

Appreciating the Wilderness ...with Dr. Jaeger

by Bill Hodson

In late August of 1964 I had the privilege of accompanying Edmund C. Jaeger, noted naturalist, on a journey through Nevada and into the Sawtooth Mountain country of Idaho. While on the trip I found one art at which Dr. Jaeger particularly excels: he is a master camper, and his outdoor cooking is second to none. Every mile of the trip was made more enjoyable by Dr. Jaeger's knowledge and friendship, and his mastery of this fine art. The following is a brief account of our sixteen-day journey through the western wilderness.

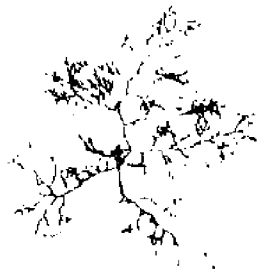
Bill Hodson



The evening sun was beginning to fade as I arrived at Dr. Jaeger's house the night before we were to begin our journey to Idaho's Sawtooth Mountains. The warm reddish-orange rays softly illuminated his yard which is appropriately planted with a multitude of desert plants and shrubs.

Dr. Jaeger came out of his small house, set back among his beautiful plants, and warmly greeted us. After assuring my parents that I would have a good time (I needed no assuring), Dr. Jaeger and I transferred the few articles of clothing and personal gear I had brought along to his Jeep Wagoneer. Although we packed the food, bedrolls and luggage with great care, we found later that we could rearrange them for a more compact load.

We spent the evening chatting about our previous short trips to Baja California, as well as anticipating our coming adventure. I perused Dr. Jaeger's magnificent library con-



Appreciating the Wilderness...

Continued...

taining many scientific works and collector's items among naturalist writings. When I finally lay on my cot, I was unable to sleep soundly. Thoughts of the approaching trip continued to race through my mind until I finally dozed off under their spell.

I was awakened at about 4:00 the next morning by Dr. Jaeger telephoning Steve, the third party on our trip. It seems that Steve thought we were to leave on the following day and was still in bed. He hurriedly packed his gear and talked a friend into driving him from Glendale to Dr. Jaeger's home. It was nearly noon when we finally got the "Mechanical Burro" out of the garage and headed for Idaho.

That afternoon we crossed the Mohave Desert. The weather was warm, but not unbearable. When we reached the town of Big Pine, we headed up Westgard Pass between the Inyo and White Mountains. At the top of the pass, down a small Jeep trail, we stopped at one of Dr. Jaeger's favorite campsites.

The campsite is situated in a beautiful woodland of Piñon Pines and Junipers short distance from the highway. A short walk away from camp revealed the desert floor of Fish Lake Valley stretching out toward Nevada. The sunlight shimmered off the sandy white valley and illuminated the emerald-green of Deep Springs Ranch about halfway across the valley.

In this beautiful spot came the moment Steve and I had anticipated for some time. We had our first campfire and evening chat. It was also here that we had our first delicious Jaeger-style meal of the trip.

We used stove built by Dr. Jaeger on a previous trip to this same site. The stove design is somewhat of a trademark for Dr. Jaeger. It consists of one large flat rock placed on edge for the back and two smaller flat rocks on each side.

When the small cooking fire was burning nicely, Dr. Jaeger placed his "fire-irons" (two steel bars which are flat on one side) across the two side rocks. They were taken off a buggy

many years ago and have seen many campfires in hundreds of lovely places since that time. Dr. Jaeger considers his fire-irons among the most helpful of his "old friends."

He then proceeded to fry some potatoes and meat in another of his old friends the Dutch oven. This was set upon the fire-irons and used as a frying pan. Dr. Jaeger cannot conceive of camping before the invention of the Dutch oven as an all-purpose cooking device. But he does recall that when he was young man he had no oven - so it can be done.

One of the most pleasant sensations envelops a person as he sits near a fire of dry Juniper wood and listens to the subdued crackling of food frying in a Dutch oven. This is compounded by the glow of the setting sun on a clean campsite in an area that looks as though it has been bypassed by man for centuries. I can certainly see why Dr. Jaeger and many men like him have camping "in their blood." The friendliness of the quiet "lonely spots, full of life and power in their natural unharmed beauty, permeates the soul of the man who fits into it by his appreciation of their beauty.

After a sumptuous meal which included a green salad and ended with cocoa (Dr. Jaeger is a "cocoa-holic"), we washed the dishes and went for our customary walk in the cool of the evening. On our way back to camp we saw some handsome common nighthawks circling ever higher in the dark blue sky. Suddenly one of the nighthawks folded his wings and plummeted earthward. Just as I was sure that the bird must have been shot, he spread his wings and stopped his fall so short that the resulting sound was like a cannon shot in the distance. Dr. Jaeger explained that this "booming of the nighthawks" is part of the mating ritual of these daring birds.

