WESTERN TANAGER

Los Angeles Audubon Society Volume 48 Number 2 October 1981

Four More California Birds Now Endangered

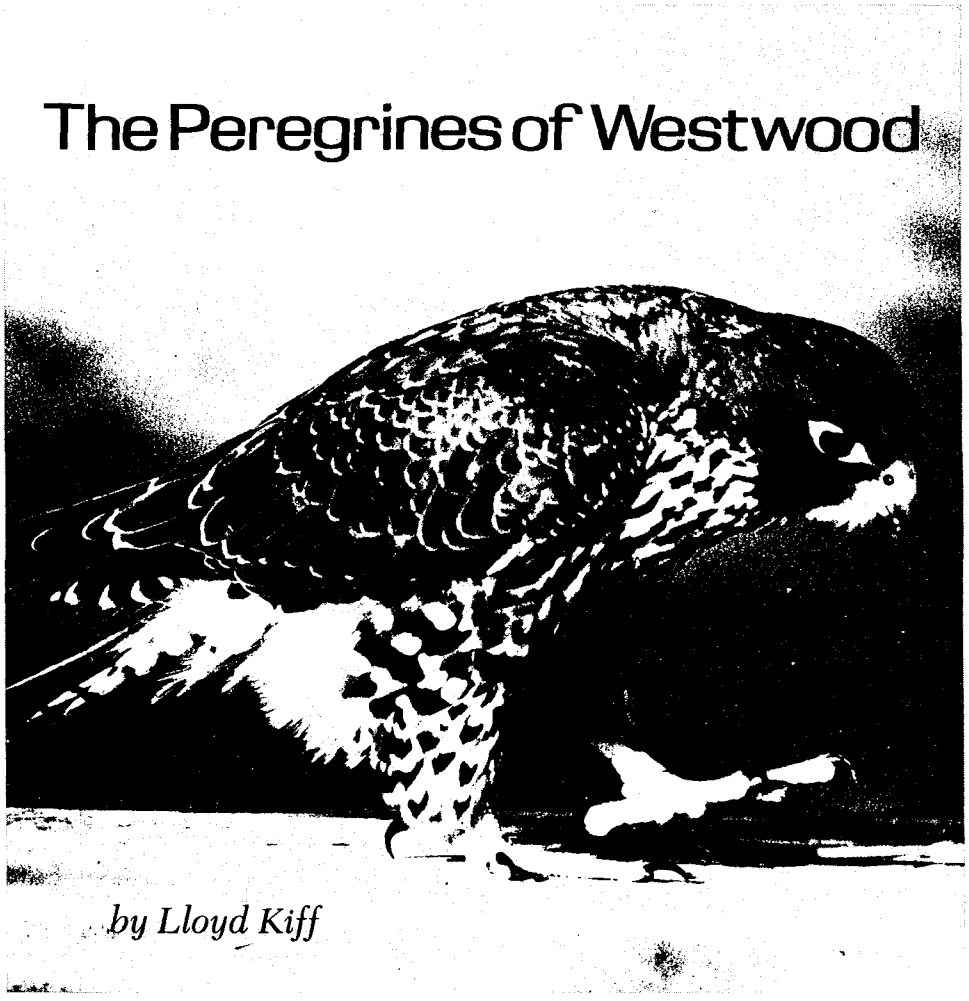
In California, an animal receives an "endangered" classification when its continued existence is jeopardized by one or more causes — loss of habitat, change in habitat, overexploitation, predation, competition or disease. In most cases, creatures labeled "endangered" are victims of what people call "progress", which attacks key elements of many animals' habitats.

Some of the animals on the lists of threatened, rare or endangered species *are* going to survive thanks to work being done to acquire and set aside habitats. The public is also being made more aware of the need to insulate certain species from human disturbance. For this reason, it is perhaps good that the following four birds have recently been added to the endangered list by the California Department of Fish and Game, for this is a first step in the struggle to preserve them.

Elf Owl: Decreases in woodpecker populations which create tree cavities the owls use as nests probably have contributed to a diminished population of Elf Owls in California. But the major factor in their loss is threats to habitat. Destruction of mature willow-cottonwood-mesquite habitat has shrunk both the population and available habitat of the owl and restricted the birds to two very small areas along the Colorado River. Competition with European Starlings for available nest sites has also added to the survival burden. In 1978, only ten breeding pairs were found along the Colorado, and in 1979, only five. Acquisition of remaining Elf Owl habitat, and establishment of nest boxes, are viewed as possible measures to stave off extirpation of the few remaining owls. Control of competing Starlings and restoration of cottonwood groves and mesquite woodlands are also recommended.

Endangered, continued page 11

The Peregrines of Westwood



photograph by Clark Sumida

by Lloyd Kiff

When I was a child, I read in my ornithological bible, Roger Tory Peterson's "Birds Over America", that more people would probably regard the Peregrine Falcon as their favorite bird than any other species. I thought of this many times over the years before I finally saw my first peregrine, a bird perched high in the top of a lonely dead tree in Kenya's Lake Naivasha, and experienced first hand its almost mystical aura. The static field guide pictures were replaced forever in my memory by this living vision. Called by Leslie Brown and Dean Amadon "the world's most successful flying bird" in deference to its almost cosmopolitan distribution, the peregrine combines all that we admire in birds — extraordinary beauty, blinding speed, and an easy sense of confidence that implies a sense of freedom known only to wild creatures.

But the peregrine is not free. Between the time that I first read about its exploits and my visit to Lake Naivasha, the peregrine met an insidious enemy that nearly proved its undoing, something that centuries of shooting, trapping, egg collecting, and habitat destruction by man had failed to accomplish. The peregrine almost vanished by default. It was the first species in which DDT-caused eggshell thinning and result-

continued top next page

ing reproductive failure was documented, and it has paid a higher price than most of the species so affected. We have found that peregrine populations on every continent have experienced significant eggshell thinning since the use of DDT began in the late 1940's. Some of the thinnest eggs were found in Siberian peregrines — can there be a more dramatic example of man's technological dominance over the planet?

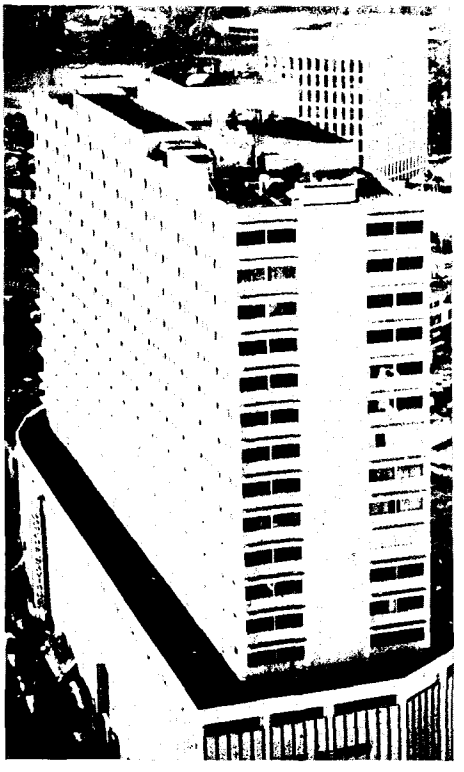
Falconers and others sensed that an unexplained decline in peregrine numbers was underway in the 1950's in Europe and North America. By the time anyone got around to checking, the peregrine was extinct in all of the eastern United States and in dire straits elsewhere on the continent. When naturalist Richard Bond published a landmark paper on western peregrines in 1946 he expressed mild optimism about their future. Yet DDT began to be widely used about that time, and in less than a decade the species was completely gone from southern California. Where there were once 40 active peregrine nest sites between Santa Barbara to San Diego County, there are now none.

DDT was banned for domestic use in 1972, but California's peregrine population has been slow to recover. Although 40 pairs of peregrines were thought to be on nesting territories in California during 1981, this seemingly large total mainly reflects the increasingly intensive efforts made by government biologists to locate peregrine nests in the state during the past few years, rather than any real recovery by the species. Most of the presently occupied sites were not known to Bond, but then they are in regions of the state not covered well by him. Few of the sites in his inventory are now occupied, and, most significantly, there has been no post-DDT reoccupation of the historical sites south of San Luis Obispo County.

