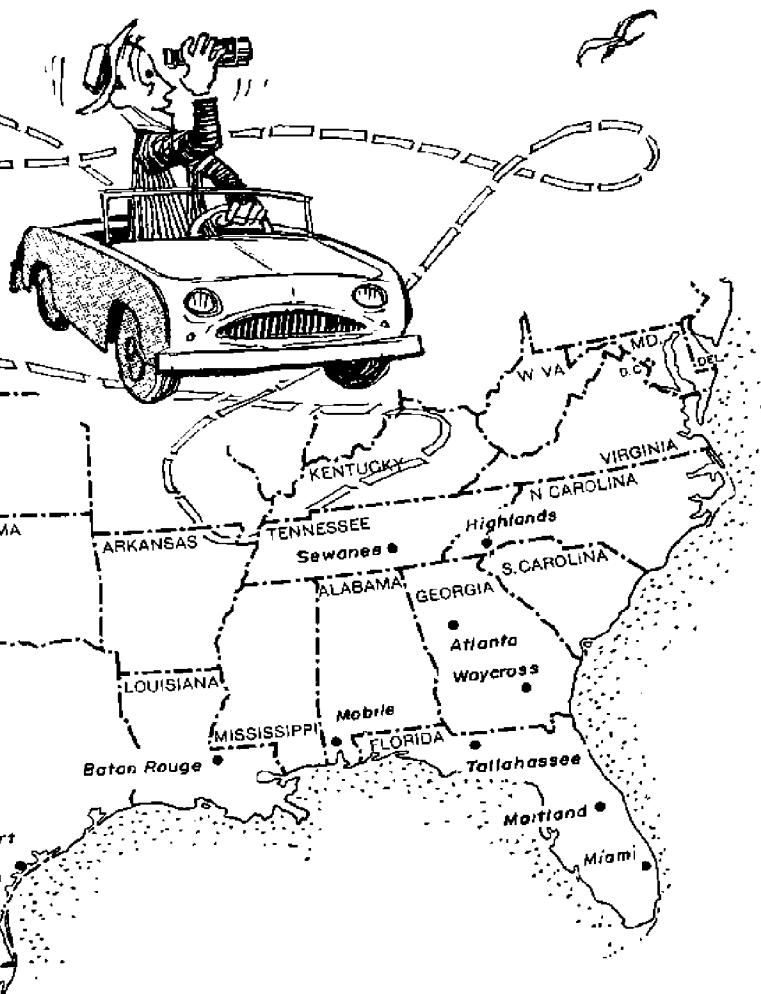


Bird Fever



By EARLE R. GREENE

To describe a trip of 10,600 miles by car through much of thirteen states, seeing and recording birds and visiting many people would constitute a book in itself, so I will try to pick out the main events, especially those of interest to bird-minded people.

Leaving Oxnard, California on May 1, spending that night in Riverside, I arrived in Gila Bend Arizona the next day and on the 3rd was having lunch with the Anders Andersons in their home in Tucson. Anders is well-known as an excellent ornithologist and has specialized in the study of the Cactus Wren. From Tucson I headed for Nogales and was told there to go north about seven miles to the home of Miss Catherine Noble as a Gray Hawk was reported there. Within a short time I was getting an excellent view of this bird which had evaded me for several years. Miss Noble and her mother were very gracious so we celebrated with dinner together across the border in Nogales, Mexico, quite a change from the quiet woodland of the Gray Hawk to the noise of Mexican bands and crowds.

Although a number of species of birds were seen on this entire trip, it was certain ones I wished to find and study that concerned me mostly. At the Southwestern Research Station of the American Museum in Portal birds were abundant and Mr. and Mrs. Vince Roth seemed delighted to welcome me again. This is a fine place to see birds hard to find elsewhere; also one meets others of similar interests — this time Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Follis of San Francisco.

My next important stop was at Midland, Texas from whence Mrs. Anne LeSassier, Robert Campbell and I drove to Seminole where we met Dr. John Adams and with him searched the surrounding area and were finally well rewarded in finding two groups of the Lesser Prairie Chicken, one of five birds and one of eight or nine, this latter group of cocks giving us an excellent display of territorial "shadow" fighting, this lasting some time as we stood close by.

-Continued on page 2

BIRD FEVER

Continued...

Leaving Midland I traveled to the Davis Mountains checking in at Indian Lodge, a fascinating place I thought. However, my search here for the Harlequin Quail and Black-eared Bushtit ended in failure, so these are left for another day. The town of McAllen down near the Rio Grande is a good center for one searching for birds in that area. I made it my base of operations for about three days. At Bentzen State Park I was delighted to see a Black-headed Oriole fly across the roadway. The Santa Ana National Wildlife Refuge is always productive and Raymond Fleetwood, the Refuge Manager whom I had formerly known in Georgia, was very cooperative. So here I found the Jacana, said to have been around there since December; also the Pauraque and a pair of Olive Sparrows. These sparrows seemed to have a nest nearby but failing to locate it I marked the area so Fleetwood would follow it up.

