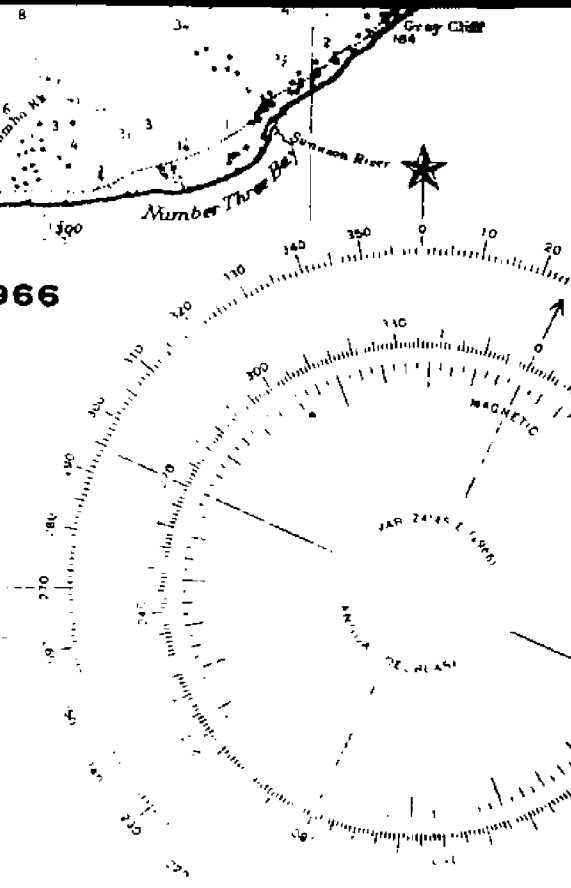


VOLUME 32 NUMBER 10 JUNE 1966

NORTH WITH THE BIRDS

BY MARIAN JOBE

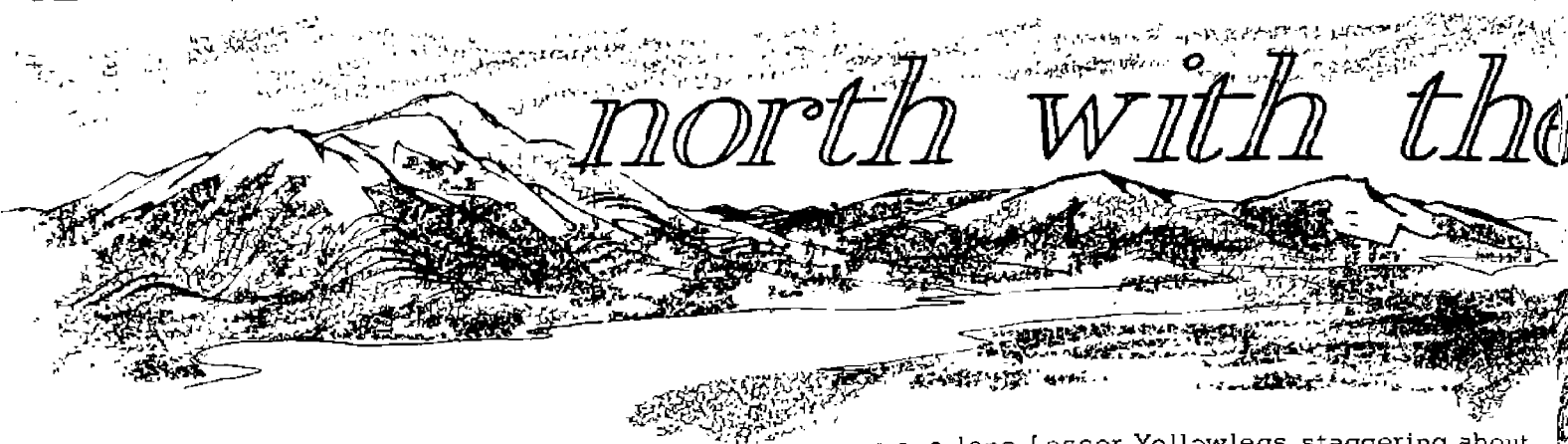


During the last few days prior to June 10, my first-graders will be holding a countdown, and informing me gleefully of how few days of school remain. As if I didn't know! When that final bell rings, our family caravan (three generations in three trailers) will head north for a summer in the Canadian forests.

In some respects this "bush country" is rewarding to "birders", and in other ways it is maddening. The number and variety of birds is wonderful -- if you can get at them. The Canadian woods are so dense that, in many places, we find ourselves forced to scout only the fringe, being content with glimpses of what sifts out to the edges of the trees. However, in other years we have been travelling through, on our way to Alaska, and birding has been in snatches, worked around camp and cooking chores which are inevitable in a retinue of 10 people. This year we plan to wander lazily around British Columbia, and have hopes of locating replicas of Ten-Mile Lake.

