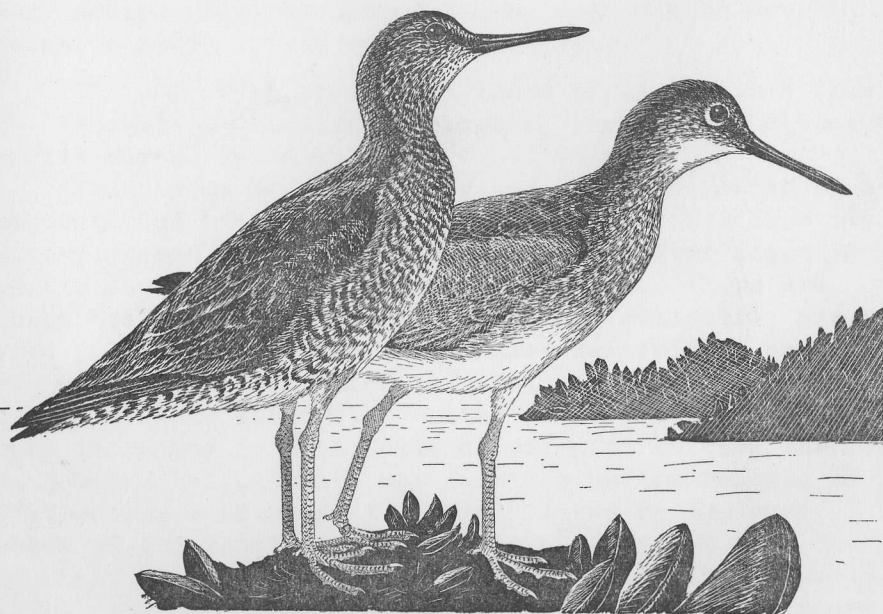


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(F. L. Beebe)

Wandering Tattler

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OUR COVER

Possibly the most interesting of the shore birds which visit Victoria is the one pictured on our cover, the WANDERING TATTLER. And well named it is. In a letter recently received from our members, Mr. and Mrs. Barry Morgan, they mentioned having seen one in New Zealand's south island earlier this year.

The following account of these birds is taken from the 'Shorebirds of British Columbia', issued by the Provincial Museum and written by C. J. Guignet:

"This large beautiful grey and white shorebird is a frequenter of the rocky sea-shore. It migrates from its nesting ground on Arctic gravel-beds to winter along the Pacific shorelines south of Santa Barbara. There are occasional records from New Zealand and Australia, and a large population winters on the Hawaiian Islands and down through the South Sea Islands. Dr. W. W. Nelson, in Bent's "Life Histories" writes: "Across the broad ocean it ranges to those bits of paradise dotting the South Seas, tripping its way daintily on the beaches of coral-enclosed islands, their feet laved by the warm waters of the tropics, and their eyes familiar with the luxuriant face of nature in its gentlest and most lovely state. The next season may find them thousands of miles to the north, under the shadow of the stupendous cliffs and grand but desolate and repellent scenes of the Aleutian Islands". Thus the wandering tattler is well named, the tattling part probably originating from the bird's habit of bobbing and teetering as it works among the rocks."

From the middle of July until the second week in September they can be found, if one has luck, on the rocky shores around Victoria, the best place being Clover Point. This year we discovered the first one on the rocks off the Victoria Golf Club on July 25th and they have been seen several times since at Clover Point. They never fail to arrive between the above dates, mostly singly, but occasionally in small groups of two and three.

They are rather difficult to see, being so much the colour of the rocks, but can be separated from the surf birds and black turnstones, which are also present at the same time, by their long thin beaks.

A.R.D.

THE THOMAS FRANCIS PARK

by Freeman King

Considerable work has been done on this park during the past season. The park sign, with a map showing the boundaries and trails has been erected. A notice board and visitors' book established, the latter already containing quite a number of names of those who have visited the park.

The parking area has been cleaned up and bumper rails put into position. The old buildings have been cleaned up, the rubbish burned and taken away. During the flowering season small display boards were put in many places giving the plant's name. Some are still in place where the tree or shrub is in clear view.

Two trails have been cleared which will take visitors around some interesting sections, from the high and dry to the low swamp area. A small limestone cave has been cleared for those who like to "go underground". A partial plant survey has been made, as well as a fairly complete bird count.

