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CBC NEWSLETTER

for members of the Carolina Bird Club, Inc., ornithological society of the Carolinas

Volume 41

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Number 4

Witness the Mysteries of Migration

Imagine yourself waking early on a September morning. There has been a rain storm the night before but it is beginning to clear. And although the trees are still green there is a restlessness in the air. That restlessness is calling to you, beckoning to you, changing you until you stretch out your arms and discover they are really wings. You begin to soar effortlessly through the air. Deep inside you feel the need to leave the only place you have known as home and look for a new territory, an environment you have never seen before. The trip will be arduous but if you are successful you will be able to return again to raise young of your own next year.

That is a lot to imagine but even if you are a neophyte birder you must have tried this exercise a time or two as you have watched migrating birds in the fall. And that is exactly what we will be doing, watching and imagining, at the Fall CBC meeting, September 22-24 near Elkin, NC. Situated at the foot of the Blue Ridge escarpment, in what I call the upper Piedmont, the area is an excellent place to experience the fall migration. If the weather gods smile on us we should encounter a parade of passerines tiptoeing through the trees, a river of raptors flowing overhead (Broad Wings should be at their peak), and perhaps a few shorebirds dancing along the shores of the ponds and streams.

Like our spring weekend in Greenwood, SC, this area is new to many of us and should be well worth the exploration.



A kettle of Broad-winged Hawks

Field trips will cover a wide variety of habitats in the piedmont, along the escarpment and up into the Appalachian highlands. Most trips will include plenty of time for hawk watching. See the field trip sheet for details.

Since many of the birds we will be seeing this weekend will be on their way to the southern hemisphere, it would seem prudent to learn something about where they are going and what they will encounter there. While working for the Peregrine Fund, Dr. Rob Bierregaard, adjunct professor of biology at UNC-Charlotte, has been doing raptor research in Brazil for eight years. Friday night he will share with us what he has discovered about both endemic raptor species as well as what "our" birds are up to during their winter vacation.

Then Saturday night a presentation by the Carolina Raptor Center will allow you to get acquainted with some very special birds up close and personal. You will have

an opportunity to learn more about the natural history of our local raptors as well as hear about the work of the Center. From personal experience I know you won't want to miss this presentation.

Now that we have covered the who, what and when, its time to get back to the where in more detail. The weekend's activities will be headquartered at the Holiday Inn in Jonesville/Elkin (910-835-6000). It is located at Exit 82 off I-77. Rooms are \$45.00 per night plus tax. When you make reservations mention

you are with the Carolina Bird Club to get the reduced rate. To guarantee getting this rate make your reservation by **AUGUST 31, 1995!** Remember the end of September is the beginning of the fall leaf viewing time for this area. Rooms will fill up quickly. Judy Walker

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A Serendipitous Warbler

by Clyde Smith

A funny thing happened on my way to see a Kirtland's Warbler in Michigan--I saw one at Point Pelee in Canada!

I plan our vacations very carefully, keeping an eye open for birding opportunities. So as *National Geographic Traveler* articles on Ontario's Niagara region and Michigan's Upper Peninsula evolved into a late spring three-week trip, a plan for the perfect beginning and ending took shape. We would start with a visit to Point Pelee, Ontario for the last of spring migration and end with a Forest Service led Kirtland's Warbler field trip in Mio, Michigan.

A previous commitment prevented our leaving until May 19, so when I joined Karl Konze and the Friends of Point Pelee field trip at 7:00 a.m. May 21 the word was "you should have been here the 10th." Apparently weather conditions were just right to stack up the largest number of birds seen in several years at the Point on that morning. (Aggie Tiessen, with whom we were staying at the Home Suite Home Bed & Breakfast, had a different explanation when I mentioned it the next morning at breakfast. She had two 75 year old missionary ladies staying with her that week, and after a disappointing day at the Point on the 9th one of them prayed for good birding the next day. Her prayers were answered!) Our group on May 21 had good birding with abundant Eastern Kingbirds and Baltimore Orioles. A Mourning Warbler was spotted near the tip along with a beautiful Bay-breasted Warbler. We were working our way back toward the tram station around 9:30 a.m. when a Gray Catbird and a Blackpoll Warbler caught our attention. As we bunched up trying to get a good look at the Blackpoll, a young lady hurried up and excitedly told Karl that a Kirtland's Warbler had been sighted. Karl asked us if we wanted to try to find it and almost got trampled for his trouble. Amazingly, all we had to do was follow the crowd and soon we were noting the faint black