Ten-Mile Lake! When we reminisce over "birdy" areas, the epitome is this lovely little pond north of Quinel. We spent one night there in early July of 1963, and the campground was a madhouse of nesting birds. In our camp alone, a "Downy" fed babies (and we learned how noisy baby woodpeckers are!), a group of five little Chipping Sparrows teetered on the nest edge in a five-foot pine tree, and Swanson Thrush sat on eggs in a crotch-nest not two feet off the ground. Red-wing Blackbirds and Yellowthroat called from the marshy lake edge. Beautiful American Redstarts flashed through the undergrowth, as did Northern Waterthrush. A MacGillivray Warbler showed briefly. A baby Western Flycatcher hopped about the lakeside madly fly-catching, and completely oblivious to our presence. Martins wheeled overhead. Cedar Waxwings perched in amiable flocks. A pair of Juncos fed Cowbird baby twice their size. Red-necked Grebe floated on the water, as well as Common Loon. We saw and heard White-throated Sparrows and Red-breasted Nuthatches. These I remember from one evening three years ago. Imagine the wealth of bird life that must actually inhabit these woods in early summer! Within a short day's ride of Ten-Mile Lake we sighted Yellow Warbler, "Red-breasted" and Yellow-bellied Sapsuckers, Evening Grosbeak, Northern Three-toed Woodpecker, Violet-green and Rough-winged Swallows, Common Merganser, Hawk Owl, Eastern Phoebe, Yellow-shafted Flicker, Black Tern, and Bobolink. The compensation for stopping short of Alaska this summer will be the chance to really explore southern Canada.





north with the

Yes, Alaska is our first love, and we head like homing pigeons to Igloo Creek Campground in McKinley National Park. There is no way to describe the grandeur of this area. The whole great spectacular wilderness which makes up our 49th state seems to reach its zenith in the Park.

Access to McKinley Park is via the 160-mile Denali Highway. At an elevation mostly above timberline (around 2000 feet at this latitude) this road traverses the south flanks of the mighty peaks of the Alaska Range. The uplands are typical mountain tundra. It lies like a hooked rug in varying shades of green over the land, and extends to the very edge of the fields of snow. Our word "tundra" is from the Finnish "tunturi" and means, literally, "marshy plain." Harsh and uncompromising in winter, it is a warm and living land during the Alaska summer. It is a land of dwarf shrubs, low matted plants, and mosses. Underlying layers of permafrost keep moisture at the surface, resulting in soft, spongy hummocks and water-filled depressions. These tundra ponds are of all sizes, from a few square feet to an acre or more. They are the dwelling place of beaver, and the breeding place for swarms of mosquitoes. This wealth of food draws myriads of shore birds to nest on the tundra, and in June the carpet must swarm with bird life. In July it is a veritable fairland of wildflowers. In the short Alaska summer, growth and flowering must take place rapidly. From initial sprouting to seeds, the process is accomplished within a few weeks. The flowering cannot be strung out over long periods, so in midsummer the solid mass of plants of all sizes bursts forth in one grand floral display. Because of the severe climate, natural selection has favored plants that lie close to the ground, but the miniature size of the blossoms only adds to their charm. Step onto this living carpet and they surround you, in all colors, shapes, and descriptions.

By the time of our visits the birds have become quite disseminated. But no summer time is too late to find Mew Gulls in the park, and they look pretty ridiculous teetering in the tops of spruce trees. We

saw one lone Lesser Yellowlegs staggering about on the tip of a small conifer, and Upland Plover take dust baths in the road, as do flocks of Horned Larks. Occasionally we find a Lapland Longspur showing up colorfully on the roadside. Any stroll along a stream is sure to rout out squawking Willow Ptarmigan. A Short-eared Owl, or a Marsh Hawk may be seen scouting the tundra. Long-tailed Jaeger are common in the park, and a hovering bird is a beautiful sight, even when we know how destructive they are of other bird life. Golden Plover nest commonly in one of the valley areas, and may frequently be seen from the road. In July they are already beginning to lose the solid black frontal coloration, but they are still spectacular. Along Igloo Creek, near our camp, we were able to find Arctic Warbler, Boreal Chickadee, Myrtle Warbler and Tree Sparrow. We searched in vain for Surf Birds, Wandering Tattler, and Wheatear, but there is time. We plan to return to Alaska and to spend weeks, not just days, in McKinley Park.

