

Volume 12, Number 4

January 1967

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE. As we move into the New Year, I wish to extend a greeting to all our members and a hand of welcome to our new ones. The Halifax River Audubon Society through the cooperation of all of us can be a telling voice for conservation, not only in our own region but also all across our beautiful state of Florida. Let us make 1967 a memorable year in the life of our Society and a constructive one in the cause of wholesome conservation.

F. Beacom Rich, President

MEMBERSHIP REMINDER: If you know any members who did not receive a copy of the January Pelican, it may be that they have failed to send in their dues. Please remind them that prompt payment will reinstate them so that they will not miss this fine publication. New members since the last issue of the Pelican:

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Brewer, Lachute, Canada
Miss Ruth V. Clement, Daytona Beach
Mrs. Margaret Copp, Daytona Beach
Mrs. Madeline M. Durepo, Ormond Beach
Mrs. Hazel Flynn, Ormond Beach
Mrs. Henrietta S. Greene, Holly Hill
Mr. Mayberry G. Hughes, Daytona Beach
Mrs. Guy E. MacGown, Ormond Beach
Mrs. Arthur L. Purinton, Ormond Beach
Miss Olive Webster, Daytona Beach

Total membership at this date is 213.

Mrs. Pratt, Membership Secretary, will represent HRAS at Florida Audubon Society's annual meeting in Miami this month, to be reported in the February issue of THE PELICAN.

* * *

First NATURE THEATER evening at Peabody Auditorium. Come early (box office opens at 6:30 P.M. for season or single tickets), and at 7:30 P.M. on Saturday, January 14, we are to see Mexico from the naturalist's viewpoint which often makes our series so especially enjoyable. The second of our five comes on January 28, and the third, Africa, on February 11. By the way, our sister series, packed with travelogues this season (as well as audience), is another real bargain. The one on The Balkans alone proved the value of the season ticket of the Tourist Club, when we all travelled in such comfort in that difficult and dangerous part of the world.

MONTHLY MEETING: On Monday, January 16, at 7:00 P.M., preliminary slide program by Roy Hudson with reminding of local birds. After 7:30 Hazel Walker will give an illustrated talk on her travels in the British Isles last July, with two other HRAS members, Thelma Acosta and Lillian Shields. They were three among 900 on that fabulous SCOTTISH BIRD-ISLANDS STUDY CRUISE, now world famous.

While the need for spraying is necessary for human comfort and even life and the existence of many trees and plants, the birds who live on insect life will soon pass over heavily saturated areas, as well as filled, drained and built-over ones. In many of the points in the greater Daytona area, the above observations were proven by this year's 1966 ANNUAL AUDUBON CENSUS on December 21. The total number of species counted between sunup and sundown on December 21 by 16 observers for HRAS was 124 and in December 1965 was 122, a negligible difference. However, the total number of birds seen dropped to 6,718 while the 1965 census total was 18,473. Among the more unusual species found in the Daytona Beach areas this year were Canvasback and Ruddy Ducks, Dunlins, Great Black-backed Gulls, a Baltimore Oriole, Screech Owl, Water Pipits, Redstart, Barn and Rough-winged Swallows and two Chimney Swifts. (This is a brief excerpt from George Williams' forthcoming article in Daytona Beach News-Journal, Sunday, January 8, 1967).

UPCOMING FIELD TRIPS: January 20 all-day (bring lunch), to Alexander Springs, and February 17 to Sanford, all-day, each on Friday. Transportation probably no problem for those, nor for the half-days on January 13 and February 10. As for Saturday, February 4, to Cape Kennedy, to be sure, try to arrange your own ride in advance. Several drivers now avoid that trip.

FOR THE BIRDS FOR THREE WEEKS

By Robert G. Elliott

Have you ever played foster parents to an orphaned family of Red-bellied Woodpeckers?

It was this situation that faced Mrs. Elliott and myself one Sunday afternoon last June. A typical Summer thunderstorm had felled an old tree in the yard of a neighbor, ..a tree in which we had been observing the daily activities of a pair of Red-bellies.

Shortly after the tree was down it became apparent that curious kids and hungry cats would make short work of the young which could be heard 'peeping' within the cavity. The parent birds were not trying to enter the fallen nest.

Although we had never tried to raise young birds, my wife and I decided to attempt it, so with no further delay I proceeded to cut them out of the log. In moments the rotten wood gave way, and there, huddled together well and hungry, were three fledglings about a week or ten days old. Through it all the parents clung to the nearby trees scolding us and reassuring their young. Lacking something better for the moment, we deposited the babies in a paper napkin-lined bowl. I fashioned a small wooden paddle, ..Muriel mixed an egg yolk with milk, we opened a can of prescription cat food, made a sloppy mash, spooned in the mash with the paddle and the egg-milk mixture with an eye dropper, ...the birds loved it all.

Then, ...when all mouths were closed, we wiped their beaks and began to schedule their feedings. Luckily it was nearly dark so one more feeding was sufficient before they felt like settling down for the night.

Six A.M. the following morning began by meal serving to three yawning mouths every half hour, ..all day long, ...every day for two

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November 1967

GREETINGS: As we start the new year of our Society, the most pressing problem, it seems to me, is the one of conservation of our natural areas. Everywhere, from the Redwoods in California to the Hudson River in the East, industry is trying its best to take over areas that should be held by Government for future generations. When they are gone they can never be replaced. Something all of us can do, when legislation is brought up by conservation minded legislators to preserve natural areas, is to write our Congressmen and Senators expressing our opinion. Certainly this will do a world of good, as the power of the pen is tremendous. As these problems come up, they will be brought before our monthly meetings, and opportunity will be given for each of us to act.

As you have been informed, Mr. Robert Elliott, although not having the leisure that most of us enjoy, will take over the Chairmanship of the Audubon Wildlife Films, our biggest project, so when you are asked to help him in some way, please cooperate.

