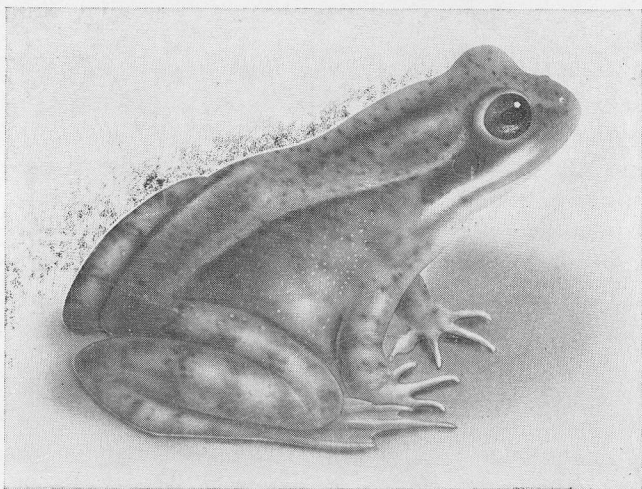


The
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(F. L. Beebe)

Red-legged Frog

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RED-LEGGED FROG

The red-legged frog (*Rana aurora*) is the only true frog native to Vancouver Island. Two other similar native amphibians are also present, the Pacific tree-toad (*Hyla regilla*) and the northwestern toad (*Bufo boreas*) and these three creatures are often confused.

Actually the three are easily distinguished. The red-leg, as the name implies, has crimson on the under side of the hind legs and on the flanks, a colour pattern not found in either the tree-toad or toad. Moreover, adults are considerably larger than tree-toads and more slender in the body. Although they may approach the northwestern toad in size red-legs have a smooth skin (not warty as in the toad) and have proportionately longer hind legs. Because of the latter they leap instead of hop.

Red-legged frogs prefer the banks of streams and lakes as habitat though they may wander some distance from water when foraging. When startled they take off in a series of leaps preferably into the water where they disappear by swimming rapidly to the bottom. If the observer is patient in due course the frog may be seen rising to the surface where it may be easily captured in a net. Apparently they do not croak, at least no one has noted a voice in our local frogs.

Captured red-legged frogs soon settle down and learn to take worms, insects and other living food. Two individuals died of extreme old age after eleven and thirteen years in captivity.

GEOLOGYARTICLE No. 2 - HOLLAND POINT TO PATH AT PADDON ROAD

by Mr. A. H. Marrison.

In the first article mention was made of the intrusion of the Colquitz Gneiss in to the Wark Gneiss. At a later date, in Jurassic time, another large outpouring of molten rock or magma came up from the depths of the earth, and, after invading the surface rocks and the earlier intrusives, slowly cooled and crystallized. This rock is now exposed in the greater part of Saanich peninsula north of Elk Lake and in Esquimalt. It is a light coloured, medium-grained rock, readily recognized along the shores of North Saanich. It may be seen as a replacement of the old roof rocks, or as dykes of varying width penetrating them.

Holland Point is interesting, because it is a good exposure of a rock "complex", showing the intrusions of the previously mentioned rocks.

Further up the path, the general flat surface of the land is interesting, with its slope to west and south. If produced seaward the surface would reach sea level from Clover Point along the chain of small islands to Brochie Ledge, a great loss of good land. Did five or more large boulders resting on the surface of this old raised beach, once present a scene like that at Mount Douglas Park beach today?

About 100 feet east of the point the bluff is about 30 feet high. The upper part of the till is capped with about 3 feet of fine clay (whitish when dry) covered with $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet of fine sand (white when purified). A large block of Wark Gneiss exposed in the till is also interesting, because the lower side is smooth and striated or scratched. (When?) A short distance away there is another large erratic. These boulders were dropped earlier than those on the surface. In line with Government Street, now hidden by the sea wall, the till was seen at one time to contain a large assortment of cobble stones of good size.

The clay at the top at this point thickens, and is covered with 18 inches of bedded gravel and 12 inches of sand. As the shore contour bends inwards at the pathway, the clay bed thickens to about 8 feet and is covered with about 8 inches of sand. The clay colour is bluish to tan.

