

To Texas with the Phillips..

SPRING SAFARI

By Dorothy Phillips

Twelve noon, April 14, 1966. Texas bound! Four thousand miles to cover! Seventy "life listers" to search out! What a self-inflicted assignment! At last our "old faithful" station wagon was loaded and vacation camping trailer was loaded. Clothes, food, bedding; bird books, binoculars, scope, cameras; bug repellent, raincoats, hiking boots; Puggy, our little bird-watching dog; my husband and I -- all were at last in their niches in the car or trailer.

For months we had planned this trip, pored over the Texas field guide, maps, Pettigill's Bird Finding West of the Mississippi; materials we wrote for and received from the Department of the Interior relative to the wildlife refuges in Texas; brochure of Big Bend National Park; materials we obtained from Texas outdoor clubs, Audubon groups, and Texas ornithological societies. As accurately as we could figure there were seventy "life lister" possibilities for us in April in southern Texas. Had we not lived and birded in the east, the possibilities would have been more.

Three p.m., April 14, 1966. We "crippled" into a service station near Beaumont; California. The station wagon gave one last gasp and that was that!

Four a.m., April 15, 1966. We were still in Beaumont, California (after having the wagon towed back to L.A.) only now we had stuffed all the bare necessities for our camping-birding expedition into our little V.W. and were at last on our way again. The car trouble proved to be of such a serious nature that we couldn't wait to have it repaired with only two weeks of vacation time. So, after much repacking, rearranging, etc., we were headed for Texas one day late.

En route we spent one day in the Chiricahuas-- Rustler Park, Southwestern Research Station, Cave Creek Canyon, Portal-- a most rewarding day. Two Harlequin Quail who "froze" in the road right beside our car were the highlight of that day. Mexican Junco, Blue-throated Hummingbird, Rivoli's Hummingbird; Scaled Quail, Arizona Woodpecker, Wild Turkey were some of the old friends we saw in the Chiricahuas.

From the Chiricahuas we headed straight for Kerrville, Texas driving all night trying to make up the time we lost with car trouble at Beaumont. We

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Reminder . . .

AUDUBON WILDLIFE FILMS 

New location... New programs .. So

SEND FOR YOUR TICKETS NOW!

See Calendar page for further details . . .

Spring Safari

Continued...

were exhausted when we camped in the state park near the river in Kerrville. A typical Texas thunderstorm hit full force shortly after we were settled for the night so we ended up sleeping in the V.W. -- quite a feat, by the way. Early the next morning we were ready to go with Colonel Wolfe with whom we had corresponded relative to birding in the Kerrville area. Cave Swallow, Golden-cheeked Warbler, Black-capped Vireo were the three most wanted birds in the Kerrville area. Since we had allowed only one day for Kerrville, time was short. We appreciated so much Colonel Wolfe's kindness as he spent the morning taking us to a nesting spot of the Cave Swallow. We stood, awed, at the mouth of the cave, thrilled with the sight of thousands of these beautiful swallows as they flew back and forth in great waves. They flew so close we could actually feel the breeze from the many beating wings. The little Black-crested Titmouse was everywhere in the trees nearby. Most of the balance of that day was spent unsuccessfully searching in all the likely spots for the Golden-cheeked Warbler and the Black-capped Vireo. By seven p.m. we were near Goliad en route to Rockport. Colonel Wolfe had suggested that the area near Goliad would be a likely place to see the White-tailed Hawk. Just at sundown we spotted a male White-tail near the highway with his mate on her nest nearby. Again, we blessed Colonel Wolfe for his help in directing our birding in that area.

By bedtime we were in Rockport, the spot we had read so much about and had planned for so many months to visit. Katherine Richmond, presently living in El Monte, formerly lived in Rockport and is a long-time friend of Connie Hagar. She had given us many tips as to good birding places, birders to contact, etc. in southern Texas. We found her directions and advice most helpful as we attempted to cover the Rockport, Aransas Pass, Port Aransas and surrounding areas. A brief visit with the famous little bird lady of Texas, Connie Hagar, was a highlight of our stay in Rockport.

In planning our Texas trip we had been torn between taking the trip early enough to catch the Whooping Crane or going later when the migrating birds would be more abundant. As plans worked out, we decided to forego the privilege of seeing the Whoopers and to hope for a good migration in the middle of April.

The three days spent in Rockport were just enough to whet our appetites for a month-long visit there someday in the future. Shorebird heaven! Eastern and western species were abundant. How we wished for more time to study them. We were happy to identify many of them in the short time we had there. The

Reddish Egret - what a comical bird! We had read of his antics but had never seen him before. We laughed over and over as we saw him reeling and rocking about as he fed in the shallow water.

Aransas wildlife refuge yielded almost as much excitement for us in the animals we saw there as in the birds. Peccary, Wild Boar, Armadillo, Alligator, many deer, and several varieties of small mammals were seen as we drove through the refuge early in the morning. Ours was the first car through that morning so the animals were feeding near the roads, seemingly unafraid.

