



Kákya Táymut

KUK-yuh TIE-moot, Umatilla Indian Translation: *Bird News*

Volume 3, No. 12 Pendleton, Oregon December 2005

Frigid Birding – Bird Club Field Trip to the Columbia River

We knew it would be cold on this field trip. After all, we Pendletonians hadn't seen the sun for more than a week because of the freezing fog. Nevertheless, at 0740 hrs on December 18 four hardy birders, as well as Birdie, June and Duane Whitten's 6-month-old wire-haired pointer, drive out of Pendleton, where the readerboard thermometer registers 11 °F, to meet trip leader Neal Hinds and his wife, Sandi, at McNary Wildlife Area. Enroute to our destination, as we pass the Yoakum exit on I-84, an adult Rough-legged Hawk sits atop a grain bin, hunched and fluffed to ward off the cold. By the time we reach the Stanfield exit of I-84, the fog is lifting, the skiff of snow is gone, and the hoarfrost has disappeared from the road side vegetation. Things are looking up; the temperature has risen to a balmy 18 °F!

As we approach the rendezvous point at the Wildlife Area, I optimistically comment to Bob Tapley about the lack of wind, a good sign, because it is often windy along the Columbia River. Our optimism is short-lived, however. We greet Neal and Sandi, who have already spread bird seed at two places to attract sparrows, as a 5- to 10-mph breeze blows through the habitat we are about to explore. Starting our walk from the parking lot, we glance at the waterfowl on a nearby pond. We'll take time for them later, but now we are more interested in sorting through the sparrows that we are cautiously hopeful are feeding on Neal's bird seed.

Just as we round a turn in the trail, a Sharp-shinned Hawk flushes from the brush, flies down the trail and disappears around the corner where Neal had spread some seed. Everyone got a brief look at the accipiter. As we walk the last 20 yards to a point where we can see the bird seed, I think to myself, "Bad timing, the

Sharpie probably scared the sparrows into hiding." To our pleasant surprise, several sparrows are feeding on the seed at the edge of the trail. Apparently, satisfying their hunger, which was brought on by the cold conditions, is higher priority than hiding from the hawk. We have great views of several White-crowned and Song Sparrows, as well as a Spotted Towhee, Fox Sparrow, and an immature Golden-crowned Sparrow. However, no White-throated Sparrow, one of our target birds, shows itself. Just as we turn to leave, an adult Bald Eagle is spotted soaring over the river about 350 yards in the distance.

By now, 15 minutes into birding, the wind persists and gloved hands cover fast-numbing faces or are thrust deeply into pockets. But onward we walk to the next bird-seed lure. At this site, too, sparrows are feeding on seed along the edge of the trail. White-crowns, Song Sparrows, a Spotted Towhee, and two Fox Sparrows dart out of the brush to grab a few seeds then dash back in to take shelter, though we aren't sure whether from us or from the harsh breeze.

Standing in the cold, bitter wind, we are getting more and more uncomfortable. Our original plan to walk a short loop out to the banks of the Columbia River and back to the cars is quickly scrapped in favor of returning immediately to the cars to warm up. We backtrack on the trail, stopping briefly at the first seed lure to rediscover the same birds we saw 10 minutes earlier. The cars are a welcome relief from the cold wind, and after a 10-minute warm-up (to make sure our fingers can again feel the steering wheels), we drive the 200 yards to the banks of the Columbia.

[Frigid Birding -- continued on page 7]

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Umatilla County CHRISTMAS BIRD COUNT

Saturday, December 31, 2005

All are welcome to help count birds!
We need feeder counters, too.

Contact the Compiler: Aaron Skirvin 276-1948
askirvin@wtechlink.net

Pendleton Bird Club Meeting

Thursday, January 12, 2006 7:30 p.m.

**Club Members' Slides of Malheur
NWR and Steen's Mountain Trips**

First Christian Church Pendleton, Oregon
(Across from the Pendleton Arts Center)

Pendleton Bird Club Meeting

Thursday, February 9, 2006 7:30 p.m.

**Mike Denny's Presentation on
Shorebirds**

First Christian Church Pendleton, Oregon
(Across from the Pendleton Arts Center)

Bird Club Field Trip to Oregon Coast

February 17 – 21, 2006
Birding the Oregon Coast

We will look for coastal birds from Lincoln
City to Yachats on the central Oregon coast

See below for additional information.

