April 1968
Vol. 24, No. 8

THE VICTORIA NATURALIST

published by the
VICTORIA NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY Victoria B.C

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COVER PICTURE
By R. Wayne Campbell

THE STELLER SEA-LION

By R. Wayne Campbell

Often animals resembling large seals with protruding ears are encountered while cruising or fishing our littoral waters. These "eared" seals are actually sea-lions, magnificent and robust mammals of the high seas. There are two species on the Pacific Coast; the circus performing animals native to tropical Californian waters, the California sea-lion (Zalophus californianus) and its larger replacement in northern waters, the Steller or Northern sea-lion (Eumetopias jubata).

Steller, a German, first discovered the sea-lion. He noted the greatly swollen neck and the lion-like eyes of the huge males and named them Leo marinus or "lions of the sea." The animals are large; mature males often attain a length of eleven feet and weigh over a ton. Females are about half the size and weight of the bulls.

Sea-lions are carnivorous animals being well adapted for feeding in the sea. Their fore and hind limbs are modified into paddle-like flippers, their bodies are streamlined and their teeth, including molars, are pointed, all of which aid in securing, grasping and holding prey. Their diet consists mainly of coarse fishes, like sculpins, cods and rockfishes. Only polar bears, killer whales and of course man are above sea-lions in their particular food chain.

For many years sea-lions were carelessly slaughtered by fishermen who claimed the animals were directly responsible for the depletion of valuable fish stocks, especially herring and salmon. Some boats were equipped with machine guns for mass killings on the larger rockeries.

It is interesting to note that D.J.Spalding in his booklet "Comparative Feeding Habits of the Fur Seal, Sea-lion and Harbour Seal on the British Columbia Coast" (1964) mentions "Each year sea-lions and harbour seals consume an estimated amount of salmon equivalent to 2.5% of the annual commercial salmon catch and an estimated amount of herrings equivalent to 4% of the annual commercial herring catch. Predation at this level is not believed to be a serious factor in either salmon or herring mortality." Spalding also estimated that "10% of the sea-lion's diet is herring and only 5.6% salmon." It seems logical that sea-lions will feed mainly on what they can catch most easily, for instance lampreys, octupuses, small sharks, squids and coarse fishes.

Steller sea-lions breed in British Columbia. In late April mature males move northward along the coast to establish territories on Cape St. James, Scott Islands and at other places. About a month later the females arrive. The males are polygamous, each gathering harems numbering up to twenty cows. Fierce and bloody fighting usually accompanies each harem gathering. Pupping is carried out from late May through late June after which the female is mated with her harem master. The bull fasts from the time he arrives on the breeding grounds until the pups leave around late July. There is no bond between parents and by early August each leaves the colony to go their own way.

There are many places in British Columbia where naturalists can observe and photograph sea-lions at close range. Most haul-out grounds and rookeries are difficult to reach; however a few are not.

One of these is on a small group of rocky islets just off Long Beach on the West Coast of Vancouver Island. About 100 non-breeding animals spend their summer months here. As a tourist attraction, two-hour boat trips are operated weekends throughout July and August from the northern end of Long Beach. Costs for the trip are very reasonable. Last summer, over 1,000 campers and tourists enjoyed watching the animals clumsily dragging themselves over barnacle covered rocks and listening to their shrill barks fill the air here.

More information can be obtained from the park naturalist or ranger at Long Beach.

Another rookery which perhaps requires a weekend to visit, is located about one mile north of Pachena Point Lighthouse. Pachena is on the West Coast across Barkley Sound from Bamfield. A two-hour drive from Port Alberni followed by a six mile hike along a maintained path is required. When the pounding surf becomes both visible & audible and a strong odour becomes evident, a short trail leads to a colony of over 100 roosting sea-lions. Here hours can be passed watching the animals ride the crests of huge ocean swells to their rocky resting areas. On an ebbing tide, it is possible to leap across a small crevice and sneak to within forty feet of the animals for pictures. By early May most sea-lions have left this area but return in early September.