Ninety miles of good gravel road lead from the entrance station to the old mining town of Kantishna and along this road unfolds the scenic grandeur which is the National Park. The first thirty miles are at the lower elevations, and here grow the taller willows which feed the browsing moose. The Sable Pass area is the typical home of the Toklat grizzly bear, and at almost any hour one may see these animals, either lolling at rest, or tearing up great strips of the tundra in search of the roots which form a staple of their diet. The colorful mountains above are the summer home of Dall sheep, which may be seen browsing or frolicking in the high grassy meadows. In the Sable Pass area we saw a flock of Northern Shrike, seemingly having a hilarious game of tag among the willows.

Red foxes frequent the park, and may be seen trotting through the tundra with eyes cocked for an unwary mouse. During our latest visit, in the summer of 1965, we were able to pay calls at the den of a vixen and five kits. Poor mama was a sight, thin and scraggly, but her babies were a tribute to her long hours and loving care. They eagerly gobbled

Continued on page 93

birds Continued...



up chicken-flavored cat food, and obligingly posed for us among the wildflowers at the entrance to their burrow. They were precious!

Tiny, clear streams wind through the tundra, splashing along musically on their way to join the great wide beds which accommodate the glacial rivers. These glacier-fed streams have ever-changing "braided" channels, and wide gravel bars. Depending on the rate of melt, their volume fluctuates hourly. Streams that are mere trickles in early morning may be swift, icy, and extremely dangerous torrents by mid-afternoon. In June, great herds of caribou migrate through the park, and in July strays may be seen roaming the river bars or "lying-up" on the tundra, only their spiky racks betraying their presence. The caribou are trailed by packs of wolves. Most of these leave with the herds, but an early morning drive in July gave us fleeting glimpses of these animals.

Polychrome Pass is beautiful absolutely beyond description: huge cliffs of yellow rock; dark red jagged outcrops; green tundra slopes; the Toklat river far below, and snowy jagged peaks of the inner range as a backdrop for it all. From the tiniest wildflowers growing on the lovely tundra to the greatest peaks, it is entirely wonderful, a magnificent display of the wildest grandeur to be found on earth. The multi-hued lavas, intrusive rocks, and cemented gravels give the mountains their brilliant colors, and inspired early travellers to give the pass its descriptive name. The view from Polychrome Pass alone would make the park trip worthwhile, but the best is yet to come.

The forest service has done a magnificent job of locating visitor centers at strategic locations, and Eilsen is no exception. To the south and to the east lie towering icy peaks, reaching from a 3,000 foot lowland to over 17,000 foot elevation -- and on the west is Denali, the High One. Winter and summer, sheathed in ice and snow, Mt. McKinley is the outstanding scenic feature of the park. However,

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Three generations of Marian Jobe's family go trailering together for fourteen weeks out of each year -- school vacation -- and so it seemed only natural to be able to identify the birds they saw on their wanderings. (Of course they had to start with a Water Pipit in Death Valley!) They love Alaska, and in two more years plan to retire and spend two summers and a winter there. After that -- two years in Mexico for tropical birds. Marian has written articles for "Trail-R-News" and "Trailer Guide".

lucky indeed is the visitor who makes single visit to Eilsen and is allowed a peek at the mighty mountain massif, which rises to 20,300 feet. Our views of the mountain have been achieved in the wee small hours of the night. Denali is most likely to stand forth in all its glory between midnight and 4 a.m., at which time it usually starts to gather its cloud shroud and retire for the day. By 1 a.m. it is light enough for photography, and in the early dawn we stand and marvel in wonder and delight as the rising sun plays dazzlingly upon the mighty flanks. A painter's vision of a perfect mountain could not surpass McKinley. Only twice, in many trips to Eilsen, have we been privileged to worship at its shrine. Reluctantly, we have bid it farewell, with vows to return again, and yet again. Well, it will be there when we get back; meanwhile, Ten-Mile Lake, here we come!

NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY CONVENTION -
SACRAMENTO NOV. 11-16, 1966

Our member, Wilma Massey, has always loved birds and has developed a great skill in taking care of sick or injured birds, and in successfully raising the babies that inevitably fall out of nests. In addition to her regular job as a dental technician, she has opened a pet shop called "World of Birds". During the day Dixie Miller runs the shop, and after work, from 5:30 to 6:30, Wilma herself is there, as well as all day Saturdays and from 10:00 to 2:00 on Sundays.

She has made the generous offer that she will attend the wounded or sick wild birds that are brought to her until they are able to fly and be released. She even can usually find a haven for those birds which can never hope to take care of themselves in the wild.

