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For the Better Protection
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ALAKA'I ADVENTURE*

By James R. Wolf**

Fred Kissell's suggestion to fly out to the Pacific for a vacation in September (1967) reminded me of recent articles in AUDUBON and NATIONAL PARKS. The stories and pictures of Kauai in the Hawaiian chain, as presented by Robert Wenkam, showed a country of magnificent splendor. We could hike in the canyons that course through the island and follow its shores. And for a bird-watcher such as I there was the special attraction of unusual avifauna.

Islands have always been my favorite vacation goals and very quickly we agreed to head for Kauai. Fred, a wiry world-traveler (and a Ph.D. chemist by profession) would take care of the transportation arrangements and food supplies while I would dig up details regarding Kauai itself.

A topographical map was quickly obtained from the U.S. Geological Survey. This was some help, but things really began to clear up when my friend Bernie Van Cleve loaned me his complete set of THE ELEPAIO, publication of the Hawaii Audubon Society, covering the past 25 years. Not only did this provide write-ups of numerous birding trips on Kauai, but it also led me to residents to whom I could write for further information.

The research led us to plan two principal activities during the week we would spend on Kauai. We would visit and hike along the rugged Na Pali coast on the north shore of the island, and we would hike into the Alaka'i Swamp. The Swamp is at an elevation of about 4000 feet and is among the rainiest places in the world. It is situated on a fairly flat plateau, and the poor drainage keeps the ground soggy.

The special attraction for me of the Alaka'i Swamp was the chance to find and add to my life list some of the rarest and most endangered species in the world, birds found nowhere else. I dreamt of viewing the rare Kauai 'o'o'a'a, a black stiff-tailed bird with two tufts of golden feathers which Hawaiian royalty had used for their ceremonial cloaks. Still more remote was the prospect of finding the nearly extinct 'akialoa and nuku-pu'u, curve-billed descendants of a common finch ancestor. Many of the native Hawaiian songbirds (including the somewhat more common Kauai creeper) had evolved from this original stock by developing bills adapted to the available food sources.

Kauai has been changed by man's activities in the past hundred years. Sugar and pineapples replace native vegetation in the lowlands. Goats, introduced by

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** The author, a lawyer by profession, is the president of the Society, and he has generously permitted this reprint. MAHALO NUI LOA.

white settlers, have become feral. Grazing has destroyed natural grass cover, which has been replaced by tangled thickets of exotic plants such as lantana and guava. The common birds of the island today were also brought in by man - the Indian mynah and the Japanese white-eye being perhaps the most obvious. Some, like the Brazilian cardinal, are hard to condemn - but all have affected the natural ecology.

An added misfortune of the comparatively recent past is the outbreak of a virulent form of avian malaria which, according to one theory, makes it impossible for the Hawaiian species to survive except in the high cool mountains.

Man's activities have thus confined many of the native birds to the twenty square miles of the Alaka'i Swamp. And even here they face competition from the enormously successful white-eye which seems to become more abundant each year.

The Swamp may be spared destruction if the State is determined that it be done. Unfortunately, as Robert Wenkam observes in his beautiful new Sierra Club volume on Kauai, conservation has fared very poorly in the political history of Hawaii. But most of the Swamp is now a part of an "Alaka'i Wilderness Preserve" and this designation may be a sign that better management will follow.

Arriving in Kauai on Labor Day week-end, Fred and I immediately made arrangements for our first outing, a three-day trip to the Na Pali coast. This spectacular area consists of the land plunging steeply from the plateau 3000 feet above into the sea. There are a few beaches; but more often the waves break on cliff faces. Sometimes the sea undercuts the cliff and carves out a cave where the dark white-capped noddies nest.

Over the eons since Kauai was formed, several streams have eroded narrow valleys out of this land. The walls of these valleys are incredibly steep and prevent any access except by air or sea.

We were headed for perhaps the most scenic of these ravines, Awaawapuhi. The helicopter flew us over the center of the island, and I took particular note of the Alaka'i Swamp when it was pointed out to me below. It was more heavily wooded with the 'ohi'a tree than I had anticipated and I thought it could be pretty hopeless to find one's way off the established trails.