In conjunction with the B. C. Electric, the old logging road on the north-west side has been improved, so that it may be used as an access road in case of fire, and a steel gate has been erected to keep the rubbish dumper out.

A bronze plaque to the late Thomas S. Francis has been placed in position on a rock face, through the kindness of Mr. Dick Moyer.

Mr. P. Dumbleton has been appointed fire warden of the park, and has done an excellent job of looking after the welfare of the park in general.

We hope to get the Nature House started this fall. Mr. P. Croft is drawing up plans for same. Our ideas have the approval of the Parks division of the Department of Recreation and Conservation, Provincial Government.

Several parties of children from the schools have taken advantage of the park to make nature studies, and it is hoped that as more people get acquainted with this nature wonderland they will explore and enjoy it.

THE LABURNUM TREE

by W. Mackay Draycot

My introduction to the beautiful though poisonous tree, Laburnum vulgare, occurred sixty-six years ago. Three brothers, aged 10 to 15, were strolling in the country. At the entrance gate of a cottage were two large Laburnum trees with attractive yellow flowers on the upper branches and long pea-like pods on the lower ones.

Known locally by "Ladys' Fingers" we had not been warned of danger by eating the seeds. "They are a new kind of pea," said the oldest boy, as he opened a pod and ate the "peas". The youngest boy copied his act and both appeared to enjoy the novelty. After eating a considerable amount they joined me, the spectator, and left for home-- three miles away. Inside half an hour they complained of stomach pains and dizziness. Leaving them lying groaning by a hedge my young legs travelled fast to seek aid of a nearby farmer who brought his horse and trap to convey them. By the time home was reached the victims were in a state of stupor with occasional vomiting and convulsions. A man was sent by horseback to fetch a Doctor, 10 miles distant. Meanwhile a woman herbalist took charge and though the poisonous seeds were acting as a purgative she administered castor oil in a difficult crude manner.

Both youngsters had become insensible, one falling off the couch onto a stone floor without uttering a sound. They recovered, but as the Doctor said, "only by a miracle. It was touch and go." The eldest is still living but the youngest suffered from the effects for many years; as for me, well, I am still satisfied with the knowledge that Peas do not Grow on Trees! That short sentence should be told to children by their parents -- and others.

EPISODES OF A WHITE-CROWNED SPARROW FAMILY

by Grace M. Bell

Geese mate for life. A certain white-crowned sparrow summer resident sees it differently.

Those few members of our Society who are registered bird banders sometimes have revealed to them details of the birds' history which would otherwise go unnoticed.

The following is part of the story of two white-crowned sparrows banded in the summer of 1959, having

nested nearby. One was seen feeding a cowbird.

They departed in the autumn and came back the following spring, 1960. They brought up two successful broods of five birds each nesting (one died) and stayed round till their post-nuptial moult was over and the offspring well on their own. They had tried a third nesting, but the crows found the nest after the clutch was laid.

The male was banded on his left leg and the female on her right. They were both 'friendly' birds and came to take meal worms from the upturned palm if the hand rested on the ground. This food was carried to the young by both of them; but only by the male when his mate was steadily incubating the second clutch and brooding them after hatching. Though his duties kept him on the go feeding offspring from dawn till dark he was very attentive to his mate. He sang a great deal in between feeding the fledglings and flew often to the nest to visit and sometimes feed the sitting mate. When the young were fledged and scattered round the garden the adults took 'packages' of meal worms to them till they were able to come on their own. The young were nervous about coming right onto the hand if the parents were there; but if no adult birds were about they were bolder and sometimes got onto a finger or even right into the hand and up the wrist - if a meal worm was escaping by that route!

This spring in April the male bird returned and sang for several weeks from the top of a tree above the successful nesting site of last year. No bird came to him and he departed. The Steller's jays were prolific at the time and moved back and forth within the hedge where the white-crowns had nested. They partly tore a freshly built robin's nest to pieces and when it was rebuilt really set to and demolished it completely. Maybe the male white-crowned sparrow decided he did not wish this unsafe territory this year.

It was indeed a human thrill when he returned that April dawn for meal worms and showed his left leg band. His voice had practically placed him before he was seen. It was not as smooth as some of his kind in primary song. Incidentally, one might note here that a tape recording with spectrogram diagram would have proven the identity without banding.