Later in the evening we listened intently as Dr. Jaeger related incidents he remembered from his half-century of camping. Throughout the trip the evening campfire was one of the highlights of each day. Dr. Jaeger spoke of his many unique and fascinating experiences with both people and animals. We also discussed current legislation, especially as it concerned our beloved wilderness areas. It would indeed be a tragedy to commercialize every square foot of the American heritage so that little or nothing is left for men such as our host to draw upon for inspiration.

Early the next morning Dr. Jaeger was the first to arise. After starting the fire he proceeded to awaken Steve and me with his imitation of a coyote. He claims to carry a trained coyote in one of the drawers of his chest in the back of the Jeep

to waken late risers. I awoke with the fresh realization that this is a big world, and it belongs to those who appreciate it.

For breakfast Dr. Jaeger baked a cornbread in his Dutch oven, using hot coals on the lid to provide just the right temperature inside. With canned peaches and their juice poured over it, the cornbread made a delicious and filling breakfast. Of course, we had cocoa to drink.

We packed up early and "twisted the donkey's tail" (to raise the rear window of the Wagon-ear) so that we could get well into Nevada by late afternoon, when we would set up camp again. Our packing job was better than before, and we could use the rear-view mirror at last. We stopped at Deep Springs Ranch to repair our only flat of the trip, and then proceeded to cross the state line on one of the many dirt roads in that area.

We drove through the semi-ghost town of Weepah, Nevada, and around a colorful mineral-filled dry lake. On the east side of the lake we stopped at the ruins of a gold-rush resort and made some sandwiches for lunch.

At this spot there was an abandoned mineral hot springs bath house with very hot salty water. The area was quite desolate and the bones of cattle killed by dehydration were scattered about the rim of the lake. The minerals on the flat lake in the intense sunlight gave the appearance of a Martian desert, colored brilliant white, reddish and orange.

We continued on the dirt roads for some time until we came to a good paved highway and made our way to the White Pine Mountains in Humboldt National Forest. We followed a dirt road into these hills and took a side road up a canyon into a very attractive grove of Mountain Mahogany. We drove through the grove until we came to a three-rock fireplace -- sure enough, Dr. Jaeger had been here before!

In this site there was an abundance of squirrels, chipmunks, birds and cattle. We chased the cattle off and, aside from the old bull bellowing in the dark, they did not disturb us that night. As usual we spread our edible table scraps about for the smaller animals who probably delighted at so succulent a feast as fresh salad greens, bread crumbs and other such delicacies.

The morning sun, giving a hazy halo effect to the Mountain Mahogany, found us up and ready to go, after a breakfast of Jaeger's apple pancakes. Dr. Jaeger insists that his pancakes are 'so light, fluffy and pleasant to look at that the Louvre wants to replace some of their paintings with them!

We continued to the north, passing through the ghost town of Hamilton and exploring the cemetery there. That evening, being at a loss for a campsite, we climbed a hill with the Jeep and stayed in a very pleasant grove of Quaking Aspen.

The next day we crossed into Idaho. By this time we had noticed that the Oak trees, so characteristic of our Southern California home, had completely disappeared from the landscape. Also missing were the droves of traffic so well known in California. We sometimes traveled a hundred miles, meeting only three or four cars. At this point the feeling of independence from society and union with nature had completely taken us over.

On our second day in Idaho we saw a pudgy little sage hen shortly before we broke camp. We had spent the night on a hilltop in a more or less isolated stand of Lodgepole Pines. We then drove through a deep canyon cut into the lava by a beautiful river. The water was cold and numbing, but our clean feet made it worthwhile.

A few days more of pleasant camping and we found ourselves at our destination, the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho. We camped in several locations around these ruggedly handsome mountains, the sharp peaks of which do indeed bring to mind the jagged-toothed edge of a gigantic saw.

At one site we were amused by a family of Chickarees (Douglas Squirrels) chattering and scolding in their harsh voices as they inspected us and our left-over food scraps. These are very intelligent and friendly little squirrels, and they often come right into camp. When we attempted to follow one to his home we were surrounded by his family and friends, all scolding, trying to throw us off the track.

After following the cloud-ringed Sawtooth Mountains for some distance we decided to do a bit of exploring. We went into 4-wheel drive and started climbing "Thunder Mountain Road" which leads to a fire look-out station about twenty miles from the main road. We later decided that this particular road to the look-out had been abandoned.

