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(See also inside back cover)

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DUES AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE TREASURER.

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VELELLA: SAILOR-BY-THE-WIND

by Jil Burbank

On March 21, my young grandson and I were walking on the beach on the Eastern shore of Shoal Bay. The wind was so strong that at times we had to turn our backs. We sought a sheltered spot to examine the stones and shells and pieces of wood which were of so much interest. Near a boulder, beside an area exposed to the waves, we unexpectedly came across a collection of tiny identical forms of great beauty.

Each was composed of a fairly firm uncoloured transparent substance. Nearly twice as long (length about two inches) as it was wide, the main portion was like a shallow oval lid decorated with striations which followed its contour and which converged toward the centre. Diagonally across the entire length was a thin sail-like extension, concave on one side. Still attached to some of the forms were remains of what appeared to be a jelly-like mauve coloured substance which presumably when intact would have increased the overall size.

Returning to the beach a few days later, those that remained had dried up. Left were whitish, semi-transparent skeletons which looked like discarded cellophane candy wrappers. We were glad we

Cover

The Sea Urchin *Strongylocentrotus franciscanus*

taken off Saxe Point

by Brent Cooke

had seen them when they first arrived.

Having appeared elsewhere in the Victoria area, perhaps others have seen these forms and also wondered what they were.

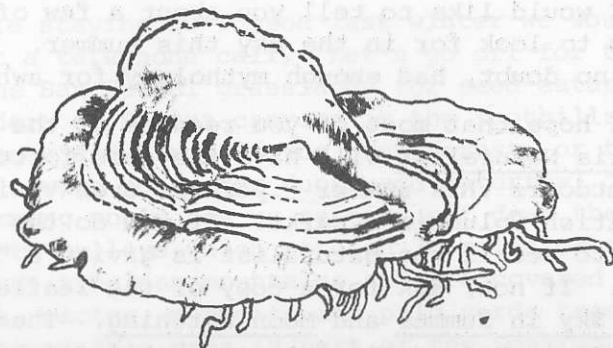
I learned later their name is Velella. It is said that their popular name, Sailor-by-the-wind, was given them by Elizabethan sailors who were impressed with their beauty. Velella are essentially creatures of the warm open seas and have been reported as covering the ocean as far as the eye can see.

On the underside of the striated oval portion, the living animal has a single opening surrounded by anemone-like, blue-purple tentacles. Velella apparently depends for its food on ocean currents. It is questionable what is Velella's 'preferred' diet - what the mauve tentacles, which hang down, hope to capture. However it is certain that they themselves are sometimes prey to Coho salmon and often to the Ianthina snail - a sea snail which lives on the surface of the ocean by means of a paper-thin shell and a raft of tough bubbles made of slime and air. It is possible the snail may anesthetize the Velella so that its tentacles stay uncontracted while the Ianthina has its meal.

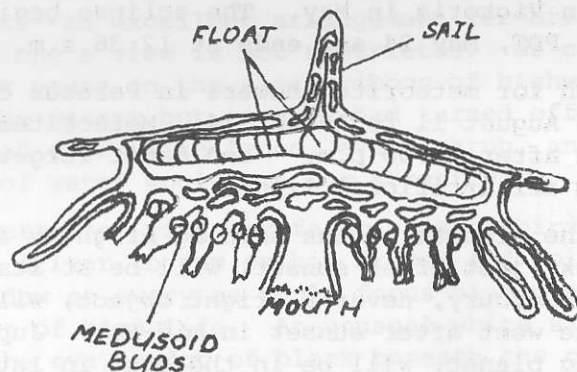
The thin sail-like extension on the upper surface is indeed a true sail. This sail gets caught in the breeze and takes the Velella wherever the wind may blow. Apparently some Velella have sails which catch the wind in such a way that they are blown to one side of the ocean while others have sails shaped to carry them in the other direction - presumably an adaptation for survival.