> "We are involved in a desperate holding pattern in an effort to preserve the population year after year in hopes that the largely avoidable use of DDT in tropical areas will eventually cease."

Many California peregrines are still laying thin-shelled eggs (the 1981 average was 14 percent thinner than normal), despite the fact that the falcons that breed here are largely non-migratory and therefore unlikely to be exposed to direct applications of DDT (at least legal ones). They must feed on birds, though, and many of their prey species are migrants that have wintered in areas of heavy DDT use in Latin America. Such migrants, especially shorebirds, serve the unfortunate role of bringing DDT-type compounds to the peregrines of California.

The Westwood Center



There is no question that the Peregrine Falcon would not continue to occupy much of its present range in California without careful management and outright manipulation. We are involved in a desperate holding pattern in an effort to preserve the population year after year in hopes that the largely avoidable use of DDT in tropical areas will eventually cease.

That the peregrine has survived at all along the central coast of California is due largely to the efforts of Brian Walton and his co-workers at the Santa Cruz Predatory Bird Research Group. Brian is one of those people who is adept at enlisting people with diverse and specialized talents (rock climbers, airplane pilots, artists, falconers, biologists, photographers) to his cause, which happens to be ensuring the continued existence of wild California peregrines. For several years, Brian and his helpers have systematically removed thin-shelled peregrine eggs from the coastal nests (where they would almost certainly have been broken by the usual rigors of incubation) soon after they were laid and hatched them in incubators at the SCPBRG facility on the University of California campus at Santa Cruz. The young hatched from the eggs are returned to the wild nests and fledged normally by the wild parents.

Usually, the wild birds "recycle", that is, lay a second clutch of eggs following the removal of the first. These eggs are usually removed when young from the first clutch are replaced in the nest, and the second clutch is also hatched safely at Santa Cruz. During the past four years, the famous Morro Rock peregrine nest has successfully fledged young annually, but only through the intervention of Brian Walton and his colleagues. The resident Morro Rock female lays eggs of record thinness which, if left in the nest, would never survive to hatch.

Another objective of the Santa Cruz group has been to establish a captive breeding population of peregrines, using the methodology developed and used so spectacularly by the Peregrine Fund at Cornell University. Such a goal requires years to achieve, and in 1981 Brian's efforts were repaid by the production of 16 young peregrines by several of the nine breeding pairs of adults at the facility. Considering that the Santa Cruz project produced 43 young pere-

Young Peregrines testing their wings

grines this year through a combination of captive breeding and artifical incubation of wild eggs, while the entire wild population in California produced only 40 young, one can appreciate the importance of the SCPBRG to California peregrines.

It was therefore with sinking hearts that we heard early this year that the California Department of Fish and Game would no longer be able to contribute to the project because of eutbacks in federal funding for "non-game wildlife". Since the breeding project is on the very threshold of producing large numbers of young peregrines, the cutback could hardly have come at a worse time. The SCPBRG has been sustained mainly through the contributions of individuals and local Audubon chapters and a tremendous amount of sacrifice by Brian and Cheryl Walton and their supporters, but DFG funding received over the past two years was critically important in many ways.

In mulling over ways in which the Western Foundation of Vertebrate Zoology might be most helpful to Brian (who is a longtime Research Associate of the WFVZ), we hit upon the idea of releasing peregrines off a building in Los Angeles. Not only would this be a first step towards re-establishing the species in its former southern California range, but it might generate helpful publicity for the SCPBRG as it attempts to find a way to survive in the 1980's. One of the most enthusiastic backers of the plan from its very inception was Ed Harrison, whose cooperation was critical. Not only is Ed the president of the WFVZ, which would have to coordinate the release, but he is the owner of the Westwood Center, the large office building which was to serve as the release site.

The release of Peregrine Falcons in Westwood, the epitome of the fast-moving southern California urban scene, may seem incongruous to those who perceive the species to be the very symbol of wilderness. Yet peregrines have traditionally utilized urban environments, perhaps since the option existed at all — it is reported that the species nested on the pyramids of Egypt. On this continent alone there are well known instances of peregrines nesting on buildings in Montreal, New York, Philadelphia, and, closer to home, Oakland. Although the Westwood project was the first urban release attempted in the West, Cornell's Peregrine Fund has conducted several successful peregrine releases off buildings in Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Norfolk, and Baltimore during the past three years. In the latter city, a now famous female peregrine, Scarlett, adopted a large downtown sky-

photographs by Dean Hector

Young Peregrine perched atop city building

scraper as her home in 1978, a year after she was released in the nearby countryside by the Peregrine Fund, and has maintained residence there ever since.

One of the most difficult hurdles in conducting the Westwood release was overcoming the various levels of red tape that now tend to smother highly visible endangered species. Without the patient help of Ron Jurek, of the DFG, and the support of the Los Angeles Audubon Society, the Santa Monica Mountains National Urban Park staff, and the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History, we would probably still be wrestling with the complicated permit process.

Our young peregrines, two males and a female, arrived in Westwood on the afternoon of Saturday, June 28th; they had been driven down from Santa Cruz by three associates of the SCPBRG. The birds were immediately placd in a sturdy wooden box which had been constructed on the roof of the Westwood Center by Sam Sumida and Richard Epps of our staff. The box was to serve as home for the young peregrines for a week or so after their arrival, permitting them to gradually become acquainted with the general vicinity. Through the bars on the detachable front of the box, the youngsters were presented with a panorama of the expensive skyline of Century City and downtown Beverly Hills. Their living quarters were situated on the roof just over the bandstand in Monty's Restaurant on the 21st floor of the Westwood Center.

Sarah Goodan was placed in charge of the birds upon their arrival, and she fed them several pigeons daily by dropping the food through a pipe on the roof of the box. At all times she was out of sight of the young peregrines — the success of the project depended upon keeping the birds as wild as possible. That they were completely wild was amply demonstrated on the evening of July 5th, when Brian Walton came down from Santa Cruz to attach tiny radio transmitters to the legs of the birds. It took three persons to restrain the aggressive female. The transmitters were designed to fall off the birds after a few weeks, that is after the critical period immediatcly following the release when a still-dependent young might become lost.

Our resident carpentry geniuses, Sam and Richard, built an elaborate plywood blind just outside the door leading onto the roof of the Westwood Center on the day before the planned release. Peepholes in the sides of the blind allowed us to observe the peregrines without spooking them, and a special camera opening (covered with black cloth) enabled a KCET TV crew to tape the actual

emergence from the box by the young peregrines on the morning of July 7th.

Prior to the release, we arranged access to the rooftops of several of the high-rise buildings in Westwood. In order to monitor the activities of the peregrines, we stationed observers equipped with telescopes and walkie talkies on at least two of these buildings throughout the first week following the release. On one occasion a police helicopter hovered low over Sam for several minutes as he hunkered down (with telescope) on the roof of a nearby apartment building. A quick call to the helicopter division of the LAPD seemed to set things straight, and we did not experience further trouble of this sort.

On the day of the release, one of the males, "Red" (by the color of his transmitter), was spotted sitting on the large "Monty's" sign on top of the building about midday. He was soon harassed by a local kestrel and responded by flying to another spot on the very top of Westwood Center —the first real flight made by any of the birds! Later in the afternoon Red flew over to perch on a building at nearby UCLA. The three birds spent their first night of freedom on three different buildings. "Yellow" chose a ledge on a fancy condominium building, the female (as expected) did not leave Westwood Center, and the audacious Red was last seen perched on some scaffolding on the very top of the highest building in Westwood.

During the first week of the birds' freedom, we maintained a crew of six to ten observers, including veterans Merlyn Felton and Dave Foote from the SCPBRG, in Westwood to closely watch every move made by the young peregrines from dawn to well after dusk, as we wanted to be absolutely sure that one of the birds did not get into trouble during this critical period of adjustment. As the week wore on, the birds seemed to take longer and longer to settle on their respective roost sites. After several nights of watching the birds fidget from one spot to another until after 10 p.m., we were beginning to think that we were releasing a hitherto undescribed strain of nocturnal peregrines! At the end of the week, Sally Garner, the KCET TV reporter who had done such an excellent job of covering the release, threw a party for the whole crew. Everyone was so exhausted from the week's ordeal, however, that Sally had to wake us up at 11 p.m. and throw us out.