Awaawapuhi is unequalled among the sights of nature which I have ever enjoyed. Its floor, only 50 yards wide or so, is covered with a fresh short grass waving in the cool breeze. On either side, the walls rise almost perpendicularly. Gullies run down these walls, leaving between them prominent knife-edged ridges which rise to the skyline. To the north is the ocean, but a sharp drop prevents us from going down to the rocky shore below. From the cliff's edge, Na Pali's mountains seem to arrange themselves in noble order for our view.

We pitched our tent up the valley a short way among the stone walls and terraces that mark a Hawaiian settlement predating the white-man's arrival. Walking along the small stream that threads through the valley, we ascended a little distance to a sparse grove of trees and then perhaps another half-mile's walk brought us to a small waterfall that stopped any further advance. Just above, we could see the walls close in to narrow the chasm to a mere few yards.

While Fred sauntered back down to the tent, I studied the graceful white-tailed tropicbirds (koa'e) which were soaring overhead near their cliff-side nests. Way up was a large dark bird lazily scanning the higher slopes on outspread wings. My Peterson's Guide was no assistance because what I had observed, as I later learned, was a golden eagle which had somehow flown to Kauai from places unknown earlier in the year. The golden eagle was not previously known in Hawaii and this single specimen is keenly sought, I should imagine, by the local birders.

On my walk back to the tent I flushed a pair of wandering tattlers which had been working our little stream. They would fly downstream some distance, only to be raised again on my new approach.

The next day we were picked up for the short hop to Kalalau Valley, our flight giving us a good view of another cleft in the mountains called Honopu. Kalalau is quite different from the others. Its stream flows through a wide basin a mile across, completely overgrown with lantana and other plants which reflect grazing abuses.

The glories of Kalalau are its beach (though its steep slope and probable undertow kept us from swimming) and the peculiar conical pinnacles that jut up hundreds of feet from the valley floor. We hiked to a little pool several hundred yards upstream and found its waters exhilarating.

But at Kalalau, which can be reached by trail, we lost our wilderness feeling with the crowd of humanity who were present (two marathon runners, one hippie, a hermit who is a permanent resident, and one medical student whose distinction was his normality).

Early the next morning we left our cave shelter to follow the trail to the road-end to Haena where we had left our rented car. The steep cliffs make it impossible to follow the shoreline, so the walk takes the hiker over a series of ridges and back down again countless times. The lantana blooms everywhere with its multi-colored orange, yellow, pink and violet florets. Guava are abundant in spots and perfume the air with a pungent aroma. We have time to rest occasionally and follow the flight of a frigatebird until it soars out of sight. A huge toad sits for his portrait on the rock at the side of the path.

The trail is about eleven miles long, with an open cabin at a stream crossing half way. We stopped for lunch and a swim there, with the scarlet American cardinal reminding us of home, before continuing on to reach Haena late in the afternoon.

After a day's relaxation, including a dip in the pool at the base of Wailua Falls' twin 300-foot columns, we headed towards Koke'e State Park, the jumping-off place for the Alaka'i Swamp. The road to the Park lines Waimea Canyon, a spectacular gorge - deep, wide, and colorful - that is the number one attraction for most Kauai visitors.

From Koke'e we were to follow the Camp Ten dirt road about seven miles to its end at the Mohihi River. We would leave the car here and hike about five hours to the headwaters of the Koaie Stream. Here there is a cabin maintained by the U.S. Geological Survey that is used in connection with rain gauge surveys. Although we wouldn't be able to use the cabin, it is the traditional center for birding in the Alaka'i Swamp. We would then have one full day to search for the elusive 'akialoa.

Fortune crossed us up. We were unsuccessful in trying to rent a 4-wheel drive vehicle and our Volkswagen was no match for the slippery surface which the rain had given the Camp Ten road. We had to turn back.

"The search for the 'akialoa must go on," I thought, but Fred was not enthusiastic. The only way now to arrange for a complete day for birding in the Swamp would be to fly in by helicopter. And so I made arrangements to do so the next morning. During the misty afternoon we drove out to the Kalalau Lookout where we could view our large valley from above and watch the red 'apapane flying about from tree to tree.

