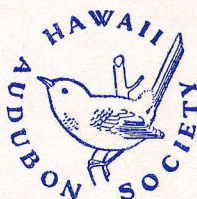


THE ELEPAIO

Journal of the
Hawaii Audubon Society



For the Better Protection
of Wildlife in Hawaii

VOLUME 18, NUMBER 9

MARCH 1958

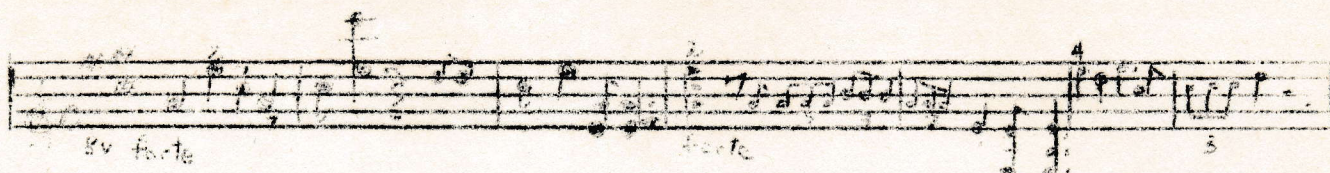
SHAHMIE

A Song Bird from Southern Asia
By Alida Chanler

Theme song

Strike it and double it

Love song



Shahmie came to us in the snowy winter of 1947-48, a young bird whose beak was still thick around the edges. Whether he came from the Malabar coast of India, from Borneo, or from Indo-China, he had had a long trip by plane to New York, another plane trip to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where we lived. Now he flies free in Florida, where he raised two families in our garden, and where he may well be raising a third family beyond our ken. He was our pet for nine years. He sang the songs of American birds, and twenty songs of India, some of which are tape recorded, so that we can hear him still. His voice is extraordinary. In range it covers about two octaves, in power more than two flocks distance, in music, tunes and rhythms worthy of man's respectful attention. But it was his responsiveness that took us by storm. If he whistled within our range of whistling, as so often he did, and we replied with an imitation of the last note or two of his, he would repeat his song, looking at us, conversing with us, teaching us. We did not teach him, except accidentally, when, to give him companionship, we played the recorded songs of American birds. We did not know he was a mimic, we only knew it was winter, and cold, and lonely for a bird of the tropics, so we bought him the Cornell set of records of American bird songs.

Kittacincla macroura (Shama) is a bird about the size and color of our chewink towhee, except that his tail is longer than the tail of a mockingbird, and his beak is slender like the beak of a mockingbird. There is a white patch above his tail, and white feathers line the dark tail feathers; his breast is chestnut buff. He belongs in tropical Asia. So many die in transit, so sensitive are these birds, that in spite of all the pleasure Shahmie has given us, we do not want another bird. We want these unusual birds protected from capture by world-wide laws. They should never be caught, exported, caged; they should be understood, respected, and left free. Shahmie himself we domesticated, but his family flew wild into Florida.

Before we decided to buy the Cornell records, Shahmie heard our typewriter tapping, and he jumped upon the roller, because the sound of typewriter keys resembles the sound of his own call-note, "tock". When his cage arrived we bribed him with a mealworm, and he jumped inside, saying "tock". Soon, however, he changed this for a song we have since named his "please or thank-you song". He sang it every time a mealworm was offered,

never for carrots and mockingbird concoctions. After we had played the bird records through every day for two weeks (leaving out the squawks of game birds) he suddenly burst into a part of the bobolink's song, singing the phrase from beginning to end without mistake. Repeating it many times, he then added the songs of song sparrow, robin, catbird, whippoorwill, wood thrush, veery, cardinal, purple finch, oriole and chickadee. He sang these in the order in which they are recorded, but in memorizing this order, he did some editing of his own. The bird records give several phrases for each bird, followed by the sound of a man's voice. Shahmie chose one, or at most two phrases, and ignored the voice of the man completely.

I did not at that time know his songs of India well enough to recognize them, but one of these, which I call song number one, seems to be the most common song of shama thrushes generally. I have heard it from three separate birds; two of them two blocks or more away in early spring sunshine. It may be their mating call.

