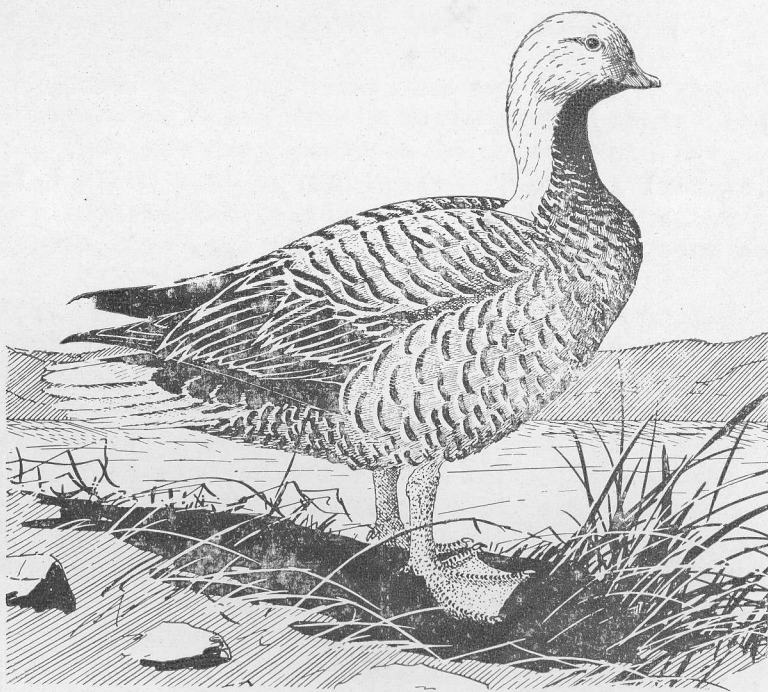


*The*  
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White-fronted Goose  
*EMPEROR*

(F. L. Beebe)

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OUR COVER

The white-fronted goose is the only one of its kind which is circumpolar in distribution. It is true the snow goose is occasionally found in Europe, but only as a vagrant, while any Canadian geese found there have been introduced.

Almost every winter some of these geese can be found wintering in the Victoria district. Late last fall three of them settled down in Swan Lake, and were seen and included in the Christmas count, and at this writing they are still there.

In spite of its name this is not really a white-fronted goose. Its name comes from a white stripe behind the bill. Actually they are greyish-brown in colour, and have broad irregular black bars on the belly. The bill is pale, but the best identifying features of this goose are the yellow-orange legs; the legs and bill of the Canada goose being black.

They nest in the tundras of the Western Arctic, but also in Greenland and across Northern Europe and Asia.

The main migration in this country is across the Great Plains and they winter mostly in the southern states, the largest number in California. It is usually the first to arrive in British Columbia in the fall, while their return flights have been recorded as late as early in May.

One of the colloquial names for the white-fronted is 'laughing goose', no doubt because its 'Wah Wah Wah' notes are thought to resemble human laughter, but they can sometimes be recognized by their silence, as they call much less often than the Canada goose.

A.R.D.

THE MARCH AUDUBON LECTURE

This is the last lecture for this season, and we trust all our members and friends will take advantage of the opportunity of enjoying this wonderful film of the Atlantic coast. The dates: Friday, March 22nd and - Saturday the 23rd.

'DAMON' IN VIOLET-GREEN

by Dorothy Palmer

To be watching March's dawns and one morning see two swallows fly swiftly across the pasture directly to the old nest box under the house eaves is a heart warming reward, to see the swallows return at sunrise two years in succession is a breath of heaven, although we no longer believe that 'heaven is the proper place for birds in winter', (On migration, Charles Morton, 17th century writer).

Had our early travellers dallied for the "dawn chorus" before flying home, or had those seen arriving later in the morning joined the choir in the skies? Maybe out over the Straits we might see and hear the home-comers, 'hosts of swallows singing high in the sky for an hour around dawn' as witnessed by Sir Julian Huxley and A. van Benenden, elsewhere and recently.