Driving to the mouth of the river and to the Laguna Atascosa National Wildlife Refuge I looked up George Unland, whom I had met at the Santa Ana Refuge and who was stationed at the Laguna Atascosa Refuge, and with him found the elusive Botteri's Sparrow. Although Cassin's Sparrow was also there, the coloring and actions are quite different.

At the Welder Wildlife Foundation near Sinton I learned that Clarence Cottom was away; but his assistant W. C. Glazener directed me about the area. Anyone interested in wildlife problems should visit this wonderful place.

On to Rockport where that famous bird woman Mrs. Connie Hagar makes here home and where every ornithologist and birder stops to learn the latest regarding the birds of that part of Texas. I am indebted to three members of the Texas Ornithological Society at this point—they had heard from Mrs. Hagar that I wanted to see a White-rumped Sandpiper, a bird I had failed to see during my eastern days and one almost unknown in California. They had to leave Rockport, however, but within an hour they were back calling for me to follow them. Jumping into my car I raced along for several miles then stopped where they had and there it was—White-rumped by pool on side of road—excellent observations when on the ground and also in flight. Thanks girls!

It is always a treat to return to the green forests and bayous of Louisiana so Baton Rouge with its Natural History Museum at Louisiana State University, presided over by Dr. George Lowery and his assistants, Dr. Robert Newman, Burt Monroe, Jr., and others, was my first objective. The Lowery home is located in a charming wooded area containing many birds and I was happy to spend the evening and night where I was so cordially received by George, Jean and George Lowery, Senior. Bob and Marsha Newman arrived for refreshments, then into town for dinner, to Bob's home to inspect a Black Rail and a Yellow Rail the Newmans had in a cage, then back to Lowerys for slides taken in Mexico by George.

Leaving this delightful place amid a chorus of bird songs I passed through Mississippi and in Alabama I found Rev. J. L. Dorn at Spring Hill College near Mobile. He and I had been on many trips in Louisiana together so we had some excellent chats together as he is still very active in bird work.

Arriving in Florida I turned northward for a few hours as Herbert Stoddard has a home just across the line in Georgia. Enroute I stopped to see Lucien and Louise Harris at their charming week-end place named "The Briar Patch" by Lucien, his grandfather, Joel Chandler Harris, using this name in his stories so well-known to thousands of people. Having lunch with them and their guest, Mrs. Mayfield, Lucien and I then called on Mrs. Stoddard, Herbert being away, talked with Robert Norris, well-known in ornithological circles, and inspected the TV tower, 1,010 feet in height, where Herbert and his assistants make studies of the many birds striking it in migration.

In Tallahassee I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Henry M. Stevenson and inspecting some of his specimens at Florida State University. Driving from there to St. Petersburg, thence to Treasure Island nearby, I visited Parakeet Village, the center it seems of hundreds of Budgerigars (Melopsittacus undulatus). The people owning this "village" have placed boxes with such names as "public school," "music hall," "town hall," etc. in which these birds nest. Others nest in cavities in trees about the area. An interesting sight, the owner stated that these birds have been breeding there for five years.

Across the Tamiami Trail to Miami where I found the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carter Bundy facing Grey-nolds Park and a large rookery of White Ibis. However, the main attraction for me was the Scarlet Ibis, several birds seen from the porch and grounds.



Continued on page 8

A STATEMENT ON PESTICIDE

PART 2

HAZARDS

By Dr. Roger Tory Peterson

The fish kills at the mouth of the Mississippi have received a lot of attention, and I cannot but suspect that there may be a connection with the disappearance of the brown pelican as a breeding bird in Louisiana. Although the brown pelican is the State bird of Louisiana, last year they even removed it from the automobile license plates.

But the Mississippi is not the only river that is sick. The whole continent has poisons in its veins and arteries. Let me tell you about the Connecticut River where I live. A beautiful river--and it is dying. I moved to Old Lyme, Connecticut just 10 years ago--largely because of the colony of ospreys around the mouth of the river. There was even a nest on our property. In 1954 there were about 150 nests in the general area, and they were a pleasure to everyone. We had lived there two or three years when I investigated the concentration of nests on Great Island at about the time there should have been full grown young. Most of the nests were empty. The next year was also a failure. Some of the birds sat on unhatched eggs for 60 and 70 days. (An osprey's egg should hatch in 32 days).

At about that time Peter Ames, a graduate student in ornithology at Yale University started his studies of our local ospreys, and we became deeply involved. There were about 20 nests in one concentration on Great Island. One season they produced 6 young, one year 3, and one year only one. Normal success should have been between one and two young per nest--perhaps 30 birds out of 20 nests. Twenty-one raccoon-proof poles with platforms were erected to rule out predation by raccoons and other disturbances, but even after the birds adopted these sites the survival percentages remained the same, about 10% of the norm. Finally several eggs were analyzed. They contained significant amounts of DDT, DDE and other derivatives of DDT. Thirty samples of fish taken from the nests all contained these poisons. We could come to only one conclusion.

