



The Flyer

Newsletter of the Williamsburg Bird Club

Vol. 35, No. 1

www.williamsburgbirdclub.org

January 2012

President's Corner

By Shirley Devan

You may have seen this announcement in the local press over the past month or so: "Beginning January 1, 2012, visitors to Wildlife Management Areas (WMAs) and public fishing lakes owned by the Virginia Department of Game and Inland Fisheries who are age 17 and older will need an Access Permit, UNLESS they possess a valid Virginia hunting, freshwater fishing, or trapping license, or a current Virginia boat registration." (The capitalization of UNLESS is mine, not VADGIF's).

"Cost for the Daily Access Permit is \$4 and the cost for the Annual Access Permit is \$23. The Access Permit, whether Daily or Annual, can be used to access any WMA and DGIF-owned public fishing lake statewide." NOTE that the fee applies per person, not per vehicle. This fee is the same as the newly increased hunting and fishing license fees.

After January 1, you can purchase these permits locally at the Farm Fresh and the Food Lion stores in Norge and at Wal-Mart on Rochambeau near Route 199. You can also purchase online after January 1: <http://www.dgif.virginia.gov/licenses>.

This means that birders and wildlife watchers will have to pay to visit Hog Island WMA and Chickahominy WMA (two of the Wildlife Management Areas closest to us).

In my humble opinion, this is a good thing. I know it means we have to "pay" to bird watch. On the other hand, paying a fee to VADGIF means that birders and wildlife watchers will have louder voices than we have had in the past when we visited such areas anonymously on the "coat-tails" of hunters and anglers.

For many years hunters and anglers have paid to hunt and fish, and thus they have had the loudest voices when policy makers started making decisions about the use of wildlife acres. To make sure VADGIF knows we're visiting WMAs and paying fees, write "birding" or "wildlife watching" on the envelope you submit with your fees at each area you visit. Even if you purchase an annual permit, submit a note in the kiosk

with the date and your purpose for visiting and indicate you paid for annual pass. Birders and wildlife watchers should "pay to play" and make our voices heard. After all, conservation of wildlife is everyone's goal.

Happy New Year to all!

2012 Officers

The following members were elected to the WBC board starting January 1, 2012.

President—Shirley Devan
Vice President-Programs—Joe Piotrowski
Vice President-Editor of *The Flyer*—Fred Blystone
Secretary—Jennifer Boag
Treasurer—Ann Carpenter
Members-at-Large—Jeanette Navia and Geoff Giles

Welcome to New Members

Joyce Lowry and Kenneth & Jeanette Sydow

January Meeting

At the January 18th meeting John Spahr will present a program titled *Owls: Birds of Mystery and Majesty*. John, who lives in Staunton, began birding in his early teens in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. John is a member of several of his local bird clubs and has served as VP and program chair for the Augusta Bird Club for nearly a decade. He has also been actively involved with the Virginia Society of Ornithology, including serving a term as president. He has traveled abroad to see and learn about birds and has visited many countries in Central and South America, several locales in the Caribbean (including Cuba), Southern Africa, Western Europe, Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea.

His program will include a short introduction of man's association with owls and will also explore some of the unique anatomic, physiologic and behavioral aspects of the species. Each owl species that has occurred in Virginia will be reviewed in varying detail.

Plan to join us on November 16 at 7:30 PM in **Room 150, Millington Hall** on the W&M campus. Barb Streb will be providing the refreshments. **Don't forget to use your parking permit.**

Officers

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Member-at-Large	565-2597
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Bob Long	

Committee Chairpersons

Field Trips	221-8506
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Records & Bird Counts	229-1124
Bill Williams	jwil2@wm.edu
Library Liaison	565-6148
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Membership/Webmaster	565-2597
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John Fennell	mafjjf07@netzero.net
Historian	Open

Summary of Bird Data

The latest version of Bill Williams' *Summary of Local Bird Data through 2009: Williamsburg, James City County, York County, Hog Island WMA, Surry County* can be downloaded from our website.

Wild Birds Unlimited

Don't forget that the WBC receives a 5% rebate on the pre-tax amount our members spend at Wild Birds Unlimited in Monticello Marketplace. You do have to let them know that you are a member.

January Field Trip

Again this year, the January field trip will be by boat to the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel Islands on Saturday, January 21, 2012.