Visiting a sea-lion rookery is an experience well worth planning for.

AN AUDUBON NEWS RELEASE

A February 11 news release from the National Audubon Society in New York says that a California bird-counting team topped Florida and set a new record by spotting 209 different species in the annual Christmas Bird Count. The 209 species were spotted in a one-day survey of a "count area" near San Diego. The count was taken under the strict rules established by Audubon.

The San Diegans therefore ousted Cocoa, Fla., from top place. The top ten count areas and the number of species reported were: San Diego with 209; Cocoa with 195; Tomales Bay, Calif. with 194; Drake's Bay, Calif. with 184; Monterey, Calif. had 173; Freeport, Tex. had 172; Coot Bay, Fla. had 170; Santa Barbara, Calif. had 165; Corpus Christi, Tex. had 164; Orange County (Coastal) Calif. had 163.

The counts are printed each year in the April issue of Audubon Field Notes. Copies will be available for $3.00 apiece from National Audubon Society, 1130 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10028.

BIRD OF HEAVEN

Long ago and far away in the land below the Himalayas, there lived certain birds who liked the companionship of men so well that they dwelt in and around their homes. Brahmans in that land honoured these birds - members of the starling tribe - by giving them the use of certain pagodas. So after centuries of privileges, it no wonder that the starling today still likes to perch upon tall buildings in American cities - upon domes and in towers and upon window ledges.

The tribe of starlings began, it is said, in very ancient times in the pleasant valleys of the Himalayas. From there the families spread down the valleys into China and the Orient, while others travelled into the Arctic and into Europe, and spread through that land from the Tyrol to the Thames and from Greece to Granada.

They were well known in Greece a thousand years before Christ was born, and were one of the first of all birds to be named. Psar, the Greeks called them. Sturnus, said the Romans. From the Greek name came the word starling, and from the Latin name, Sturnus, which still designates the family.

They were chunky black birds with an iridescent green and purple gloss on head and throat, feathers speckled with buff in winter, a long sharp, yellow beak, a cigar-shaped body and triangular wings. The starlings ate nearly everything they could find, but were most fond of insects and fruit. Then on a day in March fifty-seven years ago - March 6, 1890, to be exact - eighty European starlings were brought from England and were released in Central Park.

In a year or two, the eighty starlings had increased mightily. A few years longer and they had spread over most of the eastern seaboard and were following the river valleys inland. The starlings settled on farms and fed with the pigs; they settled in cities and dodged horses' hoofs in the streets; they settled in villages and chattered every afternoon in the trees around the depot. Following man's own westward course, the starlings moved west, and about 1929 were first seen in Central Illinois.

Rapidly, the starlings had the situation well in hand. They ousted startled bluebirds and indignant woodpeckers from their homes - starlings since earliest times

had nested in tree holes, and there was no reason to change now.

The coming of thousands of birds into an area which never knew them before was bound to affect biological factors in some degree; to what degree exactly has not yet been decided. That they are not wholly bad has been proved, however, for starlings, following their ancient preferences, still like insects and devour quantities of wire worms, weevils, Japanese beetles, caterpillars, May beetles, and grasshoppers to satisfy this appetite. Starlings, however, still eat fruit and prefer ripe cherries to any other, so that in this respect they are in great disfavour. In winter they redeem this fault by eating the fruits of poison ivy.

Good or bad, the starlings are here, and since all means of eradications seem to have failed as the birds continue to multiply, the land must adapt itself to aliens who already have adapted themselves to it. As the starling walks pompously and a bit stuffily about the lawn, long beak probing and picking into everything he sees, he may be gross and unattractive. But when he takes wing - those sharp triangular wings - his cigar-shaped body becomes a mobile unit rapidly going elsewhere at a speed of about 49 miles an hour. It is in the great massed flights that the starlings are magnificent. The ancients spoke in awe of the clouds of starlings, and Pliny in 79 A.D. told of how a thousand starlings moved as one, without sound. These same wonderful flights may be observed today in Illinois when starlings by thousands gather to practise their manoeuvres in the late afternoon sky. They fly with an extraordinary precision - the whole flock moves, wheels, banks, closes, opens, rises, descends, weaves patterns, and then resumes its original form as a great grey cloud, all without sound except for the whirring of thousands of regimented wings.

