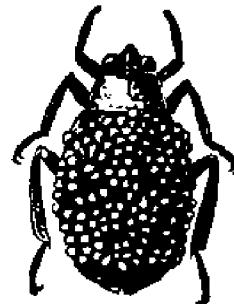
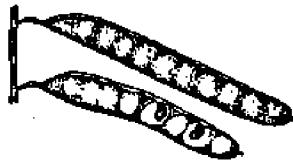


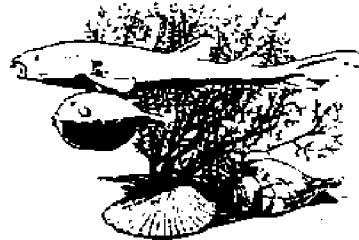
OCTOBER 1967



WHY BIOLOGY?



By Loye Miller



(Editor's note: In reprinting an article he wrote in 1949 for the Journal of Entomology and Zoology, we salute a distinguished Californian, Dr. Loye Holmes Miller. A perceptive naturalist, a challenging and inspiring professor in the Zoology Department at UCLA, he was the scientist who first realized the significance of the fossils of the La Brea Pits. This article -his credo- is like a breath of clean mountain air in the midst of the smog of the present preoccupation with the "pursuit of happiness" without the accompanying responsibilities.)



Two or three years after Old Father Time had thrust upon me the title of Professor Emeritus, a young man, recently coming to the Department as a graduate student, asked me what sort of a philosophy I had developed in biology that seemed to keep me content in carrying on my studies beyond the orthodox three score years and ten. I was not conscious of having any particular philosophy unless it be that contentment is a normal state if you have something worthwhile to do. Still, the question did turn my thoughts back into the past, and I recalled the delight that came with my first expedition into the field of biology - at least it was the first so far as I can remember.

Our family had come to the almost virgin country of Riverside, California, when I was but two and a half years old. The land which Father obtained was four miles from the center of the little one-street town, and so the wild country was at our very door. During the following spring - and April can be wonderful in Southern California - I started out across the sage brush desert in hot pursuit of a beautiful male oriole that flitted from bush to bush, till I ran my stubby legs off and had to stop. That must have been a Bullock's Oriole in the year 1878, for I have many times in later life seen the April migration wave of orioles move across the southwest desert and each time it is equally inspiring, though it be less novel (and I do not try to run them down). My childish eagerness, I still recall; my distressing limitations, I still recall; better yet, that gorgeous and elusive oriole, I still recall. Supremely best, however, is the realization that the urge to pursue has never left me, and that the eagerness of that spring morning seventy years ago has survived for a lifetime - has given me a life-long boyhood. Childhood is characterized by the eager mind, by the hungry mind that may lead the short legs to wearied exhaustion but still is ready to go on again just as soon as the tired muscles have caught up with it. The immediate answer to "what?" only stimulates the next question "why?" The oriole has gone on only to the next bush and there he is, feeding in plain sight with all his glowing colors. Another short dash of stubby legs, another easy flight of the oriole, and another sage bush. "When?" and "Where?" and "How?" and "Who?" are those other sage bushes. Kipling has expressed

Continued on next page



Why Biology?

Continued..

it most delightfully in his "Just So Stories":

"I keep six honest serving men
They taught me all I know
Their names are What and Why and When
And Where and How and Who."

Yes, there are many times as a bigger boy and as a grown-up father of boys that I have seen the northward migrating Bullock Orioles moving across the desert of California or of Arizona during early April and have recalled that first experience of childhood. But even more often has a figurative oriole, no less wonderfully colored by the magic of scientific interest, led me from bush to bush in joyous pursuit. That lifetime pursuit has meant a lifetime boyhood. The legs have grown longer and the sage bushes have sometimes been far apart. The muscles have sometimes wearied but the child mind has led me into many a joyous adventure and it is the joy that is remembered even while the muscles are taking time out to catch up.

What is joy, anyway, but the ever-seeking and the ever-finding, the wearying of the muscle and the resting thereafter? I did not catch that first oriole, but I caught the image of it that still remains wonderfully clear after the normal span of years accorded me. My years have been filled with adventure; not hair-breadth escapes nor foolish escapades, but spiritual adventure. New orioles, yes, new fossils, yes. New flowers, new trees, new scenes, new friends. New questions answered; old questions newly and more clearly answered; old answers newly interpreted. New concepts exchanged for the old; new horizons lifting beyond the old.