Without proper replacement of young birds the colony has been shrinking. Here are some of the statistics: In 1954 there were approximately 150 nests in the area. In 1960 there were 71; in 1963, 24; this year, 15. They are dropping out at the

rate of more than 30% yearly. Projecting this decline we should see our last nest on the Connecticut in 1970 or '71--in only 5 or 6 years.

There is not much spraying at Old Lyme, but half a dozen towns upriver spray. There is undoubtedly air-drift and runoff. You cannot confine these poisons as long as wind blows, water flows or fishes swim. Where we are likely to get the magnification effect is in the estuarine waters at the mouth of the river. Traces of poisons ingested by little fish upriver--either in the runoff or through poisoned insects--make them easier prey for larger fish. Numbers of affected fingerlings compound their poison in their predators, and it is the large fish that is wobbly, swimming near the surface, that is most likely to be caught by the osprey which transfers the accumulated poisons to its own tissues. Natural selection has become unnatural selection.

Nor are the ospreys the only birds that are disappearing on the Connecticut. We no longer hear the bitterns booming and the colonies of night herons have disappeared. We have not seen a single kingfisher this year. It is a sad thing to see a beautiful river becoming devoid of life.

Ospreys in Massachusetts and Rhode Island and on the coast of New Jersey are also dropping fast, apparently for the same reasons. At Gardiner's Island, off the end of Long Island, where there were formerly 200 nests there are now only a few and these produce very few young.

We know that the bald eagle, our national bird, is in serious trouble along the Atlantic Coast. The many nests in the Chesapeake Bay area have virtually stopped producing young. There are still adults about but they won't live forever. We may well see the last of our eagles along our eastern seaboard within a decade. We know that pesticides are largely responsible for the bald eagles' plight. Experimental work by Dr. DeWitt of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service as well as field work by biologists of the National Audubon Society and others have proven this to our satisfaction. Here again, eagles are most vulnerable in estuaries and at the end of river systems. Isolated populations in unpolluted headwaters such as in the Minnesota lake country are faring better, as one would expect.

Continued on page 4

PESTICIDE HAZARDS

CONTINUED...

In Scotland, the osprey recently returned to breed after an absence of nearly a century. It became big news and tens of thousands of people made pilgrimages to watch these birds. Rigidly guarded, they had some success at first, but the first pair of second generation birds to nest last year had no luck. Their eggs did not hatch.

In Scotland the golden eagle is also in trouble. I, myself, visited two abandoned nests last summer. From the March 1964 issue of BRITISH BIRDS I quote the summary of a paper on "Insecticides and Golden Eagles.

"In a sample of the population of Golden Eagles in a wide area of the western Highlands of Scotland, the number of pairs rearing young has declined from 72% during 1937-60 to 29% during 1961-63--an unprecedented drop. Disturbances by man, climatic change and change in food supply in relation to the numbers of eagles all seem unlikely as possible factors in this falling breeding success.

"Ten eggs from seven eyries were contaminated with dieldrin, gamma-BHC and DDE (a metabolite of DDT). All but one had traces of heptachlor. Circumstantial evidence strongly suggests that these chlorinated hydrocarbons are responsible for the decline. Eagles probably get the insecticides, with the exception of the heptachlor, from the fat, flesh and fleece of sheep carrion, the sheep having absorbed them from sheep dips. The source of the heptachlor is uncertain, but these traces could be a result of preying on other species of birds which have acquired the chemical from seed dressings.

The bird-eating birds have also gone into a sharp decline. Normally they tone up the populations they prey on by catching the marginal or sick birds. Poisoned birds, of course, are sick birds, easier to catch, and as I have commented earlier, because of the poison syndrome, natural selection has now become unnatural selection. In the British Isles and on the continent of Europe the sparrow hawk has almost disappeared, and nearly every species of bird of prey is down in numbers.



The peregrine falcon, the finest and fastest bird that flies has disappeared from the whole of

Marion Wilson reports on Audubon House

Our Headquarters at Audubon House will be open this year from 2-4 P.M. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Note the addition of Tuesdays. Mrs. LaPrelle (Martha) Edens is the new Headquarters Chairman, with the following members serving on the staff: Mrs. J. Gordan (Shirley) Wells, Miss Mae Wilson, Mrs. Gene (Elizabeth) Rose, who serve during the week, and Miss Shirley Hallcom and Mr. C. B. Maynard serving on Saturdays. Mrs. Albert (Florence) Myers is the Headquarters typist. Mr. William Watson continues as our Librarian and Mrs. William (Mary) Hood as Exhibit Chairman. The beautiful backgrounds in the three new exhibit cases have been painted by Mr. Vernon Mangold.

As outgoing Headquarters Chairman, I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the members who have helped since 1956.

Mrs. Russell (Marion) Wilson

The Santa Barbara Audubon Society reported sighting an American Oyster-catcher on the north shore of Anacapa Island during a boat trip to the Channel Islands on May 24. This appears to be the first time the species has been observed in southern California since 1910. According to the account, "... all 29 in the party saw (it) clearly and close up...".