Now that the tribute to our wintering birds - the Christmas Count - is tucked away our thoughts advance eagerly for the swallows home-coming. A few early ones, impatient for Spring, return to southern Vancouver Island later in February. Probably they know warm bogs where insect feed will be available. They are seen at Glen Lake and over Victoria around February 25th and 26th each year and earlier in the Westholme valley.

The violet-green swallows using our nest boxes arrive any day from March 19th to April 10th; they examine the nest boxes and fly over the garden for two or three days, then disappear for two or three weeks or longer before returning to start housekeeping. Some years we enjoy early and late hatchings.

Our swallows will have left the garden by July 23rd, eighteen weeks since first seen flying in at sunrise. One third of the year they share their joyous ways with us, in swift curving flights overhead, quick trips to the nest boxes, crooning and preening happily on light-wires, day long tweets in the boxes, and eventually the day when youngsters try out their wings in short fluttering adventures. A few weeks later they mass for migration southwards, - a touch of heartbreak each year.

But this was to be the story of Little Tweet and Brother Tweet.

When the fledgling violet-green swallows leave the nest box one usually stays inside another day before joining the family outside and away. Last year the pattern changed.

Our cold summer appears to have reduced insect life when most needed, so that many people reported a total loss of fledgling violet-green swallows after they left their nests. Here three adult swallows were feeding the young until old enough to leave the box, when two adults flew away, leaving one adult to keep up the feeding schedule. Our four young left the box together and after a few flutters they settled in a row by their box asking for food; the smallest one got back in the box and there he stayed most of the time for six more days, tweeting, tweeting for food continuously. For eight days Little Tweet was watched with anxious interest from before dawn until after dusk. During four days the mother bird hunted food for him and the others without rest; two moved over to a willow tree and after four days they flew away with the parent bird. But one brother stayed with Little Tweet. We then witnessed an unusual and pretty brotherly devotion. Brother tried to entice Tweet to come out; he did little demonstration flights near the box, "look, this is how it is done". But each night he was back in the box with Tweet. For brief trips the fourth day Tweet was out looking for food, for longer trips the fifth day and nearly all day on the sixth, all day on the seventh, although both youngsters slept in the box each night. On the eighth morning they were preening side by side on the light-wires for a very long time, and flew away for good during the morning.

The eighth day was July 23rd. There were no swallows over our garden after that date in 1962. Now we look for their return before long; but IF Tweet and Brother come home we cannot recognize them. Maybe 'tis a prideful thing that OUR swallows survived in a bad year, yet 'twas the steadfast loyalty of Brother saved Little Tweet.

\* -also p-102  
HITCH-HIKER

In an Oak Bay alley a patch of plants was found in flower December 20, 1962. This plant proved to be a stranger in these parts for it is field woundroot (*Stachys arvensis*), native throughout the British Isles and from Norway to the Azores, Cape Verde, North Africa, Crete and Palestine.

How did it get here?

Specimens were sent to Dr. C. Frankton, Head of the Plant Taxonomy Section of the Plant Research Institute,



Ottawa, and the following is quoted from his letter of acknowledgment:

"Naturalized in North America it does not seem to have become common anywhere. In the Eastern United States it is known as a rather local plant in Pennsylvania and New York and in the Western U. S. appears to be confined to California where it is sparingly naturalized in the Counties of Humboldt, Del Norte and Marin. Our Canadian collections are very sparse indeed! several from Halifax, Nova Scotia, collected between 1904 and 1945 and another from near Chester, N.S., collected in 1937. Your collection is the first we know of for British Columbia. Further collections of this plant in flower and fruit would be appreciated."

Conversation with the neighbour near whose lot this plant was found growing, elicited the information that a visiting friend had motored up from California in 1962 and had temporarily parked his car in the alley.

And so it would seem that this ambitious member of the Mint Family evaded "customs" and successfully took up residence in this more northern habitat.

M. C. Melburn.

#### BIRD COMPANIONS

by Adrian Paul, Hornby Island

Many people are familiar with the sight of two or more species of ducks feeding together. It also sometimes happens that two or more species of waders will associate. During the winter months a small grebe or gull may be seen staying close to a group of diving ducks. I once watched a ring-necked duck staying close to a trumpeter swan (when the swan reached its head down the duck dived). At or near migration time mixed flocks of passerines may be noted. All of these associations may be assumed to be for purposes of food and/or protection.