Nor is enjoyment limited to the new and the strange. Was I disturbed when in more grown up years I learned that Bullock Orioles migrate through the open country every year and that they have done so for a million years? April has come each year since our planet began to revolve about its parent sun, but does that make April any less joyous? The sun rose yesterday and today - will it be a less wonderful sun tomorrow? Is the oriole less brilliant because I can be sure that he will come next April? I only hope that I may see him when he does come and hear him sing his tribal song inherited from a long line of songful ancestors. Even

now I am listening each morning for the first autumn song of the White-Crowned Sparrows that I fell in love with as a boy. It will be an always fresh adventure when I do hear them.

No! Enjoyment does not necessarily demand the new or the exciting. Bailey of Cornell said, "That life is happiest that has the greatest number of points of contact with the world and the greatest sympathy therewith." My orioles or my White-Crowned Sparrows bring happiness because I am in sympathy with them in that their comings and their goings have become familiar to me through the years. Therefore, I look forward to these events in their regular recurrence. Anticipation of a friend leads to pleasure when realization takes its place.

In talking with students I, long ago, coined this formula: "Happiness lies in the proper satisfying of normal desires." Make sure that the desire be normal and that the means of satisfying it be not out of order. The animal structure in which the human spirit is housed makes its own particular set of demands. If we be in normal health and if these demands be properly met, there results a sense of well-being certainly akin to happiness or at least essential thereto. I contend that happiness is a normal state of mind and body. A departure from that serene state of normality whether of body or of mind, certainly will lead sooner or later to unhappiness, great or small.

The life of a naturalist, I contend, has a great value in the promotion of happiness even through purely physical means. The outdoor life taken properly stimulates the desire for food, for drink, for muscular activity and for sleep. The function of muscle tissue is contraction of more or less rhythmic nature. We have muscle hunger if we are normal and that hunger should be satisfied in the way that a million ancestors have so done, that is by a very general bodily activity. Civilization cannot rebuild our physical nature in a few generations. Therefore, the field naturalist finds joy in his work even before the mind steps into the picture. Thus a fertile soil is prepared for the harvest of intellectual satisfaction. The "six honest serving men" are always ready to plant and to cultivate for such a harvest.

We have the child's hunger to know, to understand, to see, to touch, to hear and to wonder. Therefore we find happiness in the learning, the interpreting and the building of hypotheses. We are pathetic derelicts if we outlive such child-mindedness. We have a hunger for companionships since Man is a social animal. The child may personify a rag doll, the "gingham dog, the calico cat," and he is lonely without them in his crib at night. The naturalist makes friends with mountain, desert, sand dune; with tree, flower, bird, fox or with Browning's "Snail on the Thorn." He makes friends with them, not to the exclusion of his human friends, to be sure, but in addition to them - a sort of reserve fund of friendships upon which he may rely in time of need should he lose patience with the general run of folks. (Here's hoping he doesn't.)

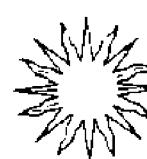
They are friends that do not change. After forty year's absence, I went back to that canyon in the Huachuca Mountains of Arizona where I spent May and June of 1894. There loomed the same lichen-painted cliffs that glowed so richly in the sunset light. The same Sulfur-Bellied Flycatcher chattered from the same sycamores. The Stephen's Whippoorwills and the Spotted Screech Owls were just as vocal when darkness came on. They had not lost any of their sprightliness (nor teeth, nor hair). Their voices were those I had known as a boy. It was only myself that had grown less young. And I did not love men less because of loving nature friends still. I loved men more because of a greater capacity for friendships, because of a ripening of the spirit.

The child mind is also a wondering mind. My small two-year-old neighbor across the street escaped one night in his pajamas, ran out in the dark and looked up in the night sky and gazed and gazed and wondered at the light overhead. When the grownups finally captured him, he kept pointing up at the wondrous sky and straining his baby tongue in an effort to express his wonderment. In much the same spirit do I gaze into the star-prickly sky from my sleeping bag on the desert. I hope I may never grow too old to wonder - to wonder at a bird's wing despite some knowledge of its anatomy and its embryology - to wonder at the fresh green of new grass on the hills even though it's nothing but chlorophyll that colors it. (The mystery of chlorophyll is still unsolved.)



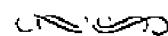
A Berkeley colleague of mine once intimated that there was an impression going the rounds that the course in Biology that I was giving down Los Angeles way was what they called an "Oh, my!" course. My snap back at him was that I'd rather give an "Oh, my" course than an "Oh, Lord!" course. If one fails to see the wonderful in the truth about nature, then something is wrong with nature or with himself - and I am relying on nature in the long run. My teaching days are now ended but I hope there is a percentage of my several thousand academic children who will carry on in the same spirit and who will love my big out-of-doors as I have loved it and who will wonder at it with a child-like simplicity.

