

New Guinea Adventure — PART 2

By JAMES W. HUFFMAN

On the flight from the seacoast city of Lae to the highland town of Goroka we scanned a hundred miles of mountainous rain forests. In the valleys between cloud-obscured ridges we could see threadlike streams and, occasionally, native huts. The solid mass of forest was otherwise broken only by scattered areas of kunai, a long knife-like grass. It is only because there is so much remote mountain forest that there is some chance that the birds of paradise of these regions will survive. Although they are protected by law in Australian New Guinea, their slaughter has probably increased in recent years, due to the introduction of the shotgun to the natives. At present most species are very difficult to find near concentrations of human inhabitants.

As the plane circled to land at the Goroka airport, we obtained a bird's-eye view of the native show we had come to see. A grassy oval polo field was surrounded by an annulus of buildings and huts of various sizes. From the air, we could see that decorations had been put up in preparation for the following day which was the first of the two-day show. The overall effect was of a typical county fair.

We had expected Roy Mackay to meet us at the Goroka airport. Accommodations at Goroka we knew were extremely limited. Less than twenty years ago Goroka had not one single permanent building. Today it has one small motel. The fifty thousand or more native participants

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BIRDING THE NEW YORK CITY AREA

PAUL STEINECK and STUART FRIEDMAN

Continued from last month's issue

JAMAICA BAY WILDLIFE REFUGE - This carefully managed refuge is the best place in the metropolitan area for waterfowl, waders, shorebirds, and larids. The sanctuary, maintained by the New York City Department of Parks, comprises two diked fresh-water ponds on both sides of Cross Bay Boulevard and several low islands ("polls") in Jamaica Bay. To reach the sanctuary, take the East or West-side Drives to the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel leading onto the Belt system parkway, east-bound. Exit at Cross Bay Boulevard and proceed south (right); the sanctuary parking lot is on the right (west) side of the boulevard 1 1/2 miles south of the Howard Beach bridge. Before the trip, obtain a permit (not strictly necessary) from the Dept. of Parks (Armory, Fifth Ave. and 64th St. N. Y., N. Y.); it lets the city fathers know that the sanctuary is used, as over 20,000 permits have been issued since 1958. A notebook housed near the parking area, or better still, Mr. Herbert Johnson (head warden) and his staff will fill you in on what's around.

To bird the sanctuary, simply circle the west pond, watching for fresh-water birds on the pond, and salt-water species on the bay; as the path circles around, paralleling the boulevard, watch for landbirds in the shrubs, willows, and Austrian pine.

In winter, such birds as Duck Hawk, Snowy and Short-eared Owl, Ipswich Sparrow, Lapland Longspur, and Snow Bunting can be seen. During the spring and fall migrations, virtually every shorebird, wader, and waterfowl species on the city list occurs. Of special interest are: Blue-winged Teal, Sandpipers - Pectoral, Stilt, Semi-palmated, White-rumped; Herons - Little Blue, Louisiana, Yellow-crowned; both Bitterns; Wilson's Phalarope, Laughing Gull, American Brant, Osprey, King Rail, Golden Plover, Bobolink, Roseate Tern, Hudsonian Godwit. Breeding birds include: Clapper Rail, Piping Plover, Glossy Ibis, Black Skimmer, Common Gallinule, Bobwhite, Sharp-tailed and Seaside Sparrows. This area is intensive-

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NEW GUINEA ADVENTURE

Continued...

of the show would be housed principally in temporary huts erected for the occasion. The one to two thousand white visitors, mainly Australians and Europeans, would be put up in private homes, and makeshift dormitories in schools, churches, and miscellaneous structures. We hoped, therefore, that our lodgings had been arranged.

When we landed, waiting station wagons and trucks carried off our fellow passengers. As the airport emptied except for those employed there, it became apparent that we were stranded. Inquiring of one of the airport employes, we were informed that a Mr. Keith Bennett was accommodation director for the show and would probably appear shortly. In a short time he did appear, a congenial Australian, who listened sympathetically to our story, i. e., no reservations. We mentioned Roy Mackay and, inspirationally, the governor's son as references and observed heightened interest. Yes, he would help us, in fact he knew just the place if he could find the man with the key to it.

We went outside to his station wagon, which had been converted to a bus with side benches. It was crowded with nondescript passengers, luggage, and bedding. The two nondescript Yanks were squeezed into the front seat with the driver. Mr. Bennett entertained us as he drove with an account of the difficulties of lodging hundreds of visitors in a town with only about twenty beds for transients.

We drove to several buildings, most of which appeared to be schools. At each, one or more passengers debarked with their luggage. Mr. Bennett gave each a straw-filled mattress, which they referred to as a "pallyass" (an unobscure corruption of "paillasse"?) and a blanket. These would be used on the floor of some sort of communal sleeping room. Arnie and I wondered what was in store for us.

Mr. Fox, the man with the key, proved to be elusive. We went to several bars and even drove out to the show grounds, but always Mr. Fox had "just been there." We eventually found him at the Goroka Sport Club, a hangout for the local White Establishment. We came up smelling like a rose this time. The key was to a brand new upstairs apartment, with everything in it but linen and food. We had achieved V.I.P. status. Mr. Bennett gave us blankets and we gave him ten dollars for two nights for the two of us. We went to bed with keen anticipation for tomorrow's show.

