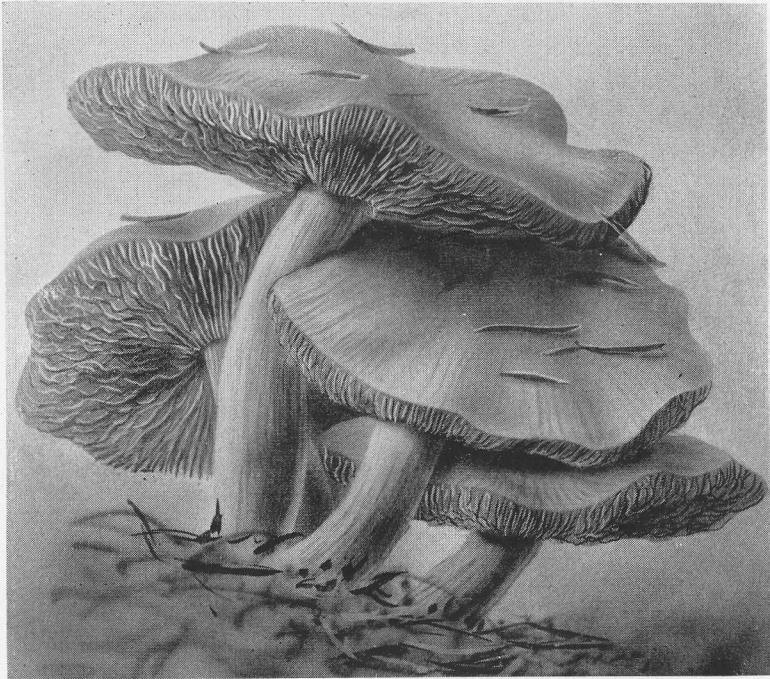


The
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Showy Pholiota

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OUR COVER

Well named "showy" - this handsome species of *Pholiota* will attract attention at once, for its clustered caps occur in masses at the base of old fir-stumps. Here they may be seen in all stages of growth at one and the same time, from small yellowish balls to the large umbrella-like expanses of the mature forms, each overlapping its neighbour in increasing stature as the later ones endeavour to overtop those of earlier growth in order to find room for their expanding caps, and so be free to scatter their spores unobstructed.

No precise information is to hand as to the edibility of this species of mushroom, but if it is like most of the members of the genus, it would be excellent.

(From Provincial Museum Handbook
on Mushrooms, by George A.Hardy)

THE THOMAS FRANCIS PROVINCIAL PARK

As reported by the president at the September meeting, this property, a little over a quarter section in size, has been designated as a Class "C" Park by the Department of Recreation and Conservation.

The following details are taken from the regulations governing this type of park.

A Park Board is appointed by the Minister to manage same. The Minister also appoints one member to be the Chairman (in this case Mr. Freeman King). The other members of the Board are Mr. P. M. Monckton, a surveyor, Mr. Alan Poynter, a draughtsman, Mr. P. T. Croft, an engineer, and David Stirling, a naturalist.

The Provincial Government provides no funds for the management of a Class "C" Park, this being the responsibility of the Board, but a statement of assets and liabilities must be submitted to the Minister each year.

The Park is actually a sanctuary under the control of

the Board, no one being permitted to hunt or carry firearms within its borders; also no campfires are allowed, nor are dogs allowed loose in the Park.

A motion was passed at the general meeting on September 13th that the Victoria Natural History Society be the sponsors of this Park, through the Board, all of whom are members, following the suggestion made by the Minister of the Department of Recreation and Conservation.

A.R.D.

OUTDOORS WITH THE EXPERTS

This half-hour radio programme, as everyone knows, comes over station CJVI each Sunday evening at 6:30 p.m., and its interesting discussions are heard in a large number of homes throughout a wide-spread area, as is evidenced by the number of letters the Station receives.

The following came in the other day from Mr. W.T.D. Jones, Gulf Island Florist at Ganges, Salt Spring Island:-

"I hope you will be interested in this experience, something that I have never witnessed before, or heard of. This happened a few days ago right out in front of our shop, that is, the water-front side, in Ganges Harbour.