I am quite sure also that there is a spiritual hunger in the heart of normal man - a "hunger and thirst after righteousness." Even our bandy-legged, beetle-browed, cave-dwelling kinsmen of Neanderthal time, Homo primigenius, had with his dawning intelligence, a dawning consciousness of his spiritual being. He buried his dead with provision of food and implements in order that someone other than himself might not wander destitute and hungry in the unseen world. Altruism and faith in the unseen were there. How firm a foundation for the spiritual structure! What progress would we make without them?



A student once came to me in deep distress of spirit because her study of science was undermining her faith. In my talk with her, I suggested that "Faith is a confidence in the ultimate survival of truth" - something which put science and theology upon a common ground. They may speak a different language but they are not mutually destructive if we see them both clearly. Dear old "Dr. Joe" Le Conte once said in joking about his own bald head that rose in a beautiful dome above a fringe of wavy silvered hair - "Yes, my head is getting above timber line." And truly it was. When you climb the mountain to a peak above timber line, you are in rarified air: the sky is bluer, the vision sharper. You look back over the trail by which you came and you see with new perspective, the relation of this spur to that ridge, of the smaller canyon to the general drainage. No single tree blocks your view of the forest. Yes, "Dr. Joe" had gotten above timber line in a lifetime of scientific accomplishment but his was still the childlike mind, the ever hungry mind, the childlike faith that his orderly universe which he had come to know in part was the working out, the expression, of a supreme and orderly creative agent. He used to say to his classes, "The will of God works according to law which it is the privilege of man to study and in some measure comprehend." And he spoke truly. How can a real scientist be other than reverent? How, if he is logical, could he place the created universe above the creative agent? Dear old Dr. Joe had a faith - a confidence in the ultimate survival of Truth. He had the child's faith in an agency outside himself and greater than his ability entirely to comprehend. The outlook from his peak above timber line had fostered that faith. In such manner comes serenity of spirit - the satisfying of a normal human desire.

I am glad that a kindly fortune guided me into the paths of Biology.



Audubon Activities

By Otto Widmann

Aug. 12 - FIELD TRIP - TAPIA PARK - After a long absence from our field trips, Clair and Louise White showed up for a day of birding with us. Welcome back! Jonathan Gershenson brought his dad, Murray, along for the outing. New members were Marvin Sherrill and Marcia Vigens. One of our new members, Richard Nash, brought as his guest, Marie Sol. In all, 22 members & friends gathered in the morning coolness to bird. The highlight of the day was an Osprey that came overhead at noon. We saw at least 10 female hummers; Acorn, Downy, and Nuttall's Woodpeckers; Western Kingbird, White-breasted Nuthatch, Bewick's Wren, grosbeaks, tanagers, Yellowthroat, Western Bluebird, - 36 species altogether. I saw at least three coveys of California Quail with not less than 10 chicks in each. Lesser Goldfinch and Black Phoebe were near the running stream.

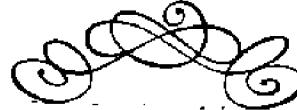


Aug. 27 - FIELD TRIP - BOLSA & UPPER NEWPORT BAY - Jim Denholtz's guests were Mrs. Rita Bridges and her sons, Bob & Tom. The guest of the Bradley brothers was Arthur Leone. Washington, D. C. was represented by Kevin T. Mullen, who by the way picked up 11 "lifers". At Newport, Francis Raymond (Sea & Sage Aud.) brought Dan & Carol Siemens from Laguna Beach. The group saw 36 species for the day. Ellen Stephenson and Pauline Cole found a fine birding area on Golden West Highway about a mile from the ocean at Huntington Beach. It was like looking into a museum showcase - Sora Rails, Stilts, Avocets, Northern Phalaropes, gulls, Great Blue Herons, Black-bellied & Semipalmated Plovers, Knots, Greater Yellowlegs, plus "peeps" and marsh birds, seemed to have been placed by a naturalist. We couldn't count the birds fast enough. It was a day for Terns, both at Bolsa Chica & Newport: Forster's, Least, Caspian, and Black. In among the shorebirds were Roadrunners, Spotted Doves, Red-tailed & Sparrow Hawks; the only swallow for the day was the Barn. On the sandbars were hundreds of young sandpipers, all the terns, plovers, Willets, Dowitchers, and Godwits. It was quite a sight!



