Contents

Board Members .................. 2
Earth Day ........................ 2
The Garden of Earth ............. 3
Annual Picnic .................. 4
Newsletter Deadline ........... 4
Do Birds Love Cats ............. 4
The Fairhope Phoebe .......... 4
Film Week ...................... 5
Field Trip to Choctaw .......... 5
Birdathon ...................... 6
Botter Feeders ................ 6
Crippling Frog Deformities on Kenai Refuge ........ 7
Real Birders Lose Sleep ...... 7
Calendar ....................... 8
Kenai Mistake ................ 9
A Hummin' Day on Mobile Bay 10
Report of Meetings .......... 11
Membership Application ... 12

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2003

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Bay Area Earth Day  
April 13, 2003  
Fairhope Pier Park  
12 Noon till 5:00 PM

Earth Day is a great place to come learn and enjoy from the usual, unusual array of children's activities, informative booths, lively entertainment, birds, animals and much more.

Some of the highlights from last year were the fabulous birds of prey from the Auburn University Raptor Center, the dancing of the Mow-Woc-Chocaw Indians, a petting zoo, the Home Depot booth which allowed children to hammer to their heart's content making things from scrap, and much, much more. There were booths from bugs to the bay with more information than you could cram in a year. And we got to enjoy the Fairhope's beautiful beach and pier.

And best of all, it's free; this is unless you buy a t-shirt or something. Hey, it can't all be free. Bring the kids, friends and a picnic lunch and enjoy the festivities.
On the wall of my office at the Department of State in Washington, D.C., hangs a photograph of the U.S. moonship returning to the command module orbiting the moon. It is a picture which I took as the LM returned to the command module in which I had orbited the moon alone while men for the first time set foot on its surface.

For me that photograph has much significance. In the foreground is the moon's surface. Surely all of our solar system is not this barren, we think. Yet as our vehicles probe space, we know for a virtual certainty that our small planet is in fact one of a kind. All other environments in the solar system are imaginarily forbidding and hostile.

It is as if Earth were God's grand experiment, a unique garden which He has given us to use and enjoy. What we did not know until recently is that our planet, like any garden, is delicate.

From more than 200,000 miles away, I made a discovery about this precious, delicate Earth. The discovery began the moment our rocket engine ignited and we began to separate from Earth. I knew we were leaving home.

Outbound there isn't much time to think about such things, or about much of anything except the mission. Our minds were busy looking ahead to the problems of putting the spacecraft into lunar orbit and to the lunar landing and to the subsequent rendezvous.

Then the lunar module separated from the command module, and I was alone, orbiting a planet that was not my own.

I could see the surface of the moon clearly. It is rugged, desolate and monotonous. The endless succession of crevices and fissures have a strange repetitiveness. I found myself looking for areas named, from Earth, "seas" and "highlands", but saw no real changes in the scene below. The moon is a desert pockmarked with craters, stark and beautiful in its own way. Deep inside of me was the memory of another planet.

And then my companions rejoined me and at last we were on our way home again. On the return trip things were different inside the command module. The crowded events of the flight plan were behind us. The problems of the lunar landing no longer competed for our attention, and we took a little time before beginning to concentrate on hitting the re-entry corridor.

So I looked out of my window and tried to find Earth.

The little planet is so small out there in the vastness that at first I couldn't even locate it. And when I did, a tingling of awe spread over me. There is was, shining like a jewel against the black sky. I looked at it in wonderment, suddenly aware of how its uniqueness is stamped in every atom of my body.

Suddenly I was also aware of a shift in my attitude toward Earth. I remembered what it was like down there when I walked her surface—such a splendor of diversity, such richness of color and life. And I remembered how sturdy is seemed. Beneath my feet it seemed as solid as though it were anchored somewhere.

Then, at that moment, in the command module, there was some distraction. I looked away for a moment and, poof; Earth was gone. I couldn't find it again without searching closely.

