

THE BULLETIN

Chapel Hill Bird Club

June-September, 2003

(Vol. XXXII, Nos. 6-9)

c/o Ginger Travis

5244 Old Woods Rd.

Hillsborough, NC 27278

We're back!

Next meeting: Monday, Sept. 22

Where: The lounge, Binkley Baptist Church, corner of Willow Dr. and 15-501 Bypass next to University Mall in Chapel Hill.

When: 7:15 p.m., refreshments; 7:30 p.m., meeting begins.

Program: Simon Thompson on "Birding and Traveling the World." Welcome to our first program of the season. We have a great line-up of speakers this year, starting with Simon, who owns and operates his own bird watching and natural history tour company, Ventures, Inc., based in Asheville, N.C. He leads many small groups to destinations throughout the world. Simon is also the ornithologist at Chimney Rock Park, and leads many tours to western N.C. sites. Simon was born in Malta and received his degree in commercial horticulture in 1984 at Writtle Agricultural College in Chelmsford, England. His interest in birds began when he lived in Ghana, Kenya, and Lebanon. Simon also lived in China and was a member of the British "China Crane Watch" expedition. Join us for an entertaining program!

And upcoming programs . . .

October 27, Kent Fiala, "Natural Selection and the Sex Ratio in Red-winged Blackbirds." A CHBC member, Kent will discuss research he did with Red-winged Blackbirds for his Ph.D.

November 24, John Dole, "Oklahoma Birds and Prairies." John spent 11 years living and birding in Oklahoma. During that time he visited every county in the state gathering material for an upcoming bird-finding guide to Oklahoma.

Sat. a.m. field trips resume

Weekly field trips resumed on Aug. 30 and will continue every Saturday till the Christmas counts begin the weekend of Dec. 13 – with some

exceptions. Please note that there will be **no** Saturday field trips on Sept. 20 (Chatham fall migration count), Sept. 27 (mountain weekend trip, see below) and Nov. 29 (Thanksgiving holiday).

The Sept. 13 trip, led by Bruce Young, will go to Duke Forest. The October destinations are still to be decided.

Trips leave from Glen Lennox shopping center at 7:30 a.m. sharp. They are usually over by noon. Glen Lennox is on the east side of Hwy. 54 just south of the Hwy. 15-501 Bypass on the south side of Chapel Hill. Expect to do some walking. Bring binoculars and a scope if you have one. Trips are free. Beginners welcome. You need not be a member to attend. For details of the destination du jour, call field trip chair Doug Shadwick: 942-0479.

If you'd like to lead a Saturday morning trip, please call Doug. He would appreciate having more volunteer leaders.

Chatham Co. fall migration count Saturday, Sept. 20

There are lots of good places to count birds on land and water in Chatham County. Call Will Cook to sign up: 660-7423. Email: cwcook@duke.edu.

N.C. mountain field trip Sept. 27-28

Will Cook leads this annual ramble through the fields and forests along the Blue Ridge Parkway and the New River in Ashe and Alleghany Counties in N.C. and Grayson County in Virginia. Lots of nice migrants -- Philadelphia Vireo, anyone? Possibilities for lodging include Will's house near Fancy Gap, Virginia – roll out your sleeping bag on his deck, under the stars – or these facilities nearby: Wedden's Farm B&B, 336-372-2985, and the Alleghany Inn in downtown Sparta, 336-372-2501. (This is also prime time for freshly picked N.C. and Virginia apples – especially in Cana, Va. on Hwy. 52 en route to Fancy Gap. Buy some great old varieties by the bushel or the peck.) Call Will Cook if you're interested in the trip: 660-7423. Email: cwcook@duke.edu.

Old Hope Valley Farm Road cleanup Nov. 1 (tentative date)

The club has a new tradition: cleaning up Old Hope Valley Farm Rd. once a year. This road, at the north end of Jordan Lake between the mouths of New Hope Creek and Morgan Creek, is a very good birding spot, but because it's a dead-end dirt road, some folks bypass the landfill and dump their trash there, including old water heaters, car radiators, you name it. So we go out, pick it up and haul it away. It's satisfying to clean up the roadside and woods where we see Northern Bobwhites, Whip-poor-wills and more. The tentative date for the cleanup is Nov. 1. Watch the Oct. newsletter for a final date. And get your work-gloves, long pants and boots ready to go! Doug Shadwick is the organizer: 942-0479.