BIRDERS AND BOTANISTS

by J.M. Barnett

One day this summer we went out with a group of members to Munn Road, and just before arriving at the end of nowhere, we parked the cars and walked up what looked like an old wagon road of a century ago. The land here appeared to have been burnt over some time ago, for a number of blackened trunks were standing, like totem poles in an Indian graveyard.

Along the way some of the members declared they heard a 'peep' or a 'chirp', and this was generally an occasion for a halt but no one saw the bird. At last, with a shout of triumph one member pointed to a dead tree and announced a mourning dove. Then a couple of birds flying round an old and high stump were pointed out, and we were told they were a pair of purple martin.

Getting a little discouraged with the birds we decided we had better look at the plants. At least they were close at hand, and we could examine them at leisure, without them disappearing.

Our first chance came when a member found a small plant about nine inches tall. It had a single magenta stalk and about eight, round, magenta buds, the bottom two of which had just opened. Nobody knew what it was but one of our group, after looking it over carefully, ventured the opinion that it was a pyrola. He added however that he had never seen a pyrola in such dry soil, nor one without leaves.

As the birds had been a washout we decided we would like to know what this was, so decided to run down to his place that evening. When we arrived he showed us a beautiful little colored sketch of a pyrola stalk and told us its name was *P. uliginosa*, and that it had round leaves. We reminded him that the plant we saw didn't have any leaves, and that in the sketch the flower stalk was green, and the flowers had long tongues hanging down. So we phoned a lady expert, and she told us to look at the Provincial handbook on the heather family. This was too much - what had pyrola to do with heather? However, on examining the book we found that the pyrolas did belong to the heather family, and that nine species were recorded in British Columbia. Going in to the matter further we found one which was leafless. Turning to it we found the name *P. aphylla* attached to one which does not have foliage other than a few pinkish bracts on the scape. It therefore draws its nourishment from decayed organic matter.

So what started out as a simple stroll in the country turned into an involved search for information.

THE COMMON LOON

by W.A.B. Paul, Kleena Kleene

Once I visited a remote lake (Pearl Lake at the head of Oyster River). On arrival, when I stepped out of the trees on to the shore, the only sign of life was two loons. Within a few seconds one of these took off, circled two or three times to gain height, and disappeared. He figured the place was getting too crowded.

This may be an exaggeration, but along the coast in winter, or on a lake in summer, the loon likes plenty of room. In fact, it sometimes seems that after the young are half grown the family splits up, one young going with each parent. About the only time you may see several loons together is during migration.

They arrive in the interior right after the ice disappears, and leave shortly before freeze-up, spending at least half their time on the coast.

They are good swimmers, and do much of their fishing in some forty feet of water. On one occasion I came across a family of loons in a bay. The wind was toward them, so I let the boat drift. As I approached one of the parents came out past me and tried to attract my attention. When this failed, the other parent joined it, and one or both kept calling, presumably to the young, which were perhaps five weeks old. Soon, to my surprise, the young birds went into action also. Keeping within a few feet of each other and swimming under water, every twenty seconds or so surfacing for a couple of seconds, they swam within twenty feet of the boat, doing about ten knots. They apparently knew how to keep direction, but instead of joining the parents they struck off down the channel and disappeared. The parents evidently knew where they were, and in due course joined them.

Book Review - "SILENT SPRING"

Rachel Carson, whose books 'The sea around us' and 'The edge of the sea' are well known to most people, has written another book, entitled 'Silent Spring'. First published as a series of articles in the 'New Yorker' last June, it is now issued in book form by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Copies of the 'New Yorker' containing these articles were sent me by our member Mrs Dorothy Palmer, and I found them exceedingly interesting, and I must confess rather terrifying.

Here she gives a vivid picture of the use and misuse of chemical pesticides that are polluting our soils and waters, destroying wildlife, and probably creating serious long-range hazards to man himself. Tens of thousands of birds are being exterminated annually, to say nothing of the mammals, fish, insects and other wildlife, by the widespread use of these poisons. She asks - "Who has made the decision that sets in motion these chains of poisonings, this ever-widening wave of death...?"

