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DISCOVERY OF TAPEWORM PARASITES IN THREE GENERA OF HAWAIIAN
HONEY SUCKERS
By Paul H. Baldwin

While examining a small series of birds collected on the Island of Hawaii during the month of October, I found tapeworms in four specimens. Three genera of birds were represented: Chlorodrepanis, Himatione, and Vestiaria.

One specimen of C. virens (amakihi) had a tapeworm approximately one and one-half inches long in the first part of the small intestine. Two specimens of H. sanguinea (apapane) and one of V. coccinea (iiwi) each had one tapeworm.

The tapeworms were slender, flattened and white. Hundreds of proglottids formed segmented chains from one to one and one-half inches in length. I could not detect hooks on the minute scolices, but there seemed to be sucker-like structures present when the parasites were viewed with a low power dissecting microscope.

The intestines of the birds did not show any obvious pathology, and all the birds were vigorous and in good condition. It will be interesting to learn whether all of the tapeworms found represent a single species or whether they belong to more than one species - perhaps a different species for each drepanid host. It is possible to identify them. So far as I know cestode parasites have not previously been recorded from the Drepanidae.

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NATURE IN KAPIOLANI PARK
By George C. Munro

For the last year my early morning walk has taken me through the Kapiolani Park and back. There is much there that is interesting, but the action of the wild birds has become so fascinating that I would like to share it with the readers of the "Elepaio." So I will try to furnish your journal with a few monthly notes under the above heading. As the caption indicates I shall not confine myself to birds but will touch on anything interesting in nature encountered when taking my exercise.

Wild birds under observation so far are: mynahs, ricebirds, bar-winged doves, sparrows, Pacific golden plover, Brazilian cardinals, Chinese doves, one Kentucky cardinal, in numbers as listed. Maybe there are some other small birds not yet identified.

During the month of October the principal interest has been in the work of the mynahs and other birds on a looper caterpillar. This caterpillar has been feeding on the leaves of the opiuma and Christmas berry trees, stripping them to the midribs. They seem to seek the ground about daybreak for shelter. As soon as it is light the birds gather at the foot of the tree, on its stems and on the ground as far as the branches reach over it. They deliberately watch, mynah bird fashion, occasionally running to pick up something or jumping into the air as if to catch a dropping caterpillar. The value of the service given by these birds cannot be estimated.

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BIRDING IN JAPAN

(Excerpted from a letter from Chester Fennell)

...Mt. Fuji was the first important episode - my hike up into the Japanese Alps, the second. Left Ueno railroad station at 11 o'clock Sunday evening, June 27th and arrived in the town of Nagano some 130 miles to the west at 5:30 the following morning. Learning that the next train for Matsumoto, my goal by train and gateway into the alpine country, wouldn't leave till 10:40 a.m. I set out in search of a GI installation of some sort where I might be able to scrounge a cup of coffee and perhaps even some eggs and bacon and thus save the few K rations I had brought with me for sustenance on the trail. Unluckily, I wandered into a CIC headquarters and gained their hearty ill will right at the start by waking them up at the ungodly hour of 7:00 a.m. Apparently, units located this far from the nerve center of Tokyo just weren't in the habit of rising till at least 8:00 a.m. My error and I hastily apologized and started to clear out. But it wasn't to be that easy. Now that I was here and had so rudely awakened them, what was my business anyway? Just where were my travel orders? What was I doing wandering around this prefecture alone? Mountains? Birds? Hiking? Horrors! The man must be "teched". Let's see your ID card! Where were you born? When? Why? Well, come in and get something to eat while we rout the Provost Marshal out of bed and see what he thinks. You know this is all very unusual and just doesn't fit into the daily routine at all. We have to send you right back to Tokyo. Imagine a person coming clear from Korea just to hike around in these here hills. Tsk, tsk, etc., etc. I was on the very verge of believing myself the most impossible, inhuman criminal that ever stumbled into a spider's web and was about to beg deeply their forgiveness and tell them I really didn't mean a word of it and to please forget the whole affair when I remembered that I, too, was an American, a tax-paying citizen and that the one thing in the world I wanted to do most at the moment was to get up into those snow-capped peaks and away from all my charming, considerate, occupation co-workers. It was then that I saw red and literally blew my stack. I don't clearly recall any more just what I said or how I said it, but the results were quite in the positive vein. I received two large helpings of bacon and eggs, four slices of toast and at least three cups of coffee. The Provost Marshal soon called back and said it was perfectly all right to proceed on my planned itinerary. Still fuming and sputtering (now, mostly for the sake of effect), I grudgingly expressed my humble gratitude for their "kind help and hospitality" and took my departure, kicking myself in the posterior all the way back to the station for ever allowing my stomach to dictate to my common sense. Will I ever, ever learn to steer clear of certain inane situations (particularly of a military nature)?

The train, crowded to the gills as only Japanese and Korean trains can pack them in, left promptly at 10:40 and at 1:00 p.m. I was in Matsumoto. Much to my utter surprise, I was met by an English speaking Japanese from the station, ushered into the RTO office, given a map with a three-day hiking route all outlined labelled in English and Japanese, informed that the weather report indicated cloudy conditions but no rain during that period and that my train for Azume-Aiwake would arrive in three minutes. I was simply flabbergasted and foolishly stood grunting, "Oh! Oh!" till a whistle blew and I was rushed across the tracks into another puffing conveyance. "Have a nice time and see you on the way back!", were the last words I heard as the doors slammed shut and the car started into motion. It was too much after the rebuff I had received at Nagano and I hardly dared breathe for fear of awaking from some wonderful dream.

Fifty minutes later the conductor turned to me and said, "Azume-Aiwake. Your stop." Out I piled, pack askew and desperately clutching my little pencil-drawn map. Nakabusa was the next place indicated, a fifteen mile hike west into the mountains. A Japanese boy standing nearby pointed the way and I was finally on the hoof.