At that point I made my discovery. Suddenly I knew what a tiny, fragile thing Earth is. Such a little gem, such an incredible balance of the universe's rarest ingredients, one that can be ruined all the more easily just because it is so small.

And I determined in that moment that I would do all I could to let people know what a wonderful home we have—before it is too late.

So I have a personal, simple message to pass on: There is only one Earth. It is a tiny, precious stone. Let us treasure it; there is not another one.
Annual Audubon Picnic
Saturday, May 17
3:00 pm ‘til...
Lovell Sanctuary @ Lovell Farm, Loxley

Directions: On County Road 49 turn off in front of Loxley School onto Black Griffin Road. Go to the end of the road that deadends and you will see the sanctuary on the right. Judy will probably put signs out on the road.

Menu: Fried catfish (M’m! M’m! Good!), slaw and beans. Bring dessert, drinks, chips and dips, etc.

Bring lawn chairs.

Do Birds Love Cats??

By Celeste Hinds

My Tabby named Abby sits in the window here by my computer and watches Goldfinches enjoy thistle seed. It’s a harmless pastime for a harmless cat. But the harm comes later when she’s allowed to go outside.

I feel guilty feeding birds knowing that Abby will probably pounce on two or three a year. My guilt is not strong enough to cause me to give up my precious feline and no way would I stop feeding birds. I must add here that feeding birds is strictly for one’s own pleasure, not to keep them from starving. In this southern climate there’s plenty of food in the wild. Subsidizing them is to attract them to our viewing areas.

I’ve devised several methods that help salve my conscience. One is that I put a pile of sticks beneath the big hanging feeder. Abby was a feral cat but she’s now civilized and hates going through any obstacles. The sticks give a measure of safety to the ground-feeders.

Our platform feeders are high - out of her reach, and she is so well-fed that being hungry is no excuse for her taking birds. In fact the vet wants to put her on a diet. I choose to have an obese cat whose life may be shorter, than a lean healthy cat that might go after a mid-morning snack and cause the feathers to fly.

In her three years with us, I think the only birds Abby has taken are those that flew into the big window and were too stunned to fly away. So I put deflections on the windows that help deter the birds from flying into them.

Marilyn Manhard’s cat is totally housebound and is never allowed outside. That’s one way to make sure your tabby doesn’t go for birds.

Our old cat was too lazy and well-fed to show much interest in birds. In fact his fur furnished lining for a Wren’s nest. We brushed him out by the carport and his lovely white fur insulated several bird cradles in our yard.

No, cats and birds don’t mix. There’s no sure-fire method of keeping birds completely safe when cats are allowed outside. But things mentioned above probably help.

The Fairhope Phoebe

By Celeste Hinds

Every year there seems to be one bird more prevalent than in previous years. I declare this to be the unofficial year of the Phoebe, the Eastern Phoebe Sayornis phoebe, to be exact. They are always seen in our area, but winter of 2002 appears to be a prime year for these cute little tail-waggers.

During the ESILL fall birding class I misidentified one as a Pewee and was quickly corrected by my birding guru, Minnie Nonkes. The little bird I was describing to her was wagging its tail and she knew without looking that it was a Phoebe.

Eastern Phoebes are smallish, with dark gray above and white to very pale yellow below, and they have a dark head, black bill and Continued on page 11
Film Week 2003
Another Success Story
Kudos to all who helped to make Film Week a big success. Tom Sterling was well received in each school as he presented reel 1 of The Highland of Scotland to the students.
Kudos to Lloyd Scott who coordinates the public school programs, to John Borom who sets up the showing in Fairhope, to Laurie and Charlie Bailey, dinner hosts, to Carol and Don Flack who open their home to Tom. Tom says they spoil him wonderfully.
A special thank you to our cosponsors who make it all possible—Degussa, Ciba Specialty, Terminix, Dupont DeMemours and John and Bev Winn.
The film was shown at Burns Middle School, Government Street Baptist School, Clark Magnet School, Mobile Christian School, Dodge Elementary School, Robertsdale Elementary School, Maryvale Elementary School, Larry Newton School and Murphy High School.
The film was shown Monday night at Government Street Baptist Church in Mobile and Thursday night at Faulkner State Community College in Fairhope. Those who missed seeing the film missed an excellent, entertaining and informative program.
It takes a lot of planning and a lot of time to put the program together but when you hear a student say, "That was a cool show!" it all becomes worthwhile.