Continued on page 16



Appreciating the Wilderness

Continued . . .

Steve and I nicknamed the road "Gee Whiz Road" because every time we hit a bad stretch Dr. Jaeger would say, "Gee whiz, fellows!" The bad spots were numerous and we were soon joining Dr. Jaeger in these exclamations. For several miles the road had the appearance of a stream bed complete with stream. In spots it was nearly washed out and most of it was extremely steep.

Four hours and about eight miles later we found ourselves trying to drive up a stretch that was a foot deep in mud. The Jeep couldn't quite make it through the slime so we backed down to a dry flat spot in the road to spend the night. We set up camp in the middle of the "road." We were pretty sure that nobody would be driving on it at night!

Although it had snowed and rained in this area the previous day, we awoke to a bitterly cold morning with clear skies and brilliant sunshine overhead. We had breakfast and carefully destroyed the fire we had built in the middle of the road. The area was densely forested and the sun lit the tops of the trees and a few patches of ground where we stood for warmth.

After attempting some road construction through the slime, we turned around and headed back. This time we took better notice of our surroundings. The forest looked dark and clean having been freshly washed by the rains, and the occasional meadows were vibrant with late summer wildflowers and light green grasses. Because it was so cold, with patches of snow on the ground, we saw no trace of animals except some fresh deer tracks. Thunder Mountain Road was just as long and rough going back to the main road, but the wonderful untouched scenery made it worth enduring the trouble and cold weather.

The trip back home was begun as we returned to the main road. We circled the Sawtooth ranges and began our southward trek. When searching for camps in parts of Idaho and Nevada we often simply pulled off the road into a meadow near the edge of a woods. In spots such as these we were always accompanied by myriads of birds, squirrels and an occasional deer. Among the birds we encountered were black-billed magpies (one of Dr. Jaeger's favorites), sparrow hawks, robins, western bluebirds, mourning doves, red-breasted nuthatches, mountain chickadees, a belted kingfisher, a sage thrasher, and of course the ubiquitous Stellar's jay.

We traveled through several ghost towns and some where gold and silver are still mined. Along Idaho's lovely rivers we saw huge piles of rock left by placer gold mining barges. These demonstrated how man can destroy lovely scenery with "progress" when he desires to do so.

The weather during our trip was rather unique as we later learned. At the time we had reached Idaho a storm was centered in that area. Being the lucky people we were, most days the rain and snow did not start until just after breakfast, always quitting before we stopped in the evening. As we headed south the storm front did likewise. The sky was continually changing with various shapes and forms of clouds which lent a dream-like air and beauty to the trip. It rained on us only one night, in Nevada, and we were able to drive to the windy desert floor and dry out the next morning before breakfast.

On the way home, while crossing Railroad Pass through the Ruby Mountains in Nevada, we stopped for an hour and picked three good-sized bags of ripe choke-cherries. At our camp that evening Dr. Jaeger made some choke-cherry syrup which we all agreed was quite delicious on both pancakes and bread.

On our return to southern Nevada we stopped at the abandoned mineral hot springs near Weepah and luxuriated for some time in the ramshackle bath house. The hot water certainly felt good after the several dusty miles since our last cold river bath!

We then followed a small road into Fish Lake Valley through an unnamed pass to the north of Silver Peak, Nevada. The canyon we followed was reminiscent of the mesa bluffs of New Mexico with Piñon Pines scattered here and there. The reddish and yellowish rocks were very pleasing to behold and we each took several pictures of the canyon walls.

Camp that night was near Immigrant Pass north of the canyon. We slept well that night as the weather was at last warm. We were nearing the end of our journey and we reminisced over the evening fire about the beautiful country we had just visited. Often mentioned was the bitterly cold night on Thunder Mountain. That night gave us a feeling of pride, having survived the cold with virtually no complaints.

Remarkable it was that each and every one of our campsites had been located in beautiful locations and away from the distractions of civilization. Even those sites which were chosen by the necessity of impending darkness, and which we probably

Continued on page 21

WILLIAM T. WATSON, *President*
 1249 N. EDGEMONT AVE., APT 12
 LOS ANGELES 90029 661-8570



MRS. DONALD ADAMS, *Executive Secretary*
 705 26 STREET
 MANHATTAN BEACH 90266 372-5536

HEADQUARTERS, LIBRARY & NATURE MUSEUM LOCATED AT AUDUBON HOUSE,
 PLUMMER PARK, 7377 SANTA MONICA BLVD., LOS ANGELES 90046
 TELEPHONE 876-0202
 HEADQUARTERS CHAIRMAN: MRS. J. GORDON WELLS
 REGISTRAR OF MEMBERS: MRS. RUSSELL WILSON