It was a dirt road which at first led through flooded rice paddies all a beautiful fresh, light green from the newly transplanted rice plants, across a wooden bridge and a rocky, turbulent stream flowing fresh from the mountains ahead, through occasional small groups of thatched houses and outbuildings and finally rising gradually to meet the wooded foothills. It entered a gorge from which rushed the white, churning water of a goodly sized mountain stream and for the rest of the fifteen miles it clung to either one or the other side of this canyon or slithered along the rocky, tortuous floor. The grade was very gradual and I hardly realized that I was gaining elevation till an opening in the verdure overhead permitted me to look back and view the valley where I had left the train some three hours before. The gorge was filled with the ever-present roar of the stream below and occasionally the calls of birds could be heard above the rumbling. The sweet, clearly whistled "uguisu" of the bush warbler was the only call that I was able to identify.

At about five o'clock I overtook two Japanese students from the University of Tokyo who had left the train at Ariake and were also bound for Nakabusa and the peaks above. I was exceedingly glad to meet someone with common purposes and interests and who knew something about the surrounding district such as trails, peaks, etc. Their English was very limited and my Japanese knowledge absolutely nil, but we managed to convey to each other certain fundamental ideas and progressed beautifully in our companionships. I'm thoroughly convinced now that such companions are the perfect ones for hiking and mountain climbing associates. One doesn't wear himself out jabbering all the time. Any really necessary, important communications can always be expressed by signs and the rest of the time you are free to indulge in silent soliloquy and restful meditation. A smile or a nod is all that is needed to express a mutual happiness anyway. Dissatisfaction is more difficult to show so you rarely trouble to express it. It all works out to the best advantage.

TO BE CONTINUED

FIELD NOTE:

BIRD WALK: The bird walk for October 10th was planned for Kalena, Waianae Range. This always means a day to look forward to and then to remember until the next time. The trail is beautiful, offering a wide variety of interest in its bird and plant life.

Twenty two of us gathered at the Library of Hawaii, where Unoyo Kojima distributed us into six cars and we were on our way shortly after 8:30 a.m.

One car stopped at the "pond" on the way to Schofield and reported seeing plover, turnstone, night heron and sanderling.

After leaving the cars, we stayed together long enough to struggle up the steep slope, but once we reached the top, we scattered and took up "squatters' rights" all along the ridge. One small group went on to the far top of the ridge. Reports from them showed they had been more successful in numbers of birds seen but not in variety of birds identified.

The elepaio and white-eyes seemed the most common at first. We could see and hear them all around us. Some of us watched a young elepaio for several minutes while it moved in and out of the branches, within almost touching distance.

Several reported hearing hill robin (*liothrix lutea*) but no one caught a glimpse of it.

When we pooled our "bird count", all five of the native birds had been seen by some of the group. Several members saw apapane. Grenville Hatch reported hearing one sing with such harsh notes it sounded more like iiwi. We usually associate a "flutey" musical song with the apapane.

The iiwi, on the other hand, surprised us by having an almost musical quality in its song. On one occasion an iiwi was seen at very close range, its song, beak, black wings and tail easily identified. Someone remarked when we first heard it, "I can almost imagine it sitting on a limb with its legs crossed blowing a little tin whistle"; and it "blew its whistle" several times later in the day, but we didn't see it again. At least one more was seen farther up the trail.

The amakihi was observed and heard several times.

Several of us saw the Oahu Creeper (alauwi) briefly, but only Mr. Porter saw it well enough to be definitely sure of its identification.

We returned to the cars about 1:30, thankful for the coffee, cookies, and water that Grenville and Blanche had been so thoughtful as to bring.

The trip was lovely and we'll remember it until the next time a bird walk is planned for Kalena.

The following list is the count of one member, Grenville Hatch:

Stilt.....16	Tattler..... 2	Apapane..... 2
Plover.....12		Creeper..... 1
Turnstone..... 6	White-eye.....25	Iiwi..... 1
Night heron... 2	Elepaio.....13	Ricebird..... 1
Sanderling.... 2	Amakihi..... 3	

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Evelyn Johnson

REPLACEMENT: Because of technical difficulties in the printing of the November Elepaio, we are enclosing with this number a new front page to replace the ones originally issued. This will be page 23, Volume 9, Number 5, November 1948.

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THE SNARES: Members who heard Mrs. Robert Cushman Murphy tell about their trip to the Snares when Dr. and Mrs. Murphy were in Honolulu last spring will be particularly interested in her article "A Naturalist's Wife in the Sub-Arctic," the first installment of which appears in the Natural History Magazine, LVII:344-349, October 1948. Her experiences are related in much more detail, but in the same delightful manner of her informal talk.

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FALL MIGRATION?: *Liothrix lutea*, the Japanese hill robin, has made his annual descent from the hills. *Liothrix* have been reported, during the first and second weeks of November, in Nuuanu, Manoa, Punchbowl, Wilhelmina Rise, and even in Waikiki.

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CHRISTMAS BIRD COUNT: The date for the Christmas count has been set for our group as December 26th. Mrs. Ruth Porter is in charge. Will each one who would like to participate, either at home or abroad, or by providing transportation, please call Mrs. Porter at 92340 in the evening. If you have gone before, you will need no urging!

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DECEMBER ACTIVITIES:

BIRD WALK: December 12th, to Aiea Loop. Meet at the Library of Hawaii at 8:30

MEETING: December 20th, at Library of Hawaii Auditorium, at 7:30 p.m. This will be a business meeting only, followed by plans for the annual Christmas count.

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DUES: Regular - \$2.00 per annum Junior (18 years and under) - \$1.00 per annum
Life - \$50.00