



# The VICTORIA NATURALIST

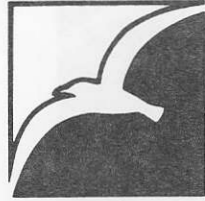
PUBLISHED EVERY TWO MONTHS BY THE  
VICTORIA NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY,  
P.O. BOX NO. 5220  
VICTORIA, B.C. V8R 6N4  
ISSN 0049-612X



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VOL. 42, NO. 3  
NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1985



VICTORIA NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

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Mailing Address: P.O. Box No. 5220, Victoria, B.C. V8R 6N4

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Annual Dues – including “The Victoria Naturalist” - Juniors: \$2.50 - Regular: \$10.00  
Golden Age: \$9.00 - Family: \$14.00 - Sustaining: \$30.00

Financial Year – January 1st to December 31st

**RARE BIRD ALERT - 382-5562**  
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COVER PHOTO: by Ed Coffin  
*Albert R. “Davey” Davidson, interviewed by Anne Adamson in honour of his 97th birthday. He is displaying some of his early sketch-copy assignments.*

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO**  
**ALBERT R. “DAVEY” DAVIDSON!**

*by Anne Adamson*

Ed Coffin and I spent a delightful hour or so last week with our favourite Naturalist. As it wasn't a Wednesday, Davey wasn't making his usual ten pounds of brown wholewheat bread. And, as it wasn't an afternoon visit, Davey wasn't sitting at the dining-room table painting one of his colourful landscapes or a special bird. But we did find him in his beloved garden, snipping off dead dahlia blossoms so that the buds would continue to bloom and give longer pleasure.

Davey, who was 97 years young on October 17th, was born in Hull, Yorkshire, England. His family was always on the move, from Hull to Darlington in Durham, and on to Newcastle in Northumberland, where he started work as office boy-stenographer in his thirteenth year. Four years later they moved to Glasgow, and in 1908 left Scotland for Toronto, where they stayed for three years, moving then to New York. As a country lover, it would seem that one year was enough, so he brought his mother to Victoria in 1913, and has lived on the Island ever since.

In 1936, at 48 years of age, he quit his job in Victoria, and bought a twenty-acre rough farm near Courtenay, milking his cow, tending the hives and cultivating a large garden. He managed to live on very little, making his own butter and cheese and looking after a large flock of chickens.

In 1937 the Courtenay School Board asked him to be their Secretary, a part-time job paying \$200 per annum. He accepted, and finally became Secretary-Treasurer of that School District at \$150 per month. He returned to Victoria in 1947, being then 60, and hasn't worked since, or so he says.

In Victoria, Davey discovered the Victoria Natural History Society, and became a member in January 1948, finding new interests and many friends. When the Society was formed in 1944, with the late Dr. Clifford Carl as President, the Victoria Naturalist had come into being. In 1953 Davey became its editor, and continued for the next ten years. In the same year the Society's Library also started, which now has over 300 books and magazines, still under Davey's care.

Also in 1953 the Tuesday Group came into being. Three or four people arranged to meet at the bottom of Bowker Avenue at 8:30 a.m. to spend the morning birding, Davey having explored the best places around Victoria on his bicycle. From then on, the Group accumulated more and more members; and today it continues giving much pleasure to many people.

In 1930 Davey started painting as an indoor hobby, joining a sketching group under Arthur Checkley, and has been painting landscapes and birds ever since.

This year Davey and Eleanore celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary. Eleanore is also a keen and knowledgeable birder, as well as an outdoor enthusiast. I deem it a rare privilege to be considered one of Davey's many friends. Please join with me in wishing Davey good health, good birding, and many happy days enjoying his many interests!



## BRINGING UP BUSHTITS

by Pearl Denny

The bushtits were brought in to the sanctuary on the morning of Sunday, 23 June. There were three in a slightly damaged nest. There were other eggs in the nest which unfortunately had to be abandoned.

A recent volunteer to Swan Lake, I had arrived to do my Sunday stint. Jo MacGregor, the volunteer co-ordinator, and Dawn Carter, the naturalist, were attempting to feed them with watered rabbit pellets and an eye dropper. They were in a Bird Care Rehabilitation Basket, one of the four recently donated by various organizations. This consists of a laundry basket with heating pad, a cover and a small two compartment feeding dish as well as a book, *Bird Salvage: A Care Programme for Orphaned Birds*. Identified by Jo as bushtit young — I have a great love of the outdoors but certainly not much knowledge — they were very small, fragile looking, almost featherless, with large heads only semi-supported by wobbly necks. One was definitely more robust looking than the others. He was to become the leader, first in all activities and was dubbed "Macho" by my family.