Contact: June Whitten 541-276-9019
jwhitten@oregontrail.net

Coast Trip -- February 17-21, 2006

The birding trip to the coast is shaping up nicely. We have rented three houses for fourteen people. The winter rates are good and we will get in for under \$100 per person. Not bad for four nights at the coast!

Sharon and Jerry Como also plan to join us from their beach home in Lincoln City. All bird club members are welcome to attend. However, the deadline for me to obtain housing has passed, so anyone who still wishes to go must take care of their own housing. I do have quite a lot of information on rentals that I will be happy to share with anyone. Our rentals are near Waldport in the Bayshore area. You may contact me at 541-276-9019 or jwhitten@oregontrail.net.

Contributed by June Whitten

Bird of the Month -- American Tree Sparrow (*Spizella arborea*)

The American Tree Sparrow is a rather uncommon wintering sparrow in Umatilla County. It likes weedy roadsides and small brushy trees with a good understory of bushes and weeds. If you get a decent look, the American Tree Sparrow is readily identifiable. The dark, central breast spot on a plain grayish background and rusty crown and eyeline are distinctive features. It has a gray head, nape and grayish-white breast. The rest of the feathers are typically sparrow-like, although many show quite a lot of rufous in the wings and back. Its bicolored bill, dark upper mandible and yellowish lower, is a useful field mark.

The American Tree Sparrow breeds in the most northern parts of North America and migrates south to the United States to winter. The nest is on or near the ground in brush or shrubs. Its diet consists of seeds, forbs, buds, catkins, a few berries, insects and spiders. The young are fed almost exclusively on protein-bearing insects. They drink and bathe in water and are known to eat snow.

This sparrow may be found in flocks such as the one recently sighted by Ginger Shoemake and Priscilla Dauble. They saw twelve together while birding near Thornhollow, 15 miles east of Pendleton. Aaron Skirvin, Duane and I found one on November 6, 2005, in a mixed flock of White-crowned Sparrows on Wegner Gulch Road, which is southeast of Pilot Rock.

Considering the cold weather we've experienced recently, now is a good time to take a car ride to some outlying areas to look for the American Tree Sparrow. When you find a flock of sparrows feeding on seeds along a brushy, weedy roadside, stop and look carefully for an American Tree Sparrow.

Contributed by June Whitten

Bird Club Members Grow "Sage" About Grouse

Now that the Greater Sage-Grouse is no longer present in Umatilla or Morrow counties and their original habitat from British Columbia to parts of Nebraska has been dramatically reduced, the best places to find this bird, club members learned at the December 8 club meeting, are Hart Mountain Wildlife Refuge in southeastern Oregon and nearby Nevada's Sheldon National Wildlife Refuge. Sage-grouse are well known for their mating rituals; in early spring males and females congregate at display grounds or "arenas." We learned that both the "arena" and the congregation of sage-grouse are called a "lek." Show up at 4 a.m. at a traditional sage-grouse lek between late March and early May and you can witness the males, with "spiny" tails fanned, performing their elaborate strutting-and-booming mating displays. The younger males strut near their elders, hoping to someday make their way toward the center of the lek where the master cock breeds nearly all of the females.

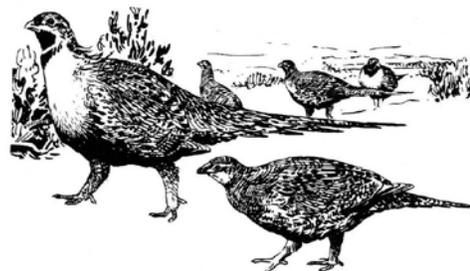
Speakers Jenny Barnett, a wildlife biologist for the Confederated Tribes of the Umatilla Indian



Reservation, and Mike Gregg, a wildlife biologist at the Hanford Reach National Monument (located along the Columbia River north of the Tri-Cities), have been researching Greater Sage-Grouse since 1989. Prior to Jenny's master's degree research,

Greater Sage-Grouse were thought to feed entirely on sagebrush leaves, and their decline was attributed to the 50% reduction in sagebrush lands in the last century. Indeed, they do require sagebrush to survive, but Jenny learned that the hens require forbs in the spring--trifolium (clovers), phlox, locoweed, and native dandelion-type plants, among other small plants--in order to get the protein they need for successful reproduction. Chicks eat insects such as darkling beetles and ants for the first three weeks of their lives, before they too require forbs, and finally, at 10-12 weeks, sagebrush leaves.