Some explanation of the government of New Guinea is helpful in understanding the Goroka Show. This, the world's third largest island, is divided roughly into western and eastern halves. Netherlands New Guinea, on the west, by default of the Dutch is being taken over by Indonesia.

Eastern New Guinea is itself split into the northern Trust Territory of New Guinea, administered by Australia under a U.N. mandate, and the southern portion, Papua, which is an Australian possession.

The Australians, in contrast to the Dutch, take a firm although kindly hand in guiding the New Guineans. The Australian-sponsored native show exemplifies the paternalistic good will that the Australians feel toward the primitives they govern.

The Australian New Guinea native show is given every other year, alternating between Goroka and Mt. Hagen, two highland towns in the Trust Territory, and deriving its name from each in turn. Members of the Australian Highland Association, the sponsoring organization, gave us two principal reasons for its initiation: "We want to give these people a sense of national unity and also an opportunity to display their culture." In practice the two goals appear not fully compatible. We saw much evidence of adulteration of the tribes' primitive culture from contact with modern civilization. It seems likely, also, that the show results in too much copying among the tribes. Increased communication inevitably spoils some of the natural variety.

We were not in a mood for such philosophy, however, when we arrived at the Goroka showgrounds early the next morning. We came in a mood only to see, record, and enjoy.

Arriving before the scheduled activities and before the crowd was large, we could observe the general layout of the showgrounds. Immediately surrounding the central polo field with its miniature grandstand, a number of small and medium-sized buildings housed the show's exhibits and services. A few of the larger buildings, of frame construction, appeared to be permanent structures. These housed the show offices, the larger exhibits, such as native art objects, agricultural products and the larger food and drink concessions. The majority of the buildings, however, were small and of grass, apparently simulating native construction. Some of these contained small native exhibits, services such as medical, currency exchange, and even a changing dark room for photographers. A number of the small buildings served as council huts for the participating native tribes.

There must be a large heroic story to be told about the Australian rangers who escort the numerous mountain tribes through jungle trails to the show. Some widely scattered tribes take weeks to bring in their ceremonial and dance costumes, wrapped in rain-repellent leaves. Caches of food en route are established by the rangers so that time will not be lost in gathering food on the trail. Feeding and housing the

tribes at the show site are also problems. We saw near the show grounds 100-foot long communal grass "barracks" which served as shelter. Yams, a principal item of native sustenance, are brought in by the truckload.

Early in the morning we had intimate views of groups of natives donning their ceremonial or dance dress. Bird feathers were a principal feature of the head-dress. Favorites were the long tail plumes of the Red Bird of Paradise, the black tail of Princess Stephanie Bird of Paradise, and white cockatoo feathers. The head plumes of the King of Saxony Bird of Paradise, a string of pennants, each one blue on one side and brown on the other, were worn inserted through the nose septum. Another common feature of dress was a type of pearl shell worn through the nose or around the neck. These shells are used for barter and hence constitute wealth. Suspended from the neck of many natives were short wooden slats, strung together in a row, much like a Venetian blind. These, we were told, represented the number of pearl shells possessed by the wearer. Thus, wealth is advertised, much as in our Dunn & Bradstreet.

Clownlike painted patterns usually covered the face, often the whole body. Gray or tan clay appeared to be a common media for body coloration. Civilization had its influence here, since many individuals were rubbing each other with shoe polish! From the loins were suspended simple cloths, or, frequently, bunches of grass, fore and aft.

Female dress was generally simple. In contrast, the male garb had infinite elaboration. No star of the modern music hall took greater pains with her costume than these primitive men, many of whom were practising cannibalism until a few years ago.

As we took our first turn about the show ground, we saw that a number of the grass huts had signs such as "Chimbu Council" or "Magei Council". These lodges each had a roped-off area around it which the tribe used as a stage to show off their characteristic costumes or to illustrate typical village activities, such as preparation of food or clothing.

While photographing all these sights we soon became accustomed to the hand outstretched to receive payment of a shilling or two. The day of the unsophisticated savage is past. Some particularly photogenic groups roving the grounds appeared to have an agent, generally a native in city clothes, who collected the toll after his "clients' " pictures were taken.

About mid-morning, a large number of performing groups made their entrance to the show grounds. This marked the beginning of violent, nearly frantic activities that continued until mid-afternoon. Soon the entire annulus surrounding the polo grounds was filled with scores of these groups, some with more than a hundred participants, others with only a half-dozen. All

the performers were elaborately costumed, many with gay shields or banners larger than themselves.

Not all of the groups were dancing. Some of the smaller groups appeared to be enacting various rituals, involving apparently mock sacrifices or demon vs. witch doctor confrontations. As I jockeyed around for photographic position, I sometimes found myself in the midst of the performers. Many of the groups were armed with bows and arrows or spears which they flourished as if in battle. I wondered if, at the next moment, I would be transfixed by an accidentally discharged shaft. The armament, however, was not more of a hazard than the hordes of fellow photographers who stepped on our toes and shoved us good-naturedly out of their way. We, of course, shoved back in the same spirit.

