove along the green fields which bordered Goose Lake, which also had good amount of water. At Pine Creek we

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Pesticide Hazards

Continued...

I am more concerned about those species that are at the end of long food chains particularly fish-eating birds. A lifetime of experience and observations on birds in many parts of the world and every state in the union have convinced me that these species are in the greatest danger and some may face eventual extinction. It is unforgivable when a species, the end product of millions of years of evolution, disappears in our generation.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dr. Peterson, of course, needs no introduction to readers of the TANAGER and AUDUBON MAGAZINE. We are departing from our established policy of using only original articles in the TANAGER in reprinting this statement of Dr. Peterson's; we do this because of the importance of the message it contains. The second part of Dr. Peterson's statement will appear in a future issue.



PELAGIC TRIP



Saturday, September 5
See details in Calendar



HEADQUARTERS, LIBRARY AND NATURE MUSEUM LOCATED AT AUDUBON HOUSE
 PLUMMER PARK, 7377 SANTA MONICA BLVD., LOS ANGELES 46. 876-0202
 HEADQUARTERS CHAIRMAN: MRS. MARTHA EDENS
 REGISTRAR OF MEMBERS: MRS. RUSSELL WILSON

ARNOLD SMALL, *President*
 MRS DONALD L. ADAMS, *Executive Secretary*

July --- August

		JUL 1964		AUG 1964																
		S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S					
			1	2	3	4				1										
July	4	SATURDAY	JUNIOR NATURALISTS		9:45-11:15 A.M.		5	6	7	8	9	10	11	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
		For further information call: Ed Anacker, HO 7-1661				12	13	14	15	16	17	18	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
						19	20	21	22	23	24	25	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
						26	27	28	29	30	31	23	24	25	26	27	28	29		
July	11	SATURDAY	FIELD TRIP		Tucker Bird Sanctuary, O'Neil Park and Upper Newport Bay. Take Santa Ana Freeway to Chapman Ave. Take east turnoff and follow Chapman through Orange to Tucker Bird Sanctuary via Santiago Road. Meet here at 8:00 A.M. After birding here we will look for early migrating shore birds at Upper Newport Bay. Bring lunch.															
		Leader: Dave Robison		PO 1-0217																
July	25	SATURDAY	POTLUCK DINNER		5 P.M. Ferndell picnic area in Griffith Park. Bring: hot dish, salad, or desert; table service; hot coffee or tea if desired. Plan to eat at 5:30. Ferndell is reached from Los Feliz Ave. just east of Western Ave.															
		For additional information call Audubon House		876-0202 or PO 1-7635																
Aug.	1	SATURDAY	JUNIOR NATURALISTS		9:45-11:15 A.M.															
		For further information call: Ed Anacker		HO 7-1661																
Aug.	6	THURSDAY	EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING		7:30 P.M., Audubon House.															
Aug.	8	SATURDAY	FIELD TRIP		8:00 A.M. Switzer's Inlet to Charlton Flats. Take the Angeles Crest Highway (State Route 2) to Switzer's Inlet. Wear walking shoes and bring lunch.															
		Leaders: Don and Caroline Adams		FR 2-5536																
Aug.	22	SATURDAY	FIELD TRIP		8:00 A.M. Buena Vista Lagoon. Take highway 101 south to Oceanside. Leave the freeway just north of Oceanside, taking the right hand road that leads through town. Meet at the north end of the road that crosses the Lagoon. After birding here we will return to San Clemente State Park for picnic dinner and a swim, if desired. There are tables and stoves, if you wish to cook. Bring food for lunch and dinner.															
		Leader: Russ Wilson		PO 1-7635																
Sept.	3	THURSDAY	EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING		7:30 P.M., Audubon House.															
Sept.	5	SATURDAY	JUNIOR NATURALISTS		9:45-11:15 A.M.															
		For further information call: Ed Anacker		HO 7-1661.																
Sept.	5	SATURDAY	PELAGIC TRIP		- 6:00 A.M. on the boat "Corsair" from (Skipper's) 22nd St. Landing, San Pedro. This excellent boat will take 40 people at \$9.00 per person. We will go out at the best pelagic bird season to the vicinity of San Clemente Island. Hot and cold drinks will be available from the galley. Wear warm clothes and take your anti-motion pills, if necessary. Send your check (payable to: Los Angeles Audubon Society) to Miss Fran Kohn, 5068 Franklin Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90027.															