Mike's Ph.D. research involved trapping hens by using a spotlight and net at night and radio-collaring them, as well as attaching tiny radios to newborn chicks, and collecting DNA and blood samples. To raise a successful brood, he learned by tracking the



marked hens, sage-grouse need not only sagebrush under which to nest and a diversity of forbs and insects but also native bunchgrass groundcover to protect the nest from skunks, coyotes, badgers and other predators.

In recent years, sage-grouse populations have increased on the Hart Mountain and Sheldon refuges, which have eliminated livestock grazing since the early 1990's. And, although six petitions to list the Greater Sage-Grouse as an Endangered Species have been determined to be unwarranted, the Bureau of Land Management and state agencies are cooperating to save and increase the species. Sagebrush is being replanted at the Hanford Reach National Monument, where Greater Sage-Grouse once resided.

But the story isn't as simple as excluding grazing from sage-grouse habitat, according to Mike. Extensive agriculture and irrigation have completely altered the Columbia Basin sagebrush habitats. Sage-grouse need large expanses of sagebrush; broods have been shown to move as much as 25 miles. They need both high and low types of sagebrush. And sagebrush-killing fires occur much more often now than the 50- to 100-year averages of earlier times. How can sagebrush habitat be reclaimed from the cheatgrass that follows such fires? Yet, added Mike,

if you exclude fire, you can have too much sagebrush, or juniper forests can encroach into sagebrush habitats, forcing out the understory plants required for sage-grouse nesting and feeding.

If we could go back in time 200 years and start again knowing what we know now, Mike speculates, we could have grazing and agriculture and sage-grouse. Meanwhile, Jenny and Mike inspired bird club members with their work on improving our understanding of the life history and ecology for what Lewis and Clark called this “spiny-tailed pheasant.”

Contributed by Bette Husted

2005 Annual Report on Mission Ponds

I am pleased to report that the diversity of bird life observed at Mission ponds continued to improve through 2005. As of December 16, a record 120 species had been recorded since monitoring began. (There were 94 species recorded by August of 2003.) Thanks to observant club members, seven new species were seen at the ponds in the past year, including —

Barrow’s Goldeneye	on 4/4
Pileated Woodpecker	on 4/17
Caspian Tern	on 6/27
Willow Flycatcher	on 6/30
Gray Catbird	on 6/30
Black-chinned Hummingbird	on 6/30
Sandhill Crane	on 11/12

Seven new species may sound impressive but the sheer diversity of birds attracted to the ponds is particularly noteworthy. From the diminutive 3-inch long Black-chinned Hummingbird to the nearly 4-foot tall Sandhill Crane, the ponds are now providing refuge to a wide range of bird life.

For instance, a Pileated Woodpecker (typically a forest dweller) was first seen at the ponds this year on April 17 plus numerous times thereafter in the adjacent Umatilla River bottom. By mid-summer two of these magnificent birds were seen together in the river bottom (1 adult and 1 juvenile) suggesting a pair had successfully nested nearby.

The last sighting of a Pileated Woodpecker was on December 10 when a solitary bird flew across the largest pond to feed in the dead cottonwood trees in the northwest corner. If this bird should over-winter locally, it may attempt to nest this spring in an effort

to establish a local population. Why are we seeing Pileated Woodpeckers now? My best guess is that the



birds have discovered a large food source in the dead cottonwood trees that were destroyed by the wildfire that roared through the river bottom during the summer of 2003. Hundreds of large cottonwood trees were destroyed in that fire. Dead trees attract wood-boring beetles and carpenter ants, two food sources woodpeckers enjoy.

As many of you are aware, Mission Ponds is located on land owned by Pendleton Ready Mix owners Terry and Jane Clarke. They were personally responsible for designing and supervising the reclamation project which converted a stark gravel pit into a wildlife sanctuary. Their efforts to reclaim the property were rewarded when the Oregon Department of Geology bestowed their coveted “Outstanding Reclamation” award to Terry and Jane. I think the local bird population would also tip their bills (pun intended) to these land stewards.

However, you don’t have to be an engineer or biologist to appreciate the benefits of the waterfowl “loafing islands” — just go there in the spring to admire all of the birds that nest on these islands. Or, stop by to see the three species of wading birds (Great Blue Heron, Black-crowned Night-Heron and Great Egret, which by the way, was spotted last week for the second straight winter despite icy conditions the past two weeks). If this magnificent white bird can endure our cold winters, we may see the establishment of a year-round population (and possibly a rookery in the future). Clearly, Mission Ponds is now “home” to the egret. When the wading birds aren’t using the thicket in the northeast corner as a refuge, at least eight different species of birds of prey use it to roost or to plot their next ambush on

unsuspecting prey. It's the real world — eat or be eaten!