We had been advised to withhold mealworms as being too rich a diet for a caged bird, but since he flew about the room he got more than average exercise, and demanded, by scolding, more than average worms! He flew voluntarily into his cage after free flights, preferring it to picture frames for general use. When the radio played jazz, as it does by day, he ignored it, but on Sundays when it played the classics he sang along with it, in a continuous subsong or warble of indeterminate key. The rhythm was not indeterminate however; when Beethoven changed from 4/4 to 3/4 time, Shahmie did the same without a hitch. He enjoyed 3/4 time, as in Strauss waltzes, and syncopation seemed to come naturally to him. He sang gaily to violin concertos, especially to fast movements, such as the end of the Tschickowski violin concerto, which he loved.

Spring came finally to Massachusetts, bringing robins to the pear trees outside of our windows. Not only was their song already familiar to him from the bird records, but their coloring was also nostalgic, as it resembled the coloring of his own mother, a smaller and paler bird, brown above and tan below, with a pinkish tinge in the tan. When he heard the robin song he recalled his own bird-record version: starting with the song-sparrow, he would swing into the robin's warble and finish off with the catbird's "mah". You could almost see him hold back at this point, his wings held tight against his body, as he stopped short of the catbird's song, because this was not being sung by the robins! He never learned to start robin songs without introducing them with song-sparrow phrases.

We went south for two weeks, leaving Shahmie in the care of the wife of the superintendent of our apartment house. Faithfully she brought him food each morning, and covered his cage at night, but his loneliness must have been extreme. When we returned he had been alone so much that he had lost all his faith in human companionship, and hardly recognized us. We had to cajole him back to friendly ways; he was never again quite so demanding as he had been at first. Our spoilt pet was gratefully responsive, and we loved him more than ever. In summer we drove north into Maine, placing his cage in its carton on top of our suitcases, one end open so he could see where he was going. Bill whistled a musical comedy tune as he drove, and months later Shahmie whistled it back to us. There were whippoorwills and bobolinks outside his windows in Maine, and he sang their songs every day. Before we had discovered it, he found a goldfinch nest in white pines outside the bathroom window, and he spent happy hours watching their comings and goings. He moulted during the equinox, his head feathers coming in quills, for all the world like a woman wearing curlpapers. He stopped singing entirely at that time, resuming only the quiet subsongs afterwards. He remained in the cage while his new tail feathers sprouted.

We travelled south with him in the fall, seeking warmer climes than New England. When we reached a turnpike and drove 60 miles an hour southward, he started to sing vociferously again; when we took connecting roads that ran east and west, he hopped back and forth restlessly, as though fearing that we would not migrate properly, but as soon as our southern progress was resumed he settled down contentedly once more, singing

gaily. When rough spots bumped him he scolded, so Bill warned: "Bumps, Shahmie, bumps", so he had a chance to sit tight. In Virginia he saw and heard his first mockingbird, and imitated it loudly. I overheard guests asking servants what bird they heard, and the answer came: a mockingbird. Someone hearing him, whistled the "wolf call" to him. As usual, he ignored this, but it came out unexpectedly much later. After we had chosen a future home in Florida, we started on our northward journey. We put up at an inn on an island. The little village was right there under the apple tree that arched over Shahmie's window sill. Villagers walked and drove to the post-office, and from our window, Shahmie repeated his wolf call. A woman driving past saw only a uniformed chauffeur on foot, and as she turned her car she gave him a withering look. "Whit-wee-you" called Shahmie, louder than before. The chauffeur turned pink as the woman glared.

His response to our words had become somewhat like that of a dog. He understood "worms" perfectly, of course, and "Go to your twig, it is bedtime" he obeyed quite readily. One experience in keeping him up by electric light had taught us that this confused him, so we kept his own dusk bedtime hours. He sang his roosting song, no. 19, and would not budge again until dawn.

In the fall of 1949 we moved into our new home in Florida. It was an old Spanish-type house, built almost forty years earlier before there were any roads around the island, or key, on the west coast of Florida. The Gulf of Mexico could be heard, its surf a roar after storms. The house faces the bay to the east; on the south a porch is screened with very transparent copper wire. The land rolls gently as a wave of the sea; the house is built on one rise, the lawn in the trough and the orange grove and avenue on the other rise, to the west.