streaks on the yellow sides and occasional tail wag of a first-year female Kirtland's Warbler. We followed its progress north and were able to see an eye ring along with the other field marks as birders from as far away as Toronto joined us. According to an account in the May 27 *Toronto Globe and Mail* the bird had been discovered near the tip of Point Pelee at 6:40 a.m. and was the first Kirtland's Warbler seen since an immature male was spotted two springs ago.

My feelings afterward were a little hard to explain. I was elated at such a serendipitous sighting of a rare life bird, but although it seems strange, I was a little bit disappointed, too. The bird had foiled my plans for the perfect ending of our trip. I never did like to color outside the lines.

The remainder of our trip went pretty much as planned, Niagara Falls, the Shaw Festival, Toronto, Soo locks, Whitefish Point, Pictured Rocks, Seney NWR, Mackinac Island and finally Oscoda County, Kirtland's Warbler Capital of Michigan. Kirtland's Warbler tours are offered by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service from the Holiday Inn in Grayling, MI, and by the U.S. Forest Service from their District office at Mio, MI. I had chosen Mio as our headquarters with Grayling held in reserve if the Forest Service didn't deliver. On Saturdays, tours are offered at 7:30 a.m. and 11:00 a.m., and I was the first to arrive for the 7:30 a.m. tour Saturday, June 4.

First we saw a video about the efforts to save the Kirtland's Warbler, one of the first birds to be placed on the endangered species list. We learned that the bird is very particular about where it chooses to nest. It nests only in the northern Lower Peninsula of Michigan on the ground in young jack pine forests growing on a special type of sandy soil called Graying Sands. They favor 200 acre + forests which are between 8 and 22 years old with trees 5 to 16 feet tall. Although the

cutting and burning of the settlers created the favorable young forests, the creation of large open spaces favored the spread of the Brown-headed Cowbird from the grassy plains of the west. With the introduction of more recent fire suppression policies appropriate habitat disappeared and predation by cowbirds increased leading to the drastic decline of the Kirtland's Warbler. There were 500 nesting pairs when the first count was held in 1951, and the number fell to a low of 170 nesting pairs in 1987.

Control of the Brown-headed Cowbird by trapping began in 1972, and controlled burning was used to replace the natural fires which once created favorable habitat. There was no marked improvement, however, until a controlled burn in the Mack Lake area got out of control in 1980 destroying thousands of acres. Natural regeneration of the jack pine forest in this area led to a dramatic increase in the nesting population beginning from the low point in 1987. The count rose to 633 nesting pairs in 1994 and an even larger number is expected in 1995. The Mack Lake burn brought about a change in Forest Service policy as fewer controlled burns are used now and larger areas are cleared. Trees are now cut and chipped on site in a 50 year cycle and the forests replanted in a pattern to create the proper spacing and periodic openings which allow the dense growth of grasses and the lower branches of the trees. The revenue from sale of the trees is equal to about half the cost of the management program.

As our rather large 7:30 a.m. group moved out to the Mack Lake site we immediately heard a Kirtland's Warbler singing, but we had to move to another bird our leader, Phil Huber, District Biologist, had staked out. He very accommodatingly occupied a high perch and sang for us in plain view, but steadfastly kept his back turned toward us.

Backyard Birding

with Frances J. Nelson

from the city. We saw Scissor-tailed Flycatchers in Oklahoma and Arkansas as far east as the western outskirts of Little Rock. The scissor-tails were only in western Arkansas when we lived in Little Rock. May the birds are pushing eastward and eventually we will see them here.