The Velella found on our coasts tacks to the left and tends to flow away from the shore in light southerly winds. However when the wind is strong it is inclined to spin around rapidly and follow the wind at a much closer angle. This, combined with the recent high winds, may explain the fact that although Velella is quite often seen

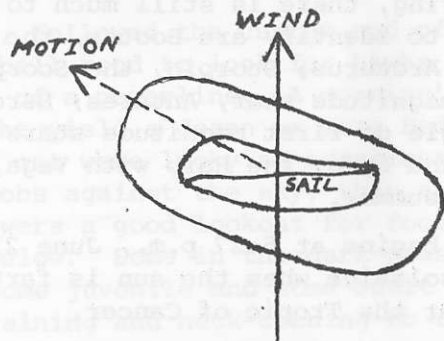
off the west coast of Vancouver Island, it is seldom found in inshore waters.



I. The "Whole" Velella



II. Velella in cross-section



III. Velella in motion

SUMMER SKY WATCH

by David Stirling

In this, the last "heavenly story" of the season, I would like to tell you about a few of the things to look for in the sky this summer. You have, no doubt, had enough mythology for awhile.

I hope that most of you readers of the Victoria Naturalist will have the good fortune to get outdoors this summer - perhaps even visit some of British Columbia's parks. If you do the latter, check to see if the naturalist is giving a "star talk". If not, ask for a copy of the leaflets, Night Sky in Summer and Moon Watching. These will help you in your quest for more knowledge of the heavens.

There will be a partial eclipse of the moon visible in Victoria in May. The eclipse begins at 9:00 p.m. PDT, May 24 and ends at 12:36 a.m. May 25.

Watch for meteorite showers in Perseus on the nights of August 11 to August 14. Meteorites are best seen after 11:00 p.m. - and don't forget to get away from all artificial lights.

Of the planets, Venus shining brightly in the western sky just after sunset, will be at its best in June. Mercury, never a bright object, will be low in the west after sunset in mid-May. Jupiter, an evening planet, will be in the east in late August.

Although summer skies are not so impressive as those of spring, there is still much to see. Constellations to identify are Bootes, the Herdsman with bright Arcturus; Scorpio, the Scorpion with its red, first magnitude star, Antares; Hercules, a large triangle of first magnitude stars set in the Milky Way; and Lyra, the Harp with Vega, the brightest star of summer.

Summer begins at 5:27 p.m., June 21. This is the summer solstice when the sun is farthest north, directly over the Tropic of Cancer.

Goodbye, and don't forget the night sky this summer.

BIRDING IN ARIZONA

by Elsie G. Turnbull

Our Arizona friends like to bird from a car.

While staying in Tucson last winter we would often get a telephone call, "Let's go off for the day to the San Rafael grasslands for seed-eaters; or to Madera or Sabina canyons in the foothills for jays, juncos and birds of the high forest, or to the Ina road sewage ponds for ducks and waterfowl." Early morning would see us setting off down the broad empty valleys which stretch 30 miles or so between tawny treeless mountains and are covered with chaparral, cactus, mesquite and palo verde trees. Around Tucson this area is part of the Sonoran desert running northward from Mexico. Human habitation is scattered and any houses copy the one-storey Indian adobes or the rambling Spanish haciendas--an excellent arrangement for birders because one's view is not restricted. Of course we couldn't pause on the sleek ribbon of highway which bands the desert but once we had turned off on a side road every wire fence, every shrub, and every puddle of water would get our attention.

Flutter of wings or faint song of bird called for the driver to jam on his brakes and roll down the window so everyone could focus binoculars on the specimen of bird life. An unusual white streak above the eye, a dot of black beneath the chin, the waggle of a tail marking a rarity would make all passengers clamber out of the car for further investigation.

We, too, followed the custom and often drove along Silverbell road to look for hawks on the great steel towers of a powerline. A morning's foray of 10 miles might yield a dozen or more Red-tailed Hawks and if one were lucky an occasional Roughleg. Tiny dark blobs against the sky, they apparently found the towers a good lookout for food on the ground far below. Some in the dark phase, some in the light, some juvenile and some adult caused us much eye-straining and neck-craning to recognize them.