OCTOBER 1965

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

OCTOBER

- Oct. 2 SATURDAY - SPECIAL PELAGIC TRIP from Monterey in cooperation with the Golden Gate Audubon Society. Boat leaves from Sam's Fishing Pier at 9:00 a.m. and returns at 3:00 p.m.
 Leader: Mrs. Val DaCosta, 2090 Pacific Ave., San Francisco
- Oct. 7 THURSDAY EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING - 7:30 p.m.
 Audubon House
- Oct. 9 SATURDAY - FIELD TRIP - Cabrillo Beach and Harbor Park. Meet at 8:00 a.m. at the Cabrillo Beach Museum, 3720 Stephen M. White Drive, San Pedro. Take Harbor Freeway to San Pedro, go south on Pacific Ave. to 36th Street turn left and follow signs to the museum. Bring lunch.
 For information call: Audubon House - 876-0202
- Oct. 12 TUESDAY - EVENING MEETING - 8:00 p.m., Great Hall, Plummer Park. James F. Clements will present his color slide program "Birding in the Pacific Northwest." Jim will tell of birding on the Olympic Peninsula and in British Columbia - ranging from sea level to the glaciers.
- Oct. 20 WEDNESDAY - NO CONSERVATION MEETING THIS MONTH
 8:00 p.m. Your Conservation President will be at Royce Hall Auditorium, UCLA Campus, to hear Roger Tory Peterson deliver a lecture on "The Squeeze on Wild Life." There could be no better Conservation Meeting than this to attend. Why don't you?
- Oct. 24 SUNDAY - FIELD TRIP to Bolsa Chica and Upper Newport Bay. Meet at 8:00 a.m. on U.S. Highway 101 south of the traffic circle in Long Beach. This trip will feature wintering ducks and shore-birds. Bring lunch, binoculars and spotting scope.
 Leader: Otto Widmann - CA 1-8973
- Nov. 3 WEDNESDAY WILDLIFE FILM - "Nature's Plans and Puzzles, by C. P. Lyons. 7:45 p.m., John Burroughs Junior High School, 600 S. McCadden Place, Los Angeles. This is the first of the 1965-66 Wildlife Film Series. Be sure to buy your \$5.00 season ticket early.
 Chairman: Kenneth R. Barr 222-6853

THE WESTERN Tanager
 OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE
 LOS ANGELES AUDUBON SOCIETY
 7377 SANTA MONICA BLVD., LOS ANGELES 46, CALIFORNIA
 FREE TO MEMBERS OTHERS \$1.50 ANNUALLY

EDITOR • Betty Jenner 639 W. 32nd St., L.A. 90007
 ART & PRODUCTION EDITOR • Bob Sandmeyer
 CONSERVATION • Bill Watson FIELD NOTES • David Gaines
 ACTIVITIES • Otto Widman TYPING • Margaret Harmon
 FOLDING & MAILING • Shirley Wells & Marion Wilson

MAN AGAINST WILDLIFE

by Loren J. Beaufait

President, Morro Bay Museum of Natural History Association

In the August 22 issue of the Los Angeles Times Calendar is a book review by Richard Hubler of a recent book called, "Destruction of California" by Raymond E. Dasman. Quoting from Hubler, "This is a book to be read with pain. For those who love California, there may be tears of regret and indignation. . . . It is not enough to 'save mankind.' We must also save our own environment and our fellow living organisms."

One who lives in an area like Morro Bay, whose raw natural beauty is slowly being attacked by man, realizes how true the above statement by Dasman is. In every community there are those who place dollars above beauty and progress above conservation. In Morro Bay we have a vast area of water, sand dunes and shallows wherein grow large beds of eel grass, sea lettuce, and salicornia. These are great feeding places for Black Brant, Ducks, Waders, and Gulls. Thousands of migratory birds annually light and recuperate from their seasonal flights from north to south and vice versa.

A group of us have been fighting to preserve this whole area in its natural state. First, Morro Rock, an historic landmark that lends dignity and beauty to this section of the Pacific Coast was recently attacked by the Corps of Army Engineers who blasted away 180,000 tons of material from the Rock. In doing this they disturbed and destroyed many nests of Cormorants nesting here. A writer here who believes in "progress," referred to the protests of the bird lovers here as "so much drivel." A few months ago when they were dredging the harbor, there was a move on to dump the dredgings into a beautiful cove just north of the Morro Bay Museum of Natural History. This would have piled muck up to eight feet deep on the tideland beach where hundreds of Marbled Godwits, Western Sandpipers, and Long-Billed Curlews annually rest and feed during their stop here on their migratory flights. This would, of course, have driven them from this area. Alerted, our conservationists made a determined stand. We won out because our Senator Sturgeon announced to the group that we were a determined bunch and it would take months to overcome our opposition. Since the dredging company could not wait that long, they found another disposal place. We are hopeful of saving Morro Rock from further depredation since there is now before the 89th Congress a bill, HR 1582, that will forever prohibit any more quarrying from Morro Rock.