CONSERVATION NEWS

By BILL WATSON

It was John Milton who wrote in "Paradise Lost" these lines:

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her.

I hate to get literary on you, but there is something in what Milton says.

There seems to be some pessimism in our Society these days. There are those of us who are afraid that conservationists cannot prevail against those forces that are desecrating what remains of our natural resources.

If we are not careful it does seem as though the worst commercial interests are going to accomplish the complete destruction of the physical part of what we love to call America along with some of its spiritual part, too. But there is always more to anything than what appears on the surface.

Since I became seriously interested in conservation and particularly since I have been Conservation Chairman, I have been paying very close attention to what is going on these days in our country in matters of conservation. Frankly, I do not see that it is as hopeless as all that. Perhaps I am inexperienced yet, but it seems to me that there are in evidence many positive influences working for conservation.

The National Audubon Society has said, "Work with your established agencies (planning board, water board, etc.) wherever possible. They need your support if competent; your community needs to know if they are incompetent." We are all agreed that there certainly are signs of incompetency all around us.

Nevertheless, there is a great deal that is being done for us that needs our support. We cannot support anything adequately if we take a pessimistic and hopeless attitude.

Did you know that conservation is not a piecemeal proposition any more? That there is a plan for our entire country that is being im-

plemented more and more? Let me try to give you the picture that I see that gives me more hope than I used to have,

How many of you have heard of the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission? On June 28, 1958, Congress established this Commission, realizing that the recreational problems of the country were becoming serious. The Commission was given the mission to do essentially three things:

1. To determine the outdoor recreation wants and needs of the American people now and what they will be in the years 1976 and 2000.
2. To determine the recreation resources of the Nation available to satisfy those needs now and in the years 1976 and 2000.
3. To determine what policies and programs should be recommended to ensure that the needs of the present and future are adequately and efficiently met.

After four years of research and study, the Commission, with Laurance S. Rockefeller as its chairman, submitted its report, "Outdoor Recreation for America," to President Kennedy and Congress in 1962. The report made many recommendations and all over the country, federal, state, and local governments and private citizens and landowners have been putting these recommendations into practice.

Before I go into what this report has inspired and accomplished, let me say that the Commission concluded that there is still time to meet the outdoor recreation needs of the American people now and in the future. But we must get to work at once and do something about it. Not just the government, but also the people must get to work.

What have our public officials done since this report came out? A Bureau of Outdoor Recreation has been established in the Department of the Interior. The Land and Water Conservation Fund Bill is in the works in Congress. In California, Governor Brown has a new Conservation Commission. Our State Legislature has put Proposition I on our ballot in November.

These are only a few things that were inspired by the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission Report and specifically recommended by it.

CALENDAR

CONTINUED

This trip is very popular and reservations will be made on a first-pay basis. You will receive a postcard of acknowledgement as receipt and reservation. To reach the landing, take Harbor Freeway to San Pedro; continue on Pacific Ave. to 22nd St., turn left to 141 22nd St., San Pedro to the landing. Please note the early time of departure and be on time.

Leader: Arnold Small (For information call: Fran Kohn NO 5-0171)

Sept. 8 TUESDAY EVENING MEETING 8:00 P.M. in Great Hall, Plummer Park, 7377 Santa Monica Blvd. Our traditional post-summer get-together to start the 1964-65 season of activities. Refreshments will be served. The program will be announced in the September issue of the WESTERN Tanager.



AUDUBON ACTIVITIES

By Otto Widman

I could go on and on listing all of these positive conservation actions going on right now in our country. But these are salient ones and representative. The point is that there seems to be an awakening of concern on a grand scale in this country about its conservation problems. We must do all we can to support every conservation effort. If only enough people will speak up in support we could have everything we want.