From EL TECOLOTE June, 1964

the northeastern states since 1950 as a breeding bird. I visited 14 occupied nests in the Hudson Valley in a single weekend in 1946. Today they are all gone--gone from the Susquehanna, the Delaware and all our big eastern river bluffs. We cannot say for certain that pesticides did it, but in the early '50's the birds went through the same suspicious pattern as the osprey. Many of them sat on eggs that did not hatch. With no replacements the existing pairs finally disappeared. The only ones we see today are migrants, presumably from arctic Canada.

The same thing has happened in the British Isles. There were 500 known eyries in Britain ten or twelve years ago. They have suddenly dropped to about 50 or fewer. Thus far only one unhatched egg has been analyzed and as we expected, it contained significant amounts of hydrocarbons.

So it is evident that this is a world problem--wherever pesticides are used. But it is a faster process here because of our usual American efficiency. We even poison our environment faster.

To be concluded in the next issue.



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REGISTRAR OF MEMBERS: MRS. RUSSELL WILSON

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

SEPTEMBER 1964

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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SEPTEMBER

- Sept. 3 THURSDAY EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING 7:30 P.M., Audubon House.
- Sept. 5 SATURDAY PELAGIC TRIP 6:00 A.M. on the "Corsair" from 22nd St. Landing, San Pedro. Please be on time.
Leader: Arnold Small 837-2272
- Sept. 8 TUESDAY EVENING MEETING 8:00 P.M. in Great Hall, Plummer Park, 7377 Santa Monica Blvd. "Audubon Camp of the West--1964" will be the subject of our first program of the 1964-65 season. The speakers will be Miss Laura Lou Jenner, Wildlife Films Chairman, and Mr. Francis L. Curry. Both Miss Jenner and Mr. Curry are teachers by profession and were recipients of the two Audubon Camp Scholarships given by the Los Angeles Audubon Society. Their talks will be illustrated by color slides taken at the Camp in the Wind River Range of Wyoming. Refreshments will be served following the meeting.
Program Chairman: Don Adams 372-5536
- Sept. 12 SATURDAY FIELD TRIP Malibu Lagoon to mouth of the Santa Clara River at Ventura. Meet at 7:30 A.M. on Pacific Coast Highway just north of the bridge over Malibu Lagoon. Bring lunch.
Leaders: Gene and Liz Rose 454-0191
- Sept. 17 THURSDAY CONSERVATION MEETING 7:30 P.M., Audubon House, Plummer Park, 7377 Santa Monica Blvd. This meeting will be the first of what, it is hoped, will be a regular feature of our program. For further information see Bill Watson's Conservation Column in this issue.
Chairman: Bill Watson
- Sept. 26 SATURDAY AND SUNDAY FIELD TRIP San Diego. Guy McCaskie has promised to be with us for two days of birding in the San Diego area. As you know, Guy has been making sensational finds in the Tijuana River bottom and you will not want to miss this opportunity to be introduced to this area by Guy himself. Meet at 8:00 A.M. at Oscar's Restaurant on Palm Avenue in Imperial Beach. Go south on 101 to the Imperial Beach turn-off, which is Palm Ave., and proceed 3/4 of a mile to the restaurant, which is on the right hand side of the street.
Leader: Guy McCaskie
- Oct. 3 SATURDAY - SPECIAL PELAGIC TRIP from Monterey in cooperation with the Golden Gate Audubon Society. On previous trips we have seen dozens of New Zealand Shearwaters along with Sooties, Slender-billed, Manx and Pink-footed, many Parasitic and Pomerine Jaegers, Skuas, Fork-tailed Petrels as well as Asheys and Blacks, Black-footed Albatrosses, Fulmars, Rhinoceros and Cassin's Auklets, Pigeon Guil-

CALENDAR CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

lemots and thousands of Phalaropes. The fare is \$4.50 and your check should be made payable to Golden Gate Audubon Society and mailed to Mr. Harold G. Peterson, 3548 65th Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94605. Boat will leave from Sam's Fishing Pier at 9:00 A.M. and will return at 3:00 P.M. This will leave some time for shore birding Saturday afternoon and again Sunday morning.

Leader: Mr. Harold Peterson

Oct. 10 SATURDAY AND SUNDAY PELAGIC TRIP - We have secured a two-day charter of the "Coroloma", which operates from Oxnard, for a visit to the Channel Islands-- Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa and possibly San Miguel. We will be looking for Jaegers, Skuas, Albatrosses, several kinds of Shearwaters, including New Zealand, various petrels including the Fork-tailed, Phalaropes, Sabine's Gulls, various Alcids, etc. and suggest that you study up on these birds in advance. Cost: \$16.00. Departure time: 7:30 A.M. Bring sleeping bag and air mattress. Food will be prepared in the ship's galley at reasonable cost, or you can bring your own. Don't forget your motion sickness pills. Make your check payable to the Los Angeles Audubon Society and send it to Mr. Irwin Woldman, 22900 Calabash St., Woodland Hills, California.