Although the starlings apparently make no sounds in the great flights, they are talkative enough when perching with nothing else to do. They may utter skreeks and squawks, yet they also sing snatches of sweet songs, or introduce fragments of the songs of other birds. Bluebird, meadowlark, bobwhite, thrush, and cardinal songs are well executed, carefully produced, delicately exaggerated so that they sound, sometimes, even better than the originals.

For the starling is a subtle caricaturist in song; like the more obvious mockingbird, he imitates everything from the grunt of a pig to the squeak of a garden gate, yet may carol pensively like the gentlest bluebird on a day in early spring.

Long ago and faraway in the land below the Himalayas, there were starlings that imitated the bulbuls and bengali-finches in the tamarind trees, and were taught to speak by Brahmans who took them into their homes as pets. Perhaps it is of these remote, pampered ancestors that the starling muses on a winter day, there in the windy tip of a poplar tree beside the city street.

Reprinted from Feb. 1947 issue of
The Living Museum.

DUCK LAKE IN SUMMER

Most people probably associate Duck Lake and the Creston area with the spring migration of the whistling swans and water birds when it truly becomes the "Valley of the Swans." In the very early spring when the ice on the lake is beginning to melt and show patches of open water, the first migrants are concentrated around these open areas and it is most interesting to see the groups of swans, geese and various ducks interspersed with numerous herons and usually a dozen or more bald eagles sitting on the ice hoping for their next meal.

My favourite time, however is midsummer, when if one walks along the dyke at the lower end of the lake one can see a great variety of birds. One of the most interesting features is the heronry situated about a mile from the highway and only a couple of hundred feet from the dyke. Here there are about fifty to one hundred nests of the great blue heron in a group of big old cottonwood trees. The nests look like big bundles of sticks and are built quite close together, ten to twenty to a tree. In spring there is a great commotion with the herons mating and setting up housekeeping. By the end of June the young are well grown but not yet attempting to fly. They look ludicrous standing up in the nests waiting to be fed and occasionally exercising their wings.

By this time of year there are usually several families of osprey with young in the nests. There used to be some eagle nests visible from the dyke but these now

seem to have been abandoned and have disintegrated.

On the sides of the dyke there is a thick growth of small willows and shrubs and these are full of yellow warblers, yellow-throats and song sparrows. In the rushes, the red-winged blackbirds abound. Some ducks nest here and it is usually possible to see the three varieties of teal, eared, horned, and western grebes, mergansers and the ubiquitous mallards. There are bittern but it isn't easy to see them. It is a good breeding ground for mosquitoes so there are lots of insect-eating birds. Eastern kingbirds are numerous and one sees barn, violet-green, cliff and rough-winged swallows.

On a visit there in June 1967 a pair of marsh hawks had nested close at hand. I did not find the nest but both male and female hovered about twenty feet over my head for some minutes. The female, a mouse in her talons, was waiting to feed the young. I had for the first time a good chance to see the great difference between male and female of this species which I had never fully appreciated before.

If any birder is near Duck Lake in summer, a walk along the dyke at the north end will probably be very rewarding.

A. Douglas Turnbull.

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AUDUBON NEWS RELEASE:

A February 16 News Release from the National Audubon Society in New York states that a Western headquarters will be built in California on the outskirts of Sacramento. Says the Society's Vice President, Charles H. Callison, "Our membership has jumped 48 per cent in the last couple of years, and our members and branches are getting deeper and deeper into all kinds of conservation fields, such as protection of our wetlands, sane use of pesticides, and routing our highways where they will do the least damage." California, adds the release, is one of Audubon's strongest and most active states, and, as the dedicated conservationist today must deal with community, state and federal issues, Audubon wants to be effective at all levels.