C. H. Ekdahl, President

REPORT OF THE MEMBERSHIP: Present membership is 121. We welcome the following new members: Mrs. Dorothy V. Darling, 116 Seabreeze Blvd.; Mrs. Dale R. Mason, 376 N. Beach St., Ormond Beach; Mrs. Charlotte Y. Moritz, 1224 S. Peninsula Dr., Apt. 216; Mrs. Constance Witheford, 139 Granada St., Holly Hill. We regret to announce that during the past summer we lost through death one of our Honorary Members, Mrs. John B. May of Cohasset, Mass.

* * *

Seeing the Roseate Spoonbills on July 12 at Playlinda was purely accidental because I was trying to locate some Flamingos that were reported seen below the old Coast Guard Station in New Smyrna Beach. This report came from a reliable source, and I still think they may have been there, but the area was hard to reach and the temperature was 92 degrees or more, also rather large rattlers were seen in the area. I thought I might be able to see them from the riverside on the mainland off A1A. I rounded up two fine birders, Dorothy and Fred Vichert, and we started off to find the Flamingos. The first stop was Lopez fish camp. When I asked about the Flamingos one bewhiskered fisherman informed me - "Them aren't Flamingos, they're Roseate Spoonbills." We stopped next at Camp 42 north of Haulover Canal, same answer, with a suggestion we try the Titusville ponds. On our way to Titusville we stopped and asked a government worker. This time we asked about the Roseate Spoonbills, having given up on the Flamingos. He directed us to Playlinda and there we saw and counted 15 Roseate Spoonbills, a few Laughing Gulls, one Avocet, most of the herons and egrets. On the way to Titusville we saw one old White Pelican in one of the ponds. Homeward bound we spotted 5 Black-necked Stilts west of the Titusville Causeway.

Dr. Rawson, an entomologist from Chevy Chase, Md., a former member of the HRAS, got in touch with me about a bird trip. Ike Merrill and I drove down to New Smyrna Beach where the doctor vacations. We went to a region near the power plant across from the New Smyrna Beach airport. The region, mostly mangrove with a few open ponds, promises to be a welcome new territory that can be utilized in a half-day trip.

weeks. I doubt if they ever did get filled up. Muriel knows it full well, she did most of the serving.

That first Sunday we had checked all our bird books and had to decide on a diet immediately available. For variety Muriel introduced mashed, skinned blueberries as well as egg yolk soaked hamburger. It soon became impossible to plan anything other than bird feeding.

In a few days we moved them into our cats' exercising cage, about two feet high and wide and five feet long. Attaching several pieces of bark here and there afforded the fledglings a surface to hang on to, though by now each would sit in our hand or try to perch on our fingers.

During these days it became evident one was boss, a fact constantly being proven. By the end of two weeks their feathers were pretty well formed, a small patch of red on one top knot appeared and they were interested in trying their wings. Their cage allowed them to flap from one end to the other, ...each time gaining strength and assurance.

We began to be apprehensive about how tame they had become. Our German Shepherd had only been mildly curious, as had our two Siamese cats. Though the cats aren't allowed to run loose, we did allow them a glimpse from inside the patio screen. The birds were not disturbed with this introduction.

Now it became time to introduce them to their own world, so Muriel daily placed them on the ground beneath a palm in her garden. Here they learned to peck at seeds, bugs and all the other goodies that attracted them. Also, they began to learn about trees.

Visiting Cardinals, Doves and an occasional Boat-tailed Grackle would give them a casual glance while feeding nearby.

And so, ...one morning nearly three weeks after that storm, Muriel had them out again for their orientation period. It was then that one suddenly left the palm trunk and fluttered to another and higher perch. Another looked about a bit and boldly took off towards the cover of the woods bordering our garden. His or her flight path was uncertain but determined and a higher tree was reached safely.

By then the first had decided to try for the woods and without further ado, winged off. Number three had never been too keen on leaving, so actually Muriel had to encourage it to fly.

Although they were very tame we didn't want them to retain the habit because they wouldn't survive when forced to be dependent on living wild and free.

We are sure the parent birds observed our releasing the young because for a couple of days we caught glimpses of them and the young and could hear their endless chirping.

In the days that followed one or more of the trio visited our feeders and on one occasion I was able to extend my hand to within one foot of a perching youngster before natural suspicion overcame habit and the bird flew off, ...but not far.

Ours was a wonderful experience not to be forgotten. We learned a lesson or two from the Red-bellies,...but feeding three yawning mouths every half hour again,....that's for the birds!

* * *

FIELD NOTES gathered December 21 (Christmas Count from dawn to dark), December 30 (half-day), and one golden hour on January 1. To put the last first, the Gannets, in numbers, were strongly winging southward on New Year's day, clearly visible from overlooks north of Ormond Beach, without 'scope or even binoculars. Some circled to dive near shrimp boats, rolling porpoises and numerous terns and gulls where, evidently, the fishing was good.

For best enjoyment of Bluebirds pull off on the right and pause at that thriving, busy little "World Color" factory north on Route 1, past Tomoka River bridge, where the ducks in the landscaped pond in front are no longer wild species. Right near the highway, feeding on a row of Pyracanthas loaded with orange berries, six or eight Bluebirds made a picture. Two Green heron on the pond's edge were nearly invisible until they moved.

A Sora and three Clapper Rails were observed near High Bridge, and one Clapper, same day (calm and beautiful, and with low river tide, to leave inviting muddy margins) gave real close-up appearances for two groups north side of Port Orange causeway. Intent, binoculars on bars crowded with Black Skimmers, Caspian and Royal Terns, and ten Oystercatchers, observers almost missed the Clapper walking past so near. Better birding than ever remembered at Sugar Mill Gardens on December 30, including one posing Carolina Wren with breast ruddy as a Robin's. On count day, December 21, Robins were estimated in flocks, so were Tree Swallows, and of course, Ring-billed Gulls, our permanent winter residents numerous on our beautiful beach, but far more so at the city dump. Beware of the Police dog and avoid the small yipping mut at dairy farm on Tomoka Farms Road.

Birding is fine along the ditch opposite the farm - across the highway - and safer.