All that was in April. What should arrive in July but his mate, at least his mate of last year. This time she was accompanied by another bird. She came often, he seldom, and then almost against his will he gathered or rather snatched a meal worm and flew with her far off out of sight to their own territory. He appeared to indicate plainly this was not

and definitely could not be his territory; but she apparently accepted the situation for what it offered - familiarity and food for the babies. Clearly he was alarmed. He came less and less. He watched her and he carried food in the same direction; but something was wrong as indicated by his raised head feathers, his 'chip' and his infrequent appearance. There was uncertainty and disturbance in his behaviour.

Finally the young turned up, two white-crowned and one cowbird. Now the female was working overtime, for her mate stayed on the sidelines watching and reluctant to have anything to do with any of them. Sometimes he was seen to carry them food, then disappear for the rest of the day. The banded female carried on back and forth, back and forth; the cowbird coming off best from what one could observe.

One day the male bird showed up minus tail and plainly disinterested in feeding the two young and one cowbird. He stopped altogether attending the family and hid himself most of the time in another part of the garden.

At this juncture a new bird entered the scene. A fine handsome adult. It accompanied the female feeding the three fledged birds. He fed them himself! The three immatures were able to feed themselves but were nevertheless also fed by the mother and this new consort of hers.

In the vernacular, what cooks?

Did the Steller's jays have anything to do with the first break in the continuity?

Did the law of territory play the major part in the irregularities?

Where is the mate this little female bird had for two years that returned and sang this spring?

Why did she not come to his calling in April?

How many mates has she had this summer of 1961?

Did she banish her first mate of this year because he did not agree to coming into territory outside the legal bounds? or did she discard him because he lacked vigour, lost his tail and ceased to feed the offspring?

Len Howard in her book, "Birds as Individuals", mentions some birds as having the same mates for six years, or practically for all of their short lives.

This small female white-crowned sparrow, 22-104022, does not prove to be one of the constant sort. Perhaps she makes up for it by the very well developed response to the requirements of her offspring. Especially the cowbird!

A CLOUD OF INSECTS

On the evening of August 1st we were visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Briggs on Florence Lake Road, hoping to see the flights of purple martins and nighthawks which he had reported as being fairly numerous in the area at that time.

Their house is situated on the east side of the small lake, and on the opposite side is a forested mountain about fifteen hundred feet high. The sun was in such a position that everything in the air was visible to us between where we were and the dark hills opposite.

This space was filled with small insects, some forming a stationary cloud about fifteen feet across; thousands upon thousands of others flying in every direction, but the majority were in spirals of slowly rising groups, each separate from the other, and each group circling madly around a common centre, some in one direction and others in reverse. Thousands of these whirling masses were constantly rising from the lower strata of air and disappearing into the blue sky above the mountain top, when they became invisible.

Never have I seen such a thrilling and almost awesome spectacle. The martins and nighthawks were forgotten. How long this had been going on I do not know, but it appeared to cease with the setting of the sun.

May I say that I am one of those people who believe that insect life is mostly beneficial, and indeed that practically all plant life is dependent on them for fertilization and subsequent growth.

A.R.D.

NOTICE TO BIRD GROUP MEMBERS

Mr. Alan Poynter would appreciate if all those members who have nest record cards would please bring them to the General Meeting on September 12th; or, alternatively, mail the completed cards to him at 1555 Monterey Avenue.

"WHEN SUMMERTIME PASSES"

by Dorothy Palmer

As the month of the Hunters' Moon, - and Compassion -, drifts in the wake of our summer we hold precious our happy thoughts: thoughts of halcyon days, sweet scented evenings, balmy nights, birds singing in the dawns.

In pleasant memories our summer delights warm our hearts.

-- The day diminutive balls of feathers fluttered around the gardener, alighting on hand, arm; golden crowned kinglets, he said, by the white eyebrows.

-- The days the swallow nestlings fluttered out of the nesting boxes and over our heads little wings were fast-beating the hours away, in practice flights. And there was a bit of heart-break too when the baby cheep cheep in the nesting boxes fell silent.

-- The night a graceful brown shadow fell softly to our feet, picked up food beside us and whispered away through the trees. And we stumbled after her and heard the baby owlets calling, calling, calling. And saw Mrs. and Mr. Owl alternately feeding two chattering children. For many nights we watched the owlets have their evening breakfast - in the earlier darkness, and served coffee to friends who dropped in to watch the little people. The owlets were often impatient, flying to join their parents and were hustled back to their feeding perches safe from cats. After a few days they came later and later, until we last heard them in our woodland after midnight.