Harris' Hawk is not uncommon in Arizona. We never saw one on the Silverbell powerline but we did find four of these dark buteos with the red patch on the shoulders, feathered legs and white-banded tails, in a grove of palo verde trees. One memorable day having driven to a far corner of the Tucson National Golf Course six of us spent half an hour making a goshawk out of the bird on the wire above us, quite persuaded by its white chin and broad white eye stripe. Then it moved and its sudden swiftly darting flight and long pointed wings revealed it as a Peregrine Falcon. Kestrels were everywhere but the only Prairie Falcon we found was on the big San Rafael cattle ranch near the Mexican border.

Against the gray of cactus and catclaw bushes or the brown of grasses gone to seed, sparrows fade into the background. Much diligence is required to spot the streaky breast and faint eye ring of Lincoln's Sparrow, the very short tail and flat head of the Grasshopper Sparrow, the "baby face" of Brewer's and the nondescript Savannah.

An excursion into the foothills of the Catalina Mountains had us driving up the narrow defile of Sabina Canyon. Here we left the car to follow a rocky footpath, scanning each bush and rocky overhang for the sight of the rare Black-chinned Sparrow. Luck was not with us but as British Columbians we felt compensated by seeing so many frisky Black-throated Sparrows, a charming bird of the desert.

Madera Canyon, in the Santa Rita Mountains, provided winter for us. At 5,000 feet we found snow patches along the road's edge. Raucous Mexican Jays, turquoise in color, flashed through the oak trees while Ruby-crowned Kinglets, Gray-backed and Mexican Juncos, Bewick's Wrens and the Bridled Titmouse flitted among the bushes. Noisy Acorn and Arizona Woodpeckers and the Yellow-bellied Sapsucker drummed on cottonwoods above the creek bed. On flat land at the mouth of the canyon, mesquite and ironwood trees harbored black and white Phainopepla, the bright-eyed cocky Cactus Wren, scarlet Cardinals and Pyrrhuloxias, shrikes and a Kestrel.

Water is scarce in Arizona and so very precious. The careful birder always puts his binoculars on any trickle of moisture and regularly visits the big sewage ponds on Ina road as well as reservoirs on private ranches. Here one sees a duck population similar to that on ponds in the vicinity of Victoria. Commonplace to us but a delight to Arizonans were the Coots, Ruddy Ducks, Wigeon, Pintail, Ring-necks, grebes and gallinules. Hundreds



of grackles, both Boat-tailed and Common, and Brewer's Blackbirds squeaked, cackled, croaked and cawed among a cottonwood grove surrounding the treatment plant.

A glorious sight to northern eyes was the Vermilion Flycatcher. Although a resident of arid country it is never far from water, but like any flycatcher it would perch on wire or tree and then dart after bugs, flashing brilliant scarlet in the sunshine.

Another drive took us to the odorous cattle feeding lots just beyond the city limits. Hovering above the pens, where hundreds of cattle fed, and picking up grain from around their feet were usually a thousand or so Brown-headed Cowbirds. Naturally we scanned them closely, looking to find the bright red eye which marks the Bronzed Cowbird. If the sun were right the eye glowed with color beyond any doubt.

Arizona's rivers run underground and their channels, cutting across the land, are only filled with water in time of flood or sudden rainstorm. Known as a "wash", any dry gravelly bed was a place where birders left their car and took to walking. Many a day we picked our way among discarded milk cartons, tin cans, plastic bottles, egg boxes, paper, beer cans and rags tossed into Tanque Verde

Wash, or the wash of the Santa Cruz and Rillito rivers. We were amply rewarded. Flocks of Yellow-rumped Warblers, rosy-breasted House Finches, White-crowned Sparrows and Lawrence's Goldfinches fluttered back and forth while in the tangle of bushes lining the river banks were tiny yellowish Verdins, the Curved-bill Thrashers and the Brown Towhees. In the occasional trickle of water seeping through the ground Water Pipits bobbed and wagged and overall sounded the liquid call of the Mockingbird.