There were live oaks, a forest of them, and a forest of hurricane-trimmed red cedars interspersed with native fig-rubber trees (strangler figs) and one huge banyan, *Ficus Nitida*, whose flanged roots could be seen from the kitchen window. There were so-called Australian pines along our driveway, and by the sea wall a tall one we called the eagle tree, because it was used as a lookout by a bald eagle. Behind the well and the arbor was a small fish-pond, surrounded by massive palm trunks such as I had seen previously only in the Metropolitan opera in Aida's scenery of the Nile. Oleanders bloom, with hibiscus and bougainvillea; otherwise ours is mainly a green garden. Spanish moss and air-plants, even orchids and little "polypody" ferns festoon the rough bark of the live-oaks.

In November we brought Shahmie here, placed his cage between two west windows of the radio room, and put a folding towel-rack in front of his cage for a perch. He could fly to the screened porch through the window kept open for the purpose, and he could roost in the closet. While travelling he had been accustomed to having his cage placed in a closet at night. He chose, of his own accord, a coat-hook as a roosting perch. We placed his morning mealworms in a jar in his cage before retiring, opening the closet door, but leaving the porch window closed against night air. Thus he could see the dawn light, if not the rising sun, and have his breakfast before we awoke. As we made our breakfast, we opened the door between radio room and livingroom, and he flew into the livingroom, greeting his own image in the big mirror and singing greetings to us. Sometimes he refused to return to his room, and Bill would chase him with waving arms: Shahmie appeared to enjoy this, saying "ha ha" and flying wherever he pleased, until Bill spoke angrily, then Shahmie ducked and fled. As winter came on, this routine was altered; we gave Shahmie a mealworm in his cage, closed the cage door, carried the cage to the coffee table before the fireplace, and lit the fire. There was no central heating at the time, and the nights were a cool 42 degrees fahrenheit. While we had breakfast, we turned on the bird records and Shahmie sang to them. He had not heard them for a long time, due to our travels, and he seemed to enjoy them more than ever. He is like a two-year old child in enjoying what he knows; routine is something he can adjust to without hesitation, he likes his songs repeated in exactly the same form, his cage placed in the same spot. As a young bird, he adjusted to our routines, of course, but once established, he expects us to adhere to them.

Between mid-morning and noon the Florida sun takes the morning chill out of the winter air; by hopping back and forth in his cage Shahmie indicated that he was restless. Carrying his cage out to the porch, I would place it on a table in the center, from which he could look out without himself being too conspicuous. This was an exciting innovation but not altogether as pleasant as at first appeared. We drove to town for supplies leaving him alone on the porch, instead of on a window-sill as usual. When we returned, we often found him frozen to his perch in the attitude adopted by many wild creatures when frightened. Sometimes his eyes would be glazed, and he did not respond to us, allowing us to touch him or even to carry him with his claws on our fingers, but without actual response. We assumed that in our absence something had prowled around. Some time during the winter we learned the answer. One night a curious sound, somewhat like a bullfrog, came from the darkness. Bill went out to look under the house, which is built on cement stilts as a precaution against tidal waves. As he moved his flashlight, the sound recurred above him. He put up the light straight into the eyes of a great horned owl. There were two of them who were raising young in the live-oak jungle south of the house, behind the fish-pond. We learned to distinguish them by their calls, but because of their nest we did not dislodge them from the trees about the house. There was also a pigeon-hawk, or falcon, in the Fall and Spring migrations, and a whipsnake came out from hibernation in the spring. Shahmie observed the reaction of cardinals and mockingbirds to these dangers. No doubt he froze from example rather than from his own volition. In this way he learned fear, a good thing for him later on.

The presence of the great horned owl in our garden the first year kept the wild birds away. Often Shahmie was the only bird singing in the morning, although cardinals did come to a feeding station we set up for them and titmice roamed through on occasion. To my surprise a red-bellied woodpecker took sunflower seeds from the feeding station too.