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sister tried to rescue some baby eagles from a cliff after the mother had been killed. Later he married a woman as interested in nature as he and together they taught a captured eagle to fly. They wrote magazine articles and TV shows to educate people out of the false ideas that eagles carried off live lambs and human babies. The reader will follow this book breathlessly as the author, who was determined to save as many eagles as possible, had some hair-raising adventures. Besides "Jappy", the eagle he taught to fly, there was "Thomas", who became a member of the family, and "Eos", the beautiful golden eagle he took to Scotland to be released where it is hoped that it still flies free.

* * * * *

National Audubon tells us that snowy owls began showing up in northern states during Christmas week. A large movement of the big white owls into the United States normally occurs about every four years coincident with a cyclic die-off of the lemming, their principal food in the far north. The snowy owl is protected by the laws of all the states where it is likely to occur except Montana, Pennsylvania and Vermont.

WHERE'S MARY

Is Mary in the dairy?
 Is Mary on the stair?
 What? Mary's in the garden?
 What is she doing there?
 Has she made the butter yet?
 Has she made the beds?
 Has she topped the gooseberries
 And taken off their heads?
 Has she the potatoes peeled?
 Has she done the grate?
 Are the new green peas all shelled?
 It is getting late!
 What? She hasn't done a thing?
 Here's a nice to-do!
 Mary has a dozen jobs
 And hasn't finished two.
 Well! here is a nice to-do!
 Well! upon my word!
 She's sitting on the garden bench
 Listening to a bird!

Ivy O. Eastwick

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FIELD TRIPS PAST:

The following figures are all from George Williams. On trip days, only since November 4, a total of 170 species have been reported; 8 of these were unusual birds to be written in on the HRAS check-lists. Many members do not realize what an enthusiastic lot set forth at 7:30 A.M., even on chilly, dark mornings, to enjoy outings together. Statistics show:

January 20 (to Alexander Springs), 18 cars, 94 species
 January 27, 9 cars, 31 observers, 81 species
 February 4 (to Cape Kennedy), 24 observers, 85 species
 February 10 (half-day), 4 cars, 15 people, 73 species
 February 17 (to Sanford), 6 cars, 21 people, 98 species
 February 25, 6 cars, 26 people, 74 species
 March 4 (to Titusville), 6 cars, 99 species (including 6 White Pelicans)

On February 17 an even dozen members (3 cars) went, instead, to join about twenty other Florida Audubon Society members (\$2.00 per person registration fee as offered in the Florida Naturalist) for a week-end at The Lodge at Wakulla Springs, over 200 miles away near Tallahassee. That is a fabulous spot, now a National Audubon Sanctuary while belonging to the State. Ira Weigley was the leader for F.A.S., and arranged for a ranger to lead several (10?) cars for miles, on Saturday, over trails and dikes usually out-of-bounds to the public, in the additional thousands of acres of St. Mark's Wildlife Sanctuary (U.S. Fish and Wildlife). At The Lodge hundreds of small birds are around the feeders, and hundreds of ducks fed at the waterfront. Short boat trips add all sorts of wildlife, including alligators, and after the ducks have gone a visit is just as rewarding, but different. The Limpkins ("crying birds") call mournfully, off and on, all night now. Flowers will be lovely in April, Dogwood outstanding. Carl Buchheister, President Emeritus of National Audubon Society, was spending two weeks at The Lodge with "Mrs. B.", and Saturday evening, near the glowing log fire in the Lounge, gave us a talk about Wakulla, after Ira Weigley's fine slide program on the most recent banding operations with the terns in the Dry Tortugas. "Mr. B." proudly displayed the original painting (of Puffins on Matinicus Rock) that Roger Tory Peterson finished, especially for him, at 3:00 A.M. of the day of his big retirement party when he became "Emeritus" on February 1.

TWO CRANE BOOKS

Reviewed by Lillian W. Crosby

Whooping cranes once wintered in Florida, according to a recent book by J. J. McCloy, THE HUNT FOR THE WHOOPING CRANES. This large white bird, some five feet tall with an incredible wing spread, was reduced almost to extinction in the 1940's with only 27 wild Whooping cranes left in the entire world. This book is a dossier account of the struggle to find the nesting area of these birds in the Northwest Territories in Canada, by the National Audubon Society and the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, working in partnership with the Canadian Wildlife Service. It took more than ten years of perseverance, hard-ship and courage to accomplish this seemingly impossible feat. Men

like Fred Bard, of the Provincial Museum in Regina, Saskatchewan, the late Robert Porter Allen, to whom the book is dedicated, Dr. Olin Sewall Pettingill, Jr., among many others. Ironically, the nesting area was finally discovered accidentally by a pilot of the Forestry Service en route to a forest fire in Wood Buffalo Park. He notified William A. Fuller, a mammalogist with the Canadian Wildlife Service at his station in Fort Smith, Northwest Territories. Today, as a result of the work done along the migration route from Aransas, Texas into Canada, we are told that less than 50 Whoopers are now flying the skyways and bringing back increasing young from their nesting site in the north. However, the cranes and their progeny are far from safe. Diminution of feeding grounds, depredation by hunters and other enemies constantly threaten this rare and beautiful bird. This book is a suspenseful natural history non-fiction. The reader feels the full excitement and satisfaction of scientific detective work and the dedication and courage it demands as he follows the biologists, conservationists, and ornithologists in their treks on foot through untracked wilderness, in canoes, helicopters and airplanes over huge areas and marshy tundras.

Another new book on the Whooping crane, enthusiastically recommended by Russell Mason, executive director of the Florida Audubon Society, at the Leaders' Conference this year at Grand Bahama, is Faith McNulty's THE WHOOPING CRANE. Less dossierlike than the McCloy book on this bird, Miss McNulty enters more subjectively into her material. You live with Robert Porter Allen and his family as they journey into the far north; you struggle with him at Aransas Wildlife Refuge in trying to hold in abeyance the oil companies' efforts to take over the crane's feeding areas on the flats; you travel with him north along the migration route, thrilling with him when a bird is sighted. There is much more than the Allen episodes in this book, of course, all fascinatingly told. The scope of this book extends beyond its immediate subject. In examining what motivates conservationists to persist in their efforts, despite frequent disappointment and frustrations a question was posed in a newspaper editorial on the Whooping crane and their plight: "Can a society, whether through sheer wantonness or callous neglect, permit the extinction of something grand or beautiful in nature without risking the extinction of something grand or beautiful in its own character?" Introduction to this book has been written by Stewart L. Udall, U. S. Secretary of the Interior.

