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For the Better Protection
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A GUIDE TO BIRD WATCHING By Joseph J. Hickey

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"Bird watching is old enough to have stood the test of time, young enough to lie within the age of exploration. By some it is regarded as a mild paralysis of the central nervous system, which can be cured only by rising at dawn and sitting in a bog. Others regard it as a harmless occupation of children, into which maiden aunts may sometimes relapse. The truth is that it is anything you care to make it. It is unquestionably a hobby that can be thoroughly enjoyed for an entire lifetime. It can be taken up at any age, by the active as well as by the convalescent. To both old and young it yields the same high measure of interest. It is packed with drama because it centers on the annual miracle of creation. It is rich in movement, since birds are among the greatest travelers on our planet. It combines the visual and the auditory, for there are beautifully plumaged birds and equally stirring singers. Most of all its essence lies in the unknown. Birds travel to the ends of the earth and back, we know not exactly how. Much of their everyday life is still unrecorded. Countless new channels of knowledge still await exploration by enterprising bird students.

"The riches offered by a lifelong hobby are not something to be lightly cast aside. They are reflected in health, in recreation, and in a peace of mind beyond the price of money."

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BIRDS OF THE MONTH By W. M. Ord

Between September 1st and 30th, a wide variety of birds were observed, some in unusually large numbers.

The two reasons for this impressive list should be elaborated on: the first migrants of the winter began to arrive from the North American continent, and a field trip into the Alakai Swamp, Kauai, over Labor Day weekend by Philip Ashmole and Michael Ord.

The next few months will see a further influx of migratory birds and a careful study of each flock is recommended for possible rarities.

Numbers of a species given where possible:

Wedge-tailed Shearwater	50+	9/8/63	Rabbit Island (at nest)
Newell's Shearwater	-	9/4-9/8/63	Evening flights Hanalei Area, Kauai
Bulwers Petrel	1	9/8/63	Rabbit Island

Red-tailed Tropicbird	2	9/8/63	Rabbit Island
White-tailed Tropicbird	Abundant	8/31-9/2/63	Waimea Canyon, Kauai
"	2	9/8/63	Rabbit Island
Cattle Egret	245+	9/28/63	Waipio Peninsula
Pintail	15	9/21/63	" "
Green-winged Teal	1	9/28/63	" "
Shoveller	1	9/28/63	" "
Ring-necked Pheasant	3	9/28/63	" "
Semipalmated Plover	1	9/28/63	" "
Black-bellied Plover	2	9/21/63	" "
Bristle-thighed Curlew	3	9/11/63	Hawaii Kai (golf course area)
Wandering Tattler	4	9/21/63	Waipio Peninsula
Sharp-tailed Sandpiper	8	9/28/63	" "
Stilt	500+	9/28/63	" "
Fairy Tern	2	9/8/63	Rabbit Island
Omao	Plentiful	9/1-2/63	Alakai Swamp, Kauai
Puaiohi	4	9/1-2/63	" "
Kauai OO	2	9/2/63	" "
Anianiau	Abundant	9/1-2/63	Kokee; Alakai Swamp, Kauai
Creeper	Abundant	9/1-2/63	Alakai Swamp, Kauai
Akepa	Abundant	9/1-2/63	" "
Ou	2	9/1/63	" "
Iiwi	Abundant	9/1-2/63	" "
Black-headed Mannikin	200+	9/28/63	Waipio Peninsula

Contributors: P.N. Ashmole, W.M. Ord, R. Walker.

Re: Owls (Please see The Elepaio, Volume 24, No. 4, p. 18)

The September, 1963, issue of the Phainopepla, publication of the San Fernando Valley Audubon Society, includes the following:

CORRECTION: There ARE Barn Owls in Hawaii

An article which appeared in the Phainopepla last April made a number of positive assertions about Owls. At least one of these is now incorrect--that which stated that there were no barn owls in Hawaii or other islands of Oceania. Honolulu Audubon writes to say that they do, too have barn owls. 78 of these monkey-faced birds have been imported since 1958, as rodent destroyers. No one knows, to date, whether or not the birds are breeding, but they are frequently sighted, so it may be presumed that this species will 'take' and become a native.

CALIFORNIA'S BIRDS ADD TO THE PLEASURES OF SIGHTSEEING
By Mary Maser Roberts

No "cheer, cheer" of the Kentucky Cardinal, nor the throaty, plaintive call of the Brazilian Cardinal woke me that early May morning, but the melodious endless variety of songs and imitations of the mockingbird and the urgent "yike, yike" of the blue jays that made me realize I was no longer in Hawaii but in southern California.

Within a few hours my sister, my brother-in-law and I were to start out on our 1,500 mile drive to Yosemite, Lake Tahoe, the Mother Lode Country and Carmel, where wondrous mountain scenery, lakes, rivers, pine, cedar and fir forests and wild flowers were to delight us, but where bird-watching was also one of our prime objectives.

