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# THE VICTORIA NATURALIST



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COVER PICTURE

BARRED OWL

Photo by Ralph Fryer

The barred owl, according to the standard work on the British Columbia Bird Fauna, by Munro and Cowan, is a rare inhabitant of the Boreal Forest Biotic Area, which covers much of the central and northern part of British Columbia, and there is no official record of it having been seen south of this area until November 25th last.

On this day Ralph Fryer was engaged in his occupation of photographing houses for the Real Estate Board, when he heard a flock of crows close by calling loudly and evidently very excited. To Ralph this meant the crows had sighted something unexpected, so he hastened to the scene and found they were mobbing a bird sitting quietly on the low branch of an old apple tree in one of the gardens on Sims Avenue. On closer inspection this proved to be an owl and a barred owl at that.

Hoping the owl would stay he immediately returned home, phoned David Stirling at the Parks Branch, picked up Ruth Stirling and returned to where the owl had been, and found it gone. However, the crows were still creating a disturbance a little distance away so they ran over and again located the owl. Now a taxi arrived with David and Mr. Joy and when the taximan wanted to know which house they wanted, he was told they wanted an owl and not a house. This was a new one on him, but he seemed to enjoy it. The owl flew from one place to another, always with the crows after it, but eventually it was positively identified and some excellent slides and movies taken, a very satisfying ending to an unusual episode.

This item was included in the radio news for that day, and although several people reported seeing large birds in their vicinity, this particular bird was not seen again. Why it was so far out of its range, and what happened to it afterwards will probably never be known.

A.R.D.

MYSTERY RAVINE

by John L. Rimmington  
(continued from the December 1969 issue)

In October the fallen leaves from the broad leaf maples cover everywhere with a carpet of gold. Most of the maples have large growths marring their bark. Several of the largest trees must have started on the high rotted stumps of other forest giants which have now disintegrated leaving the roots of the maples high in the air. The excessive number of maples with cankers on the trunk is a localized condition, but the disease, if we can call it that, has persisted for very many years as there are even old dead snags and fallen maples showing the same condition. Here one can see where the bark has fallen off with the boles protruding from the trunk. Such a condition persists among the spruce in the Alberta foothills where the debarked limbs are used to make quaint looking road signs. Plant pathologists cannot give any good explanation for these cancerous-like growths. It may be a fungus or a virus.

The ravine opens out at Killarney Avenue and the stream has been landscaped further down towards Cadboro Bay Road to suit the whimsies of the property owners. The stream, referred to locally as the Mystic Spring, is continued on to Cadboro Bay by a long lagoon which crosses at Waring Avenue.

The flora include thimbleberry, Indian plum, Douglas fir, Garry oak, Western maple, holly, Oregon grape (*Aquifolium* and *nervosa*), elder, alder, black poplar, ocean spray, balsam, salal, arbutus, waxberry, trailing and Himalaya blackberries, small wild rose, kinnikinnick, red huckleberry, willow, witches broom, Western dogwood. The flora and fauna of the isolated pool might be worthy of a close study. The pool can be reached from the field on the east or from the University side at the west. Around the pool can be seen all the above species. The ravine is mostly University of Victoria property.

The hangman's noose hanging from one of the trees by the silent pool gives an added touch of the macabre, but it is only a swinging rope installed by juvenile Tarzans to sail across the valley floor.

The outlet of the creek, which was in a swampy area (now drained) on Cadboro Bay Road, was a valuable source of fresh water for the year round. An Indian settlement grew up here as evidenced by the clam shells, arrowheads and other artifacts found in the kitchen middens underlying the topsoil in the district.

Sir James Douglas first landed on Vancouver Island from the brig "Cadboro" at the Mystic Spring where the spirit of the spring was guarded by an enormous maple tree treated as sacred by the Indians. Vandals later cut down the tree and the curse it held for its destroyers seems to have descended on the other maples in the form of cancerous growths. It is on record that impressionable Victorian maidens have been known to grow hysterical, swoon and even drown themselves in the mystic waters. Young men and women were supposed to look into the waters by moonlight and see reflected in them the face of the one who loved them the most, this leading, supposedly, to happy marriages. Childless wives were often blessed after using the crystal waters.