Because of our trip, we missed most of the June rain in our area, but we saw the benefits. The grass was about two feet high, but the goldfinches, Indigo Buntings and cardinals added splashes of color. Someone took care of the feeders while we were gone, so the birds fared well. When we left, we had one Ruby-throated Hummingbird; on our return June 26, we had four.

On June 27, seven Great Blue Herons flew over the pond just above the trees. That's a first for us. We have seen them in groups before but always standing in water or roosting in trees. Does anyone know of a rookery nearby? After we returned to the house, I was sitting on the sofa and saw a Black and White Warbler walk headfirst down a tree just two feet from the deck. We saw the bird for the next three or four days. I always thought that they just passed through here--guess I was wrong again.

Since we were gone for so long, our backyard birding is rather sparse--thank goodness, I received letters from other birders. The first came from Jean McCoy, Greensboro, NC. She had a tale about Carolina Wrens for whom she put up a flower pot for them to nest in. They have watched the wrens for the past few years, seeing the babies tumble from the nest while their parents called from the nearby woods. But this year was different. She noticed the adults had stopped coming to the nest with food, but she didn't hear the adults calling. She could hear the babies calling and could see heads at the rim of the pot. Then five babies came tumbling out. Evidently the young birds could hear the adults. One appeared a little larger and appointed himself leader. He went to the edge of the deck with the

others following. They went over the edge, made a turn to the right and off through the ground cover, across a shallow drainage ditch, down a fairly steep slope, and into the trees at last." The McCoy's think it is strange that they couldn't hear the adults and "that the adults would call the babies--if they did--into a different part of the woods and on a longer and more difficult trip." Maybe the time had come for the babies to leave the nest and some danger was lurking near where the adults usually called from. Or perhaps, they wanted to do things differently this year.

Another letter came from Ruth Barbour, Beaufort, NC, who watched a male Rufous-sided Towhee admire himself in the mirror on her car parked in the carport. He flew to a nearby crepe myrtle and preened and flicked his feathers as a light rain fell. Ten minutes later, he was back at the mirror "surveying himself from various aspects." Just another case of male vanity. Ms. Barbour also reports that last year a pair of mockingbirds built a nest in a pyracantha bush next to her screened in porch, but the nest appeared deserted after about two weeks. This year, a pair of mockers returned to the nest and added a few twigs, but she has seen little activity. Every two or three days she would see one bird go to the nest for a few seconds then fly away. Is this some kind of false nest to confuse predators? Do mockingbirds do that?

The last letter came from Sondra Hickman, Cassatt, SC. She lives in a rural area on ten mostly wooded acres. Two years ago she built an owl box and put it in a large tree about fifty yards into the woods near the house. Great-crested Flycatcher nested in the box the first year, and a squirrel spent the winter in the owl box. This year she heard the flycatchers making a fuss near the box. When she went over to check on the flycatchers, the male was sitting on top of the box, screaming his head off; the female was perched in a tree nearby. The male would fly out and then toward the box entrance hole and just sort of flutter at the hole, but he wouldn't go in the box. Ms. Hickman watched for a while and assumed a squirrel was in the box. She walked up to the tree, and something large flew out of the tree which faces the box and landed nearby. It was a gray phase Eastern Screech-Owl.

See **Birding**, page 7

July 10, 1995--Whew! The summer is passing so quickly that I feel like I'm moving full speed ahead constantly. But isn't that how summer is supposed to be? I wonder what happened to those lazy, hazy days. The birds, too, seem to be in a rush, flitting hurriedly from tree to tree and feeder to feeder. The only creature moving in slow motion is a Great Blue Heron who has been on and around the pond for the last four days. The bad news is he got one of our bull frogs; the good news is he should have plenty of fish. Perhaps that's why he's staying close by.

We have had other birds, too. A Green Heron spent a few hours with us on May 9, and we saw an American Redstart male in the woods. The next day a Solitary Sandpiper hopped its way around the edge of the pond, and a male redstart spent some time in the front yard. That's the first time we have seen one near the house.