We never knew if the parents were the pair of screech owls we had been watching earlier in the summer; a boy drove that pair away by hacking at their favoured tree with a machete.

-- The fun we had all summer with dozens of infant chickadees, - learning to drink in a bird bath, - learning to bathe in it, - taught by mamma to feed at the window bird-table and left there complaining that crumbs should be brought, beak to beak.

-- The only day the scarlet tanager sang all day and Grace Bell caught a recording.

-- The "Danny Kaye" robin who drowned out all other voices dawn to dusk for a fortnight, then vanished. He tried to be a Caruso among birds, he tried any and all notes and trills belonging to more elegant birds but not a note identifiable as robin song. He plagued us for a couple of days till we saw him on an aerial, - so incredibly a familiar American robin. "Poor fellow", quoting G.B., "he is so

much in love."

-- The night we heard an adolescent squirrel cry like a baby. He was chattering in alder shrubbery; we stood beneath him and he came down to greet us, tried too tenuous branches and swung back to firmer footing and he stayed and cried heart-breakingly for a second, then back up, hiding in greenery to chatter, chatter, chatter. We were by that part of the Goldstream which had just been mauled by a giant scraper, the creek bed flattened to raise a wall of gravel for picnic site protection from winter flooding. And the little squirrel cried to us that his mother left him there to feed himself and disaster had overtaken his supplies and "What SHALL I do!" A chestnut deer trod through the greenery to her favourite pool and it was not there; puzzled she soft-footed through the shrubbery to another favourite pool, and it was not there.

-- That was the gloaming of the double rainbow in the eastern heavens, briefly vivid, as a rainstorm spent itself in the western skies. Over olive-dark hills a brick pink wooliness hung, through which the last sun rays lit Mount Finlayson to a fiery glowing cone. An ominous foreboding of the black storm which, before another nightfall, thundered out of the Olympics and across the Straits.

-- And summer's flowering brilliance is a warmth in our hearts, - and its greenness;- "You can sometimes tell it almost before waking up by its warm green breath on the eyelids", sang Laurie Lee. Colour for our thoughts in winter, and so joyous all our summers.

-- Yet it is the happiness of summer memories we cherish; birds and animals and sunshine and warmth of balmy breezes, - these we cling to, facing as we do the coming months and the aching wickedness of blood sports. And the arrogance of connoting sentimentality with humaneness. Sentimentality can be so mawkish and unreasonable. But the quality of being humane is proper and right and without it there is no rightfulness. Humaneness means Kinship with ALL Life.

-- Perhaps it is the kindnesses of summer we most enjoy, - warmth and cheerfulness and lavish fruits and peacefulness.

If so, then we COULD perpetuate the atmosphere of kindness into all our days and seasons of the year.

The End.

REPORT OF BOTANY GROUP

Winter Season 1960-61.

Meetings of the Botany Group began on Tuesday, October 18th, 1960, when Mr. Philip Croft, of the B.C. Power Commission, spoke on Wild Flowers and Their Allies, a most interesting talk, illustrated with delightful colour slides.

On Tuesday, November 15th, members heard a very informative talk by Dr. W. G. Ziller, Mycologist of the Forestry Biology Dept., Federal Dept. of Forestry. Dr. Ziller's subject was Forest Fungi, and some very interesting coloured slides were shown.

On January 17th, 1961, a very good audience was enthralled with a talk given by Mr. Ted Underhill, of the Parks Branch, Dept. of Recreation & Conservation, on the Alpine Flora of B.C. Mr. Underhill showed coloured slides of Manning Park and other beauty spots of this Province.

On February 21st, 1961, the Winter Season concluded with a most interesting talk given by Prof. C. W. Lowe on Gardens and other Beauty Spots of Britain, an account of the speaker's recent trip abroad, and many coloured slides added to the interest of the talk.

All these meetings were held at the Provincial Museum, and were all very well attended. Judging by Members' unsolicited reports, were much appreciated and enjoyed.

Emily Sartain.

SALT WATER MALLARDS

by H. M. Matheson

One day this spring I noticed a male mallard swimming past our headland (off Hollywood Crescent), then turning and slowly passing back again, all the time uttering a low but sonorous quack. This occurred on several days. After about two weeks of this the male disappeared, and we feared for his safety, as we have many cats, dogs and boys around. He has not been seen since.