Some of the battles we cannot win. In straightening out the curved highway between



FIRST WILDLIFE FILM

Wednesday, November 3rd

Five Lectures at UCLA

Nature and Natural Resources in an Expanding Population

Horace M. Albright, former director, National Park Services, will be the moderator of a series of five lectures to be given at UCLA which should attract all those who are concerned about increasing pressures on natural resources. While this issue of "Tanager" may not reach our membership before the first lecture, we urge everyone to plan to attend the subsequent lectures.

Wednesday, September 29 Student Union
Ballroom
WATER EVERYWHERE Luna B. Leopold

Wednesday, October 6 - Royce Hall
WHAT PRICE NATURAL BEAUTY
Stanley A. Cain

Wednesday, October 13 - Royce Hall
MINERAL RESOURCES AND HUMAN WELFARE
Donald H. McLaughlin

Wednesday, October 20 - Royce Hall
THE SQUEEZE ON WILDLIFE - Roger Tory
Peterson

Friday, October 29 - Moore Hall, Room 100
A WILDERNESS BILL OF RIGHTS -
William O. Douglas

The fee is \$5 whether you attend one or all lectures. Please call 478-9711 or 272-8911, Ext. 2114, for further information.

These lectures are made possible by a grant from The Lida Scott Brown Fund for Ornithology.

Los Osos and Morro Bay, which now follows the hills and shoreline of the salicornia flats, where countless numbers of our migratory birds now feed, the engineers plan to bridge across the lower end of the flats. This, of course, will encroach on the feeding area.

Recently the Army Corps of Engineers held a hearing in Morro Bay regarding the future development of the harbor (it is really a lagoon). If their plans succeed, and they were supported by a large group of dollar-minded folks, our beautiful lagoon would be developed into another Balboa. What would become of our birds? Heaven forbid!

NOTES

By
BILL WATSON

The Citizens Committee to Save Elysian Park is still one of the most active conservation groups I know of in this city. Slowly over the months, these citizens who have become angry at the irresponsible misuse of our parks being made by our City government, have come to realize that they are conservationists in every sense of the term.

This realization was voiced by the Committee's lawyer, Abe Gorenfeld, at the dinner held by the Committee at the Cafe de Paris on Friday, August 27. About 130 people attended that dinner and heard Grace Simons, Chairman of the Citizens Committee, tell of the three-pronged attack being made upon Elysian Park by our City officials.

Grace spoke of the proposed installation of a trade show and convention center in Elysian Park. She also spoke of the proposed roadbuilding that would render the busiest part of Elysian Park unusable. And most imminently, there is the impending giveaway of 77 acres of another part of the Park for oil exploration purposes.

The guest speaker at the dinner was the noted landscape architect, Garret Eckbo. Mr. Eckbo said that Los Angeles is a virtual desert of unplanned and monotonous suburbia. He said that this desert is unrelieved by open space, as we all know. He said that this situation has led to a parasitism on the part of the people of this metropolis that makes us go out in all directions to use the park or outdoor recreation facilities of other parts of Southern California for our recreation. He said that 80% of the visitors to the parks in the Bakersfield area are from Los Angeles.

It is true that we leave this area when we can because of the smog. But just the same, on smogfree days, there is not enough parkland in Los Angeles. Furthermore, suppose we should lick our smog problem only to find that the parks are gone?

In this day and age, there is an obvious upsurge of interest in acquiring open space, preserving wilderness, protecting endangered species of our wildlife, financing state park acquisition, beautifying cities, cleaning up the ugliness along our roadsides. And yet our City officials persist in acting in direct opposition to this interest that is even voiced by our President and First Lady!

When are we going to get angry enough to make our wishes felt in City Hall? We, here

in Los Angeles, were directly responsible for the passage of Proposition One last November. Without the favorable vote of the people of Los Angeles, Proposition One could not have been passed. Was this not a MANDATE given by us to our governmental leaders that we want more park land, more outdoor recreation facilities, more open space? We pledged our taxes to pay for these things in passing Proposition One. What stronger MANDATE could we give to our governmental leaders?

And yet our Mayor claims that by reelecting him to office, we gave him a "mandate" to build a convention center in Elysian Park!

