

The Campground Route to ALASKA

For the California birder, there is a wide range of choice as to how he will reach our 49th State. If he has plenty of time - meaning all summer - he will travel at a leisurely pace, preferably with a trailer or camper. Russ and Marion Wilson accomplished their Alaska trip in this manner, and Russ told us about it in the May, 1964 issue of "Tanager." For the person with limited time, it is preferable to fly all the way to Fairbanks, hire a car, and stay at hotels or resorts at night. Don and Caroline Adams chose this method. The lucky birder who has time AND money can take one or all of the Crowder tours, being certain that he will see all the birds from Glacier National Monument to the Pribilofs, Nome, and Pt. Barrow, with all the planning done for him by Orville Crowder, a very knowledgeable birder.

On the other hand, if your time is limited to four weeks - and your finances are limited, period - you plan ahead, read everything on the subject, and then start out, hoping that things will fall into place as planned. This is the way that the two of us, Laura Lou and Betty Jenner, prepared for the great adventure in the summer of 1967, and we would like to share our experiences with you in the hope that you, too, may some day see the magnificent scenery of unspoiled Alaska.

The Auto Club "Alaska Tour Book," Sunset Magazine's Alaska book, and "The Milepost" are definite musts in planning the trip. The latter describes every town, village, service station, and scenic point of the North Country. It contains such details as ferry prices and air services. Once you are in the north, it is a good idea for the passenger to read from the book aloud to the driver as points of interest are reached - otherwise something may be missed. At the time we obtained it, the book could be ordered by mail from: The Milepost, Box 1271, Juneau, Alaska 99801, for \$1.95, American funds.

Since we knew that rain would be certain, we bought hooded, rubberized ponchos; however, we have decided that raincoats would be preferable, as the ponchos were unwieldy in the limited space of our camper. We bought, and thoroughly oiled, low boots, for wear in the tundra; these turned out to be very useful. Thermal underwear and plenty of extra wraps were found to be a good idea even in summer.

As to groceries, we decided to start out with only enough to take us to British Columbia and then stock up on canned goods to use in Alaska. This turned out to be a sound idea, since there is a fine Safeway store in Prince Rupert, with prices no higher than those here in Los Angeles.

Unless you have a large camper or trailer with a refrigerator, it is best not to have too "picky" an appetite. We decided that for a couple of weeks we could subsist very well on canned meats, vegetables, and fruit, reconstituted dry whole milk, and other such good travellers in the way of food. We actually returned home with food on the shelves! In all but a few spots we were able to buy fresh vegetables and fruit.

Our aims were twofold: to see as many life birds as possible, and to see the Big Mountain - Mt. McKinley. This meant that we should plan on taking the shortest route to Mt. McKinley National Park, and plan on staying in the Park until we could see the Mountain, since clouds so frequently obscure it. We determined that the time saved by taking the Alaska ferry from Prince Rupert to the beginning of the highway at Haines

By Betty Jenner



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The Campground Route to Alaska Continued...

would be worth the extra money - rather than taking the time to go all the way up on the Alaska Highway. Our route thus took us up the West Coast, across the border into Canada, along the scenic highway following the Fraser River, north along the Cariboo Trail, then westward along the Bulkley and Skeena Rivers to Prince Rupert.

It seemed a good idea to avoid the Fourth of July traffic congestion, so we decided to leave on the 7th, a Friday; our plans worked out so well that we returned exactly four weeks later, our allotted time. We have also found out that when leaving on an extended trip, it is a good idea for us - perhaps not for everyone - to get up at our normal hour, have breakfast at the usual time, and take the time to re-check on whether we have packed all the necessary equipment. (Something is always forgotten, but usually that something can be bought at the next stop. Once, however, we drove several miles on the way to Yosemite before discovering that the binoculars had been left behind.)

So, armed with mosquito repellent, aspirin, and remedies for most minor emergencies, we left home at 9:10 of a beautiful, sunny, mild, California morning. "At last we're on our way!" (We kept saying, "Now we're really on our way!" until we actually crossed the boundary of Mt. McKinley National Park!)

The little VW camper fairly flew over the Ridge Route and up the San Joaquin Valley. The air was so clear that we could see the snowy Sierra, with huge white cumulus clouds over the mountains. The only real good birding we had was just south of Stockton; in a field were over twenty Red-tailed Hawks. It seems incredible, but the hawks were still in that field when we returned four weeks later.

We wanted to avoid the rat-race of Sacramento traffic, so we took State #12 west from Lodi; then three and a half miles south from Rio Vista, we reached Brannan Island Campground. This is Delta country; our campsite was by Three-mile Slough of the big river, and we could look out over green fields and see ocean-going freighters going up-channel to Stockton. Here it was cool, and so windy that our pots and pans blew off the table. The camp bird seemed to be Brewer's Blackbird; they scavenged under every table.

The next day's journey took us up the seemingly endless miles of the north part of the great Central Valley, past the hot, arid Shasta Dam region, to a welcome lunch stop at the picnic grounds of the spectacular Castle Crags area. It was very birdy in the deciduous trees along the Sacramento River. Then past Mt. Shasta, out of California and into the lovely Siskiyou of Oregon, and to the fine, popular Oregon State Campground on the banks of the Rogue River. One of life's great

pleasures is the hot shower you can have at this campground after a hot day's ride. Birds were numerous - the same ones we have in oak habitat, White-breasted Nuthatches, Plain Titmice, etc.