Arnie and I were soon separated in the mad melee and went our own ways for several hours. Occasionally we met and compared notes on exciting happenings. The most bizarre event that we saw we witnessed together, however. In a small enclosure, several natives ran thorny branches in and out of their nostrils, producing a copious flow of blood. This they allowed to drip on other reclining natives. The enclosure was surrounded by goggle-eyed onlookers. Evidently this ritual had been forbidden, for several Australian rangers appeared and broke up the ceremony with some scolding. The participants looked sheepish, but a bit triumphant at having horrified the "townfolk".

As the afternoon wore on, the performances drew to a close as the performers dropped out from near-exhaustion. As they rested on the grass, their women approached and sat beside them as if to offer comfort. The crowd broke up into small family groups. We got some of our best pictures of individual costumes during this period, while the performers were lounging or strolling.

The show ground was rather messy now from discarded beer bottles and the red expectorations of the betel nut chewers. Tomorrow was the second and last day of the show; we had been told that the activity on that day would exceed that of the first. We wished fervently that we had made arrangements to stay on, but we could not risk a change in flights out of Goroka, since seats on the small planes were at a premium.

We were to have further adventures in New Guinea. We had seen many interesting birds and would see more. We were certain, however, that the Goroka Show was the event we would remember most vividly.



Audubon Activities

By Otto Widmann



Jan. 9 - ANNUAL DINNER - I should be writing about the dinner, but in my mind's eye I see a magnificent elephant standing before a backdrop, seemingly so artificially perfect the artist must have stolen it from some other locale. But - this is the other locale; this is Africa, the other Eden, the cradle of human life and evolution. Here is the climate of Nature controlling itself. The animals live out their lives as they have evolved for 30 million years without much interference from Man. With camera and sound track, Arnold Small brought us a bewildering array of animals and birds: Tawny Eagles, Samburu cattle, Reticulated Giraffe; the incredibly fantastic courting flight of the Long-tailed Widow-bird (Whydah); the finest study of Cape May buffalo I have ever seen, almost surpassing the grandeur of the Elephant. Interspersed between the drum beats that pervaded the sound track were the calls of various birds, the grunts of Gnu, the roar of lions, the trumpet of marching elephants, the barking of zebras. The music of the native singers had a calypso lilt and a musical structure more European than African; hardly wild enough for the violence of the kill, the frightened flight of the Flamingoes, the screech of Vulture over the dead. Nature's sounds transcended this lapse: we heard Robin Chat, Lilac-breasted Roller, Red-chested Cuckoo, Sand Grouse - the real Africa coming through to us. The excellence of the film left me filled with wonder, and fired with a desire to visit this other Eden.

Mimi Small, in her gracious introduction of Arnold's film, had remarked that he was a perfectionist. He countered by saying, "Every word you say is true; this is proved by the wife I chose!"

About the dinner itself: our appreciation must be expressed to the Fox & Hounds management for tasty appetizers in the foyer, and a delicious meal impeccably served. After the good food and good talk at tables for eight, and before the film, we had some introductions and announcements, for after all this was our regular monthly meeting. Our guests were introduced: Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Goodall, Mr. & Mrs. Paul Howard, Mr. & Mrs. Clifford K. Ellyn, John Borneman, George Uvagas of the Soaring Society, Dr. & Mrs. Wesley Young, the Smalls, and Arnold's mother, Mrs. Small. From out of town were two friends of many of our members, - Bertha Massie and Orville Crowder. Our officers and office workers were introduced, also the youngsters of the Society - and what a handsome lot of young people they are! President Bill Watson read some excerpts from the writing of Sam Hinton, regarding some popular misconceptions regarding birds, in movies and literature. Program Chairman Laura Jenner read a short excerpt about "bird-watching addiction" from the new book by Margaret Millar, noted mystery writer of Santa Barbara: "The Birds and the Beasts Were There."

The approximately 175 diners warmly applauded when Pres. Watson presented Caroline Adams with a plaque which attempts to express

our sincere appreciation of the tremendous amount of work she has done for the Society for a number of years. It was a complete surprise to Caroline - and we hope she realizes that we appreciate all she has done!

Jan. 13 - LAKE NORCONIAN The day was warm - a perfect January day, enjoyed by 42 members & friends who convoyed into the area. We had as guests of the Bradley brothers, the Leone brothers, Arthur & Chuck, who by the way flushed the Burrowing Owl for all to see. Dan & Maggie Roberts were guests of Mary & Arnold Larson; Dr. & Mrs. Thomas Sternberg were making their first field trip with us.

As we left our cars, a long string of Canada Geese flew over. Of ducks, we had Mallard (not domesticated), Gadwall, Baldpate, Pintail, Teal, (Green-winged & Cinnamon), Shoveler, Redhead, Ring-necked, Canvasback, Lesser Scaup, Bufflehead, Ruddy, and American Merganser. Green Heron & Black-crowned Night Heron, Pied-billed Grebes, Double-crested Cormorants, rounded out the water birds. There were hundreds of birds on the water, with constant flights, so we got to study the birds at all angles. Yellowthroat, Black Phoebe, and Ruby-crowned Kinglets were lakeside. To the west we had Red-shouldered & Sharp-shinned Hawks, a Yellow-bellied Sapsucker, and a few Lark Sparrows.