(Crossing Texas last April, Ralph and Margaret Branch were lucky to see one group just leaving for their Summer and nesting far up in the Canadian wilderness.)

* * *

The Administration has dropped plans for building dams in the Grand Canyon. In a press conference February 1, Secretary of the Interior Udall announced "a revised development program for the Lower Colorado River and the Central Arizona Project" in which power would be supplied by steam plants constructed under a combination of public and private sponsorship rather than by power-producing dams. The Department is recommending enlargement of Grand Canyon National Park to encompass Marble Canyon, the site of one of the two proposed dams,

and is asking that any action at the other site, Hualapai, be "deferred for further consideration by the Congress." The National Audubon Society promptly sent a wire to the Secretary, commending the decision.

Short editorial: Can Spring be far behind...all the often chilly, damp, dark, windy recent weeks around our Halifax Area? Blessed are all of you who can be always cheerful in spite of the weather. Depressing, too, are reports sent from State and National Audubon stressing and urging the constant fight against air and water pollution, and to keep all our wild places and creatures from being engulfed and smothered by INDUSTRY and DEVELOPMENT. Those two are spreading so far and fast in Florida alone that groups like ours are working hard to manage that developers at least spare a few fairly undisturbed spots. The Mackle Brothers, with one huge development, are doing this on Marco Island - and boastfully leaving a few bits for eagles where only a few years ago the whole island (like Sanibel) was one beautifully "underdeveloped" remainder. (We are told that at Deltona they could spare no place for one resident eagle.) Very soon Marco (like Sanibel recently) will give our cars, and thousands of others, many fresh miles of good roads to easily skim over. And may they omit "Minimum 40 MPH" and "No Stopping" signs on some of those new roads for all birders!

IN BEHALF OF ALLIGATORS. A bill, S. 785 by Senator George A. Smathers (Fla.), would make it illegal to transport alligator hides, or shoes, suitcases and other products manufactured from them, across State lines if the alligators were taken in violation of existing State or Federal laws. Poachers' trade in illegal skins is estimated at \$1 million a year in Miami alone, the Senator said. The bill would also prohibit transportation of live alligators across State lines without a special permit.

Senator Smathers said that the alligator, a "living fossil" from the Age of Reptiles of 200 million years ago, is threatened with extinction. Dollar-hungry poachers, he said, are taking tens of thousands of gators a year from the dwindling supply in the few refuges that remain undestroyed by drainage and development. The bill was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

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NATURE THEATER: National Audubon has already given us the dates, though not the speakers, scheduled for Peabody Auditorium in 1968. In case you would like to mark your calendar they are: January 6, 20; February 3, 17; and March 9 (all Saturday evening at 7:30).

Robert Elliott, as director, will be taking over as many more of the details as possible, from our new President. We mention here a few of the complications about the "Screen Tours" which many do not suspect. First, dates are set nearly a year ahead after much arranging with "National" and with Peabody". National Audubon's speakers, who call this "The Sunshine Circuit" (perhaps using the same name on the Pacific Coast?) have sometimes requested, years ahead, to be scheduled for the crowded, numerous stops it entails. At least two or three Florida cities call for two or even three programs on one day.

Each speaker notifies directly as to how, where and when he plans to arrive, and whether alone, and in turn is assured that room and guide will be awaiting him. For years the Ekdahls have taken care of all this; before them, Beacom and Nellie Rich. Dinner, bed and breakfast are the usual limit for this stop, between Jacksonville and Clearwater dates. Sometimes a bit of rest, too, or enjoyment of the ocean, or photography of our special birds is made easy, with transportation finally to "Peabody" to get all set-up well before 7:00 PM. In the meantime, the tour director has been there for an hour checking on the projectionist, fireman, guardian policeman, and the porter (to open front doors at 6:30) all paid by HRAS.

Many members help in a dozen ways. Advance sale of season tickets is one. Single admissions pay us more, but season ticket holders are important, and the school children they bring free.

For 17 years the Bergers have handled the box-office, dealing now with crowded lines at both windows, just before a performance; because all five films are scheduled at the height of the season, all 200 or so of our members are a small part of the usual audience of 1200 or so. Other generous workers take tickets, distribute the leaflets about each speaker, count the attendance, and in advance place the publicity at most strategic times and places. And don't forget that a lot of work goes into advance planning of the calendar alone. Williams, Childs and Murray will work it out in the Summer, and see that it is all printed and ready to mail to members in early Fall, improved as per most recent developments. That word was well chosen. It is far-spreading "developments" that interfere drastically with our birding areas, erasing far more than they open for us (e.g. the New Barberville Road).

After the film starts at the Auditorium, the armed guard leaves just long enough to be driven, with the strong-box, to the night depository. First, daringly initiated by Beacom and Nellie Rich while he was President 17 years ago, it was after the daring transfer of the Screen Tours to roomy but expensive Peabody Auditorium (from crowded Seabreeze High School which was ours for free) that the many extra tickets sold could boost our Treasury, even though our ticket prices remain low, while so many other costs rise, including our payments to National Audubon, which still subsidizes Wildlife Films, all over the country.

Mrs. Kathryn W. Hurlbert (Mrs. Alfred L., Jr.) publishes THE PELICAN, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt usually take care of all the addressing and mailing, and this April number says "Farewell, all, until next Fall".

THE PELICAN

Information Bulletin

Halifax River Audubon Society

Daytona Beach, Florida

Volume 13, Number 1

October 1967

Welcome back Friends and Members for another happy season with Halifax River Audubon Society. We have a program planned, with variety that will interest nature lovers in every field, from birdwatchers to conservationists -- starting off with -- WILD RIVERS. And--more to come.