We had hoped that a "norther" would occur while we were in Rockport as we knew that after one of these bad storms it is a peak time for seeing migrating warblers and Fringillidae. Our wish was granted -- a real old-fashioned "norther" blew in the last night of our stay there. It did quite a bit of damage south and west of Rockport, but for our needs, it was "the greatest." We had read and heard about the great number of tired, hungry birds that one can see like blossoms on the trees after one of these severe storms. But the things we'd read and heard could not describe the beauty of the many, many brilliantly colored birds resting and feeding in the trees and on the ground after the storm. Dickcissel by the thousands, Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Indigo Bunting, Blue Grosbeak, Summer Tanager, Baltimore Oriole, Orchard Oriole, Canada Warbler, Hooded Warbler, Northern Waterthrush, Ovenbird, Yellow-throated Warbler, Cerulean Warbler, Myrtle Warbler, Magnolia Warbler, Blue-winged Warbler, Golden-winged Warbler, Worm-eating Warbler, Black and White Warbler, White-eyed Vireo, Eastern Bluebird, Wood Thrush -- all in abundance and apparently so tired and hungry that our presence didn't frighten them at all. This was a never-to-be forgotten sight. So much beauty in one area was almost overwhelming.

As we were revelling in this sight, we were looking through the trees and spotted some other birders--Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoffman of Houston, Texas--leaders in the T.O.S. there. They were most helpful as we sought to identify some of the birds. A partial list of other birds that we saw while in the Rockport area includes Olivaceous Cormorant, Little Blue Heron, Louisiana Heron, Greater Prairie Chicken (seen on their "booming ground"), American Oystercatcher, Piping Plover, Wilson's Plover, Ruddy Turnstone, Upland Plover, Solitary Sandpiper, Seaside Sparrow, Semipalmated Sandpiper, Laughing Gull, Gull-billed Tern, Black Skimmer (such fun to see scooping up food in their strange bills), Parauque, and Cassin's Sparrow. We also saw many of our western species which I will not mention.

Next stop was King Ranch (largest ranch in the world) between Rockport and Brownsville. We took
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Life Listers...Attention!

NOW YOU CAN SEE THE BLACK RAIL

Imagine having a list of 150 species of birds that you have observed on your own property -- and the list still growing! This is the happy situation of Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Brady of the Inverness Motel at Inverness Park on Tomales Bay, California. On one side is the sheltered bay and a broad tide-flat for water birds and shorebirds; on the other side, a luxuriant growth of deciduous trees, shrubs, and a few conifers, attractive to migrating birds and permanent residents alike.

The truly exciting part is that in a small patch of cat-tails by the motel lives a pair of -- hold on to your hat -- Black Rails! Those of us who have had the privilege of enjoying Mr. Brady's courtesy in showing us the bird have had a rare treat in seeing the charming, self-assured little rail move rapidly through the salicornia and cat-tails, stopping to feed, uttering his "churk, churk," raising his wings in typical rail fashion.

From around the 19th of June until the first big storm of Fall, usually early in November, there is a good possibility of seeing this hard-to-get bird. We particularly call to your attention the fact that this is private property; it would distress us very much if, after receiving Mr. Brady's kind permission to tell our membership about the bird, anyone should have the discourtesy and boorishness to walk around the property without permission. A letter to Mr. Brady, making a room reservation, will assure you of the greatest possibility of seeing the bird. Flash-bulb photography is forbidden; common sense dictates that there should be no loud talking or other disturbance.

In August we had the great enjoyment of watching the bird at length, and hearing about its behavior from a man who has watched Black Rails more than anyone we know of: Mr. Gerard Brady, a gracious host and keen observer of birds.

WELCOME TO New Members

Graden, William F.
3477 Almerica St., San Pedro

Monteleone, Miss Muriel
2140 West 108th St., Los Angeles 90047

Spreadbury, Henry E.
3116 Pacific Ave., Long Beach 90807

BIRDS OF OUR CITY

By BETTY JENNER

Our Society has many sharp bird observers, and your editor urges all members who see unusual species, or unusual behavior of common species around their homes to write about it so that through "Tanager" we can all share the experience. Such an event occurred about 2 o'clock of a clear warm August afternoon this year (1966). My doorbell rang; mentally I had to bridge a distance of 500 miles as I approached the door, for I had been deeply engrossed in re-reading Brandt's unmatched description of Cave Creek Canyon, Arizona. -- One of the dividends in becoming known as a "birder" is that when there's an avian emergency, people think of asking you for a solution.

At the door was Mr. McMahan of the well-known office furniture company. In his building, he explained, was a wild bird; they wondered what it was, and how to capture it. Picking up my binoculars, I followed him to the building, a combination showroom and storage area, with large metal beams criss-crossing high overhead. At the intersection of two beams sat, or stood, a surprising bird: a Lesser Nighthawk. With its eyes closed and its tiny beak scarcely visible, it appeared headless! Its attitude was very much like that of its large cousin, the Potoo, which I have seen in Mexico.