One great delight for us was the sight of a tiny Screech Owl looking out from a flicker's hole in a tall saguaro. Round-faced, with pointed ears and tawny eyes it gazed solemnly at us, only dropping out of sight when we moved in close. As we started our long drive homeward our last sight of the desert country was a view of the odd little Burrowing Owl. Long-legged, sandy in color and earless, it nests in holes dug by gophers and we saw a dozen or so peering out of their burrows or perched on the steep side of an irrigation ditch alongside the highway.

All in all, Arizona is a place well worth a visit, a heaven for both birds and birders.

### SPIRITED ROBINS

*Apropos birding in Arizona is this little piece by Ariadne in the New Scientist. It might give you a chuckle. Ed.*

I remember a marvellous training film the Americans made for their budding Air Force pilots. It featured the Goony Bird (I've never known its proper name) which was an appallingly bad flier. Its take-offs, like its landings, were a disgrace to any avian flying school. The way it would rush down

the beach, flapping wildly, only to trip over something and end in a sprawl used to bring down the house. The show seems to have moved from the Pacific to Walnut Creek, California. Only in this case the birds (robins and cedar waxwings) are not daft but drunk. Apparently they have interrupted their migration to get stoned on pyracantha berries and when they stagger aloft to continue their journeying they keep bumping into cars. The citizens have built them a compound where they can sleep it off. What then? Walnut Creek may now have to deal with some pretty snappish robins and cedar waxwings clamouring for a hair of the dog.

\* \* \* \* \*

### TODAY'S WEEDS - TOMORROW'S VEGETABLES

by Al Grass

The other day I read an article in a garden magazine regarding "weeds" and it has prompted me to offer the following comments.

I would like to suggest that one man's weed is another man's wildflower. A weed it seems is a plant which competes with more "suitable" plant varieties. Should not a rose bush in a carrot patch be considered a weed. After all, it is stealing nutrients from the tasty carrot.

Some of our most beautiful wildflowers are weeds:

*"Fringing the stream at every turn  
Swing low the waving fronds of fern;  
From stoney cleft and mossy sod  
Pale asters spring and golden rod."*

Every garden should have a weed patch. This has a dual purpose - to encourage small birds and insects to visit with you and so that you will have some weeds to study and admire. What better way to spend one's time than to cultivate dandelions for sparrows and finches?

Have you ever thought that today's weeds may be tomorrow's vegetables. We can imagine such tasty

treats as creamed Stellaria on toast wedges and sweet pickled pigweed. Even today we can enjoy such treats as lamb's quarters and dandelion greens.

Nothing is worse than a garden without weeds. Give me a weed patch anytime. There is a thousand-fold to admire in weeds than in their sickly pampered garden kin.

\* \* \* \* \*



## BIRD REPORTS

by Jack Williams

EARED GREBE - March 1, Robert's Bay (1), Vic Goodwill and Ron Satterfield; March 27, Beaver Lake (1) RS.

TRUMPETER SWAN - March 6, Port Renfrew (17), 12 adults and 5 immatures, John Mitchell.

BLACK BRANT - March 2, Clover Point (11), Sarah and Chauncey Wood.

WOOD DUCK - March 4 (4) & March 28 (6), Duncan Ponds; March 30, Highlands (1 fem.) VG.

EUROPEAN WIGEON - March 5, Beacon Hill Park (1 male), Rob Duncan.

GREEN-WINGED TEAL (COMMON) - March 28, Swan Lake (1) the Goodwills; and again on March 29, RS.

BLACK SCOTER - March 4, Island View (22), 11 males and 11 females, RS.