> "If the birds survive and behave predictably, it is very possible they may return to Westwood in two or three years to nest."

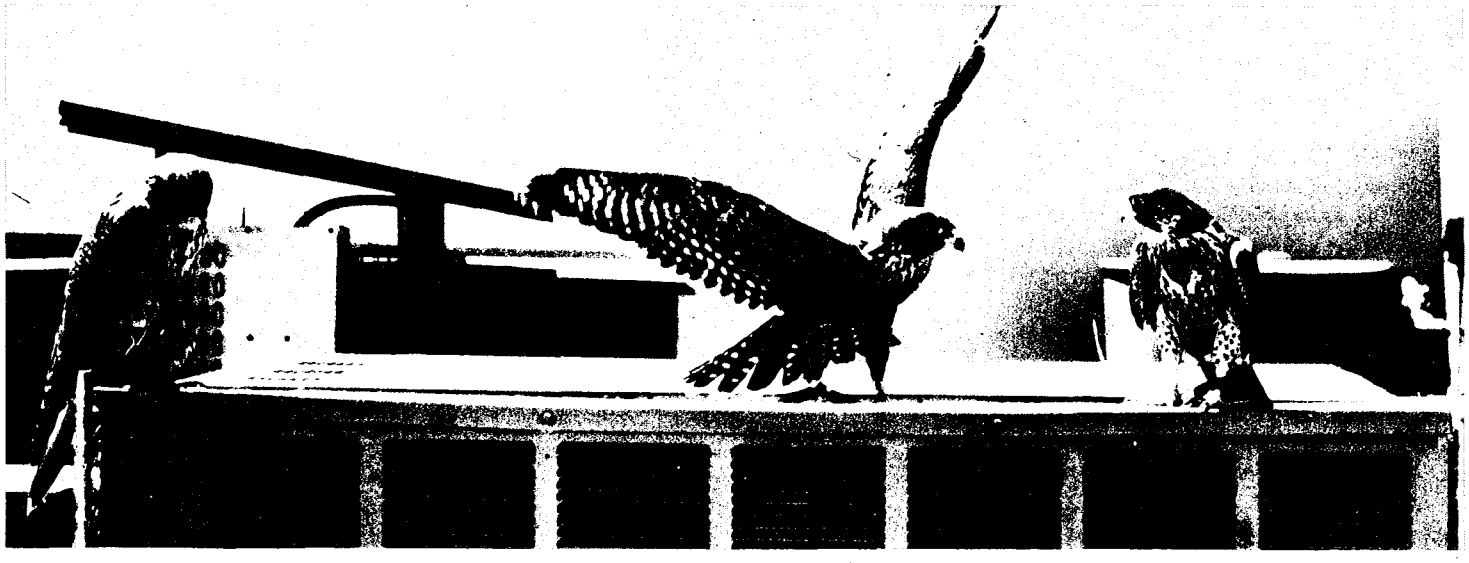
Since young peregrines do not usually hunt for themselves for several weeks after they fledge, it is imperative that they receive a steady supply of food at the release site; ordinarily this role would be assumed by the parents. Thus, Sarah and Dean Hector provided the birds regularly with pigeons and (later) Coturnix quails until the peregrines appeared to stop utilizing this food source. Local falconers were very helpful in providing us with pigeons that they trapped. In a bizarre by-blow of the release project, several of the falconers were engaged in capturing pigeons for us from the bowels of a fancy billboard at about 4 a.m. one Saturday morning when they suddenly found themselves surrounded by a very alert and hostile police SWAT team with guns drawn. The unfortunate result of this episode was that the falconers were forced to release at least 50 pigeons that they had bagged for the peregrines.

The peregrines spent most of July in the immediate vicinity of Westwood Center. During this time they became great favorites of the cocktail waitresses at Monty's restaurant, who claimed that business had picked up for the restaurant following the well publicized release. It was a great thrill to sit over a margarita at Monty's in late July with Brian Walton and Dave Harlow, Chairman of the California Peregrine Falcon Working Team, who were visiting for the first time after the release, and watch the three young peregrines cavorting only 20 feet outside the window.

By early August the peregrines began leaving the building more frequently, and their consumption of the food placed on the roof declined, suggesting that the birds were beginning to kill prey for themselves. We saw numerous aerial chases of potential prey (including Dean Hector's observation of one of the young males herding a flock of pigeons right up Westwood Boulevard about 20 feet off the street), but we never observed an actual kill. We did find evidence by late August that the young peregrines were feeding on their own, as the partial remains of a Mournng Dove and a Robin (why couldn't it have been a Starling?) were found on the building.

Gradually, the peregrines were rarely encountered in Westwood, and reports of sightings elsewhere began to filter in to us through the Audubon network. First, a bird

Peregrines, continued page 9, col. 2



photograph by Clark Sumida

The Other Side of the Mountains

by Dorothy Dimsdale

Lily leaned
against the car
And asked my why I tried to dream
Up words to fit the teeth of peaks
That seemed to slit the sky;
"It never works," she said,
"I've seen a thousand try,
I've been here nigh a hundred years;
It's simpler doing fishes' tears
Or words for breath of birds."

When I saw this verse on the front of the *Bloomsbury Review*, I knew I had found the exact feeling, perfectly expressed, of being in the Colorado mountains.

Nauseous, headachey and winded, I dragged myself off Trail Ridge Road across the Tundra and over a hilltop, where I stood panting. Immediately in front of me were four Brown-Capped Rosy Finches and to the left — the prize, a White-Tailed Ptarmigan. True, it had been banded on both legs and appeared to be an old friend of the naturalist who indicated its presence. I suppose when you've been banded and counted every year of your life a kind of reluctant tolerance sets in, and that's what had happened to the Ptarmigan, if I may be permitted to anthropomorphize a little. It wasn't tame in the usual sense of the word, but it didn't dart away in abject terror either.

The ailment I was suffering from was simply altitude adjustment. Having come from the Hollywood Hills (1200 ft.) to the peak of Trail Ridge Road in Estes Park (12,180 ft.) in one fell swoop, I was in no condition to leapfrog. I was enchanted with Colorado; and the Tundra, so vulnerable, was a carpet of multicoloured wildflowers, none taller than six inches from the earth.

Passing through the National Audubon Convention in Estes Park to the music festival in Aspen was the start of my first visit to Colorado and every bird counted for my state list. Things hadn't begun too well. The first bird was a Common Grackle which was carrying something in its bill when I first saw it. As it flew over my parked car the morsel dropped near the front fender. I backed up the car and as the Grackle flew in, the morsel moved; it fluttered in fact, and I saw that it was a nestling bird, perhaps a Finch. It was too late to interfere. I don't like to interrupt a natural process but I don't have to watch it either, so I drove on.

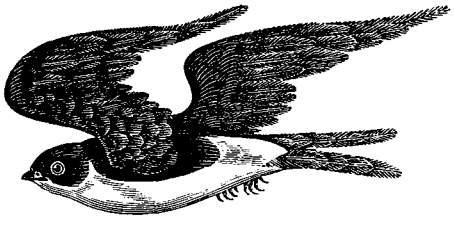
From Estes Park to Aspen is a glorious drive and Aspen seems to be spawning young musicians as they are on every street corner each evening, playing everything from Mozart to Vivaldi. Even deep in a rustic canyon first heard, then seen was a lone musician, sitting by a stream with his music stand set up and playing a French horn. A Yellow-Bellied Sapsucker went about its business, seemingly oblivious to the sounds of Beethoven.