The initial contact with them was intense. Instead of any other duties about the house I took on feedings. The recommendation was 20-30 minute feedings. They were fairly eager feeders on that timing. I found the side of the eye dropper to be more useful than the actual point, as they became so frantic about being fed they wobbled all over the place making feeding times difficult! I later found that by placing one finger of my free hand just to steady the nestling I could help them feed. The smallest and weakest of the three usually required to be aroused for feeding in the first week. This was the one for whose survival I feared most throughout the time.

Deciding to take them home was a bit difficult. It was unreasonable to think that the caretaker could take on the intense feeding schedule. I have never been able to walk away from such a situation. They looked like they didn't have much chance, but at least they needed to have that chance. My friends are apt to say it seems to be strangely coincidental that my son had left home to go commercial fishing that same morning!

So despite a rather hectic schedule, and realizing only partially what a responsibility I was taking on, I wrapped them up and took them home that afternoon when my volunteer time was finished.

They were installed on top of the dishwasher in the kitchen and were to live there for approximately two weeks.

One initial problem I tackled was that of a nest. The original beautifully constructed nest, a product of enormous work by the parent birds, would not do. It would be difficult to clean as the mother bird would normally have done, and featured an additional hazard of mites and lice. The solution that came to me was to adapt that mothers' helper, the Pamper. I could change it when needed, and closed at one side, it gave the nestlings more security than the slippery paper surface that they had been on. The heating pad was also not directly in contact with their bodies.

So, nest problem temporarily solved, I began the vigil of feedings. I expected that they would not live through the night. I fed them frequently up to about 11 p.m. They seemed exhausted at this point — I was too, so I tucked them in with a large towel, and adjusted the heat down. Hoping for the best, I went to bed, expecting to meet with at least one casualty by morning.

I was thrilled to encounter three sleepy but very hungry little beaks in the morning. I began to have some hope.

That week and the next they went almost everywhere with me. Fortunately my fellow workers at GAP tolerate my eccentricities and soon got used to the basket and my hopping up and down to feed them. I also had to enlist the aid of my daughter, Kwyn, who, at 15, often felt she had better things to do. However, as they grew from their "gross" state she too became one of their fans.

Their eyes opened early that first week — Macho's first of course. That event, plus looking in a book entitled *Nests, Eggs & Nestlings* by Colin Harrison established that they were about 6-7 days old when found. By mid-week they were peeping for food at regular intervals. I could almost dictate their feeding times. They ate very little but very often, then had a sac enclosed bowel movement, (one way that I determined they were digesting the diet I had them on), then dropped off into a deep sleep. Most of the week passed in endless feedings, cleaning them up and hunting bugs! Co-workers trapped ants on their coffee breaks : everyone helped out. By the end of the week they looked more robust, they moved around a fair amount and as Macho kept looking out through the holes of the laundry basket when hungry, I transferred them to a small cardboard box, with a lid for nap time.

I tried a variety of food mixtures on them after realizing that my facility as a bug catcher was not going to keep them alive! The mixture that they had most often was softened rabbit pellets mixed with mashed hard boiled egg yolk, cottage cheese and a few drops of cage bird vitamins. I abandoned the eye dropper early in the process and went on to finger feeding them.

About the twelfth day Macho began to hop up to the edge of the box and do his "wing exercises". He was very strong and very determined in his movements. Once he had hopped up a few times he had it perfected and did not want to be on the floor of the box again. The others followed his lead the next day. From box perching they made leaping attempts to the twigs that were placed for them. Since the holes were worrisome I now placed them in an aquarium with a fine mesh net over it.

Initially, they just hopped onto the branch and stayed in the same position. However, it was not long before they could perch practice. So one would hop the length, turn around, hop back. A bit later on if one of the others was in the way then a hop over and leap-frog (or bird in this case) game would ensue.

I increased the bug content of their diet after I finished work. My dog and I, plus a container that I carried almost everywhere, would go on an early morning bug hunt in the woods behind Camosun. Spittle bugs and spiders were the most plentiful and easiest to catch! It was during the second week that flying, perching and bug pecking were perfected. Friends contributed garden aphids and various creepy things, some of which were rejected by the voracious gourmands!