GOOFY, THE GULL

Have you ever met a mentally retarded gull? It stands to reason that animals are sometimes born with defects, mental as well as physical. Usually, wild animals with congenital disabilities are caught by predators, or die from natural causes, before reaching adulthood. However, in this part of the world gulls have few natural enemies, and if the disability is not too serious, a defective gull might survive. One summer at Waterlea a young glaucous-winged gull took up semi-permanent residence, and showed a persistent behaviour that made us class him (or her) as the gull-equivalent of a low-grade moron. Naturally, we named him Goofy.

Goofy did not seem to have anything wrong with him physically. He could certainly fly, although we rarely saw him soaring aloft, riding the air currents. However, long after all the other gulls were behaving as adults, flying high across country, following the ferries and the fishing boats, or feasting on a shoal of herring, Goofy spent most of his time waddling around the beach begging to be fed. If an older gull landed on the beach and picked up a clam or some other tidbit, Goofy would sidle up to him with head low, neck outstretched and wings waving in the typical attitude of an infant asking a parent for food. His voice, too, was a childish squeak instead of the usual gull cry. Sometimes this worked and Goofy apparently got enough handouts to keep him alive, but more often the other gull realised that he had no parental responsibility, and the begging was ignored. Goofy did not even know he was a glaucous-wing and would beg from the little Bonaparte gulls, and even from the crows.

Finally he did grow up. More and more as time went on we saw him supplement his begging by foraging for himself along the tidal flats, but never very far from the beach where we first recognized him. Then he disappeared, and we must suppose that he took to following ferries and fishboats along with the other yearling gulls. What would happen to him eventually? There is no reason why he should not live out the normal life span of a gull, but if he actually was the moron he seemed to be, he would certainly be among the lowest of the low in the pecking order of the gull flock. Probably, also, he or she would have difficulty in finding a mate, and in this way nature would prevent the defect from being passed on to the next generation.

Hugh Grayson-Smith

SHORT HILLS WILDERNESS AREA

WE'VE DONE IT AGAIN - another area saved from the bulldozer!!!!!

We proudly announce the purchase of an additional Sanctuary Property and the saving of an historic and virgin territory from annihilation so that our children, grandchildren and future generations will be able to enjoy its beauty first-hand, and experience the physical and spiritual regeneration which only unspoiled nature can provide. Located a mere thirty-odd miles from Hamilton, near Fonthill, the Niagara Peninsula property which we have acquired, is a naturalist's paradise.

We were given the opportunity of purchasing this valuable parcel because the owners - Dr. and Mrs. W.E. Hurlbut of Vineland, were willing to forego profit for the sake of posterity. Our Members will realize that in so doing, these fine people have placed on our shoulders a heavy responsibility to maintain their purpose in saving this remnant of a virgin, deciduous forest. This is our avowed purpose as a natural history organisation, and we have pledged to maintain the SHORT HILLS WILDERNESS AREA as a peaceful, undeveloped tract in accordance with all the concepts of the Canada Wilderness Act.

Reprinted from March, 1968, issue of the WOOD DUCK, published by the Hamilton Naturalists' Club.

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We suggest that our Society Members, having read of the Short Hills Wilderness Area, consider the Okanagan Similkameen Parks Society's Operation Bighorn, and then turn to page 109 and Murray Matheson's final paragraph on West Coast Hotsprings.

Editor

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WEST COAST HOTSPRINGS

We left Tofino on an overcast fall morning. The previous day had been wet and windy but the rain had stopped overnight and the wind had died down. A heavy sea was still running on the outside and our watertaxi was uncertain about crossing to Flores Island. Coming through Calmus Pass we realized that the wind had swung to the northwest and our course was over sheltered waters. By the time we reached the mouth of Millar Channel patches of blue sky were appearing and the only remnant of the storm was the occasional big wave booming on the rocks off Bartlett Island. We were going to Flores to see Ahousat Hotsprings and the beaches of Whitesand Cove.