A long day's trip on Sunday took us about 500 miles - through the pleasant mountains and valleys of Oregon, over the broad Columbia River, and all the way up the State of Washington to a lovely campground on the shore of Puget Sound - Larrabee Campground in the famous scenic Chuckanut Drive area west of Bellingham. Here the birds were so abundant that there was constant song: Robin, Song Sparrow, Tanager, Warbling Vireo, Solitary Vireo, Swainson's Thrush, Goldfinches, Warblers, plus the rhythm section of Woodpeckers, and the harmony of a dozen more species. For concentrated birdsong, this place can't be beat. I highly recommend it for listening pleasure! At the shore were Kingfisher, Gulls, Great Blue Heron, and Pigeon Guillemot.

The crossing at the border is "no sweat" and soon, the next morning, we were on the spectacular Fraser River Gorge highway. The tourist traffic was so great that we didn't dare stop to look at scenery for fear of getting behind a slow vehicle and losing time. The tremendous canyon becomes very barren, hot, and desolate; not until we turned north did we pass green meadows and occasional forests. The country has a pioneer feeling; the small settlements seem like our small towns of a half century ago, except for the laundromats and the TV antennas.

At six o'clock in the evening (it was still very light) we were lucky to get the last campsite at Lac La Hache Campground, overlooking the pretty little lake. During the night, we heard loons calling over the lake - our first experience of this great thrill of the Northland. Three Whistling Swans flew overhead as we prepared breakfast.

We were now well into the spruce-and-birch complex so typical of the north country. Sometimes the birches are tall and thin, sometimes hedge-size; the spruces are shapely or spindly, tall or stunted, according to the wind or cold conditions. At one pond we were surprised to see Yellow-headed Blackbirds. We stopped at 10-Mile Campground, near Quesnel (pronounced Quinel) because of the June, 1966 article in "Tanager" by Marian Jobe, in which she told of the abundant bird life at this charming park-like camp. There was only time to promise ourselves that we would return!

There are numerous campgrounds along this highway, all free; they are not luxury spots - at most of them you carry water from a pump, and the restrooms are primitive, but clean. Lunch was at Beaumont Campground, among birches and alders, where we saw an American Redstart among numerous commoner species.

The afternoon's ride took us through real Totem Pole country; the Indians hereabouts have totem poles in their yards. The houses may not have curtains at the windows, but there's always

a TV antenna on the roof. Our road began to follow the course of the scenic Bulkley River, and we passed lake after lake, each one enticing - but there was no time to explore. We were warned that there was highway construction ahead, with blasting and one-way control. Our evening's stop was at Seeley Lake Campground which was entirely filled, perhaps on account of the controlled traffic. We had to spend the night on the parking lot, and to us, this became Mosquito Campground. However, it was a beautiful spot, and we listened to Hermit Thrushes and watched an Osprey at the little sylvan lake.

Evidently this construction has been going on for several years at this part of the highway, so we will mention that this was the worst part of the whole trip as far as road conditions went. Rocks, mud, and detours made slow going. Once past the construction, the road became truly spectacular, following the great Skeena River, with snowy mountain ranges visible on both sides. It was a sort of king-size Yosemite Valley, and was the least inhabited area we had been in so far. Black Swifts and Bald Eagles were the most interesting birds. Then - the the rain began, and for the next two weeks we were seldom without it.

Camping in the rain wasn't too appealing, so when we reached the attractive town of Prince Rupert we found a good motel with a kitchen, and enjoyed real luxury for a change. There are motels available for less than the \$16.50 we paid, but we were surrounded by woods full of Winter Wrens and other birds, and we were close to the ferry, so we were delighted. We bought a ticket for the next morning's ferry to Alaska, and explored the town, taking pictures of the sunset about 10 p. m. Nights were getting very short as we travelled north. We were given a number which assured us a place on the ferry, but we didn't want any unforeseen mistakes, so early next morning we drove down to the wharf and got in the long line of campers, cars, trailers, trucks, and what not. Our vehicle was the minimum length, so we didn't have to pay as much as, for instance, a car with a trailer. Loading the vehicles on the car deck, each in its proper line, is quite an art; finally, all were on, and we were on our way to Alaska!

On the ferry there are pleasant lounge rooms with comfortable chairs. We chose to sit up in front where we could see out the big windows, it was too rainy and chilly to enjoy being outside. There is a snack bar and a dining room, in case one wishes to "eat out," or people with campers are permitted to eat cold meals in the vehicle. We also were permitted to sleep in the camper; staterooms may be reserved ahead of time, if desired. If we'd had the time, we could have disembarked at any or all of the towns on the way up the inside passage; however, we decided to do that another time. There are numerous wild areas to be explored, as well as sight-seeing in the towns.

Few of the pelagic birds we saw were identifiable, but a fine sight was that of numerous Bald

Eagles, each in his own tree-top. The seemingly never-ending forests, the mountains and glaciers, the occasional small iceberg - these were fascinating in spite of the fact that clouds obscured much of the scenery.

Late in the afternoon of the second day, we landed at the pier that serves the small town of Haines, where the highway to the interior begins. Stopping only to buy a half-gallon of milk for 85¢, we started north toward a campground really named Mosquito Lake Campground. The woodsy lake was charming, but within minutes of our arrival, an air boat, a motor boat, a motorized canoe, and a motorcycle made the "wilderness" a very noisy place. We were becoming used to the fact that a great number of campers and cars carried boats, either on top or on boat trailers. Fishing is the great attraction for the tourist to Alaska, and many of them bring their own boats. (Some canoes were not motorized.) Hermit Thrushes and Kinglets took our minds off the motors, and eventually, peace and quiet prevailed. The mosquitoes weren't too bad; we used "Off" and "6-12"; some people here wore a sort of bee-keeper's hat with netting.