Sept. 9 - FIELD TRIP - MALIBU LAGOON & SANTA CLARA RIVER MOUTH. - Some 23 of us saw 57 species at Malibu, and added 20 more at Santa Clara River. Terns were out in force: Forster's, Least, Common, Royal, Elegant, & Caspian. Red & Northern Phalaropes intermingled as they circled. Anna's & Allen's Hummers, Kingfisher, Woodpeckers, Herons, Ravens, Ducks, and more were at Malibu. Dennis Coskren pointed out Pectoral Sandpiper at Santa Clara River. And

Nathaniel Grossman showed us Bonaparte Gulls, Goldfinch, Flicker, Thrasher, and the Green Heron were all in the river area. We had visitors: Francis Messerly from San Fernando Aud., and Rebecca McLean brought Elizabeth Manning as her guest. Jean Brandt & Joan Mills were birding with us again; we haven't seen you since our Chatsworth trip!



Sept. 12 - TUESDAY EVENING MEETING - The program for the evening consisted of slides taken during the summer by some of our members on vacation trips. Don & Caroline Adams had gone to New England, the Gaspe, etc., and had fine pictures of Gannets, Puffins, & Terns. Along with colorful views of the northeastern coast, one of the most warmly welcomed slides was a picture of our "migratory" members, Russ & Marion Wilson, with whom they birded. Next, Dick Wilson showed a series of views of a nestful of young Ravens, taken over a three-week period, and showing their growth characteristics. Les & Ruth Wood had taken a trip into the colorful country of S. E. Arizona, and showed us fascinating scenes of birds, mammals, mountains, and canyons. Laura Lou & Betty Jenner had gone into Alaska as far as Mt. McKinley Nat'l Park, and showed scenes of British Columbia, the Yukon Territory, and Alaska; there was a great variety of lakes, mountains, and meadows. Finally, Bob Blackstone showed views of the Yellowstone country, far from the beaten path, since he travelled by canoe. We all felt that we'd like to do the same thing! After our vicarious travels, Ruth Wood served us punch, coffee, and English Rocks (that's a cookie!).



NEW MEMBERS

Mr. & Mrs. Glen Holstein
1317 Roth Place
San Pedro, Calif. 90732

Mrs. W. N. Lewis
21238 Lopez St.
Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364

Mr. Fred Minium
13663 South Garfield Ave.
South Gate, Calif. 90282

Mr. Richard N. H. Nash & Family
863 Castac Place
Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272

Mr. Charles Tilbury & Family
2020 Mandeville Canyon Road
Los Angeles, Calif. 90049

Los Angeles Audubon Society

WILLIAM T. WATSON, President
1249 N. EDGEWATER AVE., APT. 12
LOS ANGELES 90029 661-8570



MRS. DONALD ADAMS, Executive Secretary
705, 26 STREET
MANHATTAN BEACH 90266 372-5536

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TELEPHONE 876-0202

OCTOBER



OCTOBER 1967						
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- Oct. 5 THURSDAY - EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING - 7:30 p.m., Audubon House
- Oct. 10 TUESDAY - EVENING MEETING - 8:00 p.m., Great Hall, Plummer Park. "Los Padres National Forest and the California Condor." This program will consist of a new color slide program, produced by the Los Padres National Forest and narrated by President Bill Watson. Also, John Borneman, Audubon Condor Warden, will show movies on the Condor if time permits. It is hoped that a representative of Los Padres National Forest will be on hand to tell of future plans to aid the preservation of the California Condor. Come to this one and bring all your friends. The California Condor is one of our most important projects.
- Program Chairman: Laura Lou Jenner 748-7510
- Oct. 14 SATURDAY - FIELD TRIP - Cabrillo Beach-Harbor Park. Meet at 8:00 a.m. at the Cabrillo Beach Museum, 3720 Stephen M. White Drive, San Pedro. Take the Harbor Freeway to San Pedro; go south on Pacific Avenue to 36th Street; turn left & follow signs to museum.
- Leader: Edward W. Anacker TE 3-3636 or Audubon House - 876-0202
- Oct. 21 SATURDAY - FIELD TRIP - FOR BEGINNERS - Meet at 8:30 a.m. in Griffith Park, Greek Theater Parking Lot, Vermont Avenue entrance. This will be the second close-in field trip designed to introduce the beginning birdwatcher to our local birds and to assist in identification. Note: this time we will make a 3-mile loop hike along the ridge of the park at a leisurely pace to get up into the world of the White-throated Swift and the Red-tailed Hawk.
- Leader: Bill Watson 661-8570
- Oct. 22 SUNDAY - FIELD TRIP - Newport Back-bay & Bolsa Chica. Meet at 8:30 on Pacific Coast Highway, south of the Bolsa Chica Blvd. intersection. Look for the leaders' blue car with an Audubon sign on the lagoon side of the highway. Time to brush up on migrating shorebirds & ducks.
- Leaders: Don and Caroline Adams 372-5536
- Nov. 3 THURSDAY - EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING - 7:30 p.m., Audubon House
- Nov. 11 SATURDAY - FIELD TRIP - Santa Barbara-Goleta Slough at Univ. of Calif. at Santa Barbara. As you enter Santa Barbara, turn off Highway 101 at Cabrillo Blvd. This is a left-hand off ramp. Meet at the bird refuge to the right, just under the bridge, at 8:30 a.m. Last year we saw 79 species.
- ALWAYS BRING lunch and binoculars on field trips.
- PLEASE - no pets and no collecting!
- EVERYONE WELCOME AT ALL ACTIVITIES





NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

1130 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y. 10028

TEL: 369-2100

July 13, 1967

Miss Olga L. Clarke, Treasurer
Los Angeles Audubon Society
2027 El Arbolita Drive
Glendale, California 91208

Dear Miss Clarke:

The consistent support given to our Condor Conservation Program by the Los Angeles Audubon Society is gratifying and morale-boosting beyond words to all of us, in addition to being materially helpful.

Will you please, through your Newsletter or at your next regular meeting, convey to all of your members our deep appreciation for the generous contribution of \$1,100.00 to the Condor Fund. Your check in that amount was received today.

Sincerely yours,

Charles H. Callison
per R.T.

Charles H. Callison
Executive Vice President

CHC:rt

cc: Mr. William Watson
Mr. William Goodall
Mr. John Borneman
Mr. George Porter

The
**Western
Tanager**

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Conservation.....Ron Feldman
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other material by 10th of month.

Please phone or write Audubon House if you can
assist with "Tanager" folding & mailing.

About the Author

Dr. Loyal Miller is a former member of the Los Angeles Audubon Society; some of our group have had the memorable experience of sitting around a campfire listening to his traditional songs and spirituals, to the accompaniment of an old guitar which had been in the family longer than Dr. Miller himself! Most of us are familiar with his autobiography, "Lifelong Boyhood" (University of California Press.) This remarkable man is truly the personification of what 20th Century Man should be: alive every moment, taking the best of the past and the present; building constructively for the future. Happily, I use the present tense; we are informed by the Department of Zoology at the U. of C., Davis, Calif.,

--"Dr. Loyal Miller is a member of this department in emeritus status, and is, for a scholar of his years, enjoying very good health. He has arranged his working hours so that he is able to spend one-half days, Monday through Friday, in his office where he is available to faculty and students alike for consultations, advice and guidance."

Those of us who have not met him in person think of him as "friend" anyhow; how else can you feel about a man who has written, "If ever I do get to heaven and can do just as I wish, I shall fly like a goldfinch, bounding through the sky and singing as I go. I have no ambition to ride Pegasus or to gallop with the Valkyries. I prefer the goldfinches."

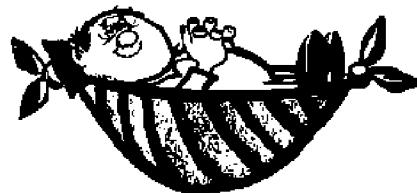


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THE AUDUBON SCENE

NEWS FROM OTHER SOCIETIES

It seems that there has been a new bill proposed in Congress again this year for that ski resort in the San Gorgonio Wilderness. It is H.R. 10392. Watch the newspapers for further developments. If you are interested in more detailed information, write Defenders of San Gorgonio Wilderness, P.O. Box 777, San Bernardino, Calif. 92402.

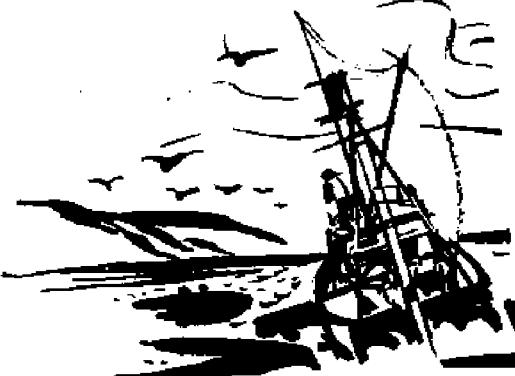
THE WESTERN MEADOWLARK,
Sept., 1967
San Bernardino Valley Aud. Society

(Due to increasingly stringent regulations of the Internal Revenue Service, non-profit, tax-exempt, tax-deductible organizations are required to avoid "influencing legislation." Information may be reported as news, but it is not permissible to suggest that members write their legislators about certain bills and actions. This has to be left to the alertness and judgment of our members acting as individuals.)



