GREENLAND FALCON—Falco r. candidans.

In falconry, the hawk of Kings, the noblest of the birds of prey. In the heyday of hawking, several specimens were brought to England from the Arctic and entered to herons. Otherwise, the great snow hawk of Greenland is an irregular spring and winter visitor to these islands. Sometimes it alights in an exhausted condition on ships at sea. Occasionally the creature is reported by bird-watchers in the north, especially along wild rugged coast. But it only leaves the Arctic in abnormally hard weather conditions.—Eric Hosking.
9th December 1955

Hugh Wilson and Norman Wakefield came up for the weekend and, together with Bill Middleton, we set off for the Otways at about 5:30 pm on the Friday evening. We went through Beach Forest and turned down to the right through the pine and spruce plantations to the Five R. Beyond the bridge the road became an 0.75 track (Binnie's Rd) and as we were the first vehicles with rear-drive it stuck anti to get through that section, we had some sticky moments. However, we reached the Ocean Rd where it comes out at Cape Hare and camped in a C.R.B. Camp at the junction.

Beware wind in the dust. We were all tired and turned in early.

10th December 1955

After a wander round after breakfast, we made back up Binnie's Rd to a spot where Norman Wakefield and Jim Wilks had previously found a good beach gully. We plunged
down off the road into the jungle and walked up it perhaps half a mile though it seemed much longer. We found the nest of a Pink Robin - a remarkable thing found on a tree-fern's frond, about 3 feet from the ground. Then we came across a Tender Tree-fern which Norm and Hugh measured as 24 feet - as far as is known, a record. I was extremely weary and was very tired when we got back up to the Camp there we had lunch back at the Camp and had spent the night. In the afternoon we went on to the Powder H. and settled into Camp. I was exhausted - a most unpleasant condition. We went across to Blanket Bay and had a swim which was very refreshing. On the way back we saw an Indian in a dugout. All things flying strongly for the lighthouse. What it expected to do when it got there I don't know! At Camp we saw a SATIN FLYCATCHER and KING PARROTS. How I slept!
11th December 1935

After breakfast we went to Tutes Rest, a beach gully just off the Ocean Rd. and attempted to collect a specimen of a scrub-wren which Hugh Urban thinks is more closely related to the Tasmanian bird in that area. No luck. Then down the "Bannen" gully on the Ocean Road. There we track the "find" of the week-end - a Rose Robin. An excellent view at close quarters for a quarter of an hour or so. We called in and had a cuppa with Winnie Venni at Glen Ame and came home over the Gellibrand Valley and the Black's Bridge Rd.

22nd January 1936

Crawshaw holiday complete with kids and dog at 4.10 when we left Fay's flat in Coromany Rd. and got to the haunted hills by 6.30. It was not the most successful of nights as Burdolph managed to roll in some jiffy and the kids were sick.
23rd JANUARY 1938 6th at 9.45 am a hot day.
Filled up with petrol at Mirr will; left at 10.30; Lake Entrance 12.10 where we had a swim and a lunch. Left 2.10; Camp R 4.30; Milacoota 6.30 where we camped out on the headland under a Callitris.

24th - 25th JANUARY 1938 Two days spent walking, swimming and walking round the beach and in a small gully near the camp. Nothing of particular interest in the way of birds was seen, other than the 'Trudl'!

26th JANUARY Woken at 5.30 am in heavy wind and rain. I cut my first newspaper by shaking up the car windows. However, later the day was calm and bright. The morning was spent reuniting the camp and at lunch I picked up Norm Wakefield letter from the PO. I had a map of where to find things. I went down to Davis Creek and saw a Nankeen Night Heron & Brown-Headed Honeyeaters. Later the whole family went on down to the
7th January

It was a fine day, and I explored a gully while waiting for the ice to turn up. There I found a Rufous Fantail and thought I heard a little Cuckoo-shrike. We left Mulacorta at 1.30 and arrived at Lakes Entrance at 6.0. Home from there next day.

It was in no sense a fishing holiday, but it was surprisingly successful and we have every intention of making it a fortnight next year.

5th September 1925

I had become enrolled as a bird-bandner with a licence from CSIRO, Condahna and the Dept. of Fisheries & Game. As the Coalse Feldh Naturalists had commenced. So I thought a programme of ringing could well be introduced. It was
obvious that Lake Cranagain was a
likely spot for nesting but - it is large +
an efficient reconnaissance could easily be
done by plane. So, through the help of
Graham Woods I contacted a crop-
spraying pilot and machine to do it.

On Monday afternoon (I was off sick)
concocting from glandular fever) Graham
Wood's, the pilot Keith Hill and myself set
off for West Wool at 7.30. We saw a
flock of about 20 blue-winged parrots at
West Wool. Arrived at the paddock we had
a little difficulty with a defective spark-plug.

