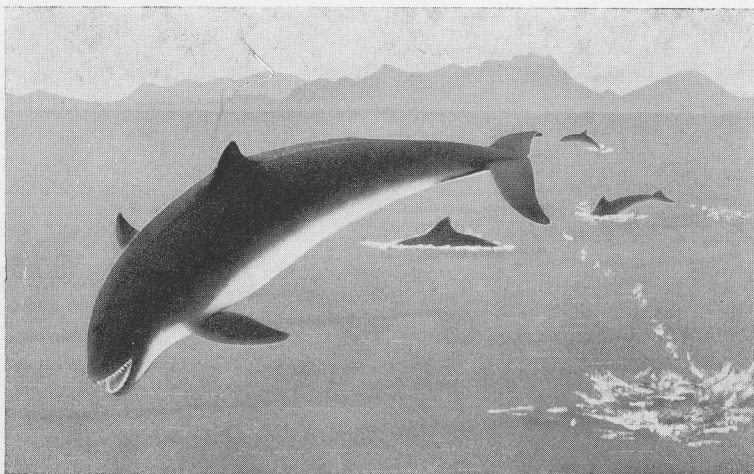


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(F. L. Beebe.)

Harbour porpoise.

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THE HARBOUR PORPOISE

The most common marine mammal along our coast is probably the harbour porpoise. One can hardly spend an hour fishing or travelling by boat without seeing at least one group of these animals. True, you don't see much of them, they barely show the back and dorsal fin as they roll at the surface to breathe. In the illustration Frank Beebe has shown an animal leaping clear of the water but this is to show better the details of its structure.

It is most difficult to estimate size in these animals when so little shows above the surface and where nothing is available for comparison. Although harbour porpoises are seldom longer than six feet they are sometimes confused with killer whales and other larger cetaceans. If the small size is not evident the lack of a white patch behind the eye and the relatively small, rounded dorsal fin should distinguish this species from the killer whale and the uniformly black or dark grey sides with no white patch separates it from its cousin the Dall porpoise which occasionally comes into in-shore waters.

The harbour porpoise apparently feeds largely upon herring and similar small fishes and probably upon squid when available. Consequently it is most often seen along the tide lines where these food species tend to congregate.

Normally two, three or four individuals are seen together but they never occur in large schools. Harbour porpoises are shy animals; they seldom allow a boat to approach and they do not play about the bow as does the Dall porpoise.

G.C.C.

A STUDY IN CHARACTER

The story of a raven
by Frank L. Beebe.

This is the story of a tame raven; a story that can now be told in its entirety because only today (Oct. 14/57) the final act of a small life-drama was played; the curtain is down. It is a story of life and death, of shadowy motivations of humans, and of the primordial violence inherent in certain other living things. Mostly, though, it is a story of life, at least of the zest for life that seems to run like a silver thread throughout all episodes and connect them all together.

Jo-jo the raven, came to us in a cardboard carton from California. He was one of a small shipment of several birds; four sparrowhawks, two burrowing owls and this young raven. It was my hope to hand-raise these young birds and let them fly free as they developed the use of their wings, on the chance that they would stay nearby, and, perhaps, in the case of the little falcons, overwinter and nest the following season as semi-tame free-living birds. That is another story. These were, indeed subsequently released. The burrowing owls remained ever suspicious and very fierce and were sent to a zoo. The raven was tame from the very start; and having once placed his trust in us he never forgot that trust nor was ever wild or unapproachable from his first day with us to his last.

Unlike the sparrowhawks and owls the young of passerine birds, (of which group the raven is the largest) must be fed many many times a day. Their capacity at any one feeding is definitely limited, yet the daily food requirements are very large. We fed him on meat, and very little else. As he grew older he learned to take moderate amounts of other foods of a wide variety, but fresh meat remained his staple and favorite food throughout his life.