Leader: Irwin Woldman 346-9226

...at noon on May 14, the first burn-off of a forested area to preserve the habitat of a rare songbird was fired in the Huron National Forest (Michigan)...

"Prescribed burning' is the professional forester's term for such an operation. This one was dubbed 'Project Pop-Cone'... All for the benefit of Michigan's famous Kirtland's Warbler... And as the last flames died, man's efforts in the warbler's behalf were declared a success by Louis A. Pommerening, Supervisor of National Forest operations...

"Historically, wild fires in Michigan's jack pines plains created plenty of habitat for the Kirtland's Warbler, which raises its young in nests on the ground only in thickets of young jack pines. But modern forest fire control techniques are so effective that man is pushing the bird out of house and home.

"The problem is the jack pine cone. It may stay closed on the trees or on the ground for years unless scorched by a hot fire...in which case millions of seeds will pop out to regenerate the forest and produce a new jack pine stand." From MICHIGAN AUDUBON SOCIETY NEWS-LETTER June 8, 1964

The killing of fish-eating birds at State and Federal fish hatcheries long has disturbed conservationists, particularly members of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. Fish hatcheries exist as natural traps along the migration routes of these imperiled birds.

As a result of Federal action and State co-operation, ospreys, herons and fish-eating ducks no longer pay a death penalty for flying around a hatchery. John S. Gottschalk, Director of U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service Region Five, has ordered Federal hatchery personnel in New England and adjoining states to cease killing the birds on sight. He now requires issuance of a special permit before a particularly annoying bird can be killed. Formerly blanket

THE WESTERN Tanager

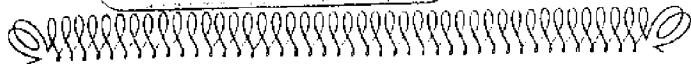
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Otto Widman	
<u>TYPING</u>	<u>FOLDING & MAILING</u>
Helen Sandmeyer	Marion Wilson
Caroline Adams	Stephanie Mangold
	Laura Jenner

permits were issued. Further, he has instructed hatchery personnel to attempt curbing the birds through eliminating favorite perching places and similar ecological factors that encourage visits from the birds.

In a less inclusive order, James M. Shepard, Director of the State Division of Fisheries and Game, called for a halt in indiscriminate killing of fish-eating birds at state hatcheries. From MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON NEWS-LETTER July, 1964



AUDUBON ACTIVITIES

By Otto Widman

and FRAN KOHN

June 13

This is the time for songs and Buckhorn Campground is the place to hear them and to have Russ and Marion Wilson point them out. Wilson's and Macgillivray's Warblers filled the canyon below the campsites. Robins and Fox Sparrows were right around the camp stoves, and on the hike to Mt. Williamson the Green-tailed Towhee and Black-chinned Sparrow sounded across the canyons. The Mountain Chickadee never fails with its two separate calls and the Western Wood Peewee always manages a conspicuous branch.

At Chilao we heard the Black-headed Grosbeaks, while the Purple Martin and the Red-tailed Hawk carried food to their nests. I watched a Lawrence's Goldfinch bathe in a streamlet as a Violet-green Swallow tried to invade the White-breasted Nuthatch's nest. Above me was an Ash-throated Flycatcher. Madeline Glidden pointed out the House Wren. Not far from the road Marion Wilson showed us the Red-breasted Sapsucker. On the nature trail at Chilao were the Acorn and the White-headed Woodpecker. Farther down the road was the Pygmy Nuthatch.

Everywhere the wall-flower, in beautiful stands, covered the slopes. Along the road, sprinkled among the jagged rocks, the lupine grew bright blue against the gray background. Snow flowers are in full bloom and in the Buckhorn camp they were in rich reds against the fern background and tiger lilies (not yet in bloom). By the trails Pauline Cole identified the gilia. The phlox grew in profusion along the Mt. Williamson trail which twelve of us climbed on Sunday morning. At Chilao the paintbrushes hid among the flowering buckbrush and the yucca this year are at their best. On the road up from La Cañada the bush poppy covers hundreds of acres, giving a yellow tinge to the hillside. Along the brim the scarlet bugler tinted the way-side. At Buckhorn the Jeffrey pine perfumed the air with its vanilla-like aroma. The sugar pine cones stand out at the branch's tip, too small to interest the Gray Squirrel that scampered about the area. At the Wilson's campsite the chipmunk ate raisins meant for the cowbirds and nuthatches.

Guests were Dave Kaplan, Gordon O. Adams (guest of Ellen L. Stephenson). Welcome Robert F. Conner after an absence to our trips. We were sorry to hear of Vernon Mangold's mishap and hope for a speedy recovery and return to our trips. There were 42 species seen by the 39 members.

June 27-28

Somewhere in the barren hills above Bakersfield water stands and the tule and cattails grow. Here the Common Gallinule and one Mallard made use of the water. Bullock's Orioles seemed to be all over the tules. Blackbirds and Western Kingbirds abounded--seven of the more common birds were about the farm buildings. In the oaks and boulders near Glenville near a bridge Rough-winged Swallows, Lazuli Buntings, Western Bluebirds and Acorn Woodpeckers were added to our growing list, that finally named 79 species for the two day trip to Tiger Flats in the Greenhorn Mountains.

