

A Colorado Gazetteer

By Hugh Kingery



PART 2 —

SOUTHERN COLORADO, WEST TO EAST

San Juan Mountains

In the shady waterfalls of the San Juans nest Black Swifts, which you might be lucky enough to spot. They nest near Ouray, Silverton, and Telluride; consult Birds of Colorado (1965, Bailey and Niedrach) for detailed descriptions of how and where to find this elusive species.

*A spectacular scenic place is the Camp Bird Mine road near Ouray. You drive several miles beyond the mine itself to lush fields of Rocky Mountain flowers. Sheep have not grazed here in several years due to the efforts of an Ouray man, so that (aided by our Rocky Mountain afternoon thunder showers) the flowers have flourished. In one spot in late July, Colorado Columbine cover a four-acre slope. Throughout this subalpine and alpine valley, especially in late July, paintbrush, lupine, larkspur, senecio, primrose, sunflowers, kingscrown, bistort, and many others grow in profusion. The flowers attract hummingbirds, Rufous abundantly and some Broad-tailed.

Above timberline is the White-tailed Ptarmigan, if you hike, as well as rosy finches and pipits. The typical spruce-fir birds occur, including Hermit Thrushes which carol their late afternoon song- the Voice of the Colorado Rockies.

Scenic trips include the Million Dollar Highway, Durango to Ouray (U. S. 550) and Lizard Head Pass, Cortez to Placerville (Colorado 145).

San Luis Valley

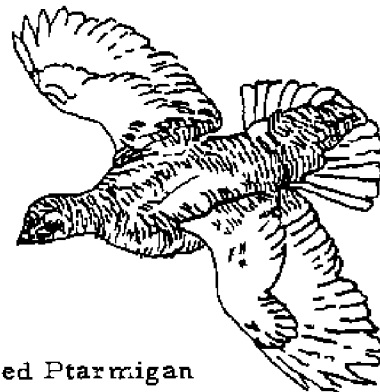
In this huge mountain valley surrounded by mountains lies the Monte Vista Wildlife Refuge, which has a good population of breeding

Mallards. The Great Sand Dunes National Monument is an interesting phenomenon--several hundred acres of sand dunes, which through the centuries, the prevailing west winds have dropped at the foot of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. See Pettingill, under Saguache and Del Norte.

PLAINS TOWNS

Colorado Springs (See Pettingill)

The Garden of the Gods presents a good cross-section of pinyon-juniper birds, both winter and summer. You have to work, though, to find bush-tits and titmice. The Whitethroated Swifts here fly always counter-clockwise, around the rocks. Drive up Pike's Peak to see the altitudinal variety; you should find most mountain species except the ptarmigan.



White-tailed Ptarmigan

Lagopus leucurus peninsularis

For an interesting (and dusty) drive, take the Rampart Range road out of the Garden of the Gods north to Devil's Head Mountain (closed in winter). The variety ranges from Turkeys, if you can find them, to possibly the Three-toed Woodpecker. You can go on to Denver or drop down to the South Platte River and return to Colorado Springs via Decker's and Woodland Park.

The Black Forest, northeast of the city, provides an unexpected level expanse of ponderosa
.....continued on next page.....

pine, and the attendant birds. It stretches from Black Forest Village to Parker, and from Monument to Elizabeth.

Denver (See Pettingill)

Denver's bird attractions are mainly outside the city. While City Park Lake occasionally attracts rare birds in winter (Black Brant 2 years ago, Hooded Merganser in 1968) and the park is full of birds, especially during migration, areas outside the city are more interesting and more pleasant as places to walk. But be sure to spend an afternoon in City Park's Museum of Natural History, and examine the bird room and the outstanding Colorado habitat dioramas. You can explore the park for Red-eyed Vireos, Blue Jays, and a few other eastern species.

Red Rocks Park

Fifteen miles west of Denver's City Hall, scrub oaks and red rock cliffs attract Transition Zone birds like Scrub Jays, Canyon Wrens, Song Sparrows, Black-capped Chickadees, Lazuli Buntings, and White-throated Swifts. In the winter months rosy finches roost in the north wall of the Amphitheater. Best time to see them is when they are returning to the roost--about 2:30 to 4:30 p. m. Included in the flocks, in varying proportions from one year to the next, are Black, Brown-capped, and Gray-crowned including Hepburns. (The same species come to feeders in mountain towns like Idaho Springs, Georgetown, Fairplay. I am told that they appear by the thousands in Cripple Creek.)

Barr Lake

Probably the best birding place near Denver. Sort of isolated, sort of wild, it is an irrigation reservoir surrounded by trees. Probably half the birds recorded in Colorado have been recorded from the Barr area: Ducks and geese, shorebirds, wading birds, migratory warblers, orioles, hawks and owls, etc.

The heron rookery here leads a busy life. When we visited it in April last year, a Great Horned Owl had two young in a nest; a month later the Great Blue Herons had 50 nests in use, and in August six pair of Double-crested Cormorants were using the same nests. (See Pettingill for more details)

North of Barr itself is the Mile High Duck Club and its prairie lakes. Get directions from the Denver Field Ornithologists, whom you can contact through the Denver Museum of Natural History (322-1808).