WORLD OF BIRDS, 5659 York Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90042 ...256-2390
Store Hours 10:00 to 6:00 (Mondays thru
Fridays)
All day Saturday: 10:00 to 2:00 on Sundays

CONSERVATION

NOTES By BILL WATSON

On Saturday, May 7, I found myself in the most unique company of Audubon workers that could be found in all of Southern California. It was the occasion of the Audubon Branch and Affiliate Representative Meeting. William Goodall, our Western Audubon Representative, calls these meetings once every two years. Most of the Executive Board of the Los Angeles Audubon Society was there. We met at the California State Polytechnic College, Voorhis Unit, San Dimas.

Ralph T. Jones, Director of Branch Services, National Audubon Society, was there to open the conference and to lead the Presidents-Membership Chairmen Discussion Session. Paul Howard of the Audubon Center of Southern California was the leader for the Programs-Field Trips-Bulletins Chairmen Discussion. I was the leader for the Conservation-Education-Legislation Chairmen Discussion.

It was a stimulating experience to sit in the company of all the Conservation Chairmen and other interested members of our local Southern California Branches and participate in the concerned and knowledgeable discussion that we had. When we all gathered together later, Presidents and all the Chairmen and others, for the last part of the program of the day, I realized that that room held a great company of all the hardest working Southern California Audubon people. Think of it, here were the people, inspired by the Audubon philosophy in one way or another, who had more knowledge and experience in conservation matters than most of the rest of our population. We were the ones who currently hold office in our Societies.

There are many, many others of you who have no office in your local Audubon branch, but who are nevertheless the only people with the reading background and the field experience to know what you are talking about in the problems of keeping this country beautiful and fit to be lived in. In the other great conservation organizations, there are others just as well-educated as are Audubon people. There is the Sierra Club, for instance, with all its publications and equally well-read members.

Do you ever stop to think that there is an army of us who know more about what is going on in our Congress and in our State Legislature, in our county and municipal governments, than the average citizen does? Who read magazines and bulletins and books regularly that are devoted to educating us in the conservation problems and needs that are with us today? If we don't know what actions and programs must be pursued to save the best of what is the United States of America, then who does? We are the ones who read Audubon Magazine, the Sierra Club Bulletin, National Wildlife Magazine, and many others. We are the ones who read our club bulletins, who read all the great conserva-

tion books that have been published. If such conservation literature and lots more of the same thing is not read by you, then you are probably not reading this right now. But if you are reading this, you know that you have been pursuing a conservation education program of your own.

You also know that most of your associates in your offices, schools, other places of business, your neighbors, none of these appreciate the need for conservation to quite the same degree of necessity as you do. We all belabor our brains with the problem of how to get others involved. It seems to me that when this is the case, then you are more qualified than most to speak with some weight and authority on conservation matters. After all, do you not know more about the life history of the California Condor and its needs for survival than you would if you were not a conservationist? You know more about the geology of Grand Canyon than you would if you had not been reading why it shouldn't be inundated. You knew, long before the rest of the country, what damage pesticides were doing if you had been reading your Audubon Magazine.

If you agree that you do know more than the average fellow about the need for conservation practices in this country, then you see that you are an authority. Congress may not always agree with Carl Buchheister, Charles Callison, Roland Clement, Roger Tory Peterson, but Congress asks them to present authoritative information regularly on those matters in which they are expert. What is needed is for everyone to be made aware of the fact that many of us are authorities, too, in conservation, particularly on a local level. And certainly on a local level conservation needs all the authorities it can get.

In April, a great number of college level authorities cooperated to put on an historic conservation effort by assisting in the Spring Wildflower Tours in the Antelope Valley sponsored by the Nature Conservancy. What is more, recognizing the need for the preservation of the wonder and beauty of Southern California, these college level authorities have agreed to continue putting on such public educational field trips as a part of an effort to involve more and more of the public in the effort to save Southern California conservation-wise.

Even if we are not professional experts in the natural sciences, we have a layman's knowledge of them that makes us authorities, too. We also know why it all must be preserved and conserved. So use what you learn from your nature and conservation reading, and read more of it, too. Learn all you can about every phase of conservation that interests you personally. Then use the weight of your authority in such matters to influence everyone you can, from the President of the United States to the man on the street. What you cannot do alone, help your local conservation organization to do as a group of people who think as you do. Don't just pay your dues and let it go at that. Get in and help with your organization's programs.