On a day in September, when many of the birds had gone south, the only two in sight were sitting quietly in a tree about eight feet apart. One was a sparrow hawk and the other a flicker. During July in a section of pine forest where birds happened to be scarce, I noticed a male western tanager, and the only other bird in sight was a grey jay in

a tree about fifty yards away. While I was studying the tanager he flew over and sat in the tree with the jay. Food and protection would hardly account for these two instances. It seems that companionship would be a more likely explanation, such as one sometimes sees between two dissimilar animals like a horse and a cow.

#### JUNIOR JOTTINGS

by Freeman King

Recent field trips have been very successful and rewarding.

The expedition to Mount Douglas Park found that the spring bloom was in flower, and many leaf shoots of the peacock and woolly sunflower. The early white saxifrage was also found.

Out on Mill Hill we found the satin flower in bloom, while the hairy manzanita, with its urn shaped flowers, was very attractive. Here we found many ladybirds getting ready for their annual migration to the lower levels.

From the top of Little Saanich Mountain many spring plants were found. This is a good place to find many kinds of insects. On the western slope of this hill the faults and broken jumble of rocks show some of the upheaval which occurred when this area was formed eons ago.

The exhibition and display put on by the junior branch at the Douglas Building Cafeteria was an outstanding success. I am personally very pleased with the wonderful showing of the many exhibits, and would like to congratulate all those who put so much work and effort into making such a fine show.

Many thanks to Dr. David Turner for coming out and opening the show for us.

#### SKYLARKS

If any members wish to hear the skylarks singing, they should stop on Cedar Hill Cross Road anywhere between the C.J.V.I. radio pylons and the Uplands golf course. There are probably about twenty pairs in this area, and they are singing now, especially in the mornings.



# TO BE OR NOT TO BE

by J. M. Barnett

On January 23rd a group from the Society were on a walk along a bridle path near the riding school on Cedar Hill Cross Roads, when we saw a pair of fox sparrows which were quite light in colour and caught our interest. The light breast strippings merged into a large breast spot, and they both appeared to have all yellow bills.

Despite the fact Peterson advises against the amateur delving into the matter of sub-species, we note that his last Western Bird Guide gives three different box sparrows, but unfortunately does not give any species or type names for them.

The fifth edition of the A.O.U. (American Ornithological Union) gives eighteen sub-species for this bird, about half of which breed or winter in British Columbia.

Going next to the 'Bird Fauna of British Columbia' (1947) by Munro & Cowan, we note that ten sub-species are listed for the province, of which four have been collected in Vancouver and four others on Vancouver Island.

From P. A. Taverner's "Birds of Canada" we learn that the rusty fox sparrow is the eastern species, which is found west to the Rocky Mountains. Most interesting though is the fact that there is a record of this bird having been seen in Vancouver, which shows that birds can turn up at the most unexpected places. The same source informs us that the slate-coloured fox sparrow (*Passerella iliaca schistacea*) is to be found west of the mountains, except the coast. On the coast there are four or five sub-species, all of the *unalaschensis* type, or sooty fox sparrows. These last are all dark birds of which *P.i.fuliginosus*, the resident bird on Vancouver Island, is the darkest.

Delving further into Hoffman's "Birds of the Pacific States", we find that he breaks down these birds into two distinct types; the grey and the dark brown, and further identifies the grey with a large yellow bill.

From the above we surmise that the bird we saw was a slaty fox sparrow, *P.i.schistacea*, and it is this sort of research that we find so interesting in bird watching.

However, as noted, although the eastern fox sparrow has been found in Vancouver, there is no record of the slaty being seen anywhere along the north-western coast.

Jeeves, quick! the bottle of aspirin and a glass of water.