The Mystic Spring was a celebrated rendezvous in pioneer days and I feel that a large Department of Highways sign should commemorate this historic spot and give sightseers an outline of its history.

Does the Mystic Spring water still have any true curative powers? More probably the water is polluted today.

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HUMMINGBIRDS IN WINTER

Maybe the mild winter has had something to do with it, but hummingbirds have been reported six times since December 11th, the latest on February 10th. Apparently not the same bird either, as the descriptions have been quite different.

This is not something new either, as they have been seen and reported on seven occasions at Christmas time during the last eleven years.

This made me wonder if they had been seen elsewhere at this time of the year so I checked the National Audubon Christmas Census for last winter, and found that the rufous hummingbird we included in our count was the only one for North America, this side of the Mexican border.

A.R.D.

SWANS AT ELK LAKE

With my husband and daughter, I went to see the four immature "trumpeter" swans at Elk Lake on Saturday, February 7. We were fortunate. The day was sunny, the swans were in a tiny bay near the beginning of the narrows and we were able to get within twenty feet of them. Two moved gradually away as we approached, two stayed and we could see two more across the lake - six in all, not just the four we had hoped for. A mute swan was also close in and we were interested to make comparisons. The native swans held their necks straight and their feathers flat whilst the mute swans curved their necks and lifted their secondaries in that beautiful classic pose that artists so often depict. The native swans were noticeably smaller. The bill of one, caught in the sun, was mainly pinky/purple with a black tip and black base. There was a white eye ring broken at the front, and the greyish-white feathering separated the eye from the bill.

The mute swan advanced aggressively towards the smaller native and drove it partly out of the water. Its legs were black. We moved our position slightly to get a full view of the other native preening itself on the shore. Both its legs and feet were black and in the strong sunshine there seemed to be a purple glint to the black of the legs. The swan was preening its wing feathers and as it lifted them the underside seemed pure white though the bird itself was rather grey.

Eventually the two birds withdrew and we concentrated on the more distant ones that were being occasionally harassed by mute swans. When they flew they held their necks straight, angled slightly up. In contrast, the mute swans, possibly because they were the aggressors, flew in a drooping curve like a loon.

When we got home I started to browse through our bird books and was startled to read in C.J. Guignet's "The Birds of British Columbia - (6) Waterfowl" that "trumpeter swans, both young and old, have a totally black bill". I read on and discovered that "The legs and feet of the whistling swan are black, those of the trumpeter, especially when young, have a yellowish tinge, which dulls

to a putty colour with age". Perhaps the swans we had been looking at were not trumpeters after all. I consulted our other bird books and dashed to the library for more. The mystery deepened as I found that even the experts do not agree, nor do they always describe all the features of a bird, particularly immatures.

The question to be answered was whether the birds were trumpeter swans or whistling swans. The plumage of both in the immature stage is grey of varying shades and not a distinguishing feature. Adult trumpeters average larger than mutes, adult whistlers smaller. Our immatures were definitely smaller, but were they full size?

Additionally, Godfrey states, of the space in front of the immature whistling swan's eye - in first autumn, lacks yellow spot and is more or less covered with fine feathers; in spring, the loreal spot is indicated in pale flesh. And Delacour, that whistlers are decidedly shorter, rounder and more goose-like than trumpeters. But let the final comments come from Salt and Wilk, taken from "The Birds of Alberta" (1958), who state on page 38 "The two species of swans are inseparable in the field except by a skilful judge of size and voice" and, even more strongly, on page 39 "There is no reliable way of separating the two species of swans in the field by sight alone".

Gwennie Hooper

(It is possible there are variations in the colour of the feet and bills of individual birds, which is why the experts advise caution in separating the two species in the field).

Editor

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Where Bowker Creek enters the sea at Oak Bay a Canada goose appeared about two years ago. Last year it disappeared for some time and on returning it was accompanied by another Canada goose, smaller in size. The two geese are still there and are quite tame, as they are being fed by hand by the lady who lives there and whose lawn goes down to the creek.