I dispute this claim. But more importantly, we have not sufficiently impressed our Mayor and City Council with our determination to have more parks.

Well, the Citizens Committee to Save Elysian Park is actively trying to make this point by visiting the City Councilmen one by one. Even if the Committee has to take the City to court to make the point, it will do so.

It seems to me that we conservationists should support the Citizens Committee as much as possible. Many of us have done so already, but the time is coming when the Citizens Committee is finally going to court against these actions of our City government which are in direct disregard of our City Charter. About 250 people have become members of the Citizens Committee for only one dollar in annual dues. There should be thousands of members supporting this Committee.

Many organizations, including the Los Angeles Audubon Society, have taken positions in support of the Citizens Committee to Save Elysian Park. Los Angeles Beautiful has said that "the City ought to provide an equal amount of new park land elsewhere to replace the 63 acres to be used for the convention center."

This is ironic. If there were any other land available for parks in Los Angeles, that land should be used in addition to, not in place of a part of Elysian Park.

There are many conservation battles around us to fight in. Saving the California condor is one. Preserving wilderness areas is another. Saving the Grand Canyon is a current battle. But we live in Los Angeles. Our parks are our backyards. Let's fight to save them, too!

The address of the Citizens Committee to Save Elysian Park is 1672 Morton Avenue, Los Angeles 90026.



Audubon Activities

by OTTO WIDMAN

August 14 - FIELD TRIP SWITZER'S INLET

We hit on a perfect day for our Switzer's Camp trip and the walk down the upper Arroyo Seco canyon. The trail was about 97 percent shade-covered and the running water made every inch of the way pleasant. Along the banks the Scarlet Monkeyflower was in full bloom. George de Wolfe began his birding on this trip and he was busy noting some 37 species as life birds. He was fortunate in seeing the Hairy, Downy, and Nuttall's Woodpeckers, all within minutes of one another, where he could study the differences between them. Over at Charlton Flats, later, he saw the Acorn as well. There were two nuthatches, the Pygmy and the White-breasted. At this precise time the Sierra Creeper showed up. All arranged of course for the beginner! We had a nice time studying the Canyon Wren, trying to lure us away from its nest. Later the Bewick's and the House Wren offered study-differences. Both the Scrub and Stellar Jays were grub catching along the stream, and in the bushes the Western Wood Peewee, the Black Phoebe and the Western Bluebirds were bug catching as well, making a constant whirl of wing about us. The prize for me always is the Warblers, in this case the Yellow, Audubon's, Wilson's, and as a bonus, a Solitary Vireo. While we were measuring the 16-inch Sycamore leaves, some Band-tailed Pigeons flew over. At lunch over at Charlton, ground squirrels, Black-headed Grosbeaks and Stellar Jays vied for grapes and goodies. Chickadees, Bushtits, and Wrentits were all around us. Then the Green-backed Goldfinch came in to complete this memorable day in the mountains. Russ Wilson lead us on this day's outing. We were glad to see Dorothy Holland and Florence and Al Myers.

August 18 CONSERVATION MEETING

Bill Watson outlined his plans for the coming year - the lectures and films he planned having. It is disheartening to hear of the changes planned for our area. Buena Vista Lagoon, if plans are carried out, will be drained and burned, later subdivided. While I write this column, I can look up and see acre upon acre below Mt. Lukens burn brightly in the night on four different fronts. More than one interest greedily eyes Malibu Lagoon for one project or another. Surely something can be done. Why don't you come and see what Bill Watson has in mind?