Christmas Counts

I would revise Pettingill's comments on Christmas Counts. The several plains town counts--the counts of cities along the foothills normally count 60-90 species. Denver usually

finds the most; 93 in 1967. All these counts are characterized by variety of habitat and elevation. The Colorado higher altitude counts generally find 30-45 species.

Boulder

In winter Valmont Reservoir, east of town, attracts a wide variety of ducks and a large flock of Canada Geese. North and west of Valmont, the Saw Hill Lakes attracts migratory ducks. On the University of Colorado campus you may find nesting Red-eyed Vireos and perhaps some Chimney Swifts, along with other more common birds. South from the city, the Mesa Trail offers a good variety of foothills and ponderosa birds. Drive up Flagstaff Mountain for more ponderosa species. And at various places near town, the Rivoli's Hummingbird has been found, including feeders at Eldora.

Pawnee National Grassland

(See Pettingill on Greeley) The Prairie in May and June is a beautiful place. Flowers bloom abundantly, and the wide skies provide the perfect setting for the aerial song of the Lark Bunting. Spectacular, abundant, it is a handsome announcer of the joys of life in its summer home--where it is a state bird.

The Pawnee Grassland lies in northeastern Weld County, east of Greeley and Nunn, and north of Colorado 14 between Briggsdale. Its alternately private-and-publicly owned squares provide ample space to explore for the nesting birds of the prairie: Lark Buntings and Horned Larks, Nighthawks, McCown's and Chestnut-collared Longspurs; Mountain Plover, Long-billed Curlew, Cassin's and Grasshopper Sparrows, Meadowlarks, Loggerhead Shrikes, Swainson's and Ferruginous Hawks, Prairie Falcons, and others.

In winter the scene changes. The wind can blow fiercely, but normally little snow falls. If you spend a day here or most anywhere on the eastern plains on a warm sunny winter day, you should count a hundred hawks: Rough-legged, Ferruginous, Red-tailed, Sparrow, Pigeon, Marsh; Prairie Falcons, Golden and Bald Eagles; Great Horned Owls along the creek bottoms. In winter the nesting longspurs leave, and Lapland Longspurs fill the void, small numbers of them flocking with thousands of Horned Larks. Other typical winter visitors include Northern Shrike, Tree and Harris' Sparrows, Slate-colored and Oregon Juncos.

Bonny Dam

Here, between Idalia and Burlington on the Kansas Line, east meets west. In one tree I have seen Bullock's, Baltimore, and Orchard Orioles; in another, Lazuli and Indigo Buntings. Some of the eastern species are residents or nesting birds: Yellow-shafted Flicker, Orchard Oriole, Blue Jay, Bobwhite, Barred Owl, Green Heron, Black-capped Chickadee, Brown Thrasher, Catbird, Bell's Vireo, Dickcissel, Cassin's Sparrow.

Many eastern species migrate through Bonny: Eastern Phoebe and Pewees; Whip-poor-will, Eastern Bluebird, Least and Great Crested Fly-catcher; Clay-colored Sparrow; all kinds of warblers: Blackpoll, Black and White, Myrtle, Audubon's, Chestnut-sided, Cape May, Orange-crowned, Yellow, Virginia's, Worm-eating, Redstart, Northern and Louisiana Water-thrush, Ovenbird.

Check around the lake, a State Park, on both sides. Then drive east from the south side of the dam to Hale (a general store). Just north of Hale turn east again and follow the road for about four miles to a turn-off to the left marked as a Colorado Game Fish and Parks area. Follow this road and stop at likely-looking places. At the end of the road walk through the forest, an eastern woodland type. A fence marks the Kansas line. On your way to this area, pay close attention to the first half mile of swamp and woodland near Hale which holds a large variety of shorebirds and woodland migrants.

GROUSE

Colorado offers as much variety in native grouse as any state. Dancers include the Sage Grouse (northwest), Sharp-tailed Grouse (southwest and near Denver), Greater Prairie Chicken (east, near Yuma), Lesser Prairie Chicken (southeast corner); others include Bobwhite (east), Gambel's Quail (west), Scaled Quail (southeast), Turkey (south), White-tailed Ptarmigan (mountain tops), and Blue Grouse (mountains - timber). Blue Grouse are rumored to dance at the Black Canyon, in early May, on top of the picnic tables.

For information and detailed directions, check with any compiler listed in the Christmas Count issue. Bird clubs are active in Colorado Springs (Aiken Ornithological Society), Boulder, Longmont, Fort Collins, Grand Junction. The Denver Field Ornithologists conduct field trips every Saturday and every Sunday throughout the year, and welcome visitors.

That's a brief summary of some of the places familiar to me; the state has many other good places to explore, and new species to find. Our list keeps lengthening--sometimes in concert with yours. Our Game Department in 1968 completed an exchange with California's: We got 60 Mountain Quail, new to Colorado, in exchange for an equal number of the Rockies' native White-tailed Ptarmigan!

Enjoy your Colorado trip!