We decided to use a long pole to make it fly toward the large doors where trucks enter the building to load furniture; this must have been the place the bird had entered, in pursuit of a moth, perhaps. Then Mr. McMahan stood on an automatic lift, used for heavy furniture, and was slowly raised high enough so that he could seize the bird in one hand. Down from the lift, Mr. McMahan showed us his captive: it opened its enormous frog mouth and hissed softly; its large eyes were liquid brown. After the staff had admired it, I brought it home, undecided as to whether to wait until twilight to free it. I believe that these birds take water on the wing, scooping it from ponds or streams, but I thought perhaps it would be able to get a much-needed drink from a small aluminum pie "tin". I left it alone with a pan of water a few minutes, and when I returned, it was sitting in the water! Knowing that nighthawks can hunt in the day, I released it from an upstairs window, and it flew, -- to safety, I hope. How light it was in my hand--how terrified, how wild! Good luck, Bird!

NOTICE, PLEASE

*Audubon House will be open to the public
Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and
Thursdays : 1 to 3 pm.*

Spring Safari

Continued...

a quick side trip through the ranch and saw dear little White-collared Seedeater, many Curve-billed Thrasher, but no Long-billed Thrasher, the one that we were looking for.

Laguna Atascosa Wildlife Refuge was our next happy hunting ground. Botteri Sparrow and Golden-fronted Woodpecker were the high lights there. We spent just a half day there which is surely not time enough to do justice to such an interesting spot, but time was flying and we had a schedule to keep.

Pharr, Texas near Santa Ana Wildlife Refuge was the next stop and two days our allotment of time for the refuge. What a place! One feels as though he had been transported into another world as he enters and explores this refuge. We arrived there early in the morning before the gates were open so we used the old-fashioned stile provided for early birders to negotiate the fence. It was hot and humid there and buggy, but these discomforts seemed as nothing when we heard the Chachalacas calling and the Olive Sparrow's call. One of the first birds we saw was the Lichtenstein Oriole. The dear little Least Grebe was busily engaged in building a nest. We added several "life listers" at Santa Ana: Lichtenstein Oriole, Black-headed Oriole (we felt most fortunate to see a pair of these at their nest as they seem to be rarely seen there in recent years), Olive (Texas) Sparrow, Least Grebe, Green Jay (what a beauty he is), Long-billed Thrasher, Groove-billed Ani, Kiskadee Flycatcher, White-fronted Dove, Chachalaca. We searched for the Red-billed Pigeon but never found him. Birders at Santa Ana were almost as numerous as the birds. We met several T.O.S. members from various parts of Texas. Edgar Kincaid of Austin was most helpful in helping us spot birds. One gentleman from New Jersey, whose name escapes me, had spent weeks there photographing. We met birders from Washington state, Florida and other states. This place seems to be a real mecca for birders seeking rare Mexican species. Chiggers, we believe, were thicker than birds or birders. We had completely forgotten that these little monsters infest the southland even though we had had experience with them a few years ago in southern Illinois. We found ourselves literally covered with their bites after our two days there. A more aggravating itch doesn't exist.

Bentsen State Park was the next stop and in just a few brief hours there we saw many of the same birds we had seen at Santa Ana. A pair of little nesting Elf Owls was the high light. By flashlight we were able to see both "mama and papa" as they flew in and out of their nest in a telephone pole.

Big Bend National Park and the rare Colima Warbler was our next aim. Traveling along the Rio Grande was most interesting. The enormous prickly pear cactus blooming at that time of year were thick along the roadside --a gorgeous sight! Another Texas thunder storm hit us full force near Laredo. Tornado winds and sheets of rain plus lightning and thunder made our night driving rather nerve-wracking. Del Rio was one place we stopped for a couple of hours to look for the Green Kingfisher but we had no luck.

What a magnificent place is Big Bend! Only one day to spend there made us feel almost cheated but we were glad to see what we could in that short time. We camped in the Basin, sleeping right out under the stars in that lovely campground. We rented horses for the six-mile trek to Boot Spring, the nesting place of the Colima Warbler. As we rode up the mountain we kept our eyes peeled for the Black-eared Bushtit but didn't see him. We did see the Gray Vireo. We had tried to get the song of the Colima Warbler in mind as best we could so that we would know what to listen for when we dismounted our steeds. Fifteen minutes after we got to Boot Spring we saw our first Colima Warbler. Excited is putting it mildly to describe our feelings. We had expected a long slow search. We found him first by his song. Before we left the area we saw a half dozen Colimas so felt quite surfeited. We had parted with the horses and guide when we reached Boot Spring so we hiked the six miles back to camp, weary but rejoicing over our good fortune. Someday we hope to spend more time at Big Bend, a beautiful place for desert scenery.

In our wanderings in Texas we half expected to see three other members of the L.A. Audubon Society--Min Gerhardt, Eleanor Fevog, and Eva Millsap. They left for a southern Texas birding trip just a few days after we left. However, our paths didn't cross.