We were off at 8.30. Set in
the point cockpit which was the tank for
the spray - no venturing and worse still,
no windscreen. The wind pressure was
terrific. Our airspeed was around 70 mph
but left behind the propeller, it was
moving fast we at a much greater
rate. It took me quite a time to get
used to it and to decide head only.
outside was kneepads to shoulders and all
We made first for Wangi Wangi Island where there was a large Pelican Rookery — several hundred nests. We kept well above the birds which floated off the island in all directions. Then we went west but saw nothing on the Barambourient Shores so turned back to Wool Wool where there were two islands covered with corncrack (little puk) nests. These birds streamed out across the water as we went over. Up the east coast of Pelican Point briefly over towards Forlorn Shore there was apparently no island and to south again over the extensive flooded areas of Euri and Wool Wool to Hanlon's Paddock, where after some sheep had been chased away by the Tiger, both came safely down. It was a very successful venture (though rather tiring) for no gull rookeries were seen, and quite an exciting afternoon. No payment was allowed, but a trip of £2.0.0 went down well.
November 12th 1956

I set out at 7.0 am for the Grampians. Going by Torttaks reached Hamilton at 9.0 to stock up with fresh supplies and petrol. Then up to Canundah, past Enlaunet to the track to the winnow pool. The entrance to the track was flooded and after a walk round, found a way in a little further up the road. The track was ok. In most places with some wet and some sticky patches.

In one of the latter I eventually stopped, my Sheets spanning, lightening the boat and some brush under the wheels got me out, but from then and there put on my chains. The remaining sticky patches showed them easily crossed. Such led to a confidence that I was not undoing. Turning to the left off the track (where it was obviously impassable) to make a detour through to paddock, I went down to the oxes. That was 11.30 am. Except for a brief lunch I worked on it till 3.30.
Then I decided to forget all about the car and camped in the scrub on the other side of the track. Putting up camp, and a short wander round completed that day.

**November 13th** - up and off early, on down the track by the humans-pool. Across the track up to the highest point to the track up to the first weir. This track was very wet and the last part, through the swamp, was very thick - obviously no vehicle had been up it this season. After a brief pause and a drink I went on up to Eagle Falls where I bathed my feet in ice cold water and relaxed over Punch. Back then, and I saw a SATIN EYECATCHER, not far from the falls, to the weir. And so down the track. In the creek bed, just before the humans-pool I heard a BRIDGE which proved to be the first record for the Grampians. It was a long walk back to the car and a brisk hurry thereon (the only rain for the three days) was
November 14th. At work at 7 o’clock the car and at 10.10 was triumphant in backing out. I found that I had to take the chains off to let the wheels grip the wood. The only piece of good fortune was that there was a stock of fence posts 20 yards from where I stood. It was a gloriously hot day so I stayed round camp with very little on. I had a very good view of a Hylacota and an even better one of a snake which I almost got on in its path and killed it — a very pale Tiger Snake.

14.41.10 I moved off — with chains on — and except for a brief stop when one wheel went right down, got out onto the road safely, removed chains, and was very grateful to be on really firm ground again.
I cut across from there to Dunstall - Glen Thompson and found a Black-fronted Dotterel on nest on the edge of a lake. Had a meal in the car at x. Dotterel and returned South from there to Mortlake and to home at 9:30 pm. It was a wonderful time day, though I could have done without the six hours getting the car out of the bog.

The tally of 75 birds was very good.

November 16th 1958. After one day at home, I set off on Friday morning at about 10.00 am. This time with Michael, in the same direction. We had lunch by the lake at Glen Thompson's farm. I could not find the Doleman's rest. However, we were awarded at the attempt of a pair of Mountain ducks to get them young through a fence. Then up through Dunstall to Cambridge, up the Backwash Road to Naryag - where I thought was on a property called 'Sandhurst Park'. We got there at
2.15. Max was away working, so Michael and I walked a mile or so over to the bush. We could not find the Speckled Warblers Max had found but we did see a little Cuckoo-shrike later. Mike had his introduction to the real business of bird-watching.

It was a cold day with showers sweeping over from the west so we decided to stay with Max and Belinda that night. Mike found a bed, and though I could only have tried an early night, we sat chatting in front of the fire till 11:00 when I settled on the floor to sleep.

November 17th. It was a much finer morning and we went off by 7:00 am. We cut across to the Heavitree Highway and travelled north to Glen Isla where we turned right down a track. It was thick, wet sand and I was stuck twice. However that was easy to get out of and we eventually cycled 4 miles closer that...
track, just past a sticky patch which was tricky to negotiate. After setting up camp we tried lunch and came off at
the rear at about 11.45. The track brought me with him—a month to seven years—and the fear of 60 at
9 ft. At first couldn't find the track he had been on with Claude
Austen so we wandered through very
fall broken till we stumbled across it.
Then it was easier. We had a
good view of a small flock of emus. At
the end of the track we had a stiff
scramble through very tall broken and up
around the shoulder of a hill till we came
to a most impressive waterfall, not a
straight drop, but a total of some 70 ft.
Then back down the track where I
spotted an Echidna which Max bravely
dug out with his fingers and held up.
It was a lucky walk and the two boys
were frozen. However when we got
back to camp we two imbued with a
drinks and did our notes. Shook the boys, rejuvenated, dug a lange hole and made a tent! It was a fairly early night and the boys slept well.