After lunch, Jim Lane led 6 cars of birders to Lake Matthews where they were treated to a marvellous flight display of Golden & Bald Eagles. Christine Hayden, who has been absent too long from our trips, reports a fine showing of Mountain Bluebirds, a Marsh Hawk, and Savannah Sparrows here. At Lake Elsinore were White Pelicans. We had 53 species. Our thanks to Eva Millsap for leading the group for the day.



"This is suddenly becoming a most successful field trip"

Los Angeles Audubon Society

CALENDAR

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



HEADQUARTERS, LIBRARY & NATURE MUSEUM LOCATED AT AUDUBON HOUSE,
 PLUMMER PARK, 7377 SANTA MONICA BLVD., LOS ANGELES 90046

TELEPHONE 876-0202

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



February 1968

FEBRUARY

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				18	19	20	21	22	23	24
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Feb. 1 THURSDAY - EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING - 8:00 p.m., Audubon House

Feb. 10 SATURDAY-SUNDAY - FIELD TRIP - Morro Bay. Meet at 8:00 a.m. at the
 11 foot of Morro Rock. Many of us go Friday night in order to have a full day
 Saturday & one half-day Sunday. The Jobses have a room reserved at the
 Museum for Saturday Evening for showing their film "Along Sierra Trails"
 at 8:00 p.m. Camping at Morro Bay State Park; Motels available in Morro
 Bay or San Luis Obispo. Distance approximately 210 miles from City Hall
 via Ventura Freeway.

Leaders: Claire & Marian Jobe Call Otto Widmann: 221 - 8973

Feb. 13 TUESDAY - EVENING MEETING - 8:00 p.m., Great Hall, Plummer Park.
 "Canyonlands", by Sierra Club members Ben and Miriam Romero. This
 interesting program lets us visit, by car and backpack, many of the little
 known and out of the way places in our western parks and monuments.

Feb. 25 SUNDAY - FIELD TRIP - Chatsworth Reservoir. Nowhere else so near to
 the center of Los Angeles can wintering water birds be seen so well. Meet
 after 8:00 a.m. at corner of Roscoe Blvd. & Topanga Blvd. We will enter
 the reservoir at the Fallbrook gate as a group at 8:30 a.m. sharp. Late
 comers may not get in. We leave as a group at 2:30 p.m.

Leader: Harold Swanton Call 886 - 1721

Mar. 7 THURSDAY - EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING - 8:00 p.m., Audubon House

Mar. 9 SATURDAY - FIELD TRIP - Tujunga Wash Hansen Dam

Leader: Warren Blazer Call: 272 - 8598

Mar. 12 TUESDAY EVENING MEETING - 8:00 p.m., Great Hall, Plummer Park

ALWAYS BRING lunch and binoculars on field trips

PLEASE - no pets and no collecting!

EVERYONE WELCOME AT ALL ACTIVITIES

BINOCULARS AND SPOTTING SCOPES

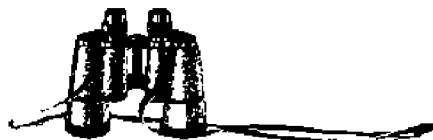
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126 N. Vendome St.
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Mrs. Owen Hutchinson
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Los Angeles, Calif. 90039

Mrs. George S. Irving
7047 Franklin Ave.
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

Mr. Oswald Mendez
802 N. Vermont Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90029

Mr. Christopher Patry
2805 Faber St.
Redondo Beach, Calif. 90278

Don Roberts
10847 Hortense St.
North Hollywood, Calif. 91602

ARE YOU A MEMBER?

If Not — Join Now!

IF YOU ARE — INVITE A FRIEND!

The National Audubon Society has devised a master plan intended to strengthen the Audubon movement at the grass roots. Three additional field representatives will be appointed in various areas of the country; and under a new plan for dues sharing, more money will go into the branch treasuries. The individual membership will be increased to \$10 a year; all other classes of membership will remain the same. Target date for the changeover is March 31, 1968. New or renewal individual memberships will be accepted at the old rate until then.



Members: how many of you have borrowed a book from our library lately? Whether for research or for pleasure, you are sure to find a book to suit your taste if you will come in and "browse", on weekday afternoons or after our evening meetings.

With each new miracle of medicine or surgery, we are more indebted to those creatures who give their lives so that we may live in health — the laboratory research animals. For the most part they are well treated and are perhaps more fortunate than those starving strays we see on the streets. In one area, however, the picture is a bleak one — the importation of primates for medical and behavioral research. Perhaps as many as 700,000 primates are imported annually into the U.S., an alarming figure indeed. We urge you to read of this problem in the Oct. -Nov. -Dec., 1967 issue of the "Defenders of Wildlife News", pp. 399-402.