Friday morning I was awakened by the wild fowl that are abundant at Koke'e. Searching with my binoculars, I soon found the friendly wren-like 'elepaio and the 'i'iwi with its short curved red bill. After having breakfast at the Koke'e Lodge, we watched as the cheerful museum custodian attracted the two golden plover which always respond to her calls of "Plover Baby! Plover Baby!" Recently returned from their Alaskan breeding grounds, they were coming to her handouts of grain just as they had the year before.

I was to be picked up on the lawn in front of the Lodge and dropped at the Koaie Cabin for \$50.00. Fred would spend the day hiking in the State Park and on the following afternoon would meet me at the Camp Ten road-end. If the driving

surface was still slippery, I would have to walk out the extra seven miles.

From THE ELEPAIO I had concluded that the trail to the cabin was a good one, though I was mindful of advice received earlier by mail from Gerald Swedberg of the Hawaii Department of Land and Natural Resources: "I do not suggest," he wrote, "that you hike in any distance without a local person to guide you. It is too easy to become lost or injured."

The helicopter arrived at ten. I was ready, pack loaded with tent, sleeping bag, poncho, lots of food and the soprano recorder (and music) that usually accompany me on my hikes. Camera and binoculars were around my neck and Peterson's Guide and my ELEPAIO notes in my pockets. Also, traveler's checks.

I could have left the traveler's checks behind because the pilot wouldn't accept any payment from me. The clouds were so low that he wouldn't be able to locate the Koaie Cabin (with which he wasn't familiar anyway). Instead he offered to drop me not far away on the trail and I would be able to walk the short remaining distance.

Anxious to get into the Swamp, I accepted this proposition and in a few moments we turned north from the canyon of the Koaie River to the high plateau. Here we came upon an open patch of low vegetation, perhaps 150 by 300 feet, surrounded by thickets. "There's the trail below," he indicated and in a few seconds we were on the ground.

I took my pack and said good-bye. One of the two matronly tourist passengers who were aboard remarked to me that I must be very brave, but I didn't really think there was much to feel brave about.

"Foolish," not "brave," was the proper word, I soon learned. For as soon as the chopper disappeared and I reached the thicket at the edge of the clearing I discovered that this was a goat path and not the trail to the cabin at all. Finding the ground unstable and sinking in the mud to a knee didn't bother me much, but the prospect of getting lost did.

My compass was safe with Fred at Koke'e, but I did have the Geological Survey topographical map with me. Based on a 1910 survey, the map unfortunately fails to show the trail, though I had inked in its general location by reference to other sources. My real problem was that I didn't know exactly where I was and therefore I could only guess the direction of the real trail.

I was somewhere atop the ridge on the north side of the Koaie Canyon. I would try to work my way eastward along the ridge parallel to the river with the hope of coming across the trail or reaching the stream's headwaters where I could find the cabin. I estimated that the cabin was only a mile or two away.

The path ended in thickets at both ends of the clearing. I had no doubt it was an animal trail because trees and vines blocked my passage. Laboriously working my way through these I came after a short distance into another open space. And this pattern continued, alternating jungle and swampy terrain.

It was a discouraging prospect and the heavy cold rain made it still less pleasant. My poncho was inadequate and after an hour of this I was drenched to the skin.

The ground had been sloping gradually upward, but suddenly it started to drop off steeply, in dense forest. Out came the map. Perhaps the stream and cabin were just a short way down this slope. But if they were not, I would be in bad shape because retracing my steps up the hill, with heavy pack, would be tough going. Just as likely I had reached the Wainiha Pali, the divide between the Koaie and an entirely different drainage system to the east. The river at the bottom of that basin was thousands of feet below and it would be a nightmare trying to fight a way down there through the jungle.

It was about one in the afternoon and I decided to pitch the tent and wait for

the rain to stop before going on. Some low bushes at the edge of one of the swampy patches provided a relatively dry spot. Anchoring the tent in the soggy soil was a bit of a problem, but despite a brisk wind it managed to stay in place. The one misfortune was that during all the activity my glasses fell off, though I stumbled upon them later in the afternoon.