We bird students are much disturbed by the diminishing number of birds found on our outings around Victoria. My personal records show that many species, mostly the valuable small birds, are considerably less in number than in former years, and I can only ascribe the cause to the fact that so much spraying is being done on our lawns, flower beds, road sides, farms and forests.

As a comment on this, I had a letter last week from our member and contributor Mr. W. Mackay Draycot of North Vancouver. He writes:- "Two weeks ago I visited a lake, one mile long by three quarters of a mile wide. During our stay of about an hour and a half we were astounded by the entire absence of life. Not one bird, squirrel, chipmunk, or other. No, not even a crow. A man and his wife returned from fishing. As he pulled his boat up on the bank I asked him if he had caught anything. "Not even a bite" he said. The lake had been poisoned and restocked with fingerling trout three years ago".

In the same mail as Mr. Draycot's letter came a pamphlet from the Canada Department of Agriculture, on how to destroy the tuber flea beetle on Vancouver Island. It instructs as follows: "Use D.D.T. or Thiordan every ten days until August 20th, or until the plants die or are killed. As many as 7 or 8 applications may be needed." Is it any wonder we refuse to purchase commercially grown potatoes? As a personal note may I add that in forty years of gardening on Vancouver Island sprays were neither needed or used.

Silent Spring is not a book written by a journalist who has gathered a mixture of facts and fiction to alarm the public, but a serious, well documented and thoughtful book on the many dangers inherent in the use of these governmentally recommended poisons. Miss Carson's success as an author tends to overshadow her background as a scientist. She has been a member of the zoology staff of the University of Maryland; a biologist with the U.S. Bureau of Fisheries, and editor in chief of the U.S. Fish and

Wildlife Service.

This book will be purchased for the Society's library, and so made available to our members who are interested in this vital subject.

A.R.D.

NOTES FROM OSOYOOS

Our membership is somewhat scattered. While most live in Victoria or the vicinity, others are located in Seattle, Vancouver, Montreal and in California, etc.

We had a letter from our Osoyoos member the other day, and she reports this has been a bumper year for the mantis. Her interest is insects, and she reports that when her husband put a black light in their orchard, ostensibly to collect codling moths, it caught something of everything that was on the wing, including some unrecorded species, but, strange to say, not a single codling moth.

She tells the following story, which may seem out of place in a magazine like this, but really very natural history. (Our correspondent, Mrs. Pam Field, works at the Canadian Customs)

"A very little Old Lady was ushered into the office at the customs (where our member works) the other day by four huge men - her grandsons. When asked what they wanted, it was discovered that 'Gran' was to claim a Tourist's Exemption. They all helped her to fill up the form, and one of them informed me proudly that 'Gran' would be 92 next birthday, that they were all loggers and that they took 'Gran' for a holiday every year. This year to the World's Fair. Finally 'Gran's' shaky hand was guided onto the line for the signature, and she signed her name. Her Exemption read - \$12.00 in miscellaneous and \$8.00 in liquor. "What's the Miscellaneous?" I inquired. "Eh" said 'Gran'. "Tell her what you bought 'Gran' roared one of the stalwarts. "Two double bitted axes and a bottle of whisky" quavered 'Gran'."

A.R.D.

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DOCENTS AT THE PROVINCIAL MUSEUM

by Gladys Soulsby

At the Annual Meeting in May it was suggested that our Society call for volunteers to be "DOCENTS" at the Museum during July and August. This of course, had been talked over with Dr. Carl, the Director of the Museum. He thoroughly approved of the scheme and was anxious to make the experiment. The dictionary explains "Docent:- an unqualified person who helps to teach; a tutor." After the meeting twelve volunteered and this we felt was an excellent response.

At the end of June we got the volunteers together and Dr. Carl gave us a two-hour "Briefing" over the contents of the three floors of the Museum, and told us we were "on our own" ! He had green ribbon badges made with a space for each individual's name and the words "Victoria Natural History Society Volunteer Guide" printed thereon.