On a schedule of feeding whenever he shouted to be fed, the young raven grew and feathered very quickly. He had been shipped to us in mid-May, and had arrived partly feathered. By the first week in June he was testing his wings and making his first short flights. At this stage we taught him his one and only real 'lesson' - to know his name in relationship to feeding; - to come when called. This was not too difficult, yet it was learned with reluctance. For the longest time he expected someone to go to him and feed him when he called; just as had been done

before he could fly, and if he was up in a tree or atop a building he could see no reason why he should come down when (presumably) we could go up where he was just as easily as he did. Once he learned however that he must come or do without he was quick enough, and never once did he forget.

The first body plumage of all the passerines is very temporary. In the raven it consisted of rather lax dead-black feathers with none of the sheen and gloss of the permanent feathers. The long feathers of wings and tail are permanent and these were glossy and hard. During the summer he looked like a rather large coarse crow. Yet hardly was this first plumage grown than it started to moult, to be replaced slowly by the hard glossy adult plumage; but this change took a very long time to complete.

Meantime our Jo-jo became thoroughly familiar with his home territory and throughout the summer developed those odd quirks and habits that were to make him a neighborhood character. He loved company; hated to be left alone and he quickly learned that the dog or the cat could be pestered and irritated with impunity. I think he rather liked the dog. Anyhow he most certainly liked to ride on her back. For the cat he had nothing but contempt. If he yelled at it, it would run every time, so he made a game of chasing it, or better, slipping up on it very stealthily when it was asleep, and pulling its tail, or yelling in its ear, then flying and diving after it as it fled. Life was a game, to be lived dangerously.

During the long June days he took to roaming rather far afield in the early mornings before anyone was up. Twice we lost him so. Once he was picked up and taken to a distant point in Saanich in a car; the second time he made a long flight and lost himself. He was found over four miles from home in the vicinity of Beacon Hill Park. Taken home and released in his own territory he never again strayed; or else he learned to orient himself better.

What actually happens here, is I think much more complex than the above indicates. Birds are known to have a sense of orientation, though the exact nature of this sense and how it works can probably never be known to man, as we have nothing even remotely like it. This sense, or ability, seems to develop rather slowly and is probably one of the last senses of birds to become fully functional. Young birds, are rather easily lost, and the tendency to become lost persists up to a certain age that varies with the species, perhaps with the individual. Fully adult birds

are almost impossible to lose, and will 'home' to a definite locality or spot from great distances. There have been many experiments that confirm this. I expect that the reason Jo-jo became lost early in his life was because this sense was not yet fully developed. A lack of ability for correct orientation would act as a strong dispersal factor in young birds, and be just as beneficial to the species as the later development of the strong ability to orient themselves can be shown to be highly beneficial to adult birds.

At any rate this is known to be so with species other than ravens. Falcons are very stupid and easily lost for about the first half of their first season; after that they will usually 'home' if lost, and in their second season it is almost impossible to lose them. Pigeons, too, show the same character, the young squabs on their early flights being very easily disoriented, while the adult birds will 'home' over strange territory for many hundreds of miles.

All through the long summer days of late June, all of July and nearly all of August, our raven was part of the family. He came and went as he liked, and I have no doubt that he flew many miles. Sit down to weed the garden and Jo-jo was there, pulling weeds (and the occasional garden plant) with gay abandon. Pick beans and the raven would pick beans. Pick blackberries and the raven was along, perching on arm or shoulder, or standing on his head in a bucket to get a face-full of berries. Early in the mornings he would awaken and go and route the dog out of her bed with merciless peckings on the tender nose or pulling and twisting her tail. From then on until the heat of the day his activity never slackened. If he was not bedeviling something or someone at ground level he would be away up aloft in a grand aerial affray with gull, or heron or another raven.

Strange dogs were his favorite victims. His approach was careful and studied. If the dog did not see him he would drop in silently, gliding, and clutch the dog by the rump in his feet at the same time voice his raven's great croaking yell. Every dog I ever saw treated so was so surprised that it fled at once yelping and screeching, and followed by the raven diving and flapping and croaking; sometimes for nearly half a mile, after which he would peel off in a towering sweep, do a couple of aerial somersaults and come back home. Occasionally he would chase

cows the same way, which made an even more ridiculous spectacle to watch.