Homeward bound, Guadalupe Canyon in extreme southwestern New Mexico was the next stop. What a place for birds! We camped in the canyon, having it all to ourselves as not another soul was there, enjoying a quiet peaceful night sleeping under the stars. We saw many flycatchers including Wied's Crested and Ash-throated. Lucy's Warblers were nesting. Pyrrhuloxia, Hepatic Tanager and Scott's Oriole are some of those we saw there. A trip to the canyon in July or August should be most rewarding. However, it gets extremely hot that time of year, we understand. A brief pause near Tucson to renew our acquaintance with the Rufous-winged Sparrow (we saw several nests and nesting pairs) was our last important stop.

A quick tour of the mountain section of Saguaro National Monument was most pleasant as the desert flowers were in full bloom. Lest I forget--the wildflowers in Texas at this time of year were simply beautiful. Fields and fields of Bluebonnet and many,

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WILLIAM T. WATSON, PRESIDENT
1249 N. EDGE MONT AVE., APT. 12
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HEADQUARTERS CHAIRMAN: MRS. J. GORDON WELLS
REGISTRAR OF MEMBERS: LÉONIE FERGUSON

OCTOBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
C 7	M 13	F 20	F 20			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

OCTOBER

- Oct. 1 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.
- Oct. 6 THURSDAY-EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING-7:30 p.m., Audubon House
- Oct. 8 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 the Harbor Freeway to San Pedro, go south on Pacific Avenue to 36th St., turn left and follow signs to Museum.

Call: Otto Widmann 221-8973
- Oct. 11 TUESDAY EVENING MEETING - 8:00 p.m., Great Hall, Plummer Park, "Birding in New Guinea and Australia"-James Huffman, Birds, scenery, native customs and dances that most of us will never have the opportunity of seeing in person. Don't miss this!
- Oct. 16 SUNDAY-OPEN HOUSE- 1 to 4 p.m., Audubon House. See the garden, the exhibits, the library; meet old friends and make new ones! Refreshments.
- Oct. 25 SUNDAY-FIELD TRIP-Bolsa Chica Lagoon and Upper Newport Bay. Meet at 8:00 a.m. just south of the traffic circle at the intersection of Lakewood Blvd. and Pacific Coast Highway. Time to brush up on shorebird and duck identification!

Leader: Otto Widmann - 221-8973
- Nov. 2 WEDNESDAY-WILDLIFE FILM: NOTICE PARTICULARLY THE NEW LOCATION!

"These Things Are Ours"--Mary Jane Dockeray
Spectacular scenes of Nature captured at all seasons and at all hours. Wood Ducks on a quiet pond; the nuptial dance of midges; the life cycle of the Monarch Butterfly; these and other unforgettable scenes are shown by the naturalist of the Public Museum of Grand Rapids, Mich.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! ATTENTION!
Our New Location:

Daniel Webster Junior High School Auditorium
11330 W. Graham Place, West Los Angeles
(Intersection of National Blvd. and Sawtelle Blvd.)

8:00 P. M.

It is hoped that the parking situation will be much improved at the new location. There will be some parking on the school grounds, and better street parking than at our previous location.

Always bring binoculars and lunch on field trips.
Please, no pets and no collecting.

★ Visitors are always welcome at all Audubon activities.

Department of "Here We Go Again"

(Goldfinches wheedle in the tall eucalyptus trees; flicka, flicka, cries the Red-shafted Flicker; a family of California Quail runs across the grassy slope; Meadowlarks' liquid arpeggios caress the ear.)