GAZETTEER: A dictionary or index of geographical names. -- Webster's New World Dictionary.

Help is necessary immediately in the fight to save Upper Newport Bay. The need to maintain the Upper Bay as natural wildlife habitat is well known to Audubon members. The battle by conservationists to prevent the State Lands Commission from turning this last natural bay in Southern California over to private interests (for luxury home development) is now entering the courts. An active conservation organization, The Friends of Newport Bay, is now engaged in a vigorous program to preserve the natural ecology of the Bay. This organization urgently needs the help of all conservationists, marine scientists, birders, students, and, for that matter, everyone interested in keeping Southern California a beautiful, stimulating place in which to live. You are urged to send donations at once to: Friends of Newport Bay, 4088 Irvine Station, Newport Beach, Ca 92664. Also, further information will be sent to you from the organization upon request.

If persons with opposing views can prove that the so-called "improvements" will not interfere with the intricate chain of life of the Bay, we will be glad to present their proof here.

The July 19, 1968 issue of Life Magazine has a splendid editorial about the importance and the imminent destruction of our nation's estuaries.

Pelagic Trip Reminder



On Oct. 5, there will be a pelagic trip out of Monterey -- object, the observation of migrating sea birds. The boat will leave Fisherman's Wharf in Monterey at 9:30 a. m., - please be there by 8:30. It will return at 3 p. m. The fare is \$7.00 per person. Please make check payable to: Golden Gate Audubon Society, and mail with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to:

Valeria G. DaCosta
2090 Pacific Ave.
San Francisco, Ca 94109

Reservations will close Sept. 15th, - or earlier if boats are filled. Note: The self-addressed envelope is mandatory for an acknowledgement for any reservation, so don't forget.

The Monterey peninsula is also excellent for migrating land- and shorebirds, so there may be some land-birding field trips on Sunday.

Dean Carrier has been appointed Wildlife Biologist for the Ojai District by the Forest Service. His primary duties will be concerned with the welfare of our rare and distinctive California Condor. This is indeed a giant step in the right direction.

FIELD TRIPS

When Dr. Brina Kessel of the University of Alaska made a talk before the American Ornithologists' Union in Toronto in 1967, and we decided to have our 86th Stated Meeting there, I made up my mind to attend if it was the last thing I did on earth. The following is a summary of that trip, which was to me the finest and most rewarding of all bird trips -- and I have been on many over the years.

In addition to the regular business meetings and paper sessions at the University, a number of field trips had been arranged; I had picked three I fancied and on which many birds were known to abound. So, leaving Oxnard, Calif., on June 4, I drove to Seattle, left my car there, took a plane and landed in Anchorage, where Dr. Kessel met us with more details for the trip ahead. About 75 birders boarded the airliner for the Aleutians, making a short stop at Cold Bay, then to Unmak where one group was left; then on to St. Paul Island in the Pribilofs where the group I was with landed. This division was apparently for the better accommodations to be had at these places.

Thousands of birds were seen about St. Paul. However, these islands are famous for the fur seals, so well described by Peterson and Fisher in that fascinating book, "Wild America." The big bull males, females and pups were there, hundreds about the rocky coast line, and so close together I could not count them. The plane carried us back to Unmak, leaving our group there, and bringing the others to St. Paul. Later on, we were united at St. Paul, and headed for Fairbanks, where we took a bus for College, the seat of learning for the University of Alaska. The number of fine, well-equipped university buildings was a surprise to many of those attending these meetings. It promises to become one of our great and outstanding institutions.

The opening session and following papers for about five days proved beneficial. Social events included a reception at the home of the President of the University, a tea for the ladies, and the Annual Dinner at the Switzerland -- A. O. U. members, Audubon Society members, and visitors. The menu included such items as moose meat, king salmon, and Selawik sheefish. Farewell speeches were made, we became members of the "Order of the Alaska Walrus", and I believe everyone enjoyed that gathering.

The next morning an early start was made as about 40 of us boarded a plane for Nome and the St. Lawrence Island. This was probably the most interesting and profitable bird trip for me

By EARLE R. GREENE

although it is hard to say which new bird gave me the greatest thrill -- probably the Gyrfalcon, the two adult birds and their nest high on a hillside. Having failed to find this bird in Canada, I was delighted to see it here. This was in Nome, where also Willow Ptarmigans, White and Yellow Wagtails, the Arctic Warbler, Hoary Redpoll, Snowy Owl, Glaucous Gull, Golden Plover, and others were seen. Enroute to St. Lawrence Island, we sighted the shoreline of Soviet Russia, landing by the Eskimo village of Gambell. This was indeed a bird paradise -- thousands of Auklets, King Eiders, an Emperor Goose, and many waterbirds flying toward their feeding grounds.

At this point I may add that I was particularly interested in birds I had never seen before, so I mention them here; Common Redpoll, Slender-billed Shearwater, Red-legged Kittiwake, Thick-billed Murre, Common (European) Teal, Least Auklet, Parakeet Auklet, Red-faced Cormorant, Horned Puffin, Whiskered Auklet, Steller's Eider, Hammond's Flycatcher, Yellow Wagtail, White Wagtail, Hoary Redpoll, Arctic Warbler, Willow Ptarmigan, Gyrfalcon (gray phase), Emperor Goose, King Eider, and Crested Auklet.