Elizabeth Williams
Film Chairman

Field Trip to Choctaw National Wildlife Refuge
WOW!

What a day the 2 Elizabeths had! Because of the iffy weather report, everyone except E. French and E. Williams decided against going. The weatherman was wrong. It was a perfect day for the boat trip on the Tombigbee River and slipping into Turkey Creek then into Lucy Slough.

Birds! Birds! Birds! We counted 40 species which included 2 Bald Eagles by a nest, Bluebirds, Kestrels, hundred of Cormorants and Coots, Common Gallinules, immature Little Blue Herons, Shovelers, Mallards, Mottled Ducks and Wood Ducks, a large flock of White Ibis, Egrets, Winter Wren, Common Yellow Throat, etc., etc., just to name a few.

Not only birds but it was exciting to see 5 wild hogs, and Red-eared Slider Turtles. A number of deer stopped eating long enough to check us out—one in the river and 7 slooshing through a marsh. We kept our distance from the 2 alligators we saw.

If seeing all these critters and birds wasn't enough, just riding through this river bottom land was exhilarating. The refuge is covered with stands of mixed hardwoods—sweet gums and oaks. Tupelo gum and cypress grows in the wetter sloughs. A major objective of the refuge is to provide for increased production of Wood Ducks. We saw over 400 nesting boxes that supplement natural cavities.

Approximately 2500 wood ducks are hatched in these boxes every year. Robie Daly, our guide for the day, manages this pristine diversified habitat of 4,218 acres. Robie was an excellent host wanting to share it all with us. It was a beautiful trip. Next time don't listen to the weatherman. Pack up your gear and come along. Audubon field trips are always fun.

Elizabeth Williams
Birdathon
Thousands Gear up for Audubon’s Birdathon—Counting Birds for Conservation

For one day a year, thousands of Americans, from Maine to California, are marathon birders, flocking to fields, ponds and trees to count as many bird species as possible in the Audubon Birdathon. The Birdathon is the world’s largest competitive bird-watching event.

Audubon’s Birdathon is a competitive, fund-raising bird count. Participants seek sponsors to pledge donations—from 10¢ to $10 or more—for each bird species seen in a 24-hour period. Audubon chapters, corporations, and individual competitors will hold birdathons through the United States during April and May to coincide with peak migration periods in their areas.

From dawn to late in the evening, they will tally every bird species seen for their favorite conservation cause. Since most groups expect to see between 100 and 200 species, the birders raise thousands of dollars for local conservation projects. Funds raised by the Mobile Bay Chapter of the National Audubon Society will be used to support the Audubon Adventures programs in 4th and 5th grades of our local schools. A $35,000 donation will provide a one-year subscription to Audubon Adventures for a classroom. "Saving habitat by educating children."

Every year Elizabeth Williams is our "star" money-raiser. Let's see if we can't give her some competition this year. You can participate in one of two ways.

1. Be a Counter: Join a Birdathon group and count species during any 24-hour period. Get sponsors to make pledges for each species you count.
2. Be a Sponsor: Pledge any amount—10¢, 25¢, 50¢, or $1.00 per species reported or you may give a flat amount. Your contributions are tax-deductible.

If you are interested in participating in either way, contact Elizabeth Williams, Birdathon Coordinator, by phone 643-7257, or complete and mail the form below to Elizabeth care of MBAS, P O Box 483, Fairhope, AL 36532.