No definite schedule was set up, the day of the week, time of day and the period of duty being left to each individual. Busiest periods were during July and August when great numbers of tourists came to Victoria, presumably as a result of the Seattle World's Fair. A signboard was provided and we could advertise time of "Tour", but, most of the Docents found that people preferred to browse around alone. Some Docents remained in their own favorite section, birds, insects, B.C. Indians, etc., and made individual contacts. We met very interesting people from all over the world who seemed glad to meet some of the local inhabitants and talk to them and we found that our knowledge of natural history was very much increased by the experience.

Some nice things were said by the visitors and we hope that many of them would agree with one from New York who said that, "the Docents had helped her and made this Museum a warm, friendly place when usually they are so cold and dead!"

The ladies engaged in this successful experiment were as follows: Mrs. Grace Bell, Mrs. Greta Ferguson, Mrs. A. G. Gosling, Mrs. H. G. Hobson, Miss Muriel Henderson, Miss Enid Lemon, Mrs. Gladys Soulsby, Mrs. M. Slocombe, Mrs. M. Sendall, Mrs. Mary Winstone and Mrs. Mary Winstanley.

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THE THOMAS FRANCIS PARK

by Freeman King

During the past month we have had over three hundred visitors to the nature house and around the trails.

The displays are changed every two weeks, so that there will always be something new for the people to see.

During the recent storms some damage was done to the trees in the park. On Trail Three, close to the clearing of the power right-of-way, where the wind could get in its full sweep, some alders, cedars and grand firs were blown down. This blocked the trail. On Trail Two a couple of Douglas firs were toppled. Also all the trails were covered with debris from the pruning that nature gave the park. All debris has been removed and the trails re-opened by the concentrated effort of the juniors who volunteered to forego their outing to work and clean up. It is with satisfaction and pleasure that I can say that the job was very well done.

There was no damage to the nature house or to the cabin. Mr. Dumbleton has kept the parking lot and grounds in excellent condition. He has repainted the cabin, and has kept the record of rainfall in the park.

We are sorry that Mr. P. J. Croft has had to resign from the park board owing to his being moved to Vancouver with the B. C. Power Authority. Mr. W. Morgan has consented to take his place and we welcome him aboard.

BIRD FIELD TRIP OCT. 13th

by Tom Briggs

Location: Island View Beach and Martindale Road, Saanich.

Typhoon Freda blew itself out, leaving the next day calm, clear and warm.

Many pipits were seen; goldfinches quite numerous yet. A short-eared owl was seen by a fortunate few. Two long-billed marsh wrens were seen fleetingly. It is hoped they will stay for the Christmas count. One ring-billed gull was seen (uncommon here). Its plumage was almost completely white, making a striking contrast to other gulls, especially to the very dark Heerman.

White-crowned sparrows were seen on Martindale. Some generally stay thereabouts during the winter.

Sighting of Sabine gulls caused quite a stir. Some were too far out for a good sighting, even through 25X scope.

Two mature birds were seen on driftwood a few hundred yards out, but an immature Sabine landed almost at the feet of the group. Paying no attention to them, it searched for food much after the manner of a Bonaparte gull. Some snap-shots were taken to make a good sight record. This arctic gull is uncommon here, at any rate, to be seen from land. For most of the group it was a "lifer". For all it was a "thriller", helping to make the day a success.

Seventy species of birds were seen by the twenty-five members present.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS

by Freeman King

The past month has been one of many activities with the Junior Branch.

Field trips to Bear Hill, the Old West Road, and to Mr. Turner's farm at Goldstream have shown us many different types of nature subjects.

On the trip to Bear Hill we noticed how this year's growth of Garry oak, ocean spray and other shrubs has been changed owing to the new habitat which was brought about by the clearing of the trail. The extra space and the additional sunlight created much new growth, and the abundance of potash from the clearing fire sites all added to the strong and virile growth of these plants.

At the Turner farm many types of spiders were found along the draining ditches and under the old straw in the fields.

The trip to the Old West Road on the western slopes of Mount Newton was remarkable for the many varieties of fungi which were found. We also noticed an arbutus grove here where the trees were clean and straight, while the dogwood seeds lay like a red carpet on the ground.