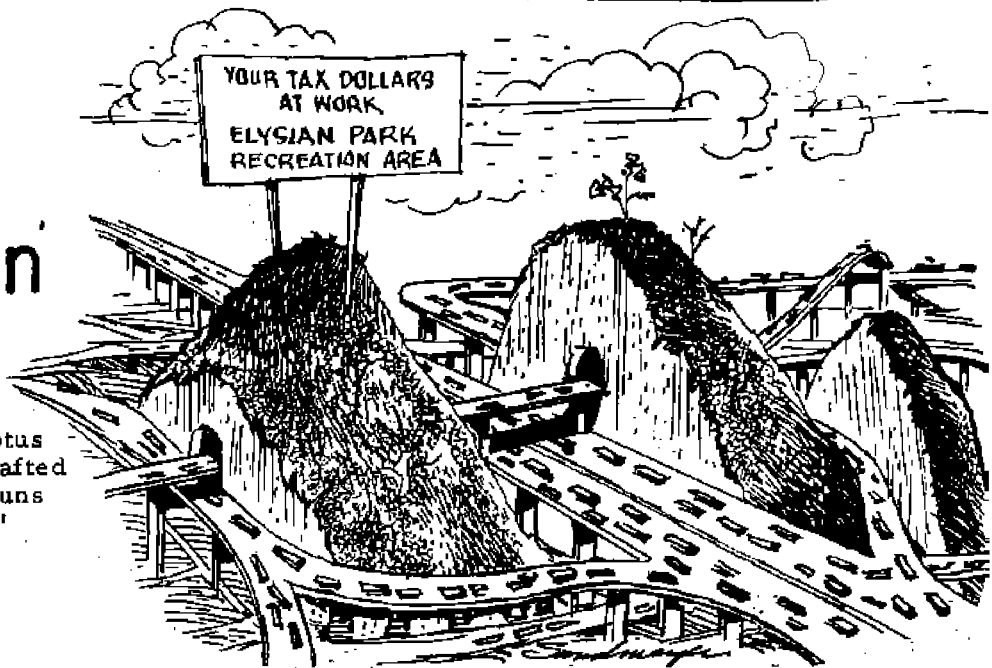


Unless the people of Los Angeles can persuade city officials to revise or abandon present plans, the bulldozers will be in Elysian Park by Christmas! They will be dragging out nearly 100 trees and cutting a deep gash in the hillsides to route fast-moving traffic through the park's main recreation area. The need for the proposed road has not been established, especially since it will feed additional automobiles into an already congested bottleneck. The damage to one of the most beautiful and most-used sections of the park will be severe and irreparable.

Large cities elsewhere are spending vast sums of money to correct the errors of the past by carving out open spaces in the center of town. Los Angeles, in desperate need of more park land, is spending its money to cut in two one of the finest natural parks to be found anywhere in the country, its only downtown park. The money could be used advantageously elsewhere.

Plans for the 80-foot wide extension of Stadium Way from Academy Road to Scott Avenue through the "avenue of the palms" are far advanced. The City Engineering Department advises that they will be completed in about one month and that construction is expected to start following the end of the current baseball season.

The original decision to build the road was made hastily in 1961 over strong protest by what Mrs. Harold Morton, then and now a member of the Recreation and Parks Dep't, termed "shotgun tactics." The reason for the destruction of "the best and really only highly usable recreation and park land," she said, "was NOT (her emphasis) to benefit the public park, but to provide access for private enterprise." The extension was to be part of the multi-million dollar network of access roads for the Dodger Stadium, but was not built at that time. George Hjelte, general manager of the Recreation and Parks Dep't., said that the road was "wholly unnecessary." There is no evidence that it is any more necessary today than it was five years ago.



STILL TIME TO ACT

It is not too late for the City to reconsider its decision, and institute a survey to determine how best to develop the park to meet the needs of the city's expanding population.

DO NOT DELAY! Please write Mayor Samuel Yorty (City Hall) urging him to call for such a survey **BEFORE** the bulldozers have destroyed what can never be replaced. All the following are located in City Hall, L.A. 90012:

Louis Dodge Gill, President, Board of Public Works;

Recreation and Parks Commission;

William Frederickson, Jr., General Manager, Recreation and Parks Department;

Calvin S. Hamilton, Director of Planning;

Councilman Marvin Braude, Chairman, Recreation & Parks Committee of the City Council; and

Councilman Paul Lampert. (The park is in his district.)



(Children shout and run and roll down the grassy slope; this is the closest thing to a trip to the country that many of them will ever have, Their parents--who can't afford a patio, much less a country place--recline on the grass and look up at the clean blue sky through the leaves of the handsome trees. Peace and relaxation in the heart of a great city: these are beyond price. What is your decision, Mr. and Mrs. Citizen?)

Audubon Activities

By Otto Widman

August 13 - SWITZER'S CAMP-CHARLTON FLATS

On the road above Switzer's Camp, 9 of us looked down on the layer of brown smog where Pasadena should have been. Two guests from the Pasadena Audubon Society joined us: Gordon O. Adams, who has been with us before, and Dorothy D. Howard. The Wren-tit was calling from the hillside and a Flicker flew over us as we convoyed into the canyon. At the trail we discovered that a permit was required to hike into the canyon, so back to the Ranger Station I went for one. Meanwhile, Helen Bayne and Eva Millsap had found the Brown Creepers and Yellow Warblers. The Canyon was cool and delightful - a real nice change from the hot August days down below. At first there were gnats and flies but as the sun encroached on the shade the bugs disappeared. We saw White-breasted Nuthatch and Hairy and Nuttall's Woodpeckers. The Western Bluebird was among the Scarlet Monkeyflowers. This time I hiked the short trail to where I could see the waterfalls and here I saw the Rock Wren and Orange-crowned Warblers. On the way back I saw the Canyon Wren. At Charlton Flats, where we lunched, there were many Steller Jays, Black-headed Grosbeaks, and Bullock's Orioles. On returning to our cars, beside the trail was an enormous black Mountain Rattlesnake. Later we saw the White-headed Woodpecker. We had 31 species for our final count.