Some of the most spectacular scenery imaginable can be seen from the road from Haines; we climbed up to tundra country where great ranges of snowy mountains are visible in clear weather. Northern Shrike and Gray-cheeked Thrush were life birds for us here, and we felt the chill of the Alpine Tundra. We had passed from Alaska into a section of British Columbia, and now we entered the famous Yukon Territory. In the summer time it is a land of blue waters, green trees and meadows and colorful flowers. Each lake has its own personality. Desadeash means "big winds" but was calm and blue as we passed. Kathleen, surrounded by mountains, looks to be a fisherman's paradise. At the crossroads of Haines Junction, we joined the traffic of the Alaska Highway, coming the long drag from Dawson Creek. The common denominator was the thick coating of mud on each vehicle (including ours). As soon as the rain stops the mud turns to dust, and so all cars must keep their lights on, since visibility can be practically nil.

Our lunch stop was at another campground on a lake, Sulphur Lake, which was much more beautiful than its name suggests. Black-billed Magpies and Mew Gulls were the camp scavengers, the gulls being fond of sitting in the tops of spruces. The next lake, Kluane, is an extremely large and beautiful body of water, and beckons the traveller to stay and enjoy it. The rains returned after a morning of sunshine, and during one near-cloudburst under a black sky, we feared that the road might be washed out. However, it cleared up in time for us to find a pleasant campsite several miles after passing the border into Alaska once more. Lakeview Campground was on a rather broad lake where we were fortunate in seeing a resting flock of Red-necked Grebes. In the trees were Boreal Chickadees, Yellow-shafted Flickers, and Swainson's

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Audubon Activities



By Otto Widmann

March 23 - IRVINE & O'NEILL PARKS - Jim Lane of Sea and Sage Audubon Society led our field trip for the day. Among our guests were Mr. & Mrs. Harry Banghart of Scott's Bluff, Neb., friends of Clair & Louise White; Frank Button from New Hampshire; Phyllis Yates, a friend of Laura Smith; Shirley Lotwin; and Ed Lundquist. Our group comprised 30 members and friends.

It was a fine day weather-wise and species-wise. Hawks were Sharp-shinned, Cooper's, Red-tailed, Red-shouldered, and Sparrow. At O'Neill we watched a Red-tail buzz a Golden Eagle in close aerial tactics. Jim Lane flushed Wilson's Snipes from the stream bed at Peters Canyon. He also flushed a Poorwill for us in an old olive grove on Trabuco Mesa. This was a life bird for many, including myself, because while I had heard it at Finney Lake and Buckhorn Flats, I had never seen it. We had both Western and Cassin's Kingbirds; Ash-throated, and an Empidonax Flycatcher, and Black Phoebe. White-throated Swifts and Swallows are back: Rough-winged, Violet-green, and Cliff. House and Bewick's Wrens obliged with songs. Hermit Thrush and Pipits were seen. Warblers were back: Orange-crowned, Audubon's, Black-throated Gray, Yellowthroat, and Wilson's. There were some Tricolored Blackbirds; Hooded, and Bullock's Orioles. Disappointingly, only Anna's Hummers were at Tucker Sanctuary. We observed 75 species in about six hours.



April 13 - CHANTRY FLATS & SANTA ANITA CANYON - Everything went like clockwork; the members and guests were on time, the walk around the picnic area and to the falls moved methodically, and the weather varied from sharp winds in exposed places to warm sun in the sheltered areas. We had several guests: Don & Kay Hardt brought Bob Hemstead (from CalTech) and his mother, Mrs. Ruthelma Hemstead. From El Monte came Katherine Richmond, Marion and Vashte Weller, and Kay Boehme. Leone Johnson joined us again after an extended visit to Texas and Arkansas. We were pleased to have Irene Greenhut with us again.

Bewick's and House Wrens followed us through out the day with their noisy, persistent songs. Bullock's Orioles chattered and sang; I counted five pairs. Harold Baxter pointed out their nests (3) at one location. Every species was in song; at times it was impossible to distinguish individual songs. Plain Titmouse was as loud as the Wrens and Black-headed Grosbeak. Even Oregon Junco babbled from high perches. Brown-headed Cowbirds courted their mates. At the wildest part of the creek, Dipper's penetrating notes could be heard over the noise of the cascading waters.

These birds can cling to twigs and mosses of the slippery sides, ignoring the direct fall of water, although of course they can walk under water to hunt food. We had a pair of Townsend's Solitaires in good view, and a Golden Eagle flew over briefly. On the walk back from the waterfall, we met Kim & Lewis Garrett who had a colorful sign beside the trail, directing us to their cabin, where Mrs. Garrett welcomed us with delightful refreshments. Here, by the warmth of a log fire, trip leader Harold Baxter recapitulated the day's finds for the record. We were fortunate to have this lovely spot to rest and visit; we want to thank the Garretts for sharing their rustic retreat with us. At the picnic area, Dorothy Baxter brought around a special cake for all of us to enjoy. We had 49 species for the day.



Welcome! NEW MEMBERS

Mr. & Mrs. James F. Aylward
825 E. Elmwood Ave.
Burbank, Calif. 91501

Mr. Arnold Bryan
P.O. Box 6007
Los Angeles, Calif. 90055

Mrs. Gertrude Hebble
1815 Orchard Ave.
Glendale, Calif. 91206

Mr. Jerome Johnson
13940 W. Tahiti Way
Marina Del Rey, Calif. 90291

Mrs. Anne B. Kahle
21418 Entrada Road
Topanga, Calif. 90290

Mrs. Valeda Weston
9514 California St.
South Gate, Calif. 90281

THE WESTERN Tanager
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LOS ANGELES AUDUBON SOCIETY



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Other Material - 10th of Month

Please Phone 876-0202 if You Can Help
Fold & Stuff the Tanager

LOS ANGELES AUDUBON SOCIETY



calendar

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 located at Audubon House - Plummer Park
 7377 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 90046
 Telephone 876-0202

May 1968

MRS. DONALD ADAMS, *Executive Secretary*
 705 26th Street
 Manhattan Beach 90266 372-5536

1968

May



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May 2 THURSDAY - EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING - 8:00 p. m., Audubon House

May 11 SATURDAY - FIELD TRIP - Santa Clara River Wash and Elizabeth Lake Road. Meet 8:00 a. m. Take the Golden State Freeway to the Calico Kitchen Restaurant. Exit right but go under freeway about 9 miles north of the junction of U. S. 6.