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TELEPHONE 876-0202
HEADQUARTERS CHAIRMAN MRS. J. GORDON WELLS
REGISTRAR OF MEMBERS MRS. RUSSELL WILSON

JUNE 1966

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		

- June 2 THURSDAY EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING-7:30 p.m.,
Audubon House
- June 11 SATURDAY-FIELD TRIP - Buckhorn Flat and Chilao. Meet at
8:00 a.m. at Parking Area near Buckhorn Ranger Station on
the Angeles Crest Highway. Group will then walk down into the
campground. Should see nesting nuthatches, woodpeckers, martins,
Red-tailed Hawks. Bring lunch.

Leader: Russ Wilson - 761-7635

- June 14 TUESDAY-EVENING MEETING. This will be the last meeting
of the season and, we believe, one of the best.
"The Other Side of the Mountain"
Colored slides of sixty species of birds, photographed in the San
Gabriels and the High Desert of Southeastern California with a
500 mm. lens. Members of several families such as the wood-
peckers, thrushes, orioles, and jays will be included with
comment to aid in identification and comparison. Olin and Allie
Krum of Artesia, California have tramped this area with a camera
for fifteen years and have a cabin on the north side of the range.

Refreshments served after the meeting.

Program Chairman: Don Adams - 372-5536

- June 25 SATURDAY-SUNDAY - FIELD TRIP - Greenhorn Mountain.
26 This is an overnight camping trip and will involve about 350 miles
of driving. Meet at 8:00 a.m. at the Rancho Bakersfield. Follow
U.S. 99 to Bakersfield, take 24th Street (there is an off-ramp)
and go east about fifteen blocks to H Street. Turn left (north) to
the Rancho Bakersfield. Some of the group may plan on eating
breakfast here and be prepared to leave at 8:00 o'clock. We will
caravan to Greenhorn Mountain Park and camp Saturday night at
Tiger Flat Campground. Bring warm clothing and warm gear,
as night may be cold.

Leader: Bill Watson - 661-8570

- July 9 SATURDAY - ANNUAL POTLUCK DINNER

STEWARDSHIP

The philanthropist who is inclined to pre-serve his land by giving it away; the estate owner who wants to continue to live on his property; the developer who would put up houses, yet wants to use the land well; --- in fact anyone who loves and respects the land and is concerned about its future --- should read the book, "Stewardship", which contains

practical and imaginative suggestions to guide landowners and others who must make decisions affecting the future of the land. One useful tool, for instance, is the scenic easement, which consists of an agreement by the property owner not to develop his property, in return for which his property tax is stabilized or lowered. To receive this book, write:

Open Space Committee
145 E. 52nd St., New York, New York 10022
Clothbound, the cost is \$6; paperbound, \$3,
postpaid.

Free to members others \$2.50 annually

- EDITOR Betty Jenner
ART & PRODUCTION Bob Sandmeyer
CONSERVATION Wm. T. Watson
FIELD NOTES David A. Gaines
AUDUBON ACTIVITIES Otto Widmann
TYPING Caroline Adams
FOLDING & MAILING Shirley Wells

OPEN SPACE REPORT

Colorado Open Space Coordinating Council

Fifteen Colorado conservationists confronted proponents of the Grand Canyon dams at a Grand Canyon 'press tour' sponsored by the Reader's Digest...

There seems to be general agreement that the tour was a 'bad first day' and a 'good second day' for conservationists. On the first day Congressman Morris K. Udall of Arizona, infuriated at being invited to the tour but kept off the panel, led a blistering 'equal time' attack on dam opponents...

conservation Continued...

A long time ago, in 1910, the National Audubon Society began the Audubon Junior Program. That was the year that Harriet Williams Myers founded the Los Angeles Audubon Society. Is it unreasonable to suspect that that program had something to do with making you the conservationist you are today...

Two years ago I went to my first Audubon Branch and Affiliate Representative Meeting. Many of the faces I saw then I saw again at this latest meeting. A number of faces I saw were new. But all of those faces were alert, concerned, experienced. The person behind each face was a person who had committed himself or herself to the Audubon philosophy of conservation...

Now to the meat of it: the Reader's Digest reports that it has received a torrent of mail on the Bradley article and that it is running overwhelmingly against the article and in favor of the dams. This could be the result of an organized campaign by dam proponents...

If you wish to contribute money toward the purchase of 320 acres along the Sonoita Creek south of Patagonia, Arizona, make your check payable to: Tucson Audubon Society (Patagonia Project) c/o Mr. James Gates, Treasurer 421 N. Euclid Avenue Tucson, Arizona

The April desert wildflower tours were a great success; about 1400 people took the tours on Saturday, and probably twice that number on Sunday. Congratulations to those who organized this worthwhile project.