Recent visitors to Los Angeles were two people whose "life lists" of birds seen and identified all over the world run into the thousands, rather than the hundreds of most of us. First, Bertha Massie of St. Louis; friend and good birding companion to many of us — although she has birded all over Europe, Africa, Asia, South America, etc., she still talks of how she enjoyed the trip to the west coast of Mexico with the Adams', the Clarkes, et al. The other visitor was the almost legendary world traveller, Orville Crowder, on whose tours everyone sees every bird, and a great deal more in the way of natural history besides. Both visitors were on their way home after a two-week birding tour to the Hawaiian Islands. Our member, Laura Smith, had been with them also. Mr. Crowder is planning several more Hawaiian tours during the year; also a repeat of his Alaskan tours, which take his group to Pt. Barrow, the Pribilofs, and other out-of-the-way places. In 1969, Mr. Crowder plans a continuous trip up the West Coast from Baja California all the way up to Alaska. Check with your editor for details.



From the Paso Robles Audubon Society's "California Thrasher" we read:

A national champion tree on Questa Ridge! Los Padres National Forest's San Luis Obispo District has been notified that they have a national champion — the fifty-foot Sargent Cypress — sometimes known as Gowan Cypress — has a circumference of four and one-half feet and a spread of forty-eight feet. This is a part of the cypress grove that is endangered by the removal of trees to create a "fuel break".

Audubon, Sierra Club and other conservation groups have worked diligently to save this rare growth of Sargent Cypress, not for the trees alone, but for the condition they create. They catch and hold moisture from fog that provides almost a swamp area on an otherwise dry hillside.



THE AUDUBON SCENE

NEWS FROM OTHER SOCIETIES

Some interesting figures concerning the recent Christmas count are reaching your editor via exchange newsletters. Weather was generally good in Southern California. Santa Barbara had more individuals than ever, 51,706, but fewer species, 165, with 78 counters. Two Cassin's Kingbirds were of interest. Los Angeles had 124 species this year. San Diego, of course, is the pride of the West:

210 species!

Possibly there will be two more pending verification. Fourteen species of warbler were found: Magnolia (a first), Black-and-white, Palm, American Redstart, and Northern Waterthrush, among others. Congratulations to the Crouches, the Olsons, the Howertons, Alan Craig, Guy McCaskie, and all the others who worked so hard to make this outstanding count possible.

With high winds and some rain, the count at Cocoa, Florida, was 196.

From the Maricopa Audubon Society newsletter, THE ROADRUNNER, - "Like a close football game, the Masked Quail are winning in the last few remaining moments, and are at this time reported on their way to a victorious return to Arizona thanks to the indomitable spirit of friendly men."

OPERATION GRAY WHALEWATCH

A new conservation society, the American Cetacean Society, recently contacted our Audubon House staff, asking permission to study our constitution and perhaps to use it as a guide in forming their own constitution. Their present and proposed activities are so unusual and challenging that undoubtedly some of our members will want to take part.

As winter sets in, some 6,000 gray whales, up to 50 feet long, leave their Alaskan feeding grounds and head south on their annual migration to the bays and lagoons of Mexico's Baja California Peninsula. Time was, San Diego Bay was one of their prime objectives, but the advent of man has forced the migrants farther south to the isolated breeding and calving waters of the Baja California Coast. Off Los Angeles, the migration begins to peak around Christmas, continues in flood through January and slacks in February; the reverse trek begins to be seen in this area in March and continues through April.

Locally, some 5-10 yachts, ranging upwards from 25 feet, will comprise the Gray Whalewatch flotilla. Santa Barbara coastal waters will be covered by the 96-ft. brigantine Swift under Capt. Bill Irvine, ACS Santa Barbara director.

Flotilla Commodore Ken Moore states, "We're after data no one has obtained before, especially about the movement of the animals during the night. In addition to getting a close count of the actual number of whales passing our seagoing observation stations, we are after information on such present-

ly unanswered questions as their sleeping habits, frequency of surfacing at night, and under heavy weather; and the size pods they travel in."

Observations will be made systematically on forms provided by ACS scientists; thoroughly screened and analyzed, and resultant "hard" data will be given to U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service officials and other cetologists.

As this article goes to press, an expedition is leaving here to follow the whales south, and gather scientific information and still & motion picture footage of the mating, calving, and nursing processes. The Expedition Director is Philip A. Hunt, and will be under the scientific supervision of Jack Schultz, Gulf General Atomic Physicist. The eight or more crew members will live with the whales for a month or more.

Future expeditions can use help in the form of "escort" vessels, to help with the logistics, photography, emergencies, etc. And a "land vessel", truck or camper with two-way radio would be most useful. To learn more about aims, meetings, expeditions, etc., write

American Cetacean Society
P.O. Box 937
Inglewood, Calif.