I put on my one dry change of clothes and crawled into the sleeping bag. My chocolate bar and sour balls were wet, but still tasted good enough. My activity for the afternoon was to play Handel's "Rodrigo Suite" endlessly on my recorder and this must surely be the highest-brow music aside from that of the birds ever to hit the Alaka'i Swamp.

Occasionally there would be a let-up in the rain, but it wasn't until late afternoon that the weather cleared. The radar tracking stations at Koke'e and near Kalalau Lookout made excellent directional guides, except that they weren't on the 1910 map. The best they could do would be to confirm generally my guess as to my location.

I abandoned the thought of getting down to the Koaie because of the possibility that I would end up in the eastern drainage. My choices were either to wait to be rescued by helicopter (for Fred knew I was expected back the next day) or to try to work my way back to Koke'e. The obvious way to do this was to follow the Mohihi River downstream about four or five miles until I came to the Camp Ten road-end. The map showed this to be a gentle valley. This, then, would be my plan for Saturday and after a supper of peanut butter sandwiches, dried cherries and cookies I turned in.

The night was windy and rain continued to fall intermittently, so it was not the best for sleeping. Nevertheless, by seven the next morning I had broken camp and was off. The 'o'o'a'a, 'akialoa, and nuku-pu'u would have to wait for another year - getting back to civilization was the order of the day, but luckily it was not raining.

I headed for the water which seemed to me the likely origin of the Mohihi. As I approached, I suddenly sank into a mire up to my hips and had to remove my pack before being able to extricate myself. It was standing water, not a stream at all.

Continuing in the same northwesterly direction I soon came to thickets on a fairly steep slope. This would lead me to the Mohihi and indeed after dropping about 25 feet I came to a tiny gurgling brook. It was so narrow that branches, vines, and sometimes even roots would cross it. Over or under these obstacles, I stayed with the stream as it followed its rapid descent.

Coming to a 25-foot waterfall gave me quite a shock; this was a nasty barrier, but I had to get down it because the steep grades on both sides of the ravine barred me from going up them.

Actually the fall was broken about half way by a narrow ledge. Using the nylon tent line, I lowered my pack to the ledge and carefully chimneyed my way down to it. After lowering the pack the remaining distance, I passed the rope around a chockstone and descended using it for a handline. A fast descent it was, but the chockstone held, somewhat to my surprise and much to my satisfaction.

Now the stream changed character. The falls and cascades were past, and from here on there would be only a modest gradient. I made good progress rock-hopping or wading through the sword-grass. The water being only knee-deep, it was sometimes best just to walk in the bed. Gradually, however, the pools deepened with the added flow of several tributaries.

A thoughtful inspection of the map indicated that I had probably come about two miles or so. It was now 10:30 and the remaining two or three miles to the Camp Ten road shouldn't take long. Of the total 500-foot vertical drop, at least 300 feet

was behind me. I looked forward to meeting Fred around 3:00 as we had planned; with the clear skies he should be able to drive on the dirt road.

I started counting paces to keep track of my progress. Short steps didn't count; every thousand recorded would be about a thousand yards. The tens and hundreds came quickly, then 1000, 2000, 3000, 4000. There was no sign of the road yet and, more surprising, the river valley continued along its quite narrow trench instead of the wide plain shown on the map.

By now the water had deepened considerably. Often it would form pools that were hip- or waist-deep. Stretching from one bank to the other, there was no choice but to go through them. This was pleasant enough where the stream had a hard bottom. More often the pools were catch-basins for rotting wood and vegetation. Only by grasping at plants on the bank could I prevent myself from sinking in the ooze or having to swim.

About two in the afternoon the right bank became somewhat less vertical and I decided to climb up it and continue cross-country to the road. The climb up was strenuous and it would be dangerous to try to keep my balance with my pack on. This led to a series of frustrations as I struggled upward. Getting a secure position I hauled the pack behind me, only to see the nylon cord break half-way. I had to go down and begin all over again. And even when I got the pack up, my can of salmon had rolled out and down I went to retrieve it.