# THE PAINTED TREE

On the street where I live there are cherry trees in bloom, those that make tourist-catching headlines in the paper to advertise and boast of our mild winters. There are also tall pyramidal evergreens, graceful and majestic, and they sway in perilous but fascinating manner in Victorian gales. Then, there are the oaks, and these tower above all the others but are now, of course, leafless. It is from the twin giants on the boulevard across the street that I see the flickers take off and make a bee-line or perhaps I should say a flicker-line to my bird feeder. This has been such a satisfying tree. In the summertime there was a pair of olive-sided flycatchers that spent much time sitting on the tallest branch, making their sorties after insects and returning invariably to the identical spot, sometimes sitting there for long periods, and calling at times for liquid refreshment, - (Quick, three beers!!) Then there was the time that a pair of western tanagers flitted in and out the branches and dazzled me with the brilliant colouring, also the Townsend warbler and numerous flocks of other warblers, siskins, goldfinches etc.

One day in November there was an astonishing sight. The whole tree became alive with large birds which I soon discovered were band-tailed pigeons. I saw them alight on the tree in several groups, sit around for awhile to take a rest, then they got busy feeding, and so active were they that they seemed to cover the whole tree and the effect was rather of the tree itself producing the activity, waving its branches agitatedly, and, being speechless, attempting to communicate something by gestures alone.

Thus have the oaks provided much interest and colour, but this has been chiefly by reason of their numerous visitors, although the trees themselves are a lovely sight. However, their supreme moment of beauty came for me on a day in December, on one of the few days in that month when the sun had come out in the afternoon and then sank in a blaze of colour. As my window faces north, it is the reflection of the sunset that appears in my sky-view, and I walked to my window to see how much I could see. But as I reached the window it was the oak tree that arrested my gaze and the sight made me catch my breath. The whole of the tree was caught in that peculiarly glamourizing light that transformed it into a softly burnished gold. Naked

trunk and naked limbs were bathed in this ethereal glow, taking on such beauty that it defies description. Even the texture of the bark seemed to undergo a subtle change when viewed through the binoculars. I doubt if I ever saw any more breath-taking sight, and this a barren tree!!! It was a brief transfiguration, very brief, but in those few moments that bare oak tree transcended in a glorious beauty all the surrounding leafy and blossoming trees, in the strange alchemy of the rays of the setting sun.

During the Christmas season just past, my eyes have turned away in horror from the sight of the modern Christmas tree, transformed by the twisted minds of men into travesties of a vile blue, pink, dirty grey etc. slaughtered in limitless quantities so that they can make for a brief period not a Roman Holiday, as the saying goes, but a Christian one!! It does make one think.

A Society Member.

#### ONE AGAINST MANY

Occasionally birds show almost human traits.

Recently a friend of ours who lives in one of the cottages opposite St. Luke's Church was watching a covey of quail feeding on the grass in front, when she noticed a robin standing motionless close by, also watching the quail.

The group of quail had slowly worked nearer to where the robin was standing, when, apparently coming too close, the latter got into action and flew among the quail, scattering them right and left.

After a little while, when the covey was re-assembled, the leader again conducted them in the same direction, but the robin once more displayed the same tactics, flying just over the quail and screeching something very uncomplimentary, completely routing them again. One robin against about twenty full grown quail.

It turned out that the lady who lives in the cottage where this episode took place was in the habit of throwing currants on the grass for the birds, and the robin assumed they were for him only, and was certainly not permitting a flock of quail to participate in the feast.

A.R.D.

#### THOMAS FRANCIS PARK NOTES

by Freeman King

During the past month we have had over three hundred people through the Nature House and around the trails.

This was very gratifying, especially as February is supposed to be one of our worst winter months.

Recently we have renamed the trails, giving them names instead of numbers. Signs have been placed and new trail cards prepared for the spring flowering season.

The display cases in the Nature House have been rebuilt and painted, and pond life has been included in the exhibits.

Mr. Percy Dumbleton, the caretaker, has been busy clearing up some of the unsightly fallen trees around the parking area.

Thanks to Saanich Municipality the road up to the Park from the Prospect Lake road has been greatly improved.

Plans are under way to produce a little booklet featuring the plant life and other interesting data about the Park.