Hazel Walker
Vice Chairman of Programs

OUR ILLUSTRIOUS SUMMER VISITORS: The two hour bird trip in July for Lady Bliss, wife of Sir Arthur Bliss of the London Symphony Orchestra, started at the home of Margaret Branch. There we were fortunate to see one immature and one adult Yellow-crowned Night Herons. This was one of the highlights for Lady Bliss. The Black-crowned Night Heron appears occasionally in England, but the Yellow-crowned has never been seen there to my knowledge. With the aid of Marge Emmons we drove to WROD where Lady Bliss saw most of the egrets and herons and a Clapper Rail. The Lady is very much interested in flowers as well as birds. On the way to McDonald's farm she got a fleeting glimpse of the Kingfisher and remarked about its size. Their Kingfisher is very small. She didn't know the Kingfisher that is found in England also appears in far off Thailand. I saw it first in Bangkok and then at Minsmere. It is more beautiful and dancier than ours when seen in the right light. She saw two first birds at McDonald's farm. The White Ibis which is not seen in Europe were grouped on the outer limbs of an oak tree. Marge Emmons spotted three or four Swallow-tailed Kites gliding over the tree line. Lady Bliss phoned later and said a friend at the Daytona Plaza had given her an National Geographic that had an article on the Swallow-tailed Kite. She also said the two hours spent birding was the best experience of her trip to Daytona Beach.

Two days later Mrs. J. B. Priestley phoned and wanted to go birding. We started from City Island where we saw an Osprey sitting atop an old dead palm tree at The Pendleton apartments. This was seen through a scope. The Osprey in England is a rare bird, there being only three or four in Scotland, and I remember one elderly lady trying to get the warden at Minsmere to find one, but no luck. At WROD we saw all the egrets and herons, and something new - two black chicks of mama and papa Clapper Rail. The White Ibis and Cattle Egret were seen at McDonald's farm, and the Swallow-tailed Kites made their appearance. Mrs. Priestley told of seeing a cloud of Scarlet Ibis in flight in Kenya. This must have been a beautiful sight. Mrs. Priestley's main interest is in anthropology and archeology and we ended the trip at Sugar Mill Gardens where she was able to view some of our "young ruins". At the Port Orange bridge we saw some Black Terns, Royal Terns and Least Terns. The Royal Terns are not seen in England. The last bird she saw she thought was a hawk, and she was right, it was another Osprey.

George Murray

ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS: The time has come once again for renewal of membership. An Application for Membership card is enclosed. All members should send in a card each year. Please fill in your card on both sides, giving full address including Zip code, and indicating type of membership you desire. Please do not lay this aside and forget it, but

do it now! Mailing of memberships before meeting night is of great assistance to the Membership Secretary and saves you time. Return to: Mrs. Alvin R. Pratt, Membership Secretary, P.O. Box 5474, Daytona Beach, Florida 32020.

KAY AND GEORGE WILLIAMS' ANNIVERSARY: Swanky is the word for the Williams' 50th Wedding Anniversary party given them by their children in early August at the Party House on N. Wild Olive. The formal invitations were in gold print and gave one a nice social feeling in the Summer warmth. Lovely golden decorations of bells, flowers and gifts gaily decorated the rooms while Mrs. Francis Ayres of Vienna, Virginia, graciously greeted guests on arrival. Kay and George occupied a gold brocaded settee. Other hosts were Mrs. John A. Livingstone, who flew from Istanbul, Turkey, for the occasion; and Mr. and Mrs. Richard P. Williams with three lovely little girls, Mary Kay, Sharon and Joanne from Dacatur, Georgia. These sweet girls passed candy and goodies to everyone tirelessly. Helping serve the punch were handsome brother and sister, Richard and Jean Ayres. The food was really yummy.

George's family who came for the event were brother H. M. Williams of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Williams of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Williams of Wrentham, Mass.

After much gay conversation, Mansfield Williams called for silence, made a lovely speech in honor of Kay and George, and presented them with the information that a color television had been delivered to their house on Salvador Place as a gift from them all. It was quite a party.

Elizabeth McCandless

CHOOSY LITTLE BIRD: Seen in a Texas cypress swamp recently was a live ivory-billed woodpecker, a big red-white-and-black bird, larger than a crow, almost the size of a small domestic rooster, a bird so rarely sighted it has been considered extinct or on the edge of extinction for half a century. Eight months after sighting the first one, three pairs were found, and it is believed there were 10 to 20 surviving birds in the Big Thicket of southeast Texas, which is a 300,000 acre tract of swamplands and pine forest that is now being considered as a National Park. The Big Thicket contains enough dead wood to provide food for even these choosy fowl. The ivorybill feeds very selectively, and only eats the larvae of wood-boring insects, so it may be that the last surviving ivorybills have decided to do something, as they have been observed feeding on insects in pine slashings which may mean a revolutionary change in their eating habits, and adjustment to a changed environment to keep their colorful kind alive. (From SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9/4/67)

Chester H. Childs

FIELD TRIPS AHEAD:

Friday; October 6, all-day to Meade Gardens.
 Friday; October 13; all-day to Washington Oaks, Matanzas and Anastasia.
 Friday, October 20, half-day
 Saturday, October 28, Indian River Groves and Titusville.

Before the next PELICAN is ready at least two cars from our HRAS should have gone to the rendezvous for the flight to Grand Bahama and the Florida Audubon Society "workshop" there in October. News of that, and of other far-scattered members reunited, should be gathered by the next mail date for November.

Be seeing you-all.

Mrs. Ralph M. Branch, Editor
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We saw all the herons, egrets, anhingas, osprey, one Red-tailed hawk, and heard quite a few rails. One Roseate Spoonbill flew from the power plant area and landed in the mangroves. We talked with a man employed at the power plant and he said he had seen as many as 35 Roseate Spoonbills feeding there early in the morning. Many thanks, Dr. Rawson, for a delightful trip and showing us this new territory we've passed by a thousand times. I know many of your friends in the HRAS will be pleased with this new region.

