To Alaska and Back -
The Fun of Driving and Birding To and From our 49th State

Roger Higbee
September 10 Program

Come and find out how many miles it is to drive to Alaska and back and the fun of driving the Dalton Highway to the North Slope. The scenery was great and the birding was spectacular. Also see how mosquitoes tried to carry our tent away. This and much more.

Roger and his wife, Margaret, have presented excellent birding programs for us over the past few years. They are among the best and best-known birders in Pennsylvania, and have been active in the Pennsylvania Society for Ornithology since its inception. Every summer these brave souls take a birding trip to the West in their mini-van and trusty tent. Since Roger has retired, they went a little farther in 2013. Be prepared to sit back and enjoy some amazing photography.

Insects & Our Native Trees

David Cole at DCNR

October 8 Program

Join Seneca Rocks at 6 p.m. at the DCNR meeting room on Second Avenue in Clarion just past the cemetery. Forester, David Cole, will present a program about the infestation of the hemlock wool adelgid and emerald ash borer. Trees are so important to our environment and provide essential habitat to many birds. Dave will share his knowledge of how the insects damage the host tree, how to identify signs and symptoms of infected trees, the local impact of these insects, efforts to save hemlocks, how to treat existing infestations and trees that can be planted to partially replace ecological functions of the hemlocks and ash trees. This program will be of interest to landowners and everyone who enjoys our forest habitat. Bring a friend. We promise a bug free environment!

~ Deb Freed
Audubon Calendars
~ Deb Freed

Audubon Calendars for 2015 will be available for $10 each. Themes are: Songbirds, National Parks, Nature, Trees, Wildflowers, and Birds of Paradise. The Engagement Calendar will be $11, and the Daily Birds Gallery will be $12.

Orders will be taken at the September and October meetings with delivery and payment at the November and December meetings.

Roderick Reserve Field Trip
(State Game Lands 314)
September 13, 2014
~Jim Wilson

This is a PSO Site.

Directions from Clarion
I-80 to I-79
I-79 north to the Edinboro Exit (Rte. 6 N)
6N north to West Springfield (Rte. 20)
Rte. 20 west to Rudd Road on the right

We will begin birding just across the railroad tracks.

Time approximately 2 hours from Clarion.

I will be at the end of Rudd Road from 9:00 – 9:30 a.m. At 9:30 we will proceed to the monument until approximately 11:00. Dress appropriately for the weather. Bring something to drink and a lunch. Jim’s cell phone 657-8247.

Many thanks to Ron Montgomery and Gary Edwards for the 2013 and 2014 SRAS Calendars. We appreciate all the time, effort and creativity that went into these projects.
Children’s Books Revisited
~ Paulette Colantonio

Forty-eight quality children’s books were delivered in May and June by Seneca Rocks members Janice Horn and Paulette Colantonio to 12 local elementary libraries. The books were purchased by monies donated by the Clarion County Garden Club and our own Seneca Rocks Audubon Chapter. Three genres were included in the list of titles generated for this year’s project. The titles for poetry were “Today at the Bluebird Café: A Branchful of Birds” by Deborah Ruddell and “Birds of a Feather” by Jane Yolen. Nonfiction selections were “A Place for Birds” by Melissa Stewart, “About Birds: A Guide for Children” by Cathryn Sill, “Brilliant Birds” by Isabel Thomas, and “Puffling Patrol” by Betsy and Ted Lewin. Three fictional stories completed the list. They were “Little Owl’s Night” by Divya Srinivasan, “Elise’s Bird” by Jane Yolen, and “The Longest Night” by Marion Dane Bauer. Librarians were given several months to study the authors’ creations. Then, each librarian chose four books specifically for their collection and teaching needs.

Many of our local elementary schools have budget constraints which usually impact the purchase of books. In this time of limited budgets, this book project provides critically needed current resources for librarians and for children.
Fire Tower for an historical tour of Fire Tower #9 conducted by park volunteers, Kelley & Al Bilotto. Take a breathtaking view from the box at the very top of the Fire Tower and learn how it operated. The tower will be open from 1:00-3:00pm. (2 hrs)

The Name Game
~ Gary Edwards

Here’s a rehash of a column I did back in 2001, it seemed worth repeating.

It’s not often that I get to do a column with an international flavor, so when I came across an article on Snipe in the book "What's-in-the-Names of Birds" by Peter Limburg, I thought I would pass on the salient points.

The Wilson’s Snipe is a long-beaked relative of the sandpipers and plovers. It has a spectacular mating flight, sometimes seen and heard in our area, but definitely heard more frequently to the north. While it is more common during Spring migration, it’s common enough in Fall to be a game bird sought after by some dedicated hunters.

The word "snipe" may derive from the old Scandinavian word "snipa" meaning snip, which the long beak does when the bird finds food. The Italian name is "beccaccino" -- roughly translated to "little beaky." The genus name is Capella, Latin for "little female goat." Probably for the best, the reason for that moniker is lost in history. Some feel that there may be a weak link to ancient mythology and folklore.

During the mating flight, the male makes a loud booming sound caused by air rushing through its wing and tail feathers. Early northern European tribes believed that birds able to make those "rolling thunder" sounds must be able to cause real thunder and so they were linked to the Thunder God. They named the bird "Thunder’s she goat" because the goat was a favorite animal of the Thunder God. Sounds like a stretch to me.

Snipe live in wet, muddy places, giving rise to another early colloquial term, "gutter-snipe." The term became an insulting name for homeless people and for gangs of neglected slum children. The word "snipe" also became slang for cigar and cigarette butts, maybe because gutter-snipes picked them up and smoked them.