Summer field trips sometimes are not very rewarding in the number of birds seen, but something always shows up to make the day worth while. For instance - note the date of August 21 we found two Ruddy Duck nests with two eggs in each. We saw several ducks with broods of 8 and 10 ducklings a few days old. August, mind you, when ducks in their proper minds should be thinking of Central and South American rendezvous. This was all at Buena Vista Lagoon south of Oceanside. Russ Wilson became our leader because Bill Lehmann, scheduled to lead us, was shipped overseas. There were many Green Herons and Black-crowned Night Herons, both adult and immatures. Further in the lagoon there was the Great Blue Heron, but only one. No Egrets were seen. There were a number of Black-necked Stilts and Avocets. From one vantage point above the freeway and lagoon we could see hundreds of Phalaropes, both Wilson's and Northern; the water was literally and liberally dotted with them. Forster's Common, and Caspian Terns were more in evidence than the gulls; Western and Heermann's were the only ones seen. Chinese Spotted Doves were on the phone lines near us, thus proving they have migrated beyond the Los Angeles basin area. The Red-headed Ducks had young, diving for food already, although they looked no larger than egg-size. In the Eucalyptus trees the Ash-throated Flycatchers, Yellow Warblers and Yellowthroats and Townsend's Warblers were the colorful ones for the day. By the Tule grasses the Black Phoebe called repeatedly. A wedge of Cinnamon Teal and later a 22-bird flight of Pintails flew overhead. Except right by the surf, there were few Red-winged Blackbirds, although the Cowbirds and Brewer's were plentiful. Some Double-crested Cormorants flew over and one lone Brown Pelican. Along the Marsh were the Lesser Yellowlegs and Whimbrels and some Least Sandpipers. Dr. Raimundo O. Vicente, exchange professor from Lisbon, Portugal, now teaching at U.C.L.A., joined us and throughout the day was telling us of the differences between European and Californian birding. Herley and Evelyn Gayman enjoyed the day with us. Frances Kohn was telling us of her birding trip to Panama. Ellen Stephenson brought her scope along and helped with the identification of the 43 birds seen during the day. We ate lunch by a congregation of nondescript ducks and geese, ridiculous in their hybrid Harlequin get-ups. They and the coots knew how to beg for handouts, apparently having their struggle for survival solved.

The Society gratefully acknowledges the donation by Castella Fisher of \$10 for the purpose of mounting the Rufous Hummingbird.

Total membership on June 1, 1964 880

New Members	175	
Reinstated Members	30	
		205

Deceased	12	
Transferred	9	
Dropped	157	
		178

Net gain 27

Total membership on June 30, 1965 907

This annual report has been carried through June 30 in order to have it coincide with the Society's fiscal year.

Appreciating the Wilderness

Continued...

would have by-passed, had been free of grazing sheep and sloppy campers. Each one had given us a warm feeling of friendship and understanding as we made camp and cooked our meals.

Such is the luck (or is it skill?) that Dr. Jaeger carries with him on his trips. Because of his keen interest and knowledge of nature and of the history of the areas we visited Steve and I learned a great deal. And because of his appreciation of the amenities of natural beauty and his skill as an outdoorsman, this was a trip that the three of us would not soon forget.

Steve and I understood now why one of Dr. Jaeger's friends had nicknamed him Edmundus Desertus et Montanus (Edmund of the deserts and the mountains).

About the Author

Dr. Edmund C. Jaeger is indeed a living legend; upon reading his books, who among us has not wished for the experience of camping with him on the desert? We now can do so vicariously: the author, a college student majoring in biology and literature, first met Dr. Jaeger at his Spring Palaver in Baja California in April of 1964. Since that time he has accompanied Dr. Jaeger on several outings in Baja California and the western United States. He has also assisted Dr. Jaeger with a revision of "California Deserts."

Bill's interests are many and he hopes to become a teacher of biology and English. He would also like to continue writing travelogues and conservation articles. He is a member of the Desert Protective Council and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.



NEW MEMBERS

- Mrs. Freda N. Christian
Star Route, Frazier Park, Calif.
- Mr. George de Wolfe
P. O. Box 3744, Glendale 91201
- Judge Roscoe O. Farley
432 S. Curson Ave., Los Angeles 90036
- Mrs. John Katzenbarger
606 Maple, Burbank 91505
- Mr. Wm. C. Kramer
3467 Meier Street, Los Angeles 90066
- Mrs. Louis H. La Ru:
35100 Mulholland Hwy., Malibu
- Mrs. Elsie Landau
108 N. Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles 90004
- Miss Jean Muller
39 Saddleback Road, Rolling Hills 90274
- Mr. Harry M. Santo
106 S. Carondelet Street, Los Angeles 90057
- Miss Jean Tarble
570 S. Beverly Glen Blvd., Los Angeles 90024

Report on the Membership Campaign

Included with the October, 1964 issue of the Western Tanager were 800 stamped postal cards with space for names and addresses of persons, interested in conservation and/or the hobby of birding, who might be interested in receiving information about membership and activities.

The first few weeks brought the return of 89 cards containing 226 names and addresses. We have been told that this is an excellent return (over 10%). Letters of invitation, National Audubon Society brochures and membership blanks and copies of our Western Tanager were sent to the 226 persons. The return was again excellent, 23 members. 17 regular (\$8.50), 2 husband and wife (\$12.50), 1 contributing (\$100.00), and 1 donor (\$250.00).

Our thanks to all members who sent in names.

Our thanks also to Mrs. Paul (Valerie) Cooley, Mrs. Wm. (Stephanie) Daywalt, Mrs. Lloyd (Joan) Mills, and Mrs. J. Gordon (Shirley) Wells, members of our Membership Committee who helped with this project.