Hallam Lake Sanctuary is in the center of Aspen and run by Jody and Tom Cardamone. Along with other creatures they care for is a light-phased Ferruginous Hawk, once molested and now unable to fly. It attempts to build nests and lays eggs but will spend the rest of its life in a large cage overlooking the beaver ponds, but it was wonderful to get so close a look. Across the ponds there is a fast-running stream frequented by Dippers, and on the far side, a wondrous sight: a Great Horned Owl which cannot fly but is quite free and takes great leaps to catch prey or to perch in a tree. It's remarkable how agile the owl is and how strong and sure-footed. It has lived free for over a year now and has leg muscles to rival those of Arnold Schwartznegger. The Cardamones keep an eye on the bird in case it should get into difficulties but so far it functions very well. It was here that I saw my first Broad-Tailed Hummingbird, the sound of the wings is absolutely distinctive, loud and metallic. Then I was shown a White-crowned Sparrow's nest. It was like greeting an old friend; the White Crowns feed gluttonously on my pansies in the winter in California.

The birding in Colorado cannot compare with California but one becomes much more aware of bird song. As there are fewer species, there is more time to concentrate on the song and familiarize oneself. I walked around the Hallam Lake Sanctuary several times during my stay and saw more species there than at any other place in the vicinity.

Being a birder, one is never completely satisfied, and so I occupied myself much of the time at great heights looking for the Northern Three-Toed Woodpecker. I went up on a ski lift — marvellous in the summer, gliding silently at a snail's pace through the pines and up to the Tundra. There were four landings and chair changes so we passed a large number of pines. I think I can say for sure that I examined every one for Woodpeckers — but no luck. Lots of Mountain Bluebirds and Sapsuckers, and on the ground lovely fat marmots popping up on the rocks with the Clark's Nutcrackers. Prairie Falcons were quite common.

Later I drove to Colorado Springs which has a completely different feeling and for me, not so enjoyable, perhaps because it seems so much more settled and populated. The area is much more arid and even the spectacular red rock lunar-type landscape has houses built on it. My advise is, stay on the other side of the mountains.



By permission of Thomas Hornsby Ferril from 'Words for Denver,' Copyright, William Morrow & Co.

Placerita Canyon Nature Center Celebrates Tenth

The Nature Center Associates of Los Angeles County cordially invite the public to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Placerita Canyon Nature Center in Newhall where gold was first discovered in 1842. The festivities will take place on Sunday 8 November 1981, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Special events planned include an exhibition of falconry, a display of giant reptiles, hayrides and an open house in historic Walker's Cabin. The Associates, a non-profit volunteer support organization, will also be selling refreshments and baked goods. A rain date has been scheduled for 15 November. For further information, call (805) 259-7721, M-F, 9-5. The nature center is located at 19152 Placerita Canyon Rd., Newhall. To reach the center, take I-5 north to Highway 14. Take the Placerita Canyon offramp east to the center.

The Top of the World: Alpine Tundra

by Tom Cardamone

Climbing is the only way to get here, and climbing has worked up my thirst. I emerge from the dark forest and head straight for a creek running through the middle of a clearing of waist-high, elk-browsed willow. The chilling water is good, and carries the taste of the tundra above. The taste of sun, wind and ice.

The steep glacier-carved valley is below, and above rolling tundra stretches to the deep, crystal-blue horizon. A few spruce have ventured onto the lower tundra, like trespassers in a foreign land. They stay low to the ground, as if creeping in stealth, although it is really the wind that crops them close. These spruce are the krummholz, the "crooked wood" of the alpine tundra. Beyond the krummholz the tundra swells and curves away in gray, green and tawny hues, like the back of a great, brown bear. Wind and frost eliminate all but the hardiest, ground-hugging plants.

The Watchers

The sun's rays pivot over the highest ridge to the east and descend upon the tundra slopes. Morning's warmth is greeted by a white-tailed ptarmigan, white in winter and now mottled brown, feeding on dwarf willow buds.

The tundra is a watcher's place, where wide, elevated expanses filled with brilliant light provide an unsurpassed clarity of vision. The pika, fist-sized relative of the rabbit, watches from a boulder for hawks and weasels. Other pikas are out cutting hay in miniature meadows, the tundra turfs, already preparing for next winter. A warning sqeak from the sentinel sends them all racing to hide in their rocky dens. Except for tiny piles of curing hay, their rock pile becomes lifeless. As the shadow of a hawk quickly passes over, the dwarf haystacks are the only evidence of the unseen creatures.

The warmth I find in the lee of a boulder is unusual in the tundra. Cold winds and ice dominate this land. During the winter, which can last seven months, the temperature is never about freezing. In July the temperature rarely rises above 45° Fahrenheit. Even during the summer, ice forms and melts daily, setting up a kind of slow vibration in the surface soil which wrenches and kills seedlings as quickly as they sprout. The almost constant wind will suck the life out of any unsuited plant or animal. To be unobtrusive is to survive, in this mountaintop world of closely windcropped vegetation.

I see water pitits and horned larks, two of the five birds which nest on the tundra. All five must nest late enough to avoid heavy snowstorms, yet early enough to evade summer predation by coyotes and weasels.

Looking Closely

The almost constant wind is a force which affects all tundra life, and coaxes me to look closely at the wonderful variety of tundra life. I lie prone, in a layer of still air which allows the sun's warmth to penetrate, and admire a palm-sized cushion of moss campion and probe through tiny, white antler-shaped lichens. I've found a lichen that looks just like an elk antler, and it's only half an inch long! I'm a giant in this Lilliputian world of dwarfed willow, grasses, sedges and flowers.

Here pocket gophers take on the relative dimensions of the woolly mammoths of Pleistocene times. These six-inch, soil-churning rodents are the dominant animal of the tundra. Though they live underground and are seldom seen, their sinuous mounds, like tiny glacial eskers, are everywhere. Pockets of concentrated color on the tundra are gopher gardens, where abandoned mounds of fine soil are inhabited by colorful, pioneering plants like the blue sky pilot, yellow cinquefoil, alpine avens and deep blue chiming bells.

Perspectives

With evening the setting sun dims the tundra and infuses scattered clouds with crimson color. My focus shifts from the tundra plants to the great mountains. My hugeness is suddenly gone and I am only a tiny speck of life in a darkening sea of mountains. They look like a series of blue waves progressing out to the horizon. Movement catches my eyes and a pair of pointed ears come bounding and weaving toward me, silhouetted against the evening sky. I squeak like a mouse and the coyote stops, forelegs poised on a rock. His whole form is perfect against the luminous sky. Another squeak draws him closer, circling, head low, stalking silently. I'm full of excitement. This is rare and special to be seeing a coyote so close, and from the point of view of a meadow mouse! The coyote stops short when I speak. I apologize for my trickery and wish him good hunting. Puzzled but not startled, the coyote cocks his keen, bright face sideways for a moment then moves off to hunt elsewhere.

To see the world from different angles and other points of view is a privilege. The alpine tundra lends itself to those special moments which enhance our perception of this earth and its variety of life.

Tom Cardamone is Director of the Aspen Center for Environmental Studies.

Birdwatchers Score High on Nature Awareness

All kinds of people relate to wildlife. But what do they know and what do they do with that knowledge? Stephen R. Kellert of Yale University's School of Forestry and Environmental Studies has made a study of how people relate to wildlife.

Kellert unearthed some interesting facts about birdwatchers in his study. For instance, he found that birdwatchers have a mean age of 42 years and that he found they tend to live in small communities rather than in areas of population over 17,000. Kellert also found that birdwatchers enjoy the highest incomes of the groups he studied, with sportsmen's organizations coming right behind.

In measuring people's attitudes and knowledge, Kellert rated birdwatchers as being the most knowledgeable about wildlife of any of the other 22 groups questioned. (Interestingly, large-fish fishermen were rated as having the least animal knowledge.)

Birdwatchers did not score high, however, on "ecologistic" questions — being greatly concerned for the environment as a system for the inter-relationships between wildlife and the natural habitats. They did not rate high on the "dominionistic" — mastery and control of animals — scale, either.

Information from Kellert's study should provide insight into the relative importance of diverse forms of wildlife contact in the United States. This should lead to a better understanding of the significance of animals in our lives. In addition, information on various interest groups should indicate needs in the area of public awareness and education.

UCLA Extension Offers Birding Classes

"Identification of California Birds: A Saturday Workshop, Part I" will meet Saturday 14 November 1981 from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., in 1247 Life Sciences at UCLA. The daylong event will emphasize coastal birds, shorebirds, owls and vagrant land birds. Instructors are Arnold Small and Kimball Garrett.