No conservation accomplishment ever came about without strong support. Support the issues before us now and support them hard.

Responding to another recommendation of the report, Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman, has created the John Muir Wilderness Area in the Sierra Nevada Mountains last April. The heart of this Wilderness Area is the old High Sierra Primitive Area of 394,000 acres. The new John Muir Wilderness Area encompasses 502,978 acres.

The federal government, exclusive of the federal grants-in-aid the passage of the Land and Water Conservation Fund Bill will authorize, has many programs of financial assistance for state projects in providing recreational facilities for its people. Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall has just announced that on July 1, 1964, there will be available to California new federal aid funds for fish and wildlife restoration projects. California alone will receive \$670,909.45.

Another \$115,000 has been assigned from federal funds to the California Department of Fish and Game for preparation of its California Fish and Wildlife Plan. It will be part of a Resources Agency plan, which will then be part of the overall State Development Plan.

What is interesting about this last item is that five nationally known authorities have agreed to serve as consultants to the department's staff and they are: Richard H. Stroud, Sport Fishing Institute; A. Starker Leopold, University of California, Berkeley, Milner B. Schaefer, Scripps Institute of Oceanography; Carl Buchheister, President, National Audubon Society; and Thomas Kimball, Executive Director, National Wildlife Federation.

A special committee appointed by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall to advise him on wildlife management matters urged new programs of wildlife management to restore the natural communities of plants and animals in the national parks. The mass recreation facilities, such as golf course, ski lifts, motorboat marinas were criticised and their liquidation strongly urged by the committee.

The Advisory Board of Wildlife Management as this committee was named, also urged badly needed reforms in federal predator-control programs. Its report was sharply critical of the operations of the Branch of Predator and Rodent Control with its small army of government trappers and hunters.

Congressman John D. Dingell of Michigan introduced H.R. 9037 for reform of the Branch of Predator and Rodent Control.

May 12

"Bird Identification Quiz 5-14-64, Photography by Herbert Clarke". Something new, and delightfully so, has been added to the evening meeting for May. Slowly (and with many hints) 104 close-ups of Southern California birds, shore-valley-desert-mountain, were shown on the screen, while the members and guests searched a fading (sometimes dormant) memory for names and identification marks, so that just anything could be written on the numbered sheet that Herb and Olga Clarke handed out. The pictures represent a patient and exacting collection made by Herb through the years, and I am afraid their general worth was lost to us in our frantic search to supply a name for each picture. Each close-up filled as much of the frame as possible, allowing the maximum use of space for identification. Herb is rightfully proud of his artistry. Once again he ran through the list and showed us our errors.

Our guest list included Anthony Lansdown of Great Britain, Mr. & Mrs. William Anderson, Miss Emilie Hall, and Al Ryan, President of the San Fernando Audubon Society. This brought the evening meeting total to 78. Russ Wilson promised us Crossbills and Condors for the Mt. Pinos trip, and Bill Watson, our Conservation Chairman, reviewed the facts behind the closing of the Glenn Canyon Dam by Secretary of Interior Udall. It was voted to present National Audubon Society President Carl Buchheister with an honorary membership in the Los Angeles Audubon Society; a similar honor went to Dr. John Hardy of Occidental College. A motion was carried to accept the slate of officers as proposed by the Nominating Committee for the coming year. The field trip to Morongo Valley was reviewed. Arnold Small briefed us on the pelagic trip and the number of migrating birds seen. Freda Dutton told of the 130 species (30 life birds) seen at Madeira Canyon and Patagonia in Arizona.

May 24

Jim Huffman took the group through beautiful Cuddy Valley, past Lake of the Woods to our first stop, where the 48 members spread out through the plains and woods to begin counting the 53 species for the day. Russ Wilson's promised Condor showed up on Mr. Pinos in the late afternoon and was seen by 12 members. The Hardts and I saw one on Saturday about 4:30 P.M. soaring over Camp McGill. But Russ' promised Red Crossbill failed to materialize. Lazuli Bunting were in the sagebrush just below Lake of the

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PROPOSITION ONE

You will find an extra piece of literature enclosed with this issue of your WESTERN Tanager. It is self-explanatory, but you may wonder why you are receiving one. The Los Angeles Audubon Society after careful consideration has come to the conclusion that this Proposition One is one that deserves every bit of support that we can give it. You are all interested in the out-of-doors, and Proposition One is our State's big effort to do its part for us. Inform your friends and acquaintances of the need to support this measure. We hope you find the insert useful.