I had the luck to bump into Peggy Goodwill at the Sanctuary the following Sunday. She and her husband were super at adding to my information on what to feed and how to move toward release. Peggy even went for many a food forage. I appreciated the help.

As they became fully feathered and were flying about the aquarium I was faced with the next stage, which was that of planning for release. They had been inside a house in a very artificial environment, fed partly on their natural diet but mainly on my form of bird pabulum. I knew they had to go outside, acclimatize and learn independent bug hunting.

The search for proper outside housing was tedious. I knew what I wanted, but not where to find it. The SPCA kindly lent me a canary cage, but it was too nerve-racking to use, as the little things would try to squeeze their heads through the bars. After one nerve-racking trip to the garden with them thus caged, I returned them to the safety of the aquarium. I then reconsidered the cage notion and came to the con-

Regret: I only have a simple 35mm camera . . . this would have been an amazing photo story on young bird survival.

## BRINGING UP BUSHTITS

clusion that I needed some advice from the cage experts. I phoned Mrs. Duckworth at Petland on Fort St. to ask if she knew of any way of obtaining a flight cage similar to those used to ship budgies and canaries. My lucky day! Not only did she know, but she had one on her back porch that I could borrow. I immediately obtained it and the birds were in the garden that morning, Friday, July 5th.

They were disorientated by the move, flapped around an awful lot and refused to eat. I kept a close eye on them and tried to feed them often. They settled down after a while. Soon they were happily flying around their more spacious environment. It was an added treat that they could walk along the roof. Being upside down seems to be one of their amusements.

Friday night I couldn't catch them to bring them in, so as I had to go out for the evening I left them to my daughter to feed. She subsequently caught them and they spent one last night in the house.

The next few days were directed toward making them self-sufficient. Branches were placed in the cage with bugs on them . . . they were quickly pecked clean. They overnighted with a cover over them until Tuesday, the last caged night, when only a partial cover was provided. They still appreciated the pablum and would get most excited whenever my daughter and I would approach their cage.

A disaster struck Saturday afternoon! While I was rearranging their branches of bugs, one adventurous bird flew out. By this time it was no longer possible to identify Macho or the weakest bird. I was perplexed. I felt they hadn't been outside long enough to be ready to go it alone. Should I let the others out to keep the first company? Was I putting them at greater risk by doing that? Bushtits live in flocks: how could one survive alone?

Fortunately, the little bird solved the problem by coming back to the cage within the hour. Hungry and urged on by the call of cage mates, it was soon caught and returned to the safety of the cage. I was certainly relieved.

We were helped at this point with feedings from what was to me a strange source. Other bushtits would alight on the roof of the cage and offer tidbits to the young. Often there were as many as ten adults about the cage. I put the cat on house arrest at this point.

I was considerably helped in the decision to release by the behaviour of the feeder adults. Although the little ones could peck and eat live food they still wanted the pablum. The appearance of the feeder birds meant to me that other "mothers" might take on the trio and help them with outside food quests.

Wednesday was decided on as release day. The debate was, when should it be? Morning? Get a good start on the day. "Early bird gets the worm" thoughts went through my head. The heat of the afternoon was ruled out. Evening might be good as the energy expended flying around would not be too great before they roosted for the night.

Again the problem was solved by observing the neighborhood bushtits. Wednesday morning the garden was full of them! What perfect timing for release. So I opened the door and pinned it back. Nothing happened, my bright eyed, feathered friends just sat and looked perplexed. So I got some food on my fingers and held my hand outside the door of the cage. They all came, sat and fed. Then they flew off, joining the others.

I'd like to say I saw them again. I did go back frequently, to stand by the empty cage. The bushtits that were around I looked over carefully, but they were always more mature than Macho and his siblings. I did leave food in the cage for them and something ate it.

I hope they're alright. I'm thrilled to have had this experience, which was a powerfully engrossing one. To observe bird development from such a close vantage point has been truly amazing.

The patience of my children, my co-workers and friends, the sanctuary kit, the nelpers with bug collecting, the Goodwills with advice, the Duckworths with a cage, all helped to make it a very enriched and successful experience.