A kingfisher made a dive for a fish, and just as he struck the water, down swoops a seagull, grabbed the kingfisher and towed him ashore, killed him and spent the next hour making a good meal of him.

Have you ever heard of this happening? I have mentioned it to several people here but none have had the experience.

We enjoy your programme very very much, and hope it continues for a long time."

A.R.D.

PINE BUTTERFLY (Neophasia menapia)

On August 10th four of us saw a "snowstorm" of butterflies in Cathedral Grove. White butterflies filled the air from high above the tallest firs right down to ground level; and there were thousands of them floating, dead or dying, in the river.

The pine butterfly, like the common cabbage butterfly which it closely resembles, has black markings in the wing tips. The wings of the female, however, differ from those of the male in having a distinct yellow cast as well as having

somewhat heavier black markings.

The larva of this insect has long been recognized as potentially one of the most dangerous enemies of ponderosa pine but it has only recently been established that this insect has learned to eat the leaves of Douglas fir. (There is no ponderosa pine in Cathedral Grove nor for that matter growing naturally anywhere on the Island). Local forestry experts have expressed the opinion that airplane spraying in the park must be undertaken next spring.

Insects which feed on leaves of forest trees are usually moth caterpillars or sawflies, plus a few beetles, weevils, etc. In fact F. P. Keen in his publication "Insect Enemies of Western Forests" lists only this one species of butterfly as being a menace to any forest tree species.

Reported by M. C. Melburn.

A FEDERATION FOR CONSERVATION

Steps in the formation of a Federation Council were outlined by the President at our September meeting and the question of joining it was discussed, but no decision was arrived at pending the gathering of further details of the proposed Council.

On April 28th last an initial meeting was held, there being present 23 people representing the following organizations: The Arboretum Society, Thetis Park Nature Sanctuary Association, the Victoria Natural History Society, the Fish and Game Club, the Rock and Alpine Club, the Outdoor Club, Saanich and Victoria Parks Committee, Ratepayers Association, the Landscape Architects group, South Vancouver Island Rangers, and the Rod and Gun Club.

Some of the aims and objects of the Council are as follows: Establishment of public access to beaches.

Preservation and acquisition of Natural Parks and Green Belts.

Protection of water bodies against pollution.

Preservation of native flora and fauna, particularly rare and vanishing species.

Promotion of conservation education.

Preserving Uplands Park in its natural state.

It was suggested at this meeting that the executive of this Council should be a small group free and ready to take action at any time, a kind of watch-dog committee who

will always be on the alert to take action. A steering committee was appointed to make a beginning and to seek nominees for regular office. Members of this committee are Mr. Alex. Porter, Mr. Freeman King, and Mr. Ken McAllister. The representatives felt they should report back to their respective group or organization before any election of officers is carried out.

This federation therefore would be an organization composed of groups that show themselves in sympathy with the principles of conservation and who would provide delegates to the meetings.

It was proposed that two delegates from each society represented can vote and that a further group of private individuals can be members. These individuals would appoint their own delegates for voting purposes. It was also suggested that \$5.00 would be the fee for affiliation by a society and \$1.00 for individual members.

Some objection has already been entered at the inclusion of certain groups in this federation. At this time it is not known how many organizations have actually joined, but it was felt at this initial meeting that every group should put its own personal likes aside and hear the views of the other groups.

This matter will be brought before the members again at the October meeting.

AN AUTUMN DAY ON SPROAT LAKE

by Dorothy Palmer

We stayed overnight at a house by the lake; waters lap amongst reeds growing up to the foundations and muskrats flop and splash off the boat-landing. We had arrived after dark and awakened to a golden dawn with autumn's mists veiling the bays and inlets and the lower slopes of the encircling heights. Crystalline waterways mirrored the mountains to bring their crests to our feet, and reflected tall pointed trees in streaming tresses of transparent beauty.