April 23-24 and April 30-May 1 MORONGO AND IMPERIAL VALLEY

Weather: A-clear, 75°; B-clear, 95°
Total species: 131 Total observers: 55

These are the statistics bald and cold. They don't tell you we had guests: Harold and Daisy Shryrock of San Bernardino; Ann, Alice and Margaret Maupin; Grace Nixon and Joan Tarble; Bill and G Tyndall; Alan Gilbert; Margy Gauder; Freda Campbell and Clara Weedmark of San Fernando Valley Audubon Society; Reginald Denham; and from Sea & Sage Society, Marie Wall. The statistics don't tell you of the satisfaction of seeing several Vermilion Flycatchers, a singing Summer Tanager, and three different Orioles, including Scott's. A group of 6 Lazuli Buntings can never be a statistic. Seldom do we have five different swallows on our list including the Tree Swallow. Five different wrens on one trip is truly unique. At Indian Cove we watched a pair of Black-tailed Gnatcatchers fight off a Cowbird from their nest. A truly rare experience! Nearby we were able to look into a snug Phainopepla nest to see the newly hatched young.

George and Lillian Venatta led the first week's trip from Morongo Valley to Ramer Lake; they chalked up an impressive list of 117 birds. They saw White-faced Glossy Ibis and Cooper's Hawk and an Osprey. Among the shore birds he numbered Sandpipers, Lesser Yellowlegs, Whimbrels, Dowitchers, Godwits, Stilts, Avocets, two gulls, Royal, Caspian, Forster's and Black Terns. In the valleys is a good place to see combinations such as White-winged and Ground Doves, Nuttall's and Ladder-backed Woodpeckers, Cassin's and Western Kingbirds. Every year a Verdin is seen. They were nesting at 29 Palms Museum. George saw all three Goldfinches.

Eleven different warblers were counted on our checklist: the Myrtle Warbler only failed to appear. We had Bell's, Solitary and Warbling Vireos. Mrs. Shirley Wells led the second group from Morongo Valley into the High Desert. Here we picked up the Scott's Oriole and Black-chinned Hummers. At Indian Cove we picked up the Canyon Wren and Black-headed Grosbeak. All in all we were able to add 14 birds to George Venatta's list. We missed the Blue Grosbeak, but were able to pick up the Western Tanager. We got the Savannah Sparrow but he got the Lincoln's Sparrow. What may have been a first at Levin Ranch was a Spotted Dove.

It's never too late to send in that contribution to the

CONDOR FUND

Los Angeles Audubon Society Officers for 1966-1967

Officers for the coming year are:
President, William T. Watson; 1st Vice-President, Laura Jenner; 2nd Vice President, Donald L. Adams; Executive Secretary, Caroline Adams; Treasurer, Olga Clark; Recording Secretary, Ruth Axelsöñ; Registrar, Léome Ferguson.

NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY CONVENTION--
SACRAMENTO Nov. 11-16, 1966

April 12 TUESDAY EVENING MEETING

We had several new members and guests at our meeting: Mrs. Jeanette Broom introduced her guest, Mrs. Pearl Hanson. Other guests were Mrs. H. Sholita and Ruth Pedley. Members, but not at our meetings before, were Mr. and Mrs. M.M. Lerenson. Mrs. Betty Jenner introduced Jonathan Kane of N. Y. State. Miss Phoebe Pretz, secretary to Mr. Bill Goodall, came over to enjoy the evening with us. President Bill Watson read a letter of commendation from Bill Goodall, Western Field Representative for the Audubon Society, for our March issue of the Western Tanager. Bill Watson also commended Mrs. Julia Dembrowski for her work with the Wildlife Film Series. Mrs. Shirley Wells called our attention to the work Cornell University is doing on Bird Nesting Activities and asked us to participate. An immature Dickcissel has been seen regularly in Sandy Wohlgemuth's backyard in Reseda. He also noted a Rufous-crowned Sparrow. As prescribed by our charter the list of nominations for officers for the forthcoming year was read.

Don Adams, our program chairman, introduced our featured guest for the evening, Mr. Richard Wilson, who showed us his slide series entitled "Just Birds". It was a little more than just birds, because Mr. Wilson began at the beginning of the A. O. U. Check List and showed us his films on Loons, Grebes, Cormorants, etc. This was not a catalogue showing, but some really rare studies of birds found in many part of the U.S.A. from Olivaceous Cormorants in Texas to Mute Swans in North Central U.S. to Roseate Spoonbill in Florida. While in North Dakota photographing Canadian Geese, he managed to pick up an Egyptian Goose among them. He had some truly fine studies of Wood Ibis and Stork. As Dick Wilson progressed through his slides on Vultures, Hawks, Eagles to the Chachalaca, the Grouse and Prairie Chicken, it became evident that he has been doing first rate work. Instead of just some birds we were treated to some fine portraits of our American Birds. Thanks!