The irony was that the ridge-top was covered by an impenetrable growth of trees and shoulder-high ferns far denser than the thickets in the Swamp. Each step I was likely to fall in some hole or stumble on some root hidden from view by the ferns. Just getting up again with the thirty pounds on my back required a lot of effort. Clearly, the only way out was by the river and I would have to get down to it again-- which I did, mostly on the seat of my pants, on a rather steep grade.

There were several pleasant moments. I remember savoring lemonade mixed with the clear water of a side-stream, my first nourishment since breakfast (lunch would wait until I reached the parking area, which must be only a little further on).

Though I had abandoned my birding plans, one of the highlights of the day was flushing the mallard-like Hawaiian duck. He was hardly ten feet away from me when he took off, and about a quarter mile downstream I again flushed him and his mate. A single night heron on the bank also flew off on my approach. The small black and white pig which darted into the brush, shocked at my intrusion, seemed the most out of place.

5000 - 6000 - 7000 paces. Four miles since I had started counting. Had I missed the road altogether? No, because the gorge had never flattened out. It must have been after three in the afternoon and I was getting tired. I couldn't keep up a one-mile-per-hour speed, but surely there wasn't much further to go. There was no choice anyway because the canopy would make it just about impossible to spot me from the air if ever a helicopter search were to be undertaken.

But after counting out nearly five miles, there was a sudden change; a trail that seemed to have been used by people, fishermen or hunters probably, and then the remains of a Hershey bar wrapper. Never did a litter bit count for so much to me, for now there would be an easy stroll to the road.

The trail does tricks, frequently crossing the stream and sometimes making a wide detour to avoid a meander or sheer bank. An open path is a special blessing because the river itself is lined with thickets of blackberry, an introduced botanical scourge which has been spreading uncontrollably in the area for the past 25 years. My arms were bare and showed hundreds of cuts opened by the sharp thorns.

The path disappeared several times and I was then left to continue down the river itself or through the brambles. The pools were now six feet deep, so this meant getting entirely wet - pack, camera, binoculars and all - when they could not be avoided.

Trying to walk on the edge, I stumbled and fell into the water. After getting up and taking a couple of steps, I realized my glasses had fallen off. They were some place in the stream or the bushes, but they couldn't be found.

Now the sun was starting to go down and the river was in shadow. My watch, which had long since stopped, was no help, but it must have been approaching six. It was all very confusing, for I had paced off at least six miles in addition to the couple in the morning before I started counting. The soggy map showed the westward course of the Mohihi clearly and there were no zig-zags indicated which would account for the length of my walk. Though some twists and turns took me north, south, and occasionally even east, my general direction had been westward as I knew from keeping an eye out to the sun.

Worried about becoming benighted, I decided to leave the stream and find some place where I might camp in an emergency. The blackberries made every step up a bloody one. Stumbling on, not more than 15 feet above the stream bed, I found myself back on the trail, which I had lost at least half an hour before. The path was clean and wide and in a little way it crossed a tributary on a bridge of three logs. Another 200 yards along, it divided and the left fork brought me to an excellent camp site - cleared ground under a tree canopy.

Wearily putting the pack down, I set out to put up the tent. It would be a most uncomfortable night, for everything I had was drenched except some campers' food which was hopefully waterproof. A night without dry clothes at 50 or 55 degrees was not a happy prospect.

Plans changed quickly when I found that my sleeping bag, which might have been protected by its rubberized cover, had slipped off the pack during the afternoon. It was brand new and had served me a total of three nights - expensive lodging indeed.

I would return if I had to, but first I would see where the other fork of the trail would lead. And, in only a hundred yards, it led to a concrete dam, and across the dam was a road!

Sunset would be at 7 p.m., only fifteen minutes away. But now I should be able to find a bed to sleep in. I followed the road to the right to look at a small sign. It said: "Waiakoale Stream" - it wasn't the Mohihi at all.

Referring to the map I found that Koke'e was about five miles away. Where would Fred be - waiting for me two miles to the south at the roadend on the Mohihi, or back at Koke'e? I couldn't know, and headed along the road toward the State Park.

The terrain consists of a series of parallel ridges and valleys which would require hiking up 500-foot hills three times. The pack was even heavier than before because everything was water-logged. And not only was I without glasses, but my flashlight had also disappeared and become lost.