As we pushed our boat out from the landing mallard ducks swam a little way off, crooning softly. We stayed on the lake all day, put-putting up waterways of mystery which wandered between mountain ramparts, past islet-pedestals with giant trees pointing up into the mists, a few of them curving out over the lake to look skywards after dripping long branches in the water. We cast a few

flies wherever streams ruffled the lake's serenity as they ended busy splashes down mountain sides, bringing delicate morsels for hungry trout. We cruised along the shores, floating through transparent shimmering satin-gold of the maples' reflected glory and drifted through rich green velvet of hemlock and cedars' mirrored shadings. We rounded promontories of rocks spilled from the heights above, explored hidden bays and throbbed on across open reaches and far up the western arm.

By noon the sun was hot, yet in the afternoon a strong breeze came hustling in from the west and we zestfully filled our lungs, enjoying its freshness. And all the stretch of waters in the western arm of the lake were suddenly whipped up into dangerous short indigo seas, which gave the helmsman good sport. In a blue world prussian-blue mountains gave us their magnified reflections in deep blue beauty.

Baldy, the white-headed eagle, wheeled overhead, keeping a piercing eye on our doings; ravens were perched blackly large in tree tops, cheerfully vibrating horny "corbeaus" at us as we passed; often a pair of ducks would whistle by in an urgency of speed to keep an appointment in the mysterious yonder.

When the time came for the sun to draw up his flaming night robes the lake was still again, a scene of tranquil innocence; along its shores it peacefully mirrored greens, blue-greens and golds, offered for our pleasure floating mountain peaks dressed in cerise and amethyst and ice-blue, and reflected coral cloudlets in creamy turquoise skies.

As we came home to our landing, along the eastern arm dwellings showed yellow eyes, which dripped topaz tears along the shores. Dusk's mystery veiled the scene with the beauty of serene tranquillity, silent, still, folded in by dark heights over which stars twinkled roguishly.

Did we land any trout? ... Is that so important?

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

by J. M. Barnett

A few thin clouds veiled the sun when we arrived at Oak Bay but the promise of a fine day was not to be denied and by mid-morning it was warm and bright.

While waiting at the boathouse for our full quota of passengers a number of pipits flew on to the rocks and kept us entertained.

The boat trip over to the island was all too fast but during it we were fortunate to get a good look at one of those mystery birds of the Pacific coast, the marbled murrelet, and see a flock of northern phalaropes fly past.

As we neared our destination, cormorants stood at attention on every rock and a raft of harlequin ducks swam past in formation like a line of ships on review.

Upon landing we were able to relieve ourselves of much of our gear and started out to explore the island. We had only walked a couple of hundred yards when we came to a little bay alive with gulls and shorebirds. For a while some dowitchers and a couple of black-bellied plover held our attention, then a little slough with three birds in it caught our eye. These were a greater and two lesser yellow-legs feeding together and this opportunity of being able to compare the size and markings of these similar species was not to be missed.

After this we turned our attention to the birds along the shore where glaucous-winged, short-billed and bonaparte gulls, killdeer, semi-palmated plover and western sandpipers were feeding or resting.

As we stood around here a marsh hawk came and patrolled the meadow for mice, a falcon flew across the woods and a great blue heron lazily flapped his way over the island.

Suddenly the gulls and shorebirds flew up in alarm and when we looked around to find the cause we saw a red-tailed hawk sailing overhead.

Dave Sterling and a companion just back from Miracle Beach were looking over the shells on the pebbly beach and informed us that they found three species of clams, a cockle and a limpet and showed us the curved shell of one of the oysters which was its distinguishing feature.

Lining the bay back of us were a number of red alder and scouler willow trees, both new to Prairie or eastern eyes.

Only the pangs of hunger drew us away from this interesting spot and we were pleasantly anticipating our lunch as we emerged from the trees near Capt. Beaumont's residence and stopped, and food was forgotten. In front of us was a rock strewn meadow gently sloping down to the bold rugged

shore of a bay and beyond, a charming vista of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. A peaceful scene, one to delight the soul of a dreamer, or a poet, or anyone with a love for nature.