**Comments on the Salvage Kit:**

**The book** was a wonderful source of information and encouraging when things didn't seem to be going so well.

**Basket and heating pad** were great for first week when they were perching; I used a suspended bulb if I felt they were cold. I think that a net covering with elastic and velcro for closure would be a better cover for those that can fly or even flap — it's harmful to have to try to catch them when they flap out.

The weight of the basket was ideal. I had to take them to work, out to dinner and even to my dentist; their feeding times indicate that portability is essential. I feel that the holes in the basket are an issue with the small birds: perhaps mesh covering on several of the baskets might be an answer: it could be glued to the interior or exterior, I would imagine.

**Food:** I experimented with a lot of combinations. I felt rather guilty when I had to abandon total natural food plans. I admire mother birds very much for taking the time. By watching their eliminations I could judge whether to increase fruit content, water the pablum more, etc. When they started bug-pecking I really felt they were going to make it. I also purchased wingless fruit fly larvae at the Northwest Laboratories. However at \$5 for 25 I couldn't make that more than a special treat. The fruit flies would often crawl away, with me in frantic pursuit, not wanting to waste a single one! The birds ate aphids, spittle bugs and spiders well. They would not eat mealy bugs, sow bugs or worms. Nor would they eat their pablum when I put liver in it!

I never gave them water as such. When they were flying well and hopping about I put water in the bottom of their container but I never observed them drinking. They did have a bath at one point though: I'm not sure that it was intentional.

The problem with the advice on placing natural food in a dish at the bottom of cage is two-fold: these birds were never seen at the bottom of the cage, and the food needed to be alive, so it often left the cage, much to the disappointment of the person who had foraged for it through the woods.

The birds ate the spiders and spittle bugs at first off my fingers and then off small branches that I hung from their perching branches. They became increasingly alert to where the food was: the exception in these birds' case was anything on the bottom of the cage.

**Special Problems:**

I had to watch the heat control. They'd get listless in the early stages if too warm, and then not want to eat, but couldn't be cold either, so I did a lot of adjusting according to observed behaviour/condition.

**Mites:** I sprayed them once during the first week as they were scratching a lot. I worried about the effect of doing it, but they survived. I hand-held them with their heads covered by the small of my hand, and then sprayed the body thoroughly. I increased the heat on the pad so they would dry off quickly.

I didn't have time to read the suggested readings but now that they're gone maybe I'll catch up on my reading.

**Regrets:** I only have a simple 35mm camera . . . this would have been an amazing photo story on young bird survival.



## RED-NAPED SAPSUCKERS (HYBRIDS): A CAUTIONARY NOTE!

by K. Taylor

Although it is obvious that this species occurs (11 records, most unconfirmed) and has even nested (June 11 to July 1, 1983 at Sooke), records of this very rare bird must be looked at carefully.

Records of this species must not be accepted without the observer being aware of hybrids between this species and the Red-breasted Sapsucker; the result may closely resemble a pure Red-naped. Notes should be taken to insure that no hybridization exists.

Hybrids known to exist to the author are: the young produced from the nest at Sooke; a Red-naped female X Red-breasted male nest and one in North Saanich, seen personally, on November 25, 1984.

Winter records should be looked at especially, as this species is highly migratory, and winter records within normal range are rare north of California, yet Victoria had two birds on December 17, 1983, the highest Christmas count across Canada. The Red-breasted in our area is not highly migratory and hybrids with this species may result in birds remaining through winter.

Occurrence of migrants of a highly migratory species occurring outside normal range is reasonable, so the April-mid May and late September-early November records seem to be acceptable.

Records of this species exist from November through mid-January, possibly into February: these birds, unless carefully documented, should be treated with scepticism.

NOTE: Caution is needed too because of juveniles changing to adult plumages.

## WEST COAST HAWK MIGRATION DISCOVERED

In the last two years, what appears to be an important migration route for raptors has been discovered: in fact, it is speculated that it may be the route of the largest spring migration of raptors in the west. This route passes over Neah Bay and Cape Flattery, at the west end of the Olympic Peninsula, where, in a period of two weeks, 4,300 raptors have been counted — including no less than 1,700 in one day. The species involved are: Turkey Vulture, Osprey, Bald Eagle, Northern Harrier, Sharp-shinned Hawk, Cooper's Hawk, Northern Goshawk, Red-tailed Hawk, Rough-legged Hawk, Golden Eagle, American Kestrel, Merlin, Peregrine Falcon, and one Ferruginous Hawk. The question one immediately asks, of course, is, where do they go from there? Investigation in the region between Port Renfrew and Bamfield would seem to be very desirable.