Field Trip Coordinator Geoff Giles has chartered a large comfortable boat for this eye-level look at the bay ducks, scoters, shore birds and seabirds plus other wonderful species such as the harbor seals we saw last year around the tunnel islands. Photo opportunities should be very good from the boat. We will stay around the CBBT tunnel islands and pilings and will likely go as far as Fisherman's Island on the Eastern Shore.

The CBBT area tends to have smoother water than ocean trips with many of the same exciting views of birds and wildlife. It will be possible to do some birding from the warm, dry cabin, but the best views and photos will be from outside on deck, so clothing that protects against wind and weather is recommended.

Don't miss this rare opportunity to observe sea ducks, shorebirds, raptors and more from a large, comfortable boat with ample heated cabin space, rest rooms, tables and indoor seating. CVWO President and Williamsburg Bird Club member Brian Taber will be our trip leader and help us identify the birds.

We will depart from Lynnhaven Inlet in Virginia Beach on Saturday, January 21, at 9 am and return to the dock at about 1 pm. There is a very good seafood restaurant dockside for those inclined to have lunch on return. If the trip gets weathered out, we'll return your check, of course. Should that happen, we will try for a rain date one week later. Note that we will not cash your check until after the trip.

Cost is \$25 per person. Your check is your reservation. Sign up early so we can be sure to have enough people for the trip to go—we need 30. Reservations will be taken on a first come, first served basis until the trip is filled.

Please make checks (\$25.00 per person) payable to "Williamsburg Bird Club" and mail to Geoff Giles, PO Box 133, Lightfoot, VA 23090. Include your email address and phone # so we can get back to you to confirm departure location and contact you if plans change.

For additional info (before January 7) contact Shirley Devan at sedevan52@cox.net or (757) 813-1322. More info at Williamsburg Bird Club web site: <http://williamsburgbirdclub.org>.

After January 7, contact Geoff at Tylerandal2@aol.com or 757-645-8716 New Year's Day Boardwalk Bird Show

December Sightings

Report your backyard birds and local sightings to Fred Blystone at 229-4346 or fmb19481@verizon.net. If you encounter interesting birds on your vacation/travels, please share!

November 30: Tom Armour reports 5 Ring-necked Ducks on the pond at The Vineyard—first ones this fall

December 2: Bill Williams has a male **Western Tanager** land on a feeder and take a peanut heart. (On January 1, Bill reported the tanager had been seen everyday during December except for the 10th and the 25th).



Photo taken by Bill Williams on December 21.

December 2: From Jeanne and Gil Frey: “In our little cascading pond are 10 beautiful cedar waxwings, 2 mature and 1 immature robins. Also seen today are red-bellied woodpecker, downy woodpecker, 3 busy flickers, chickadees, nuthatches (white-breasted) and a Carolina wren not in a pear tree.”

December 3: From Lois Leeth in Florida: “I checked the parking lot near the watering resting place and found 45 ringed bill gulls and 10 laughing gulls—12 mallards at the edge of the pond—8 coots—6 white ibis feeding—At the other fenced water 12 woodstorks—6 snowy egrets—4 great white egrets—These small bodies of water are resting places and they sit close to each other.”

December 4: Shirley Devan spent a couple of hours (between noon and 2 PM) at New Quarter Park. The only bird she found on the water was a female Bufflehead. She did see American Robins, Eastern Bluebirds, Cedar Waxwings, Yellow-rumped Warblers, a Downy Woodpecker and a Yellow-bellied Sapsucker, all in the cedar tree directly behind the dock.

December 4: Geoff Giles and George & Virginia Boyles joined Jane Frigo and 9 other birders for the HRBC walk at Newport News Park. Fifty-four species were seen, including an American Tree Sparrow spotted by Geoff.

December 5: Jeanne and Tom Armour birded the York River via the Colonial Parkway. They saw 3 Common Loons, 1 Pied-billed Grebe, 1 Horned Grebe, 3 Northern Gannets, 6

Brown Pelicans, 7 Double-crested Cormorants, 1 Great Blue Heron, 4 Canada Geese, 10 Tundra Swans, 3 Bufflehead, 4,000+ Ruddy Ducks, 65 Ringed-bill Gulls, 1 Great Black-backed Gull and 2 Forster's Terns.

December 6: Tom Armour reports 9 Ring-necked Ducks and 8 beautiful Male Buffleheads on the pond at The Vineyards.