Yet for all his risk-taking he was never foolhardy. When things would get too rough he had the good sense to retire discreetly. In June I made a trip up the coast and brought back a big falcon. This bird was fully feathered and ready to fly and was a little larger than the raven. To Jo-jo it was just something else to play with. He pulled its tail, pulled it off the block by its leash, then jumped on the block himself; contested its bath and bathed in the falcon's bath himself with the falcon watching him. The falcon did its level best to grab him but he was usually just beyond reach; for he very quickly learned the exact length of its leash. But his favorite way to tease the falcon was to get a piece of meat and then to carry it over in front of her there to stand just beyond her reach and eat it while she tugged and flopped at the end of her leash.

When I first started flying the falcon he contested the air with her, but this was not to be. A raven is a supremely good flier but scarcely in the same class as a peregrine. The raven got away with this business a few times, then one evening in the course of some intricate maneuverings the falcon came out of a little clash about 20 feet above the raven. The next few moments were anxious ones for the raven, for the falcon immediately sensed its advantage and rolled into a stoop. She feathered the raven, pulled out and drove in again. The raven squawked a very different sound than I had ever heard him make before, and for once he flew and twisted with every bit of power he had. She drove him into the thick branches of the little plum tree behind the house and he stayed there. He never contested the air with this particular falcon again. Yet other falcons flown in his territory had to prove themselves as individuals; he did not leave all falcons alone, he would challenge any bird in an aerial contest until it proved itself better, and not until then would he concede.

About the end of June I obtained a little European goshawk. I put him on a block on the lawn with certain misgivings. I knew full well that the raven would not let him alone, and I also knew something about the speed and ferocity of goshawks and the quickness with which they move and use their feet. The very small size of this goshawk seemed to be the only mitigating factor - he was considerably smaller than the raven.

Jo-jo promptly set about bullying and bedeviling the goshawk in exactly the same manner as he did the falcon. At first the goshawk tried to get him, but his experience with the falcon had served him well and though the gos was infinitely quicker yet he managed to always stay beyond reach. In a few days' time the goshawk almost ignored him and became, for the raven, very little fun. Only by pulling the goshawk off his perch by his tail could he make him move, and even then the gos was just as likely to merely fly back up onto the perch as he was to try and get the raven. There was just no fun in it; he spent much more time annoying the falcon as she was so much more willing to be annoyed.

One morning I went out to find the goshawk badly tangled around his perch. He was flat on the ground, utterly helpless. Over him stood the raven, methodically hammering him on the head with his great pickaxe of a beak. He would have killed the goshawk that time had I not intervened.

During this time two activities became routine to the raven. My two boys run a paper route, a morning paper it is, and they get up early to be out on it. The raven took to going with them. He learned the route so well that as the days shortened and he could no longer begin the route with them due to the darkness when they left, yet as soon as it came a glimmering of dawn he would set out and intercept them somewhere along the way. In the evening he came with me on my evening walks. It is part of the training of a goshawk to carry it for an hour or so each day; always the raven came along and it is most curious that though the goshawk would try to get loose to chase almost any other kind of bird that was flushed never once did it try to catch the raven even when it flew very close by.

I think the most remarkable thing about the raven was his ability to recognize individuals; individual people, individual dogs, cats, falcons, - anything. He distrusted strangers in any form. Persons and animals he knew he trusted implicitly. Any one of our immediate family and a number of other persons whom he felt he knew could do almost anything with him. Strangers could not get near him. He learned the action that precedes throwing things and he would always manage to get a post, or a fencerail, or a car-wheel - anything - between himself and anyone making the throwing motion whether there was anything thrown or not. He would steal and hide small objects and found this

particularly enjoyable if it annoyed someone, or if he could make the person from whom he had snatched chase him.

Perhaps, in view of what eventually happened, his last escapade is most revealing as to his character. It was a Friday and my wife had completed some window-boxes and was planting out some small settings of flowering plants. As fast as they were planted the raven would pull them out. If he was chased he would fly off with them, otherwise he would just pull them and leave them lay. Eventually she got them planted and covered them with chicken wire. I came home at noon and found that he had managed to get in under the wire and pull them all out while she was in the house. I replanted them and covered them with flat boards in the hope that eventually he would forget.