Leader: Sandy Wohlgemuth 344-8531

May 14 TUESDAY - EVENING MEETING - 8:00 p. m., Great Hall, Plummer Park. "Coincidental Meetings", presented by Mr. Phillip Klasing, an L. A. Audubon member here on a visit from the Netherlands. This program of European birds in winter, spring and summer is especially designed to please bird watchers.

Program Chairman: Laura Lou Jenner 748-7510

May 26 SUNDAY - FIELD TRIP - Pt. Fermin & Palos Verdes Estates. Meet at 7:45 a. m. in Pt. Fermin Park. Take Harbor Freeway to San Pedro. At freeway exit, bear right a very short block to Gaffey Ave. Follow Gaffey south to Pt. Fermin Park. We will visit the South Coast Botanical Gardens, Averill Park, and Peck Park. Again, new areas will be visited and new routes taken.

Leader: Shirley Wells Call: Audubon House 876-0202
 or Otto Widmann 221-8973

June 6 THURSDAY EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING - 8:00 p. m., Audubon House

June 8 SATURDAY - FIELD TRIP - Buckhorn Flats - Take Angeles Crest Highway, State #2, to Buckhorn Ranger Station. Meet at 8:00 a. m. in parking area, about 30 miles from La Canada. We will walk into the area, about 1 1/2 miles round trip. You may wish to camp at Buckhorn for a two day trip.

Leaders: Don and Kay Hardt 225-6424

June 11 TUESDAY - EVENING MEETING - 8:00 p. m., Great Hall, Plummer Park Refreshments will be served. Audubon House open before and after each meeting for sales and library.

ALWAYS bring lunch and binoculars on field trips

PLEASE no pets, and no collecting of any kind

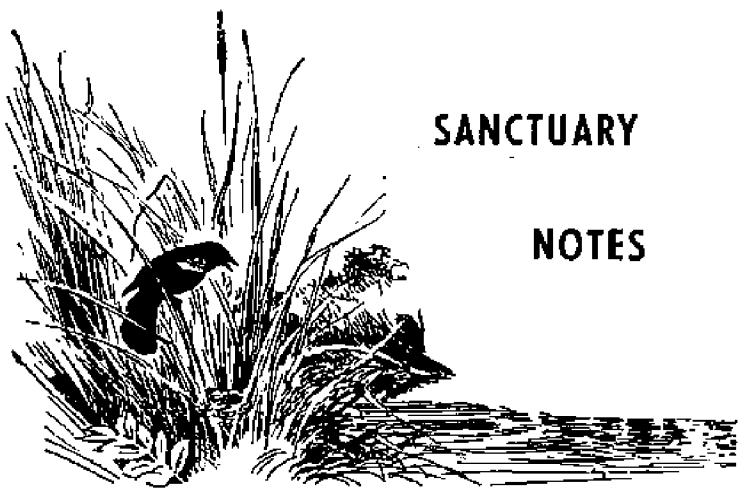
EVERYONE WELCOME AT ALL ACTIVITIES

THIS MONTH YOUR SALES DEPARTMENT WOULD LIKE TO MENTION WITH PRIDE SOME BOOKS WE STOCK THAT ARE WRITTEN BY OUR OWN MEMBERS :

- Annotated Field List of Southern California Birds . . . Pyle & Small \$1.00
- A Lifetime With The Birds Earle R. Greene 6.00
- Nature and the Camper Mary Hood 1.95

SANCTUARY

NOTES



To the Los Angeles birder, the world is fast becoming a labyrinth of NO TRESPASSING signs and industrial or residential developments. It becomes more and more difficult to find a natural birding area within reach of the city.

Recently, a group of people in Pacific Palisades, anxious to preserve a canyon in the Santa Monica Mountains, contacted us through Abigail and Gilbert King in the hope that we could aid in that preservation. They have advanced a tentative plan to make this land available to the State and County Department of Arboreta and to the Los Angeles branch of the Audubon Society, jointly, for development of an Arboretum and Bird Sanctuary.

Representatives from the Department of Arboreta have made an investigation of the area. Their "Tentative and Preliminary Operation Concept" indicates that the type of development they propose would leave much of the area in its natural state. This would complement our development of a sanctuary.

Representatives from the Los Angeles Audubon Society have made a preliminary survey and have determined that a minimum of developmental effort will produce a fine sanctuary. The mouth of the canyon, which would be the entrance to the arboretum and sanctuary, is off Sunset Boulevard, just a few hundred yards from Pacific Coast Highway. The canyon winds upward to an elevation of 1400 feet, and provides habitat for many species of birds. Thus far a total of 81 species has been recorded. The raw materials are there. All that is needed is the development of hiking trails and establishment of observation points.

As your Sanctuaries Chairman, I am anxious to hear from you. If you wish more details about the canyon, or have suggestions related to the acquisition, development, or maintenance of a sanctuary, drop me a line or call:

Richard S. Wilson
9853 Potter Street
Bellflower, CA 90706 Phone 866-0088

Anyone who has birded the ponds on Golden West in Huntington Beach knows that they are worth while saving from the bulldozer.