Flores is typical of many islands on the West Coast. The northern and central parts have fairly low but rugged steep-sided mountains while on the south and west, a small fragment of the western coastal plain remains. The highest point, Mount Flores, is a little over 2,800 feet. The steep slopes and symmetrical form of the mountains suggest a volcanic origin and several rounded lakes at high elevations could well be old craters. Hotsprings are good indicators of volcanic regions and the two we planned to visit, Ahousat and Ramsay springs straddle Flores Island. Ahousat is at the head of Matilda Inlet on the southeast corner. Ramsay Spring is on the north side of Sidney Inlet opposite the northwest corner of the island.

Our skiff was beached not fifty feet from the spring on Matilda Inlet. Faint wisps of steam rose from an old rectangular pool which had been built over the largest spring. The crystal clear water bubbled up from a gravel bed in the pool and overflowed through an old cast iron pipe on to the beach. The lukewarm water was tasteless and none of the springs in the area showed any sign of mineral staining. Curiously, only the largest spring was at all warm.

The trail to Whitesand Cove led along the beach from the spring and wound through a dense forest of hemlock, cedar, and Sitka spruce. The first part, where the drainage was good, the huge trees formed a completely closed canopy. But, as we moved inland, where the drainage was poorer, the trees became stunted and boggy openings were frequent. The deep rich blue of closed gentian was a startling contrast to the sombre tones of the forest. Near the outer beach huge spruce towered over our heads and the forest openings were choked with salmonberry and salal.

From a tunnel through the undergrowth, the trail burst, dramatically on to the beach and we scrambled over the logs to stand awestruck on the pure white sand. The beach curved in a graceful arc between the headlands and a heavy surf still broke on the offshore rocks. The hard sand of the upper beach was freckled with the bleached shells of horse clams and moon snails and a flock of sanderlings raced to and fro around the piles of giant kelp at the water's edge. High on the beach, grasses and sedges grew amongst the logs and a half-carved canoe lay upside down on the drift, a relic of some winter storm.

Near the east end of the strand a flock of gulls stood ankle deep in a small stream and preened themselves in the warm sun. The wet sand on the edge of the stream showed where a raccoon had taken an afternoon stroll and hopefully looked for edible flotsam.

The run to Hotsprings Cove took us up Millar Channel past Ahousat and around the north end of Flores into Sidney Inlet. As our taxi swung into the inlet, a flock of gulls rose from the water and headed down channel. Gulls are common on the coast but the blood-red bills and black and white markings of the Heermann's gull weren't what we had expected. We tried to count them but gave up when we saw that the inlet was alive with gulls, all Heermann's. This huge flock had probably gathered in the inlet prior to migrating down the coast to California. The Heermann's is not an abundant gull on our coast, and it may be that we saw a major portion of the population in one flock.

Hotsprings Cove is a narrow little inlet at the mouth of the main channel and, rounding the point, the lumpy seas gave us some idea of what a small boat could expect in the open water. From the calm waters of the cove we looked back at the stark wave-swept rocks and wind-blasted trees of the point. A small steamy cloud rising from the rocks and disappearing in the dead-topped trees pinpointed Ramsay Spring for us.

We landed at a float a mile up the cove, collected

our gear and headed for the spring. From the float a trail led through heavy undergrowth into a dense spruce and cedar forest. The path was good but, like many on the West Coast, it was a far cry from the usual conception of a trail. In places it was broad and smooth, but in others it was a miracle of bush engineering. A plank walk of hand split cedar shakes bridged a swampy section. A cedar trunk with steps chopped in it and a peeled sapling for a handrail made a stairway up a rocky knoll. In every opening salal and salmon berries stretched their necks to try and reach the light and created a jungle-like tangle of vegetation. Twisting and turning the trail wound its way along the narrow neck of land between the cove and the inlet. The only sound to reach our ears was the faint murmur of surf on the rocky point.

The spring pulses from the base of a cleft rock and collects in a small pool where it fizzes and bubbles like hot soda water. It has a slightly sulphurous but not unpleasant smell. The water is hot, too hot to put your hand in, but a hundred feet away, where it tumbles over a rock in a small cascade, the temperature is just about right for a good, hot shower, providing the tide is out.