August 27 - BUENA VISTA LAGOON

Frances Kohn and Jim Huffman were our leaders for the day. They had exactly ten enthusiastic followers and of these ten two were new to our field trips: our guest from San Fernando Valley was Marga Krueger and our new member, on her first trip, was Muriel Monteleone. It was a rewarding day both in weather and birds. A cool breeze kept the day ideal. Greater and Lesser Yellowlegs were on our list; we have seldom seen them together. A pair of Belted Kingfishers were feeding along the railroad bridge. Least, Caspian, and Forster's Terns were avidly feeding in a lagoon just beyond the road. There were many Semi-palmated and Black-bellied Plovers just within the sand breakwater by the surf. As it was last year, a Ruddy Duck led her ducklings about the shallow water. Kim Garrett pointed out the one Northern Phalarope among the Common Terns. In the inner lagoon by the tule grasses, Dan and Carol Siemens got to see their first Virginia Rail at close observation. Here were a dozen or more Snowy Egrets and Green-winged and Cinnamon Teal. In the grasses the Savannah

Sparrow and Red-winged Blackbirds kept up a constant song, and in the trees the Ash-throated Flycatchers darted about in russet flashes. Later, Jim Huffman spotted some Yellow-headed Blackbirds sitting on a T. V. antenna far from where they should have been. During the day we got to see the Great Blue, Green, and Black-crowned Night Heron, which brought our list to 58 species.

Sept. 10 - MALIBU LAGOON & TAPIA PARK

Inland the sun was shining. The fog made it sweater weather along the lagoon, and at Tapia Park a strong wind was blowing, but it was clear and warm. We saw the greatest number of birds at the lagoon: 60 to be exact, adding 18 more at Tapia. Claire and Marion Jobe from Taft joined us for the day. David Brown from Massachusetts (by way of Texas) enjoyed the day renewing acquaintances with birds--western variety. On our Morongo Valley trip Grace Nixon was introduced to us for the first time; we were glad to renew that earlier friendship. A couple of Green Herons posed for the 'scopers and a Common Egret's identity was kicked around for a while. To some the bill looked black. The flight of an Osprey caused a stir; later at Tapia a Golden Eagle showed briefly. On the kelp both the Ruddy and Black Turnstone were together. There was one Wilson's Phalarope. The day was complete for Muriel Monteleone because she got to see five different terns: Forster's, Common, Royal, Elegant and Caspian. Behind the bridge dozens of hummers fed on the tobacco plants: Allen's by the dozen--some Rufous. We had both Bewick's and Long-billed Marsh Wren. Art and Ada Ross studied a pair of Yellowthroats feeding in the reeds. From Massachusetts we had Abigail and Albert King as our guests: they are building an impressive list of western birds. Jim Huffman, the Adamses, Frances Kohn later birded down Point Mugu way for more shore birds. We had 34 members and guests for the field trip. Les and Ruth Wood acted as our hosts for the day, leading us in such a way as to give us plenty of time to study the many species.

Sept. 13 - TUESDAY EVENING MEETING

Our calendar year opened with the introduction of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Q. Bellinger of Palos Verdes, and Mr. and Mrs. LaVerne from Lake Charles, La., parents of Olga Clarke, as our guests for the evening. Muriel Monteleone, who has been on several of our field trips, attended her first meeting.

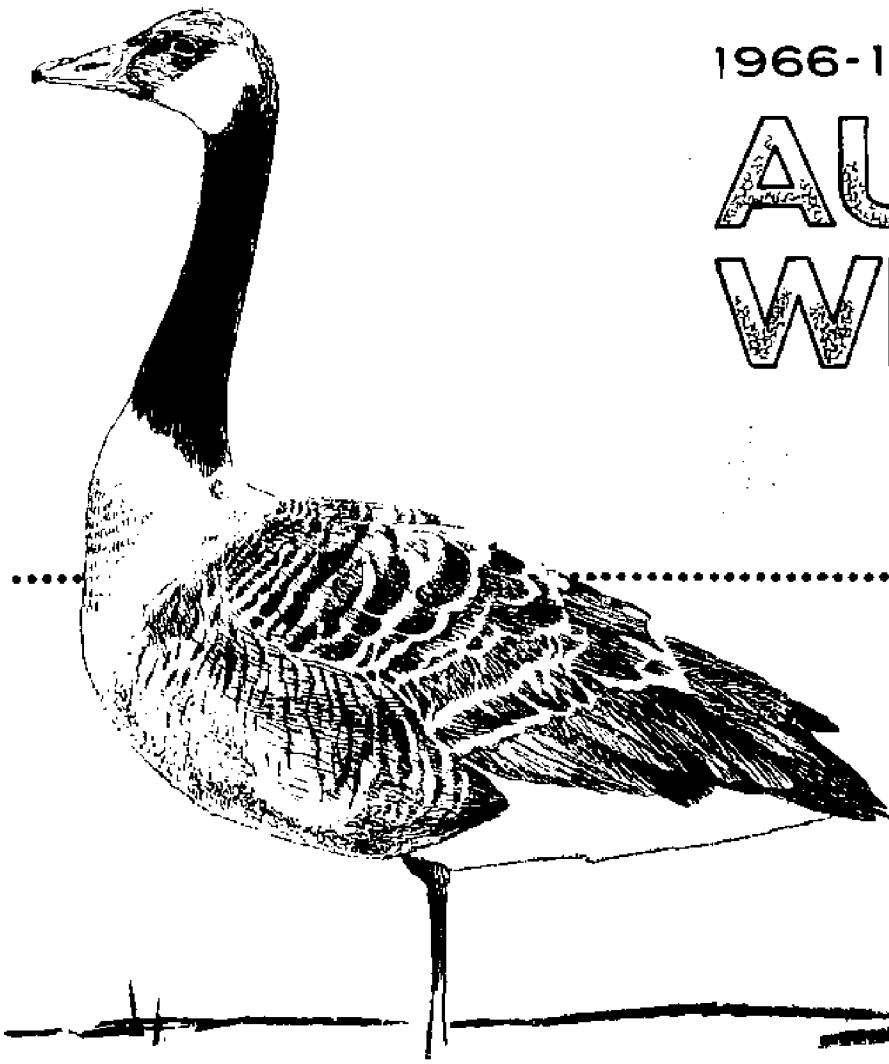
Herb Clarke told of the ease with which Condors are seen at Mt. Pinos this summer and early fall.--Hundreds of Starlings migrated past Caroline Adams' home out Manhattan Beach way.