We hope to have a report in the very near future on another project undertaken by other members of this committee.

BIRDS

by DAVID A. GAINES

In many ways, the fall season is the most interesting time for the Southern California birder to be afield. Landbirds abound, pelagic birding is excellent, and Elegant Terns share the coastal marshes with egrets, gulls, and multitudes of shorebirds. For the seeker of the rare and unusual, vagrant and casual species tend to occur with surprising regularity, and the chances of spotting that ultra-rare bird are better than usual.

In spite of hot, muggy summer weather, the fall migration of shorebirds was well underway by the first of September. Wilson's and Northern Phalaropes arrived during August, followed by thousands of dowitchers, willets, whimbrels, plovers, yellowlegs, and "peep" sandpipers. Elegant Terns appeared in fair numbers at Newport and elsewhere. An early Golden Plover was at Newport August 2, and a flock of seven, one in breeding plumage, was there September 1. Small flocks of Knots and several Baird's Sandpipers were seen along the coast. Five Solitary Sandpipers visited Oasis, Mono County, on August 27, and a Stilt Sandpiper was at the Salton Sea on August 1.

During August and September, a trip aboard an albacore boat provides first-rate pelagic birding. On August 25, aboard the Liberty, Irwin Woldman, Frank Little, and myself did not find notable numbers of birds until we were south of San Clemente Island. Then we observed good-sized flocks of Sooty and Pink-footed Shearwaters, one Manx Shearwater, a suspected New Zealand Shearwater, fine groups of Leach's Petrel (both the white and dark-rumped subspecies), a few Black Petrels, one Ashy Petrel, and two Least Petrels. Pomarine Jaegers, Parasitic Jaegers, and a Black-footed Albatross completed our list.

Adult and immature Laughing Gulls were found at the south end of the Salton Sea during August. A pair of Gull-billed Terns, the only ones reported, nested at the mouth of the New River. Several hundred Wood Ibis accumulated in the Imperial Valley during the summer. The Blue-footed Booby at the north end of the Salton Sea remained through August. A Western Gull (of the yellow-legged Baja California subspecies) visited the sea on August 21. A molting male Bobolink, found by McCaskie and Sansone, was at the Niland Boat Landing on the last day in July.

During late August, migrant landbirds began to trickle south. Even at this early date, several vagrant passerines were located. On August 20, at Deep Springs, Inyo County, Larry Sansone and myself found an Eastern Phoebe, and the next morning, a breeding plumage Chestnut-sided Warbler. The next day, two Eastern Phoebes were present.

Three American Redstarts were at Deep Springs week later. About this same time, a Northern Waterthrush was banded at nearby Oasis. It is interesting to note that at the time these vagrants were reported, the expected western migrants were quite sparse. On August 19, a McCown's Longspur was carefully observed by Sansone and myself at Crowley Lake. On September 1, a female Hooded Merganser and a Virginia's Warbler visited the San Joaquin Gun Club near Newport.

During October, the influx of shorebirds and landbirds will continue. Waterfowl and waders will be building up their numbers in the marshes. White-crowned and Golden-crowned Sparrows should appear shortly in gardens and city parks. Choice birding localities will remain the Tijuana River valley, coastal lagoons and marshes, and desert oases. During the month ahead, look over flocks of shorebirds for Pectoral Sandpipers and other less common waders, and watch all migrant passerines for Eastern or Asiatic vagrants. Careful and thorough observation of all species should turn up a variance of rare and interesting birds.

Variation on a theme:

RARE BIRD ALERT

On the back cover of the August, 1965 "Audubon Field Notes" is the following request:

WATCH FOR COLOR-MARKED HERONS --
If you see a strangely marked heron or egret, please report it to the Heron Project, Encephalitis Research Center, 4001 Tampa Bay Blvd., Tampa, Florida 33614.

Dr. Andrew J. Meyerriecks, Dept. of Zoology, University of South Florida, Tampa, Fla., is currently studying the movements of young herons in Florida. His work is being done in cooperation with the Encephalitis Research Center of Tampa, a division of the State Board of Health. He banded each young heron with a standard government aluminum band on its right leg. In addition, he dyed some of the birds' feathers a bright color, using a different color code for each heronry.

In addition to the date and place of observation, the species, and your name and address, specify what part of the bird was colored (for example, the right wing only, left wing only, belly, both wings, and so on). Your help will be greatly appreciated and will contribute to the success of this project.



Evelyn Gayman has already observed an unusually-colored Great Blue Heron on Sept. 1. We would like to hear the details of any other observations, and hope that they will be reported promptly to Dr. Meyerriecks.