December 10: Jeanne and Gil Frey report: “In the pond, 3 bluebirds (1 immature). A diurnal barred owl flies low in the ravine. 8 mourning doves, 1 phoebe on the roof looking in the window, 1 Carolina wren, 2 nuthatches, and a downy woodpecker. Two goldfinches are spotted, one almost an albino. It has a pink bill and the usual black areas are very pale.”

December 14: Tom Armour reports 21 Ring-necked Ducks, 15 Bufflehead (mostly males) and 8 Hooded Mergansers at the pond in The Vineyards.

December 16: Kathi Mestayer saw a pair of Pileated Woodpeckers fly over her house into the back yard.

December 18: On a clear, calm and cold morning, Virginia Boyles joins Jane Frigo and four other birders for the HRBC walk in Newport News Park. Fifty-two species were seen including Tundra Swans, American Wigeon and six species of woodpeckers.

A Summary of the 18 December 2011 Williamsburg Christmas Bird Count

By Bill Williams

*’Twas a week before Christmas, when all through the land
The birders were gathered for the count they had planned.
The routes were determined with infinite care,
In hopes that rare birds would be discovered somewhere.*

*The bluebirds were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of meal worms danced in their heads.
And waxwings ate berries, as the woodpecker made tap
To the tree trunk it clung to for a long sip of sap.*

*Just after dawn there arose such a chatter,
We sprang from our car to see what was the matter.
Away to a field guide we flew like a flash
Thrilled to see Wood Ducks land with a splash.*

*The loon on the river, the call of a crow
Gave luster to a list we anticipated would grow.
When, what to my wandering eyes should appear,
But a huge flock of grackles and eight noisy Killdeer.*

*With ever alert drivers, so lively and quick,
We knew any moment we would be able to tick,
Those high flying eagles and kestrels on wires,
Or maybe some kinglets despite sounds from the tires.*

*Now thrasher! now, robin! now goldfinch and siskin!
On, nuthatch! On, phoebe! On junco and House Wren!
On top of the porch! To the top of the wall
Please fly our way! Fly our way! Fly our way all!*

The admixture of favorable weather, innovative neighborhood networking, and warm festive foods at Carrot Tree Kitchen melded a record 68 participants for the bird club's 35th consecutive Williamsburg Christmas Bird Count (CBC). Thirteen field teams combined to cover 271 miles in 107 hours, while 13 feeder watchers contributed another 30 hours of observation.

Even as field and feeder lists e-migrated in through December 21, a final accounting for the count's 109 species remains a bit unresolved. The last tick to the cumulative total was (is) a *Selasphorus* hummingbird whose species identity, either rufus or sasin, will best be determined when it is captured so that, among other things, the width and shape of the tip of the 4th tail feather can be examined. Really!! And, because of many circumstances that may not happen before mid-January.

Additional "goody" birds recorded for the count included 51 Dunlin on the sand bar in the mouth of Felgates Creek on the York River. The Hog Island team encountered a Blue-gray Gnatcatcher and an Orange-crowned Warbler. This was the count's 5th gnatcatcher in its 3.5 decades. The others (all single birds) were put on the 1983, 1986, 1997, and 2001 CBC books, respectively. The warbler, also making a 5th appearance for our CBC, was a star species for the 1989, 1991, 1995, and 1999 CBCs, with a high count of 3 in 1991! A Western Tanager, new to the Williamsburg CBC cumulative list, was "staked out" at a Settlers' Mill feeder after it was first noticed December 2. Lastly, the same Ford's Colony feeder complex that enticed the *Selasphorus* hummingbird also had a Baltimore Oriole. The latter was not verified for the count day, but will be entered as a "count week" species as it was seen within 3 days on either side of 18 December.

The general consensus going into our count day was that the overall number of individual birds was going to be low. Other counts held prior to ours had had that experience with further back-up along those lines from anecdotal observations. However, when the final species tallies were posted and compared within our 35-year continuum, this year's results did not leap forward with lower/lowest species counts. It will be interesting to see if the results from the collective wisdom of all of the counts throughout the state and region will paint a different picture.

We did set two new all-time high counts. Our 1719 Double-crested Cormorants crunched the previous high of 1188 set on the 19 December 2010 CBC. We also established a new Turkey Vulture best with 347, outpacing the 285 served up on 20 Dec 2009.