We also added two new birds to our property list. On May 12, CJ saw a Black-throated Green Warbler (#113), and on the 13th, two Northern Oriole males (#114) flew into the front yard, stayed five or ten minutes and then flew across the pond. They didn't seem to be fighting; maybe they were checking out possible territory. Also on the 13th, a pair of Killdeer acted as if they were looking for a possible nesting site near the pond. They walked up and down the grass by the pond, poking under clumps of marsh grass and the gravel around the edge of the pond. Evidently, nothing was just right.

Things were relatively quiet from then until May 22 when we heard a Yellow-throated Vireo, and I saw him hop from branch to branch in an oak. We also heard a Hooded Warbler regularly, but he is in a different place than he has been the past three years. Early that morning CJ walked down by the creek that runs behind our house and two Louisiana Waterthrushes got quite angry with him. They flew around in the trees just chattering. Later that day we went back and heard lots of racket and saw two fledgling waterthrushes.

Two days later, we left for five weeks. We visited friends and family in Indiana, Minnesota, South Dakota, Oklahoma and Arkansas. We spent three days in Minneapolis, and I added seven birds to my life list; four of those in the Carlos Avery Wildlife Refuge just a few miles

Field Trip Reports

Rain did not deter the 17 fortunate birders who joined Bert Fisher and Lex Glover on the field trip to the Chesapeake Bay Bridge-Tunnel on the weekend of February 18-19. Rain gear, scopes, books, other survival gear and all, we piled into two vans and one car in Virginia Beach on Saturday and Sunday mornings, eager to see what awaited us on Chesapeake Bay. We were not disappointed. Breakfast at the local hangout, Waffle and Things, fortified us for the expedition. The bridge itself, with its four man-made islands, two tunnels and twelve miles of trestled roadway, is an engineering marvel and was truly a treat to see. The opportunity to bird from the islands was absolutely wonderful. Oldsquaw, gannet, all three scoters and Brant abounded. Great Cormorants in

Bay Bridge Birding

by Andrea Ceselski

breeding plumage decorated the rocky islands. Purple Sandpipers were busy on the rocks as well, and the parking lots were frequented by Ruddy Turnstones. We were even fortunate enough to see a few harbor seals frolicking off the islands and resting on the rocks.

On Saturday we went to Chincoteague National Wildlife Refuge where we saw large numbers of Snow Geese, Tundra Swans, Mute Swans, Canada Geese, Pintail, Common Goldeneye and a variety of other ducks. And a Bald Eagle as well.

We also saw Sika deer and a few of the famous feral ponies. An excellent dinner at Fogg's on the oceanfront in Virginia Beach was a bonus to our already rewarding day, and the staff of the restaurant should be commended for their calm reaction to our response to "How many?": "Seventeen!"

Sunday began with no rain and a visit to Fort Story to do a little ocean watching. Bonaparte's Gulls were common but no Little Gull, so we were back to the bridge-tunnel for one more look. And what a look it was! Lex found a Razorbill and everyone had a chance for a really good look at it. More scoters, Oldsquaw, Red-breasted Mergansers and gannets brought our trip to a close. A total of 77 species and a fun group of birders! I'm ready to go back again any time!

May 13-14 was a fantastic weekend for two new Carolinians, *north* by happenstance! Having just relocated to Charlotte from Boston, Barb Christian and I were eager to get connected to a bird watching group in our new home. We had a super opportunity to experience our first field trip with CBC to western North Carolina, primarily viewing migrating wood warblers.

On Friday night, we drove over to Asheville and joined a larger group, mostly from eastern North Carolina. Saturday morning's early call saw us piling into vans to hit the Blue Ridge Parkway, making our first stop along the French Broad river to begin our day. At the river we were able to view an Eastern Kingbird brooding her eggs in her nest hanging out over the flowing water of the French Broad. As we watched, she carefully rearranged the materials in her nest before flying off into the deep woods. Also overhead we saw two brilliant male Baltimore Orioles. We also identified the Yellow-throated and Red-eyed Vireos by their songs. For two relatively new birders, having the opportunity to identify these birds by learning their songs from an expert field guide like John Wright gave us a heightened sense of accomplishment.