Marsh, Sparrow, Red-tailed Hawks were along the road, and in the trees Pygmy, Red and White-breasted Nuthatch climbed. Seven warblers were seen in all: Yellow-throat, Audubon, Townsend's, Macgillivray's, Yellow and Wilson's Hermit. During the night the Spotted Owl barked like a fox. The Hermit Thrush bugled his song over Shirley Meadows. Here the Townsend's Solitaire was nesting beside the singing Green-tailed Towhee. Five different sparrows included the Fox with the Slate-colored variation. We were fortunate in seeing the Red-breasted Sapsucker along with the White-headed Woodpecker. The Wood Peewee was among the flycatchers along with the Olive-sided, Ash-throated and one of the empidonax.

JoAnn and Warren Flock joined the group to make 29 members present. Mr. and Mrs. Anagnos and guest, Ned Oshins are welcomed as first timers to our trips. Russ and Marion Wilson led a carefully planned trip for the two days with many stops for good observing. We were "tarred" out of Tiger Flats by an ambitious road crew bent on improving the area. We found just as good birding, however, at Shirley Meadows but not as nice a locale as Tiger Flats.



July 11

Before the sun gained its full strength Paul Colburn, in charge of Tucker Sanctuary, led the group up a fire road. Here and about the Sanctuary we counted 26 birds, among them the hummingbirds: Anna's, Costa's, and Black-chinned, part of the 300 that inhabit the canyon. White-throated Swifts, Cliff Swallows, and Hooded and Bullock's Orioles were plentiful. The White-breasted Nuthatch came to the feeder and a Song Sparrow called in the bushes. The many Band-tailed Pigeons roosted in the trees or bathed nearby. The group failed to see the Nuttall's Woodpecker usually always seen about.

On the road to O'Neil Park Russ Wilson identified a Golden Eagle. At the park Purple Martins, Cassin's and Western Kingbirds were constantly in the air. The group got to see a Swainson's Thrush and the ever-present Phainopepla. Swainson's, Red-shouldered, and Sparrow Hawks completed the hawk list. Cactus and Canyon Wrens also were around but the Canyon Wren by song only. We also saw Warbling Vireos, the Lark Sparrow, and Western Flycatchers.

Continued on page 9

BIRD FEVER

Continued...

of the Bundys, these birds on their nests and in the trees. Their history is interesting, Mr. Bundy having brought a number of eggs, placing them under the White Ibis; seventeen were fledged and approximately eight coming to maturity. Mr. Paul Zahl, photographer and writer for the National Geographic Society, was on hand to photograph them and I understand will have an article in the magazine before long.

A short drive to Hollywood, Florida, brought me to the home of Mrs. Ida Arnold, who showed me that beautiful bird the Blue-gray Tanager (Thraupis virens). She stated that this is the fifth year this bird has nested about the area and raised young.

Heading southward along the keys I stopped for a visit with Sandy and Mrs. Sprunt, then to Key West to see old friends again. Key West is always an interesting place to visit — its Great White Herons, White-crowned Pigeons, Audubon House, and gardens of many flowers adding much for a person to enjoy. Since I had been to Tortugas in the old days and time was running out, I did not take that delightful trip this time.

The Everglades National Park is a fascinating place, far different now from when I was there years ago — then about three or four fishing shacks, now a million dollar park with excellent roads, restaurants and buildings for guests. I was pleased to meet Richard Cunningham again and also to have quite a talk with Dr. William B. Robertson, Jr.

Enroute northward I stopped at Kendall and had a look at four Red-whiskered Bulbuls (Pycnonotus jocosus) and was glad to learn that they had increased in numbers since seeing two of them a few years ago.



The Rockledge, Cocoa, Merritt Island area is indeed an excellent one for many species of birds and I could understand why it seems to lead the list in the Christmas Bird Counts. Although I saw nothing new I did enjoy a trip in a fishing boat as Johnnie Johnson, in charge, is an excellent bird man. Several miles out one Wilson's Petrel was spotted.

In the Orlando area I called on several old-time friends such as Mrs. Mary Reed, Penelope and Ellison Adams, all originally from Atlanta.

To the Audubon House at Maitland, but since it was Saturday and no one in, I finally found C. Russell Mason, editor of the Florida Naturalist and an excellent ornithologist, and Mrs. Mason in their home at Altamonte Springs where we had an excellent lunch and an interesting talk. The Florida Audubon Society is doing great conservation work in that state and has a large membership.

Into Georgia where I stopped to see Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Cypert in Waycross. Cypert is Biologist in the Okefinokee National Wildlife Refuge. I telephoned long distance to Alex Sprunt in Charleston to ascertain about Bachman's Warbler but as Alex stated it was not there this year, I decided to head for Atlanta, my old home town. There are a great many bird people in Atlanta — members of the Atlanta Bird Club and the Georgia Ornithological Society. The home of my sister Caryl and her husband Deac Vaughan became my headquarters. From there I called on William Griffin, Louis Fink, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Gordon, James Silver, Dr. Baker of Emory University, to mention a few of those interested in wildlife.