Just to show how much of a village it takes to make our CBC successful consider some of these key team contributions: College Woods picked up a Greater Yellowlegs; Kingsmill had our one and only Northern Shoveler and a Common Yellowthroat; Hog Island found our 3 Northern Pintails and single Marsh Wren; it took Hog Island and Skimino both to eke out 5 Common Goldeneyes, a species once easy to find locally. Skimino recorded the count's only Bonaparte's Gulls (2); Cheatham Annex our only Red-throated Loon and American Woodcock.

As seems to be the case annually we missed some friends such as Northern Bobwhite, Wild Turkey, Great Egret and Palm Warbler. With the mild conditions throughout the north and northeast no one was surprised that Red-breasted Nuthatches, Purple Finches and Pine Siskins were absent from the lists. We also missed club President, Shirley Devan, who was relegated to Mute Swan status, elegant and graceful yet vocally challenged, by a pharyngeal inflammation!! Shirley made the best of the situation as one of the dedicated feeder watchers!!

Set your sights on Sunday, April 29 and Sunday, December 16, 2012 for our upcoming spring and Christmas bird counts. Meanwhile.....

Check the malls for gulls and starlings,

Find a few ducks or a flock of Horned Larks!

A View to a Kill

By Geoff Giles

That title to a 007 movie always puzzled, and yes, perplexed me. 007's creator, Ian Fleming was a Brit—so I suppose that the expression is some sort of Britishism. Surely he knows that most of his readers will be non-Brits, so why doesn't he just come out with it and say what he means!

And then about a week ago it happened. Right in front of my nose I had a sudden and unexpected "view to a kill" and I knew that I had. It happened in about the most unlikely spot and circumstances I could imagine. I was driving towards Williamsburg on Rte 143, going over the overpass above I-64 in Newport News and contemplating nothing whatsoever but the four lanes abreast of traffic around me doing likewise.

Something moving left to right in front of and above my

windshield riveted my attention and drew my eyes upwards in time to see two birds, a larger one behind a robin, which seemed to be flying single file and close together. As my car closed the distance to the birds, which I could now clearly distinguish as a Sharp-shinned Hawk in a tail chase of his prey, the outstretched talons squeezed into the hapless robin. As I passed under the pair there was no doubt in my mind that I had shared a view to a kill. So I guess that's what it's about.

Interesting somehow that it should have happened like that. I could have gone for years waiting to witness that, and it just happened in front of my nose, when seeing a hawk or his kill was about the last thing on my mind. In fact, I had seen a lot of unsuccessful hunts by hawks and some attempts where I had no idea whether hunter or hunted had come out on top.

I played this fleeting scene back in my mind as if in slow motion and it made me wonder. Why couldn't the robin evade the deadly grasp of the hawk? Couldn't it have abruptly changed speed, azimuth or elevation enough to evade the attacker? Had it already spent all of its possible evasive tactics and maneuvers? Was this the moment of truth after the hawk's pursuit of a lone bird he had singled out of a flock? A sick or crippled bird? Was it a coincidence that this was playing out just a few feet over several lanes full of noisy speeding autos? How far would the hawk have to carry his lifeless prey to a place where he could dismember it and consume it to regain the energy he had expended in this and other hunts?

No more empirical evidence could be gathered about this event to shed light on possible answers to my questions, since my own trajectory was perpendicular to that of hawk and prey, and I quickly passed under them and saw no more of either. I did, always by sheer chance, view some other accipiter (bird-eater) hawk tactics and those of their prey in the days that followed. Each of those succeeding encounters was a reminder that for all of the formidable weapons and superb flight characteristics for aerial pursuit that the hawk brings to the hunt, a successful kill is not a foregone conclusion.

A few days later, while looking at meadowlarks and hoping to see other birds in a recently plowed field, I watched a tight flock of starlings form into a ball in the air and swerve crazily in unison through some strange contortions. Sensing that something had put them to flight, I looked closer and saw a Sharp-shinned Hawk that appeared to be flying nearly in their midst. For some reason he did not make any attempt to pursue a target bird, but continued to fly in a straight line across a road and high over a large

field. A second large flock of black birds, which appeared to be mostly Red-winged Blackbirds was up and appeared to do similar evasive maneuvers, but when the hawk continued straight away from both flocks, both appeared to follow him for a way before breaking off and returning to the original field. Why? Were they keeping the hawk in view until sure he was no longer a threat? Was the hawk intimidated by their numbers?