SEARCH FOR SOLITUDE

By JIM DENHOLTZ

Allow me to tell you of my tale of woe, occurring on Saturday, April 19, 1966. I was sitting at a picnic table at about 7:30 a. m. deep in the heart of the Lower Chilao Campgrounds situated about 15 miles from Mt. Wilson. The sun had just started raising the temperature up from an early morning 40 degrees. The sky was as deep a blue as the eyes of a Norse god. The trees were like the flag of Ireland; and the Steller Jays were as noisy as two cats fighting on a tin roof in a hailstorm. White-headed and Acorn Woodpeckers were beating a staccato of notes on the pine trees and a Robin stood staring at me from a distance of about 15 feet. The Titmice were whistling and scolding and a few Mountain Chickadees were defying gravity, hanging from a branch eating the young seeds. I commented to myself about the lack of warblers in the area but I was lucky enough to see an Audubon's fly-catching for his breakfast. I decided to extend my horizons and take a walk along the paved road that winds through the campgrounds to the various camping sites in the area. I got a good view of a large mule deer bounding up the side of the mountain to the north of me. A whirring noise to my rear made me spin around to catch sight of a Mountain Quail winging rapidly across the road and into thicket.

After returning to my original location I discovered, to my dismay, hordes of campers and picnickers had arrived to spend a beautiful day or weekend enjoying themselves in one of our national forests. So be it! But I wanted peace and I decided to move up to the Horse Flats Campgrounds about 5 miles from my present spot.

This is a lovely camping area 3 miles off the main highway above Chilao. Here again I found a multitude of people. Let me say right now that I really don't mind people; but must they bring their transistor radios to God's grand outdoors and flood the sounds of nature with "Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" and "I wanna hold your hand"?

Again I decided to move on and finally settled at Sulphur Springs Campground, another 5 miles along a dirt road and deep in a canyon that, I was sure, very few people realize exists. Here I decided to spend the night, alone and at peace.

After setting up my camp I heard a Canyon Wren singing melodiously and following the sound, I came to a stream that was joyously gurgling down the mountainside. I followed the water-course about a mile but it soon became rocky and steep and as I was alone I thought it best to take precautions and abandon my journey.

I arrived back at my campsite and sat listening to the sounds of nature. There didn't seem to be too many birds moving about, but as the sun was high I knew that they would be moving around later in the day. A chipmunk was sounding his never ending "chip! chip! chip!" and few Western Bluebirds were flitting from tree to tree. As I sat quietly alone and without moving any part of me but my eyes, two Oregon Juncoes arrived landing almost at my feet. They are such lovely and friendly creatures.

Feeling slightly warm from sitting in the sun, I travelled a short way down the stream again and, as I was alone in the canyon, proceeded to divest myself of my clothing and there, as good John Muir going through Hetch Hetchy might have bathed in a verdant glen, I frolicked as a child, sans britches. Much refreshed, I dressed and returned once again to my campsite and heard a Mountain Quail calling "to-wook to-wook" to his beloved hen.

I finished my dinner just as the sun was going down behind a hill and sat alone in the pre-twilight thinking wonderful thoughts and content with all. Suddenly I heard the sound of a vehicle grinding down the road toward me. A truck pulled into view loaded with youngsters, laughter, and noise. This was too much! I packed my gear and left my wilderness spot for them to enjoy without me, returned to my home a little tired, a little relaxed, and a little perplexed as to how to find a place to go for peace and relaxation; not to hear the voices of people, but the voice of the wind in the trees... the birds in the air... and even the voice of grass growing beneath my feet!

Wildlife Films for 1966-1977

Audubon Wildlife Films will all be on Wednesday evenings for the 1966-67 season. Circle these dates on your calendar now: Nov. 2 and Nov. 30 1966; Jan. 25, March 1 and March 29, 1967. As yet we do not have the names of the lecturers.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

- Miss Eleanor Bradley
818-C 15th Street, Santa Monica 90403
- Mr. Wilbur L. Buss
State Hotel, 2904 State St., Santa Barbara
93105
- Mrs. Howard Dimsdale
2662 Carmar Drive, Los Angeles 90046
- Mrs. Myrtle C. Force
1058 Chautauqua Blvd., Pacific Palisades
90272
- Mr. Munroe B. Kulberg
613 N. Oakhurst Dr., Beverly Hills
- Mrs. Virginia MacDonald
3415 McLaughlin Ave., Los Angeles 90066
- Mrs. Arthur J. (Ada) Ross
547 Erskine Dr., Pacific Palisades 90272
- Mrs. Joan Seaver Shraeder
4559 Stanton Drive, Los Angeles 90065