Interested people from the entire Los Angeles basin have been exploring ways and means of preserving these unique, spring-fed havens for migrant and resident water birds of all kinds. Five of our members have been actively furthering this project for several months. Saturday, March

Conservation Notes

SCIENCE HAS THE ANSWERS -
BUT IS ANYONE LISTENING?

Science has long since found ways to save us from destroying the environment that supplies the food we eat, the air we breathe, and everything else we depend on for life on this planet. The problem is to get the world to listen - and act. Here are some things you can do:

Uncontrolled addition of thermal water discharge from nuclear power plants, into rivers and other waterways, can completely destroy populations of economically-valuable species of fish and other forms of life. **URGE THE PRESIDENT, THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, AND YOUR CONGRESSMEN TO FIND WAYS TO ADEQUATELY REGULATE THERMAL WATER POLLUTION.**

Noise Pollution - it raises blood pressure, lowers efficiency, triggers ailments like stomach ulcers and allergies. **JOIN CITIZENS LEAGUE AGAINST THE SONIC BOOM, 19 Appleton St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138.** There are no dues. **WRITE YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS AND TV STATIONS, YOUR SENATORS, YOUR CONGRESSMEN;** tell them you don't want to be jolted, and banged, and startled, night and day, the rest of your life, by the SST - SUPERSONIC TRANSPORT PLANE.

Beginning May 1, the Christian Science Monitor will run 15 full-page articles about the crisis in our National Parks. Conservationists warn that the parks are in "deep trouble"; they question current policy and advocate much stronger methods of park preservation. Why is the Park Service going ahead with plans for development of a hotel-campground complex in the fragile tundra of the Wonder Lake area of Mt. McKinley National Park?

Incidentally, get in touch with Citizens Committee To Save Elysian Park to find out what you can do to help save our pitifully few city parks: 1672 Morton Ave., L.A. 90026; MA 5-8427.

Wilderness areas must be saved, not only for the sake of the wild creatures living there, but to generate pure air, that priceless treasure which we are destroying. A bill before Congress would make a reservoir out of the Gila River Gorge in the Gila Wilderness - it follows that other wilderness areas will be in jeopardy if "developments" are allowed in this wilderness.

They saw the formation of a steering committee composed of Huntington Beach citizens, the Mayor, other officials, educators, Sea and Sage and Los Angeles Audubon Society representatives, the Parks and Recreation Commission, the press, and others, all determined to preserve this area as a green island for the people of our entire megapolis.

They ask your help in the form of letters. Please write your appreciation and encouragement for this ambitious project to:

Mayor Dr. Donald Shipley, City Hall, Huntington Beach; and/or

Editor Bill Reed, The Orange Coast Daily Pilot, 309 5th St., Huntington Beach.

**SOUTHWEST INDIAN STUDENTS
STUDY BIOLOGY**

**AT ST. JOHN'S INDIAN SCHOOL
IN ARIZONA**



It is refreshing to bring you word of a school where the students are anxious to learn. St. John's Indian School has been in existence almost seventy-five years; it is a boarding and day school, and while many tribes are represented, students from the Papago, Pima, and Apache tribes form the majority of the student body. Most of the students come from families who earn less than \$2000 a year. Some financial help comes from the Franciscan Order and the Catholic Church, but most of the help comes from the good-will offerings of people from all religious denominations and from all walks of life.

In a two-semester course they try to expose the student to a broad background in biology, built around the concepts of evolution and ecology. Unlike the typical Anglo student, however, the Indian student comes to high school with almost no previous scientific background. His earlier years of education were preoccupied with the essential but difficult task of trying to master a foreign language: English.

Biology classes are strongly lab oriented. Lectures are held to a minimum, giving the student as much time as possible for first-hand experience with specimen materials. No formal text is used. Nearly all students buy their own paper-back copy of the Golden Nature Guide "Zoology" to supplement Lab, films, and lectures. The instructor, Mr. Rea, hopes some day to develop a biology text for the Indian student of the Southwest, illustrated not with Blue Jays, Gray Squirrels, and elm trees, which his students are likely never to see, but with saguaros, Cactus Wrens, Kangaroo rats and other ecologically meaningful organisms.

Biology classes are also strongly field-oriented; in a full day they visit a Lower Sonoran riparian community, an Upper Sonoran stream, the Transition Life Zone, and the Fir-Aspen groves of the Canadian Zone. Unsatisfied with just one 55-minute class period a day, students frequently spend many hours, after school and evenings, working on special projects. Mr. Rea is an active ornithologist; he puts in a 14-hour day with his teaching and writing, and believes in involving his students in his own research.

In their present "lab", a converted classroom, young biologists have no facilities for gas, running water, or electrical outlets. All water must be carried in buckets.

Nature has always been of prime consideration to Indians. St. John's has a program to channel this natural interest into inquiry, experimentation, and scientific analysis, helping the Indian student make a transition from Stone Age superstition to modern technology. They need all manner of lab equipment, books, - and money. If you can help in any way, write:

**NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY — WESTERN CONFERENCE
FIELD TRIP POINT LOBOS**

BY HELEN BAYNE

There could hardly have been a more perfect setting than Asilomar for the Western Conference on April 6 to 9. Cool, crisp air and sunny skies prevailed. The wind sighed through the Monterey Pines and the steady pounding of the surf could always be heard. The world of smog and congestion seemed far away.

Monday morning, April 8, was reserved for field trips. Georgia Paine, my friend from the Golden Gate Audubon Society, and I had decided on the Pt. Lobos trip. We had both been there before - and that was why we wanted to go again. A clear sunny morning with gusty winds offshore found two busloads of us disembarking in the Reserve. To avoid overcrowding, we broke up into smaller groups with guides and went in different directions.