#### WHY BIRDS ARE INTERESTING

Birds are mobile, and therefore their whereabouts are not always predicable. Eastern birds appear on our coast, and some of our Pacific species occur in the east. While most birds follow established migration routes, a few of them certainly do not.

Witness the following: In the fall of 1959 a rock wren turned up at Cattle Point. This is a bird of south-central British Columbia, which migrates south in winter. Lazuli buntings were here in the spring of the same year. While familiar with them in the Okanagan, we do not expect them to come here. In November of 1960 a dickcissal was found by Mrs. Bell in her Oak Bay garden. This is a somewhat uncommon bird of the east and the prairies. A brown pelican was identified off the Oak Bay golf course in August of this year; maybe an adventurous individual from California. In December a great horned owl came into the Victoria city area and was recorded on the Christmas count. We have no previous record of this happening on the Christmas count. The owl is still around at this writing. On January 12th two palm warblers were seen in a field near Sidney. These birds were about fifteen hundred miles west



of their normal range, and should really have been then in the Caribbean. And, on January 26th a bittern was seen at Elk Lake by a group of bird watchers.

The greater yellowlegs is a North American wader, and generally migrates to South America for the winter, though we can always find some who prefer to stay around Victoria, as our Christmas counts indicate. But they are wanderers too, as the President of the Royal Society of New Zealand discovered one near his home close to Auckland, which is about 5000 miles from their regular wintering quarters.

We have no difficulty, therefore, in maintaining our interest in birds.

A.R.D.

#### A DETERMINED SHRIKE

While at Clover Point one noon-time late in February, we met our old friend and fellow birder, Ralph Fryer, and he told us the following yarn of a shrike.

"A few days ago", he said, "I was travelling along Richmond Road, when I saw a shrike in close pursuit of a house sparrow. I immediately got out of the car to watch the proceedings, and saw the sparrow break away from the shrike, which followed the sparrow again and caught it, but once more the sparrow regained its freedom and dashed underneath a car, with the shrike on its tail. Apparently the sparrow was really caught here, as I saw the shrike fly away with the sparrow in its claws. It would seem that this method of carrying a bird hampered its flight, as while flying it reached down and released the sparrow from its claws and transferred it to its beak, and so carried it off. This is the first time I have seen a bird of prey perform this act while flying."

A.R.D.

#### THE GEOLOGY OF OUR WATERFRONT

by A. H. Marrion

##### Article No.6: Cook Street to Clover Point.

On reaching the beach by means of the stairway, the erosion effects on the cliff face are noticeable. To the west the face is nearly vertical, while to the east there is a decided slumping, which takes the form of several steps, forecasting the loss of more park land, unless

protective measures are taken in the near future.

For some distance there are no boulders on the beach, then there is one with angular black fragments embedded, and one with a white colored inclusion, and a third, a white quartz type of rock.

The cliff is a brown sandy material with one boulder and some scattered cobbles. The cliff attains its greatest height about the centre of the bay - perhaps 45 feet. At its base are four boulders and a short distance away a collection of six large ones. How the erratics came to congregate in groups provides material for thought. At the top of the cliff is an excellent exposure of the old raised beach. The sandy till is capped with gravel, which in turn has a layer of cobbles on it. The covering material is about 18 inches of sand, which, with vegetable matter, makes a black humus.

Again eastward one meets with a group of boulders, eight in number, and quite large, of different rock types. Did they gravitate towards each other on a sloping ice surface, or later through erosion of the cliff by wave action?

Eastward of Moss Street there appears to be less gravel and no boulders. As the top of the cliff surface reaches a lower level, the till has a more stratified appearance made up of 30 inches of sand and gravel outwash covered with two feet of brown clay. Moss and Dallas Roads make the summit of a surface which slopes downward towards May Street, Ross Bay and Clover Point. An effort has been made to stop the erosion by erecting a barricade of logs. It will be interesting to watch the work of the waves and see how long it will take them to destroy this man-made protection.