## HALLEY'S FAMOUS DOUBLES

Everyone is familiar with the large star pattern known as the Big Dipper. A little southward of the Dipper's handle lies a bright, solitary star marked on sky-charts as *Cor Caroli*. It is a rather special star, as anyone who views it through a telescope will immediately discover.

It was Edmund Halley who first coined the designation *Cor Caroli*, "*The Heart of Charles*", in honour of King Charles II, whose lifelong patronage of Halley had begun at an early stage in the astronomer's career.

Even very low magnification will easily divide this lovely and intriguing star into two components, a brilliant primary star and its considerably smaller attendant. A delightful feature of this pair is its subtle contrast of colours, which most observers detect after a few minutes of careful study. The main star and its companion have been described as "pale copper" and "lilac".

This remarkable star is actually a binary pair, gravitationally bound together. Separated from each other by nearly 800 times the distance from our sun to the earth, these fascinating alien suns revolve slowly about a common centre of gravity, circling like two embracing dancers.

If you go outdoors for a look at the lovely Halley star, try spotting another famous double that happens to lie in the same region of the sky.

At the midpoint of the Big Dipper's handle, there is a star that keen-eyed observers will see as a widely separated double, even with the unaided eye. Although these two are an enormous quarter of a light year apart in space, they are believed to be tidally linked. After enjoying the pleasing spectacle of this wide double with fieldglasses or the naked eye, try your telescope on the bright primary star itself. Relatively low magnification will show that it is an elegant close binary — a set of matched diamonds in the telescopic field.

Some gravitationally bound pairs are so widely separated that our entire solar system would fit into the space between the two stars. Others are so close that they are physically almost in contact. Astronomers theorize that, in such a pair, the component stars must be tidally distorted into grotesque elongated shapes, with superheated matter spilling from one star onto the upper surface of the other.

Our increased understanding of binary stars adds an exciting dimension to their appreciation that was not available to Edmund Halley. Yet the predicted return of his famous comet during the months of late 1985 and early 1986 is only one of a vast catalogue of curiosities in the night sky.

## AWARD WINNERS FOR THE 1984-85 ACADEMIC SESSION

**Freeman F. King Scholarship** of \$650: Mark Lewis, Victoria

**VNHS Scholarship** of \$400: Tandi Wilkinson, Armstrong, B.C.

**G. Clifford Carl Memorial Bursary** of \$600: Robert Simpson, Victoria

**Samuel Simco Bursaries** of \$400 each: Erik Berglund, Kaleden, B.C.; Daniel Marwood, Duncan, B.C.

**Barbara Chapman Award to a Young Naturalist**: Karl Perrin, Agassiz, B.C.

## ESQUIMALT LAGOON FIELD TRIP

by Ed Coffin

Saturday, September 21st, despite some confusion about the meeting place (not Helmcken Park, but Helmcken Park-and-Ride bus lot by Highway 1), we enjoyed at the Lagoon the only clear weather in a foggy Capital Region.

Expected sightings included Common Loon, Western Grebe, Red-necked Grebe, Pied-billed Grebe, Double-crested Cormorant, Pintail, White-winged Scoter, Surf Scoter, Common Merganser, Hooded Merganser, Great Blue Heron, Black Oystercatcher, Black-bellied Plover, Killdeer, Greater Yellowlegs, Black Turn-

stone, Western Sandpiper, California Gull, Heermann's Gull, Bonaparte's Gull, Pigeon Guillemot, Rhinoceros Auklet, Belted Kingfisher and Savannah Sparrow.

Unexpected bonuses were Osprey, Semipalmated Plover, Sanderlings, Short-eared Owl and Lapland Longspur.

## A PRONOUNCED DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

by Roy Prior

"Did you read what it says here? It says I shouldn't pronounce falcon as fallcon."

"Yes, it says they pronounced it falcon in Latin."

"How does he know how they pronounced it in Latin?"

\* \* \*

"I've always pronounced it fallcon."

"That's because you're English."

"Oh."

\* \* \*

"I looked it up in the dictionary, and the dictionary says you pronounce it fallcon."

"That's because it's an English dictionary."

"Oh."

\* \* \*

"I looked it up in an American dictionary and it still says you pronounce it fallcon."

"Oh."

\* \* \*

"At least he doesn't say I can't say hawk."