When 3600 Shearwaters pass a given point in one minute's time, and an estimated three-quarters of a million in one day, then this spot is a truly remarkable place. Point Reyes Bird Observatory is that place; and our speaker for

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1966-1967 SEASON

AUDUBON WILDLIFE FILMS

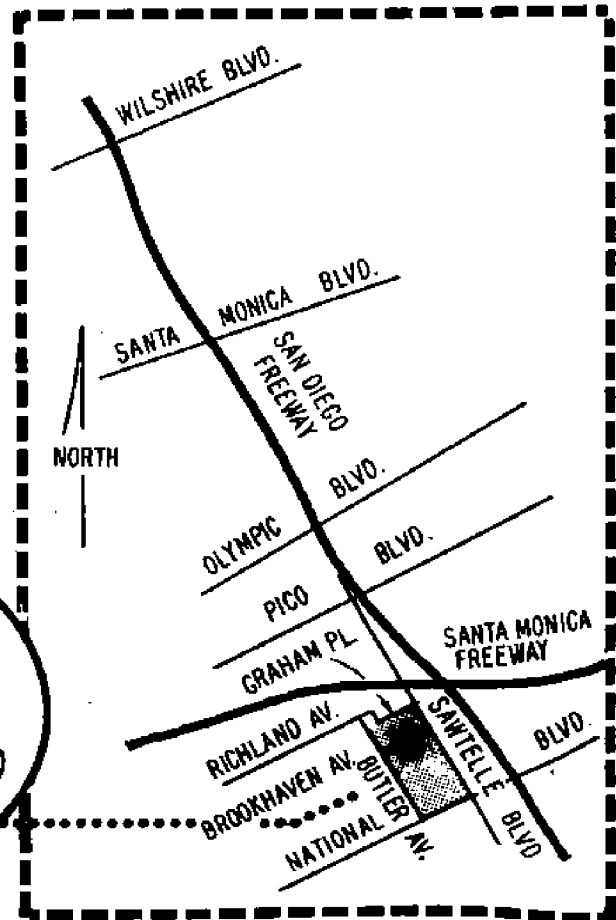


FIRST PROGRAM

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2

"THESE THINGS ARE OURS"
by Mary Jane Dockeray

*Daniel Webster Junior High School
11330 W. Graham Place
West Los Angeles 8:00pm
(Near Sawtelle and National Blvds.)*



Notes from the Namib

ERNEST WILLOUGHBY RETURNS FROM AFRICA

Ernest Willoughby, a member of Los Angeles Audubon, has recently returned from a year of research on birds of the Namib Desert in Southwestern Africa. The ability of certain larks to survive without water was his principal study. Half of this long, narrow desert is composed of reddish sand dunes up to 500' in height; in the intense silence, one can hear the sand "singing" or "roaring" in the wind. The other half is gravel surface. Fog brings most of the moisture, since there is only 1/2 inch of rainfall a year. A watercourse, fed by occasional rain in the mountains to the east, supports a good deal of vegetation. There is an amazing variety of wildlife: antelope, leopards, ostriches, many reptiles, many

Spring Safari *Continued...*

many other kinds of flowers greeted our eyes all through Texas. One could have spent a good deal of time just studying the wildflowers.