George Murray

OCTOBER FIELD TRIPS: Being Summer residents, for a change, George Murray and Ike Merrill scouted around together and lined up places for weekly group trips to begin in October. The first week, on October 6, it was an "all-day" with picnic lunch at Mead Botanical Gardens, by a lake on the edge of Winter Park. A good turn-out, and good list of birds, on a rather warm day. Most unusual bird was the migrating Magnolia Warbler. Some of the group were mildly sorry afterward about forgetting to put insect repellent on ankles. A sticky day is when red-bugs are ready to hitch rides, all unseen.

On Friday the 13th, three Ormond cars went on ahead, from the Happy Whale meeting place, to Washington Oaks State Park; five more started from City Island and caught up still in good time to miss the entrance fees at the newly installed entrance booth, where fees now begin at 10:00 A.M. Much gardening was in progress and birds were surprisingly scarce there, as also at the Fort Matanzas stop. Twenty-five, all at one long table, comfortably lunched at breezy Anastasia Park, and had best birding there afterward. 'Scopes and binoculars studied three or four species of Plover, across the channel, close together for good comparison. At Matanzas Inlet, on return trip, over 150 Royal Terns were in the 'scope, resting close together, with only a sprinkle of Caspians, and a few big dark Herring Gulls looming over their low backs.

The 20th was a half-day trip, and with 9 of our regulars on Grand Bahama, and Ekdahls scarcely landed here, only four cars and a dozen people went. A pretty day, enjoyable, and with enough birds to keep it interesting, especially many small warblers with gnatcatchers and vireos, at Sugar Mill Gardens. The week before, the total climbed to 72 species when 3 were added by the Hudsons, who, going South instead of North, had seen Wood Ibis, White Ibis and Duck Hawk, or Peregrine Falcon, the last a real and exciting find. On the 20th, when the group went to New Smyrna Beach, all saw white Ibis, and stopped to study about 20 Wood Ibis feeding with Common Egrets. We only hope to find the Peregrine again.

FIELD TRIPS AHEAD:

Saturday, November 4, half-day.

Friday, November 10; Duda Farms, Rock Springs

Friday, November 17, Cape Kennedy - just before duck shooting opens.

Friday, November 24, half-day.

NOVEMBER MEETING: On the 20th at 7:30 P.M. A short film on the Wild Rivers of North America will be a good introduction to the much longer and different film of the same title in our series at Peabody Auditorium. From 7 to 7:30 P.M., Roy Hudson plans to show us his own excellent wild flower slides.

Cage birds have been escaping and unerringly finding and using the ready feeders of HRAS people. Around the Seabreeze area a "Budgie", with pale yellow cap and throat, meaning probably a female; at Mrs. Henderson's a dark Toucan, with color on throat, and huge bill; the Corkhills have been feeding a vivid red Grenadier Weaver, escaped bird from South Africa.

THE GRAND BAHAMA CONFERENCE
by Beatrice E. Pratt

From the moment we gathered in West Palm Beach for take-off for the 1967 Florida Audubon Fall Conference in West End, Grand Bahama, we were ready for food, fun and study. A pre-conference field trip with Mr. and Mrs. Stearns of Lake Worth sighted the Spotted-breasted Oriole and the Great White Heron to be added to life lists.

Even with nine representatives from Halifax River -- Mrs. Thelma Acosta, Mrs. Isabelle Barbee, Miss Velma Hayes who took as a guest Mrs. Frances Hayes, Mrs. Elizabeth McCandless, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin R. Pratt, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Vichert, -- we failed to place in the first three largest delegations. However, Russ Mason made special mention of the fine support given to state meetings by our HRAS, the oldest and, I believe, the last remaining independent unit.

Nathaniel P. Reed, the Governor's Administrative Assistant, made clear in his keynote address his deep interest in conservation of our natural environment and his sympathetic understanding of the problems we face in our constant struggle against the encroachment of civilization. He said that this is the era of the great awakening. We must "improve our packaging" and make our program interesting or the American people will lose interest. Mr. Reed reminded us that we are a "special interest" trying to influence the legislators. Letter-writing alone will not achieve the results we want; we must make our voting power known to those holding elective positions. (This is why "Audubon" needs the support of all of us thru Chapter status.) Four points were made by Mr. Reed which he believes are necessary for success of our conservation efforts:

1. We must have voting strength.
2. We must know what is going on before plans are finalized; rearguard action is doomed.
3. We must become a society of suggesters rather than complainers.
4. We must know how to stand for what is right.

The highlight of the conference was a full-day workshop which considered "What kind of people are conservationists?" and "What the Audubon image really is". Brutally frank group discussions contrasted what people think we are with what we would like to be. Mr. Reed's guidance as we tried to develop a technique for presenting a case for conservation at hearings was invaluable.

Projects which will very shortly need our full support are the fight to have the Suwannee River included in the Federal Scenic Rivers Bill, and the fight to keep phosphate operations from the area adjacent to Myakka State Park. The "Save the Alligator" campaign was kicked off with the sale of alligator ties and other articles of imitation alligator skin.

Birding was not as good as usual and the elusive Kirtland's Warbler failed to make the check list of a hundred or more birds.

Superb pictures were shown by Larry Huston in discussing "The Use of Photography in Conservation" and by Mario Hutton of Sanibel in his unusual combination of verse and pictures "Southwest Florida Color Saga"

We came home feeling that the conference was really an enjoyable experience. Join us next year! If you are not a member of the Florida Audubon Society, you are missing important events.

NATIONAL AUDUBON MEETING - ATLANTIC CITY

September 29-30, October 1-2

by Margaret G. Branch

"National" handles its annual convention in a really big way, and with amazing smoothness, wherever this may be held. Please see its own reports in National Audubon Magazine for exact figures. The membership is high in the thousands, the annual budget involves around two million dollars, in and out, and its activities are dizzying to even hear about.

The opening greeting mentioned that the convention 6 years ago had been in this same headquarters (two elegant hotels joined by an arcade along the famed Boardwalk), and that the 400 registration of that year was this time doubled. We felt that New Jersey had been chosen because it especially needed help in its present struggle to keep some big stretches along its shore unchanged by man. To a naturalist the still extensive Pine Barrens are a delightful, rich treasure, with miles of paths and woods roads to be saved for future generations. To a developer they are a tempting site to be scalped and filled for large subdivisions or huge factories. Every unguarded bit is already filling with small houses and stores, such as solidly block any view of the shore for miles and miles along the coast highway farther South.