## FERNS

by Freeman King

Ferns can be fascinating. They can be found in moist woods or sunny fields, and even on wind-swept cliffs; in fact, in almost any place on earth except the deserts.

These graceful plants produce neither seeds nor flowers and lead a double life. They are members of the Pteridophyta division, the smallest group of the plant kingdom.

Composed of root, a stem, and several delicate leaves in one of their lives, ferns seem simple. In fact, they have such complex life cycles that they were not fully understood until the middle of the nineteenth century.

Beneath the fern leaves appear tiny clusters of brown or yellow cases containing "ferndust". This is made up of spores each one only five-hundredths of an inch in diameter. A single fern may produce more than fifty million spores in a summer.

When ripe, these dust-like spores drop or are blown onto the ground, where they begin their second life. Each microscopic single-celled body immediately puts down a slender root-hair to anchor it to the soil or other medium.

It develops, cell by cell, into what is called a prothallus or gametophyte. This is a tiny flat disc in the shape of a heart, no bigger than half of a fingernail, and as thin as a piece of tissue paper.

On the underside of this obscure plant, egg cells are produced in smaller cups, and farther away sperm cells are formed which swim over the moist surface to fertilize the egg. After a few weeks a new plant emerges from this union, sending a leaf and stem towards the sun to draw nourishment from the prothallus as a baby draws from its mother.

A tiny leaf opens and begins to manufacture its own food from the sun, air, and soil nutrients. The prothallus shrivels and dies.

A second series of leaves begins to unfurl and take

over the task of manufacturing food -- a new fern has appeared.

It is said that there are approximately five thousand species of ferns in the world; in British Columbia there are said to be about seventy species.

Here on Vancouver Island, we can always find ferns at any time of the year, from the bracken in the hot dry summer to the polypody of the winter, and perhaps we have some of the most beautiful and fascinating.

### ----- AN AVIAN WHODUNNIT

On New Year's Day Mary Clark, my wife Winifred and I were going west on Martindale Road on our way to John Dean Park. We stopped short of the little bridge to look at the water fowl on the flooded fields. It was a beautiful day and all was peace and quacky.

Suddenly there was a panic take-off. All three watchers looked unavailingly for a dog or human as cause of the panic. Then my companions spotted a large dark predator bird which struck into the verge of the flight of ducks, banked sharply and with his talons made a kill. At this point I got him in my glasses. He was about sixty feet up and his prey was quite inert hanging down as on an old-time poulterer's steel rail. He made south across the ploughland dropping with slow wing beat to about six feet above ground - a height sufficient to force two harassing crows to stay topside. He landed on grass at the edge of the ploughland and immediately started to feed. Six other crows joined the first and all eight became close, but quiet "sidewalk superintendents". The crows enabled one to gauge the very large size of the bird which was then at approximately 500 yards distance. There was little sign of any light spots in the plumage and while silhouetted against the dark ploughland the colour could be described as a mottled dark brown. There was no trace of white on the head. The tail was stubby and square.

We stopped a passing sports car with two gentlemen whom we had passed earlier when they were obviously bird-watching. We told them our story and pointed out the bird feeding. They said they would walk down the dyke

and see how close they could approach. That evening they phoned to say they had got to within 200 yards when the bird took off and flew west to the trees. They were certain it was either an immature bald eagle or a golden eagle.

Apparently the bald eagle is not supposed to kill in mid-air so we submit our sighting for an informed judgment.