We have drawn up a new schedule for the car pool, calling about once every six weeks for each parent to take turn in driving. We are very grateful to those who so willingly give their time to help us go on our field expeditions.

All members of the junior group are reminded that the time for our annual display is getting closer, and I would ask them to keep up their collecting in readiness. It is planned to hold it early in January.

WINTER-SONG

by Mr. J. W. Winson

Cynics have said that the nightingale is famous only because it sings when other birds have ceased; as if that in itself were not fame enough. They have decried the skylark's witchery because it takes advantage over the other birds and sings out in the open sky; which is simply witchery beyond the others.

Had they ever noticed the song sparrow's charming winter-song they could bring out the same stupid objection, that it is delightful only because no other birds are singing, and the objection can be neglected for what it is worth.

Were either the nightingale or the skylark to raise tongue in rivalry, the song sparrow would have no audience. They are not here, of course, but were the talented mockingbird of the north - that versatile catbird - to rise against him, the sparrow would be silenced. If the canary-voiced bunting of turquoise coat were to sing near the sparrow, the "melodious" one would be outsung. But this is winter; they are not here; the song sparrow is.

"Song" must be put before this sparrow continually, not only because he is a singing sparrow, but also to distinguish him from the immigrant European bird known as "Domestic", "House", or "English" sparrow; the bird of chatter, of no song, of no friends, of whom the cynics may say what they will.

When spring-song returns and robins are filling the hearts of the poets, meadowlarks are peaking from every fence, thrushes are singing the sun to rest, and warblers are choral in the leafy trees, the song sparrow is lowly as the bush he nests in, and that is always close to the ground. Modest he ever is; meek and inheriting the winter earth; staying near house and garden company and better faring, and rewarding richly those who have ears to hear.

It is a memory of sunny days when brooks are rippling, and flowers are laughing with the soft breeze; when leaves are teasing the sunbeams with circling shadows on the grass; when all hurting and destroying things are absent, and only friendliness flits from bush to bush down the streamway.

The bill scarcely opens, the throat does not pulse, the feathers quiver, but the brown spot on the bird's breast, between the many brown streakings, is not ruffled.

There is no passion in the song; they are only picture notes stored away in the seasons gone, refined of all that was hurtful, fearful or angry; an Indian summer review of by-gone heat with beauty remaining; a trickling, rippling, melting of icicles in the warmth of a trusted sun.

Whatever winter had done of hurt or hunger is forgotten in this fluting; all bitterness is chuckled away; nothing harsh or plaintive remains; the sweetness of content is silvered with the cheerfulness of hope.

A WHALE OF AN OBSERVATION

by J. M. Barnett

It was raining when we arrived at Clover Point at noon on September 28th, but we figured the inclement weather would not discourage the birds.

We were not disappointed, because as Alan Poynter and myself sat in the car and ate lunch, we saw four parasitic jaegers, a Heerman and a ring-billed gull.

By the time we had finished eating, the rain had stopped and as Alan stepped out of the car and looked to the west he shouted "Killer whales".

As we turned our glasses toward Finlayson Point we saw the small school of these mammals approaching. Our first quick count was seven, and we figured that if they held their course they should pass very close to where we were standing.

They were swimming along at a leisurely pace, and as they came nearer, alternately surfacing and submerging, we found our first estimate of their numbers was low, and that there were fifteen all told.

Excitement ran high as two large ones, which seemed to be a pair, came within about one hundred yards of the point, while the remainder, which included two or three large males, some females and the rest smaller ones of varying sizes, were about two hundred yards away.

They really fascinated us as we watched the tips of their dorsal fins show first, then, in slow motion, they would surface; their backs would show and finally their heads would appear. They were so close we could see their eyes, the fine spray of water that shot up when they blew, and the white marking on the face, behind the eye. Then they would sink out of sight just as slowly as they had surfaced, only to appear again a few minutes later.

Alan estimated the largest one to be about twenty feet

in length and to have a dorsal fin of about six feet. Certainly it looked like a good sized boat going by with a great black sail spread to the breeze.