"Can't say what?"

"Hawk."

"Oh, hock."

"Hock? I always thought Hock was a German wine."

"Not Latin?"

\* \* \*

"Hock, to rhyme with sock?"

"I suppose so."

"Not hark, to rhyme with lark and Mark?"

"With what?"

"Mark. The name."

"Oh, Marrk."

\* \* \*

"Are your feet cold?"

"No, why?"

"I was going to say, put your sawks on."

"I'm not tocking to you."

## NOTICES

### Fee Increase for 1986

Rising costs have obliged the Board of Directors to set increased fees for next year. Rates are as follows: Junior, \$2.50; Golden Age (65 and over), \$11; Regular, \$12; Family, \$17; Sustaining, \$30.

The Board would like to know whether members are unable to come to meetings and/or field trips because of lack of transportation or other difficulties. If you have such a problem, do ring Mary-Lou Florian at 387-5552 during the day.

Copies of the *National Geographic Field Guide to the Birds of North America* are again available, price \$20 Canadian; ring Lyndis Davis at 477-9952.

### Christmas Bird Count

This year's Victoria count will be held on Saturday, 21 December, and the Sooke count on Saturday, 28 December. Those participating in the Victoria count will be asked to pay a reduced fee of \$2.00 Canadian; the Victoria Natural History Society will pay the rest of the count charges.

The Chairman of the nominations committee, Winston Mair, invites nominations for posts on the Board of Directors of the Society. If you would like to nominate someone, please contact him.

### Colour-Marked Snow Buntings

The Canadian Wildlife Service would like to be notified if anyone sees colour marked snow buntings (dye markings of red, blue, green, yellow, orange or purple, marking outer wing and tail feathers). Take note of the date, location, colour of dye and send the information to the Bird Banding Office, Canadian Wildlife Service, Ottawa K1A 0E7.

If you see a large flock of Snow Buntings (with or without coloured dye markings), please write Wayne Ferguson of the Ontario Bird Banding Association, 28 Livingston Road, TH No. 79, Scarborough, Ontario, M1E 4S5. No other song bird shows as much white as the Snow Buntings. Early sightings also welcome.

Reports of sightings of flying squirrels on Vancouver Island or any neighbouring island are desired. They should be given to Anne Algard, 3090 Uplands Rd., Victoria, B.C. V8R 6B4, telephone 592-9002.

## BIRD OBSERVATIONS

### AUGUST

No.	Species	Date Area Seen	Observer
1	Cassin's Auklet	4 Ogden Point	Joy & Ron Satterfield
1	Green-backed Heron	6 Swan Lake	Dave Fraser
1	Pectoral Sandpiper	9 Witty's Lagoon	Barbara & Mike McGrenere
pair	Western Bluebird	9 Pears Road	Barbara & Mike McGrenere
1	Franklin's Gull	10 Wiffin Spit	Alf Porcher
1	Stilt Sandpiper	10 McIntyre Reservoir	Tim Zurowski
1	Buff Breasted Sandpiper	15 Victoria Golf Course	Eleanore Davidson



No.	Species	Date	Area Seen	Observer
1	Willet	17	Ogden Point	Joy & Ron Satterfield
2	Ancient Murrelet	17	Clover Point	Ron Satterfield
1	Upland Sandpiper	17	Victoria Golf Course	Eleanore Davidson
1	Northern Waterthrush	17	Triangle Mountain	Jeff Gaskin
1	Red-breasted Sapsucker	24	Mount Newton	Barbara Begg
1	Little Gull	25	Witty's Lagoon	Charles Harper
1	Parasitic Jaeger	26	Esquimalt Lagoon	Joy & Ron Satterfield
3	Bank Swallow	26	Holland Point	Keith Taylor
6	Purple Martin	26	Goodridge Peninsula	P.R. Williams
1	Say's Phoebe	29	Clover Point	Mike Bentley
1	Brown Pelican	31	Clover Point	Ron Satterfield
<b>SEPTEMBER</b>				
1	Vesper Sparrow	4	Puckle Road	Joy & Ron Satterfield
1	American Bittern	4	Swan Lake	Bob Hay
1	Black Tern	9	McNeill Bay	Mike Edgell
1	Eastern Kingbird	10	Victoria Golf Course	Brent Diakow
100	Greater-White-fronted-Goose	15	McMicking Point	Hank Vander Pol
1	Townsend's Solitaire	15	Freeman King/Thetis Lk. Park	Bruce Whittington
1	Sandhill Crane	16	9537 West Saanich Rd.	Barbara Begg
1	Sharp-tailed Sandpiper	17	Martindale 'L' Reservoir	Dave Fraser
1	Ruff	17	Martindale 'L' Reservoir	Ron Satterfield
1	Short-eared Owl	21	Coburg Peninsula	Gordon Davidson
1	Lapland Longspur	21	Coburg Peninsula	Ken Morgan
1	Pomarine Jaeger	23	Victoria Golf Course	Ron Satterfield
1	Yellow-headed Blackbird	30	McIntyre Road	Anne Knowles