A.H. Couser

#### BIRDS FOR THE RECORD

by G.N. and G. Hooper, 2411 Alpine Crescent (477-1152)

Orange-crowned warbler (1) - Pipe Line Road - Jan.13 -  
Jack Rennie

(Seen by A.R. and Eleanore Davidson, Feb. 8)

Whistling swan (3) - Elk Lake - Jan.30 -  
Leila Roberts

(Later 4, then 6. See separate article)

Canada goose (2, Cackling, minima) - Yacht Pond -Feb. 5 -  
Mrs. I. Jarvie and J.W. Taylor

(1 reported Nov.17)

Evening grosbeak (120) - Old West Road - Feb. 7 -  
A.R. and Eleanore Davidson

(An unpredictable bird, rarely seen in such numbers)

Rufous hummingbird (1) - Bedford Woods - Feb. 8 -  
Mary Clark

#### Winter residents:

Ancient murrelet (300 in 5 mins., flocks of 5 to 30) (ED)  
Clover Pt. - Jan.19

Slate-colored junco (1) - Ten Mile Pt. (RS) - Jan.27  
(Sixth reported this year)

March should see the return of our earliest summer residents and some migrants going through. Note the date you see the first of each species and the date they arrive in greater numbers. Look for:

Black brant, turkey vulture, band-tailed pigeon, rufous hummingbird, violet-green swallow, tree swallow, cliff swallow, western bluebird, orange-crowned warbler, myrtle warbler, Audubon warbler, American goldfinch.

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#### JUNIOR JOTTINGS

After our winter's rest we are now back on the trails. Both groups have been "re-discovering" Francis Park. On the last two intermediate field trips we have divided into groups and explored several little known areas of the Park. Another Saturday afternoon was profitably spent cleaning up debris, renewing displays, and various other jobs. In the next few weeks we hope to survey and cut a new trail in the Freeman King Park.

The Juniors spent an interesting afternoon watching slides in the Forester's House. The next outing we hiked along some of the park trails where we found many plants coming into bud.

A number of Intermediates ushered at the recent Audubon film "Our unique water wilderness - the Everglades".

There is nothing quite as enjoyable as a ramble along the trails. Francis Park is beautiful in the springtime. Come and enjoy it!

Genevieve Singleton

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#### CONSERVATION AND COMMERCIALISM

It was in 1905 that a few natural history societies got together and formed what was to become the National Audubon Society, their main object at that time being to have the traffic in bird feathers stopped, in which they succeeded.

Now they are the major force in the United States dedicated to the preservation of wildlife habitats and a consistent programme of public education.

The latest "Audubon Leader" (their newsletter) issued in January details their battle against the use of DDT, several of the states now banning or severely restricting its use.

The Canadian Audubon Society has not been backward in this matter either. In the January-February 1959 issue of their magazine, Mr. John L. Livingston, then editor, wrote this: "It is quite possible that the indiscriminate spraying of chemical poisons may represent the greatest potential threat to life of all kinds that the world has yet experienced".

Now the public are aware that this was a true prophecy and that their own health is being endangered. A.R.D.

JANUARY BIRD TRIP

Saturday January 17th was not an ideal day for a bird trip, but in spite of the chilly wind and showers, approximately forty people were at Esquimalt Lagoon at 10 a.m. to enjoy a few hours birding. We discovered that the duck population at the lagoon was well below the November level. Most of the baldpates had moved on to take up residence on the flooded fields in Saanich. Canvasbacks and shovellers had also disappeared. White-winged scoters, surf scoters, and buffleheads were, however, in abundance. Shorebirds included greater yellowlegs and a pair of black-bellied plovers. The dozen or so ruddy ducks that are wintering in the lagoon seem to prefer the western side, and as on other occasions, a scope was required to identify them.

In the open water east of the lagoon, a raft of from 250 to 300 western grebes bobbed in the waves, along with a few scoters, horned grebes, and Arctic loons. The area is a favorite wintering place for western grebes and these are frequently seen there in much greater numbers.

From Esquimalt Lagoon we moved on to Hastings Road where the flooded fields are normally well populated with green-winged teals and mallards. We found the fields frozen over and only the hardy mallards remained - along with one Canada goose.

At Roy Road we were fortunate to see a European widgeon and two immature snow geese feeding in the field with a flock of American widgeons. European widgeons are normally rare winter visitors, but this year about a dozen are wintering in the area. Snow geese are occasionally seen during fall migration but they are rare here during winter months. The two we saw had been on the fields at Roy and Carey since December 20th.