TURKEY VULTURE - March 22, Prospect Lake Rd. & Burnside (2), the Woods and Goodwills.

MARSH HAWK - March 4, Cowichan Bay (1 fem.) VG; March 25, Somenos Lake (1 fem.) VG.

COOPER'S HAWK - March 4, Beacon Hill Park (1) Jack Williams; March 9, Martindale (1) JW; March 11, Island View (1) RS.

GOLDEN EAGLE - March 11, Island View (1 ad.) RS; March 12, Malahat (1 ad.) RS; March 24, Sandown Track (1 imm.) JW; March 29, Munns Rd. (1 imm.) RS; March 30, Malahat (1 ad.) the Goodwills.

OSPREY - March 29, Beaver L. (1) RS; March 28, Witty's Lagoon (1) RS.

AMERICAN KESTREL - March 21, City (1 male), the Goodwills; March 28, Island View (1 male) JW; March 31, Puckle Rd. (1 male) VG.

MERLIN - March 1, Pat Bay (1) VG & RS.

GYRFALCON - March 17, Oak Bay Golf Course (1 dark phase) RS.

PEREGRINE FALCON - March 1, Martindale (1) adult VG & RS.

RUFFED GROUSE - March 30, Spectacle L. (1), Mrs. Satterfield & son.

VIRGINIA RAIL - March 22, Quick's Pond (2), the Woods and the Goodwills.

SANDERLING - March 11, Cordova Spit (21) RS.

WESTERN SANDPIPER - March 26, Esquimalt Lagoon (3) RS.

LEAST SANDPIPER - March 11, Island View (4) RS.

SPOTTED SANDPIPER - March 4, 11 & 25, Duncan Ponds (1) VG; March 9, Billings Pt. (1) the Woods.

ROCK SANDPIPER - March 9 (1), Marg Gillie.

CALIFORNIA GULL - March 3, Florence L. (1 ad.) VG;  
March 25, Satellite Ch. (2 ad.) VG.

WESTERN GULL - March 29, Beacon Hill Park (1 ad.)  
Peggy Goodwill.

GLAUCOUS GULL - March 9, 28, & 31, Clover Pt. (1 2nd  
year) the Woods, the Goodwills and RS.

MARbled MURRELET - March 4, Satellite Ch. (2) VG.

RHINOCEROUS AUKLET - March 16, Clover Pt. (1) the  
Woods; March 17, Oak Bay Golf Course (1) RS; March  
31, Clover Pt. (1) RS.

PYGMY OWL - March 8, Goldstream Park (1) the Woods.

SHORT-EARED OWL - March 25, Cowichan Bay (1) VG.

COMMON FLICKER (y-sh. Hybrid) - March 23, Witty's  
Lagoon (1) RS.

LONG-BILLED MARCH WREN - March 1, Martindale (1) VG  
& RS; March 22, Quick's Pond (2), the Woods and the  
Goodwills.

HERMIT THRUSH - March 10, Goldstream Park (1) the  
Goodwills.

TOWNSEND'S SOLITAIRE - March 22, Prevost Hill (1)  
RS.

CEDAR WAXWING - March 1, Central Saanich (17) VG &  
RS; March 22, Prevost Hill (4) RS.

NORTHERN SHRIKE - March 4, Island View (1) RS,  
Somenos Lake (1) VG, Cowichan Bay (1) VG; March 11,  
Cordova Spit (1) RS; March 25, Cowichan Bay (1) VG.

HUTTON'S VIREO - March 9, Sooke River Rd. (2) the  
Woods; March 19, Elk Lake (2) RS; March 20, Beaver  
Lake (2) the Goodwills.

SOLITARY VIREO - March 23, Mill Hill (1) M. Muirhead

YELLOW-RUMPED WARBLER - March 13, Esquimalt Lagoon  
(1 male), Leila Roberts; March 14, Beaver Lake (1  
male) RS; March 19, Elk Lake (1 pair) RS.

WESTERN MEADOWLARK - March 2, Esquimalt Lagoon (3)  
JW.