We watched them as they slowly swam away and then suddenly remembered Mr. & Mrs. Davidson who were parked at the top end of the point looking toward Dallas Road. Fortunately we got to them in time and we were all able to watch them until they disappeared near Trial Island.

These were the first killer whales the writer had seen, and because we had such a close and splendid view of them, you will have to agree that we have seen a whale of a sight.

CONSERVATION

A farm journal displayed a picture of a deserted farmhouse in a gullied field on the prairies. The editor offered a prize for the best hundred word description of the picture. An Indian took the prize with this account:-

"Picture show white man crazy. Cut down trees. Make big tipi. Plow hill. Water wash. Wind blow soil. Grass gone. Door gone. Window gone. Whole place gone. Buck gone. Squaw gone. Papoose too. No chuck-away. No pigs. No corn. No plow. No hay. No pony.

Indian no plow land. Keep grass. Buffalo eat grass. Indian eat buffalo. Hide make tipi. Make moccasin. Indian no make terrace. No build dam. All time eat. No hunt job. No hitch-hike. No ask relief. No shoot pig. Great Spirit make grass. Indian no waste anything. Indian no work. White man loco".

Tom Briggs copied this item out of the book "Canada's Wild Glory" by Keller, and sent it to me. This book can be obtained from the Society's library.

A.R.D.

A NEW MARINE GUIDE

"Common Seashore Life of the Pacific Northwest" by Lynwood Smith. Volume 2, Naturegraph Ocean Guidebooks. Naturegraph Company, Healsburg, California. Paperbound - \$1.75, clothbound \$3.50.

Here is a most helpful guide to local seashore plants and animals. Numerous drawings plus 11 illustrations in colour add greatly to its value. Dr. Smith is now a staff member at Victoria College.

A MIGRATION NOTE

One of our California members, Miss Vi. Saunders, writes that the golden-crowned sparrows arrived 'en masse' in her garden on September 29th, and the white-crowned sparrows on September 30th, also 'en masse'. This is in Marin County, latitude approximately 38°. This is about one month later than the first arrivals of the golden-crowned were noted here. It is interesting to note that our bird authority, the American Ornithologist's Union, lists five sub-species of the white-crowned, but only one of the golden-crowned. The white-crowned nest throughout the States and Canada, but the golden-crowned only in the higher regions of western Canada, as far as is known.

THE BAND-TAILED PIGEON

The citizens of Oak Bay for the last few weeks have been regaled with a spectacle very rarely seen of late years.

About the beginning of October a few wild pigeons moved in. Their numbers increased rapidly, probably because our game laws allow them to be shot outside the sanctuary of Saanich.

Finding that the oak trees were laden with acorns this year, the word must have passed around among them, as enormous flocks arrived until there must have been thousands present. We saw a flock early one morning which must have contained a thousand, conservatively estimated, and the view from our windows is somewhat limited.

When a hundred or more settled in one oak, the tree fairly quivered. They were never at rest, but would fly in all directions, their noisy, headlong flight fascinating us. In fact, we were often too interested in the pigeons to get our breakfast.

As this is written (October 16th) the flocks seem to be diminishing, so it can be presumed they are now making their way south to their winter quarters.

The band-tailed pigeon (*Columba fasciata monilis* Vigors), to give its scientific name, is a bird of the Pacific coast, nesting mostly in the higher regions, though some do stay around Victoria, and migrating south each fall.

When we remember that the vast numbers of passenger pigeons were down to about fifty birds in the year 1900, and shortly afterwards became extinct, we can only hope that the Wildlife Service of Canada and the United States will make provision to see this does not happen to the band-tailed pigeon.

A.R.D.

BIRD NOTES

Late in September we were at Cattle Point watching the many terns flying to and fro, every once in a while diving right under the water, and almost invariably coming up with a small fish. A little distance away a flock were resting on a rock (they rarely rest on the water), when they suddenly arose in a compact body of about a hundred. They were immediately followed by five jaegers. Then the fun began. While the jaegers never touch the terns, they dive at them, both jaegers and terns giving a wonderful flying performance hard to follow; eventually though the terns disgorge their last fish, which the jaeger catches before it reaches the water.