"Sniping" is a military term for a hidden sharpshooter picking off enemy soldiers and probably comes from the sport of snipe hunting. And, speaking of snipe hunting, what red-blooded American man over the age of 60 hasn’t at least heard of snipe hunting. Space doesn’t permit me to explain, so if you’ve never heard of it and are interested, find some old guy over sixty—there are plenty of us around—and ask about going on a snipe hunt.

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Nighthawk Watch at Oil City Marina

Gary Edwards, Jim Wilson, and/or Russ States will be at the Oil City Marina every evening from mid-August through Mid-September counting the Common Nighthawks as they migrate through our area. Bring a lawn chair and join the fun!

Seneca Rocks Audubon Society now has a Facebook Page!
Like us on Facebook!
https://www.facebook.com/SenecaRocksAudubon
YEAR OF THE BEARS

~ Pat Conway

When I was a little girl, about five or six years old, I remember my Uncle taking us to the dump to see the bears. There wasn’t a lot of entertainment back then, so on Saturday nights he would come get us and we would pile into his car and drive to Clear Creek. There was a dump there at that time and people from all over the area would come and dump their garbage. My sisters and I looked forward to going to see the bears with Uncle Merv and Aunt Dot.

We would get to the dump just before dark. As darkness fell Uncle Merv would say, “Shhhhh, quiet, listen!” We sat as still as little church mice and looked and listened for a bear. Soon we would hear a rattle of tin cans or see something slide down over a pile of trash and we knew that a bear was coming.

Uncle Merv would plug his big spotlight into the dash of the car and stick his hand out the window, shining his light all around. The bear’s eyes would glow in the spotlight. We watched the bear root through the trash, looking for food. Sometimes there was more than one bear and my sisters and I would be scared and say, “I hope the bears don’t eat us!”

Those days are gone now. No dumping is allowed in Pennsylvania anymore, but there are still plenty of bears.

The past year or so, I have had visitors at my bird feeders. At first, I didn’t know who the visitors were, but the evidence kept mounting up. The tube feeders were in shreds, and the suet feeder would disappear entirely. Twice I found the suet feeder in the woods just behind the house. At first I thought it might be raccoons but one evening I happened to look out the window and saw something big and black at the tube feeder. I went and grabbed my camera and got shots of a lone bear happily munching on the sunflower seeds. It proceeded to take a long drink out of the bird bath, saunter around the back of the house, leave a deposit on the driveway and walk dutifully down the driveway and disappear up the dirt road towards the woods. The mystery was solved, so I took my feeders down for a while.

This summer, after mowing, I rode the lawnmower over to my sister’s to visit her grandchildren. It was still daylight when I rode the mower back home. As I came around the front of my house to put the mower away in the shed, I came face to face with a large mother bear and three playful cubs. I looked at her and she looked at me. We were both surprised! I think I said, “Oh my!” to myself, but it might have been something a bit more colorful than that.

The cubs took off towards the shed and clambered up trees. I wasn’t sure what to do. The mother bear was only about fifteen feet away from me. Should I gas it and go straight or shut the mower off and back up slowly onto the porch? The mother bear laid down, ripped the bottom off of the tube feeder and started to munch away at the sunflower seeds. She didn’t seem to be threatened by me, so I decided to go for the porch steps, which were about five feet behind me. Mower off, I moved slowly backward onto the steps and shut the porch door behind me.

My adrenaline was pumping. I found my camera and took several shots through the window, of mamma bear licking up the seeds. Then I went to the back of the house and got some shots of the cubs up trees. I called my sister and told her to get the kids and look...
over because there was a mother bear with three cubs. They got to see them.

I took more pictures through the windows and watched as the mamma bear took a nice long drink from the bird bath. Eventually, she strolled up towards the shed where the cubs were playing, checked inside the shed for food, sat down on her haunches and looked at me. It almost seemed like she was saying, “Whew, these ‘kids’ are wearing me out! Thanks so much for dinner!”

Since then, I’ve had two more visits from bears this summer that I know of. One was at 12:30 in the afternoon and the other at 7:30 in the morning. I thought I would outsmart the bears by putting the feeders in a metal garbage can on the front porch at night, but the lone male has figured that out. He came for lunch to the feeders and then again for breakfast on the front porch. My sister and her husband called me at 7:30 a.m. one morning and said, “Pat, there’s a bear on your porch!” I went to the front door in my pajamas, slowly opened the door and saw a fairly large bear with a suet cake in its mouth. I said, “Hey bear!” “Get going!” He looked at me through the screen door, climbed onto the picnic table and slid down the corner porch post. (He had to have climbed up that way too, because I have doors on both sides of the porch).

Back in the day, when my Uncle took us to see the bears at the dump, I never dreamed that I would have them coming to dine at my bird feeders, or on my porch. I realize that I may need to stop feeding the birds for safety’s sake. I never know, now, when one will be looking for breakfast, lunch or dinner. This has been a “Big Year” for me, in a bear way!

I’m not little any more, but I’m still scared. I hear echoes from my childhood saying, “I hope the bears don’t eat me!”
Upcoming Dates & Events

Mid-August thru Mid-Sept. - Nighthawk Watch at Oil City Marina
September 10 Program - Roger Higbee, Birding Alaska
September 13 Outing - Roderick Reserve
October 8 Program - Insects & Our Trees - Note-this program will be at the DCNR building

Watch the website for our Fall Bird Seed Sale Form

As you sit on the hillside, or lie prone under the trees of the forest, or sprawl wet-legged by a mountain stream, the great door, that does not look like a door, opens. ~Stephen Graham, The Gentle Art of Tramping

Barred Owl seen during the 2014 Birdathon, Flo McGuire

SRAS Leadership Team

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