On Saturday he was out on the paper route with the boys as usual and spent the rest of the day at home. This was September the 28th. On Sunday the boys did not go out quite so early as usual and when we went out in the morning the raven was not about. This was not unusual, but what was unusual was that he did not come home at all that day.

There is a curious intolerance amongst nearly all things for the strange or unusual, and there is a certain type of human that reacts to anything strange in as primitive a manner as any of the so-called lower animals. A raven is an "unprotected" species of bird and as such can be destroyed by anyone at any time. I suppose that perhaps some of the devilry that our raven got so much fun out of was perhaps mildly annoying to those persons and things who were the butt of his jokes; I do know that had he been a cat or a dog; or any other familiar domestic animal it would never have entered anyone's head to have hurt him. In all fairness let it also be said that he made far more friends than he did enemies, and that he was known to many many people, most of whom enjoyed seeing him and watching him and playing with him just as much as we did.

Still, because he was a raven and therefore not protected by law, and perhaps because he was annoying and did not always stay at home, someone decided to kill him.

Two weeks and one day after he disappeared that Sunday morning our raven came back home. He landed on the kitchen window early in the morning as he had done many times before, and shouted for food. He was back home; he was fed, but he was not the same. His left foot had been smashed to rags by a rifle bullet and his left wing had

lost three feathers, cut off by the same bullet as had smashed his foot. The wound was not fresh, it was very nearly healed. The back toe still held by a tendon, and was cut off. All the other toes were gone. Where he had been, what he had suffered, how close to death from weakness and starvation he had come we can never know. But he came home.

He might have been away no more than ten minutes. He had not changed a bit, nor grown a bit wild. His trust in those he knew was implicit, his memory of them complete. He sat in the sun on his one good foot on the side of the dog as she lay there on the back porch. He came in the house and examined all the familiar things there. He went outside and, hobbeltly-hoy hopped one-legged down the row of plants in the window box and pulled them all out. He was welcomed as one back from the grave.

There was one difference. When he approached the goshawk it tried hard to get him, but he stayed carefully beyond reach. It had not done this before. We should have been warned.

If a goshawk has any use in nature it is in the removal of injured and ailing birds and animals from the wild population; and throughout time this species has developed an uncanny sensitivity in discerning the least deviation from the norm in the behaviour of any other animal or bird. The raven did not move properly. He hopped and flopped. We should have been warned.

Just after noon the family all left, and for half an hour there was nobody home. Again we can never know exactly what happened, but knowing our raven we can guess. Lacking company he started to tease the goshawk; and lacking one foot he could not move with his usual agility; and the goshawk, being a goshawk, sensed that.

A goshawk has a terrible way of killing. It grips its victim by the wings, steadies itself with spread wings and tail, and digs a hole with its beak through to heart, lungs and vicera. It was thus our raven died. His wreckage, was strewn in a great circle around the goshawk when we got home.

I buried what was left of him in the garden. His passing has left us all with that strange empty feeling of loss. I have had many birds, many pets, but none had so much the mark of character, of strong, independent individuality as this; nor a higher keener enjoyment of life. He lived, by choice, perilously, and though he died in the feet of the

goshawk it was not, in fact, the gos that killed him. He died because he could not move properly on his shattered, half-healed stump, and because his high spirit and enjoyment of life would not be subdued.

The end.

THE DIPPER OR WATER OUZEL

by J. O. Clay

To the resident of Victoria the dipper is a rare bird. The nearest mountain stream where one used to see this sprightly species is at the foot of the Malahat, yet, in spite of the presence of suitable habitat here, the bird is absent. Ignorant prejudice in anglers, interference of nests by boys, and perhaps the constant changes occasioned by the highway authorities may have all combined to drive it away.

Of all our birds, the dipper is the most typical and emblematic of this great expanse of mountain and valley which is British Columbia. Within all four boundaries throughout the year it makes its home, a cheerful, musical, untiring resident of our streams. In only one area in Canada outside of this Province is the dipper found; in the foothills of the Rockies in neighbouring Alberta.