Wings over Water

The annual Outer Banks birding festival takes place Oct. 14-19 this year. Many of N.C.'s expert birders will lead trips, as usual, including some of your fellow CHBC members. There are also plenty of opportunities for birders who want to take photographs or paddle into remote lakes and marshes or get into the Alligator River NWR at night (normally off-limits) to look for black bears and red wolves. It's a fun festival, and participation in WOW, as John Fussell has said, helps send a message to elected officials on the coast that conservation of wild places brings birders, and birders bring their wallets.

For more information on this year's festival, go to www.northeast-nc.com/wings/

Members, we need your input on possible grants to bird-related causes

by Joe Bearden

The club is running a substantial surplus – we have a permanent balance of about \$2600 – and at the August 11, 2003 officers' meeting, we discussed what to do and decided to ask club members to vote, at our November 24th meeting, on two possibilities for supporting bird-related causes. One is a special investment/sponsorship related to birding and art in North Carolina. The other is to help Susan Campbell continue her outstanding work banding hummingbirds and documenting western vagrants in North Carolina.

First, the surplus – how did it come about? Until a few years ago, we generally had a balance in our treasury of around \$1200 to \$1300. About five years ago we moved to a larger meeting room at Binkley Baptist Church (our current room, the lounge), resulting in a fee twice what we'd paid for the previous room. It seemed prudent at that time to raise our dues from \$10 per year to \$15. The room fee has increased slightly since then from \$40 per month to \$50, and newsletter expenses (copying and

postage) have risen by more than 10 percent – but so has membership. Revenues outpaced expenses, and gradually our balance crept up. We feel that we do not need to keep more than a year's cushion on hand. What should the club do with the extra money in our treasury? The officers were in favor of supporting birds and birding in some way, and we discussed making grants to two specific bird-related causes.

1. Restoration work on Audubon's "Birds of America": Last November, Joseph Covington, director of education at the North Carolina Museum of Art, provided us with a program (free, of course) titled "Avian Adventures: The Life and Art of John James Audubon." The museum owns one of the rare remaining full sets of the first edition of "The Birds of America" by John James Audubon (435 plates originally in four bound volumes, the exact size of the whole edition unknown, but comprising fewer than 200 sets). As part of the program, Joseph mentioned that the museum has undertaken a fund-raising campaign to pay for restoration and conservation of this 160-year-old work of art. Those who contribute to the campaign have the opportunity to adopt a bird – that is, to designate their gift for the restoration of one page in the folio – for a gift of \$750. We think this would be a worthy use of some of our club's surplus. If we make a gift of \$750, we would be entitled to choose a bird – perhaps the Brown-headed Nuthatch, symbol of our club? If we make this gift to help restore "The Birds of America," the CHBC will receive a document commemorating our support, and the club will be recognized on the wall labels displayed with these books during all future exhibitions. Complete restoration of "The Birds of America" will cost the museum more than \$250,000 and require at least a full year of work. However, donors' adoption of a bird/page in the folio helps the museum expedite this conservation process, and each bird will be on view for years to come. I feel this is an excellent way to bring about awareness of our feathered friends. And viewing the artwork in person is amazing!

2. Supporting local hummingbird research: Many of you know of Susan Campbell's research into hummingbird ecology and distribution in North Carolina, because she has given a hummingbird program to our club and has posted annual reports on Carolinabirds about her work with western vagrants that winter in N.C. Most recently, Susan was on hand to help capture and photograph a pure albino Ruby-throated Hummingbird in Chapel Hill. Susan is an associate with the N.C. Museum of Natural Sciences, but her travel expenses are not covered by the museum in full. Thus, we suggest that our club make a grant of \$250 to support her work, which involves extensive travel around the state.

The total cost of the two proposals here is \$1000. If club members vote to make both of these

grants, we will still retain a permanent balance of about \$1600 in our treasury. If you have any questions or comments about either proposal, please contact me or any other officer. We'll be glad to hear from you. (See next article for phone numbers and email addresses.)

May 19 potluck picnic and election Lake Crabtree County Park

by *Ginger Travis*

It was a lovely evening after much rain and cold. The picnic was a bit sparsely attended because the weather remained threatening until just a few hours before we met. Attending: Kim Aycrigg, Willem Van Eck, Patsy Bailey, Joe and Karen Bearden, Alan and Sally Johnston, Dave Curtin, Judy Murray, Karen Piplani, Ginger Travis. The picnic area is in a nice bit of deciduous woods – I-40 seems far away. Everyone brought good food – particularly comforting on a cold evening was Judy Murray's hot chicken tetrazini.