I want to be a part of this fun/fundraising worthwhile program

___ as a Counter
___ as a Sponsor
___ giving a one-time gift, amount enclosed ______
No donation is too large, no contribution is too small.

Name ____________________________ Phone ____________________________

Address ____________________________

Please use the enclosed envelop for your contribution.

Margaret Botter of Semmes could do very well just counting the birds in her backyard on Howells Ferry Road. This picture shows how active her bird feeders have been so far this season. Impressive!
Crippling Frog Deformities Found in Oil Fields Within the Kenai Refuge Warrant Further Investigation

In the summer of 2000, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service specialists and refuge biologists found an abnormally high number of deformed frogs in the Kenai Refuge. According to a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service draft report recently obtained through a request under the Freedom of Information Act, the number of abnormalities recorded was the largest found in any of 43 wildlife refuges sampled nationwide. It was the largest number of frog abnormalities ever reported in the State of Alaska.

Preliminary data suggests that within the refuge, higher frog deformity occurred within the oil field areas. Frogs found in oil fields on the wildlife refuge have shown deformities such as missing hind legs and feet, misshapen hind legs, clubfeet and missing eyes.

Sensitive to environmental changes and especially vulnerable to pollution, frogs and other amphibians like toads and salamanders have been declining worldwide for years, possibly serving as a warning about the spread of contaminants, disease and other problems.

Toxic chemicals spilled as a result of oil operations are a suspected cause of the frog deformities on Kenai Refuge. Toxic chemicals spilled in the wildlife refuge by oil companies include polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs), anti-freeze, solvents, diesel fuel, triethylene glycol, benzene and xylene. According to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, PCBs are thought to cause mutations, cancers, birth defects, still births, and liver disease.

Because the oilfields on the Kenai Refuge have a long history of contamination, further investigation is necessary to determine the role of toxic contaminants, and by extension the role of oil and gas development, in causing the frog deformities.

Oil drilling in the Kenai National Wildlife Refuge in Alaska has resulted in hundreds of spills, fires and explosions and has contaminated massive amounts of soil and groundwater with oil and other toxic substances that are known to cause mutations and birth defects in wildlife. Scientists studying the area have uncovered frogs with crippling deformities. Yet, proponents of drilling for oil in another Alaskan wildlife refuge, the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, say drilling there would be "environmentally sensitive."

The record on Kenai National Wildlife shows otherwise.

Real Birders Lose Sleep

By Celeste Hinds

Saturday January 18 was cold. In fact the thermometer was supposed to dip well into the teens – perhaps the coldest day of the year. On Friday night after I covered the tender vegetation and turned on the cat's heating pad – I assembled my field glasses and necessary items for the next day's birding venture. Being a neurotic planner, I organize my materials the night before. I laid out my binoculars, readied the scope, and selected several field guides and warm clothes. Also being a chowhound, I made sandwiches and prepped the coffee pot.

I like to rise early but my thinking processes don't get activated until my second cup of java. We set the alarm for 4:30 to be certain of getting away before the light of day, although my anticipation jolted me awake at 4:10.

As the sun rose in the east (it usually does rise in the east) we headed west to the water and sewage treatment plants of Jackson County, Mississippi to join a field trip for what was to be a premiere birding day.

The sunrise was spectacular, all buttermilk against a blue and yellow sky. We followed the full moon ahead as the sun rose behind us. This alone was worth the effort.

Aldo Leopold captured the magic of birding at 4:30 a.m. in his chapter entitled "Great Possessions" (A Sand County Almanac, 1949, Oxford University Press).
Calendar

March

Flocks of graceful White Ibis (*Eudocimus albus*) are feeding in estuarine marshes. Resembling plant stems, Gulf pipefish (*Syngnathus scovelli*) are abundant in estuarine submerged aquatic vegetation.

- **11**  
  Board Meeting. 6:30 p.m.  
  General Meeting. "*The Galapagos Islands*" presented by Bill and Becky Jones. Faulkner State Community College Fairhope Campus, Centennial Hall. 7:30 p.m. Bring a friend.