Most of our birders called it a day at this point, but a dozen of us moved on to Beaver Lake in the hope of seeing another rare winter visitor, the redhead duck that had been reported there a week earlier. And we were not disappointed. A pair of redheads were in company with about thirty ring-necked ducks and numerous colorful hooded and common mergansers.

A total of 46 species was recorded during the day, and although the weather was somewhat inclement, we were able to call it a successful day.

A. Schutz

THE PHILATELIC NATURALIST

by J.M. Barnett

On April 23rd 1851 The Colony of Canada issued the first stamp with a natural history subject on its face. This was a red 3d stamp designed by Sir Sandford Fleming, showing a beaver.

Today's stamps showing mammals, birds, insects and flowers are very popular and in great demand by collectors and naturalists. Many people who are interested in ornithology are turning to the collecting of stamps showing birds and if a little research is done on each, a great deal of interest and knowledge on the subject can be gained. For example, Canada issued three bird stamps a few months ago, and on one, an Ipswich sparrow (*Passerculus primcops*) was shown. Newspapers carried the interesting fact that "this bird has the smallest breeding range of all Canadian birds; its nesting ground is confined to Sable Island, a small sandy desolate dot in the stormy Atlantic some hundred miles off the coast of Nova Scotia".

To start off a collection of this type we could do no better than head it with the stamp of Mauritius which shows a blue pigeon (*Alectroenas nitidissima*) a bird which has been extinct since 1830. There are only three skins of this bird in existence today, the last one collected in 1826 is in the Mauritius museum. Not much is known about this bird but one report says it lived near the river banks and its food consisted of fruit, berries and seeds.

Dubbed a "living fossil" the kiwi (*Apteryx australis mantelli*) a flightfree bird of New Zealand is the least birdlike of all the birds. It is a shy relation of the extinct moas, the largest bird known. Only about the size of a chicken, the kiwi differs from all other living birds by having the openings of the nostrils near the tip of the long bill and in possessing a well developed sense of smell. They are to be found in dark forests and sleep in protected burrows during the day.

One of the most interesting stories about birds is brought to us by a Belgian Congo stamp which shows the Congo pheasant (*Atropava*), the only pheasant to be found in Africa where it remained hidden until 1930 when its discovery far from the range of any other pheasant, electrified the ornithological world. For over twenty years only a single feather of this bird was known; then by dint of hard and persistent work by Dr. James Chapin, this

handsome bronze and green bird was found in the depths of swampy jungles along the Congo River where it had remained until then unknown to science.

(Part two of this article will appear in the April issue).

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"SANDY"

"Sandy is the true story of a rare sandhill crane who joined our family" writes Dayton O. Hyde on the jacket of his book. But it is much more than that. Hyde has spent most of his life on his big ranch in the mountains of Oregon, which happens to be in a region which the larger sandhill crane has used as a nesting ground from time immemorial. Without doubt Mr. Hyde knows the bird more intimately than anyone living; also he can claim to be the first to breed the large bird in captivity and to have successfully returned the progeny to the wild state and migration. For the large part he has played in the preservation (so far) of the sandhill and whooping cranes he has been the recipient of many awards.

As "civilization" encroaches more and more on the wilds more and more species of wild life are threatened with extinction. To many of us it often seems a losing battle but this is not a hopeless book, Hyde lives his philosophy and he is not a quitter.

I found "Sandy" enchanting reading. It is beautifully written and with great humor, two qualities not always found in "Nature books". I consider it required reading for all conservationists and a copy should certainly be in the Society's library.

Harrison Brown

Hornby Island

Published by the Dial Press, New York

with over fifty photographs.

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LEND A HELPING HAND

The rough-winged swallow has never been too common around Victoria, although it does nest all over the southern half of British Columbia. In fact, its breeding range in this province covers almost as much territory as does the rest of its range in Canada. It includes all Vancouver Island, which it shares with the tree swallow, barn swallow, violet-green swallow and cliff swallow, the purple martin being confined to the southern end of Vancouver Island.