Anyone who has watched Florida wildlife retreating and dwindling before floods of people and pollution, and development rushed by huge machines, can picture little New Jersey's desperate fight to keep any tracts wild, as its dense population pushes against marshes, woods and coast, in the comparatively unpopulated Southeast Region Five that included our field trips, by land and water, in a part of the United States all new to us.

The Halifax River shellfish already are forever ruined by pollution, and causeways and "fill", blocking the natural tides, where Indians and animals once had unlimited livelihood.

We watched oysters being gathered far out in a shallow New Jersey bay in Brigantine National Wildlife Refuge, and were told that all through the winter this goes on. The man dons a black rubber outfit, against wet and cold, such as our surfers here wear riding January waves, and watched from shore.

As Connie says, we are all urged to use the pen or typewriter when directed, to express our wishes through our representatives. There was a lively skirmish, not quite a fight, in the annual meeting to get the National Audubon to flatly declare war on DDT as deadly poison to wildlife, and perhaps, eventually to man.

Secretary Udall, in the convention's keynote address, called upon Audubon members to join him in a vast educational campaign to tell Americans that "life worth living depends on an environment worth living in." He proposed a program that would work through the school systems to reach the nation's youth and through "all the communications media" to reach the general public. For, he continued, our concern for conservation education must be international when we live in a world in which the effects of DDT reach to the bodies of birds and fish in the Antarctic, and radioactivity is contaminating the lichen on which the Lapp's reindeer feed.

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FIELD TRIPS: One of the highlights of the field trip on October 28 to Titusville was seeing an American Bittern at Lopez Fish Camp. On our route we managed to see all the herons that are to be seen in this area, plus the White Ibis and Wood Stork. The Indian River orange groves produced an Eastern Kingbird. This may have been a late migration record for this bird. Three or four Fulvous Tree Ducks were seen at the marsh near the orange groves. Two miles and six red bugs east of Titusville bridge on our way home we witnessed a scene which was a first for all of us. There was a large raft of Coots swimming in a shallow pond. A female Marsh Hawk came soaring in from an easterly direction, suddenly veered downward and struck at a Coot near the edge of the pond. The Marsh Hawk held the Coot beneath the water for about fifteen minutes until it was lifeless, then took it to a snag of a low tree near the water. This may be a record for the book. Ducks seen in other ponds in this sector were the Black, Mottled, Pintail, Shoveler and Blue-winged Teal. The day's trip came to a close after seeing two Bald Eagles perched on the limb of a pine tree near an old nest. The count for the day was 81 species.

The November 4 field trip was a half day to Tomoka Farm area and Sugar Mill Gardens. Quite a fine group of smaller birds were seen, among them Gnatcatchers, Kinglets and Brown-headed Nuthatches. Warblers seen were the Black and White, Myrtle, Yellowthroat, Palm, Yellowthroated, Pine and two late migrating Prairie Warblers. The total count was 65 species observed by 15 birders.

We were met by our friend, Ira Weigley, on our trip to Duda Farms November 10. Ira told us the ducks were there earlier in the morning but we evidently arrived a little too late. The Black, Mottled, Ring-necked, Shoveler and Widgeon were the ducks seen. We still have quite a few to see that are on our check list. The four species of sandpipers that are in our area were feeding along the shore of the one flooded field. The Short-billed Dowitchers were to be seen probing the rich muck land for food. The first Water Pipits for this season were near the Lesser and Greater Yellowlegs. At the beautiful Wekiva River on our way to Duda Farms we saw three Limpkins and one Pileated Woodpecker. At Kelly Park two more Pileated Woodpeckers were added to the list. Seventy-nine species were seen on this trip.

Cape Kennedy on November 17 was rather exceptional. Here we had a chance to see the Avocets, eight in number, Short-billed Dowitchers, and Marbled Godwits. On this day we saw a bird that is rarely seen on our trips, the Magnificent Frigate-bird. All of the gulls made an appearance, except the Bonapartes. The plovers and sandpipers were well represented. One Whimbrel was at the basin but we could not locate the Long-billed Curlew. The ducks seen at Titusville still came to 5 species. An Eagle and 5 species of hawks were seen. Seventy-eight species were observed by 11 birders. The quality and quantity of birds gathered in Canaveral basin, at the Cape, are amazing and a beautiful sight to see.

November 24 was a half day trip. Three cars went to an area near State Road 4 and Route 92. The other three cars covered the beach, the inlet and the Port Orange bridge sector. The inland group saw many small birds,-- six species of sparrows, Chipping, House, Savannah, Song,

Swamp and White-throated. They saw a group of Goldfinches, the first this Fall to be recorded. Nuthatches, Pine warblers and Carolina Chickadees were flitting in and out of pine needles and pine trees. The group along the beach found almost all species of gulls represented, including two Great black-backed Gulls. The Bonaparte's gull was missing. Marbled Godwits, two Bald Eagles, Skimmers and all the plovers found this time of year were at the inlet. We also had a lengthy discussion and study of Knots which were on the beach. At the inlet we saw a long line of Skimmers, thirty or more giving chase to an Osprey that was leaving for parts unknown, with a fish in his talons. We finished the trip at Port Orange bridge where we were able to see 7 Oystercatchers on the half shell, so to speak. The total for the half day trip came to 80 species.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

George S. Murray, Field-trip Director

FIELD NOTES: On December 2, a good total of 84 species was gathered by two groups which ranged along quite different routes, but all met at Welaka Fish Hatcheries for a picnic lunch, on a day of ideal weather. There were 24 people in 6 cars.

Friday, December 8, as The Pelican is being printed, we are due for a noon picnic lunch at Sanford. December 16 and 23 will be half-day trips, routes never planned definitely until the day, and for December 28 a Christmas Count is in preparation, for hard workers only, dawn to dark. The recipe calls for good spotters, good drivers, and good walkers who never mind the weather. Florida census days can be rescheduled in case of snow storms.