THE WESTERN Tanager
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EDITOR **ROBERT E. BLACKSTONE**
10363 CALVIN AVE., L.A. 25

Art Editor	Bob Sandmeyer
Field Notes	Arnold Small
Audubon Activities	Otto Widman
Conservation	Bill Watson
Typing	Helen Sandmeyer - Caroline Adams
Folding & Mailing	Marion Wilson

NATIONAL
AUDUBON SOCIETY
Audubon House 1130 Fifth Avenue

Mrs. Russell Wilson
Los Angeles Audubon Society Inc.
7377 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles 46, California

May 28, 1964

Dear Mrs. Wilson:

What a wonderful gift the Los Angeles Audubon Society has made to the National Audubon Society by its contribution of \$800.00 for the preservation of the condors. On behalf of our Directors and Officers, I thank your Society warmly and deeply for this very generous and substantial donation. It will go a long way in aiding us better to protect the condors. Just know also that all of us, including our California staff members, are most appreciative of this tangible manifestation of your Society's close cooperation with, and help to, our Society.

The research into the status of the condor being conducted by Messrs. Ian and Eben McMillan is progressing very well, and it is expected that the report will be completed by them early this fall, and in time for presentation at our national convention in November. The report will, of course, eventually be printed and published as a supplement to the Research Report on the Condors by Dr. Carl Koford. We are all eagerly awaiting the report, and rest assured that a copy will be presented to your Society.

Again, many thanks to the Los Angeles Audubon Society for its most generous gift, and also for all the other ways in which it helps our Society in its glorious common cause.

Sincerely,

Carl W. Buchheister
President

CONSERVATIVELY SPEAKING.



Audubon Activities

CONTINUED

Woods. Three nuthatches: Red and White-breasted and Pigmy; three towhees: Brown, Green-tailed and Rufous-sided; three sparrows: Chipping, English House and Lark, are on the list. Cassin's Finches (in song) were plentiful and this was a life bird for some. Not as noisy as last year were Clark's Nutcrackers. The walk to Mt. Pinos, always rewarding, revealed johnny-jump-ups barely visible, so small; the wall flowers are half last year's size; the phlox carpeted the slopes, almost artificial in their rock garden perfection. Dozens of snow banks attracted the birds and the eye for the whiteness in the woods. The wind buttoned our jackets and it brought a haze that covered Lockwood and San Joaquin Valleys. On the meadows the Bluebird's call cut the wind. Siskins were in the iris and skunk cabbage along with the robins. Chris Hardt spotted the Rock Wren at 8831 ft. Mt. Pinos summit, going in and out the limber and Jeffrey pine. At Saturday's calm the Jeffrey aroma of vanilla drenched the air and in the evening the Boy and Girl Scouts shattered the air with song. Brown Creepers climbed the trees, circling as they rose, while the quail's call pierced the woods. George and Lillian Venatta brought their sister as a guest, Mrs. Florence Stiers. Welcome back Randy Grisco after an absence from our trips. At this altitude we saw blackbirds: Brewer's, Red-winged and Cowbirds. Here also were the Yellow and the Audubon's Warblers. The group saw both Lawrence's and Lesser Goldfinches and, amazingly enough, Cedar Waxwings. The list is varied with Oregon Juncos, Mountain Chickadees, Bush-tits, Western Kingbird, Plain Titmouse, Burrowing Owl and jays.