A possible reason for there being so few rough-wings here could be a lack of suitable nesting sites. I have seen as many as three pairs of them getting excited over a single kingfisher's hole, only to have the kingfisher return and disappoint them all.

Roughwings here are not gregarious, and vigorously drive off others of their species that venture near their nesting site, which is a hole in a cliff or bank.

Now for the helping hand. The reason there are so few around Victoria, and the possible reason why bank swallows are non-existent here as breeding birds may be due to the texture of the sand or gravel. They may experience difficulty in digging out nesting sites. As evidence to support this view I dug out a few holes in a cliff on my property in Gordon Head in the spring of 1968. This effort, by the way, was partly the result of semi-serious joking on the part of a few of my birding friends at a house meeting where I mentioned the fact that the roughwings were fighting over a kingfisher's hole in a cliff. At any rate within two weeks a pair had set up housekeeping and by mid-July they had their youngsters on the wing, six in all. Although a number of holes had been dug for them only one was actually occupied. Much like house wrens these birds built a nest in each of the other holes. Was the reason for this behaviour to discourage other birds from nesting in them?

The following winter our record cold weather destroyed part of the cliff that contained the nesting holes. In order not to disappoint the returning roughwings it was necessary to re-dig these holes. It was late April before this could be done, and much to my surprise I had no sooner climbed the ladder to dig when four roughwings



appeared out of nowhere and fluttered by my shoulder until the digging job was over. They were as delighted to receive as I was to give.

Their next act was for one pair to drive off the other pair. The victorious ones nested again by building nests in all the holes including one that was dug out at least thirty feet away, as an experiment. Only two young were raised in 1969.

This short story of a very few roughwings may not prove too much, but it does make an interesting subject for the years to come. Anyone interested in trying it for themselves need only a cliff or bank at least ten feet high, a bulb planter, a long arm and lots of energy. Dig the hole on a slight angle upwards the length of your arm and enlarge the hole a little into a bowl at the extreme end.

Lend a Helping Hand and Good Luck.

C. Morehen

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#### KILLED BY KINDNESS

A tremendous amount of good work is done in keeping our winter populations of small birds alive by feeding them throughout the cold weather. The more people who do this the better. But there are one or two brief words of caution I should like to give. I am sure that some bird-lovers would be deeply distressed to think that errors in feeding could cause a painful death.

The point which is most frequently overlooked, but which must be responsible for very many deaths is this. We get a great deal of pleasure in watching birds at our feeders, and the temptation to carry on feeding them during the spring is very great. IT IS IMPORTANT NOT TO FEED THE BIRDS DURING THE SPRING AND THE SUMMER. If parent birds find bread, suet, fat, nuts at your feeder and feed this food to their young, the young will be killed. Young birds are fed on insects, and, provided that you have not drenched your garden with insecticides, there are enough of these around in the spring and summer, and it is no kindness to offer birds artificial food then. Most Members probably know this, but it may not have occurred to your neighbour. This knowledge deserves to be more widespread.

A second point is more important in colder climes than ours. I have known people who feed the birds regularly until the very cold weather sets in. It is then too cold to go to the bottom of the garden and fill the feeders, and the task is neglected. The result of this practice is that birds which would normally migrate to warmer regions have stayed behind deliberately because of the supply of food. And then, when they need it most, the food supply fails. KEEP IT UP DURING THE HARD WEATHER.

Thirdly, DO NOT OFFER THE BIRDS DESICCATED COCONUT. It would be kinder to give them potassium cyanide; the death it causes is less painful and more rapid.

Those who hang up strings of nuts and suet logs get a lot of fun watching chickadees, finches and flickers. But are you neglecting other species? Can the robins, for example, feed comfortably at the string of nuts and the suet logs? Give some thought to them. Provided there is not a danger from CATS, there are many species which prefer their food merely to be scattered on the lawn. Many people think this is "unsightly" or "unhygienic"; but the birds like it. But do beware of cats.

In the height of summer, or in the depth of winter, birds appreciate water. On very cold days you may need to go out several times to renew the water, which will have frozen. A flat dish laid on the lawn is ideal, again with the proviso about cats.