Deeper into the woods we observed a Yellow-billed Cuckoo and a very agitated Kentucky Warbler who responded to

Spring Birding in the Mountains

by Eddie Andrews



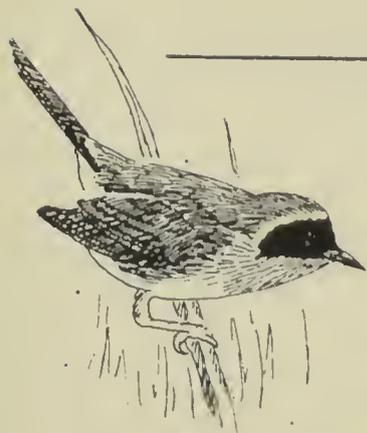
John's tape. As Peterson's guide states "...ten Kentuckys are heard for every one seen.", it was especially enjoyable to be able to attract on out in the open and view this very beautiful warbler. Another treat was to see a female Northern Parula gathering old man's beard high in a dead tree, apparently to build her nest.

Further along the Parkway we observed a beautiful Rose-breasted Grosbeak high in a tree top and heard several Ovenbirds calling from deep in the woods. We viewed the Hooded, Worm-eating, Chestnut-sided, Black-throated Blue and Black-throated Green Warblers as well as a magnificent male Blackburnian. An amusing moment came when we unloaded

the vans and were immediately confronted with the very loud song of a particular Chestnut-sided Warbler. We knew he was right in front of us, but we couldn't pinpoint his exact location; thinking he was deep inside the branches of the tree. As we stretched and attempted to find him, at last one of the ladies in the group said, "Why there he is, on the end of the dead branch on the left!" We saw him and laughed at how funny it must have looked to this little warbler for twenty humans to be straining to find him when he was right out in the open, singing his heart out with the very distinct "Pleased, pleased, pleased to meetcha."

Our biggest challenge was to locate a Canada Warbler. Late in the afternoon we were bombarded with Blue-gray Gnatcatchers and Ruby-crowned Kinglets, which we had a lot of fun with, but no Canadas! At last, after we had lingered at the top of the trail before starting down, a Canada Warbler appeared on a stump in the path ahead of us. We had heard him calling from higher up on the mountain, which was why we ultimately hiked up hoping to find him. Instantly, when we saw him, he disappeared into a rhododendron thicket. We waited for what seemed like an agonizingly long time, standing silently with field glasses

See **Spring Birding**, next page



Chip Notes

Species Totals

Steve Patterson reports that a total of 127 species were seen at the spring meeting in Greenwood, SC, April 28-30, 1995. Totals in the South Carolina counties and Georgia areas reflect the concentration of birders rather than birds: Abbeville Co. 105; Greenwood Co. 94;

McCormick Co. 95; Elbert, GA 53 and Lincoln, GA 44.

Photo Blind

Bird photographers will be pleased to note that construction of a photo blind was scheduled for completion by the end of June at North Pond on Pea Island NWR in North Carolina. It was to be located just south of the north end of North Pond along NC 12 according to *Wings*, newsletter for the Alligator River and Pea Island National Wildlife Refuges. No reservations are required; the blind will be available on a first-come-first served basis.

Raptor Protection Questioned

Birders in New York are concerned about a recent article, "Are Predators Overly Protected?" by Bill Hollister in the December 1994 issue of *New York Sportsman* magazine. They are afraid that

this and similar articles will influence irresponsible hunters to start taking potshots at birds of prey.

The article suggests that since more raptors are being seen, there are more raptors of all species. It also suggests raptors are a reason smaller total game kills have been documented in recent years. Factors such as fewer hunters and habitat changes are ignored or dismissed.

The author asserts that since wildlife management is funded by hunters, management agencies should serve their interests and determine the degree to which raptors are to blame. This might then lead to the removal of protection for birds of prey. After protection is removed, hunters would kill raptors as a service.