A GOOD PLACE TO GO BIRDING THESE AUTUMN DAYS is Beacon Hill Park. There, lately, have been seen many warblers, both kinglets, creepers, fox sparrows, etc. In the ponds now are mandarin and wood ducks, canvas backs, hooded mergansers and greenwinged teal. Also among the hundreds of baldpates is one male European widgeon.

BEAR CUB TAKEN BY AN EAGLE

by John Norman Nelson
Clemretta, B. C.

(Editors' Note: At the suggestion of Mr. P.M. Monckton, we wrote Mr. Nelson, asking him about his cub and eagle experience. The following is part of his letter in reply. It is probable that this was the golden eagle).

Forest Ranger W. C. Lindstrom of Southbank, B. C. and myself were camped approximately 2 miles from the western end of Tagetochelain Lake on the north side, in late April 1956.

Approximately one mile from the western end of the lake is open poplar country with rolling hills. We were suddenly startled by loud cries as if by a baby that had been injured. We looked up to see a large eagle carrying an object towards us and the eagle came within 30 yards of us. The eagle had gained an altitude of about 100 feet when she dropped the cub on the rocks about 40 yards from the lakeshore. The cries of the cub were incessant until released by the eagle but was quiet while tumbling end over end through the air. As soon as the eagle released the bear cub it landed in the top of a tall spruce tree and watched the cub strike the ground. It landed with a loud thump and was apparently dead.

Our first thought was to rush down to the cub before the eagle could pick it up again. However, the female bear was within 200 yards of us creating a terrific uproar and making short runs in all directions. She had three cubs altogether and was a small black bear. The eagle watched the cub for around five seconds, then swooped down, retrieved it and flew on over the lake, taking the cub to its nest on a timbered point on the lake about a quarter of a mile away. The female bear continued her angry grunts and roars for two or three minutes and then disappeared into a small fringe of timber nearby. She then treed the cubs.

To Ranger Lindstrom and myself the incident was amazing, but there was no doubt that the animal was a small cub. I have spent many years in the woods and mountains and have noted eagles with other small animals, but never a bear cub. I would have judged that the cub weighed somewhere near ten pounds.

I would be delighted to fill in any details in question. I now carry my movie camera with me at all times in the woods, but may never have another opportunity like this one.

I did not see the actual pickup by the eagle, but saw them a second after it happened, the eagle and cub being about six feet off the ground. The bear apparently never did see the eagle as she could not locate the cries.

BIRD GROUP FIELD MEETING

The October field meeting was held on Saturday the 5th. It was a cold and windy day, and the fourteen people who attended must have been enthusiastic bird watchers to turn out. But the day was very successful, some 54 species being identified, a few of them being birds not commonly seen here.

While we were going through Belmont Park some of us saw fifteen turkey vultures wheeling their way slowly south. By the way, this is the fifth flight of these birds reported lately, one, numbering twenty-seven vultures, was reported going over Oak Bay by Miss Melburn.

At Esquimalt Lagoon were three red-backed sandpipers, about the first to be seen this fall. These sandpipers arrive late, and generally winter here. On our way from Esquimalt Lagoon to Witty's Lagoon, we detoured via Duke Road. There we were fortunate enough to observe western bluebirds which have been in this particular area all summer, but are not always to be seen. Here too a mourning dove was found with a flock of pipits and goldfinch in a rough weedy field.

At Witty's Lagoon the high tide prevented many of the regular shore birds being seen, but on the grassy marshlands (now fairly dry) there were six dowitchers, and two pectoral sandpipers flew off as the party was walking around the margin of the lagoon. On the sandy beach was one Hudsonian curlew, and, in the company of a flock of killdeer, was a single sanderling. But the find of the day was a Sabine gull, which flew over the observers, and its unusual markings and forked tail made its identification positive. Also seen at Witty's were two sharp-shinned hawks, ravens, spotted sandpiper, winter wren and a marsh hawk, the latter flying low over the marshes during most of the time the party was there.

To anyone not a bird watcher it is difficult to convey

the sense of expectancy felt when starting out on a bird trip, the interest of identifying the various birds, and the thrill when a companion calls out that an unusual bird is in the vicinity. Seeing birds on motion pictures and television is all very well, but these vicarious methods of seeing birds cannot compete with reality.