Two of our members who are greatly missed on field trips and at Audubon House where they were invaluable workers are Liz and Gene Rose. If you'd like to drop them a line, here is their address:

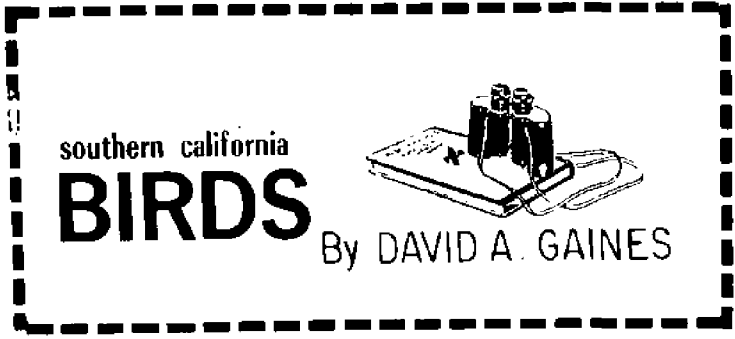
Herr Professor & Mrs. Gene F. Rose
8 Munchen 23, Leopoldstrasse 135, GERMANY
(Oh, come now, ducks -- Herr Professor??)

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consecutive year. This is one of the few dependable nesting localities for this species in Southern California.

Birding at the Salton Sea and the Colorado River can be rewarding during Spring. The Sea offers such specialties as Stilt Sandpiper, White Pelican, Gull-billed Tern, and Fulvous Tree Duck. On the Colorado one sees Wied's Crested Flycatcher, Lucy's Warbler and Gila Woodpecker. In early April Guy McCaskie found a Black-and-White Warbler at Imperial Dam indicating further the possibilities of birding on the River.

During June nesting will be at its height. Watch for unusual nesting species or extensions of nesting range. This is a good time to seek out those more elusive nesters such as Traill's Flycatcher, Gray Vireo (near Phelan), Bendire's Thrasher (on the Mojave) or Black Swift (at Fallsvale). In the eastern part of the state, Deep Springs should be excellent for strays and migrants. Closer by, Morongo Valley is still worth checking for Yellow-billed Cuckoos, Wied's Crested Flycatcher and similar birds.



Birders afield during April found north-bound migrants sparser than expected. Even at such choice locations as Morongo Valley passerines were scarce. Swallows and swifts were nearly everywhere absent. What could account for this scarcity? A probable answer is the combination of a high water table and fair weather. An abnormally wet winter on the desert reduced the necessity that migrants seek out locations of permanent food and water. Thus, vast concentrations of landbirds failed to appear at Morongo Valley and elsewhere. Secondly, the presence of a stable high pressure ridge across the entire Pacific Coast gave migrants the "green light" to continue heading north. No storms appeared to slow or halt their northward passage. The high pressure also kept insects at a higher elevation than is usual. Swallows and swifts that feed on these migrants were thus too high to be seen! Along the coast, a smattering of warblers, icterids, and other birds were noted, but the pattern of small numbers persisted. The coastal migration of loons and shorebirds was only fair.

Despite the scarcity of migrants, a few surprising and interesting birds were found. Vermilion Flycatchers and Summer Tanagers returned to Morongo Valley to greet the spring field trips. The appearance of White-winged Doves at Morongo hints at a northward extension of the breeding range of this species. In nearby Morongo Canyon, a nest of Long-eared Owls was located. At least two young were in the nest. Among the passerines at Morongo this spring were most of the western migrants including Lazuli Bunting, Hermit Warbler, Green-tailed Towhee, and Olive-sided Flycatcher. No eastern strays were reported.

A few odd avians appeared along the coast during April. Two Northern Waterthrush and a Palm Warbler were collected on the same day at Point Mugu. These birds were probably wintering. On Point Loma in San Diego, Alan Craig's mist net trapped a female Hepatic Tanager and a Parula Warbler. To the south in the Tijuana River Valley a flock of ten Lark Buntings remained for more than a week. These observations indicate that rare spring migrants are as likely to come through the coast as to come through the desert.

Nesting of birds in the lowlands was well underway by April. Many Cassin's Kingbirds, Orioles, Hummingbirds and other Spring arrivals had already begun the chore of nest-building. At Mission Gorge near San Diego, the Grasshopper Sparrow returned for the fifth