EVENING GROSBEAK - March 11, Tzouhalem (4) VG.

PINE SISKIN - March 3, Becher Bay (20), the  
Goodwills, March 22, Millstream Rd. (50) VG & RS.

RED CROSSBILL - March 10, Munns Rd. (12) RS.

SAVANNAH SPARROW - March 28, Island View (1) JW.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Least and Western Sandpipers seen by Ron Satterfield appear to be very early arrivals. The Osprey seems to be back right on time but where are the Orange-crowned Warblers? They were just arriving in Santa Barbara on March 20 so are a bit late this year.

The flock of 22 Black Scoters seen at Island View on March 4 was one of the largest flocks of this species to be seen around here for some time.

The Muirheads report that the tree at Craig-flower Bridge, which has at times been a cormorant roost, saw good service throughout March. While on cormorants we might mention that the evening flights of Double-crests reported by the Goodwills last month, have their terminus on the rocks at the south end of the Chain Isles. On March 13, 41 flew in, while the highest count was 73 on March 7. These were seen from the King George Terrace look-out. On March 29, 1 was seen flying the wrong way. Only 1 was seen on March 30. Ron Satterfield suggests there is a correlation between these February/



March flights and the herring run.

It's nice to find that someone has seen Evening Grosbeaks, Pine Siskins and Red Crossbills lately; many of us haven't seen them all winter. And what has happened to the Redbreasted Nuthatches? Any suggestions?

\* \* \* \* \*

### ODDS N' ENDS

..... mark Wednesday, May 21, on your calendar. It's the day you've all been waiting for because on the evening of that great day you'll get your chance to air your views on any aspect of the Society's business that you feel requires attention. That's the day, or evening, of our Annual General Meeting.

Disposal of the Nehring estate will be high on the agenda as will where and when we should meet in future. There have been some rumbles of dissatisfaction with our present arrangements so if you want a change, and can offer some alternatives, let's hear from you.

You might also give some consideration to new projects, research, field trips etc., which you would like to see us attempt. Remember, this'll be the best chance you will have all year to get things off your chest. Don't miss it .....

\* \* \* \* \*

..... on those C.N.F. meetings in June, this'll be the last notice you'll see on them in the Naturalist. By next month the great event will be on us. BUT ABLE HANDS ARE STILL NEEDED. Stephen Mitchell and Marge Brehaut need all the help they can get with their Field Trip program. Leaders, drivers, assistants, are all needed, particularly

people with a car who are willing to make themselves - and their vehicle - available for local trips and little emergencies that are bound to come up. Remember the dates - June 12/16 - and the people. You can get Marge at 478-7195 and Stephen at 477-9248 .....

\* \* \* \* \*

..... and for those of you who would like to know about field trips sooner, Jack Williams has come up with his June program already. So jot down Saturday June 7 and Sunday June 21. Jack has a trip planned for Francis Park on the 7th and one to Pitt Meadows, northeast of Vancouver, on the 21st. Watch the June Naturalist for more complete details .....

\* \* \* \* \*

..... Starlings are back in the news but this time it looks like it's good news. These well-known and much-maligned avian immigrants are coming under the scrutiny of the University of Victoria's Wildlife Management class. The students, as a practical project, are attempting to monitor Victoria's Starling population by making regular counts of the birds at their roosts.

BUT THEY NEED YOUR HELP!

If you can spare an evening a week to Starling research, or if you know of a Starling roost, contact

Wayne Campbell at the Provincial Museum.

His number is 387-3649 .....

\* \* \* \* \*

..... remember the Sparlings? Sure you do; they're the folks who took off last year on a southern safari through the United States. Well, they were alive and well and staying in Brownsville, Texas

when I last heard from them - which was a couple of weeks ago. Mrs. Sparling dropped me a line with a nice little article about their experiences. Look for it next month .....