A.R.D.

OCTOBER GENERAL MEETING

At this meeting, held on October 8th at the Museum, the members were favoured with a most interesting and amusing account of Mr. Lionel Taylor's wanderings in Africa. His talk was well illustrated with many coloured slides of flowers and scenery. We know that Mr. Taylor has a large collection of slides covering his extensive travels, and hope we may have the pleasure of having him with us again in the near future.

Prior to the general meeting the Society's executive had a short session during which some correspondence was read relative to the bird killing apparatus at the Dominion Experimental Station at Saanichton. Also the question of the new seating accommodation at the Audubon lectures was discussed, but no change in the present arrangement was made. At this meeting a request was made that the Society's year be changed from February 28th, as it is at present, to May 31st, in order that a complete balance sheet can be read to the members at the social meeting always held in May. This was approved by the executive, and passed by the members.

The matter of Mr. Keller's proposal, outlined in the September issue, was taken up at the executive meeting, and while no decision was made, it was felt by the majority that the raising of \$25,000 inside of five years, which the sponsoring of this wildlife photography would involve, would be outside the capacity of our small society to undertake.

As there are several matters that our President and executive wish to bring to the attention of the members, the general meeting on November 12th will be mainly a business meeting, and it would be appreciated if as many members as possible be present so that a full discussion of the various items on the agenda can be given.

THE PHOENIX IN CAPTIVITY

by J. O. Clay

The phenomenon of 'anting' among birds has been brought to light frequently during the past few years. The peculiar habit has been noticed and described wherein fifty known species of birds perform contortions of wings and tail whilst placing ants among their feathers.

Likewise it has been noticed that fire and smoke have been used by birds, and probably for similar reasons.

Maurice Burton in his column in the 'Illustrated London News' (July 6th) has given a vivid description of his two pet rooks 'Niger' and 'Corbie', with illustrations. These pets have shown a marked avidity for flames. When a match was produced to set straw ablaze, one bird seized the burning match and held it under his wings. While the straw burned fitfully, the rook wallowed among the flames and embers. In every instance the postures were those of 'anting'.

To illustrate the article six photographs were shown, one at least of which makes the rook look like the traditional Phoenix (an emblem of immortality). There he stands spreadeagle fashion over flaming straw, beak dripping with saliva and nictitating eyelid at work.

Curiously enough, no harm by burning was found in this or other occasions, hence perhaps the 'immortality' of the Phoenix.

This trait in rooks, and no doubt in other birds (if truth be known) is perhaps the answer to the phenomenon of the Phoenix and its 'natural' history.

THE STELLER JAY

by J. O. Clay.

This handsome and perky bird of the forest happens to be a common sight on Vancouver Island at this time of writing. For several years it appeared to have dwindled in numbers, though a few were always seen in winter in suburban areas. A tremendous increase in numbers has been noted this autumn all over the Island and birds have moved into the city. It may be that a shortage of food has driven them into the urban areas since this bird does not normally migrate.

The Steller jay is sometimes incorrectly called a "blue jay". But he is blacker than he is painted sometimes,

not by any means all blue. He is a handsome energetic fellow, noisy, a meddler in the affairs of others. But he has his good traits. He can woo his mate with a quiet warbled song, and can guard his nest and young with courage, even in the face of a threatening forest fire.

TREE FARMING

A TRIP WITH THE JUNIORS

by Freeman King

A field trip to the B. C. Forest Service Tree Nursery at Duncan on Saturday, October 5th, by members of the junior branch of the Society brought out many highlights.

The party of 19 boys and girls started out from Victoria by a cavalcade of cars up the scenic Island Highway over the Malahat Drive to Duncan. It was cloudy when we left, but as we went north the weather-man seemed to say 'I'll brighten it up' and the sun shone warm and clear.

We were met at the nursery by Jack Long the superintendent, who welcomed us and proceeded to show the group all there was, and that brought many surprises to every one of us; yes, even to me, who had had some previous experience.

The Provincial Government has built a new building that houses the seed extractor and winnowing machine, as well as a cold storage room that will keep the seed for an indefinite period.