Though I've seen countless flocks of majestic Canada Geese splashdown in the pond's quiet waters, 2005 was the first year bird club members saw American White Pelicans landing at the ponds. The largest flock reported was approximately 20 birds. On one occasion I saw a flock of 4 or 5 birds feeding in the shallows using the traditional "herding" behavior common among white pelicans.* Pelicans in the high desert east of Pendleton? If there's water, why not?

What are the prospects in 2006? With over 290 bird species recorded in Umatilla County, I would venture it is a given that we will see new species pop up on the radar screen as migrants or to take up residence at what has become one of the County's premiere birding sites. In addition, I would expect this year's establishment of a dry land grass cover crop to improve nesting/foraging conditions for species of upland game and perching birds. As the habitat around the ponds improve we should see more predator species — both avian as well as mammal.

The only negative I can think of that may have to be addressed in the future is the encroachment of willows along the south shoreline. These rapidly spreading plants interfere with shorebird activity during the fall migration forcing them to concentrate in open rocky areas where they are potential targets for predators.

All in all, 2006 looks to be a promising year for both the birds and birders. Come on out to see what's happening at Mission Ponds (as soon as the ice melts, that is...).

* "...groups forage cooperatively, driving fish ahead and plunging in bills simultaneously." *Sibley Field Guide to Birds of Western North America*

Contributed by Jack Simons

Postscript: Last week I (Jack Simons) took the dogs for their evening walk and we returned through the back pasture by way of momma screech-owl's nesting box (she wasn't home, darn it!) when the dogs found something white under a tree. I walked over, picked it up and in the fading light had a tough time figuring out what it was. It felt like a patch of skin covered with feathers but for the life of me I could not paint a picture of a white bird other than a domestic chicken...however, yesterday evening my

two dogs discovered another patch of white feathers, this time on the north side of the dike road below some cottonwood trees in the snow 300 yards from the first location. My curiosity got the better of me so I scooted down the embankment to see what it was and discovered the remains of our beloved Great Egret.

Given the timing, the distance between the two locations and the fact both were under tall trees leads me to speculate that a large hawk killed the egret. We have a small population of Red-tailed Hawks right



now, so my best guess is that the continued cold weather pattern made a very hungry hawk (or possibly an owl?) go after a food source that is not normally on its menu...

I'm going to miss this courageous little fella...his slow, undulating flight over the ponds and in the river bottom the past two years imparted a sense of wildness to our world. He will be missed by many I am sure....

November - December Bird Sightings

Bird sightings editor, Dave Herr, is busier than ever lately, and will return next issue with a super-sized report you won't want to miss. Until then, enjoy this



recent photo he shares of a **Snowy Owl**. Aaron adds: An immature Snowy Owl has been seen several times in the past week along Stateline Road NW of Milton-Freewater, about 5 miles west of Highway 11 (near Umapine). Some of the sightings have been in Oregon, others on the Washington side of the border.

An Additional Sighting

Verna Johnson, who lives in the Riverside area of Pendleton, had a **Blue Jay** visit her feeders on Tuesday, December 13, and he was back again for a refill on Saturday, December 17.

A Perspective on Bird Flu

The following thoughtful commentary was originally published in the New York Times, November 30, 2005, by Scott Weidensaul, Schuylkill Haven, Pa.

WITH a wary eye on the clouds, I hurried through a few last outdoor chores at my old farmhouse before the rain and snow arrived. But even in my haste, one faint sound stopped me - braying whoops high overhead, the telltale knell of autumn's final retreat. All but hidden in the clouds, a flock of tundra swans was riding the storm front, aiming for the sheltered coves of the Chesapeake more than 100 miles to the south.

Here in eastern Pennsylvania, the migratory web binds up threads that originate far beyond these gentle hills. Peregrine falcons born in Greenland chase ducks that hatched in Manitoba. Long-billed dowitchers from the Northwest Territories leapfrog to the mid-Atlantic states, while blackpoll warblers from across Canada funnel through on their way to Amazonia.