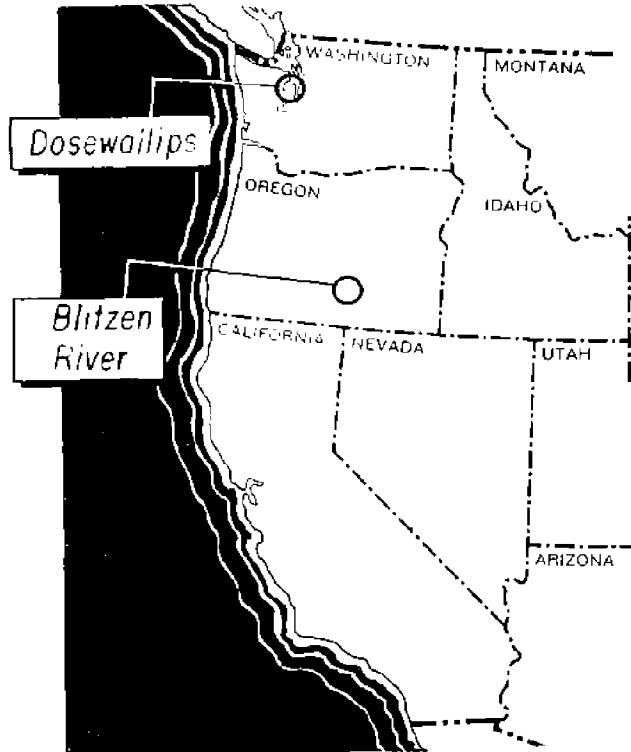
NEW MEMBERS

- Mrs. June Bishop
2371 Prosser Ave., LA 90064
- Mr. & Mrs. Marvin L. Braude
801 Hamley Ave., LA 90045
- Mr. Carl W. Buchheister
Pres., Nat'l. Audubon Soc.
1130 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10028
- Mr. Lon R. Chaney
750 W. Orange Grove Ave., Arcadia
- Mr. Arthur Colton
4064 Abourne Rd., LA 90008
- Mrs. Leon M. Cooper and Family
2709 Via Elevado, Palos Verdes Est.
- Miss Lois E. Dunn
952 Stonehill Lane, LA 90049
- Dr. John W. Hardy
Occidental College
1600 Campus Road, LA 90041
- Mr. Wiley B. Jones
4223 Rutgers Ave., Long Beach 90808
- Mr. Samuel Levin
P.O. Box 366, Morongo Valley
- Mrs. Doris Osburn
4152 Keever Ave., Long Beach 90807

BLITZEN RIVER... DOSEWALLIPS -----

Continued...

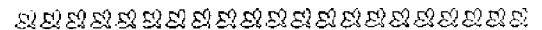
and a few other places...



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Betty (Mrs. William) Jenner and her daughter Laura are well known to field trip regulars. A native of Seattle, Washington, Mrs. Jenner attended the University of Washington for two years and then left to tour with an orchestra as a violinist. She came to Los Angeles many years ago, and it was here that she met Bill Jenner (also a musician). Besides Laura, the Jenners have three sons.

It was on a trip to Yosemite in 1955 that the Jenners met Francis Raymond, of the Sea and Sage Audubon Society, who introduced them to birding and, as Laura says, it wasn't long before she and her Mother were "hooked". They have been members of the Los Angeles Audubon Society since 1960.



found a road which took us quite close to the lake, and saw Canada Geese and several kinds of ducks feeding. Our last sight of civilization for a good while was the town of Lakeview, just over the Oregon border. From this area, those who have time can drive eastward into the Hart Mountain Antelope Refuge, where the last of our Pronghorn Antelope are protected. From near extinction around the turn of the century, these pretty little creatures have had a good comeback and exist in probably safe numbers. The Bighorn Sheep, too, has been re-introduced after being extirpated in 1916, and is thriving.

As Lake Abert came into view, it looked very attractive, especially as we saw number of Pintail, Green-winged Teal, Canada Geese and other birds at the south end. But the entire shoreline is sterile and uninhabited, and to the east of the highway rises a forbidding, barren, prehistoric volcanic formation, the Abert Rim. Ominous thunderclouds were forming as we started on the stretch of #395 where one gas station is the only building for sixty-five miles. As we traveled along the rolling sageland we could see rainstorms and lightning against inky clouds in half a dozen directions. Our journey for the day ended in the little town of Burns, where a cozy motel room seemed far superior to any campground at the time!