Birdlist: unIDed swallows over lake, unIDed shorebirds heard calling, crow sp., Pileated Woodpecker, Carolina Wren, Northern Cardinal just 10 feet away from our picnic table, Great Crested Flycatcher, Blue Jay, Carolina Chickadee, American Goldfinch, Wood Thrush, Tufted Titmouse, Yellow-billed Cuckoo, Mallard, Great Blue Heron perched on an Osprey nesting platform, and (best bird) close flyby of an adult Bald Eagle carrying a fish – probably a catfish, as two observers thought they saw a blunt head with whiskers silhouetted against the sky. Much talk of birding trips, the Wildathon (Dave Curtin, Tom Driscoll and Marsha Stephens reached 100 species again this year), and a first-person account from Alan Johnston of how he and Shantanu Phukan got on the roof of the Emerald Isle Food Lion to count the Least Terns nesting up there. Patsy Bailey said she thought Judith Fortney had reached 600 on her ABA list. Nice time had by all. Next picnic, May 2004, Jordan Lake. Be there!

Elected: officers for 2003-04 are

--*president*: **Joe Bearden**, 844-9050 Email: chickadeebirders@earthlink.net

--*vice-president RDU*: **Karen Bearden**, same as above

--*vice-president CH*: **Judy Murray**, 942-2985 Email: jmmurray@unc.edu

--*secretary*: **Amalie Tuffin**, 477-9571 Email: amaliet@post.harvard.edu

--*treasurer*: **Ruth Roberson**, 489-4888 Email: ruth-roberson@nc.rr.com

Gambell, St. Lawrence Island, Alaska

by *Norm Budnitz*

Cold—35 °F. Wet—rain mixed with sleet. Low, overcast sky. Winds 20-30 mph. Warmest part of the day and I was chilled through and through. And tired. No, I was in a state of deep fatigue.

In the normal run of things, I don't get cold. I get hot easily; North Carolina summers sap my strength and sometimes, I think, my will to live! But cold? I'm from the Northeast and descended from eastern European stock, and I thrive when the heat finally breaks in the fall. So when I found myself in the Far Boneyard, near the village of Gambell, Alaska on St. Lawrence Island, in the north Bering Sea, in sight of Siberia, and when it dawned on me that I was *really cold* when I should have been exhilarated, I knew it was time to take a break!

I had been in Alaska just over a week, arriving in Anchorage on May 24, 2003. It did get dark at night, but not for long. Sunset was around 11:00 P.M. and sunrise was just a few hours later. I flew out to St. Paul Island, one of the Pribilofs, and spent 3 days getting Red-faced Cormorant, Red-legged Kittiwake, a passel of alcids (Ancient Murrelet, Parakeet, Crested, and Least Auklets, Horned and Tufted Puffins), and my first few vagrant Asian species (Eyebrowed Thrush, Northern Wheatear, Yellow Wagtail, Olive-backed Pipit, Brambling, Hawfinch). I then spent one day back in Anchorage, joining Lisa Moorhead as she led a Wings tour group on an evening (!) trip to see Boreal and Northern Saw-whet Owls. The birds had set up housekeeping in a couple of the hundred or so nest boxes that her husband Bob Dittrick and friends had put up in the greater Anchorage area. This was followed by a flight to Nome and two more great days of birding (Willow and Rock Ptarmigans, Bristle-thighed Curlew, American and Pacific Golden-Plovers, all three Jaegers, Slaty-backed and Sabine's Gulls, Aleutian Tern, Bluethroat, and a very nice Great Knot, worthy of its own story).

Suffice it to say that the Pribis, Anchorage, and Nome had been action-packed, very long days, and filled with life birds for me. Rising at 6:00 A.M., birding all day with breaks for meals, and often staying out till 10:00 or 10:30 P.M. All that daylight. Who could resist. But then the flight to Gambell and another day and a half of birding. It was too much. I told Bob, our trip leader (the same Bob responsible for the owl boxes), that I just couldn't stay out any longer. I could muster the energy to make the 45-minute trek across the gravel back to the house, but that was it. The gravel—smooth, round stones, ranging in size from a pea to a tennis ball; what the British would call 'shingle'—makes walking real work. The gravel is actually the ancient beach that has formed over geologic time. It's hard, but it gives way with each step like soft sand. Covering a couple

of miles on this gravel left my hips and legs aching. I was bone-weary and I knew it because I was cold.