But that hemispheric dance, that most compelling of all natural phenomena, now carries darker undertones. As the deadly H5N1 strain of avian flu marches across the Old World, those of us who marvel at migratory birds wonder whether - or perhaps simply when - one of them will carry the disease to this hemisphere.

The virulent form of the flu has not yet been found in the Western Hemisphere, but some Americans are still panicking. Birders on the Internet trade anecdotes of people refusing to hang their sunflower-seed feeders, and the Cornell Lab of Ornithology had to issue a press release saying, in effect, it's still safe to go bird-watching. When a domestic duck in British Columbia was found last week to be infected with a mild and widespread form of bird flu, the United States responded by imposing an interim ban on all poultry imports from that province.

Overreaction? Of course. But as I cock an ear to the swans, I feel some unease mixed with my awe. These

swans have come so very far, some perhaps flying from Alaska or even Siberia. And Alaska is H5N1's logical entry point into the Western Hemisphere. While we have understandably focused on the danger to humans, the flu's impact on North American birds could be disastrous.

Last summer, I spent a week on the flat, waterlogged tundra at Old Chevak, an abandoned Cup'ik Eskimo village in Yukon Delta National Wildlife Refuge, not far from the Bering Sea. The birdlife was astonishing in both its diversity and abundance; hiking across the spongy landscape in hip boots, I rarely walked more than a few yards without flushing a nesting duck, loon, swan, shorebird, sparrow or tern. They come here from regions as far-flung as the Philippines, Amazonia, New Zealand, tropical Africa and Tierra del Fuego. That includes places where the deadly flu has already been found - like Java, where the slender songbird known as the yellow wagtail winters, or Vietnam and China, whose coastlines are important staging grounds for migrant shorebirds.

If and when the virulent flu enters Alaska in the bodies of Asian migratory birds and spreads among the breeding population, it will then be carried heaven knows where. While the large-scale risk to humans is still theoretical, H5N1 has already proven deadly to many species of wild birds. In May, a single outbreak in China killed up to a tenth of the world's bar-headed geese, and last month a United Nations task force identified three dozen species of rare Eurasian birds at particular risk from the flu. Here in North America, where emerging diseases like West Nile virus are already exacting a heavy toll on some birds, the damage from this new pathogen could be even greater.

The task force also correctly noted that we shouldn't scapegoat migratory birds for a problem of our own making. H5N1 is a product of intensive poultry production, especially in regions like Southeast Asia with scanty farm hygiene and large live-bird markets, which create a hothouse environment for influenza viruses and a transmission route to people. The biggest risk to this country comes not from a bird crossing the Bering Strait, but from an infected human boarding a jet.

Will that realization stop officials and the public here from eventually making the kind of counterproductive demands we've already heard in Asia, for the mass culling of migratory birds or the destruction of wetlands and other habitats? Or will it

draw attention to measures that cut to the root cause of this problem, like better monitoring and oversight of global poultry production, and curbing the worldwide (and often illegal) trade in wild birds, a step the European Union has already taken?

As the sound of the swans faded, I could only hope - for the sake of the birds, and ourselves - that we choose the latter course.

Scott Weidensaul is the author, most recently, of "Return to Wild America."

[Frigid Birding -- from page 1]

Peering through a strip of trees and brush from the warmth of our cars, we see a few hundred Common Goldeneyes and a few Ring-necked Ducks on the river. There are enough birds to make it tempting to take-on the wind and cold to see if any loons or interesting ducks might be in the raft of waterfowl. Donning gloves and coats, Bob Tapley and I walk the 40 yards to the river's edge. Along the exposed riverbank, the east wind has picked up, blowing down river at a 10- to 20-mph clip. Wind-chill, what a bummer! Eyes water and binoculars fog as we struggled to identify the waterfowl on the river. We see no loons plying the choppy water surface. Common Goldeneyes are common here in winter; the Barrow's variety is rare, but regular. Straining to find a Barrow's Goldeneye among the dozens of Commons, I quickly give up, concerned that my watering eyes will blur and smear my view of the white, round spot on the face of a Common into the elongated, white crescent of the Barrow's. Bob and I hustle back to the car. Wiser than we are, Neal, Sandi, June, Duane, and Birdie stayed in the cars. They also saw the adult Bald Eagle again, only at a closer range. Bob and I missed it.