The walk to Kawaikoi Stream was still in twilight, but then it became quite black. A stop to dig out heaping fingerfuls of peanut butter and to munch on the pressed bacon bar I had been hoarding, and then up the high divide over to Kauaikinana Stream. Near the saddle is a lovely grove of introduced trees planted, I believe by the CCC, during the 1930's. Near here is the boundary between state forest and Koke'e Park.

Stumbling down the other side of the mountain, a single bright light sparkled below me. It was a resort bungalow and someone was home.

Appearing at the door in a bedraggled condition, I still got a sympathetic welcome. "I'm half dead and would like to get dry," I said, and the door opened. "Come in and don't worry about taking your boots off."

The oven was hot and in a jiffy I had dried off. Rice and beans were still warm on the stove and I started on them while waiting for the Spam to be heated up. Spam is no favorite of mine, but this night it was as good as filet.

We talked about the Alaka'i Swamp and the tales of people getting lost for days in its midst. "It's a feather in your cap" to have found your way out, the man declared, and I was proud to have the accolade. As we sat about munching chocolate and drinking coffee, my hosts were tidying up to return to the lowlands themselves - another half-hour and I would have missed them. They would be happy to give me a lift to Koke'e.

Just then some headlights passed by the windows and suddenly stopped. It was Fred who had been patiently waiting for me for hours at the end of the road. When night had fallen, he figured I was camping a second night and was heading back to

our rented cabin.

After swapping adventures over more hot coffee, we were off for the few miles to Koke'e and a shower and bed. Fred accepted the thankless task of emptying my pack and hanging things out to dry. My Limmer boots had done a magnificent job, though I had had to knot the waterlogged laces frequently during the hike. My traveler's checks were still in good shape, though the signatures had faded. My prescription sunglasses would take the place of the missing spectacles.

The biggest loss was the camera, less than a year old and the new sleeping bag. My Kelty pack frame suffered a beating and was skewed by three inches; one rib broke, but the basic structure survived the pack's several tumbles. My binoculars and watch were unusable, but both could be repaired without major expense. At the moment, though, I was grateful for a warm bed and roof and this was worth the monetary cost and the irritation of the blackberry scratches.

Someday I shall return to Kauai to look once again for the 'akialoa. My path will be along the proper trail to the Koaie cabin and I will not, I hope, become lost. My personal experience in the wilderness comforts me with the thought that large stretches of hostile country will continue to defy man's intentional interferences. Whether Kauai's native birds can survive until my return the subtle ecological changes that are taking place is less certain. The search for the colorful endangered species can be an exciting adventure and the world which cannot offer such adventure will be so much the poorer.

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Selected References on the Alaka'i Swamp

(All references are to THE ELEPAIO, with volume and page number)

- 2:52 'I'iwi, 'akikiki (creeper), kama'o (Kauai thrush), 'akepa, 'amakihi, 'o'o'a'a, 'akialoa, puaiohi (smaller Kauai thrush).
- 23:1 Ord, Apr. 'I'iwi, kama'o, 'amakihi, 'akikiki, 'akepa.
- 22:2 King, Mar. 'Akepa, 'akikiki, nuku-pu'u, puaiohi, 'amakihi.
- 22:51 Bowles, Sep. 'Amakihi, 'i'iwi, 'akepa, 'akikiki, 'o'o'a'a, kama'o.
- 24:22 Ord, Sep. Kama'o, puaiohi, 'o'o'a'a, 'akikiki, 'akepa, 'o'u, 'i'iwi.
- 24:48 Feb. 'Akikiki, 'i'iwi, 'amakihi, 'o'u, kama'o, puaiohi, 'akepa.
- 26:29 Donaghho, Aug. 'Akikiki, 'o'u, 'amakihi, 'i'iwi, kama'o, puaiohi, 'o'o'a'a, nuku-pu'u. A particularly detailed account.
- 26:106 'I'iwi, nuku-pu'u, 'akialoa described. Not a trip account.
- 27:41 Sep. 'Akikiki, 'amakihi, 'akepa, kama'o, puaiohi.
- 27:43 Sep. 'O'o'a'a (heard), 'amakihi, 'akikiki, 'i'iwi.