Caroline Adams gave such an excellent description of Malheur that I won't go into detail. One sees nothing of the "lake" -- there are miles of dikes, ponds and fields, and everywhere are birds and more birds. In the recent Audubon Field Notes, it is mentioned that of four broods of trumpeters at Malheur last summer, nineteen cygnets survived -- their best record.

Ernest Haycox, writer of western stories, drew a fine characterization of Peter French, whose ranch this was in the '80s. Old Peter carved out an empire and lived like a king. Now the "P" ranchhouse is the southern headquarters of the refuge. The town of French Glen consists of a store, a small hotel and several houses; the people at the hotel will help you with birding suggestions and will serve you a wonderful meal.

A mile or so away, in the Blitzen River canyon, is a primitive campground, and here we spent a pleasant night under countless desert stars, as we listened to the ululation of Coyotes.

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BLITZEN RIVER

Continued...

Regretfully we left fascinating Malheur, vowing to return and explore the scenic Steen Mountain area. Our next objective was the Oregon coast. Leaving Burns, we traveled westward for over a hundred miles through uninhabited sagebrush country before coming to pinyon-covered hills, then to the town of Bend, where in medium-high pines we saw a flock of Pinyon Jays. There are interesting recreation areas all around Bend: lakes, volcanic caves, and the 10,000' mountain area of the snow-capped Three Sisters.

We crossed the Cascades by way of Santiam Pass -- a route of forests and canyons that deserves weeks of exploration. A good state campground at Cascadia gave us free firewood and the ethereally sweet high warbling of the Winter Wren. Then again we journeyed westward, crossing familiar Highway #99 at Corvallis, and traversing the low coastal mountains to Newport. There are many deciduous trees in this range; Nuthatches, Creepers, and Warblers can be heard wherever you stop a moment; on the sunny slopes are Wrentits, and here their voices have a different quality -- or is it just that there is more moisture in the atmosphere than in our dry chapparal? Robins and Cedar Waxwings became increasingly abundant. Another sight, a tragic one, was the result of the dreadful windstorm of Columbus Day, 1962. Whole areas of forest lay flat, the trees pointing north, giving evidence of the "Big Blow" that roared out of nowhere, spreading havoc to cities, farms, and forests along a 1000-mile corridor 125 miles wide. Half a hundred people were killed; farm animals and wildlife suffered dreadfully. The total cost was \$210,000,000, aside from intangibles. The wind was measured up to 170 miles per hour.

Our spirits rose when we reached the coast and drew in deep, invigorating breaths of sea air warmed by the sun. Each turn of the Oregon coast road brings spectacular views -- and a large percent of the beach is for the public to enjoy; California could learn a lot from Oregon about state parks, county parks, roadside rests, and general good management of parks.

Our target for the day was one of those parks, at Cape Lookout, west of Tillamook. Here is a seabird refuge, mainly a nesting area for Murres, Cormorants, and Gulls. From dunes near our camp we could train the scope on Common Murres (each with one chick), Marbled Murrelets, White-winged Scoters, Gulls, and Cormorants, all feeding and resting, in very good numbers. Cape Meares and Three Arch Rock, a few miles farther north, are also refuges, here the incessant calling of seabirds and the bellowing of Sea Lions basking on the rocks are worth the extra drive. Roads are better than indicated on maps: be sure to drive up on the headland of wooded Cape Meares, and go to the abandoned lighthouse. Following a path through a dim corridor of tangled Sitka spruce you will come to the "octopus tree", an unbelievably large Sitka spruce with "writhing" branches. A more remote and relaxing spot is hard to find.

Driving north, we enjoyed as much as ever the ferry trip across the Columbia from Astoria -- but alas -- a bridge is being built across the big river, if you want to cross by ferry, you will have to hurry. Our route took us up through Shelton to the west side of Hood Canal, which, for the benefit of those who aren't Clamdiggers like myself, is a long narrow arm of Puget Sound extending down from the straits of Juan de Fuca. On the west side are the magnificent Olympics, with many rivers coming out of wooded canyons into the Canal. At the mouth of one of these, the Dosewallips, is a campground, and here we could live among Swainson's Thrushes, Pileated Woodpeckers, Goldfinches, Warblers, and many other deciduous-habitat birds. At the shore were Harlequin Ducks, Morgansers, Glaucous-winged Gulls, Great Blue Herons and, farther out, Pigeon Guillemots and some ducks -- of course during migration this would be a fine place to rent a boat.