- **12**  
  Film Series. "*The Life of Birds—To Fly or Not to Fly*" by David Attenborough.  
  Where: Faulkner State Community College Fairhope Campus, Centennial Hall.  
  10:00 a.m. No charge. Refreshments provided.

- **19**  
  Film Series. "*The Life of Birds—The Mastery of Flight*" by David Attenborough.  
  Where: Faulkner State Community College Fairhope Campus, Centennial Hall.  
  10:00 a.m. No charge. Refreshments provided.

- **26**  
  Film Series. "*The Life of Birds—The Insatiable Appetite*" by David Attenborough.  
  Where: Faulkner State Community College Fairhope Campus, Centennial Hall.  
  10:00 a.m. No charge. Refreshments provided.

April

When flocks of Bobolinks (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*) grace slightly damp, weedy fields, the world seems a brighter place. Young spot (*Leiostomus xanthurus*) are abundant in estuarine submerged aquatic vegetation.

- **2**  
  Film Series. "*The Life of Birds—Meat Eaters*" by David Attenborough. Centennial Hall, 10:00 a.m. No charge. Refreshments provided.

- **5-19**  
  Hummer Bird Study Group—Spring Banding at Fort Morgan, AL. A flood of neotropical migrants in their finest breeding plumage! Don’t miss it. For more information call Bob Sargent 205-681-2888.

- **8**  
  Board Meeting. 6:30 p.m.  
  General Meeting. "*Alabama’s Land Trust Program—Forever Wild*" presented by John Borom. Government Street Baptist Church in Mobile. 7:30 p.m. Bring a friend.

- **9**  
  Film Series. "*The Life of Birds—Fishing for a Living*" by David Attenborough. Where: Faulkner State Community College Fairhope Campus, Centennial Hall.  
  10:00 a.m. No charge. Refreshments provided.

- **10-13**  
  The Great Louisiana Bird Fest, an event of the Northlake Nature Center, Mandeville, Louisiana. For more information log on to: www.northlakenature.org/BirdFest2003

- **13**  
  Bay Area Earth Day celebration at the Fairhope Municipal Park & Beach (end of Fairhope Avenue).  
  12 Noon to 5:00 PM. Contact Marcy Gerhat 990-8520, Lee Yokel 431-6409 or Eleanor Scott 928-5730 for more information.

- **16**  
  Film Series. "*The Life of Birds—Signals and Songs*" by David Attenborough. Where: Faulkner State Community College Fairhope Campus, Centennial Hall.  
  10:00 a.m. No charge. Refreshments provided.

- **18-20**  
  Alabama Ornithological Society spring meeting at Dauphin Island, 6:00 a.m. Friday until noon Sunday. For more information call Dr. John Porter 861-2120.

- **23**  
  Film Series. "*The Life of Birds—Finding Partners*" by David Attenborough.  
  Where: Faulkner State Community College Fairhope Campus, Centennial Hall.  
  10:00 a.m. No charge. Refreshments provided.

- **30**  
  Film Series. "*The Life of Birds—The Demands of the Egg*" by David Attenborough.  
  Where: Faulkner State Community College Fairhope Campus, Centennial Hall.  
  10:00 a.m. No charge. Refreshments provided.
May

Beautiful Snowy Egrets (*Egretta thula*) are nesting in shrub-covered wetlands. Young Pinfish (*Lagodon rhomboides*) are abundant in estuarine submerged aquatic vegetation.