As we sat on the grass with our backs to a rock and ate our lunch we looked across the bay to great beds of kelp floating on the water and watched flocks of cormorants fly past in what seemed like an endless procession.

Behind us and on either side were beautiful arbutus trees, their irregularly patterned red trunks standing out in striking contrast to the dark greens of the firs.

After lunch we went down to the shore and on the rocks in the water saw a black oyster-catcher and a black turnstone feeding while along the shore our progress was marked by the startled flights of song and savannah sparrows.

A sparrow hawk came hunting for insects and as he approached us he suddenly dived down and caught a butterfly and carried it to the bare limb of a tree where we saw him hold it with one foot while he pecked at it, the while we admired his striking face markings and the rich red of his back.

We saw movement among the trees and when we wandered back to them we were greeted by a host of small birds. Here were Oregon juncos, golden and white crowned sparrows, golden-crowned kinglets, Audubon and orange-crowned warblers, all actively engaged in chasing the hosts of insects around.

Finally we came to a dried-up bog with some old fruit trees around and sat down on an ancient log for a rest.

At first there didn't seem to be anything around but then we saw some sparrows and warblers and a tanager, in his sombre autumn garb, inspecting us from the top of a poplar.

A very dark fox sparrow scratched among the leaves under a bush, while a hermit thrush darted down to the ground from low perches on bushes and trees. Finally the thrush flew into an old fruit tree and we saw the flash of a dark body hurtling after him - it was a Cooper's hawk making a bid for a meal. Fortunately the thrush darted away in time and as he disappeared we hoped that perchance he would return to this spot next Spring to fill the woods with his beautiful song.

All too soon we heard the chug of our boat approaching to take us back and at the same time the siren on the jeep announced that Capt. Beaumont was at the dock with our gear.

To our gracious host goes our thanks for a wonderful day. For us this was truly Discovery Island.

The following essay by 16 year old Gail Moyer, a member of our junior group, was adjudged the best article by a girl in this competition, which was sponsored by the Society last summer. The prize winning boy's essay will be published later:

THE UNSPOILED BEAUTY OF FRANCIS PARK

by Gail Moyer

Walking west from Tommy Francis' cabin into the deep woods, up a hill carpeted with moss, one always finds peace of mind, and sure delight in the countless treasures of nature.

As I watch the graceful easter lilies nodding to each other, I wonder if they have a language of their own. In the shady spots the calypso blooms. To me, this is one of the most exquisite of all plants. Although it resembles the ladyslipper, the calypso is not of this genus as many people think. Growing in the crevice of a rock can be found the grove lover, so named because it likes the shade.

The call of a towhee is heard as he whistles to his mate, and the twitter of a group of siskins on the top of a majestic fir breaks the silence of the virgin forest.

One of the geranium family, cranesbill, is found in great numbers growing close to the ground. As I look at a small yellow flower growing in the moss, the quaint face of the monkey flower peers back at me. Climbing to the top of a crest, I rejoice at the sight of a sea of peacocks, dotted here and there with the blue camas and golden buttercup.

At the side of the hill, I discover a small valley, where salal is growing abundantly. From the midst of the salal a ring-necked cock pheasant suddenly rises and soars through the air.

Down the slope of the hill, I find a miner's lettuce and bitter cress growing on the rock. At the bottom of the hill there is another beautiful flower, the trillium, with three leaves and three petals. The phantom drumming of a grouse stirs the still air, and somewhere in the top of a fir tree, a squirrel is scolding me for disturbing his afternoon nap. In the distance the harsh call of a raven can be heard.

I spot a skunk cabbage growing in a nearby swamp. This

is truly a beautiful plant, although many people turn up their noses at the sight of it.

After walking around the swamp I come upon a rocky outcrop where there is stonecrop, which stores up moisture in its fleshy leaves. A great variety of flowers are blooming together here, such as the sea blush, fringe cup, blue-eyed Mary and a type of saxifrage.