We were shown the seed cones in sacks that had been brought in from the collecting areas, (it had been a poor season this year) then we were shown the drier racks and so on to where the seeds are extracted from the cones with an electrically driven rotator that tumbles the cones over and over so that the seed, with the chaff, falls into a trough that leads into a worm gear that takes it to an upstairs room where it goes into a bin. From there it goes into a winnowing machine that drives out the dust and other debris, and thence into a hopper which feeds the now clean seed into cans that are sealed. The seed from Douglas fir can be kept indefinitely as long as it is kept cool and at an even temperature.

This seed is shipped all over the world to countries that are wanting to plant Douglas fir in their plantations. Enough seeds are kept for shipping to the nurseries of our own province, and for the large lumber firms that are

doing their utmost to re-stock our forests and keep British Columbia green.

We were then shown the plantations where five or six million seedlings are growing in stages from those which had been started this spring to the two and three-year-old trees ready to go out to the areas that are to be replanted this fall and next spring. A large number are on order from the logging firms on the Island.

We were shown several beds of the balsam fir that are being grown to make mixed stands, especially for the growing of pulp wood which has become so valuable. Also seen were red cedar, spruce and hemlock, all of which have their appointed place in the scheme of forestation.

There were several species growing there that had come from many lands, and were being investigated as to rate of growth, survival, resistance to disease and other things. Mr. Long showed us an experimental plot where they are trying out a cross between the cottonwood and the poplar for quick growing, to produce logs for plywood making. A number of the industrial firms are very interested in this process.

We were taken to see the cones drying out in a greenhouse where they get heat and light and protection against mice, which are one of the greatest enemies of the seeds. There we saw yellow and red cedar, mountain fir and mountain hemlock, as well as the pines.

On the plantation there are many beautiful ornamental shrubs and trees growing. Perhaps outstanding was a cross-bred rowan tree that had the most wonderful scarlet berries, but, strange to say, none of the birds would touch them, while the other trees were alive with robins and thrushes having a wonderful feed.

The visitors were then shown the storage and packing shed, where they saw bundles of two thousand seedlings ready to be sent out to the field. Mr. Long gave each one of the party a two-year-old specimen to take home and plant.

After a lunch break we started for home via the old Cowichan Bay road, stopping off at the old Indian stone church which the Indians hope to restore during the coming centennial year. There the group explored and saw the old grave stones and some of them found original square cut nails that had been used to build the church. Then we passed through the famous maple grove along the old highway, and the booming and fishing village of Cowichan Bay, over the Malahat and back to Victoria. (continued at foot of next page)

NOTICES OF MEETINGS

1957

Saturday

AUDUBON SCREEN TOUR

Nov. 9th:

Oak Bay Junior High School at 8 p.m.

Speaker: Murl Deusing

Subject: Adventure in Africa

Tuesday

GENERAL MEETING

Nov. 12:

Provincial Museum at 8 p.m.

As there is a considerable amount of business to be discussed, there will be no special speaker this evening.

Saturday

BIRD GROUP

Nov. 16:

Meet at the Monterey Cafe parking area at 9:30 a.m., or at Island View Beach at 10:15 a.m. Bring lunch. Leader: J. O. Clay.

Monday

BOTANICAL SECTION

Nov. 18:

Speaker: Miss Anne Gorham.

The botanical group will meet on this date at 8 p.m., in the Biology Building at Victoria College. There will be displays of local mosses, lichens, ferns and trees, and a display showing how these can be arranged to make an attractive centrepiece.

It is hoped that those participating will discuss plans for any other botanical meetings through the winter. Coffee will be served.

The Biology Building is reached from Argyle St., which is the first road to the right off Richmond above Lansdowne. There is parking space for about three cars outside the gate. The main parking lot for the College is off Lansdowne Road near Foul Bay Road. The Mount Tolmie bus stops very near Argyle Street.

Continued from page 67: "Tree Farming"

Many thanks are due to those who so kindly supplied their cars, and to Mr. Jack Long and members of the B.C. Forest Service who made the trip possible.

Victoria Natural History Society

OFFICERS, 1957-58

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