\* \* \* \* \*

### RUNNING A TIGHT SCHEDULE?

Margaret Wainwright has probably been the busiest person in the Society in the past few weeks what with all those early registrations for the C.N.F. convention coming in. So far we've got entries from every Province, but the one which brought a little joy to Margaret had to be this letter from Olivia 'Pip' Lewis of St. John's Newfoundland. Let this excerpt tell the story --

"On June 12 can I be back from the 6 o'clock birding in time to take trip J? Sorry, I just noticed that birding is 6 am not pm as I had read - so scrap that question. Will we get back from Trip J in time to go stargazing at 10 pm? On the 13th I would like to go to the Provincial Museum, 8-10 am, and Trip H, 10 am. Do we leave the Museum at 10 am or is that when we return to the University, in which case I can take both trips. Also on the 16th when can we expect to get back from Trip C as I may leave that evening rather than the next day but it depends on how late we return from excursion!"

Fear not Pip, we'll make sure you get to see everything there is to see, and more.

Be seeing you in June.

\* \* \* \* \*

### INCIDENT AT CLOVER POINT

by Vivienne Anderson

While birding at Clover Point on February 26, my husband and I saw a gull attack and kill a female Bufflehead. The incident occurred at high tide and was seen through 8 x 30 binoculars at close range. While the light was poor, the identification of the birds involved is certain and the details of the incident are as we saw them.

The duck had just come out of the sea and was standing on the rocks east of the Point when an adult Glaucous-winged Gull, which had been standing slightly behind and above the duck, lunged forward, grasped it by the nape and began pounding it against the rocks.

As far as we could determine this was the beginning of the incident. Prior to the attack the duck had shown no evidence of sickness or injury, indeed it made repeated vigorous efforts to escape.

After about 5 minutes during which time the gull repeatedly struck the duck's neck against the rock, the duck seemed to us to be dead.

The gull then stood on the body and began tearing at the wound it had made. Unfortunately we had to leave at this time and were unable to record the subsequent events of the incident but at low tide the next day all evidence of its ever having occurred was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*



ECHO

## REMEMBER MOUNT DOUGLAS?

Mark, Rennie, Janice, Margaret, Nicola, David, Ben, Ian, Michelle, Neal, Scott and John, do you remember the hike up Mount Douglas in November?

The trail from Blenkinsop Road led through rock outcroppings covered with licorice ferns and dozens of different mosses.

Oaks were also abundant and on the fallen leaves we found round balls. We discovered these were insect galls when we opened one and found a white larva inside. (On a later trip to Thetis Lake, we opened another one of these same Oak leaf galls and found a little fly inside - the adult stage!)

One section of the trail had been eroded by winter rains and you put one foot on each side and straddled the "deep gorge"!

While we watched a nearby flock of Oregon juncos, someone noticed a little Downy woodpecker on an Oak tree right beside us. We had a good look at him as he searched for insects and then flew away. Far in the distance someone spotted another bird at the top of a Douglas fir. The binoculars were needed for this identification - a flicker. As he flew off, however, the unaided eye could see the bright orange under his wings.

At the crest of a knoll we would see the top of the mountain and a figure in white was waving his arms - we decided it was a ghost!

Just before we went down into the gully of Douglas fir, near the old mine, a flock of chickadees and kinglets flitted around us, seemingly unafraid of our nearness.

Above the gully the climb was steep. We carefully scrambled up and up and finally made the top!

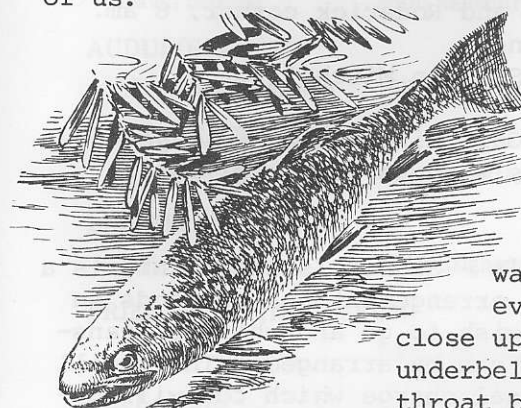
The ghost had vanished! After surveying the view, it was time to head back - carefully - leaving ten feet between people and trying not to roll down any loose stones on the person ahead! Do you remember? Are you ready for another mountain climbing adventure?