RABIES CONTROL - Helen Morris read a letter from Judy VanDerVeer of Ramona requesting all intelligent people to plead for a stop to the senseless trapping of wildlife in the rabies control campaign. Until she had vigorously protested, traps were left five days without checking; this has now been reduced to 48 hours, still too long. She suggested the excessive trapping would not control rabies, but rather that control and vaccination of domestic animals was needed. She told of an Air Force sergeant in the Lagunas who was trapping in humane traps, vaccinating the animals, and freeing them; she said this should be brought to everyone's attention, - if trapping must be done, this is the way to do it.

SKETCHES, June, 1967
San Diego Audubon Society



The high points of the trip to the Channel Islands on May 21 were provided not by sea creatures, furred, feathered, or scaled, but by a pair of hitchhiking landlubbers.

The first hitchhiker appeared out of a deep fog and boarded the schooner Swift in mid-channel. For him it was just in time. All of his four inches were soaked and he looked completely exhausted as he clung to the rope railing. His youth and the condition of his feathers made identification difficult; he was either a Wilson's or an Orange-crowned Warbler. No matter. After a brief rest he began searching for insects in all the crannies and crevices of the boat. This brought him into what was obviously his first contact with people. It was a pleasant contact, soft and warm --- and the owner of the head of hair was happy to cooperate.

During the next two hours the tiny creature explored his big new world of shoulders, arms, feet, and laps, hats, picnic baskets, binoculars, and bird books. He finally went to sleep in the warm galley. Meanwhile the Swift had arrived at Santa Cruz Island and started cruising along the shore. It was time for our hitchhiker to leave. He woke up and started making his rounds of the boat again ---always contraclockwise, for those of you who are interested in scientific details --- and he seemed in no hurry to leave, though bird songs could be heard from the island, mockingbirds, house finches, Song Sparrows, the talk-squawk of Santa Cruz Island Jays and the shrill mating whistles of Black Oystercatchers. No one witnessed the departure of our small friend. As suddenly as he'd appeared out of the fog, he disappeared back into it. Perhaps his ears had caught what ours had missed, - the sound of a Wilson's or an Orange-crowned Warbler.

A second potential hitchhiker landed briefly on the boat but was too frightened and confused to remain. And no wonder. He was very far from home. He belonged east of the Rocky Mountains. He was a bird more of the ground than of the air, and leafy thickets were his normal environment, not the chilling fog of a sea half a continent away.

Even his name belied the circumstances. We were all bundled to the ears against the cold as we watched this OVENBIRD! It was the 13th spring record of this species of warbler for Southern California, and Triskaidekaphobes won't be surprised to learn that the little bird was lost at sea. ---Maggie Millar.

EL TECOLOTE, Sept., 1967
Santa Barbara Audubon Society

Some Examples of Post-Breeding Wanderers



By Betty Jenner

Arnold Small mentions this category of unusual birds in his article, "Vagrants and Magrants" in the June, 1967 TANAGER. I was reminded of this in reading an excerpt from one of our fine exchange papers, - AUDUBON WARBLER, newsletter of the Oregon Audubon Society:

"In the late summer, after nesting has been completed, many birds wander over the countryside before beginning their normal southerly migration. In many species there is a well-marked northerly and westerly movement, - the gulls moving to the coast is a noticeable example. The midsummer occurrence of Magpies in the Portland area, and of Egrets along the southern coast are becoming regular in these areas, and may prove to be a major extension of their ranges. This year an unusually large flock of nine Magpies in the Sellwood area of Portland caused considerable attention and comment from the newspapers. They stayed for several weeks before moving on, and many non-birders visited the area to see these showy birds."

The "Audubon Field Notes" often mention this phenomenon in the Fall Migration issue, published yearly. Immature Bald Eagles probably wander westward from their breeding grounds at Lake Almanor (Vol. 20, No. 1, p. 88.) Tropical King-birds regularly wander north in the Fall from their breeding range in Western Mexico (Vol. 19, No. 1, p. 80.) As many as 40 Laughing Gulls were seen at the Salton Sea in late August and early September; this is more evidence to support the theory that this species moves north into this area after breeding in the Gulf of California. (Vol. 21, No. 1, p. 78.) There is a discussion of "Early Movement of Boreal Birds" by James Baird in Vol. 18, No. 1. The taiga (boreal forest) is climatically unstable; the birds have adapted themselves to irregular fruiting and are generally nomadic. Those extreme specialists, the crossbills, start their search for a new breeding area at the close of the breeding season.