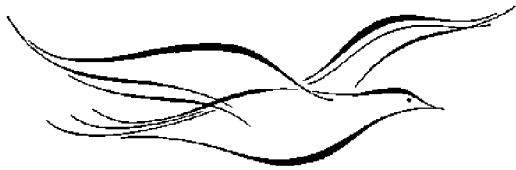
There was one more bird I wanted to see and knowing that the north Georgia hills and mountains as well as those in North Carolina were supposed to have many of them, I made quite a trip of several days duration into north Georgia, enjoying the great forested areas but did not find the bird. So I drove to Highlands, North Carolina and contacted several people including Dr. Thelma Howell of the Highlands Biology Station Laboratory. All gave much advice about where to find this bird. I searched for many hours without success and had about given up when there right in front of my car only sixty feet away was a beautiful Ruffed Grouse, the bird I wanted. It did not fly but moved about a bit, then shortly here came five chicks across the road, slowly at first, then when about halfway they ran. Some signal, perhaps from the adult. All then disappeared up a bank into the bushes.

Back to Atlanta for a few days where there were several relatives and friends to see. I left Atlanta on the morning of June 24, enjoyed a lunch of Tennessee River catfish and hush puppies at Mullins Cove Restaurant by the Tennessee River, and arrived at Sewanee, Tennessee, where my old college, The University of the South, is located. Many new buildings have been erected and changes taken place since I last visited this charming spot of 10,000 acres on top of the Cumberland Plateau. I was happy to talk with Harry C. Yeatman, an ornithologist in the Biological Department, who has some ideas about working up a comprehensive list of the birds of the area. A good project and needed.

Continued on page 9

Bird Fever Continued...

From there I hurried westward, seeing many birds but nothing new to me. Needles, California is a hot spot this time of year as we all know. So I turned northward—Lone Pine, Bishop, Mammoth Lakes—off the main highway, to Carson City, Reno, and finally Yuba Pass in a beautiful, heavily wooded country. I found the cabin of Mr. and Mrs. Snyder but Beth Snyder had not arrived from Berkeley. He and I had a good talk but I failed to find that Black-backed Woodpecker. That country of woods, mountain streams and lakes was well worth seeing, however, and the rainbow trout were delicious. I arrived back in Oxnard on July 4 — a well worth trip I feel in many ways.



About the Author.

Earle Greene tells us that his first recollections of birds is of those around his grandmother's house in Asheville, North Carolina--Chimney Swifts and Red-headed Woodpeckers. Later the gift of a copy of Frank M. Chapman's "Birds of Eastern North America" confirmed the 'bird fever' which he has had ever since.

Now retired, Mr. Greene's career included an eight year period when he was Refuge Manager (U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Biological Survey) at several refuges: Lake Mattamuskeet N. W. R. (N. C.), Okefenokee N. W. R. (Ga.), Key West N. W. R. (Fla.) and Great White Heron N. W. R. (Fla.).

A member of the Los Angeles branch of the National Audubon Society since arriving in California in 1948, Mr. Greene has been a member of the American Ornithologist's Union since 1921 (made an Elective Member in 1942) and has held membership in several organizations in the south, having been president at various times of the Atlanta Bird Club, the Georgia Ornithological Society and of the Louisiana Ornithological Society.

He is the author of: "Birds of the Atlanta (Ga.) Area", "Birds of Lake Mattamuskeet", "Birds of the Lower Florida Keys" and co-author with Griffin, Odum, Stoddard and Tomkins of "Birds of Georgia"

He says he has travelled in search of birds in every state of the union including Alaska and Hawaii, as well as Canada, Mexico, Cuba and the Canal Zone (Barro Colorado Island).

Earle Greene is still as enthusiastic about birding as ever, as shown in the accompanying account of a summer spent catching up on those 'hard-to-get' species to round out his Life List.

Los Angeles County Fair

The Los Angeles Audubon Society will be in charge of the Audubon Society Fair booth on Sept. 18, 19, 20 and 30. The other days will be staffed by San Fernando Valley, Pasadena, and Pomona in Los Angeles County and Sea and Sage from Orange County. The exhibits have been planned, built and installed by the efficient staff of Audubon Center under the guidance of the Director, Paul Howard. The booth will be in a new location, in the same building, on the same side of the building, but nearer the center. Visitors will be welcomed by the members in the booth. There are many fine exhibits which will make a visit to see the varied activities of our County very worthwhile.

**Audubon
Activities**

CONTINUED

Newport Bay was disappointing because we failed to see the Tropic-bird that has been seen there for several weeks. The shore birds were sparse, possibly because of the high tide. Dave Robison, our leader for the day, moved us about so that we had plenty of time to observe in each area. Joe Kennedy (Ohio) and Ruth Nims joined us as guests for the first time. We were glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Gaines, parents of the indefatigable David, for another visit with our trips.