The steaming water spills out of the collecting basin and rushes through a series of tiny rapids and pools on to flatter ground where it weaves in and out amongst the boulders until it dashes itself to pieces on the broken rock at the tide line. Along its course the stream supports strange-looking algae. The form is not unlike the algae of stagnant summer streams but the mineral staining of red, orange and white gives the area a somewhat surrealistic appearance. The strange colours and the wisps of steam rising from the hot waters create an eerie atmosphere which carried my imagination back through eons of time to evoke a picture of a newborn steaming world. From my perch on a rock high over the spring the image was heightened by the persistent begging cry of a young gull. The realization that this bird's dim and distant ancestors lived and breathed near the spring long before primitive man appeared on the scene opened a small door in the long corridor of time to give a glimpse of man's true place in the universe.

A blatter of rain recalled the present and we hurried over the trail to our boat and returned to Tofino before the new storm broke.

Ahousat Hotspring has now been donated to the people of this province and together with Whitesand Cove is established as Gibson Marine Park in tribute to the donors.

Unfortunately the land round Ramsay Spring is still privately owned and the focal point of Maquinna Park remains outside the boundaries. The trail through the park will retain its uniqueness but the fate of the spring remains a question. Surely our affluent society can afford to preserve this spot in its wild state?

Murray Matheson.

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CANADIAN AUDUBON SOCIETY'S NATURE TOUR.

A nature tour to Churchill, Manitoba is being conducted this summer by the Canadian Audubon Society. Ten days in the land of permafrost, taiga, tundra and Hudson Bay coastline will provide a real taste of the north and its flora and fauna. From July 15 to 25, starting and ending at Winnipeg, $350 per person. For further information, contact the Canadian Audubon Society, 46 St. Clair Avenue East, Toronto 7.

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DAVID DOUGLAS 1799-1834

In common with many of the noted explorers and pioneers of the Pacific Northwest, David Douglas came from a humble Scottish household. He was born at the ancient capital of Scone on July 25, 1799, and early displayed a fondness for nature, to the detriment of school attendance. His formal schooling ended at the age of eleven, when he began his apprenticeship as gardener on a great estate. In 1820, he was employed at the Glasgow Botanical Gardens, of which Dr. W.J. (later Sir William) Hooker was the Superintendent; through assiduous study, he attained such proficiency in his profession that he was recommended by Hooker to the Royal Horticultural Society for employment as a collector.

After a preliminary journey in 1823 to the Eastern United States and Lower Canada, he was sent the follow-

ing year to the Pacific Northwest, landing at Fort George (Astoria) at the mouth of the Columbia, and reaching Fort Vancouver on April 20, 1825. During the next two years he tirelessly explored the basin of the Columbia and collected a vast number of plants, from the "Douglas" fir (named for him, not for the future Governor of British Columbia who was a junior clerk with the Hudson's Bay Company when David met him at Fort Okanagan) to the little Douglasia nivalis which he discovered at Athabaska Pass. The return journey was made overland with the H.B.C. Fur Brigade.

Although his main interest was botany, Douglas, according to George Barnston of the Hudson's Bay Company, (later president of the Montreal Natural History Society) was "in all that pertained to nature and science -- a perfect enthusiast." He saved from the pot a "strange and beautiful bird" and, taking it back to England, described it in detail in a paper read to the Linnaean Society, naming it Franklin's Grouse in honour of the Arctic explorer whom he had encountered at Norway House.

Douglas' third journey was spent largely in California, though he revisited the Columbia in 1830 and again in 1833 when he went as far north as Fort St. James. In 1834, he left for the Sandwich Islands where he met a tragic and premature death by falling into a pit used for trapping wild cattle.

Douglas was an untiring diarist and correspondent and on his third journey was entrusted with considerable survey equipment; though some of his estimates of the height of Rocky Mountain peaks, based on previous incorrect data, proved excessive, the proceedings of the Royal Horticultural Society in 1837 record receipt of "several volumes of lunar, chronometrical, magnetical, meteorological and geographical observations, together with a volume of field Sketches". Evidently he fully made up any deficiencies in his early education!