Due to the owls keeping other birds away, Shahmie was not only one of the few birds to sing in our garden, he was also heard by those who came later and his singing thus gave him a claim to territorial rights in the area. Next year Bill succeeded in keeping the owls away by flashing the light in their faces when they considered nesting again, then a little screech owl replaced the great horned owls, and with that, all the native birds returned to their old haunts: mockingbird, towhee, white-eyed vireo, brown thrasher, catbird, along with cardinals, titmice, woodpeckers and flycatchers. This year, Shahmie was very much alone with the cardinals. Then, all of a sudden, as the shortest day of the year approached, there came a change. The whole garden twittered and dithered with hundreds, no--thousands, of robins. They ate the blue berries of the red cedars, the fruit of the sabal palm, and drank from the fish-pond. Ten or a dozen robins came down from the trees together to bathe, dipped and splashed, and flew up again to allow another dozen their turn at the pond. Shahmie's wings were fluttering as if in water, so I brought him a bowl. He immediately joined in the fun, observing the robins while he splashed on the porch. The robins filled the garden with life through the cold weather, and each day about noon I put Shahmie's cage on the porch where he could see the gaiety. As the weather warmed I opened the window to the radio room and he sat on the open window by the hour, just watching. Sometimes the robins took sudden flight and hundreds whirled away, those remaining not making a sound. But soon they recovered their courage and returned to their ablutions. They all disappeared north between Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays. Then falcons raided the flocks of myrtle warblers migrating through. Shahmie retired into his cage and I left it inside the radio room until the falcons went north. When large birds floated by overhead, such as Shahmie had never before seen, to each apparition he sang a greeting. He learned also to imitate the call of the bald eagle, as it settled on top of the tallest Australian pine by the bay. The kingfisher he imitated also, and the red-winged blackbird; to silent turkey buzzards and pelicans and herons he sang his song of greeting as they passed overhead.

The little warblers he greeted in eager singing of warbling songs of the purple finch. The high pitch used by warblers did not appeal to his ear; he never imitated it.

After the warblers and their cruel attendant, the falcon, had moved north, swallows, flycatchers, and blue jays, together with a "change of guard" among the cardinals, brought spring to Florida. The winter cardinals moved north, and the new arrivals from farther south were nesting, as were the towhees. Shahmie flew at his image in the livingroom mirror, attacking his possible rival, and he clung to a little mirror we placed in his cage.

Our trip north with him was uneventful. In Maine he was delighted to watch robins nesting under his window, but on the whole he showed he was lonely up north. When we returned to Florida and Bill chased off the great horned owls, Shahmie sang with gusto. His singing increased in power and beauty in spite of the autumn season. He was glad to be home. That second spring (1951), however, his flights at the mirror became so violent that Bill feared he might injure himself on the glass edges. He needed a mate, and we decided to buy one if possible.

(Lack of space prevented printing all of Shahmie's songs. The Editor will gladly show them to anyone interested.)

To be continued

RECORDING BIRD SONGS IN HAWAII

By Jean and Bill Ward

So far as we know, we were the first people to record bird songs in Hawaii; and unfortunately, we appear to be the only ones who have done or are doing it here. We hope that this little history of our efforts may encourage others to find some of the fun in it that we have. There still remains a wonderful opportunity for others to be the first to record the iiwi, the amakihi, and other native forest birds, because so far we have succeeded only in capturing the voice of one of the original Hawaiian species, the apapane.

Bill first became interested in recording bird songs when he read Albert R. Brand's, "Songs of Wild Birds" published by Thomas Nelson and Sons, New York, 1934. It contained two paper-based, wax records in an envelope on the back flap, and their four surfaces reproduced the songs of some 35 Eastern United States birds. These were originally recorded on film with motion-picture sound equipment carried around in a station wagon.

Later, while in Santo Tomas Internment Camp, Bill persuaded some electrical engineers doing the long stretch with him to design a recorder, using discs, to go with his motion-picture equipment. He wanted to record the dances of Igorot tribesmen in Northern Luzon after the war. This machine never was built because Bill was liberated, shipped back to the States and discovered tape recorders had been invented during his incarceration.