\* \* \* \* \*

## ACROSS THIS LAND with Chris Walsh (Part 6)

*Chris is nearing the end of his journey. This month we find him in the Maritimes for a few days before heading east again to his new home in Ottawa.*

There is another bird in P.E.I. called the graybird. We found one of its nests near a favourite fishing hole about 4 miles from the farm where we caught enough trout for supper between the three of us.



When we got back to the farm we found that the other boys had caught a Barn Swallow, some house sparrows and a few graybirds. This was the first time I had ever seen a Barn Swallow close up. They have a white underbelly and an orange throat but when flying their stomachs look orange. The boys caught the birds by shutting the barn doors after they went in.

Some of the boys wanted to keep the Barn Swallow but it had a nest with 2 eggs and 1 baby so all the birds were set free.

The next day we went down to "The Point". I'm not sure of the name of it. We caught some baby birds that ran fast and which my cousins called "Plubers". I thought they might be plovers. They had white breast feathers and a dark back and looked like sandpipers.

\* \* \* \* \*

ADULT PROGRAM

Sat. May 3 Island View Beach for shorebirds.  
Meet Mayfair Lanes parking lot, Oak  
and Roderick corner 9 am or Island  
View, 9:30 am. Bring Lunch.  
Leader - Jack Williams (perhaps)

Wed. May 21 Annual General Meeting, 8 pm  
St. John's Ambulance Hall,  
941 Pandora.  
DON'T MISS THIS ONE

Sun. May 25 Special outing to Botanical Beach.  
This one is open to one and all, but  
we could sure use a marine biologist.  
If there's one out there with a yen  
to see Botanical Beach, here's your  
chance. Leave Mayfair Lanes parking  
lot, Oak and Roderick corner, 8 am.  
Bring Lunch  
Leader: Stephen Mitchell.

Please let Stephen or Gail Mitchell know if you plan  
to go on this outing as soon as possible. Call  
them at 477-9248.

Sat. May 31 Sidney Spit - Sidney Island. This is a  
tentative arrangement that depends on  
how many wish to go and whether trans-  
portation can be arranged. There will  
be a nominal charge which too will de-  
pend on the number going. Bring Lunch  
(lots of it). Leader: Jack Williams

Let Jack know by May 21 if you are going on this  
trip. (656-1484). He has a lot of arrangements to  
make.

JUNIORS

Sat. May 3 Francis Park - put out trail signs  
INTERMEDIATES PLEASE COME AND HELP  
Drivers: Whittaker & Whiney

COORDINATORS

## PROGRAMME:

Stephen R. Mitchell 4321 Majestic Dr. 477-9248

## LEADERS:

Dr. J.B. Tatum 305 - 1680 Poplar Ave. 477-1089

## THE VICTORIA NATURALIST:

Harold Hosford 303 Daniel Pl. 478-5794

## UNIVERSITY LIAISON:

Dr. Alan P. Austin 4671 Spring Rd. 479-7889

## FEDERATION OF B.C. NATURALISTS:

David Stirling 3500 Salisbury Way 385-4223

## AUDUBON FILMS:

Miss Anne Adamson 1587 Clive Dr. 598-1623

## JUNIOR NATURALISTS:

Mrs. Gail Mitchell 4321 Majestic Dr. 477-9248

## LIBRARIAN:

A.R. Davidson 2144 Brighton Ave. 598-3088

## FRIENDS OF THE MUSEUM:

Eric M. Counsell 1005 - 647 Michigan 386-3989

## RESEARCH:

Rick H. Harcombe 461 Sparton 479-4958