For some time the below-the-beach level of the cliff was exposed, when a trench was made to receive the lower logs of the wall. Here was found a bed of blue clay with several thin layers of very fine sand interbedded. The clay was more or less interbedded with the till westwards. Apparently the blue clay will predominate eastwards in the area of the lowlands.

#### BIRD NOTES

During this month we will see considerable movements among the birds. The flocks of sea ducks will gradually lessen in number as they leave for the north, while other birds will arrive. First of all the violet-green swallows, then the Audubon warblers and, toward the end of March, the white crowned sparrows and the male rufous hummingbirds.

SUN ALCHEMY

by J.W. Winson.

March has "come in like a lamb". The dawns are clear, the air cool, the grass fleecy under the rime. Every morning the sun appears a moment or two earlier than yesterday, and seems to be more robust for his earlier rising. The frost flees at his coming. As he rises, the earth wakes to life in his shining. All things turn to him expectant, as to a monarch. Each shaft is an arrow of life. Each beam a wave of power, the earth drinks in the light eagerly and quivers in response.

As the temperature changes from frost to thaw along the path and sod, living things take motion. At thirty-six degrees the rime becomes dew, spiders stir, and midges take the air. When fifty is reached in mid-morning, the bees come to their doorsteps to absorb the beams, then sail away on foraging wings to the loosened pollen on the hazels and willows. The herbage is now crowded with wings, bumble bee and honey bee, gnat and grassbug are vitalized by the light and warmth, flittering hungrily.

There is something alchemic in this mingling of earth and sun. Leaf and light together make plant-force. There is a vigor similar from the union of soil and sunbeam. The flood of sap through root and bark is a slower tide than that in the veins of insect and animal, yet the source is the same,- the pull of the great orb whence all life comes.

Man himself through removing his heart as far from it as civilizing crafts will permit, is still bound by the same tide. He is of the earth, though he strives not to be. Hidden behind walls of glass or stone, steeped in the stuffs of research and commerce, he imagines he has climbed from the soil and the sun, and need not heed the urge of light. But he declined in the winter with the tree and the animal, and the return of the sun is tonic to him as to them, the alchemy heightens his spirits. He feels a fret, an impatience. In the city he inclines to a club or a rod, a spade or an oar. In the country he is as eager to potter in the earth for easement. He is a sun-child with all other creatures, and thus owes his origin.

BRINGING UP THE TRIPLETS

by Doris Page

About four in the morning on a day early in August I was awakened by a rustling and chittering in the maple tree just outside my room. Looking out, I could see a raccoon on the lawn at the foot of the tree. She was making soft, sweet, purring hiccuppy noises to something up in the branches, but when catawauls re-echoed down the road, she stood on her hind legs, bear fashion, to try and get a better view of those feline marauders. Then she saw me and growled, but after talking quietly to her for a few minutes she decided to join whoever was up the tree. With a flashlight I could make out two masked faces peering down at me. Returning to bed my little cat settled there too and proceeded to wash vigorously, but soon the coon noises were heard again and the cat's reaction was to rush into the kitchen to eat what was left of the dog's dinner. Whether this was intended to help muster strength for a possible battle, or just to make sure the coons did not get it, I could not decide.

The purrings and rustlings continued, and as dawn came, down the tree came mother coon. Evidently it was time to head for home up the hill, among the big firs. Now I could see three babies playing in the tree. The mother waited on the lawn where she had a good view, and purred and chirruped at the babies, calling them to join her. By this time the babies had noticed me looking out of the window and they all came crowding down to eye level, peeping round, evidently getting as much entertainment out of me as I did from them. They were about the size of a small cat, only fatter. Meanwhile the mother was displaying the same feelings as a human mother, trying to persuade the family they had had sufficient playing in the park, and it is time to go home. She stood on the lawn, chittering softly at the little ones, then sat down and scratched herself, then muttered a few threats, all the time keeping to her strategic position while the babies continued to peep at me from behind the tree while I talked to them.

One of the babies at last seemed to realize that Mum's summons was now being issued in much firmer tones, so he ran over to her. Then what happened was most interesting,



because, to me, the mother gave the impression that whether or not the others intended to stay and play, SHE was definitely going home. Actually she did not take more than one step on the homeward trail before the baby who had joined her refused to follow without the rest of the family, and ran back to the tree.