DECEMBER MEETING: A beautiful motion picture on the life of the Wood Duck will be shown from 7:00 to 7:30 P.M. The feature program will be by Robert Elliott, Chairman of our wildlife film series. It will be slides taken on his trips to many of the Caribbean Islands. The meeting will be, as usual, in the Church House of Seabreeze United Church.

QUESTION CONCERNING CHAPTER STATUS
FOR
HALIFAX RIVER AUDUBON SOCIETY?

Many years ago some leaders in this community became concerned about the study and conservation of wildlife in Florida and organized the first Audubon Society in the State. The objects of our Society as stated in the Constitution "shall be to foster the protection of birds and other wild life in the Halifax River area and in Florida, to promote the study of birds and natural resources, and to cooperate with other similar organizations, local, state and national, in the conservation of wild life and in the study of the natural history of Florida."

For many years we were the largest and most influential such group in the state. Many Audubon Societies were organized after us. But times change, and with the change comes a different approach to problems. All but Halifax River have become chapters in the State Society, pooling their influence and drawing inspiration from each other. We are the last independent unit large enough to become a chapter (25 members).

The need for active, united conservation efforts is even more pressing today than in the day of the fight to save our beautiful egrets!

We have been urged to join other Audubon Societies in a common effort for conservation by becoming a chapter of the Florida Audubon Society. If we make this change from an independent society to chapter status, we will lose none of our independent privileges except that we shall be asked to revise our dues schedule to support individual membership in the Florida Audubon Society in a "two-way membership". Forty of our members are already individually members of the Florida Audubon.

Shall the Halifax River Audubon Society change its By-laws to provide that it shall become a chapter of the Florida Audubon Society and a participant in the "two-way membership" plan with the Florida Audubon Society?

We have almost reached the conservation "point of no return". Action must be taken NOW if we are to conserve the natural heritage that is ours. Indeed, life itself is endangered. It has been said that "we are killing ourselves by living" -- air pollution has reached dangerous proportions in metropolitan areas and much of our water has been polluted almost beyond reclaim. Bull-dozers are rearranging our land to the point that we may have left no "green areas" to which man can withdraw to renew his troubled spirits nor wild areas which make life possible for wildlife. We must meet the conservation challenge now before it is forever too late.

C. Russell Mason, Executive Director of the Florida Audubon Society, says, "Wasn't it Franklin who said 'United we stand, divided we fall'? While the Halifax Society has always backed the Florida Audubon Society well in its various projects, as an independent organization it cannot carry as much weight with the powers-that-be as though they are united in an organization that now has 7,000 members scattered throughout Florida. We can win many more battles for conservation if we are united, not divided. There is so much to be accomplished to save Florida's beauty and the need is great for all Audubon groups to merge their efforts in some fashion, and the plan the FAS is following is the simplest and provides the autonomy that separate groups want to maintain." The fact that the Halifax River Society, the oldest in the State, has seen fit to cast its lot with the other 34 chapters of the FAS, (one in Mexico), will add greatly to the stand of the FAS for clean waters, clean air, preserved estuaries, sanctuaries for wildlife, saving the natural resources of Florida. The HRAS will be striking a real blow for conservation if they agree to chapter status and thus blend their efforts with the many other groups in the State which have become chapters and others which are planning to do so."

We ask you to read, to think, to discuss, and to be ready to VOTE in January when ballots will be included with The Pelican for all members. We must know your reaction to this proposal!!

Beatrice Pratt, Membership Secretary

Editor's note: Present HRAS members could remain exactly as now, no change in dues, or participation, except for being ineligible to vote or hold office. Complete schedule of possible dues for joint HRAS/FAS members will be printed in the January Pelican.

OF PENGUINS, AND OTHER STRANGERS
by Allistene Starkey

The majority of birds we saw on our recent trip to the South Pacific and Orient were in New Zealand and Australia. Handsome White-backed Crows and Mynah birds were common in New Zealand. In the mountainous regions we frequently saw Bush Hawks, Harrier Hawks, and Kea, the latter disliked by ranchers because of their reputation for killing sheep. The Fantails and little South Island Tomtits charmed us with their fearless curiosity.

Bell Birds and White-faced Heron were seen in both countries. In Australia a special trip was made to Philips Island to watch the foot-high Fairy Penguins march in from the sea. As night approaches they come bobbing thru the breakers and cluster in small groups at the water's edge. Suddenly each group falls into formation and march sedately up the beach, past the spectators, to the grassy hummocks of their nesting ground. The floodlights on the beach do not bother them, but flash bulbs are prohibited by the Government which now protects them from molestation. While watching a group, we noticed one bird staggering and falling in his losing effort to keep up with the others. A guard explained the little Penguin was not injured, merely too fat to waddle. During the nesting season over two thousand Penguins make this daily evening march.

Kookaburras, Crested Pigeons, Peewits, Magpies, and a beautiful Blue Wren were among those added to our list as we drove from Melbourne to Sidney. In Townsville we saw the dance of the Broglas, or Sand Hill Cranes. In the Outback of Central Australia, we had the thrill of waking to the harsh calls of Galahs (pink and white parrots) and green Parakeets...the final highlight of this part of our trip.

AT WAKULLA

by Elizabeth McCandless

Hundreds of Baldpates, Wood Ducks and Limpkins joined the applause at the edge of the great Wakulla Springs the afternoon of November 17 as Mrs. B. K. Roberts, wife of Supreme Court Justice Roberts, received the bronze plaque from L. T. Davenport of the National Park Service. This designated the 4,000 acres of wild game land surrounding the spring, donated by Edward Ball, as a Natural Landmark. Carl Bucheister, formerly president of National Audubon, heads the Ball Wildlife Foundation thus created. Wakulla is the biggest and deepest spring in Florida.

Theodore Davenport, of the National Wildlife Service, presented the plaque in the crisp, clean, sunny air. Mr. Davenport is working also to preserve the Suwannee River, Mr. Malcolm B. Johnson, editor of the Tallahassee Democrat, and five of your HRAS members, were present, the latter by plain good fortune. Now, let us do what we can to secure the Suwannee River for future generations.

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