### PROGRAMME

- Saturday, November 2 Geology of Victoria and Sooke. All day field trip, leader, H. Paul Wilton, Victoria District Geologist, Ministry of Energy, Mines and Petroleum Resources. Meet Mayfair Lanes, 9 a.m.
- Sunday, November 3 Birding field trip. Martindale - Island View region, leader Roy Prior. Meet Mayfair Lanes, 9 a.m., or Island View Regional Park 9:30 a.m.
- Tuesday, November 12 General Meeting and Programme, Newcombe Auditorium, 8 p.m. Speaker Dr. Yorke R. Edwards, Past Director of B.C. Provincial Museum, topic: *Face of B.C.*
- Thursday, November 14 Tour of B.C. Provincial Museum Native Plant Gardens. 10:30 a.m. at entry to Museum. Leader Ms. Cathy Cox, Garden Technician.

- Saturday, November 16 Birding field trip on m.v. Coho across the Juan de Fuca Strait. Meet at Black Ball Ferry Terminal at 9 a.m., arriving back about 4 p.m. Cost \$14.50 Canadian.
- Wednesday, November 27 Birders' Night, in the library of Arbutus Junior School, Edgelow St. at 7:30 p.m.
- Thursday, November 28 Tour of Pacific Forestry Centre new facilities. Meet at the front door of new building at 2 p.m. Tea in cafeteria after. Phone Mary-Lou Florian at 387-5552 for reservations. Space is limited to 20.
- Saturday, November 30 Birding field trip to the lower mainland in search of raptors, leader Mike Edgell. Meet at the Waddling Dog Inn car park on Highway 17, at 6:15 a.m. to pool cars, or on the 7 a.m. ferry to Tsawwassen.
- Saturday, December 7 Birding field trip to Goldstream Park, leader Bruce Whittington. Meet at Helmcken Park-and-Ride, at the corner of Helmcken and Highway 1 at 9 a.m. or at Goldstream Park at 9:30 a.m.
- Tuesday, December 10 General Meeting and Programme, Newcombe Auditorium at 8 p.m.  
Christmas Bird Count: History, Use of Information, Unique Bird Sightings in Victoria — presented by members.
- Saturday, December 21 Victoria Bird Count
- Saturday, December 28 Sooke Bird Count

### JUNIOR PROGRAMME NOVEMBER/DECEMBER

#### JOIN THE JUNIORS

- Any age up to 12. Come and bring your friends. Phone Bianca Message (after 5 p.m.) at 595-4254 and let her know you are coming and bringing a friend. Parents are welcome.
- The Juniors will meet at the Swan Lake Nature House at 9:30 a.m. to pool transportation for field trips, or at the site of the field trip at 10 a.m. Your choice. The programme will last from 10 a.m. to 12 Noon. Bring a snack.
- Saturday, November 2 Nature Walk. Mushrooms are Marvellous. Their shapes, spores, names and dangers. Meet at Swan Lake Nature House at 9:30 a.m. or at Durrance Lake parking lot at 10 a.m.
- Saturday, November 16 Nature Walk. Exploring the Rain Forest. The cycle from seedling, to giant trees to soil. Meet at Swan Lake Nature House at 9:30 a.m. or at Francis-King Park Nature House at 10 a.m.
- Saturday, December 7 Museum Visit. Tour of the Living Land and the Living Sea. Meet at Swan Lake Nature House at 9:30 a.m. or at the B.C. Provincial Museum main door at 10 a.m.
- Saturday, December 21 Christmas Natural Crafts and gifts for birds. Meet at Swan Lake Nature House at 10 a.m.
- For field trips make sure you have warm clothes, gloves, hat and waterproof shoes.