Now the ravens are above my head, making a tremendous racket as they call to one another. Around this area there are many ants' nests, swarming with thousands of their inhabitants. Down in the meadow a garter snake slides through the grass, and a large bumble bee flies past my ear on its way to collect nectar from the flowers. All the creatures of the forest are busy, doing their daily tasks.

As I look up at the towering firs, I feel so very small, but then I look down at a little black ant racing through the grass, and regain perspective. Regretfully leaving this paradise, and once again entering the work-a-day world, I wonder how many eyes of nature's millions have been watching me.

And with W. H. Davies,

"I also love a quiet place
That's green, away from all mankind." -----

GLEANINGS

"In past days, wilderness was something alien, something to be conquered - and we are proud of our achievements in this direction. But today, we find that our thinking must change. Our efforts are now aimed at restoring the wilderness which, such a short time ago, we destroyed."

Quoted from the book -

"Our land is all-important"

by

- Roland Eisenbeis -

QUITOBAQUITO

by P.M. Monckton

After reading Alan Poynter's distressing report on the filling in of four swamps near Victoria in the September issue of the Victoria Naturalist, it is pleasant to contemplate one swamp that will never be so desecrated. It lies far from our fair city, in Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument in southern Arizona, and its southerly edge is not over twenty-five yards from Mexico.

It consists of a shallow pool, covering perhaps four acres, and is fed from a series of clear, cold springs in some adjoining hills.

How this comes about in the stark, bare desert, perhaps Dr. Hayes can explain.

The trail through this country was long ago called "El Camino del Diablo" - so many died there of thirst and heat. Quitobaquito (little springs) was a welcome oasis.

It can be reached by a rough dirt road through the National Monument; a better way is by Mexican National Route #2, which parallels the boundary. One then parks, and climbs through the delapidated barb-wire fence that denotes the "line". Customs and immigration officials are happily non-existent at Quitobaquito.

The pond is ringed by trees, some large cottonwoods, smaller mesquite, willows, etc. It is a bird paradise, as would be expected.

One can loll on a fallen log and see many species, of which the most interesting to us was the brilliant vermilion flycatcher, quite plentiful. Others were mocking birds, Lawrence's goldfinch, Scott oriole, Wilson snipe, cactus wren, gila woodpecker, and, when we were there a large flock of Audubon warblers in migration. Also present were pileated warbler, phainopepla, linnet, Gambel white-crowned sparrow, green-wing teal, hooded oriole and rough-wing swallows.

At the north end of the pond, beside a little creek of icy water, stands two tumble-down adobe shacks. To

these one of the park naturalists took us. Also along was his young bride, Sandra; herself in a precarious condition. Among the ruins of one shack was a rattlesnake and a northern black-tail about six feet long. The idea was that the naturalist and Sandra were to get a long pole under the rattler and fling him out through the air on to the open ground, when we would photograph him, clear of any obscuring cover. Perhaps we were not too sorry the project did not work, as in our humble opinion the trajectory of the reptile through the air was not predictable, and he might have landed on us. He retreated under the debris, and was no more seen, although loudly heard, rattling.

P.S. Late in July we hear another young future park naturalist entered this world and was named Bill.

OUR REWARD

We sowed a bed of curly kale,
'Twas but a feast for hungry quail.

Our peas shot bravely through the ground,
But failed to grow with birds around.

The pheasants came one dewy morn,
And pulled our pretty seedling corn.

The robins swooped with cries of glee,
And robbed our only cherry tree.

A saucy coon sneaked in to steal,
Our bantam rooster was his meal.

And yet 'tis very plain to see,
Those things must eat, like you and me.

Small is our loss; we shall not want,
Grub can be bought, but wildlife can't.

- Dag O' Rill.
(J.A. Berry)

A CHUCKIE CHAT

by George A. Hardy

In the days of my youth a favourite entomological pastime on a mild winter day, or indeed, throughout the year on occasion, in the environs of Glasgow, Scotland, was the turning over of stones or "chuckies" as we called them, in search of the elusive beetle.