Next stop is the Big Sit! site on the roadway between a pond and the river. Most of us bird from inside the car to avoid the biting wind. Lots of Mallards and Common Goldeneyes, a raft of 100 or so Lesser Scaup on the river, and two Double-crested Cormorants perch on the island – hope their webbed feet aren't frozen to the rocks! We identify at least 2 California Gulls in a group of about 50 Ring-billed Gulls. Wigeons, Woodies, Mallards, American Coots, Buffleheads, Ring-necked Ducks, and a couple of Pied-billed Grebes paddle on the pond across the roadway from the river. Two Northern Harriers fly by, maybe looking for an injured duck, but don't find any. Neal tries to call up a Virginia

Rail from the fringe of bullrushes at the rivers edge. No luck, but who can blame the rails for quietly ignoring the tape in this frigid weather?

Turning around and driving out, we notice a raptor in a dead treetop along the river – need to get closer to identify this bird. We drive a little closer, briefly losing sight of the hawk as we pass by a screening patch of trees and brush. Emerging from behind the trees, we see a second raptor has joined the first – two Peregrine Falcons! Peregrine numbers are increasing in the west. But, seeing one is noteworthy; two in one day and in the same tree is really remarkable!

Driving toward the base of McNary Dam, Neal pulls off to look at the ducks on the pond with the fountain, which is the source of all the water in the Wildlife Area. Ducks are foraging on the lawn at the edge of the pond – American Wigeons. Just as my binoculars spot a red-headed wigeon among the American Wigeons, Bob exclaims, "There's a Eurasian Wigeon!" Nervous because of our presence (even though we stayed in the cars), the ducks flush, but luckily don't fly far, just to the next pond about 100 yards away. We all get out of the cars and slowly walk toward the pond that we hope holds the Eurasian Wigeon. The wind has died down, and the sun is poking through the evaporating fog. It's still cold, but the sun-brightened landscape makes it seem warmer than it is. Sandi has never seen a Eurasian Wigeon, the rest of us only a few times. We make our way to the pond's edge and carefully scan through the hundred or so ducks. Finally, someone spots the drake Eurasian Wigeon, and everyone has good, long, satisfying views. We find a male Northern Pintail in the mix: more good views, with the sun at our backs, of gorgeous ducks in alternate plumage. Bob wants to get a photo, but comments that his cold camera is operating stubbornly slow.

Back on our short drive to the dam, a Sharp-shinned Hawk flies over the road and scares a flock of House Finches into flight. The finches escape unscathed.

We notice the wind has lessened as we stand on the river bank just below McNary Dam, binoculars focused on the gulls milling around the spillway. We identify Herring, California, Ring-billed, and Glaucous-winged Gulls; apparently, the Bonaparte's Gulls that we saw here a few weeks ago have moved on. A Double-crested Cormorant flies by; a few dozen Common Mergansers dive for fish or rest on the river. Four Western Grebes snooze near the shore

just downstream. The cold begins to penetrate our gloves and clothing; time to move on to look for ducks in the river upstream.

Our final stop of the trip is at the grain elevator at the Port of Umatilla, located just upstream from the dam. Grain, which spills into the river when barges are loading, attracts ducks. A beautiful male Redhead swims among a few dozen Mallards, a handful of Common Goldeneyes, Ring-necked Ducks, Buffleheads, and American Coots. We had hoped to find a large number of diving ducks, especially scaups, which spend part of the winter, here. The past two winters, a female Long-tailed Duck, a rare visitor to Umatilla County, has mingled with the hordes of other divers. We will need to return in January and February to look for the large flock of divers and maybe find the Long-tailed then.

As we start our drive back to Pendleton, Bob and I enjoy the sunshine and clear skies. Just after finding a Prairie Falcon perched on a power pole, but before we pull on to the interstate at the Echo junction, we noticed the fog building again. Heading easterly on I-84, we soon drive into the fog, hoarfrost, and skiff of snow, which has persisted here all day. The Rough-legged Hawk we had seen on the grain bin earlier in morning has moved to a fence post on the opposite

side of the highway. Like the hawk, we had experienced a frigid day, but unlike the Rough-leg, at least we had seen the sun.

Contributed by Aaron Skirvin

That's it for this year. Best wishes for a Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukah, and a wonderful New Year! Don't forget the Christmas Bird Count on December 31, with a warm-up party at Abby's Pizza afterwards. All the details were in the last newsletter (Go read it, again, online!)

VISIT THE BIRD CLUB'S WEBSITE

Bird checklists, ID Challenge, Club Member's Photo Gallery, Newsletter Archive and more.

www.pendletonbirders.org

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