"The Birds of Western Mexico: Mazatlan to San Blas" will be held from 22-30 December 1981. This field study tour will explore a variety of habitats from the marine coast to the lowland forests. Orientation session: Thursday 3 December 1981. Instructors are Kimball Garrett and Lee Jones.

For further information call (213) 825-7093.

Mono Lake

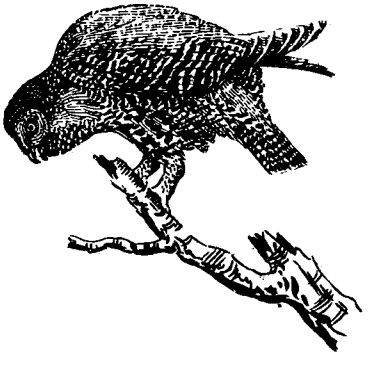
Have you ever wondered how the tufa towers were formed? Why Mono Lake is salty? Who hatched chickens in Paoha Island's steam vents. How the Indians made brine fly soup? You'll find the answers (and much more) in the Mono Lake Committee's first book (this description leads us to assume there will be more) — the **Mono Lake Guidebook.** This is the first authoritative biography of America's most extraordinary lake. From tufas to volcanoes, brine shrimp to gulls, aqueducts to water conservation, it delves into Mono's geology, wildlife and human history, and the alternatives to its destruction. The **Mono Lake Guidebook** is lively, informative and thoroughly referenced; it is sure to delight the vacationist and the monophile alike. For your copy/copies, write to the Mono Lake Committee, PO Box 29, Lee Vining, CA 93541. Price: $4.95 plus $1.00 postage and 6% California sales tax.

Also available from the Mono Lake Committee is the **Mono Lake Color-and-Learn Book** for children. In the words of Huey P. Johnson, California Secretary for Resources, "The **Mono Lake Color-and-Learn Book** is an outstanding accomplishment. It combines entertainment, humor, and education in a water conservation message that all Californians — young and adult — must understand if we are going to preserve the quality of life that Californians presently enjoy." The Committee is offering these books at $2.25 each or five for $10.00. Add 15% handling and California residents add 6% sales tax. Checks should be payable to the Mono Lake Committee.

The San Bernardino Valley Audubon Society and the San Gorgonio chapter of the Sierra Club are co-sponsoring a Desert Wilderness Symposium, 24-25 October 1981, to be held at the San Bernardino County Museum in Redlands. The Saturday 10 a.m. keynote address will feature Congressman George Brown who will speak on the legislative proposals for wilderness in the California desert. The afternoon sessions will be workshops to consider wilderness proposals for different desert areas. Saturday evening and Sunday there will be field trips to proposed wilderness areas.

Other events of interest at the museum include a sale of native plants by the California Native Plant Society on Saturday. The museum itself features one of the world's largest collections of displays of bird eggs.

It is hoped that a large turnout for the Desert Wilderness Symposium will impress Congressman Brown with the need for legislation for desert wilderness areas. For further information, contact the Sierra Club, 541 Prospect Street, Highgrove, CA 92507, or telephone (714) 684-7174.

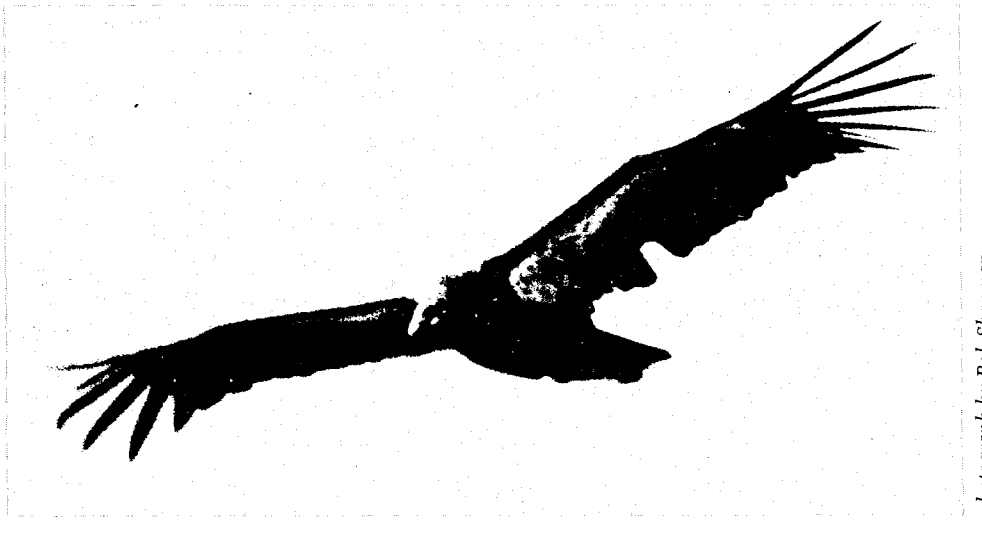


Trapping of Condors to Begin

October is the month that LAAS always asks for readers' donations to the Condor Fund. You will find attached to this issue of the TANAGER a convenient return envelope for your contribution.

Now, more than ever, the Condor Fund needs your contribution. The US Fish and Wildlife Service plans to trap the first two California Condors soon as part of the research and captive breeding program to attempt to save the species from extinction. The 1981-82 plan calls for six birds to be fitted with transmitters and released; three others will be held for captive breeding. Topa-Topa, the Condor in the Los Angeles zoo, will also be used for breeding.

Time is running out for the Condor. Now is the time to send in your contributions.



photograph by Bob Shamman

Topics of Conservation

by Sandy Wohlgemuth

The conservation movement can ill-afford the luxury of internecine conflict at any time, and especially at this moment in history. As the conscience and advocate (self-appointed, perhaps) of the people, environmentalism already comes with a choice assortment of natural enemies: the industrial polluters, the strip-miners, the timber interests, the over-grazers, the oil colossi, the real-estate developers. No one denies that we *need* the produce of most of this enterprise; the supreme conundrum of this century is how we maintain our economic health without killing the patient. Today, with an openly hostile administration, it is even more urgent that we listen to Ben Franklin's admonition to the 13 colonies: we must all hang together or we will all hang separately. We cannot allow ourselves the illusion that Watt is an aberration on the political scene. There are more where he came from.

These thoughts arise from the hearing in Los Angeles this summer on a permit to continue the condor recovery program before the California Fish and Game Commission. National Audubon and 44 of the 47 California Audubon chapters supported captive breeding and the use of radio tracking on wild condors to help determine the cause of their decline. Friends of the Earth opposed all aspects of the program. Their concern is that a "hands-on" policy is too risky, that human meddling will assure accelerated extinction of the condor. The Sierra Club very gingerly accepted a minimum of radio telemetry, but recoiled from captive breeding — except for a mate for Topa Topa, the LA Zoo's condor. Both organizations stressed an extension and improvement of habitat as the only safe way to save the condor. On August 7th, the Fish and Game Commission approved a limited amount of captive breeding and telemetry. FOE and Sierra Club are talking about a lawsuit to force an environmental impact statement. There are honest differences of opinion on all sides and a considerable quantity of heat has been generated. There have been harsh words and personal attacks, and charges of incompetence and arrogance.