The following day another hunt unfolded just in front of me, this time as I read the paper at my dining room table. I heard a sudden sound of something crashing into the holly tree just beside the window in front of me and looked up to see a number of birds that had perched in the tree to visit the nearby feeder, suddenly dispersing, all to my left, as if they were fragments from an explosion. For a moment there was stillness and then a magnificent slate-grey female Cooper's hawk seemed to hop out of the holly across the ten foot distance to my feeder and sat with empty talons on the roof, surveying the stillness which had suddenly descended. For about fifteen minutes I admired the hawk at close distance, making copious mental notes of colors, shape, size, field marks, etc. Magnificent creature—and clearly none the worse for wear from the plunge into the holly. Although she did not appear to be concerned about my appreciative stare through the nearby window, the moment I looked away she was gone like a ghost.

And finally, a few days later, after a morning of admiring a great variety of birds at the Dutch Gap Conservation Area I found myself mesmerized by a large flock of Cedar Waxwings feeding on a tall tree overhead which was obviously laden with berries. The tree was so tall that I had difficulty recognizing the few leaves remaining or the copious berries. I did finally get to see cedar waxwings doing the pass-the-berry routine I had read about, where a row of them pass a berry down the line. Quite comical! There were a number of robins and other birds in the tree, although the very large flock of cedar waxwings far outnumbered the others. Suddenly a growing whooshing sound seemed to sweep towards me from the west and when I looked up it looked as if a giant leaf-blower had propelled all of the birds out of the tree and others nearby in the same direction—only I didn't feel any wind. What I heard was the sound of masses of birds put to flight, and the reason soon became clear.

A lone sharp-shinned hawk cruised in a straight trajectory about forty feet above the canopy, and continued to the end of the point I stood on and across the meander of the James River nearby. He was either oblivious or unconcerned about the massive reaction he was causing among the flocks

of foraging birds he passed over. Whether he was sated from an earlier kill or perhaps exhausted from unsuccessful hunting I'll never know. What was readily apparent was that his mere presence struck sheer terror in every bird around. None appeared willing to take the chance that the numbers of their flock or the concealment of the canopy was adequate guarantee that they could survive an attack from this fearfully capable killing machine.

I find the array of their hunting tactics amazing. What is quite apparent is that even these fearsome hunters often go hungry. Just now and then, however, I have a "view to a kill", and in those rare moments I find that I usually am left awestruck, but with far more questions than answers.

Photos from Members

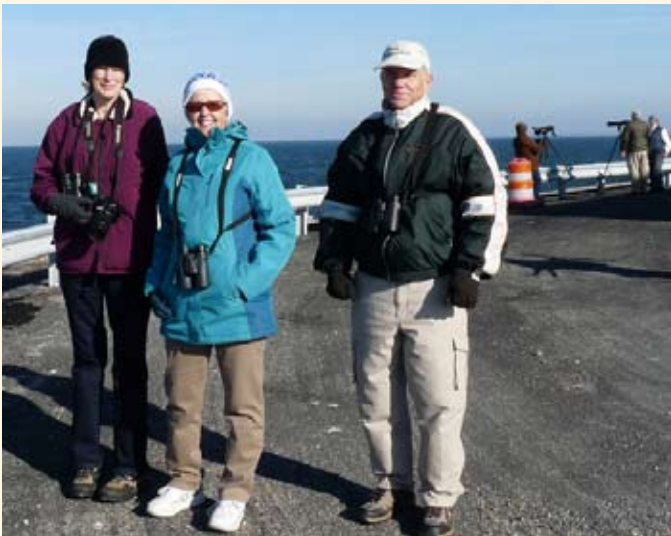


Photo of Jeanette Navia and John & Marilyn Adair.
Taken on the CBBT by Shirley Devan on Dec. 3.



Fred Blystone photographed this Belted Kingfisher
at College Creek on Dec. 30.



This photo of a Hudsonia Godwit was taken by
George Boyles on Craney Island on Dec. 1.

The Most Beautiful Bird

By Geoff Giles

It is 8 December and it is quite cold, in the thirties. As I catch up on my emails and play with the new gizmo for downloading photos which George Boyles showed me, the most beautiful bird I have ever seen (or likely ever will) has just landed on the small serviceberry tree which was last summer's addition to my back yard. He is a sensational iridescent-hued male bluebird with a very gentle expression on his face, and he is checking out the nearby bluebird house, which I put up in my yard last summer in hopes that he would come. He is decked out already in his best finery for the upcoming spring and he is breathtakingly beautiful. Wow, I hope he prevails over the Carolina wren, house wren and other competition to nest in my backyard box next spring!