We had seen deer at Asilomar running past our lodge one morning, and now we saw more on the Pt. Lobos grounds. Ground Squirrels popped up from the rocks here and there as we walked over the trails, and we spotted raccoon tracks on the trail. In the surf far below, we were delighted to see several sea otters floating on their backs in the kelp beds. With our binoculars we had wonderful views of their movements. We watched the sea lions, both in the water and while they sunned themselves on the rocks. One harbor seal was sighted by the guide and pointed out to us.

On the rocks were dozens of Cormorants; we identified the Pelagic and Brandt's. The blue on the throats of several of the Brandt's was clearly visible from time to time as we watched them. Western Gulls were numerous on the lower parts of the rocks. A Bonaparte's Gull was also seen.

Along the rocky shore were two Black Oystercatchers. In the water we saw Surf Scoters, Pied-billed and Eared Grebes and one Common Merganser. Western Sandpipers and Dunlins were along the sandy beaches.

As we walked along the paths, we heard Warbling Vireos and Wrentits. We saw White-crowned Sparrows, Violet-green Swallows, House Finches, and one Red shafted Flicker. On the way back we passed nesting Bushtits, flushed California Quail, and saw a Sparrow Hawk.

We drove to Whaler's Cove, a beautiful, protected little bay where we had time to spend only a few minutes. Our last stop was in the Monterey Cypress Grove. We took an unforgettable walk in this last remaining natural Monterey Cypress grove in existence. The guide explained that the Reserve is a very fragile place which could easily be ruined by overuse.

It was a delightful trip, with enough walking and fresh sea air to put everyone in the mood for lunch upon our return to Asilomar.



**DEPARTMENT OF BIOLOGY
ST. JOHN'S INDIAN SCHOOL
KOMATKE VILLAGE
LAVEEN P. O., ARIZ. 85339**

ARIZONA

Easter week, 1968 -- a week of birding in Southeast Arizona! And as soon as we were east of Gila Bend, it was apparent to us -- Laura Lou and Betty Jenner -- that this was a vintage year for Arizona wildflowers. Palo Verde trees were golden sunbursts. Ocotillo had leaves and flowers. Hillsides had many-colored carpets of bloom, and the roadsides were best of all. All this added to the enjoyment as we drove to Oracle Junction to find Rufous-winged Sparrow (as per instructions in Jim Lane's book). Among sparrow songs - Cassin's, Desert, Brewer's - we heard the notes we were listening for, - and found our bird.

Next thing was to establish camp at Bog Springs Campground in Madera Canyon. We hung up a red-sugar-water feeder and attracted Rivoli, Broad-billed, and Black-chinned Hummers. A dozen or more Mexican Jays, calling likelinets, flew about camp constantly, their wings thumping. Olivaceous Flycatcher called mournfully; Coues' called "pip-pip." A hawk screamed overhead; although it looked like one of the numerous T. V. s, it was a Zone-tailed. Three male Scott's Orioles sang constantly, and argued about territory. Bridled Titmice Hutton's Vireos, and Kinglets, were always insect-hunting in the small oaks. A pair of look-alike Painted Redstarts added brilliance to the scene. At night, a friendly skunk with a pure white back wandered through camp. Elf Owl was easy to see, but not so the Whiskered and Screech Owls that we could hear.

For those people who don't want to camp out, nothing could be finer than a stay at the Santa Rita Lodge, where the cabins are charming and the food good - and where you will meet other birders. Be sure to make reservations:

Roy and Marcie Green
Box 444, Amado, Arizona 85640
Phone - Green Valley 625-8746

Of course a visit to the Sonoita Creek Sanctuary was on our program. This extraordinary accomplishment of the Tucson Audubon Society - preserving this area of tremendous cottonwoods which are just alive with birds - deserves all the financial help we can possibly give. There were Vermilion Flycatchers in abundance, - and we again saw the beautiful Gray Hawk.

A trip up Ramsey Canyon was rewarding for we made the acquaintance of a gracious lady, Mrs. Peabody, who also has cabins that are particularly attractive to birders. At the numerous feeders in her yard may be seen Rivoli's, Blue-throated, Black-chinned, Broad-billed, Broad-tailed, and (at the right time of year) the Rufous, White-eared, Calliope, and Allen's Hummers. We were lucky enough to see the Amethyst-throated, - the only one recorded in the United States, - which had also spent the 65-66-67 seasons with the Peabodys. During the 1967 season, the Berylline Hummingbird was seen and photographed by many people. The address:

THE MILE HI
Ramsey Canyon, Hereford, Ariz. 85615
Phone: 602-458-4960

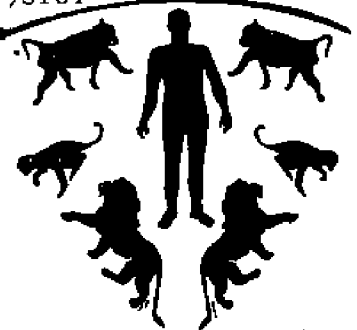
BOOK REVIEWS

THE DIRTY ANIMAL - Henry Still, Hawthorn Books, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10011. "The only thing wrong with the world is the fact that people live on it." We had a dream of affluence; we have it. The end of the dream is a festering, uncontrolled junkyard, filthy air, streams turned to sewers, highways lined with billboards, cities turned into a maze of glaring signs, roadsides strewn with beer cans and bottles; the very air filled with a cacophony of trucks, scooters, and cars; the people of the cities turned into confused masses not knowing what they want, nor how to get it.