All along the way, through endless miles of farm land, meadows, gently undulating hills from which wild flowers literally dripped in yellow, gold and lavender, we encountered many, many meadow larks that perched on fences and electric wires, calling their sweet, brief notes. Swifts zigzagged at incredible speed through the clear air. Startlingly beautiful were the red-winged blackbirds, outlined against fields of blooming mustard; and breathtakingly beautiful were the large, shiny black yellow-billed magpies with a lei of white draped around their shoulders. Later, in the areas around Carson and Virginia cities, they literally exploded from the pink flowering bushes and sage brush along the roadside. A sombre note was introduced into the delightful landscape by flocks of slow-moving crows as they flew over fields and perched in trees by the wayside.

High up in the sky above us hawks and falcons spread their wide wings, drifting on the air currents. A beautiful sight, indeed.

As we walked on the silent carpets of pine needles at Giant Grizzly, the largest and oldest Sequoia in the Mariposa Grove, we saw a tiny bird - chickadee or titmouse, I was not sure which. Its head was marked by black and white horizontal stripes. It emitted a sweet, twittering song as it flitted from drooping lacy pine branch to pine branch; and driving towards the Wawona tunnel we saw many crested stellar blue jays in the lovely pines and firs. We startled some grazing deer, later saw a group feeding by the wayside on the Seventeen Mile drive at Carmel. In the Mother Lode country we watched a long-eared jackrabbit as it hopped from cover to cover.

At the generating plant and Fish Hatchery on Moccasin Creek hundreds of swifts literally swarmed like bees around the towers in the artificial lake against which their mudnests had been plastered. All along the way to Placerville we saw many, many birds in bushes and trees and sky as we drove past, some of which we were not able to identify, but flashy yellow orioles were easily recognized. In the early morning hours, a tiny humming bird came to drink sweet nectar from blossoms surrounding the motel at which we stayed in Hangtown. I snapped it successfully.

Under the pines at Donner Pass, where we viewed giant rocks where the great tragedy took place long ago, we saw any number of robins, and flitting over fallen tree trunks and into sprouting new pines were black-headed nuthatches.

Our greatest thrill came as we drove through the conifer forest surrounding lovely Lake Tahoe when we came across a flock of from eight to ten yellow-headed blackbirds of incredible beauty. We were not able to get too close to them, but had ample time to watch them through our binoculars as they moved leisurely over the ground under the pines, feeding on grubs and caterpillars.

On our Seventeen Mile drive at Carmel we saw strings of cormorants fishing and carrying their catch to their babies that seemed located on the rocks where sea lions grunted and barked. All along the ocean wild flowers had burst into spectacular bloom, and while photographing patches, another blackbird I had never seen before with yellow as well as red markings across the shoulder, was startled out of these clusters of blossoms into flight that gave us a fine view of its lovely markings. My sister identified it as the tri-colored redwinged blackbird.

On our drive along the sea towards home we saw many, many sea gulls, pelicans, snipes, sandpipers, sanderlings, and later by a shallow lake, herons.

At the lovely rose garden at Descanso, near La Canada, we saw a lovely yellow oriole in a Sycamore tree, and heard, but were not able to detect, beautifully singing birds in the high oaks as we walked along the many trails in the rhododendron forest.

At home in Glendale, we were entertained by the antics of our beloved scrub jays. They, however, were not the only ones that came to the feeder in the backyard. There

were many linnets, some mourning doves, sparrows (not in such overwhelming hordes as we have them in Hawaii), mockingbirds, and a pair of towhees (which I now can identify through the kindness of a California reader of my former account in Elepaio when I was not able to place this "brown" bird with rust-colored feathers under his rump, and throat).

For the benefit of those who did not read my previous account of the endearing charms of the California scrub jays, I would like to explain that "Spotty" was so named because he has an oval white spot on each wing which measures at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches when the wing is spread out in flight, and which makes him a unique stand-out in the scrub jay world. My sister reports that Spotty continues to visit them regularly, flies to their hands for tidbits, looks at them with questioning eyes and also has a lot to say to them when his regular feeding time is overlooked. "Fluffy" and "Fingerling" his brothers, have lost their identity among a new swarm that "got the word" and now pick up soaked bread, seedless grapes, sunflower seeds and peanuts at regular intervals.

"Tweeu" the mother and "Cluky" the father of the triplets are awaiting the stork again, which seems late in the year according to California experts but apparently not in Hawaii, for we have brand new mynah, linnet and cardinal babies in our backyard.

The happy hours California's feathered friends contributed to my vacation pleasures and the joy of photographing them in their natural habitat will always remain a cherished memory to me. So will the more personal experience I had with my sister's two free scrub jay pets, Tweeu, the mother, and Spotty, the son. I can still feel their cool, gently gripping feet on my hand as they trustingly helped themselves to the tidbits I offered them.