Since winter hasn't really even set in yet this year, I know there is the small matter of surviving the winter before he can start competing for the box, and that about half of his species will not make it through the winter ahead. I have read that severe weather and lack of shelter are the most devastating to the bluebirds, and that the toll on our wintering bluebirds (freezing and starvation) from one single sudden stretch of winter weather can be terrible. There just are not enough cavities to go around for them to shelter in.

Guess I'd better take a look at the cleanliness of the interior of my bluebird box. After all, the noisy house wren who

took over my yard last summer raised a brood of four little ones in it, before the bluebirds even had a chance to notice the box was there. When the baby house wrens finally fledged, they left quite a mess behind. I suspect the parents let fecal sack removal slide as the chicks were getting of a size and age when they should soon fledge, as an extra incentive to encourage them to move out and start looking after themselves. (Note to self: might have to do some variation of this with my sons eventually.)

Even if the bluebirds had noticed the box when I put it up, the house wren had jumped on it pronto and kept it completely stuffed with sticks, in spite of my emptying it several times in hopes that bluebirds would have a chance to settle in. As I opened the box to empty out the house wren's sticks a fourth time, I noticed that there was not only a nest this time, there were several eggs. Since the house wren stuffs every cavity around with sticks to deny the competition a nearby place to nest, I had hoped that he was merely stuffing another cavity, but when the eggs appeared I yielded to the house wren family's needs. Four little house wrens grew there and fledged, before I was able finally to clean out the box. By then it was too late for bluebirds, as the heat of summer had settled in for a long stay.

Well, maybe my winter visitor was telling me that this year would be different. Not that I have anything against house wrens, chickadees, titmice, Carolina wrens, nuthatches, even flying squirrels—the other locals who are also desperately in the market for a cavity like my bluebird box to raise their brood. There just are not enough dead trees left standing these days for the woodpeckers to make enough cavities for the needs of all the cavity-nesters. My box is even more valuable real estate due to the addition, thanks to George at Wild Birds Unlimited, of a predator guard/squirrel baffle that really protects against the worst predators. I'll hope for bluebirds and see what I get this year.

Of one thing I am certain. The male bluebird who visited today will have no difficulty next spring in charming a lady bluebird into sharing a nest with him, when the shadows of this upcoming winter start to yield to longer days again. He will have a lot to sing about, and I know he'll catch a lady's eye. But good heavens, it's not really even winter yet and I'm seeing signs of spring. The march of the seasons, with each one foreshadowing the delights of the next, is just one more thing I love about living in Virginia. And the messenger who came today, who brought assurances that spring will follow the winter ahead, was definitely the most beautiful bird I have ever seen!

More Photos from Members



While on the Christmas Bird Count Inge Curtis took this photo of an immature Red-tailed Hawk.



Fred Blystone took this picture of a Great Blue Heron at Glebe Cut on the Colonial Parkway.



This Yellow-rumped Warbler photo was taken during the Christmas Count by Inge Curtis.

WBC December Walks

Complete lists of species seen on each walk are on the club website at www.williamsburgbirdclub.org.

December 10 bird walk at New Quarter Park

Geoff Giles led 16 hearty birders on a beautiful clear, breezy, cold morning walk at New Quarter Park. A total of 28 species were seen during the morning including 10 Tundra Swan, 3 Bald Eagles, 2 Northern Harriers, 2 Red-shouldered Hawks, a Merlin and 7 Red-headed Woodpeckers.



Seated: Susan Nordholm, Sara Lewis, Betty Peterson, Jan Lockwood, Jennifer Trevino and Sharon Plocher. Standing: Rosemarie Mussler, Hart Haynes, Joyce Lowry, Bill Ferris, Marilyn Adair, Rock Moslein, Geoff Giles, Virginia Boyles, John Adair and Shirley Devan.

Missing from photo is Margaret Ware.

Another photo from a member



While on the Little Creek Christmas Bird Count (Dec. 31), Bill Williams took this photo of an adult Kumlein's Iceland Gull (Ring-billed Gulls in the background).

The December 24 New Quarter Park Walk

Bill Williams led 13 other birders on a calm and very bird morning at New Quarter Park on the day before Christmas. A total of 39 species were identified including 45 Ruddy Ducks, 52 Turkey Vultures, 2 Bald Eagles, 2 Clapper Rails and seven species of woodpeckers.