On the morning of June 14th I went to the sea-front with my binoculars, and was just in time to see the female sail past followed by six very small ducklings. I called my neighbour and together we watched the bird negotiate her family through the complications of a huge kelp-bed, always leading her family on until a larger obstruction than usual blocked their way, when she would turn and go back until

she reached an easier channel, then on they would go again. The whole passage across the headland was accomplished at a remarkable speed and without any rests for the tiny birds. We lost sight of them near Ross Bay, when I could no longer distinguish them from the bobbing kelp. This must have been a very hazardous journey for them back to Beacon Hill Park, for which place I imagine they were heading.

I turned to my neighbour and remarked how thrilling it was to see them, but felt rather stunned when he replied "she had twelve last year".

A FIELD TRIP TO BARE ISLAND

On July 8th twenty-five members of the Society met at Deep Cove wharf for the annual boat trip to Bare Island, which is situated on the east side of Sidney Island. The weather was perfect and the day was much enjoyed by everyone.

Bare Island (Mandarte Island on the hydrographic charts) is the nesting place of glaucous-winged gull, double-crested and pelagic cormorant and pigeon guillemot. For the past five years two students from the University of British Columbia have spent the summer on this island to study the nesting of these birds.

For the record, we give the nesting population for this year as estimated by the students who were present on the island at the time of our visit:

Glaucous-winged gull	1500 pair
Pelagic cormorant	250 "
Double-crested cormorant	200 "
Pigeon guillemot	70 "
Tufted puffin	2 "
Oyster catchers	2 "
Song sparrows	47 "

Also present on this rocky island were fifty harlequin ducks, twenty black turnstones, one pair barn swallows (with three young) and one McGillivray warbler. In addition to the above twenty-five pair of north-western crows nested here, and the total of their depredations, particularly on the eggs of the pelagic cormorants, is amazing.

A. R. D.

WILLIE THE TURNSTONE

by Tom Briggs

About mid-December 1960 we were given a wounded black turnstone which had been picked up on Witty's beach by Mrs. Newton, who lives nearby. We accepted the "gift" with some apprehension. It was in bad shape, having been hit in the leg and wing by shotgun pellets. Not knowing anything about turnstone diet and care we were on the spot. Guess the turnstone was too. Sex was unknown, so we dubbed "him" Willie.

The diet presented quite a problem. We tried almost every form of seashore life for its food. A list of shore foods tried would read like an index from "Between Pacific Tides". (a good book). Willie eventually narrowed the menu down to mussels and oysters on the half shell, barnacles which adhere to other shells, an occasional worm-like creature of the shore, tiny shrimp-like crustaceans from the tide-pools, when in season, and hard-boiled yoke of egg.

The wounded leg healed quite rapidly. The wing hung under his body and kept tripping our friend. We taped the tips of the wings over his back so that he could move freely and in hopes the damaged member would set. We left the wings this way for a month or so. Upon removing the tape the wing swung under Willie, still tripping him up. We then trimmed the primary feathers, so that the damaged side looked like the good side. So once again Willie moved around confidently on his feet, but we doubt if he'll ever fly again.

When we first brought Willie home we improvised a pen in a spare room corner with a handy window screen, a Valor heater and some old magazines. We tried to create a natural habitat and atmosphere with sand and a dish of salt water. We eschewed seaweeds and similar substances, which would have made a wonderful habitat, but would also have provided an aromatic atmosphere. In recent months Willie has graduated from the pen to the whole room during the day. We like to think that the added area has boosted his physical and mental state. He seems to be in fairly good shape.

The household budgie has always had the run of the room. He learned early in the game to go to Willie's pen to eat. They have become quite chummy, and are company for each other.

Willie seems to be quite happy, but I'm sure he would

be much more so back on the shores with his own kind.

Maiming of birds is quite a common occurrence at Witty's. Willie is another argument in favor of Witty's Lagoon becoming a sanctuary.

The following essay by thirteen year old Nancy Chapman, a member of our junior group, was adjudged the best article by a girl in the competition, which was sponsored by the Society this spring. The prize winning boy's essay will be published in a later issue:

EXPLORING NATURE'S WONDERLAND

To my mind, nothing in the world can surpass Nature in beauty and loveliness.