For perhaps the most heart-gripping example of wandering, - and a glimpse of our beautiful continent before civilized man had his way of it, we quote some remarks of our member Larry Bogart, from his home in the Ozarks:

"This is the time of the year the old Algonquins called 'The Silent Moon', - the time of hush. Summer has bloomed, - and is taking a last long breath before it slowly fades into Autumn. The birds have raised their families, - and now pause in their frantic labors to rest awhile before the time of the Harvest Moon.... Silence hangs over the Valley and

conservation

NEWS

By RONALD FELDMAN

Ivory-billed Woodpeckers, once feared extinct, have been discovered in the Big Thicket country of Eastern Texas by John V. Dennis, working under contract for the Bureau of Sports Fisheries & Wildlife, Dep't of the Interior. A full account of the extraordinary discovery, and of plans for protection of the big birds and the habitat they need, has been written by Mr. Dennis for the November/December issue of AUDUBON MAGAZINE. National Audubon Society experts were informed of the discovery well in advance of the public announcement, and aided in planning the special protective measures. The birds seem to be adapting to a changed environment, -- feeding on insects in pine slashings.

Many animals today exist only on a very thin border of survival and extinction. The question of whether those animals, which are endangered species, will survive or pass into oblivion, can only be answered by man. Man has control over whether many of these endangered species survive today or not.

Man should not try to set up an artificial balance that nurses a species doomed by Nature; instead, man should try to cushion the hard impact of civilization on Nature. We should not try to halt evolution or hasten it. Signs are very hopeful in that the law maintains many restrictions on hunting and refuges. Many educational programs have been initiated to alert the public on the importance of Nature as a part of our heritage.



the ridges. This time of silence marks what is certainly a change in the behavior pattern of the birds, and may be considered a sort of mild phenomenon - the NORTHWARD migration in the Fall. Before the great marshes of the North, and the millions of acres of wetlands, were drained and plowed up by Man, the Great Destroyer, - the Blackbirds, the Bobolinks, and a host of others winged their way North in the spring, many of them to far Canadian grasslands. Now they drop off on their Spring migration at the first likely spot they find, - pause during the season to raise their families, - and then take off en masse for the grain fields and wild rice marshes farther North, to flock, to fatten, and to visit, until the cold mists start rising slowly in the morning sun from frosty shores of sloughs and bayous, - and then the great Southward migration will get under way."



THE EXCITING MONTH -

By Shumway Suffel - Guest Columnist
For David Gaines

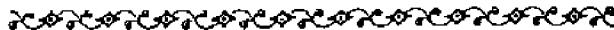
October is for "rare-bird watchers", and after all, who doesn't thrill to the first sight of a new bird? But, more of that later. Nesting season is past - it was interesting and fruitful; then came July and August, and the summer doldrums. True, there were unfamiliar bird sounds in our back yards, but mostly these were hungry nestlings and juveniles of our old familiar friends. The mountains offered different birds for those who spent some time there; even Nashville and MacGillivray's Warblers, which spent the summer in the San Gabriel Mts. (nesting?) but which are not expected south of the Sierras. The Salton Sea as always was exciting in late summer, - Gull-billed Terns, Franklin's and Laughing Gulls, along with Phalaropes, (Northern & Wilson's) and other shorebirds by the tens of thousands but alas, no Boobies this year, as of Sept. 4th.

Pelagic trips, too, offered excitement. The San Diego trip, under the expert guidance of Guy Mc Caskie and Alan Craig, took us due west to Sixty-mile Banks, where we greeted the sun and three Black-footed Albatrosses simultaneously. Later in the morning, Sabine's Gulls, Arctic Terns, Red Phalaropes, and Pomarine and Long-tailed Jaegers were seen. The immature Long-tails posed a problem for the "professionals", while the rest of us stood by in awkward confusion at the problems of field identification. The only alcid seen was a Rhinoceros Auklet, - out of range and out of season in these almost Mexican waters. The pelagic trip from Monterey should be equally interesting.

The most unexpected bird of recent weeks was a Gray Vireo, found by Shirley Wells on Sept. 9th at Pt. Fermin Park. This is probably the first record of this hard-to-find, high-desert bird west of the mountains. This writer has spent seven long days (one of them a 500-miler) over a period of four years in a fruitless search for this elusive and inconspicuous bird. He considers himself lucky to have been present on this particular morning when Shirley found the bird. This is a fine example of "birds in your own back yard." Albert and Abigail King reported another B.I.Y.O.B.Y., - a Virginia Rail in their Brentwood swimming pool. Jean Muller and Don Falconer report Great Horned Owls still hooting in the Palos Verdes Hills (the long hot summer?). Betty Jenner heard a G.H.O. calling at her home near the U.S.C. campus. Grace Nixon made a remarkable sighting of a Red-billed Tropicbird from the Malibu shore near Pt. Mugu in August.