At that period the luxuriant hedges that divided the fields in the south of England were replaced in the north by dry stone walls or dykes. In the Glasgow district the stones are mostly of the flat variety, derived from the shales of the coal measures which underlie a considerable part of the terrain, eked out with sandstone slabs and volcanic rocks.

These nice flat chuckies of all shapes and sizes make excellent material for the dykes, especially when built by the local inhabitants skilled by long experience in such matters. There were always some left over, scattered about near the walls or on the hillsides and mountain slopes which form ideal homes for wandering beetles and other small life. Being flat and not too thin they absorb a certain amount of heat from the sun, and by not extending deeply into the ground they do not form pockets to hold water.

One essential rule should be observed, and that is to turn the rocks over carefully and to as carefully replace them in the exact place from which they were moved; not altogether for humane reasons, but from the fact that a good chuckie is a good trap for future visits. It takes a long time for a stone to settle comfortably into the ground in order to attract and to hold wandering small life frequenting such places.

The vicinity of Victoria produces quite an assortment of rocks and stones, mostly of volcanic origin, and usually too irregular for an ideal chuckie-dweller. Nevertheless an ardent naturalist can learn a lot about our local fauna from this source alone. Only dry-land areas are considered here, but the sea-shore, streamside and lake borders will each contain their special denizens.

Insects are mostly in evidence, though land-shells, spiders, millipedes, toads, lizards, snakes and mice, to mention a few other groups, may often be uncovered in such places.

Ants, of course, will most often be seen, some so

small as hardly to be discerned, others so large and active as to cause a hasty retreat, but all will be found to have an orderly existence under its particular stone, with an array of galleries and cubicles in which from time to time the larvae and pupal cases will be seen. For a long time the pupal cases have been called "ant's eggs" and are much in demand to feed goldfish in aquaria; the real eggs are very small and rarely noticed. Ants adjust to the temperature by moving upstairs or down, not having the advantage of thermostat-controlled heat in their homes as in human dwellings. Some thirty species are recorded for British Columbia.

Sow-bugs, Wood-lice or Slaters, (the latter from their slaty colour) are common inhabitants beneath the rocks. They are distant relations of the crabs and shrimps, and are adapted for life on land. They feed on decaying vegetation and are always associated with damp places.

Earwigs are sure to be found here. Often the female will be curled in a protective attitude round her cluster of pearl-like eggs. About thirty-six years ago the earwig was only noticeable in the Oak Bay district, but despite all efforts to obliterate them, they are now to be found all over the southern and eastern parts of the Island.

Lady-birds - small beetles, not birds, during the autumn and spring are at times a conspicuous feature of the chuckie-dwellers on the hill tops in the vicinity of Victoria. On a warm mild day, in the fall especially, they are sometimes to be seen in swarms prior to hibernation, forming a filmy haze of countless glassy wings weaving back and forth among the herbage and low bushes, now alighting with a plop on a twig, soon to spread their wings for another spell of flight before finally settling among the stones.

Occasionally, during sunny periods in the winter months, they may be found in large masses sunning themselves on the warm rocks, retreating beneath them as the sun disappears. In our district three or four kinds are involved, including the five-spotted red, the spots being black; the two-spot, similar but for the number of spots; the transverse-spotted, red with elongate black marks; and one with variegated black and yellow wing-cases, which species is often the most abundant.

The usefulness of the lady-bird as an eater of green-fly is well known. Their habit on congregating in winter quarters can be a part of their undoing, for economic

entomologists in search of enemies of the aphid have been known to transport them wholesale to aphid-infected regions elsewhere.

Over the seasons quite an array of beetles may be found under the stones. Most of them will belong to the large family of ground-beetles (Carabidae), including:-
The Burnished Copper. (Zacotus matthewsi), named for a one time Victoria naturalist who first collected it. This is a perfect jewel of a beetle, resembling polished copper.