Back to Fairbanks and College, where we had a midnight picnic lunch in Moore Hall. On June 27 I took the train to Mt. McKinley National Park, spending about three days there, including a bus trip to near Mt. McKinley, white and glistening in the sunlight. On the bus trip, excellent views were had of a bull moose, 10 Dall sheep, 100 caribou, and 2 foxes.

Taking the train to Anchorage, I spent two days there, then to Seattle by plane. On July 3 I left Seattle and arrived on July 6 back in Oxnard. A great trip, -- and well worth the time and money.



The Western Tanager

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LOS ANGELES AUDUBON SOCIETY



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September 1968



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SEPTEMBER

- Sept. 5 THURSDAY - EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING - 8:00 p. m. , Audubon House
- Sept. 10 TUESDAY - EVENING MEETING - 8:00 p. m. , Great Hall, Plummer Park, Help start off this year's activities by attending our first program: from California's Department of Fish and Game Mr. Lawrence H. Cloyd, Regional Director. He will be bringing some films from that department. Be sure to visit the Audubon House library & sales. New members especially welcome.
- Sept. 14 SATURDAY - FIELD TRIP - Malibu Lagoon to the mouth of the Santa Clara River at Ventura. Meet at 8:00 a. m. on the Pacific Coast Highway just west of the bridge over Malibu Lagoon.
 Leaders: Les & Ruth Wood 256-3908
- Sept. 28 SATURDAY-SUNDAY - FIELD TRIP Tia Juana River Bottom (San Deigo). Meet at 8:00 a. m. at Oscar's Restaurant on Palm Avenue in Imperial Beach. Go south of San Diego on U. S. 101 to the Imperial Beach turnoff which is Palm Avenue, then proceed 3/4 mile to Oscar's on the right. Very good for unusual migrants.
 Leader: Larry Sansone UP 0-6398
- Oct. 3 THURSDAY - EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING - 8:00 p. m. , Audubon House
- Oct. 5 SATURDAY - SPECIAL PELAGIC TRIP - from Monterey Bay in cooperation with the Golden Gate Audubon Society. See details in the Tanager elsewhere. Registration closes Sept. 15 or when boats are filled.
- Oct. 8 TUESDAY - EVENING MEETING - 8:00 p. m. , Great Hall, Plummer Park
- Oct. 12 SATURDAY - FIELD TRIP - Cabrillo Beach and Harbor Park.
 ALWAYS BRING lunch and binoculars on field trips
 PLEASE no pets, and no collecting of any kind
 EVERYONE WELCOME AT ALL ACTIVITIES

For your added pleasure on trips to Arizona and New Mexico:

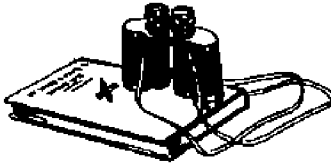
Santa Rita Lodge, Box 444, Amado, Ariz. 85640 - Phone Green Valley 625-8746

The Mile Hi - Ramsey Canyon - Hereford, Ariz. 85615 - Phone 602-458-4960

For collectors of old bottles: see Mrs. Brown in Ramsey Canyon; inquire at the Mile Hi

Bear Mountain Ranch, Silver City, New Mexico 88061 - Phone 505-538-2538.

This ranch caters to birders and features good food.



"The purpose of Audubon Camp of the West, says the brochure, "is to add to one's knowledge and understanding of the natural world, and thereby develop an appreciation and affection for nature." True enough, true enough! But then it goes on to say "observation and interpretation of nature are carried out in a leisurely manner", and with this I must disagree.

For me, the impact of new experiences started at dawn and continued to bedtime. I have never had twelve days so socially novel, and so packed with intellectual and esthetic excitement.

An amazing element in what was for me a totally amazing experience was the extent to which a medley of forty diverse personalities, from differing backgrounds and walks of life, could be blended in twelve days into a field of cross-pollinating ideas and objectives. Perhaps the framework of regimentation normal to a Camp shook each of us out of our ruts.

We rabid individualists set aside our pet diets, our sleep-inducing strategems, our stereotyped necessities. We ate what was set before us, and more than we thought we should. We walked. We walked 100 yards for each meal, instead of stumbling from kitchen stove to dinette. We walked on rocky terrain, up hill, down hill, and sideways, not on a level sidewalk. We walked at an altitude of 7500 feet. Some of us found our age level was higher than we thought!

We responded to a rising bell at 6:30 a. m., to assembly before meals, to prompt gathering for class sessions, for field trips, for evening programs, and to "lights out" at 10:30 p. m. In doing so, we became free to enjoy roommates from far places, new table mates at each meal, finding in discussion of our shared classes and field trips a far from stereotyped conversation. In our gatherings in the lounge, we identified birds and mammals for the day -- by research, if you please, not by guesswork. We explored the "feel bag", extending our sensitivity of touch. The next day we compared our reactions, and learned. We looked at the day's findings in a microscope. We found out about ticks, and other six- and eight-legged things.