The next day we were on Cedar Hill Crossroad, when my wife saw something that interested her, so we got out of the car, and there, above us, were twenty-four turkey vultures wheeling round in circles over the Finnerty woods, gradually making their way south.

A group of birders go out each Tuesday morning. This particular day, the 25th of September, we went to Island View Beach. It was a perfect morning, warm, sunny and calm. Walking along the beach we found many gulls, including thirty-four Heerman, a few yellowlegs, killdeer and peeps. The day turned hot, so we sat on a log to rest, and, sweeping the beach with our binoculars, saw two shore birds we could not identify. The killdeer present called and flew, the two strangers with them. We followed them down the beach as fast as we could, when these two birds turned round and flew our way. They landed right in front of us about twenty yards away, where we could see they were pectoral sandpipers, birds not particularly common here, and only here for a short while on their long trip from the arctic to the southern hemisphere.

Possibly the best place to see most birds is at Clover Point. We would like to print a list of the birds seen from this little promontory on Dallas Road, but it would be too long. Alan Poynter has recorded the birds here for the last few years, and the different species seen has reached a total of about one hundred and sixty. It is naturally a meeting place for birders as well as birds, as last Friday noon I counted fourteen members of the Society there. Last week, for instance, in addition to its regular show of gulls, terns, surfbirds, turnstones, etc. it produced ancient murrelets, red and northern phalarope, Sabine gull and a skylark, the latter being the first recorded there.

Clover Point being one of Victoria's main sewer outlets, it attracts many species of sea and shore birds - ducks of all kinds, grebes, mergansers, and, of course the gulls. One day last month there were seven different gulls present. These included the resident glaucous-wing, and the migrating species, - California, short-bill, herring, Bonaparte, Heerman and the ring-billed.

A.R.D.

THE EDITOR COMPLAINS

My friends often tell me that there are too many items on birds in our magazine, and indeed, I agree with them, but what would you? When articles fail to arrive, and the birders send in their enthusiastic notes, we are glad to have them.

In this predicament we are not alone. In today's mail arrived a copy of our namesake in Australia, "The North Queensland Naturalist", with whom we exchange magazines, in which the editorial starts off as follows:-

"We must apologize for the lateness of this issue, but it is very difficult to get suitable material for publication, and we should be glad if all those members who feel they are able would send in articles or notes to keep us going."

We endorse this plea.

A.R.D.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

1962

- Wednesday,
October 31: EXHIBITION OF NATURE SLIDES,
8 p.m. at the Cafeteria on Elliot St.
Nature slides which were accepted at the
Victoria International Salon. Any
members interested are cordially invited
to attend this showing.
- Friday,
November 2nd: AUDUBON SCREEN TOUR
Speaker: Albert J. Wool,
Saturday
November 3rd: Subject: Birds and Animals of the Western
Ranges.
Oak Bay Junior High School Auditorium
at 8 p.m.
- Saturday,
November 3rd: FUNGUS FORAY: To Thomas Francis Park.
Meet at the Monterey Parking Lot,
Hillside & Douglas Streets at 1:30 p.m.
Leader: Miss M. C. Melburn.
- Saturday,
November 10: BIRD FIELD TRIP to Esquimalt Lagoon.
Meet at Monterey Parking Lot at 9:30 a.m.
or at the lagoon at 10 a.m. Bring lunch.
Leader: Mr. T. R. Briggs.
- Monday,
November 19: BOTANY GROUP MEETING: At the Provincial
Museum at 8 p.m.
Speaker: Mr. Freeman King.
Subject: Plant Identification.

The Junior Branch will meet every Saturday at the Monterey
Parking lot at 1:30 p.m. for Field Trips.

The leader section will man the Nature House at Francis
Park during Sundays throughout the fall season.

Conducted tours can be arranged by phoning Freeman King
at GR 9-2966.

VICTORIA NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

OFFICERS, 1962-63

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

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G. CLIFFORD CARL - - 1948-49
GEORGE A. HARDY - - 1949-50
MRS. R. G. HOBSON - - 1950-52
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