The Snail-eater. (Pemphis augusticolis), a large brownish beetle with bronze or violet wing-case margins. The head is long and narrow, a convenient shape with which to insert into a snail shell in the course of its repast. If roughly handled it will emit a dark, strong-smelling fluid from its mouth, which is believed to have a repellent effect on possible enemies.

Click-beetles are frequent sojourners in these places.

(To be continued in next issue)

LITTERBUGS OF YEARS AGO

J. W. WINSON (well-loved "Wildwood" of the Vancouver Province) writes of the first historical reference to litterbugs.

"In ancient Greece, among the ruins of Cos, is to be seen a stone tablet appealing to visitors to refrain from leaving rubbish and stale food about lest they incur the wrath of the Nymphs and be excluded from the sacred precincts."

Mr. Winson adds, "Modern people have no fear of Nymphs or gods -- but it seems that the litterbugs have been around for a long time."

- From Wildlife Review,

April 1960.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS

by Freeman King

The summer has been one of many activities.

Camp was held during the first week in July at which 25 members attended, the camp being held at Blinkhorn Lake on the Kangaroo Road, Metchosin.

Dr. Chapman came out several times, and gave some interesting instruction on the animal life in the lake. Other members of the society also paid us visits. Activities at the camp were in the fields of botany, geology, entomology, and compass instructions, and also we had many games and stunts. The ground was lent to us by Mr. Ron Berod, who came out and helped us at our campfires.

Our regular outings have been held every week, going to many places. The membership has grown to such large numbers that we have had to divide them into two groups, those under 12 go on one Saturday, and those over 12 on the alternate Saturday.

The leader-group spent a week-end at Miracle Beach where we were given every courtesy by members of the Parks Branch. The leaders also have helped to survey trails at the Thomas Francis Park, and have done some collecting of trees and shrubs for the Botanical office of the Provincial Museum.

An eight weeks course has been set up for those of 14 years and over. The course will be conducted by Dr. Clifford Carl, Dr. Adam Szcawinski, Mr. Charles Guiguet and Dr. John Chapman, and will commence the first Monday in October.

Mrs. E. Osborne has taken over the clerical work and the records, which has helped a great deal. David Gray has been promoted to the leader group. There are now seven sections under different specialists and each section leader takes a different subject, such as rocks, compass readings, biology in its different aspects, botany, and the like. This arrangement has greatly improved the instructive work.

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NOTICE OF MEETINGS1960

- Saturday:
Oct.8th. BIRD FIELD TRIP: Meet at the Monterey Cafe at 9:30 a.m., or at Island View Beach at 10:00 a.m. Bring lunch.
Leader: Mr. T. R. Briggs.
- Tuesday
Oct.11th: GENERAL MEETING: At the Douglas Building Cafeteria on Elliott Street, next to the Museum. Selected slides of local scenes, flora and fauna will be shown by our members, Mrs. M. Slocombe, Miss Enid Lemon and Mrs. D. B. Sparling.
- Saturday
Oct.15th: ENTOMOLOGY: Dr. John A. Chapman would like to have members interested in this subject meet him at the Museum at 9:30 a.m. Weather permitting, a field trip will be made to Beacon Hill Park during the morning.
- Tuesday
Oct.18th: BOTANY: A meeting will be held in the Museum at 8 p.m.
Speaker: Mr. P. J. Croft
Subject: Wild Flowers and their allies. To be illustrated by slides.
- Saturday
Oct.22nd: BOTANY FIELD TRIP: Meet at the Monterey Cafe at 1:30 p.m. for a FUNGUS FORAY to Thetis Lake Park. Bring tea. Leader: Miss M.C.Melburn. An announcement will be made at the general meeting on October 11th should this trip have to be postponed on account of lack of moisture.

The Juniors will meet each Saturday at the Monterey Cafe at Hillside and Douglas Street at 1:30 p.m. for field trips.

Leader: Mr. Freeman King.

Anyone who would like to join these trips is very welcome.

Mr. King can be contacted at GR 9-2966

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Minister of Education

J. W. EASTHAM
Former Provincial Plant Pathologist

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