Add to these novel routines the careful climax of learning experiences, each one building on each other. From the first class, when the whole group was gently herded up the south-facing slope of the valley, to stand on John's dolomite rock ledge, tracing the far-reaching roots of Phyllis' limber pine, on to meet Andy's beetles, and Merrel's chickadees feeding their young, then on to Tom's vantage point where the entire valley, and more, lay at our feet. Between the snow-pocketed Continental Divide and the dark peaks of the Absarokas, the whole patterned network of living and non-living forms was displayed before our eyes.

Each class brought its enrichment. The forms we usually accept so uncritically, so indiscriminately, stood sharp and clear-cut before us, and none was left unrelated to the other. We saw dolomite, chert, and sandstone. Strata tilted before us and batholiths lifted at our feet. We saw erratic boulders and moraines, fossils and petroglyphs.

We saw wind lift the gauges, saw clouds blow up, spill their rain, and go about their business. We saw the water level rise in Torrey Creek, and ease off again. We felt the dry heat of the Badlands of Wind River, and the cool bog of the forest stream. Along with the moisture content and drainage variations marched plant forms, each where it belonged. And with them were invertebrates, birds, mammals -- each where it belonged. Nothing was raked out of context; nothing was introduced. The land had integrity.

How could we see these things clearly, we semi-literate individualists, in a period of twelve days? How, except by the closely planned program for learning, not for entertainment, created by a highly talented, high-powered staff of conservationists, who expected participation from each of us, and had little tolerance for tardiness or goofing off.

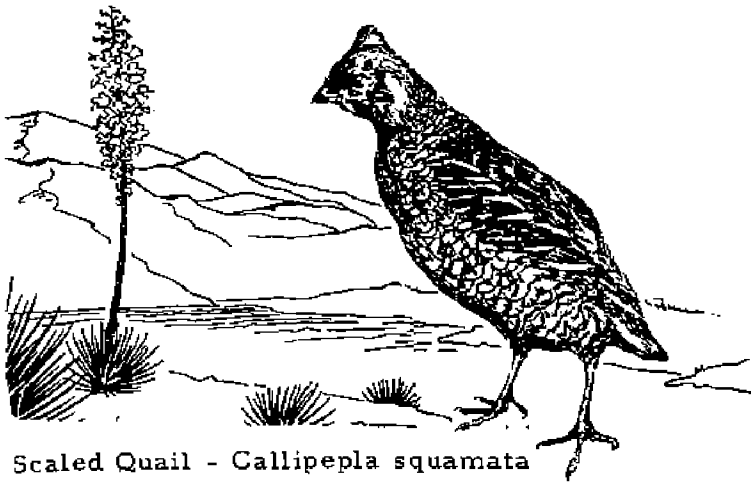
We were scheduled "free time" in which to recover from the impact of these experiences, -- before the rising bell, after dinner at noon, between supper and the evening program; Wednesday afternoons, and all day Sunday! Recover? For me this meant plunging into new areas of impact, of private involvement in beauty.

My first pre-breakfast stroll brought the sight of a young moose walking down Torrey Creek with incredible quiet, then browsing on willows in the river bed. One evening, sitting on the porch on the west side of the Lodge -- the one looking up the Continental Divide -- a chipmunk rose to demonstrate the art of eating seeds off a stalk of grass, as if he were eating corn on the cob. Another evening, a family of Mountain Bluebirds explored the limber pine at the porch, and the willows of the irrigation ditch, flashing incredible blues in the evening light. Chipping Sparrows and Yellow Warblers were as homey as House Finches. Sora Rails laughed at me when I sought them out at Beck's Pond. And Magpies, as black-and-white as a Phainopepla at first glance, revealed deep blue-green iridescence in the sun.

But the deepest revelation to this child of a semi-arid smog basin was the wealth of water. The clear, fast stream of the cataract splashing fern and moss with spray; the broad clean lakes; the meandering river channels of the valley floor; the left-over marshes and ponds and bogs between meanders, were utterly strange. What deep delight to stand on the little bridge, watching the shapes of flowing water! Here is spiritual food for a month of meditation!

So what will result from all this excitement? Emotional and mental indigestion which can only be dissipated in time? What results is the Audubon Society entitled to expect or hope for? What can I hope for?