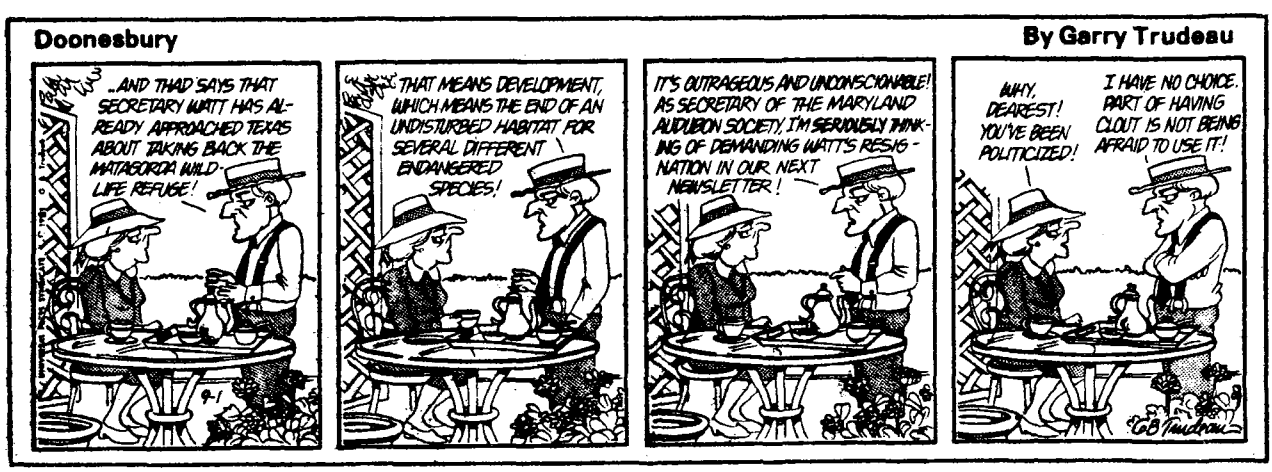
All the major environmental organizations have given us great and noble works. The Environmental Defense Fund pioneered the use of litigation to achieve conservation goals and has an enviable string of successes — elimination of the use of DDT in the United States was one of its most notable victories. The Nature Conservancy, with its miraculous golden touch, solves ecological problems by buying whole ecosystems! The Wilderness Society focuses on protecting the remaining primitive areas of America and was in the forefront of the Alaska Coalition. The National Resources Defense Council is a prestigious, no-nonsense organization dedicated to "improving the quality of the human environment" by combining scientific research, legal action and citizen education.

The Sierra Club, by contrast, is hardly Olympian. The tough, ring-wise fighter of conservation, it does the dirty work and takes the body blows and rabbit punches for its efforts. It is a grass-roots Club that seems to have an endless supply of dedicated people organized into dozens of committees ready to save all facets of the environment. To some, the Sierra Club is too loud, too shrill, too pushy. To others, it has guts and gets results. The Friends of the Earth, founded and chaired by the eloquent and charismatic David Brower, is an offshoot of the Sierra Club. Though its membership is much smaller than Audubon or the Sierra Club, its influence is wide. It is probably the most imaginative and intellectually daring of all conservation organizations. For example, the "soft energy path" of Amory Lovins, promoted enthusiastically by FOE, promised that the world could easily attain a high standard of living without relying on oil and nuclear power if conservation and intelligent use of current technology were employed. Scoffed at when first suggested, the soft path has gained wide acceptance.

National Audubon has entered the 80s with a wider spectrum of environmental concerns than it had a decade ago. The forces at work in the world — nuclear power, population pressure, the frantic search for oil at all costs, the new aggressiveness of the private sector — are closing in on all of us; any conservation organization worth its salt must be prepared to meet these negative forces wherever they arise. Audubon has changed from a collection of bird clubs, whose high point of the year was the Christmas count, to a strong but temperate defender of the environment. It has been driven by the realization that there will be few birds to enjoy if their habitats disappear.

Environmental organizations have formed strong alliances for years, combining their forces in coalitions to defend and protect the air, water, coastal wetlands, pristine wilderness and more. On the local level we have helped one another around the country. Los Angeles Audubon has leaned heavily on Sierra Club activists in many areas, especially in the fight to save the Santa Monica Mountains and the National Recrea-

The Watt Line



tion Area; Sierra Club has responded to Audubon initiatives in Malibu Lagoon. There have been joint efforts by many groups to help with Whittier Narrows, Ballona Wetlands, Sepulveda Basin and the purchase of Santa Cruz Island.

All of us are striving for the same goal: healthy habitat for the human animal, and for all living things. Because we are human, differences are inevitable. Let us try to minimize these differences and, following our own individual paths, work together to create a liveable world.

Letter from Starr Ranch

It is a pleasure for me to recognize and thank the Audubon chapters of Southern California that have generously supported the research programs of Starr Ranch Audubon Sanctuary during the past field year (September 1980-August 1981). The energetic flurry of scientific interest in the ecology of the sanctuary following the great fire of last Thanksgiving has been matched only by the far-sighted investments and encouragements given to post-fire wildlife studies and/or facility reconstruction projects by the following chapters: Buena Vista Audubon ($600), El Dorado Audubon ($600), Los Angeles Audubon ($500), South Coast Audubon ($100), and Whittier Audubon ($350).

In addition to gifts to National Audubon Society, El Dorado's Shirley Wells Fund benefited directly the sanctuary-based research projects of Larry Axelrod, Dave Bontrager, Ray Bransfield, Shane Feusier, and Prof. Bob Clover. Laguna Hills Audubon Society provided a grant of $475 to support a summer study tour of major biological field stations and science education facilities in the west and midwest by Martha and me.

All in all, chapter contributions made to Starr Ranch and individual scientists totaled over $5,000 over the past 12 months. It was a good year. Because of new and expanded student and faculty projects, and plans for improving research facilities, we are looking forward to an even better field year in 1981-1982.

Thanks again

Jeff Froke
Manager/Biologist
Starr Ranch Audubon Sanctuary
P.O. Box 157
San Juan Capistrano, CA
92693

Peregrines, continued from page 4

seen in nearby Century City and then one over opulent Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. Finally, we began to receive reports that single peregrines were turning up in coastal marshes, including the Ballona Wetlands, Bolsa Chica, and Seal Beach. If the birds survive and behave predictably, it is very possible they may return to Westwood in two or three years to nest. Since the ledges on the Westwood Center "cliff" are not rough like natural cavities, we intend to set out nest trays containing small rounded gravel in strategic places on the building (for example, just outside my office window) in hopes that the peregrines will accept one of them as a suitable nest site.

Despite the fact that most of us had encountered peregrines in urban environments previously, it was still hard for us to adjust to seeing them regularly in Westwood. I recall vividly the Saturday evening after the release when I stood with Dave Foote and Roger Cobb just at dusk on one of the busiest corners in Westwood. As we stood shoulder to shoulder among the usual flashy movie crowd with our binoculars and walkie talkies, we gazed in awe above our heads where three young peregrines chased each other excitedly as a prelude to going to roost. Over the walkie talkie came the soft voice of Merlyn Felton, who was stationed on the very highest building in Westwood, "I don't believe it! I don't believe what I'm seeing!" The sight must have been especially poignant to Merlyn, who has spent literally months of his life camping on Morro Rock in solitary vigil as he watched over the famous peregrines there. The two young male peregrines that he was watching wheeling over the bright lights and traffic of Westwood had been painstakingly hatched by hand by Brian Walton on May 18th from two of the thinnest-shelled eggs ever laid by a peregrine falcon — the Morro Rock female!

We are determined to "seed" southern California — Westwood, the Santa Monica Mountains, the Channel Islands — with young peregrines until the birds regain their rightful place in the local ecosystem. Children — and adults as well — should have the opportunity to do more than just read about the *most* favorite bird!

Lloyd Kiff is curator of the Western Foundation of Vertebrate Zoology located in West Los Angeles.

photograph by Frans Lanting

Birds of the Season

by Shum Suffel

October is for rare birdwatchers, and, after all, who doesn't thrill to the first sight of a new bird". This opening line for my first article for the WESTERN TANAGER, exactly fifteen Octobers ago, is just as pertinent today. Prior to the 1960s, the few active birders concentrated their efforts on returning winter birds, mostly non-passerines, and paid little attention to migrant passerines (and even less to the vagrants that accompanied them). This was because "concentration spots" (coastal promontories and desert oases) were little known then, communication among birders was minimal (occasionally at Cooper Club meetings), and fall passerines were considered a dreary lot — too difficult to identify. Fall birding remained a closed book until Guy McCaskie and a few others popularized today's "compulsive birding" by teaching us where to find vagrants and how to identify them. One has only to compare the paucity of vagrant records in Pyle and Small's "Annotated Field List" (1961) with the abundance of records in Garrett and Dunn's new and indispensible "Birds of Southern California" to appreciate the revolutionary change that has taken place in California birding.