WASHINGTON BIRDS: THEIR LOCATION AND IDENTIFICATION, - Earl J. Larrison and Klaus G. Sonnenberg, published by the Seattle Audubon Society. This book is the most up-to-date discussion of the bird life of the state of Washington. It is a paperback, containing 258 pages, 29 black-and-white plates and 8 color plates of birds, as well as photographs and maps of the major Washington life zones. The book sells for \$3.95; mail orders will be filled if you add 25¢ for mailing. Send orders to:

Seattle Audubon Society
806 Joshua Green Bldg.
Seattle, Wash. 98101

both sides
of the
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A symposium of great interest and significance is being sponsored May 9-10-11 by the newly created San Francisco Institute of Animal Behavior. The Trustees are individuals who have demonstrated a serious interest in animal behavior and a reverence for animal life that encompasses the relationship and the responsibilities of man for his animal partners.

Psychobiology has emerged - a synthesis of interdisciplinary research in psychology, biology, ethology, physiology, endocrinology, biochemistry, and psychiatry.

Please contact your editor for more information about this series of lectures and discussions.

Some innocent-looking, fluffy white clouds developed into black, ominous monsters that spit lightning and rumbled with thunder before dropping bucketsful of rain on us. At that point it was most pleasant to stop at the nearest restaurant for our evening meal instead of returning to a wet campsite. Four days of our week's vacation, some rain fell; this is rather unusual for April, and probably means that the wildflowers will be beautiful for some time to come. It was with real regret that we left the fascinating birds of that magic place, Madera Canyon.

Thrushes. Our good weather was to last the next day, too; driving north as far as Delta Junction, we turned southwest toward our final destination.

The air was extremely warm; in fact a sort of desert wind was blowing, raising sand clouds on dry river beds. White-crowned Sparrows were thick in the underbrush at Donnelly Creek Campground where we lunched. Tree Sparrows were singing from the tops of bushes. Black Rapids Glacier was a strange sight; in 1936, this mile-wide glacier had started advancing rapidly toward the highway; just as mysteriously, it stopped in 1940, after advancing four miles. Where the river narrowed and deepened, Arctic Terns flew upstream and down, peering into the water for fish. Their rapid, erratic flight is reminiscent of that of a Nighthawk.

At Paxson, site of one of the old-time road-houses, the Denali Highway begins. It is one of the few unpaved highways in Alaska and various fellow campers had gloomily warned us that we would have trouble on it. We asked the man at the Paxson service station, and he said that was nonsense. He was right - while the road is fairly rough and rocky, it is well maintained and the grades are good. There is a climb up spruce slopes to tundra country, with views of mountain ranges in every direction. Our evening's campsite, at Brushkana Campground, was on springy tundra moss, and caribou droppings were in evidence all around. Gray-cheeked Thrushes were singing; Ravens were holding heated arguments; Mew Gulls scavenged, or sat in treetops and yelped; White-crowned Sparrows scuttled around in the underbrush. Horses from a nearby stable wandered through camp. The mosquitoes weren't too bad - and how good our hot meal tasted!

This is hunting-camp country, and the road will probably never be "improved." Moose and caribou are rather common. Colorful flowers were everywhere; there is an especially brilliant dwarf species of fireweed.

The culmination of our trip occurred the next morning when we finally reached the boundary of Mt. McKinley National Park. It seemed only right that we saw a family of Willow Ptarmigan soon after leaving the headquarters area, and farther on, Lapland Longspurs, Long-tailed Jaegers, Common Redpolls, and the ubiquitous Mew Gulls and White-crowned Sparrows. Caribou, usually standing in snow fields, were easily seen; and beyond Toklat Campground, a black wolf casually crossed the road in front of the car.

There is only one road in the park, very well maintained, which goes to Wonder Lake where most visitors go to see the big mountain. Gas can only be bought at the entrance, so it is necessary to carry gas with you or make the trip to the entrance every few days.

Trailers are only allowed as far as Teklan-

ika Campground; a good part of the road beyond is really breath-taking, although the passes are not as high as they seem when one looks down at the "braided rivers" below.

Day's end brought us to the end of our quest but clouds obscured the great mountain when we arrived at Wonder Lake Campground. Since early morning is the likeliest time to get a good view, those campers who plan to rise early find a campsite on the ridge south of Wonder Lake. We set our alarm for 2:30 a. m. It was difficult to drag ourselves out of warm sleeping bags at that early hour, but it was worth it when the great mass that is Mt. McKinley began to emerge from the clouds in the morning light. It is incredibly massive, and the view is set off by an expanse of spruce-studded tundra between us and the mountain range. As we watched, a loon called its wild cry from Wonder Lake, and an Olive-sided Flycatcher shouted "Whip-WHEE-wheer!" A clumsy porcupine shuffled around between the bushes. Already the young White-crowned Sparrows were running around underfoot. All the tourists who had endured discomfort to reach this moment in time were elated, and thankful that they had had the opportunity to see one of the wonders of our land.

(concluded in next issue)

A proposed aerial wolf hunt, shooting wolves from planes, would permit the kill of up to 300 of these animals in south central Alaska -- probably the region's entire wolf population. Executive Vice President Callison has written the Alaska Fish & Game Commissioner to ask whether any justification for the slaughter can be offered.

At one time, wolves occurred in all the Lower 48 States. Now they are all gone except for a few scattered remnants of the former populations.

Fortunately for those who would like to see a wolf or hear its melancholy song, significant populations still remain in Alaska and parts of Canada. The wolf is extremely wary, and most visitors are not fortunate enough to see them. You may hear them calling in the evenings, however, and it's a sound to be thoughtfully contemplated even by the most experienced woodsman. McKinley Park provides a better-than-average chance of seeing or at least hearing wolves.

Alaska wolves occur in several color phases-- black, gray, and "blond" are common. The lighter colored wolves have some black on portions of the guard hairs.