Finally back at the house that Bob had rented from one of the local Siberian Yupik families, I crawled into my sleeping bag on my Thermarest pad on the floor upstairs and fell fast asleep. The sleep of fatigue. The sleep of the righteous. Earned sleep. Delicious sleep. Clomp, clomp, clomp. Knock, knock. Bob's voice: "I know you're tired, but I have to wake you just to give you the option. There's a Gray-tailed Tattler in the Far Boneyard, and I've lined up a 4-wheeler [ATV] to take us back out there if you want to go."

This was the essence of Bob Dittrick and Wilderness Birding Adventures. He hired a fellow guide, James Huntington, an 800+ birder, who was the sweetest, nicest, most accommodating guide one could imagine. No big ego here. James climbed the rocks, crossed the streams, hoofed the gravel all day long scouting and finding birds for us—Common Ringed Plover, Siberian Rubythroat, Common Stonechat. He'd scope them and then make sure all eight of us had seen them. If the birds flew before we all got good looks, off he'd go to track them down again. James is a gem—a remarkably competent birder, a sterling fellow, and a wonderful companion.

Bob rented the house rather than have us stay in the lodge with the other, larger, more expensive birding tours. He packed in all our food, prepared ahead of time by Lisa while Bob was leading other tours—bread, bagels, muffins, and oatmeal for breakfast; sandwich meats, cheese, bread and tortilla wraps, lots of trail mix that we fixed for ourselves to take out with us for lunch; spaghetti, beef stew, pesto pasta, chili, fresh veggies and fruit, and even amazing desserts for home-cooked suppers. Though I slept on my pad on the floor, other folks (couples, for example) got the beds. And we walked everywhere. Bob didn't want us to use the ATVs the way other tour groups did. He felt that it changed the adventure, changed the ambiance, and it just didn't feel right to him to use them. Except in an 'emergency.' And since he knew I wanted the Tattler, knew that the bird might not linger more than a couple of hours, and knew just how tired I was, he had hiked all the way across that gravel and lined up that ATV *just in case* I wanted to get the bird. And if I had turned him down, that would have been okay. Amazing!

I gave Bob's offer a split second of thought. I had been in deep sleep for an hour and a half and was actually refreshed. So off we went on my one ATV ride during my 5 days on the island. And there was the Tattler, accommodating us with great looks. I was so energized, I stayed out the rest of the day, got lots more good birds, and covered lots more of that damn gravel—with relish.

A bit more about Gambell: Some 700 Siberian Yupiks currently live in the village, a site inhabited by their ancestors for more than 3 millennia. The Siberian Yupiks are rather distantly related to the Yupiks, Inupiaqs, and Inuits (aka Eskimos) on mainland Alaska. For most of those 3,000 years, they lived a subsistence existence, hunting seals, walrus, and whales, birds of all sorts, and birds' eggs during the nesting season. Even now, though they ride on ATVs and snowmobiles (no cars), have televisions and satellite dishes, and live in heated, wood-frame houses with running water, they still prepare for the long, dark winter by hunting. The government permits them to take a small number of Bowhead Whales (they don't like the taste of the more common Gray Whales), seals, birds, and walrus.

Walrus are staple. There was walrus meat hanging to dry on racks all over the village. Walrus heads (from young animals only) were lined up on shelves, left to ferment for several weeks, as a traditional delicacy. Walrus hides were laboriously split in half the hard way (separating the inner and outer layers) by the women. These hides were used to cover their wood-frame hunting boats. Only hides from females were used because the male hides all had holes in them—the result of tusk piercing during fights. Walrus tusks were carved into beautiful sculptures. And one day we saw two giant (6-foot long) balloons hanging on a clothesline. Closer inspection revealed that the balloons were actually walrus stomachs that had been blown up, tied off and hung out to dry. They would later become drumheads. I have a small trailer in my backyard that I use for hauling firewood. It's propped up on a cinder block. Beside our rental house in Gambell, there was a very similar trailer, but it was propped up on a 3-foot diameter whale vertebra!