Phone: (213) 278-2625

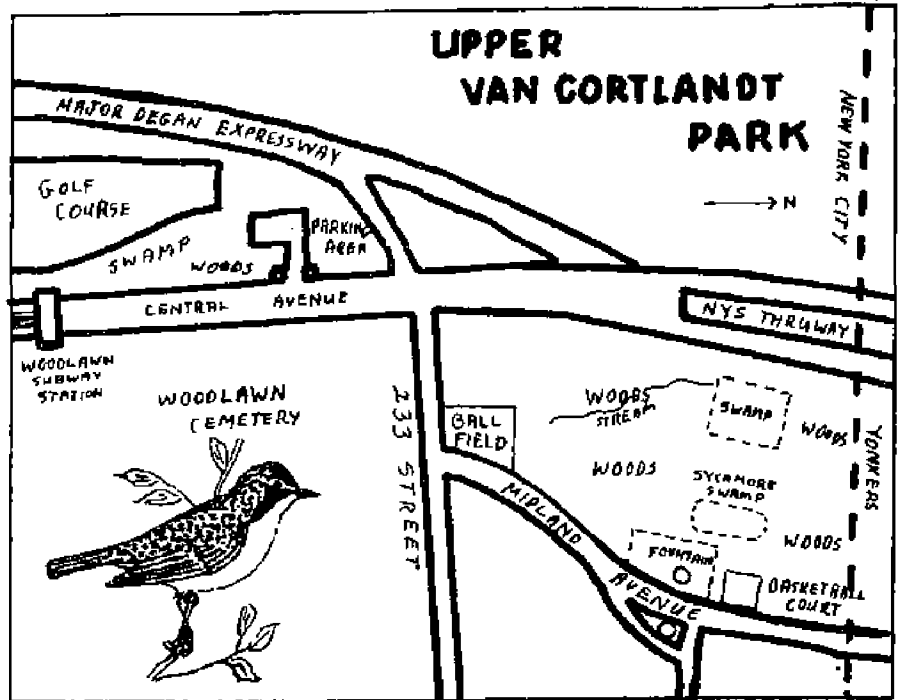
The executive director of the ACS is Clark Cameron, who will gladly answer questions.

Our member Elna Bakker, outstanding photographer and travel lecturer, announces that the Los Angeles Geographical Society is planning one major overseas tour, which, however, it will cancel if the proposed travel restrictions should prove too stringent. This begins July 31 and will include London, Venice, a 3-day cruise of the Dalmation (Adriatic) Coast, five days in Greece with bus trips to Delphi and other areas of historical interest; a week's cruise of the Greek Isles and a land journey down the coast of Turkey from Istanbul, Rome, and then home. All-inclusive price (with the exception of several evening meals so that the group can go to interesting places) will be about \$1320.00. Substitute tours contemplated are: a "Getting to Know the Other Islands" tour of Hawaii which would include some of the out-of-the-way areas; and a charter bus trip through the Southwest which would be connected to a deluxe train trip in northern Mexico featuring the Barranca de Cobre. Leader is Elna Bakker who will again interpret the natural history of the areas visited, as well as be in charge of travel details.

A travel seminar giving additional background for these regions and other proposed plans is being held on Friday, Feb. 9, at 8 p. m. in Room 105, Franklin Hall, Los Angeles City College, 855 N. Vermont. Parking is easy on Fridays, and Franklin Hall is right off Vermont, on the right as you enter the campus. Films will be shown, and travel experts will be present to answer questions. All are welcome, even if you do not plan to join us. It will be an informative, educational evening.

BIRDING THE NEW YORK CITY AREA

Continued...

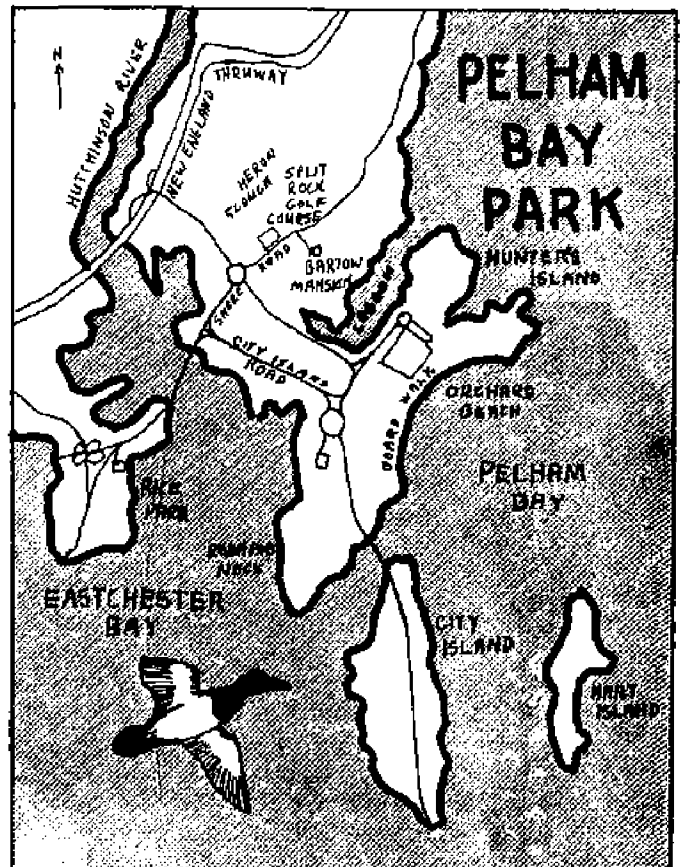


ly birded, and rarities turn up with unexpected frequency. Species seen at least once during the year include: Whistling Swan, Blue Goose, Purple Gallinule, Yellow Rail, Common Teal, European Widgeon, Ruff, Whimbrel, Buff-breasted and Baird's Sandpiper, American Oystercatcher, and Glaucous and Iceland Gull.