When we met in Hawaii in 1939, Jean gave Bill an Eicor tape recorder for an engagement present. On our honeymoon we recorded the first Hawaiian bird songs: Barred Dove, Linnet, Japanese White-eye, Chinese Thrush, European Skylark, Apapane, Kentucky Cardinal, Brazilian Cardinal, Pekin Nightingale and Mynah.

In 1951 we contacted Dr. Peter Paul Kellogg, then Associate Professor of Ornithology at Cornell University. He was interested in our recording and took it to an AOU meeting in Montreal. He and Dr. Arthur A. Allen, Professor of Ornithology at Cornell, were interested in putting these tapes on a vinylite record, and most of 1952 was taken up with doing this and arranging the financing which ultimately was worked out by Mr. Edwin H. Bryan, Curator of Collections of Bishop Museum.

100 10" vinylite records were shipped to Bishop Museum early in 1953 and placed on sale there for \$2.00 each to cover the various costs involved. Somewhere along the

line, Bill was asked to contact local music stores and the Department of Public Instruction to see if additional copies of the record could be sold there. The music stores were not interested as their principal Hawaiian volume was hula songs and they doubted if people would care to buy bird records. We told them Cornell had been most successful in selling their American bird records, but this did not impress the local merchants. We were surprised to find no interest either at the DPI. Next we learned that many of the local people who had been urging us to publish the recordings, couldn't scrape up the necessary \$2.00, when at last the record was available. So the records were sold out, and we made a 20% profit on each record which we turned back to the Museum in exchange for Museum memberships for us.

After the records went out of print, demand for them increased as "collector's items", and we were urged, especially by the Hui Manu, to get out another edition. This was impossible as the original master had not been constructed in such a way as to allow further copies. To cut another master would be prohibitive as costs had since gone up, and the price of a small amount of records would be so high that they would not sell.

Price was not the only problem in getting out a new record. Our Eicor recorder was not the best possible machine. It cost only \$150.00 back in 1949, ran at $7\frac{1}{2}$ " per second, and recorded frequencies between 60 and 12,000 cycles per second. Professional recorders running at 15" per second recorded frequencies from 50 to 15,000 cycles per second and some of them went up to 20,000 cycles per second. The ability to record at the upper end of the spectrum not only gives better rendition of the higher notes of bird songs, but gives improved reproduction of overtones of the lower notes. Another trouble with the Eicor was hum. We had to turn up the volume so high to bring in distant bird songs that too much hum was produced. This can be corrected by an inexpensive transistor preamplifier.

Dr. Kellogg, who had been most helpful to us and who had had the real burden of getting out our first recording, told us quite frankly that we shouldn't try to produce another record unless we recorded it with more modern, professional equipment. We fully agreed with him. In fact, we didn't want to publish a record on mediocre equipment and then have to sell it (because of the small volume) at a price higher than Cornell sells their magnificent noiseless and humless records. The public would not understand and certainly would think we were robbing them.

Another disadvantage of the Eicor was its 27 pound weight, and the fact that it had to be run off 110-volt alternating 60 cycle current. It couldn't be packed up the Poamoho trail, and there are no electrical outlets behind the Ohia trees there.

Dr. Kellogg had told us about a portable recorder, the Magnemite, made by the Amplifier Corporation of America. This could be purchased in a model running at 15" per second recording frequencies up to 15,000 cycles per second. It ran with a spring like an old-fashioned phonograph, and used dry batteries to power its amplifier. It weighed 15 pounds and was truly portable. The price was then \$335.00, and a microphone costing some \$75.00 would also have to be purchased. But we still would have no playback equipment running at 15" per second. It seemed too much to spend. We had married late in life, our children were coming on, and we were finishing our house.

In 1955 and 1956 the Hui Manu became even more interested in having more recordings made. Bill was asked to give a talk at their annual meeting. He did, and described the above problem. One of their members kindly consented to buy a tape recorder for Bishop Museum, to cost around \$500.00, which Bill could use.