After a little play he returned with one of the others, but still the fattest one, who all along had seemed the most independent, refused to leave. Back to the other tree came the other two, and, after a little more play, Fatty agreed to go home, and they all joined mother, who led them up the hill, past the pool, into the wood.

About two weeks later my little cat came into the house in the middle of the night and growled. Looking toward the back door, thinking that a stray cat might be threatening him, I went into the garden. There was the coon family again, noisily enjoying themselves fishing in the big pool for water snails, rather like a family having fun on the beach. By this time, however, they seemed to respond somewhat quicker to parental commands, for at a word from her, they scurried up a nearby tree, while mother stood on her hind legs and growled, as if daring me to approach until they were safely sheltered.

Since then, of course, that family probably know far more about my comings and goings than I do of theirs. I have not seen them again, only heard them having some shrill and excited discussions in the small hours of a summer night, and hope no one will shoot them for helping themselves to a few plums and cherries, or even chickens that weren't safely locked up.

The crows sometimes find one of them asleep in the crotch of a tree in the wood about three o'clock in the afternoon, and rouse the district with the news of their discovery, until it seems impossible for any self-respecting coon to continue his arboreal siesta in this neighbourhood. (Haliburton Road)

## THE PESTICIDE DRAMA

It would appear that this problem is now being widely discussed by biologists, food and drug departments, agriculturalists, etc. both in Europe and in America. While Rachel Carson's book 'Silent Spring' has caused wide-spread disquiet by revealing the far reaching hazards inherent in the use of chemical sprays, the matter of food contamination has for some considerable time been of deep concern in many countries.

In November of last year the United Nations Food & Agriculture Organization held conferences at Rome on the 'benefits and hazards of pesticides.'

In England there is a 'Soil Association' which has been in existence for a long time, its purpose being a fuller understanding of the vital relationships between soil, plant, animal and man. This Association has a research farm which for the past twenty-five years has been carrying out an experiment in agriculture, comparing crops grown from Chemical fertilizers to those grown by organic methods. On this farm, at Haughly, they use no chemical sprays, weed killers, insecticides, or artificial fertilizers in any form, while on their chemical farm, these are used as recommended by official advisers. This work has demonstrated that organically grown food without sprays or fertilizers results in better health and more milk from the cattle living on such food.

It is now fairly evident that the public is aware of the dangers in the indiscriminate use of insecticides and of food additives, and that the more dangerous ones will be taken off the market and more control used in the sale of many others. At last the drug and food authorities of Canada and the United States are being forced into positive action.

It is unfortunate that the primary motive of many people's lives in these 'civilized' areas is the making of money.

A.R.D.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS1963

Tuesday,  
March 12: GENERAL MEETING: At the Douglas Building  
Cafeteria at 8 p.m.

This will be in the nature of a social  
meeting, when matters of general interest  
can be discussed.

Saturday,  
March 16: BIRD FIELD TRIP: To Witty's Lagoon.  
Meet at the Monterey Parking lot, Hillside  
and Douglas Streets at 9:30 a.m., or at  
the lagoon at 10 a.m. Bring Lunch.  
Leader: Tom Briggs.

Friday,  
March 22nd: AUDUBON WILDLIFE FILM: At the Oak Bay  
Junior High School Auditorium at 8 p.m.  
Saturday,  
March 23rd: Speaker: B. Bartram Cadbury.  
Subject: Pastures of the Sea.

Tuesday,  
March 26th: BOTANY GROUP: The botany group will meet  
at the Provincial Museum at 8 p.m.  
The speaker will be Ted Underhill, Park  
Naturalist.  
Subject: Alpines of Manning Park,  
Illustrated.  
Mr. Underhill has been in charge of the  
Nature House at Manning Park for some years.

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The Juniors will meet each Saturday at the Monterey Parking  
lot at 1:30 p.m., for field trips.

Leader: Mr. Freeman King.

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

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# VICTORIA NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

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