A report in *The Goshawk*, newsletter of The Genesee Ornithological Society, emphasizes that this is not an anti-hunting issue since responsible hunters are among those opposed to a return to nineteenth century game management.

Spring Birding (continued from previous page)

poised to capture him if he appeared in the open, only to have John finally break the silence with, "Do you think he's tired of watching us?" But we felt pleased to catch even the brief glimpse. On the hike down, Barbara and I were surprised to hear the long-winded song of the tiny Winter Wren. We were both amazed to think how such a small bird could inhale enough air to deliver such a powerfully long song.

We also stopped at Looking Glass Rock to see the nesting site of a Peregrine Falcon, albeit from a long distance. We were able to see the falcon darting briefly

from off the top of the rock into the forest below, probably to make a meal on one of the many Chestnut-sided Warblers which covered the mountain.

Sunday morning's goal was to locate more warblers, especially the Cerulean. In a stand of extremely tall poplars near Craggy Gardens, we finally heard many Cerulean songs overhead, FAR too overhead. Unfortunately, we were never able to draw one in close enough for adequate viewing. We hear more Hooded Warblers and viewed, to our delight, a gorgeous male American Redstart in full regalia hopping around in a briar thicket. What a beautiful display of his magnificent orange tail and wing

coloration as he flew up into some lower branches!

What could have been a major disappointment actually turned out to be a true blessing. Our day was brought to a swift close fairly early when a tremendous spring thunderstorm rolled into the mountains. We stood and watched as ominously dark storm clouds billowed upward, engulfing us in a morass of pelting rain and falling branches. We would have loved to have seen more birds that Sunday morning, but for two novice birders, the weekend was a "birding banquet" topped off with the awesome majesty of the Creator's pruning shears and watering can a full throttle.

There was such good response from our members to the planned one-day field trip for Henslow's Sparrows and Mississippi Kites this past May that we conducted two trips, one on May 20 and another on May 21. Our 25 participants were treated to wonderful weather and some good birding. Both our target species were found, but not without a little effort.

The Henslow's Sparrow greeted us literally "at the gate" to the Voice of America site which is their home. However, the surprises of the Voice of America site on the Saturday trip were a

Henslow's Sparrow/Kite Adventure

by John S. Wright

singing male Dickcissel and a Common Nighthawk which insisted on sitting in the middle of a dirt road while we watched from ten feet away. Mississippi Kites were difficult to locate along the Roanoke River on Saturday. Our best effort that

day was a scope view of eight kites soaring about a mile away. Also along the Roanoke on Saturday we had great looks at Swainson's Warbler, and a quick look at Wild Turkeys. Sunday's group missed seeing the Swainson's Warbler and the Dickcissel, but did encounter a late-lingering Magnolia Warbler. The Sunday group also had a great view of the aerial acrobatics of a nearby Mississippi Kite, which caught and ate a dragonfly while on the wing. We ended the day watching a big gobbler Wild Turkey feeding in a distant field.

In The Field

with Simon R. B. Thompson

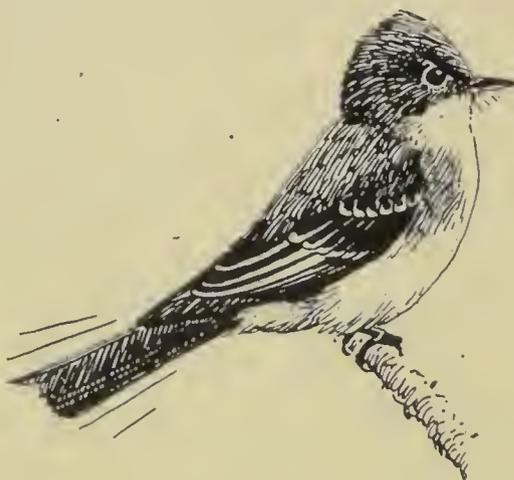


Separating phoebes and pewees--it's not as hard as it seems

If relying solely on the illustrations in field guides for identification, one could easily confuse two of our most common flycatchers. As well as looking at pictures and referring to the text, it's important to obtain field experience, i.e. to head outside to look at and observe the differences and similarities between confusing species.