.....continued on page 7



Scaled Quail - *Callipepla squamata*

SOUTHEAST ARIZONA FIELD TRIP - July 13-21; Jim Lane, Leader. - The rain stayed away, the weather was not too hot, and a congenial group of six capable birders, plus our fearless leader, enjoyed the kind of birding that you usually just dream about. At scenic Bog Springs Campground we awoke at the crack of dawn, hearing Sulphur-bellied and Olivaceous Flycatchers, Mexican Jays, etc., and drove down to mesquite habitat to see Botteri's, Cassin's, and Rufous-winged Sparrows. By the stream on the Proctor Ranch road were Thick-billed Kingbirds and a Yellow-billed Cuckoo. On the main road sat a tiny but spectacular bird, the Harlequin Quail. Zone-tailed Hawk soared among the Turkey Vultures, and in the higher canyons was Goshawk. Elf Owls called everywhere in the evening. We had the extraordinary good fortune to see a Rufous-backed Robin at the picnic grounds. Our hummer feeder attracted Rivoli's and Broad-billed Hummers. Reluctantly leaving Madera Canyon and its many birds, we drove toward Nogales, seeing Black-bellied Tree Ducks at Canoa Ranch Pond, and a Tropical Kingbird at Kinsley Lakes. At the roadside rest south of Patagonia were a pair of nesting Rose-throated Becards, a Beardless Flycatcher, a Summer Tanager, among other Arizona specialties. Gray Hawk was seen at Sonoita Creek Sanctuary. We spent that night at the Peabody's Mile-hi Lodge in Ramsey Canyon, and besides the numerous hummingbirds, we had the unusual experience of seeing little Whiskered Owls come out in the evening in response to tape-recorded owl calls. - The Chiricahuas brought still more highlights; the elusive Trogon finally appeared in Cave Creek Canyon, and at Rustler Park were numerous Coues' Flycatchers, Brown-throated Wrens, Olive, Grace's, Virginia's, and Red faced Warblers, and a fine close-up view of a male White-eared Hummingbird.

Coati-mundis at Madera Canyon, a bear at Rustler Park, and skunks at Sunny Flat picnic ground didn't bother us too much, and in fact the mosquitoes were bearable. Our food tasted like gourmet fare after all the walking up hill and down; especially the feast that Jan Tarble produced at the end of the hike, two miles straight up, to Bog Springs. Under the high, green, arching sycamore branches we supped at a granite boulder decked out with a table setting that deserved a portrait: cherry tomatoes, Gruyere cheese, tiny sardines, and much more! The only meal to top it was our final pot-luck dinner, at which we used up all the groceries that we still had on hand. What a feast! Have you ever noticed that birders are enthusiastic eaters? The final bird was a rare one; a Ferruginous Owl. Our trip list totalled 165 species.

In June, your editor received a letter from Dr. Loye Miller in which he stated: "The rumored discovery of several pairs of the Ivory-billed Woodpecker in Texas has revived interest in that supposedly extinct species. Being a native of Louisiana, where the Ivorybill was once common, I have been interested in him from boyhood, though I never saw him. Some years ago I originated a dwarf subspecies to use as a door-knocker, and dubbed him *Campophilus principalis fatua* L. Miller. He has an ivory bill (fossil ivory), he is wood, and he pecks. So! he is genuine.

"I never published upon him. But many of my visitors who saw him coveted a specimen. They include at least two former presidents of A.O.U., and a lot of Audubon & other birders. The rate of reproduction is slower than the California Condor; even like the Florida Bald Eagles that have become almost sterile. -- Perhaps your subscribers may include someone who is a 'whittler' and would 'breed up' the race -- even make one for Audubon House. There is no patent on it."

Then in July Dr. Miller wrote, "Your letter of June 14 stimulated me to again tackle the Ivory Bill. My vision and manual skill have both 'gone with the wind', almost, so the technical details are a bit crude, but the result is at least recognizable. It is mounted on a weathered 'stump'. I would like to present my effort to the L. A. Society to be placed in its gathering center or whatsoever. Cordially yours, Loye Miller."

And so we are probably the only Audubon Society that is the proud possessor of a genuine dwarf Ivorybill! Be sure to see it at Audubon House; and better still, obtain a copy of the plans for making one of your own. Once again I would like to express to Dr. Miller our appreciation of his thoughtfulness, - and of his heart-warming sense of humor.

AUDUBON CAMP ... continued.....

Perhaps Audubon has a right to expect that each person with Camp experience will introduce additional people to an understanding and love of the natural world, not in a momentary surge of emotion, but as an on-going thing, as each individual feels a need to involve others.

My own deep feeling of obligation for my scholarship, for the dedicated teaching of the staff, and for the careful and skillful logistics of the management makes me wonder whether a pledge should have been required of me. Should I have been asked to devote my life to specific efforts to restore the integrity of each of the mutilated environments of which I may become a part?

To the best of my ability, I intend to do this.



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BIRDS

By G. SHUMWAY SUFFEL

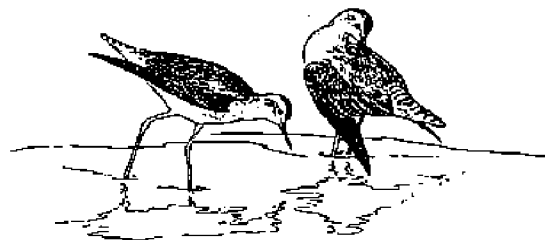
With migration already underway, September should be an exciting month in our area. The shorebirds are here, and have been since July. Two rarer ones, the Pectoral and Baird's Sandpipers, are early migrants, but are not usually found on the mudflats or sandy beaches with the vast hordes of waders. A wet meadow or a grass rimmed pool is more to their liking. Gulls and terns are on the move now -- with the Elegant Terns here in good numbers, and the Heerman's Gulls common along the shore. Both species are post-breeding wanderers from their nesting islands in Mexican waters. A keen eye and a bit of luck may even produce a Laughing or Franklin's Gull along the coast, where they are rare.