Field Trip to Manana Island.

Sixteen members of the Hawaii Audubon Society looked with expectation at Manana Island the morning of September 8. To most of them the trip would be a first visit to this island often seen from the highway but rarely visited.

Mike Ord, a veteran of several expeditions to the gleaming white island, introduced us to Harold Ahuna, who was going to ferry us over in his motor boat.

It was a sunny day, a calm day, which made the landing much easier than it sometimes is, both Ord and Ahuna said. Everyone got a little wet wading ashore, but there were no serious problems.

So we started the tour conducted by Chief Guide Ord.

Up the shoreline a little ways Mike put his hand in a hole and pulled out a Bulwer's petrel, five or six weeks old, which calmly submitted to being photographed.

We reversed ourselves, started across a grassy area for the crater rim. The grassy area was honeycombed with burrows inhabited by baby wedge-tailed shearwaters. From the crater rim we looked into the shallow crater also filled with burrows of the shearwater. On Mike's advice we did not venture into the crater, which had grass, wild tobacco plants and 38 coconut palms growing in it. By counting the two palms outside the crater, we get a grand total of 40 palm trees on this island which looks so barren from the highway.

We saw a couple of white-tailed tropicbirds flying over the crater. At times we saw a ruddy turnstone, a wandering tattler, a couple of fairy terns out over the water, plus some sooty terns.

The sooty terns had finished nesting; while the breeding cycle of the noddy terns was still in full swing. Hundreds of noddy terns were flying around us as we continued our advance along the crater rim. We saw them in all stages: the single eggs on bits of grass or just resting on the rocks; newly-hatched chicks with their light gray down; birds of various degrees of maturity; and the innumerable adults wheeling in flight. Terns sitting on the ground would ignore us until we were almost ready to pick them up.

Manana proved an interesting island to explore. From its cliffs we spotted a turtle swimming in the ocean, a shark, and quite a few fish.

On the ocean side we looked down on part of another crater, although part of its rim had been washed away by the ocean. We found that the gray and brown tuff of which the island is mostly formed has turned white in many areas because of the bird guano.

We climbed to the highest part of the island, 361 feet high, and looked down on Manana's little neighbor, Kaohikaipu Island, reputed to be popular among fishermen.

As for Manana itself, there is a sign on the shore which says, "Bird Sanctuary. Landing on This Island Prohibited."

So we felt ourselves fortunate having an opportunity to visit this island that most people cannot visit.

One of our group even saw a rabbit, the four-footed devourer of vegetation which has given the island its popular name.

Harry Whitten

SAMOAN BIRDS

Pacific Scientific Information Center at Bishop Museum has issued a "Guide to the Birds of Samoa," by Myrtle J. Ashmole. 21 pp. mimeographed. It is labeled a "preliminary draft," and ornithologists are invited to offer suggestions and criticisms.

Data for it are from published accounts, bird skins at Bishop Museum, and some unpublished notes, and first hand knowledge.

MAHALO

President Mike Ord has asked that in this issue of The Elepaio the sincere thanks of the membership be given to Miss Margaret Newman for her editorial tasks in the preparation of this publication. It was with reluctance that the Board granted her request to be relieved of her duties in order to prepare for her leaving the Islands to make her home in California.

Mahalo and Aloha, Miss Newman.

ALOHA to our new members:

- Regular: Col. James F. Carney, 103 Beard Avenue, Hickam AFB, Hawaii
 Mrs. James F. Carney, ditto
 Mrs. Frank Freeman, 1922-A Alewa Drive, Honolulu, Hawaii
 Mrs. Mary Ellen Lindley, Box 577, Kahului, Maui - 96732
 Mrs. Josephine C. Vaughn, 2516 Valencia Avenue, San Bernardino,
 California - 92404
- Junior: William E. Carney, 103 Beard Avenue, Hickam AFB, Hawaii
 Dee Rhoden, 623-B Cedar Drive, Pearl City, Oahu - 96782

NOVEMBER ACTIVITIES:

- November 10 - Field trip to the Harold F. Lyon Arboretum, 3860 Manoa Road. Meet at the Library of Hawaii at 8:30 a.m. (PLEASE NOTE TIME) Miss Margaret Titcomb will lead the group. She asks that all persons planning to go on the trip meet at the Library, for parking facilities at the Arboretum are limited and we will need to take as few cars as possible. In the event that the weather proves inclement for birding in the designated place, the group will go to other areas.
- November 11 - Board meeting at the Auditorium of the Honolulu Aquarium at 7:30 p.m.
 Members are always welcome.
- November 18 - General meeting at the Auditorium of the Honolulu Aquarium at 7:30 p.m.
 Program for the night: Three films will be available for viewing. Each runs about 25 minutes and if time permits, each will be shown. The films are: Teton Trails
African Safari
Alaskan Big Game

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