Superficially the Eastern Phoebe and Eastern Wood-Pewee are similar. They also share the flycatcher habit of sallying forth after insects from an exposed perch. While both species may be seen in the same habitat, they choose different places to nest. Phoebes typically nest under bridges, in garages, or in more natural situations, on cliff faces. Eastern Wood-Pewees build their small lichen-covered nests on the upper surfaces of tree limbs.

But what of their size, plumage features, voice and habits? The phoebe is about 3/4 inch larger than its smaller relative, with very different behaviour. Despite both being insect eaters, there are some characteristics that easily help to



distinguish between the two. The next time you look at one of these flycatchers, note the sluggish movements of the Eastern Phoebe. It sits rather still, with only its diagnostic tail-wagging to give its presence away. The Eastern Wood-Pewee is a smaller, more active bird that rarely sits still for long. It constantly looks around, its head darting nervously in all directions as it searches for insects, and it does not share the tail-wagging habit of the phoebe.

As to plumage characteristics, the pewee has greyish-green upperparts with darker sides and a pale breast. This gives it a waistcoated effect, as if it were a miniature Olive-sided Flycatcher. The wings show

two whitish wing bars and the throat is a dull white. The lower mandible is yellow. Compare this to the browner upperparts and mostly white underparts of the Eastern Phoebe. A brown wash is usually present on the breast, but this is rarely as extensive as that of the wood-pewee. The head and tail are a lot darker and may almost look black, which may give the bird a black and white appearance. The phoebe does not show the prominent wing bars of the wood-pewee, and the bill is black. In the fall the lower breast and belly of the Eastern Phoebe show a yellow wash, which is again lost in the next moult.

If you are still not sure of the identification of a mystery bird, the voice can be a real clincher. Both phoebes and pewees sing their names. The phoebe's song is a burry "Fee-bee" that is tirelessly repeated. The song of the Eastern Wood-Pewee is more plaintive on a descending pitch, and is best described as a whistled "Pee-a-wee" or a "Pee-er."

To become familiar with the many aspects of bird identification and behaviour, the more time spent in the field is the best experience of all, observing for oneself the similarities and differences between closely related species.



Travels With Simon

Amazon Rainforest Trip: November 11-18, 1995

If you have always dreamed of visiting the Amazon Rainforest, now is your chance. Join CBC members Roger McNeil and Simon Thompson on a week-long birding trip this coming November. We can expect about 200 species in seven

days, including representatives of bird families such as toucans, jacamars, antbirds and woodcreepers. The cost is \$1695 all inclusive from Miami.

For further information please call Simon at (704)859-6049 (H) or (704) 859-9021 (W), or write to Simon Thompson, 111 Thermal View Drive, Tryon, NC 28782.

FENCE Birding Trips in 1995:

August 25-27 Shorebirding Weekend in South Carolina
November 3-5 Georgia Coast and Barrier Islands
December 1-3 Wilmington/Morehead City, NC

Birding (continued from page 3)

The next day Ms. Hickman got a ladder and checked out the box. A little red Eastern Screech-Owl was sitting inside. She never looked for eggs, for fear of frightening the owls off, but she checked the box every three days, and the female was sitting inside. On May 22, Ms. Hickman saw one tiny white chick, not much bigger than a cotton ball. There may be more, but she saw only one. Ms.

Hickman was hoping for a large family. Lex Glover had promised to band them for her. I suspect everything is over. Her letter was post marked May 25. To be sure, the babies are banded and out by now. Ms. Hickman wants to encourage fellow birders to put up owl boxes.

And I want to encourage you to let me know about your backyard birds. You don't have to write. Harriet Duncan, Raleigh, NC, called and told me about Red-headed Woodpeckers in her yard.