So Bill wrote Dr. Kellogg again and asked the name of the best instrument to buy. Dr. Kellogg, always helpful and strictly honest, said that the portable machine we had in mind just wouldn't work at peak efficiency away from a maintenance station. He said that the Amplifier Corporation of America was working on an improved model and suggested

we wait awhile. The lady who offered to buy the recorder didn't want to wait, and bought Bishop Museum a nice instrument for their folk-song and anthropological recording. It was a lovely and generous gift, but it wouldn't produce the quality of sound that Dr. Kellogg would need for another and more modern bird record.

Dr. Kellogg had told us that if we would buy a better recorder, and if we would produce an acceptable tape, Cornell would pay us a lump sum which would probably pay for most of the recorder. They would then publish a record, and it would be available here for sale through Bishop Museum again for local people and tourists.

These technical problems have been most difficult for some of the local bird lovers to understand. Even if we were to acquire the proper equipment today, it would take the rest of the spring to get enough recordings for another record, it would take most of 1958 and 1959 to get a record made, and by 1960 we might have a record for sale at Bishop Museum. However it is a challenge. We are not meeting it as we should because Bill's job is requiring more and more time.

Recently, even better tape recorders are being produced. Mr. Leo Piper, who does the sound recording for Central Union Church Choir, tells us that some of the 7½" recorders will now reproduce sound up to 20,000 cycles per second, and are truly high fidelity in every sense of the word.

Jean is developing her singing under Mr. Gallagher's instruction and is using the old Eicor for her music lessons. She is thinking of another, newer tape recorder, a binaural one. Mr. Harris Tarumoto, of Precision Radio, Ltd., has been giving Bill some advice, and says that soon Ampex will have some much better recorders out. We should wait a little longer before buying.

Perhaps we will some day be able to acquire truly professional equipment. It will probably be too heavy to pack on our backs up the Poamoho Trail. But perhaps we can fit it into the back of the car and buy a motor-generator to run off the car battery. Perhaps then we can get some of the forest birds. It would probably be too heavy to take to Rabbit Island to record the Shearwaters and Terns, but we might be able to land it on a calm day and persuade some friends to help us carry around the heavy equipment and an automobile battery. Time will tell.

For those readers who own home tape recorders, allow us to suggest that you can have loads of fun just hanging the microphone out of your window to pick up the Cardinal songs. Let the recorder run for a while. Then play it back, cut out the best portions to edit into a good tape, and use the rest over again. Then take it to someone else's house, perhaps up on Tantalus, and get some different birds. If you have a vacation at the Volcano House, take it along and get some Apapane songs. They sing well on spring mornings before the guests get up, although the sugar trucks coming along the highway will spoil a few. Perhaps you can borrow a mountain cabin at a place like Olinda, Maui, where it is quiet and you can get good recordings without a lot of extraneous noise. As you play along with this, you will get more critical of your work and want to eliminate the hum with a preamplifier which you can make or buy for not too much money.

Such simple recordings will be about as good as the ones we made, and they will far surpass the quality of what was done back in the thirties with terrifically expensive motion picture sound equipment. The recordings you make this way will give you much pleasures, entertain your friends, and be most useful in teaching others what certain bird songs are like and how to identify them. Their only failings will be perhaps too much hum, too much background noise from cars, dogs, roosters, airplanes and wind, and perhaps a failure to record up to 15,000 or 20,000 cycles per second for the best recording of the high notes and overtones. If you get some recordings of birds other than those we have made, Dr. Kellogg at Cornell will be happy to hear them. Mail them to him at the Laboratory of Ornithology at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, where he will copy them on his recorders and return your tape to you with his thanks.

Then, if you want to go on further and buy some professional equipment, a top-grade microphone, and a parabolic reflector to pick up distant songs, you can do these things for less than a thousand dollars in equipment. With such equipment, considerable time and patience (and a lot of fun) you can create the record that so many people have asked us to go ahead and produce.

FIELD NOTES:

Field Trip: Shore Birds, January 26, 1958

Although a shorebird trip was scheduled, the seven members and six visitors headed mauka instead of makai. Our day began auspiciously when we were greeted by a Mockingbird on one of the gate posts at the entrance to Punchbowl National Cemetery, our first stop. Two more Mockers were seen in this area. As usual, Plover were numerous. A few Cardinals of both species were seen and heard, as well as a few Ricebirds.