Three thousand years of sea mammal hunting has produced lots of waste. For all those years, the unusable bones and offal have been thrown in middens in three places around the village. These middens, the boneyards, are now real organic soil, sometimes 10 feet deep. The modern Yupik dig pits in the boneyards, searching for ancient ivory for carving and antique tools. The result is areas of dark soil and white bones, riddled with holes. If you were a Red-throated Pipit, exhausted after being blown off course during migration, what better place to get a little rest and rehabilitation out of the wind and weather than in one of these holes. You might even find a little something to eat. So imagine a dozen or twenty crazy birders, lined up along the edge of a boneyard, waiting for the go-ahead from their leader. On his signal, we start out across the boneyard, climbing along the soil ridges surrounding the deep holes, stepping on walrus ribs, climbing over whale vertebrae, crunching the myriad seal bits. And

hoping to scare up some rare Asian vagrant lurking out of the wind—Common Sandpiper, the aforementioned Gray-tailed Tattler, Red-throated and Olive-backed Pipits, Arctic Warbler, Brambling, Hawfinch.

One last image: The village of Gambell is flat, with rows of houses set on the ubiquitous gravel. But bordering the town to the south are the 400-foot high cliffs of Sevuokuk Mountain, which rises rather abruptly out of the flat land below. In the first week in June, this boulder-strewn steep terrain is still covered with deep snow and ice, broken in places with huge, black rock outcroppings. One sunny morning Bob and James led us to the base of the mountain. From a distance, we could see little black and white specks flying back and forth. As we approached, we began to hear a cacophony of moans and guttural groans, barks and hoots, high-pitched twitters and churrs. The specks became round, feather-covered torpedoes with wings. And covering the snow fields were thousands and thousands of alcids, yammering and hopping about, running forward, pecking, backing off—all against the backdrop of brilliantly white snow. Somehow in this teeming mass of birds, James had found half a dozen or so Dovekies. My North American lifer Dovekie had been a bare glimpse of a tiny bird diving incessantly just beyond the surf off the Outer Banks this past winter. But Dovekies against the snow, on the side of a mountain, surrounded by uncountable murrelets and auklets, seen through eyes watering in the wind and cold, by a body wracked with aches and fatigue—that is a lifer look. That is the real joy of birding.

Peregrine Nesting Success in N.C., 2003

by David Rupp (to Carolinabirds)

(July 31) Here are the totals for the 2003 peregrine falcon nesting season in North Carolina: 10 nesting pairs, 6 of which were successful in raising 13 chicks.

Sites where the falcons were successful (and number of chicks produced):

- Devil's Courthouse, Transylvania Co. (2)
- Grandfather Mtn., Watauga Co. (3)
- Looking Glass, Transylvania Co. (3)
- Panthertail Cliff, Transylvania Co. (2)
- Shortoff Mtn., Burke Co. (1)
- Whiteside Mtn., Jackson Co. (2)

Thanks to all of you who posted or sent me your peregrine spottings. Next year we hope to find new nesting sites.

David Rupp is a mountain nongame contractor with the NC Wildlife Resources Commission. He can be emailed at david_rupp@mindspring.com

The Rolling Stones' Guide to Birding

by Ginger Travis

*"You can't always get what you want
You can't always get what you want
You can't always get what you want . . ."*

How often do I hear the Stones singing in my brain, after I've spent a vacation chasing a target bird in futility! This year it was Boreal Chickadee in Maine (a repeat from Minnesota in 1999). I was near Lubec and Eastport in late July but felt sure I could find Boreal at Quoddy Head State Park, or Cobscook Bay State Park (where we camped), or elsewhere in the Edmunds Unit of Moosehorn NWR. Why? 'Cause it said so right on page 311 in *A Birder's Guide to Maine!*

No Boreal in the campground. Plenty of Black-capped, though. That's OK. Wait till Quoddy Head. None at Quoddy Head State Park. Where are the #*!%! birds, I thought. The place was quiet as a tomb. Last chance, the North Trail in the Moosehorn's Edmunds Unit, just across U.S. 1 from Cobscook. And no, no, no. Not a one.

But what's that? I'm standing on the edge of a small clearcut, and I see a little skulker hopping in the bushes. I pish. The bird pops up six feet away, picks a little green worm off an alder leaf, eats it, twirls around and hops to another branch. It's a warbler – but not one I've ever seen before. Hey! Is that yellowish bird with the light gray hood and bib a . . . Mourning Warbler? Really? Yes, it is! (Female, I think.)