They love the marvel meal. Every morning, Ms. Duncan is awakened by a woodpecker banging on her metal chimney. Then he goes to the feeder. Is he trying to frighten other birds away from the feeder, or is he making sure Ms. Duncan is watching before he breakfasts on marvel meal? Probably the former, but the later makes a better story.

Send your stories to me at 1006 Dogwood Lane, Wake Forest, NC 27587 or call (919) 528-2827.

Membership Application and Order Form

(Membership is for the calendar year. Use this form for 1995 memberships only - dues increase in effect for 1996 new members and renewals)

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Tel. () _____ () _____
(home) (business)

Enter/Renew Membership As Indicated

Send Materials Indicated

<input type="checkbox"/> Individual (\$12)	<input type="checkbox"/> Life (\$200)	<input type="checkbox"/> CBC Cloth arm patch \$1.50 ea., \$1.25 ea. in quantity
<input type="checkbox"/> Family (\$15)	<input type="checkbox"/> Patron (\$50)	<input type="checkbox"/> CBC Decals (vinyl stick-on) \$2.00 ea., \$1.75 ea. in quantity
<input type="checkbox"/> Student (\$6)		<input type="checkbox"/> Daily Checklists 10/\$1.00, 25/\$1.25, 50/\$2.50, 75/\$3.75
<input type="checkbox"/> Affiliate Club (\$15)		100/\$5.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Library/Institution (\$15)		

Make check payable to Carolina Bird Club, Inc. and mail to PO Box 29555, Raleigh, NC 27626-0555

Registration Form

CBC Fall Meeting, September 22-24, 1995

Name(s) _____

(list each name for name tags)

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed is my check in the amount of \$ _____ for _____ member registrations at \$6 each and _____ nonmember registrations at \$7 each. Registration at meeting will be \$10 for members and \$11 for nonmembers.

Mail with check to Carolina Bird Club, Inc., PO Box 29555, Raleigh, NC 27626-0555

Motel Reservation Form

Carolina Bird Club
Fall Meeting, September 22-24, 1995

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Room rate: \$45.00 plus tax (1-4 occupants)

Please reserve _____ room(s) for _____ occupants. Arrival _____ Departure _____. My check for the first night's lodging is enclosed.

Mail with deposit to Holiday Inn of Jonesville/Elkin, P.O. Box 66, Jonesville, NC 28642 or call (910) 835-6000

Welcome New Members

Barbara Beaman
Durham, NC

Lisa Beckstrom
Salisbury, NC

Dorothy Freeman
Orlando, FL

Suzane Lassiter
Charlotte, NC

G. Rad Mayfield
Newland, NC

Anthony Mulvihill Family
Durham, NC

John A. Robertson
Shelby, NC

Steve Shaffer
Springfield, VA

W. Bruce Smithson
Wilmington, NC

Edith K. Tatum
Durham, NC

Angus Wilson
Cold Spring Harbor, NY

Bethyl Davis Wood
Laurens, SC

Deceased

Dorothy Perry
Raleigh, NC

Warbler (continued from page 2)

Before concluding our tour, we visited one of the 63 Brown-headed Cowbird traps maintained in the nesting territory and learned that over 6,000 cowbirds had already been trapped this year when previous annual totals were 4 to 5,000.

I returned to the Mio Motel to make sure Laura made it to the 11:00 a.m. tour. Laura is not an early riser on vacation, and

tends to favor birds which will accommodate her schedule. We were the only ones who showed up at 11:00 session, but Phil graciously gave us the full program; although he warned us that windy or hot conditions which develop by the middle of the day make seeing the bird less likely. When we reached the Mack Lake site there was no wind, but it was hot enough to discourage the birds from singing. We went immediately to the

reliable bird's territory and heard him singing, but he refused to take his perch. Phil helped me find a Nashville Warbler singing nearby (life bird) while we waited. As I rejoined Laura, who was fanning in the shade, the bird suddenly appeared on his snag and favored us with a long, clear view of his every feature. Perhaps he preferred the smaller audience. At any rate, we had come to the perfect ending of our north woods adventure.

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