On a recent ramble out to the Scout Camp at Sooke, we felt this beauty around us. As we started out from the cars, we noticed salmonberry in bloom, and upon looking around us, we saw that most of the other trees and shrubs were shooting out tiny green leaves.

Along further, where a small river gurgled under a bridge, the purply-white flowers of coltsfoot sprouted out of the rocky river bed. The catkins of the alders hung down from the bare branches making each tree look like a magnificent light bedecked with yellow-coloured prisms. At the same time, we noticed a flock of chickadees who, much to our surprise, were hanging upside down from the catkins and eating them. As we walked along the old road, we overturned stones and picked pieces of bark off old rotten stumps and peered underneath them to see what we could find. We found all sorts of interesting insects hiding there. There were long centipedes and millipedes, little pill bugs, big black spiders, and many more that we could not identify. After examining them carefully, we put them back and carefully covered up their dwellings again. After eating lunch, we wandered up a steep, narrow trail to explore some caves we knew about. Spring was beginning to take hold everywhere. We saw beautiful pink current in bloom and tiny yellow violets peeking out of the lush, green moss. Growing out of a crevice in the rock was a silver-green manzanita bush with beautiful clusters of pink and white flowers covering it, while across the path was a blooming Evergreen Huckleberry. We remembered that both of these shrubs belonged to the heath family, so called because the flowers are urn-shaped. By this time, we had worked our way into a huge,

narrow gorge. The rocks on both sides were covered with soft, green moss and delicate licorice ferns. Still further up the canyon we came to the caves, which were made of huge glacier-driven boulders piled up on top of one another. After thoroughly exploring the caves, we made our way up the wall of the canyon and gazed down at the river below. It looked so small down there! After weaving our way around the gnarled and twisted manzanita bushes we wandered down the path. Just as we were ready to turn home we looked down and saw the tiny face of the monkey flower; the first we had seen this year.

On another trip out to Blinkhorn Lake in the Metchosin area, we found several other beautiful little flowers including wild strawberry, trillium, fringe cup, blue-eyed mary, and sticky gooseberry, but the scene which most caught our eye was a low swampy meadow covered over with bright yellow skunk cabbage and their succulent, green leaves; a truly beautiful sight. As we sat on top of a mossy hill, saw three red squirrels scampering around, looking for the place that they hid their treasures last fall. We heard a woodpecker tapping away on an old snag, hunting for his meal. Then as we looked up, we saw eight giant turkey buzzards gliding sideways through the blue sky.

On another ramble out to Francis Park, we found a whole mossy grove just covered with beautiful, white Easter lilies, nodding their heads in the wind. We looked with respect at the huge fir trees, bent and gnarled with age, which were staring down at us from the sky. Then we noticed two old stumps standing about ten feet apart, which both had fair sized fir trees growing out of them. "The Gateway to Paradise" we thought, a perfect name for them.

As we learn more about nature's wonders, and learn to understand them, we will learn more of how to understand our fellow man and the other animals who share this wonderful world with us.

The latest publication of the Provincial Museum is a "Catalogue of British Columbia Sea-bird Colonies," by R.H. Drent, Dept. of Zoology, University of British Columbia and Mr. C.J. Guiguet, Curator of Birds and Mammals, Provincial Museum. Price seventy-five cents. This book contains all the known information of the nesting places of the sea-birds of British Columbia, twelve in all - two petrels, two cormorants, one gull and seven auks. It is a valuable book to those interested in our sea birds, is illustrated with photographs and charts, and contains 176 pages.

THE JUNIOR SUMMER CAMP

by Freeman King

The junior camp held at Miracle Beach from the 22nd to the 29th of July was one of the nicest camps that I have ever been in. Twenty-three members of the junior branch and four adults made up the party. We camped on the regular park sites, and the set-up was as ideal as the weather.

Our activities included helping the Nature House staff with the nets to obtain creatures for the nature house and examine and identify the marine life. This proved to be a lot of fun. Ask the boys how heavy the net got before they got it back to the parking lot.

Dr. Dave Fowle was in charge of the Nature House at this time. He helped us a great deal, and through his leadership some excellent surveys of the soil, plant life, mammals and insects were studied. I was agreeably surprised at the knowledge and amount of study the children put into this effort.