'Apapane, 'anianiau, 'elepao omitted.

Excerpts from the minutes of the general meeting of the Hawaii Audubon Society, October 21, 1968: ...

On October 21st we were fortunate enough to see some very beautiful pictures of seabirds of Oahu, taken by T. Rex Elliott seven or eight years ago. He seems not to have missed any opportunity to take wonderfully intimate pictures of rare and common shore birds. Some fine pictures of the stilt at Kaelepulu pond as it used to be showed them on their nests a few inches away! These were taken with a blind set up many days previous to picture taking, so as to break down alarm for the birds. Pictures of other good habitats for shore birds were made on the scene too, such as Manana and Mokulua. The tern pictures were so numerous and so excellent that anyone could have felt he knew the birds well, even if he had never seen them before. So many shore birds are endangered now that it is especially fortunate that so many good pictures exist.

The Kaelepulu pond pictures were taken with the help of William V. Ward, now a New Zealander, our former member and specialist on bird song. He probably "took" the songs on these excursions.

We feel greatly indebted to Mr. Elliott for sharing these pictures with us and coming from Ewa to do it....

Wayne Gagne, entomologist at the Bishop Museum, showed a slide of an immature 'Elepaio taken in the Alaka'i Swamp a few weeks ago.

Margaret Nott, Acting Secretary

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November 18, 1968: ... Charles Kaigler, Field Trip Chairman, gave a report on the field trip of November 10 for shore birds. Highlights of the trip were 1 Osprey seen from Hickam Air Force Base, 1 Black brant and 1 Bristle-thighed curlew at Kahuku. He added a note about Hanauma Bay, saying that he had noticed and appreciated an increase in the marine life there after one year's protection....

The speaker, Mrs. Anne Powlison told us about her work with the schools, sponsored previously by the Hui Manu Society. She has a varied program which she presents to all age levels in the local schools on birds. For her work she receives \$10 a program and will be available after Christmas to anyone who would like to sponsor her talks....

NEWS OF THE FRANK RICHARDSONS:

"...In July Tug and Dorothy started their 20 year dream--to live in the Wilderness for his sabbatical year. They are in the far north of Vancouver Island in a cabin (12'x15') they built...It is 8 miles from anyone and they are joyously happy. They are on Grant Bay with many inlets. By boat and feet they go to Winter Harbor for mail and supplies - but mostly they live on sea food and wild things. If all goes well they are coming out for Christmas..."

ALOHA to new members:

Life - Frances Campbell DeGear, 2695 Greenwich St, San Francisco, Calif. 94123.

Regular - John W. Brown, Scottsville, New York 14546.

Larry Brown, Box 38, Pomeroy, Wash. 99347.

Paul F. Covell, 2860 Delaware St, Oakland, Calif. 94602.

To the outgoing officers: Thank you for your generous contributions and work well done.

To the incoming officers: Thank you for accepting the responsibilities to continue the good work.

To both: MAHALO NUI LOA AND ALOHA.

HAWAII'S BIRDS, a field guide, available for \$2.00. Send in your orders to: Book Order Committee, Hawaii Audubon Society, P.O. Box 5032, Honolulu, Hawaii 96814.

JANUARY ACTIVITIES:

January 12 - Field trip to study shore birds. Bring lunch, water, and if possible your car. Transportation cost (\$1.00) to be paid to the drivers. Meet at the Library of Hawaii at 8:00 a.m.

Leader: Dr. Robert L. Pyle, telephone 262-5379.

January 13 - Board meeting at Bishop Museum at 7:30 p.m. Members welcome.

January 20 - General meeting at the Waikiki Aquarium Auditorium at 7:30 p.m.

Program for the night: Tape recordings of New Hebridean bird calls and songs by Dr. Gary J. Parker.

HAWAII AUDUBON SOCIETY EXECUTIVE BOARD:

President: Miss Margaret Titcomb

Vice Presidents: Charles G. Kaigler

Jack L. Throp

Secretary: Mrs. Robert L. Pyle

Treasurer: Bill Prange

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