August birding was quite routine, most reports being of early arrivals, and without reports of major rarities as there were in July. Even the LAAS pelagic trips found little besides the expected birds. On the 5 August trip to San Clemente Island, the mammals overshadowed the birds — a Blue Whale surfaced directly ahead of the "Vantuna", lay quietly for a minute or two, and disappeared; a pod of Pilot Whales frolicked in the waters just off the island; and dolphins investigated the boat on several occasions. **Sooty** and **Pink-footed Shearwaters** were seldom out of view, and an early **Black-vented (Manx) Shearwater** was sighted off LA Harbor. **Black Storm-Petrels** were common, and a few **Leach's** and one or two **Leasts** were seen. **Royal Terns** were in Pyramid Cove, San Clemente Is, but no tropicbirds or alcids were found. On the 29th, the "Ranger 85" took a course which described an equilateral triangle over fifty miles on a side, from Oxnard to a point south of San Miguel Is, then southeast along the Santa Rosa/Cortez Ridge toward San Nicolas Is, and finally northeast to port. It was hoped that the middle leg of the trip on the open ocean might produce a rarity such as a Cook's Petrel or a Red-tailed Tropicbird, which have been seen further north. As a storm-petrel study trip it was superb, with **Blacks, Leach's** and **Leasts** in view most of the time, and a few **Ashys** seen for comparison. This provided a unique chance to compare the flight characteristics, shapes and plumage color of these similar species. **Pomarine Jaegers** were common, and one **Long-tailed Jaeger** was also seen at a distance. The most exciting birds were two **South Polar Skuas.** Small numbers of **Arctic Terns** were seen, as were two **Sabine's Gulls** (one of which, an adult, flew right over the boat). Of special interest were two separate **Elegant Terns** (usually an inshore bird) well south of Santa Rosa Is, at least fifty miles from the mainland. The only alcids were a very few **Cassin's Auklets** and a single **Craveri's Murrelet.**

Salton Sea birding, for the most part, was uninteresting. There were no boobies or spoonbills and only one frigatebird was reported. Forty-five **Brown Pelicans** at the south end, presumably newly-arrived from the Gulf of California, were a high count (Guy McCaskie, 22 August). A **Reddish Egret** at Salton City (Bob Shanman, 16 August) was the only southern heron. A **Sabine's Gull** at the south end was the best bird of the summer (Guy McCaskie *et al,* 18 August). Even **Laughing Gulls** and **Gull-billed Terns** were in smaller numbers than usual. Mitch Heindel and Brian Daniels' Colorado River trip on 15 August confirmed that at least four **Elf Owls** are making their last stand against habitat destruction above Needles, and that the river valley is a migratory path for early **warblers,** with numbers of **Wilson's, Yellows,** and **Orange-crowneds** plus about six **Nashvilles** and four **MacGillivray's.**

The San Diego area, because of varied habitat and saturation coverage, was more productive. The **Little Blue Herons,** previously mentioned as nesting again in the Tijuana River Valley, fledged three young, and a **Reddish Egret** was in the San Diego River channel west of Highway 5 from mid-July on (Claude Edwards *et al*). Pairs of **Least Bitterns** were seen at San Elijo and Buena Vista Lagoons (Elizabeth Copper). **Peregrine Falcons** were along the San Diego River and at Pt. Loma. Noteworthy shorebirds in August were an **American Golden Plover,** four **Solitary Sandpipers,** about eight **Baird's Sandpipers,** and at least three **Semipalmated Sandpipers.** Two **Craveri's Murrelets** were seen from shore near the Mexican border on 11 and 14 August (both Richard Webster). Seven **White-winged Doves** were observed in coastal San Diego County, a more or less expected early fall phenomenon along the coast. Pt. Loma provided most of the early passerine migrants: an **Eastern Kingbird** (Guy McCaskie, 23 August), a **Purple Martin** on the 24th, a **Black-and-white Warbler** from 19 to 24 August, two **Townsend's Warblers** on the 13th, an **Indigo Bunting** the same day, and a **Black-throated (Desert) Sparrow** on the 24th (the last five by Richard Webster). A **Lucy's Warbler** in the Tijuana River Valley from late July to 5 August was at least a month early (Phil Unitt *et al*). Near San Juan Capistrano, Orange Co., Brad Schram found a **Solitary Sandpiper** on 17 August, the first **Dickcissel of the fall on 23 August, and on the same day a very early Lincoln's Sparrow.**

A note from Alice Fries tells of a small colony of **Purple Martins** in Camp Pendleton, with at least five birds there on 16 July.

Send any interesting bird observations to:
Shum Suffel, 1105 No. Holliston Ave.
Pasadena, CA 91104.

Henry Childs reports that no martins were seen east of Mountain Center in the San Jacintos on 14 August; this is the same place he had seen six pairs in mid-July. An article in *American Birds* (May 1981, p. 266) stresses that "Starlings are capable of seriously reducing martin populations whenever human beings fail to manage colonies." Most former colonies have been "reduced" to zero, but there are still several small groups. "Management" works in the east and the midwest; shouldn't we try it here?

A pair of **Least Bitterns** feeding three young at the new lakes in Whittier Narrows Nature Center was the only recent nesting record in Los Angeles Co. (Natasha Antonovich *et al*). Another pair was seen in a small pond in eastern Long Beach, but nesting was not observed (Brian Daniels). Three to five **White-faced Ibis** (rare in LA Co. recently) were found at two small ponds in Long Beach (Brian Daniels and Mitch Heindel), and another was at the "New Lakes" on 16 August (Mickey Long). Condor watching from Mt. Pinos produced not only condors, but a **Northern Goshawk** (very rare there) on 30 July (Rich Stallcup), and an immature **Red-shouldered Hawk** (Doug Willick, 9 August); Red-shouldereds are not expected at 8800 feet.

Shorebirds continued to receive most of the birders' attention and time in August, with the Lancaster Sewage Ponds and the Edwards Air Force Base marsh well covered. One of the better days was 4 August when Starr Saphir and Curtis Marantz recorded nine **Baird's Sandpipers,** 16 **Short-billed Dowitchers,** 18 **Semipalmated Sandpipers,** and a **Sanderling.** Single **Mountain Plovers** (very early, and always a surprise away from their beloved grasslands) were at Edwards on 21 August (Mitch Heindel and Brian Daniels) and again on 29 August (Fred Heath); up to seven were there after 31 August (Jon Dunn). The first report of a **Solitary Sandpiper** came from John Ivanov at Harbor Lake on 7 August, and two days later there were three Solitaries there (Arthur Howe). One of LA County's better shorebird habitats is the Los Angeles River Channel near the Pacific Coast Highway bridge. Brian Daniels and Mitch Heindel have found numbers of shorebirds here, including two **Stilt Sandpipers** on 4 August (the only report this fall). A **Common Murre** in Ballona Creek, Marina del Rey (Arthur Howe, 30 August) was probably "oiled".

From Pt. Sal in northwestern Santa Barbara Co., Paul Lehman estimated 2,000 **Common Murres** and eight **Marbled Murrelets** on 4 August.

Along the Santa Clara River above McGrath Lagoon there was a **White-winged Dove** on 21 August (Onik Arian), and, on 16 August, a **Bobolink** (Greg Homel). The latter is the earliest fall record for our area. Lois Fulmor in Altadena reports a **Steller's Jay,** two **White-breasted Nuthatches,** several **Mountain Chickadees** and **Western Bluebirds** in mid-August. This may be a local movement due to hot, dry conditions rather than a portent of a winter invasion. Early warblers were few and far between; the best report comes from Bob Barnes near Weldon on the south fork of the Kern River; he saw ten species of warblers including a **Northern Waterthrush** before 12 August.