Seaweeds were collected and mounted and over thirty species of lichens, algae and mosses were found and left with the nature house. Also some of the camp members skinned and stuffed deer mice to take home as a collection item. Many plants were found and a lot of information and fun was obtained in making a survey of the habits of shore crabs.

Swimming was held every day for those who wished. There was never a dull moment, and stunts around the camp fire every evening made each day one to be remembered. Each and every boy and girl contributed to the good fellowship and enjoyment.

During this period we visited Campbell River, Elk Falls and the Hart Dam, and also we spent some time at the Provincial Forest Nursery at Quinsam, where the superintendent explained the methods of growing seedlings for re-planting in the forests.

Mrs. John Chapman took over the toughest job in camp, that of cook, and it was through her splendid handling of this most essential duty that made the camp such a success. Mrs. Pat Murphy who helped her always seemed to be in the right place at the right time.

Mr. Frank Nelson took on the onerous job of putting the camp up and also taking part in all the activities. We want to thank Mr. Frank Rainbow, the camp ranger, and his staff for the kindness shown us and to the staff of the

nature house. We enjoyed working with them and hope to do so again.

Our transportation problems ran as usual under the efficient guidance of Mr. Gordon Clendenning. Many thanks to him and to the parents who supplied cars for the adventure.

I think we are all looking forward to next year's camp where fun, adventure, and the chance of finding out something of the great wonders of nature will be with us again.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS

by Freeman King

During the summer months our junior branch have been very active, as in addition to the annual camp at Miracle Beach, many field trips have been made to various beaches, making a study of the sea shore creatures, collecting and mounting seaweeds, etc. The outstanding trip was the one to Whiffen Spit at Sooke, where we had the good fortune to have Professor Cunningham with us to identify the infinitely varied marine life.

Expeditions to lakes and streams gave us a chance to observe fresh water animals. Hikes into the forest areas produced some excellent plant collections, though this was curtailed somewhat owing to the very dry and dangerous fire conditions.

The leader groups travelled to Salt Spring Island, China Beach, Killarney Lake and to Westholme, where we were the guests of Mrs. Goodhall, who has a wonderful wild life sanctuary.

Some of our leader section also helped with school groups in nature studies in the field.

On the whole it was a very successful summer, with lots of fun and enjoyment, as well as gaining knowledge of the wonders of nature around us.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS1961GENERAL MEETING:Tuesday,
Sept. 12:At the Douglas Building Cafeteria on
Elliott Street, at 8 p.m.
Speakers: Mrs. M. Slocomb, Miss E. Lemon,
"O'hau to Okanagan". Illustrated.Saturday,
Sept. 16:BIRD FIELD TRIP: To Discovery Island,
courtesy of Captain Beaumont. Meet at
the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Ripon Rd.,
at 10 a.m. Please contact Mr. T.R. Briggs,
GR.8-4145 for reservations.
Bring lunch.Friday,
Sept. 29th
and Saturday
Sept. 30th:AUDUBON SCREEN TOUR:At the Oak Bay Junior High School Auditorium
at 8 p.m.
Speaker: Patricia Bailey Witherspoon
Subject: Kiwi Commonwealth. A pictorial
account of the land of the Maoris.JUNIORSmeet each Saturday at the Monterey Cafe at
Hillside and Douglas Streets, 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.DUES ARE DUEOne of our members, when mailing his subscription for the
year, accompanied it with the following:-

While checking through my meagre wallet
I found a paper what-you-call-it,
And read thereon, as plain as day
That on the thirtyfirst of May
Our membership had quite expired,
And restoration was required.
So dollars three I here remit,
And name for membership submit,
In hopes we may with all propriety
Be counted in a good SOCIETY.

VICTORIA NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

OFFICERS, 1961-62

Honorary Presidents

HON. EARLE C. WESTWOOD
Minister of Recreation and Conservation

MR. J. W. EASTHAM
Former Provincial Plant Pathologist

Honorary Life Members

DR. G. CLIFFORD CARL
Director, Provincial Museum

MR. GEORGE A. HARDY
Former Provincial Botanist

Past Presidents

ROBERT CONNELL - - 1944-48
G. CLIFFORD CARL - - 1948-49
GEORGE A. HARDY - - 1949-50
MRS. R. G. HOBSON -- - 1950-52
J. A. CUNNINGHAM - - 1952-54

C. W. LOWE - - - - 1954-56
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