A careful study of the small landbirds now should prove helpful later this month and in October, when the rare vagrants, in confusing immature and fall plumages, are more likely to put in an appearance. We're referring, of course, to the warblers, vireos, flycatchers, and others which look so much alike -- small, olive-green birds which stay well hidden in the olive-green foliage (and usually on the far side of it, at that). A little quiet patience and an occasional "squeak" should bring them into view. For the most part, the fall migrants are along the coast, not inland, and not on the deserts as they are in the spring.

The summer of '68 will be known as "The summer of rare birds". Yes, -- there was talk on this page of the summer doldrums, of dull days in July and August, and we were wrong, dead wrong. The Mississippi Kite (2nd Calif. record) at Death Valley was not seen again, but Kim Garrett's Baltimore Oriole (first summer record) stayed and sang through the month of June in Brush Canyon. Whip-poor-wills (first record in Calif.) almost certainly have been nesting in the San Jacinto Mts. for several years. They provide an intriguing (and humiliating) case of inadequate coverage by bird-watchers. Their characteristic call can be heard for great distances in the quiet of the mountains; it has been heard and recognized by people spending the night there, but until this summer no one realized that "Whip-poor-wills do not occur in California." They do! There are probably at least three pairs in this one valley. -- Chimney Swifts, too, were recognized this June for the first time in coastal California, - La Jolla to be exact, - by Pierre de Villiers. Within a week they were found at Cardiff, ten miles north of La Jolla, by Ralph Mancke and Shum Suffel. As many as five birds were later seen there, and nesting seems a good possibility. -- The Suffels made a brief stop at the north end of the Salton Sea, on their way to S. E. Arizona, on July 3rd. On the mudflats they found five adult Black Skimmers. The only previous sighting in the western U.S. was by Ted Chandik at the mouth of the Santa Ana River on Sept. 8, 1962. This small flock of skimmers was peculiar in that they were all adults, thereby eliminating the possibility of this year's family group having gone astray; and in that one bird was noticeably smaller than the other four, - probably the only

female, since they are smaller. Two Frigatebirds were seen. They have not been reported locally for several years. The first was sighted by Russel Scalf while washing a neighbor's windows in Palos Verdes. He rushed home for his binoculars, studied the bird as it soared overhead, and wrote an excellent description of an immature Magnificent Frigatebird. Another immature was seen at the south end of the Salton Sea by Guy McCaskie on July 20th, and what was probably the same bird was studied for an hour while soaring over the north end of the Sea by Bruce Broadbooks, Ellen Stephenson, and others on Aug. 3rd. Two Wood Thrushes were seen (2nd and 3rd Calif. records). One stopped briefly in Alice Fries' Capistrano Beach yard in early June. The other was more generous with its time; it appeared for a succession of birders in early August at the home of the Herman Gerhardts in Verdugo Hills. Unfortunately it was killed by a cat on Aug. 11th.

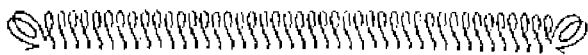
Other observations of interest include a Northern Waterthrush and a Winter Wren at Arrastrae Creek (east of Big Bear Lake) reported by the Kings, Fran Kohn, and Ellen Stephenson. Both of these birds are rare in our area, and almost unheard-of in the summer. Jerry Johnson saw two Ospreys at Laguna Beach on July 14th. One of them rested on a TV antenna and seemed quite at home in this urbanized environment. As they often do, a few mountain-nesting species appeared early in the lowlands. John Dunne reported a Western Tanager at Encino on July 18th. Shirley Wells had four Pine Siskins in her San Pedro yard on Aug. 4th. A Mountain Chickadee visited a favorite redwood tree in Pasadena on Aug. 11. John Atwood, returning from a northern vacation, found a female Common Scoter at the Ventura Marina on July 30th. They winter here in small numbers but summering birds are rare. The Phillips found a Lewis' Woodpecker feeding a young bird near Wildhorse meadow (8000 ft.) in the San Bernardino Mts. on July 27th. This is far south of their normal nesting



range in Central California.

The pelagic trip from San Diego on July 27th produced most of the expected birds -- Albatross, Sooty and Pink-footed Shearwaters, Leach's and Black Petrels, Arctic Terns, and Xantus' Murrelets -- but in lesser numbers than in spring or fall. The high point of the trip was nine sightings of the exotic Red-billed Tropicbird, -- all ages, from chaste white adults with red bills and white streamers which exceeded their body length, to immatures with black pencillings and vermiculations, yellow bills, and short, white, gull-like tails. Just as rare but less beautiful were five warbler-sized Least Petrels and a Pale-footed Shearwater. A similar trip is planned for Sept. 14th.

[...continued on next page.....]