MAN IS A PREDATOR ALSO.



BIRDS - By G. SHUMWAY SUFFEL

-----AND BUTTERFLIES TOO!

Those of us who were afield in March must have realized we were "rushing the season" birdwise, but we could not have missed the millions (I didn't count them but this is conservative) of Painted Lady Butterflies which covered the countryside, and the cities too. They occurred from the Mexican border northward, and from the ocean to the top of the highest mountain (Mr. Martin of the L. A. County Museum saw them from the top of Mt. San Geronio). They were flying northwesterly despite all obstacles. During the offshore winds of late March they were seen at the Santa Monica pier, fighting their way back to shore from the winswept ocean. This mass migratory phenomenon is very sporadic, and occurs only once every six or seven springs after a series of wet winters (this was our third). An interesting sidelight is that this same species occurs in the Old World, and flies across the Mediterranean Sea on its journey from Africa to Europe. These long flights seem amazing in such fragile creatures, but of course we know of the travels of the Monarch Butterflies from Alaska to areas even south of Los Angeles - and return! This winter there were even "Butterfly Trees" at Don Falconer's on the Palos Verde Peninsula. In mid-March, B. A. Smith of Santa Monica estimated the numbers of Monarchs passing through to be in the millions.

Despite a slow start, a rash of phone calls on the last weekend announced that the bird migration was on. Dennis Coskren observed several Warbling Vireos and two Western Flycatchers on the 19th at Nojoqui Falls Park; John Dunn had a Black-throated Gray Warbler at Encino also on the 19th; Alice Fries saw seventeen Western Kingbirds on a fence at O'Neill Park on the 26th; Shirley Wells found six species of warblers, a Black-chinned Sparrow, and a Lazuli Bunting in a small canyon near the Mexican border south of San Diego, on the 29th. Three Vireos, Solitary Warbler, and Bell's were found by Bruce Broadbooks in Elizabeth Lake Canyon on the 31st, and the first Ash-throated Flycatcher was seen at the Arcadia arboretum on April 7th (Ralph Manke).

A few reports other than early migrants have come in: Richard Bradley found a Solitaire at Palos Verdes in late March. This is at least the fifth report of this mountain bird in the lowlands this year. While certainly not an invasion, it is about as close as we can come this year with no Crossbills, Nutcracker, or Steller's Jays, and very few Nuthatches or Chickadees in the lowlands. Kim Garrett observed the Coues' Flycatcher in Brush Canyon on March 30.

Upper Newport Bay provided habitat (is this the last year?) for a Louisiana Heron, and an Osprey (Ellen Stephenson), possibly the same bird that wintered in Peters Canyon (Trudy Siptroth). A Golden Plover in the lagoon at Doheny Beach Park was observed by Alice Fries on the 25th. Ralph Mancke and other Pasadena Auduboners studied a Yellow-shafted Flicker (including the red crescent on the nape) at the Arcadia

Arboretum on April 7th the third report this winter. A Reddish Egret was seen at Pt. Mugu lagoon on April 12. A scope is essential when looking for this bird, since it is on Navy property.

As May progresses, the migration will taper off. Some of the later migrants which will be prominent this month are Olive-sided Flycatchers, Yellow Warblers, Swainson's Thrushes, and all three of the Phalaropes. With the recent departure of the White-crowned and Golden-crowned Sparrows, we have an excellent chance to study four secretive, hard-to-find sparrows which nest in our area. They are singing now which makes finding them a little easier. The handsome Rufous-crowned Sparrow is a resident of grassy hillsides, with scattered low shrubs to supply cover and singing perches. They have been seen recently on the west-facing hillside across from the exit of Zuma Beach Park in Malibu, and on the low hills behind Irvine Park. Grasshopper Sparrows are local and erratic. They prefer grassy slopes with only a fenceline or a weedstem to sing from. Black-chinned Sparrows arrived in late March and were singing on arrival. They like the chaparral on steeper slopes and at higher elevations than the others. As the season progresses, they are found in the mountains up to 6000'. Sage Sparrows, as their name suggests, are resident in the more arid inland sections, such as the flats near Lake Matthews, or in Cuddy Valley, east of Lebec on the Ridge Route. Bell's race of the Sage Sparrow is found on the lower slopes of our local mountains, but only by others, not by me.

The best spots for May birding are the desert oases - Morongo Valley, Thousand Palms, or Palm Canyon, wherever there is water and vegetation. Here you will find warblers, flycatchers, orioles, and many others - the rare ones as well as the common. Vermilion Flycatchers, Summer Tanagers, and Weid's Crested Flycatchers are regular in small numbers at Morongo Valley, while Cottonwood Springs is famous for California's only pair of Elf Owls. Gila Woodpeckers may be seen (and heard) in tall eucalyptus trees north of the hospital in Brawley.

Shorebirding is also good both along the coast and at the Salton Sea. May is your last chance to see a goose until next fall - that little dark sea goose, the Black Brant, is a late migrant, and a few stragglers are still in the coastal lagoons. Pasadena Audubon's pelagic trip on May 12th should provide a "change of pace" and a chance for new birds, or at least, for "old friends" not often seen. Los Angeles members are welcome, - see the April "Tanager" for details.

FLASH - Not a Southern California bird - but one of great interest to all birders, is the Tufted Duck observed on April 10 by Prof. Stanley Harris of Humboldt State College at the Arcata, Calif., sewer ponds. This duck, similar in appearance to the Ring-necked Duck, is a casual winter visitor to our northern coasts; however, it has not been seen before in California. A pair was seen last January at Sider's Pond, Falmouth, Mass., and at least one was sighted in the Puget Sound area. Many Bay Area birders had the opportunity to go up to Arcata and see this rare bird.