3  Kid’s Fishing Fun Day. Safe Harbor R.V. Park. 8:00 a.m.-1:30 p.m. A project of the Weeks Bay Reserve Foundation and ADCNR
13  Board Meeting. 6:30 p.m. General Meeting. “The Natural History of the Mobile-Tensaw River Delta” presented by Eric Sochren, Alabama Department of Conservation and Natural Resources, State Lands Division. 7:30 p.m. Bring a friend.
17  Annual Picnic, Lovell Farm, Loxley: 3:00 ‘til… Directions and info in newsletter

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Don’t Repeat the Kenai Mistake
Keep Oil Drilling, Oil Spills and Industrial Infrastructure Out of the Pristine Arctic Refuge

The record is clear—oil drilling in national wildlife refuges is not environmentally sensitive; it leaves a toxic legacy of oil spills and pollution that threatens bird and wildlife in the very habitats meant to protect them.

Some have proposed opening another Alaskan wildlife refuge to oil drilling, the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has called the Arctic Refuge, “one of the finest examples of wilderness left on the planet,” containing “remote, complete, and undisturbed habitats” home to “some of the most diverse and spectacular wildlife in the Arctic.” Millions of migratory birds representing 135 species nest in or migrate through the refuge’s coastal plain between the rugged Brooks Range mountains and the ice-bound Beaufort Sea. The Arctic Refuge is the most important on-shore denning area in the United States for polar bears and the principal calving ground of the 130,000-strong migratory Porcupine caribou herd.

The proposed oil development area in the Arctic Refuge would be much larger and more extensive than the oil field that has contaminated the Kenai Refuge.

Repeating the Kenai mistake by allowing environmentally destructive oil drilling and industrial development—in an area set aside to protect wildlife—is environmentally unacceptable. Industrial infrastructure, oil spills and pollution would destroy the wilderness character of the Arctic Refuge while introducing grave new environmental risks to the birds and wildlife inhabiting this pristine and irreplaceable wildlife refuge.

Source: National Audubon Society
“Eleanor!”, Charlie called excitedly, “The yard’s full of vans, and strange people with tripods, binoculars and cameras—and some ol’ guy’s putting a cage around our Humming bird feeder. What’s goin’ on?”

It started out like many other dreary, cold, winter mornings. After having gone to Church Saturday evening, we looked forward to a relaxing Sunday morning at home. I have always had several birdfeeders in my yard, and so from time to time as I was moving around my house, I would glance at the feeders to see the usual winter backyard birds; House finch, Cardinals, Bluejays, Titmouse, Chickadees, and Goldfinch.

I had put a Hummingbird feeder out before Christmas, just in case a Hummer might be in the neighborhood and stop in for a sip. I was following instructions from HBSC leader, Bob Sargent, who also said to call him if a bird was sighted between November and the end of February. I didn’t expect to see any Hummingbirds in the winter especially when it was so cold. So I had not cleaned the feeder or changed the nectar since I put it up many weeks ago.

Well, it was still quite early in the morning and I was not sure that I had seen anything, but something made me look again. Yes. There it was. I was looking at a Hummer hovering around the dirty feeder. I had to move quickly now. I needed to clean the feeder and make some fresh nectar before he decided to move on. I didn’t want that to happen. This was my first chance to see a hummingbird in the wintertime. He looked like he needed food and plenty of it. His feathers were brown and tattered, and he was so thin. Or, so I thought.

I decided to wait a couple of days before calling Bob. I didn’t think he would come all the way from north Alabama to see one little humming bird. When I reached him via e-mail he was very enthusiastic about the bird and said he would positively come down here to band it. He would be coming with Fred Bassett and they had several stops to make for other hummers before they came to my house. About ten days later a large blue van, and other vehicles, pulled up in my yard and out jumped Bob and Fred and some other people who were along for the ride. After hurried salutations, it was all business. Fred was busy setting up the cage around my birdfeeder while Bob was taking measurements and on the lookout with his binoculars. There was a whirlwind of activity and excitement. My husband, Charlie, had never seen anything like it before. I am sure he did not know what to think at first. The bird showed up after a short while, and Fred performed his customary magic: catching the bird, and declaring it to be a healthy female (we named her “Clara”) Rufous, entering her second year. After weighing, measuring, and banding her, Fred took many photographs and released her. After the release, Bob, who was still birdwatching, called to all of us to look at an odd looking Goldfinch. Nobody paid much attention until he turned around to face us and said once more to take a look at this odd looking bird. He thought it might be a first for this species in Alabama. We couldn’t tell if it was a special species, or not, so Bob later called several well-known birders in the area to have them come take a look and give their opinions. Later, the vans of birders with scopes on tripods, binoculars, and cameras descended on us in Point Clear and declared the bird “just another hybrid.” False alarm, but exciting nonetheless. We look forward to many more “Hummin’ Days on Mobile Bay!”
Continued from page 7