Have you ever tried putting out blocks of salt in the winter? This is said to attract evening grosbeaks. I have no experience with this, but it might be worth a try.

And what about continuing to operate hummingbird feeders in the winter? It is perhaps wisest not to do this, otherwise the birds might be tempted not to migrate. But sometimes there are hummingbirds here in the winter, and then the feeders must be operated. Indeed, failure to do so, and to see that they are kept unfrozen during the toughest weather will lead to the inevitable death of the bird. Incidentally, we do not know for certain which species of hummer winters with us. Is it our well-known rufous? Or is it the Anna's, which was recently added to the Canadian checklist? By observing these birds closely at feeders it should be possible to find out without "obtaining" a specimen.

J.B. Tatum

PROGRAM FOR MARCH 1970

- Executive Meeting 8:00 p.m. at home of Mrs.S.Prior,  
 Tuesday March 3 1903 Shotbolt Road
- Audubon Wildlife Film Charles T. Hotchkiss presents:  
 "Tidewater Trails"  
 Thurs., Fri., Sat. 8:00 p.m. Newcombe Auditorium,  
 March 5, 6, 7 Provincial Museum(South Entrance)
- General Meeting 8:00 p.m. Newcombe Auditorium,  
 Tuesday March 10 Provincial Museum:  
 "Wanderings of a Naturalist with  
 a Camera" by Ralph D. Bird.
- Bird Field Trip Meet at 9:30 a.m. at Douglas and  
 Saturday March 14 Hillside or 10:00 a.m. at  
 Martindale Road. Bring lunch.  
 Leader: A.C. Schutz 386-0541
- Ornithology Meeting 8:00 p.m., Room 216, Oak Bay  
 Tuesday March 24 Junior High School.
- Junior Group Meet every Saturday at Douglas  
 and Hillside for field trip.  
 Leader: Freeman King 479-2966
- Heritage Court Presents at 8:00 p.m. Newcombe Auditorium
- Friday March 13 Dr. Charles E. Borden  
 "A Visit to the Home of  
 Bakbakwalanooksiwae, the Cannibal-  
 at-the-North-End-of-the-World".
- Friday March 20 Peter Macnair  
 "People on the Move".
- Friday March 27 Philip Thomas and Daniel Gallacher  
 "Songs of the Caribou Argonauts".

New Meeting Place:

Please note that the March General Meeting of the Victoria Natural History Society will be held in the Newcombe Auditorium of the Provincial Museum. Since there is ample room in the auditorium new members and friends will be welcome.

# VICTORIA NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

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DR. G. CLIFFORD CARL  
410 Queen Anne Heights 383-8524

### Chairmen of Groups

Programs—A. D. Turnbull, 3614 Cadboro Bay Road - - - - -	592-6025
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Botany (Winter)—Mrs. J. M. Woollett, 624 Harbinger Avenue - - - - -	384-4836
Entomology—Dr. John A. Chapman, 962 Lovat Street - - - - -	384-5568
Ornithology—A. C. Schutz, 2060 McNeill Avenue - - - - -	386-0541
Audubon Wildlife Films—Miss Enid Lemon, 1226 Roslyn Road - - - - -	385-4676
Federation of B. C. Naturalists—Dr. J. Bristol Foster, 3050 Baynes Road - - - - -	477-1247
Junior Naturalists—Freeman F. King, 541 McKenzie Avenue - - - - -	479-2966
Junior Group Assistant—Mrs. K. Osborne, 1565 Begbie Street - - - - -	385-8164
Mrs. Loraine Jones, 1833 Beach Drive - - - - -	592-0501
University Liaison—Dr. W. E. M. Mitchell, 2171 Granite Street - - - - -	383-2579
Publicity—Freeman F. King, 541 McKenzie Avenue	

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Life Memberships: Single, \$50; husband and wife, \$75.

Junior membership is restricted to those not under 9½ years and not over 18 years.

Dues and changes of address should be sent to the Treasurer.