N.T. Porter

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BIRDS FOR THE RECORD

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

Lewis' woodpecker (1) - Sooke Rd., Colwood - Jan.25 - A.R. and Elinore Davidson

'Red-breasted' yellow-bellied sapsucker (1) Centennial Garden, Menzies St. - Feb.15 - Mary Winstone

Rufous hummingbird (1) - McKenzie St. - Feb.18 - Mrs. Freeman King

Emperor goose (1) - Chain Is. - Feb.24 - C.J. Guiguet

Pygmy owl (1) - Mt. Matheson - Mar. 2 - Cy Morehen

Arctic loon (200) - off Esquimalt Lagoon - Mar. 2 - A.R. and Elinore Davidson

White-fronted goose (2) - Elk Lake Mar. 3 -

Gadwall (1m, 1f) - Quick's Pond - Mar. 3 -

Common scoter (1 female) - Clover Pt. - Mar. 3 -

Black brant (34) - Saxe Pt. - Mar. 4 - Allen Poynter

Slate-coloured junco (1) - McNeill Ave. - Mar. 6 - A.C. Schutz

Golden eagle (1) - Comox - Mar.10 - Allen Poynter

New arrivals -

Tree swallow (2 Westholme, Feb.24, A.Muir; 1 Crofton, Feb.25, S.W. Baker)
Violet-green swallow (8 Mt.Matheson, Mar.2, C.M; 25-30 Elk L., Mar.2, R.M-G; 100 Flo.L.,Mar.6, T & G.B; 15-20 Thetis, Mar.7, M.C.M; 2 McNeill/Foul B., Mar.8,Dr.Houston) W.bluebird (2 Burnside, Mar.6, G.B.); Audubon's warbler (1 Flo.L.,Mar.8, T & G.B.); White-cr.sp.(1 Ryl.R.,Mar.8, T.B.)

To look for in April - Cinnamon teal, osprey, peeps, w. flycatcher, swallows, house wren, vireos, warblers, savannah and chipping sparrows.

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NOTE: The 1968 Annual Meeting, B.C.Nature Council, is in Vancouver on May 11 and 12. For details, phone H.D. Walker, Victoria, 477-2851.

APRIL PROGRAM

EXECUTIVE MEETING: Tuesday, April 2	Dr. Carl's office at 8 p.m.
BOTANY FIELD TRIP: Saturday, April 6	Meet at Monterey Parking Lot at 1.30 p.m. for trip to Thetis Lake Park. Bring tea. Leader: Miss M.C.Melburn, 384-9052
GENERAL MEETING: Tuesday, April 9	Douglas Bldg. Cafeteria at 8 p.m. Mr. Ralph Fryer will show his film "Shorebirds and others in B.C."
BIRD FIELD TRIP: Saturday, April 20	Meet at Monterey Parking Lot 9.30 a.m. or Francis Park at 10 a.m. Trip to Francis Park and Munns Road. Bring lunch. Leader: M.C. Matheson 383-7381
ORNITHOLOGY MEETING: Thursday, April 25	Mrs. H.M.Bell will give a program of taped bird calls and songs at 8 a.m. in the Provincial Museum
JUNIOR GROUP:	Meet every Saturday at Monterey Parking Lot, Douglas at Hillside 1.30 p.m. for trips. Leader: Mr. Freeman King 479-2966

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EXTRAS 1) Our fiscal year ends on April 30, 1968-69 dues are listed on back cover. They, like changes of address, should be sent to Mr. E.E.Bridgen (see back cover). 2) the popular A Naturalist's Guide to the Victoria Region has been reprinted and is selling at the Provincial Museum for $1.00 each, which covers Provincial Tax. 3) In November, through the generosity of the Audubon Wildlife films audiences, our Society was able to send $171.12 to the World Wildlife Fund.

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VICTORIA NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

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MR. J. W. EASTHAM
Former Provincial Plant Pathologist

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