Press). He writes, “Expanses unknown to deed or map are known to every dawn, and solitude, supposed no longer to exist in my county, extends on every hand as far as the dew can reach.” So it’s more than birds. Without the birds, it would be much less worth the effort of prying oneself from a Tempur-Pedic mattress. While the rest of the world enjoys sleeping in, I and my spouse do this crazy thing so many other birders do – we head for the woods or the fields in our never ceasing search for the bird of the day. Forty-two species before noon made it all worthwhile.

Even though, as members, we are acquainted with the general purposes of the Audubon Society, it was especially gratifying to have Emily Byram, Grassroots Coordinator, National Audubon Society, Washington, DC, to fly to Mobile to present the program for our February meeting. Ms. Byram gave an excellent program detailing Audubon’s goals and purposes. She also elaborated on the particular projects that national is giving priority and specific suggestions on how each one of us could help.

Phoebe is no musician; in fact the bird’s invariable two-syllabled call, from which it gets it name, and which sometimes suggests petulance or impatience, becomes a trifle monotonous, when its reiteration is frequent. In its pursuit of insects it shows all the flight skill and speed which are characteristic of its species. Like its relatives, it generally selects a perch on a dead limb or fencepost where it has an unobstructed view of the immediate surroundings and is likely to return to this perch after each darting sally.

Thomas Imhoff in Alabama Birds states that the Eastern Phoebe eats large quantities of ants, wasps, bees, sawflies, beetles, leafhoppers, bugs, flies and mosquitoes.

Although my books don’t show them nesting in Lower Alabama they do spend their winters here. I found several nests at the campground and lodge at Mt. Pisgah in North Carolina. One nest was plastered to a perpendicular wall of the ladies bath-house, but they usually prefer some sort of shelf, as a beam, to support it. They often nest near water, perhaps to take advantage of insects attracted by puddles and streams.

The Eastern Phoebe is a welcome visitor to Fairhope! Keep coming.
Mobile Bay Audubon Wants You!
Join Us Today!

Every membership supports Audubon’s vital efforts to protect birds, wildlife and natural habitats.
As a member, you’ll become an important part of our dynamic chapter and receive a host of benefits including:

♦ A 1-year subscription (6 bi-monthly issues) of our chapter newsletter.
♦ Automatic membership in National Audubon Society, and a 1-year subscription (4 issues, one per quarter) of Audubon, its award-winning magazine;
♦ Admission to Audubon Centers across the country
♦ A 10% discount on products at select Audubon Nature Stores, and more!

Yes! I want to join Mobile Bay Audubon and National Audubon Society!

__ $20 – 1 year Introductory Rate
__ $15 – 1 year Student/Senior Rate
__ $30 – 2 year Special Rate
____ My check is enclosed.

__ $1,000 – Individual Life Membership
__ $1,500 – Dual Life Membership

____ Please bill me.

Name: __________________________________________________________
Address: ________________________________________________________
City/ST/Zip: ____________________________________________________
Telephone: _______________________________________________________

Make check payable to National Audubon Society and Mail to: National Audubon Society, Membership Data Center, P.O.Box 52529, Boulder, CO 80322-2529

Chapter Code: A01
7XCH

I could not have slept tonight if I have left that helpless little creature to perish on the ground.” (reply to friends who chided him for delaying them by stopping to return a fledgling to its nest)
Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865)