JACOB RIIS PARK - This park at the tip of the Rockaway Peninsula is worth a visit during migration. Avoid weekends if possible as the human crush is considerable. Take the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel to the Belt Parkway, eastbound, to Flatbush Ave. Exit and drive south, crossing the Marine Parkway Bridge; the park is just over the bridge. Follow the signs to the main parking area. Explore the brushy margins of the concrete walks, parking area, center mall and roads, and the wooded borders of the golf course. The "Army Post," now deserted and overgrown with scrub, is excellent; it is on the eastern side of the park, next to a ballfield. Any of the common migratory species can be seen, and hawk flights are common in fall. Extralimital rarities are common - especially in fall - excuse the apparent contradiction! Such species as Red-bellied Woodpecker, Philadelphia Vireo, and western strays (Orange-crowned Warbler, Western Kingbird, Dickcissel, Western Tanager, Bullock's Oriole, Clay-colored and Lark Sparrows) can be seen.

These areas will provide the visitor with an insight into the unique excitement and paradox of birding the nation's greatest city. The visitor should obtain a copy of John Bull's Birds of the New York City Area (Harper Row, 1964) for detailed data on species status. Cruickshank's discussion (Birds Around New York City, Amer. Mus. of Natural History, 1942) of arrival and departure dates remains

essentially valid, and is quite valuable. If you desire any additional help in planning your trip east, contact us (P S - Dept. of Geology, USC, Los Angeles, Calif. 90007; SF - 123 South Highland Ave., Ossining, N. Y. 10562) and we'll try to be of service. Good luck and good birding!



NOTES

An important seven-thousand-acre tract of their Salt Creek Ranch was given the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service by Mr. and Mrs. J. Meredith Tatton of Aransas County and Corpus Christi in November.

This tract becomes an addition to the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge, winter home of America's Whooping Cranes, and is also important habitat for another rare species, Attwater's Prairie Chicken (a sub-species of Greater Prairie Chicken).

The federal government long ago sought to buy this ranch for addition to the Aransas Refuge, but the effort failed. The gift by the Tattons is thus doubly important, both as a contribution to wildlife preservation and as a generous example of private concern.

Another piece of Whooping Crane news comes from the Sunray DX Oil Co., which brought in a natural gas well with a rig three miles offshore from the Aransas Refuge. To avoid disturbance to the wintering birds, Sunray has closed down the rig and put up a sign: "Closed until May 15. This place is for the birds."



The World Health Organization, concerned about increasing evidence of human liver damage by chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides (our old "friends" DDT, aldrin, endrin, deildrin, helptachlor, etc.), has encouraged a team of geneticists to help solve mosquito control needs in the Far East.

Earlier this year, Prof. Hannes Laven, of West Germany, succeeded in producing laboratory-bred strains of the mosquito, *Culex fatigans* with a "cystoplasmic incompatibility" that resulted in sterile matings when these male mosquitos were released in a Burmese village. In about three months, the entire native mosquito population of this species had been eradicated for lack of reproduction.

This approach is ideal for the elimination of introduced species with limited niche requirements, such as *Aedes aegypti*, on which the U.S. Public Health Service is now lavishing millions of dollars' worth of chemical pesticides in the southeastern United States.



John C. Borneman, who has been known as Condor Warden since he undertook his unique assignment for the National Audubon Society in 1964, will henceforth use the title Condor Naturalist, instead. The new title better fits the broad range of his duties on behalf of the rare California species.

A certificate of appreciation was awarded to Mr. Borneman by the California Fish and Game Department for his assistance in organizing the '67 Condor survey and for co-authoring the survey report.

Margaret Millar is a knowledgeable, perceptive birder, who has both "the discipline" and a warm empathy in matters concerning the wild creatures. You'll do yourself a great favor by obtaining a copy of her latest book "The Birds and the Beasts Were There" (Random House). You'll laugh, you will cry a little; you'll meet old friends and make new ones; the book will occupy the honored place next to Teale's "Seasons" on your bookshelf.

Mrs. Millar is one of America's outstanding writers of mystery stories. About ten years ago she and her husband, writer Ross Macdonald, settled on the outskirts of Santa Barbara in a wooded canyon which was alive with birds and other wild creatures. Her book is first of all an account of their growing intimacy with the birds, and their adventures in operating a feeding station for all comers. This highly personal narrative conveys the excitement and sense of discovery which comes to bird watchers and other nature lovers as they learn to look at the world with more informed eyes. The book itself is a source of carefully researched information about birds - their appearances and habits, the foods preferred by various species, the plants and habitat that will attract them. Beneath the warm, engaging surface of Mrs. Millar's story is a deeply affirmative answer to a question of great importance: how can human beings learn to live with nature, and what will happen to us if we can't. Mrs. Millar brings to "The Birds and the Beasts Were There" the same fresh eye and poetic touch, the narrative skill and the irrepressible humor that are known to the many readers of her fiction.