Newport Bay had Stilts, Avocets, Whimbrels, Marbled Godwits, Least and Royal Terns and some Northern Phalaropes. But, as I said, there were very few birds. Francis Raymond was good enough to guide the group from O'Neil Park to Newport. There were 28 members and guests to complete our list.

July 25

Fifty Audubon members and guests attended the Annual Potluck Dinner in the Fern Dell Picnic area in Griffith Park. The evening was delightfully cool, the setting charmingly rustic and the cuisine international. Average weight gain was at least three pounds! Our thanks to John Peebles for making the necessary arrangements. We hope the whole Society will join us next year.

August 8

The field trip to Switzer's Inlet, Mt. Wilson and Charlton Flats netted 28 birdwatchers and 47 species of birds. There were several migrating warblers, the Solitary Vireo, Townsend's Solitaire and great numbers of Western Bluebirds. It was good to see Irene and Jerry Lane again. Bea and Dan Coughlin from the Pasadena Audubon Society joined us, as did Arthur Rose, son of Liz and Gene, who was on his first trip with the Society. Welcome home, Arthur! We all enjoyed the cool mountain breezes and had a leisurely day.

CONSERVATION NEWS



By
**BILL
WATSON**

For the first time, the proposal to open the Sacramento National Wildlife Refuge to hunting has been made. But we have time to speak out in urgent protest and demand that the refuge be kept truly a refuge and sanctuary for the wildfowl of our Pacific Flyway. The National Audubon Society and your own Los Angeles Audubon Society have sent protests to the Department of the Interior on this new proposal to placate the demands of hunters.

Make no mistake about it. Our own California Department of Fish and Game, incessantly under fire from the hunters, is the primary source for such plans on the part of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. If this new philosophy of the purpose for federal wildlife refuges prevails in our state, it will be because there are not enough conservationists to resist this new squandering of our basic resources. They want to spend the capital as well as the interest, for such refuges provide sanctuary for basic breeding stock. It was not hunters but conservationists who first established our federal wildlife refuge system. Why should conservationists preserve the wildlife only for the satisfaction of hunters?

The hunters have their private and commercial clubs all around the Sacramento National Wildlife Refuge. Now they want to get into the refuge itself.

If the decision is made to allow hunting about half of every week during the hunting season in Sacramento National Wildlife Refuge, it will not take effect until November. We have until then to save this important and only refuge that is left free of hunting in the Pacific Flyway from the attrition of hunting.

Since this is a decision being made by the Department of the Interior, we can and do strongly urge you, each and every conservationist among you, to write your protests and send them to:

Hon. Stewart L. Udall
Secretary of the Interior
Washington, D. C., 20240

and:

Hon. Walter T. Shannon
Dir., Dept. of Fish and Game
722 Capitol Avenue
Sacramento 14, California

Remember, the Sacramento National Wildlife Refuge is owned and managed by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The hunting season will be managed by the California Department of Fish and Game.

As had been expected, when Congressman Wayne Aspinall and his House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs finally let loose of the Wilderness Bill it easily sailed right out of the House of Representatives, passed by a vote of 373 to 1. The House even killed the notorious San Geronimo amendment offered by Rep. Robert Duncan (D-Ore.). This all but guarantees the wilderness protection we have all wanted for so long. The Bill still has to get through a Conference Committee of the Senate and the House and be signed by the President. There are no obstacles envisaged there, however. Furthermore, once the President signs the Bill it will save San Geronimo from commercialization in any form, skiing or otherwise--essentially forever.

In addition, the House also passed, without amendment, the Land and Water Conservation Fund Bill. Now it will go to the Senate. But it is well launched by the House.

It is very pleasant to be able to start our new Audubon season with such wonderfully good news. And let me remind you all, the only way such legislation could come to pass was by a lot of good, earnest, America-loving citizens working for conservation.

If we never have a Santa Monica Mountain Park, it will be because not enough people demanded it. It is obvious that our County Board of Supervisors and our Los Angeles City Council were not sufficiently impressed by the outcry for this park.

If the Department of the Interior opens the Sacramento National Wildlife Refuge to public hunting this fall, it will be because there are more egoistic hunters making themselves heard than conservationists are doing.

Does a lot of this seem mysterious to you? Are you a tyro in the field of conservation? Does the thought of writing to your Congressman give you stage fright? Do you wish to be more effective in your efforts as an individual to further the causes of conservation?

The Los Angeles Audubon Society has just what you need. Beginning in September, for the first time, we are launching a new series of regular meetings. Tentatively these meetings will be held on a monthly basis. They are going to be devoted to conservation problems--your own problems and the country's. The purposes of these meetings will be to help you understand the conservation problems that need attention. We will discuss conservation reading programs, conservation activities, current problems. We want to explore conservation problems in depth. Anyone who has an idea for improving some situation, who wants to become more informed, who wants to know how to write letters is invited.

Come to listen. Come to learn. Come to talk. Come to help others. The first Conservation Meeting will take place at Audubon House in Plummer Park on the evening of Thursday, September 17, 1964, at 7:30 P. M.