Further afield, Joe Morlan found a dull female **Mourning Warbler** along the Carmel River on 29 August, and Greg Homel found a **Connecticut Warbler** there two days later. Jan Tarble tells of a **Scissor-tailed Flycatcher** at China Ranch near Tecopa, Inyo Co., after 18 August. From Phoenix, Arizona, the "Roadrunner" reports a **Laysan Albatross** picked up alive near Yuma (U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, 14 May). It was later released in the Pacific after recovering at Sea World. Also from the "Roadrunner", three **Royal or Elegant Terns** were found at the Tucson Sewages Ponds (Bill Davis, 15 May). There are no previous records of either species inland in the southwest. Why neither species has been seen at the Salton Sea is hard to understand. Apparently the **Black-capped Gnatcatchers** below Tucson are renesting for the third time.

October should produce the highest species total of the entire year. L.A. County birders have been "dogging it" in August, but better days are here, so birders in promising places in the field will find more than their share of interesting birds.

Endangered, continued from page 1

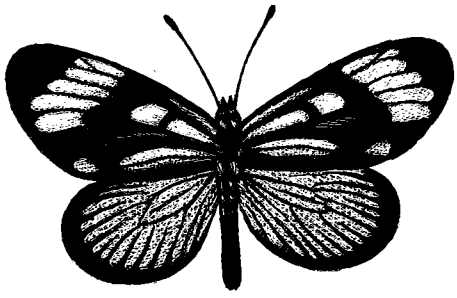
Great Grey Owl: Land-use practices in the forested regions where this species breeds may be squeezing the already small population of Great Grey Owls to dangerous lows. Most recent sightings come from Yosemite and the Huntington Lake region in Fresno County, and from other typical lodgepole pine and red fir forest habitat in other parts of the Sierra Nevada. But the population is estimated at not more than 30 birds for all known areas. Protection by reducing human access to nest sites and large meadow feeding areas, and improvement of habitat for the owl are needed if California is to continue as one of the few states in the nation with a breeding population of these owls.

Least Bell's Vireo: Conversion of vast areas of California to agricultural land has both eliminated large amounts of riparian habitat required by Vireos and stimulated an explosion in the state population of the previously uncommon Brown-headed Cowbird which prevents Vireo nesting success by laying its eggs in the Vireo's nest. Once frequently abundant around willow thickets of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys and throughout the southern coastal area, the Vireo's population may now number under 200 pairs, and its range is probably limited to riparian habitats in parts of seven Southern California counties. The Cowbird, on the other hand, is now commonly seen in flocks of 10,000 or more. The Least Bell's Vireo will continue to exist in California and make some comeback in numbers *only* if key riparian habitat is protected and enhanced and a control program for Cowbirds effected in prime Vireo breeding areas.

Inyo Brown Towhee: Mining and recreational activities and the destruction of critical riparian habitat by wild burros have pushed this small-billed subspecies, otherwise well adapted to extreme desert conditions, onto the endangered list. A resident of dense, shrubby thickets near springs in rugged desert canyons, the Inyo Brown Towhee's entire known population in California — estimated at between 72 and 138 individuals — is confined to a dozen canyons within a 95-square mile circle in the southern Argus Range in Inyo County. Most of its range is under military jurisdiction. Human disturbance must be controlled and wild burros removed from the Towhee's range to stop destruction of this bird's precious riparian habitat.

CALENDAR

WANTED: *A volunteer to help out in the* membership department on Tuesdays. No previous experience necessary; we will train you. Typing ability an asset but not absolutely essential. Pleasant working conditions with congenial co-workers. Age and gender not a factor — we are an equal opportunity organization. Please call Tuesdays or Thursdays, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. and ask for Andrea Kaufman or Marge Wohlgemuth.



Shearwater Journeys — Pelagic Trips

Debra Love Shearwater is still in the pelagic trip business and living in Santa Cruz, CA. Her eight-page flyer of excursions includes bird- and whale-watching trips to Monterey Bay, Monterey Seavalley, Davidson Seamount and the Monterey Submarine Canyon. A total of 30 trips between August *1981* and February *1982* have been planned. For your announcement of these trips, write to Debi Love Shearwater, 362 Lee Street, Santa Cruz, CA 95060. The TANAGER will give publicity to these trips as space allows.

LAAS Pelagic Trip Reservations — 1981 Schedule

To make reservations for pelagic trips, send a check payable to LAAS, plus a self-addressed stamped envelope, your phone number and the names of all those in your party to: the Reservations Chairman, c/o Audubon House.

No reservations will be accepted or refunds made within two weeks of departure. *To guarantee your space, make reservations as early as possible.* Trips will be cancelled 30 days prior to departure if there is insufficient response. If you wish to carpool, please so indicate, and you will be contacted two weeks prior to the trip. *Please send a separate check for each trip!*

Important: Because of the rapidly rising cost of motor fuel, all listed trip prices are subject to change. Please bring an extra five dollars in one dollar bills to cover possible fuel surcharge. Boats will not leave port until trips have been paid in full, including any surcharge.

Audubon Bird Reports:

Los Angeles	*(213) 874-1318*
Santa Barbara	*(805) 964-8240*

Los Angeles Audubon Headquarters, Library, Bookstore and Nature Museum are located at Audubon House, Plummer Park, 7377 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046. Telephone: (213) 876-0202. Hours: 10-3, Tuesday through Saturday.

WESTERN TANAGER

EDITOR Mary Lawrence Test
LAY-OUT CONSULTANT Dana Gardner

Published ten times a year by the Los Angeles Audubon Society, 7377 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046.

PRESIDENT Jean Brandt
1st VICE-PRESIDENT Bob Shanman
2nd VICE-PRESIDENT Elsworth Kendig
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY Carol Friedman
TREASURER Art Cupples

Audubon membership (local and national) is $25 per year (individual), $32 (family), $15.00 (student) or $17 (senior citizen), including AUDUBON Magazine and THE WESTERN TANAGER. To join, make checks payable to the National Audubon Society, and send them to Audubon House. Subscriptions to THE WESTERN TANAGER separately are $8.00 per year (Bulk Rate) or $12.00 (First Class, mailed in an envelope). To subscribe, make checks payable to Los Angeles Audubon Society.

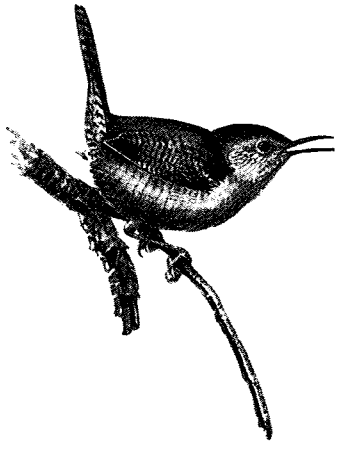
MONDAY, OCTOBER 5 — *Ed Navojosky* celebrates the tenth anniversary of his **Malibu Lagoon to McGrath State Beach** explorations. Meet at 7:30 a.m. in the parking lot at Malibu. Bring lunch, to be eaten at Big Sycamore. (938-9766)

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11 — Meet Jerry Haigh (455-1696) at 8 a.m. at the entrance to the **Trippet Ranch,** to bird the Ranch and **Topanga Canyon.** Chaparral birds and vagrants.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13 — **Tom Howell** will speak on "The Blue-grey Noddy Tern and Other Birds of Christmas Island" at the regular evening meeting at 8 p.m.in Plummer Park.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17 — Be present in the **Antelope Valley** for Fred Heath's "mini-Christmas count." Meet at the Lamont-Odett Overlook at 7:30 a.m. Bring lunch and water and be prepared for any kind of weather.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24 — **Kimball Garrett** will lead a trip to **Zuma Creek** and **Point Dume.** Park 100 yards up the westward beach road, off Pacific Coast Highway at the bottom end of Zuma Beach. Meet at 8 a.m.



SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14 — Bird the **Ballona Wetlands** with **Bob** and **Roberta Shanman** (545-2867 after 6). Meet at 8 a.m. at the Pacific Ave. bridge. Take 90 West (Marina Fwy) to its end at Culver Blvd. Continue west on Culver; turn north onto Pacific Ave. and continue to bridge.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21 — **David White** will lead a beginners' trip to **Whittier Narrows.** Meet at the Nature Center at 8 a.m.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22 — Bird the **Antelope Valley** with **Kimball Garrett** and **Jon Dunn.** See details in the November TANAGER.

Los Angeles Audubon Society
7377 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Non-Profit Organization
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 26974
Los Angeles, CA