Next we went to Sand Island, where the Society's new telescope enabled us to spot a Pomarine Jaeger and five Brown Boobies far from shore. Three of the Boobies were on a piece of driftwood and one each on two bouys. Ruth Rockafellow, who covered this area on the Christmas count, said that other birds, such as Plover, Doves, Mynahs, etc., were more numerous than a month ago.

Damon Pond did not yield anything of note except, possibly, for a hand-sized turtle in the roadside ditch, seen by Mrs. Stephenson.

Hundreds of Coots were feeding and frolicking on Salt Lake, our estimate being 1000. Five Scaup⁽¹⁾ Ducks were seen and a score of Pintails, all of the latter on the mauka side of the lake. Three were feeding and seven were sunning themselves on the shore. We lunched in the shade of kiawe trees at the lake's edge. The water has only the slightest trace of a salty taste. The pickle-weed growing there was salty, however.

At West Loch the tide was so far out that the birds at its edge were too distant for good observation. The usual few Night Herons, Sanderlings, Wandering Tattlers, Ruddy Turnstones and Shoveler Ducks were seen along with large numbers of Coots, Stilts and Plover.

The weather was exceptionally beautiful, even for Hawaii. The features of both mountain ranges stood out in bold relief against a cloudless sky.

Al Labrecque

(1) Ed.Note: It is difficult to distinguish between Greater and Lesser Scaup. Since Greater Scaup are the more maritime of the two, it is probable that those seen were of that species.

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Field Trip: Waikane Ditch Trail, February 9, 1958

Mother Nature was smiling upon us, as a large group of bird watchers started up the Waikane ditch trail on Sunday, February 9. Tom McGuire was the leader of the hike and he had the perfect cooperation of the weather as it was a beautiful day.

The cars had some trouble with mud, rocks and holes on the approach road, but the trail itself was in fine shape.

The birds were singing all around us, but were rather difficult to observe. Seen however, were the following: American Cardinal, White-eye, Amakihi, Elepaio, Leiiothrix and Apapane. It was thought by some that the call of the Iiwi was heard.

Those who attended were duly repaid by scenery, birds and weather.

Chuck Hanson

AN ALBINO LINNET is coming to the feeding tray of the Harold M. Bakers, at 1406 Kapalama Avenue. At last reports the bird, which has the typical linnet song, is now coming to the tray accompanied by a linnet in normal plumage. -- January 15, 1958

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KOA SAP ATTRACTS AMAKIHI. In December, on a trip which I made up Aiea trail with Dr. M.D.F. Udvardy, of the University of British Columbia, a koa tree with a broken branch, from which sap was oozing, was found. The amakihi were greatly attracted to the spot, and came back repeatedly to feed. At the time we were not sure whether it might not be insects entrapped in the sap which were the attraction, but a few days later Blanche Pedley and I watched at the same place for a long time. Mrs. Pedley distinctly saw a droplet of sap on the bird's beak. Apapane came also, though less frequently. White-eyes fed almost as often as the amakihi. -- Grenville Hatch

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LEIOTHRIX are coming regularly to the yard where I live in Nuuanu, and have become so tame that they will approach to within six or eight feet as I put out breadcrumbs (their favorite food). They also enjoy the shells of the breakfast papaya, and sometimes eat seeds from the feeder which hangs less than two feet from my window. --

February 1958
Grenville Hatch.

MARCH ACTIVITIES:

FIELD TRIPS: March 9 - To Pa Lehua. A trail rewarding both in scenery and bird life.

March 23 - To Salt Lake to observe water birds.

In accordance with our new policy of one member in charge for a month, Al Labrecque will lead both walks.

STARTING POINT FOR EACH TRIP:

Punchbowl Street side of the Library of Hawaii, at 8:00 am

MEETING: March 17 - At the Aquarium Auditorium at 7:30 p.m. Ray Greenfield will show slides and a movie on the bird life and other interesting aspects of Peru.

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DUES: Regular - \$2.00 per annum
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