*"But if you try sometimes you just might find
You get what you need."*

A lifer. Sweet. Sing it, Mick!

Birders of the Triangle, unite! Join the CHBC

Membership is \$15 per year for an individual or a family, \$10 for a student. Benefits include opportunities to meet other enthusiastic birders, interesting monthly programs, an annual picnic, weekly field trips, the annual mountain and coastal field trips, a monthly newsletter, and the checklist of Triangle birds. Membership runs on the calendar year, Jan. through Dec. Please make your check payable to the **Chapel Hill Bird Club**. Send it to **Ruth Roberson, 38 Stoneridge Place, Durham 27705**. You can use the form below.

Name:

Postal address:

Phone:

Email address:

(Circle one: I want to receive my newsletter by U.S. mail/by email.)

2003 SPRING BIRD COUNT TOTALS

Species	— Chapel Hill Observer Party Number —																																
	4/27	5/10	5/11	5/4	Dur	W	JL	CH	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	15a	15b	16	16a	17	18	19	20	21	22
Party Hours: Total	78	71.25	186	183.5	10	7	5.5	6.7	9	6.8	7	5.3	11	4.8	7.5	9	5	4	7	5.9	3.1	9	2.8	8	7.75	7	12	12	11				
Party Hours: On Foot	67.3	60.75	133	137	8.5	6	5	3	8.5	4.5	5	5.3	8	4.8	7.5	7	2	3.5	6	5	2.8	6	2.8	7.5	5.75	10	2.6	10					
Party Hours: By Car	10.8	7.5	37.5	36.5	1.5	1	0.5	3.7	0.5	2.3	2	3	2	0.5	1	0.9	0.3	3	0.5	2	2	9.4	0.5	2	2	9.4	0.5						
Party Hours: By Bicycle			2.5	3																													
Party Hours: By Boat		3	13	7																													
Party Miles: Total	187	186.5	427.8	421.5	18	11	6	36	17	45	50	6	40	3	5	32	11	12	11	8	2	9	4	7	13.5	7.5	26	38	5				
Party Miles: On Foot	53.5	51.5	99.5	92	2	1	5	4	6.5	5	2	6	10	3	5	5.5	3	2	0.5	2	1	3	4	6	2.5	6	3	4					
Party Miles: By Car	134	132	302.7	314	16	10	1	32	10	40	48	30	26	10	10	6	1	6															
Party Miles: By Bicycle			15	8																													
Party Miles: By Boat		3	10.6	7.5																													
Owling Hours	0.8	1.0	3.8	3.75					0.5		0.5											1	0.5	0.75		0.5							
Owling Miles		1	17.1	2.5					0		0											1	1	0		0.5							
Feeder Hours	2.25			33.5																													33

Party Areas

Party Members

1 1, 2	Pam Timmons, Perry Haaland, Kevin Powell	15 23, 25	Lee Van Malssen
2 3, 5	Hal & Kirsten Snyder, Mike Skakuj, Dori Rhodes	15a 23, 30 (part)	Jill Froning
3 7, 16	Rob Gluck	15b 25 (yard)	Shelley Theye
4 8, 13	Tom Driscoll	16 24N-south	Judy Murray
5 9, 10	Norm Budnitz, Tom Driscoll	16a 24N-south	Sandy Cash
6 11, 12	Kent Fiala	17 24N-north	Doug Shadwick
7 14, 17	Betty King, Judy Teague, Barbara Roth	18 24S	Alan Johnston, Edith Tatum, Susan Pratt
8 14, 15 (part)	Mike & Lois Schultz	19 24N&S-by kay	Ginger Travis
9 15, 18	Bob Chase	20 26, 27	Josh Rose, Craig Armstrong, Cait Coberly, Mike Swaim
10 19	Carol Williamson	21 30	Kate Finlayson & Chris Canfield
11 20, 16 (part)	Will Cook, B Collins-Perry, R Harden, M Mullins	22 32	Maurice, Marie, and Steven Graves, Eleanor & Fred Kilgour, David Murdock, Elvin Strowd
12 21	Harriet Sato, Bob Winstead		at feeders: Kim Aycrigg, Beth Duncan, Paul Ferster, Betty Kent, Jim Lansing, Mac Robinson, Barbara Roth
13 22N	Brian Bockhahn		
14 22S	Anson Cooke, Dwayne Cooke		