Seated, left to right: Joyce Lowry, Susan Nordholm, Joanne Andrews, Cynthia Long, George Boyles, Shirley Devan. Standing, left to right: Alan Bragg, John Adair, Marilyn Adair, Jeanette Navia, Bill Williams, Virginia Boyles

Not pictured: Margaret Ware and Bob Long.

More Photos from Members



Jeanne & Gil Frey took this photo of a leucistic American Goldfinch.

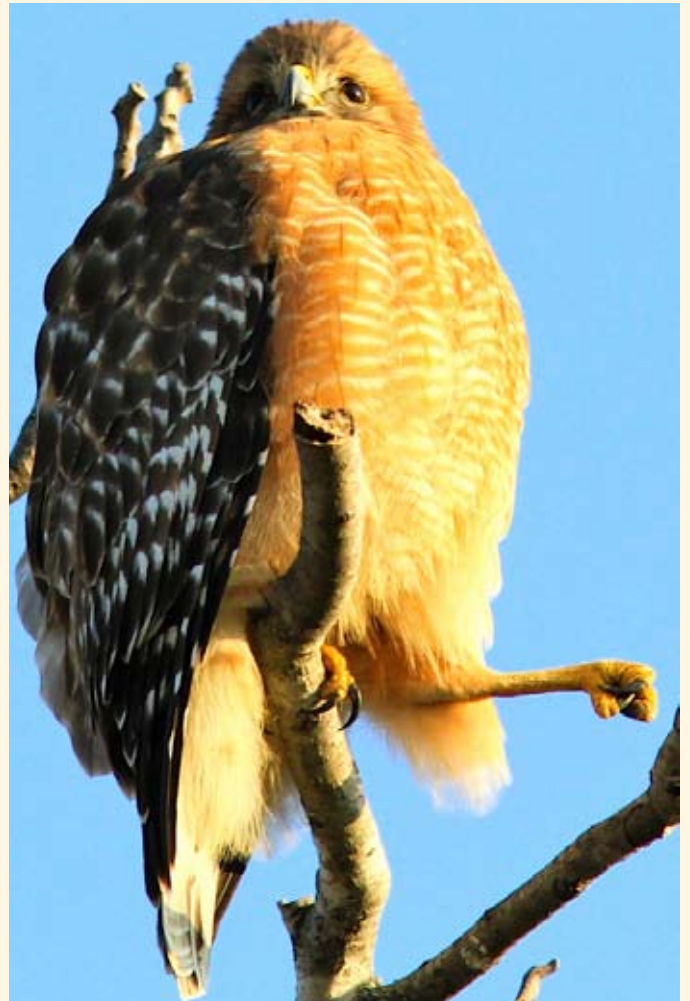


While at Craney Island on December 1, George Boyles was able to get this photo of a Short-eared Owl.

Photos from Members



A Cooper's Hawk, photographed by George Boyles on Craney Island—December 1.



Inge Curtis took this photo on a Red-shouldered Hawk during the Christmas Bird Count.

A couple of photos from Christmas Count Tally



Bird ID from Recycle Bin Photos

By Joe Piotrowski

This feature is only on the website and in the electronic version of *The Flyer*. The answer to this month's "puzzle" will be given in the next electronic newsletter, as well as on the website.



January's bird photo



December's bird was a House Sparrow

CALENDAR

Thursday, January 12	HRBC Monthly Meeting, Conference Room at Sandy Bottom Park, 7pm. Marc Nichols will present a program titled <i>The Birds of the Outer Banks</i> .
Saturday, January 14	WBC Bird Walk, New Quarter Park, 8 AM, Tom McCary, Leader
Sunday, January 15	HRBC Bird Walk, Newport News Park, 7 AM, Jane Frigo, Leader.
Wednesday, January 18	WBC Monthly Meeting, See front page.
Saturday, January 21	WBC Field Trip, See page 2.
Saturday, January 28	WBC Bird Walk, New Quarter Park, 7 AM, Bill Williams, Leader
Sunday, January 1	New Year's Day Broadway Bird Show. See page 2 for information
January 27-29	Virginia Beach Winter Wildlife Festival. Go to http://tinyurl.com/VBwinterwildlife for more information.
February 3-5	VSO Outer Banks Field Trip. Go to www.virginiabirds.net for more information