AUDUBON ACTIVITIES

June 15 - A Beginners' Field Trip met at the Fern Dell picnic area in Griffith Park. A small select group turned their attention to the problems of locating birds by sound, then looking for field marks from which to identify the species. They explored the structure and function of binoculars, with special attention to adjustments for personal requirements in sight and comfort. They reviewed the use of check lists in keeping personal records of their sightings, and the wealth of books available for information on all phases of birding -- identification, anatomy, location of species, etc. The day was marked by the sight of a healthy population of young birds, rather than a wide variety of species. Young speckled Robins were plentiful, and the young Black-headed Grosbeaks made the trees ring with the undulating cadence of the begging calls. - Pauline Cole, Leader

June 22-23 - Greenhorn Mountains - The brush fire had burnt hundreds of acres by the time we arrived at the Ridge Route; naturally the road was closed, so we were shuttled through Lancaster and Mojave, and through the Tehachapi Pass into Bakersfield. Helen Bayne, who had spent the night in Bakersfield, thought she had gone out of her mind when no one showed up at the scheduled time. I was two hours late; at Mt. Pleasant Road junction, I met Jan Tarble and the Connors. Just out of Glennville, as we watched a hawk, our binoculars encountered an adult Condor quite by accident, and a nicer encounter we did not experience the entire trip. We flushed a Barn Owl and many California Quail. The woodpeckers for the trip totalled seven: Acorn, Nuttall's, White-headed, and two sapsuckers, Yellow-bellied (Red-naped) and Williamson's, and the Red-shafted Flicker. At supper time, Abigail King and Frances Kohn drove into camp and said the others were at Panorama Camp-ground. The next morning we finally got together! At Tiger Flats we hiked down among the Jeffrey pines and black oaks, and here we saw Eastern Bluebirds -- a pair and two young. We had the usual jays and swallows, but the outstanding bird was the Solitaire, landing a few feet away. Hermit Thrushes filled the woods with song. We saw 60 species all told.

--Otto Widmann

July 13 - Potluck Dinner, Fern Dell - Everyone arrived laden; two picnic tables were filled in short order: fruits, melons, ham, roast beef, corned beef, chicken; salads by the dozen; cakes, coffee cakes - it was a gourmet's delight. There were 26 of us to share all these splendid dishes. The Shaffers brought two members of the Good Will Mission to the United States from Japan, - the Misses Sakiko Shinmura and Sachiko Taziri. This was their introduction to American outdoor eating, and to American food; what a beautiful setting to enjoy all of it. The Sandmeyers brought

as their guest, Pam Howard. -- The chatting never ceased and the companionship was as good as the food. While we ate, Olga Clarke's offering of crumbs and fruit for the birds did not go unnoticed; Black-headed Grosbeaks, Jays, and Towhees arrived as if on schedule. So did a park rat, which scampered off with its cheeks full. Everyone had a wonderful time. - Otto Widmann

July 28 - Mt. Pinos. - The trip was attended by approximately 35 birders who were greeted by overcast skies. The usual mountain birds were in evidence: Pygmy Nuthatches, Brown Creepers, Fox Sparrows, Chipping Sparrows, Mountain Quail, etc. The primary purpose of the trip was to see Condors, but the weather was against us -- no Condors. At 1:p.m. the rain started in earnest. While at the Condor Observation Site, White-throated Swifts, Western Bluebirds, and Cooper's Hawks were in evidence, with a couple of Golden Eagles sighted. --Bruce Broadbooks, Leader

With the writing of this column, my reporting on "Audubon Activities" will come to a close. When I was unable to attend an event, I have had able assistance from such fine birders as Marion Wilson, Frances Kohn, Caroline Adams, Pauline Cole, Shumway Suffel, and Elizabeth Rose. I have had the wonderful experience of seeing our Society at work in all our events, with the added fillip of reporting to you what I had seen.

My basic thought in every one of the fifty-one issues of "Tanager" in which I have written the "Activities" column has been Conservation, and how I could awaken in you, the reader, this same feeling I have for the great outdoors. By indirection, my plea has been to keep our ecological balance at all costs. My many thanks go to Bob Sandmeyer for the art work he supplied to enhance the page; to the editors, Bob Blackstone and Betty Jenner; and to you, the Society, for permitting me to reach you through the "Audubon Activities". -- Otto Widmann

southern california

BIRDS

Continued...

The Salton Sea again is proving that it is one of the better spots for summer and fall birding if you can take the heat. Aside from the Skimmers and Frigatebirds mentioned before, there were about 60 Wood Ibis, 30 Gull-billed Terns, and the same number of Laughing Gulls. The latter species have nested at the Salton Sea in the past, but are not known to do so now. In addition, single individuals were seen of Kittiwake, Least Bittern, Stilt Sandpiper, and Franklin Gull.

Best bets for September are the Salton Sea; the coastal marshes; points of land which project into the ocean and have trees, etc., such as Pt. Dume, Pt. Fermin, and Pt. Loma; parks and canyons near the coast which have water, such as Leo Carrillo Beach Park, Averill Park in San Pedro, and Doheny Beach Park; and, of course, the Tijuana River valley south of San Diego.



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TO ALL OUR NEW MEMBERS : We are most eager to make your acquaintance at our evening meetings, and on field trips. We particularly hope that you will take an active part in our efforts toward a more livable world for us and our children.