We arrived home safely but found ourselves needing a vacation after our "vacation." In all, we felt that we had a most enjoyable and rewarding trip. We added 35 "life listers" --just half the hoped-for list, but we felt fortunate considering the hurried pace at which we made the trip. We saw 279 species which gave us a total of 400 species for our 1966 year list. Sometime we hope to take this trip again when we have much more time to spend. And we highly recommend the area of southern Texas to anyone who wishes to have a real birding feast.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dorothy Phillips, in telling us how she and her husband became birders, proves once more that each time we share scope or binoculars with a non-birder, we may be instrumental in introducing whole new groups of people to our fascinating hobby:

"Neither of us had ever birded until five years ago, although we have always had a vital interest in nature in general. In that year, in connection with my husband's youth work as a minister of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, we attended a summer convention in Dallas, and there I took a course in bird identification given by a woman with contagious enthusiasm. On an early morning bird walk, a kind gentleman near me offered me the use of his binoculars to see the Painted Bunting --so beautiful! Something just snapped in my head or heart, and from that moment on, I've been an enthusiast. My husband "caught the bug" from me, and we have passed it on to many others including our children and their families."

insects. Among the nesting birds is Sand Grouse; after the young have hatched, the males of this species fly thirty miles to water, saturate their matted breast feathers by dipping into pools, and fly back thirty miles so that the young may drink by stripping the water from the feathers with their beaks!

Ernest says that a year's virtual solitude is quite enough, and probably too much, for any human being, no matter how interested he may be in wildlife observation. It was the finest feeling in the world to return to our wonderful U. S. A.

The Western Tanager

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★ Audubon Activities

(Continued)

the evening was the administrative officer, Mr. C. John Ralph. The task of the staff is to observe, band, count, and study the 325 species of birds that are found on the 20,000 acres at one time or another during the course of a year. The extreme variety of habitat accounts for the remarkable number of species. More than 200 traps and mist-nets have been set up. Color slides gave us some idea of the beauty of the peninsula.

There are many contributions which the non-professional birder can make to ornithology, and the Observatory hopes to give direction to the energies of birders by interesting them in such things as census taking, systematic observations and banding. When your hobby has tangible results, your interest mounts and you feel that you are really accomplishing something worthwhile. --Much credit must go to Mr. Ralph, an American pioneer in his chosen field. We hope to hear more from this project and its capable administrative officer.



Southern California Birds

By DAVID GAINES

What might be considered a minor invasion of Boobies appeared in the southland during August. Shum Suffel found the first, Brown, at the north end of the Salton Sea on July 28. A week later, it was in the company of two Bluefoots. On August 13 five Boobies were at the Sea. Despite the fact that two were collected, birds continued to be seen into September. Boobies have apparently been wandering north from the Gulf to the Salton Sea, and then from the Sea to perish on the desert or survive at such localities as Puddingstone Reservoir. Supporting this contention are sightings of two Blue-foots on a street in Riverside... at 10:00 p. m. ! (ask Arnold Small).

Other rare avians were at the Salton Sea this summer. An adult Sabine's Gull (first record for the Sea), an immature Frigatebird, an Osprey, as many as eight Brown Pelicans, and a New Zealand Shearwater (!) were all recorded at the north end. New Zealand Shearwaters are rare off our coast, and are unknown in Mexico. How did one get to the Salton Sea? The bird, which was sick, was captured by Guy McCaskie and is now in the San Diego Museum. At the south end were Gull-billed Terns, Laughing Gulls, Franklin's Gulls, Stilt Sandpiper and Solitary Sandpiper. By the first of September vast concentrations of all the western shorebirds could be seen at the Sea with Wood and White-faced Ibis and thousands of southbound waterfowl.

Abundant flocks of shorebirds were along the coast. Baird's Sandpipers seemed common in areas of fresh water. Elegant Terns were observed by the hundreds. A remarkable roost

of White-tailed Kites was discovered near Newport. Two trees harbored a minimum of fifty of these birds. Perhaps the Kite is becoming more common as this is one of the largest roosts to be found in recent years. A White-winged Dove was near Capistrano Beach. A few "eastern" warblers appeared near San Diego: Prairie Warbler, Lucy's Warbler, Virginia's Warbler, and American Redstart. Again I emphasize the importance of inspecting all migrants closely and of knowing the "marks" before entering the field.

August and September are traditionally excellent months for pelagics. This year was no exception. Frigatebirds were spotted off San Diego and Santa Barbara. A Red-billed Tropicbird was captured off San Clemente Island and is now in the Los Angeles County Museum. A pelagic trip off San Diego on September 4 found Ashy, Black, Leach's and Least Petrels, Black-footed Albatross, Long-tailed Jaeger, Sooty and Pink-footed Shearwater, Sabine's Gull, Arctic Tern, and a Craveri's Murrelet. This latter species is a southern relative of the Xantus' Murrelet from which it differs by having dusky wing linings. Last time the species was seen in the United States was 1914.

During October watch for rare landbirds, southern herons (e.g., Louisiana Heron, Reddish Egret, Yellow-crowned Night Heron), and the gradual accumulation of wintering landbirds and waterfowl. The Tijuana Riverbottom should be especially exciting, as ultra-rare avians have a habit of appearing there. But any locality along the coast should be excellent birding with many opportunities for rare and unusual birds.

62nd National Audubon Convention



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- Trip D To the American River Parkway, a 23-mile, 5,000-acre belt of green and a "wilderness within a city." To Nimbus Salmon and Steelhead Hatchery, at the height of the king salmon spawning run in the American River. To famous Folsom Dam. \$9.