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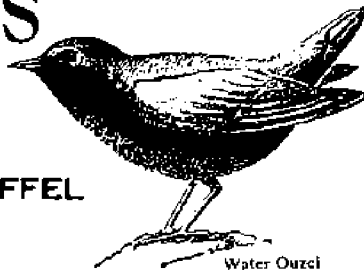
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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BIRDS



By G. SHUMWAY SUFFEL

February is the end of winter for many birds, - ducks and geese are moving gradually northward, Allen's Hummers arrive with the earliest flowers, the Poorwills which have hibernated instead of going south are waking up, and the first swallows put in an appearance. However, the vast majority of winter residents will be with us until April, or even May.

Along the coast, gulls, ducks, and divers are still present in large numbers. Mew Gulls are particularly common this year in the Harbor area, with about 200 on the Cabrillo Beach parking lot alone. Herring and Glaucous-winged Gulls are easily found by those who will study the vast flocks of gulls along the coast. Every year there are reports of one or two Glaucous Gulls, and sometimes these are correct; but this bird is so difficult to identify that all sight records should be confirmed by several competent observers. The frosting on the cake for gull watchers is the Black-legged Kittiwake. This pelagic gull sometimes strays ashore and is seen from a pier or even on a beach. The hoped-for invasion of Fulmars either did not happen, or has gone unobserved for lack of pelagic observers. A large flock of light-bellied Shearwaters (probably Manx) was seen by Jerry Johnson from the cliffs near Laguna Beach. Loons of three species, and Western and Horned Grebes were commonly seen coastally, but no sightings of Red-necked Grebes have come to our attention (most years produce one or two).

Surf Scoters winter by the thousands in Los Angeles harbor and on the ocean outside the surf-line. With them are a small percentage of White-winged Scoters (more than usual this winter) and a very few Common Scoters - nine at L. A. Harbor, four at Huntington Beach pier. Most of the Common Scoters are females or immatures and resemble a larger version of the female Ruddy Duck -- chunky and short-tailed, with a round head (dark above and light below) and a short, dark bill. A smaller, light-colored duck with the Scoters may be an Oldsquaw, or Long-tailed Duck to the Britishers. This winterer from the high arctic is rare but regular with us. One was found in the Harbor on the Palos Verdes count, and rumor has it another was at Huntington Beach in late December.

Several rarities were discovered on the local Christmas counts, and this should give us cause for thought. These birds were here, right in the city parks, just waiting to be found. When enough people put in enough time in an intelligent manner, they were brought to light. Since they

seem to be staying around, they will be seen and enjoyed by many in the L. A. A. S.

The Jenners, Betty and Laura Lou, made the best find of the new year, a Cowes' Fly-catcher (pronounced Cows) -- the fourth record for California and the first for the coastal slope. This summer resident of the high mountains of Southeastern Arizona presents difficult problems of identification, being very like both a Wood Pewee and an Olive-sided Fly-catcher. A few bars of its typical, plaintive song, "Hosay Ria" were the final clincher. The Brown Thrasher at Cabrillo Beach Park may have been there, unsuspected, for several months, as it is very secretive and stays in heavy cover. This area is well birded, but a slight movement, a glimpse of a yellow eye and a rufous tail gave it away. This bird has not been reported locally for many years. A Varied Thrush reported by Otto Widmann in a Torrance park is the only one seen so far this winter.

There are several interesting reports from members: Jim Schlesinger found a Townsend's Solitaire in Elizabeth Canyon near the National Forest boundary (they are resident in the mountains). Ralph Manke reports a Greater Scaup (you must see the long white wing stripe, - the green head is not enough) at Marina del Rey. A few are also present at L. A. Harbor.

Kim Garrett reports: in the Vermont Ave. canyon of Griffith Park, - numerous Western Bluebirds, Pine Siskins, and Purple Finches. And, in Santa Anita Canyon: Dippers, wintering Townsend's Solitaires, and at least three wintering Townsend's Warblers. At the feeder in the yard of his own home in the Hollywood Hills, Kim had a life bird: a Slate-colored Junco.

John Dunn and Bob Nordahl observed a Winter Wren in the woodland underbrush of the Sepulveda Recreation area on Jan. 14.

Reports from Northern California indicate that while the Yellow-billed Loon at Tomales Bay was the rarest, it was not the only "rara avis" in the northern part of the state. An Eastern Phoebe spent a few days in the Carmel River Valley but proved elusive when we Southerners searched for it. A feeder in Pacific Grove hosted two handsome adult males -- a Dickcissel and an Orchard Oriole. Some people have all the luck! More recently, a Broad-winged Hawk has been reported from the Monterey Peninsula area. This small buteo was first found in California just one year ago.

Watch for good news from the San Diego Christmas counters. It looks like a new national record, and this without the benefit of any super-rarities. Congratulations will be in order, we hope.



IN MEMORIAM

California's first Yellow-billed Loon became entangled in a fish net and died on Dec. 10, 1967.