By now, we have all noticed the gradual departure of the summer residents - orioles and grosbeaks are nearly all gone. Also the increasing number of migrants - the "chip" notes of the warblers and the "peent" or "wheep" calls of the small flycatchers. Along the coast, Heerman's Gulls and Elegant Terns (late this year) are up from Baja California waters for a fall vacation. And the millions of shorebirds in the few favored locations we have left for them. After one learns the commoner species, he can look for and probably find the rarer Baird's and Pectoral Sandpipers, the Golden Plover, - and for the lucky, hard-working few, maybe a Ruff or Sharp-tailed Sandpiper.

And now - early October - the best time of year for rare birds. Even in your own back yard you might see a Varied Bunting, an Ovenbird, a Virginia's Warbler, or a Blue-footed Booby. Yes, really! Other people have!



Late Note: Francis Raymond reports that the Sea & Sage Audubon Society Observed a brightly-colored male Painted Bunting on their Tijuana Riverbottom trip of Sept. 16.

TREASURER'S REPORT

End of Fiscal Year, - June 30, 1967

Receipts for the year.....	\$9,355.99
Expenditures.....	<u>\$8,496.15</u>

Balance after expenses..... \$ 859.15

Our major loss for the year was on Wildlife Films:

Expenses	\$2,185.09
Receipts.....	<u>\$1,070.85</u>

Loss..... \$ 1,114.24

Total Current Assets.....	\$20,696.44
Permanent Assets.....	<u>\$10,273.92</u>

Net Worth, June 30, 1967..... \$30,970.36

The books are open at Audubon House for the inspection of our members.

Olga Clarke, Treasurer

Olga Clarke has been designated by the Executive Board to be our Society's delegate to the 63rd National Audubon Convention at Atlantic City, N.J. We hope to have an account of her experiences and new ideas on "Protecting Your Environment" in our next issue.

playing
RUSSIAN ROULETTE
with
NATURE

APRIL 6-9, 1968

PORTRAYING MAN'S GAMBLE WITH

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WATER
LAND
WILDLIFE

NATIONAL
AUDUBON

western conference

National Audubon Society Western Conference

ASILOMAR, PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA — APRIL 6-9, 1968

Conference Theme:

"PLAYING RUSSIAN ROULETTE WITH NATURE"

★ ★ ★

"Conservation is a state of harmony between man and land. By land is meant all the things on, over or in the earth. Harmony with land is like harmony with a friend . . ." Aldo Leopold (Round River)

★ ★ ★

PROGRAM ANNOUNCEMENT

(Preliminary and subject to revision)

SATURDAY — April 6:

REGISTRATION OPENS (1 P.M.)

HOSPITALITY — Monterey Peninsula Audubon Society

SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF NATURE SLIDES (4 P.M.)

BUFFET DINNER

Evening Program — Keynote Address:
"MAN SPINS THE CYLINDERS"

SUNDAY — April 7:

Early Morning Nature Saunter

Morning Program:

"MAN AND WILDLIFE RESOURCES"
"THIS CROWDED PLANET"

Afternoon Program:

"CALIFORNIA GAMBLERS WITH NATURE"
"CALIFORNIA REDUCES THE ODDS"

Evening Program — Conference Address:
"THE NATIONAL OUTLOOK"

Feature Film

"CALIFORNIA" — An Introduction to the Ecological Health of an American Region.
(Produced by Environmental Television Institute)

MONDAY — April 8:

Morning Program:

FIELD TRIPS and OCEAN BOAT TRIP

Afternoon Program:

NATURAL AREAS — OPEN SPACES — NATURE CENTERS

Evening Program — Concluding Address:

"EDUCATION — THE SAFE CYLINDER"

TUESDAY — April 9:

Morning Program:

FILM FESTIVAL (The latest in Conservation Films)

Noon:

Box Lunches for All (Ready at 8 A.M.)

Tidepool Explorations (informal)

CONFERENCE ADJOURNS (1 P.M.)

CONFERENCE SPEAKERS

(partial list)

SHERRY BALLARD, APSA

— *Photochrome Club of San Francisco — Co-ordinator*

CHARLES H. CALLISON

— *Executive Vice-President, National Audubon Society*

ROLAND C. CLEMENT

— *Vice-President, National Audubon Society*

NORMAN B. LIVERMORE, JR.

— *Administrator, The Resources Agency of California*

GEORG TREICHEL

— *Director, Center for Study of General Ecology and*

RICHARD E. WARNER

— *Environmental Planning, San Francisco State College*

SAMUEL E. WOOD

— *Foundation of Environmental Biology*

— *Executive Director, California Tomorrow*

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