Everywhere the Northwestern Crow could be heard conversing, and a young Bald Eagle was a frequent visitor. Upriver was the Dipper, and a ride into the mountains gave us the Gray Jay. Too soon we had to leave this delightful place and start home. Our feeling was one of great thankfulness that the era of senseless slaughter is past -- the wild creatures have at least some places of refuge where they can live and raise their little families the way they did through the centuries before the predator Man came to their land.



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BIRDS

By Arnold Small

A fairly cool spring made birding much more agreeable in southern California than one usually expects. Nesting of small landbirds in the lowlands and chaparral was well underway by the end of May, and indeed, many species were producing second broods by mid-June. At higher elevations, nesting did not really commence until early June and really reached its peak by the middle of the month. Most of the migrant shorebirds had departed by early June leaving only non-breeders to spend the summer with us.

Pelicans and cormorants were largely gone from coastal areas, and were to be found on their nesting islands well offshore. It would seem premature to think of southbound migrants at this time, but by early July, the male Calliope Hummingbirds will have already departed from their mountain homes, and should be seen southbound in the lowlands. The first southbound Rufous Hummingbirds should also be seen in July, as they stream through the mountain meadows on their exodus.

Many of the common species will have juveniles in their midst, and this adds somewhat to the confusion of identification, so study up on plumages of immature Oregon Juncos, Chipping Sparrows, Black-headed Grosbeaks, and the like. For the year-around birder, summer offers many possibilities for mountain birding, pelagic birding, and seeking out the few elusive species so far overlooked. Pelagic birding should start picking up in mid-July and from then on should improve steadily. In fact, our best finds of pelagic rarities are made in late summer, and there are many sport-fishing boats leaving from a multitude of local landings which fish well offshore.

If the albacore are running this summer, an albacore "special" is a good choice because they fish only for albacore, and thus may spend much of the day searching far offshore for schools of fish which are located by flocks of "albacore birds" (shearwaters). Those boats fishing off San Clemente Island are the best, since some of our best finds have been made in those waters. Black Petrels should be very easy to locate in this manner, and Black-footed Albatross is almost a certainty. But among the better species to be seen are Least Petrel, Pale-footed Shearwater, Long-tailed Jaeger, Man-o'-War Bird, Skua, and Red-billed Tropic-bird. Many of these far-travelling boats depart at midnight, and you must be prepared for an all-day stay at sea.

Mountain birding is good throughout the summer and those areas which seem to produce the best birding are Mount Pinos, Greenhorn Mountain, Big Bear (especially at Moonridge and Sugarloaf Mountain), Idyllwild, Santa Rosa Mountain, and Big Pines. Summer is also a good time to chase after the elusive species which can be found in California with some extra effort.

If you haven't yet seen the Yellow-billed Magpie, Nojoqui Falls County Park near Solvang is the best bet. For the Gray Vireo, you'll have to travel to Phelan and Oak Springs. For Black-chinned Sparrows, almost any local mountain area that has Chamise (*Adenostoma*) cover is good.

In addition, Black-backed Woodpeckers can be found near Badger Pass Ski Area in Yosemite; Gray-crowned Rosy Finches at Saddlebag Lake or Mt. Lyell in Yosemite, or on Squaw Peak further north; Gray Flycatchers at Mono Craters near Lee Vining; Black Swifts in Yosemite or King's Canyon. And, fortunately, virtually all vacation areas are also good birding places. As for the Smalls - we'll see what the eastern half of the continent has to offer.

Reminder

Los Angeles Audubon Society



annual
**POTLUCK
DINNER**
Saturday,
July 25

5 P.M.
Ferndell Picnic area Griffith Park

— See Calendar, page 97 —