November 19th

An early breakfast was accompanied by the approach of heavy clouds and we rapidly struck camp and moved out as thunder came tumbling down. We got off the track onto the highway successfully though we could not know left it much longer.

We returned to the Wooten power turn off (Chimney Gap Rd) and went a mile down to where a track leads off to the north which we were of the opinion should have joined up with the track on which we had camped the previous night and which we had just left. We went up ½ mile by car and then walked on in the rain another 1½ miles. It was eight miles along the Katy Highway between turning into the tracks (ie. 80–793 mp). We had
been in four miles from the north and five miles from the south but I think we were still a fair way apart at the two points we had reached.

So we returned to the car the rain cleared up. We drove to the junction of the access road to the Gap Red where we had turned twelve months ago. There I set up camp and we had lunch. Then and Roddy then went back and Mike and I climbed to highest and lowest to the South. It was wonderful for Mike and so we went on to tor after tor until we sat on the top of the mountain (henceforth known as Michael's Mountain) back to camp with Michael not nearly as tired as his father. Sat up round camp till tea and we went to bed in the two of us turned in and slept soundly.

November 19th. We were up and packed by 9.0 am. After a brief walk round
near the campsite we returned to a Forest Commission Rd and walked
north along it. I had a wonderful
view of a COLLARED SPARROW-HAWK which
flitted lazily round us. We went 2
miles down the track and returned to
the car. I went back to the first
night's camp where we had left a
spade in our hurry to excavate in the
rain. Having collected that, we had
lunch and I had a few shots at
BLACK-CAPPED JUELLAS with no success.
Then the long hard climb - Dunfell
Thruartum (tunnellum) (look for C. Barren
Geese) Camp and down and home at 6.07 p.m.
We found collected four blue-tongues on
the way which we presented to the
family.
It had been a very
good camp-out and from it
point of view - a limiting success
We finished with a list of 791 species
which was quite good, although we should
have had more than the first trip.
Max and I made a comparative list of Thrushes and Grasshoppers of the birds confined to one or the other. It is as follows —

**OTWAY**

White Gotha Hawk
King Parrot
Orange-breasted Parrot
Ground Parrot
Pink Robin
Rose Robin
Rufous Fantail
Rufous Bristle-Bird
Olive-Whitel
Singing Honeyeater
Beautiful Firetail
Satin Bower-Bird

**GRASSHOPPERS**

Little Cuckoo-Thraike
Hyalacela Causta
White-browed Babbler
Speckled Wabler.

The Little Eagle should have been included but I saw an "almost certain" bird at Barwangarook 25.11.26!

It is very interesting that the Thrushes have a larger list, but of course in the Grasshoppers there are many birds (e.g. Black-chinned and Yellow-tufted Honeyeaters) which are common. Here and elsewhere to the Otways
19th January 1957. Started on our caravaning holiday. Nothing
with family - leaving Melbourne 12.15 am to report until late afternoon at Box's Camp
by the Nicholson R. Where there were hundreds
of WHITE-NECED HERDYS - more than I had ever
seen before. Near them were some Short
billed - geese or SPOONBILLS - but we didn't
stop to see. Just before dark Entrance was a
PEACEFUL DOW. We went on to Orbost, arriving
at 6.0 pm.

20th Jan '57. We woke to the impervious call of the
GOLDEN WHISTLER - in fine fettle. We moved
off early, arriving Taracoota at 12.45 pm.

The afternoon
was spent resting in - the jobs required for
after a fairly long drive. The afternoon
was spent settling in - the jobs required for
a comfortable fortnight.


by the excited calling of PIED OYSTERCATCHERS, in
which time were seen on a nearby
sand-bank who were apparently having
Territorial Franks. Around the camp, as the
previous year, were WRENS and SILVEREYES. At
6.0 pm we had a very short walk along
the beach and were entranced at the
LITTLE TERNs

They evidently have an evening flight in pairs—chasing each other in aerobatics, climbing rather like seagulls and fluttering rather in the relaying turn.

Jan. 19—Thursday—started a clear fine day but the wind sprang up in the north, the sky hurled over, and at mid-morning the wind changed to a cool southerly. Because it was always pleasantly fine. In the morning, after chores and reestablishing contact at the local store where I found they remembered me, we swam and layed on the beach. After lunch I looked the bays in with me to the township for the bread. In the later afternoon the bays and I went over to the large area of sand opposite the camps where I found a couple of LITTLE TERN nests with their diminute fledglings. On the way back, among the caravans were a flock of quills among which was a first year bird, with one of its narrow wings in its right leg. One of its new efforts to become...
22nd Jan 17 - Tuesday - wth to report in the way of birds. It was raining when we woke but cleared during the day. We spent the day on the beach or sleeping. Joan described what must have been a little sea bird and there were lorikeets calling from the nearby trees. In the evening it got very muggy, reminding us of the evil of that hectic weather. Storm last year. We'll see.

23rd Jan 17 - Wed. - Nothing to report for birds - just being lazy and sleeping.

24th Jan 17 - Thurs. - Went for a walk in the morning over on the surf and found two of the famous little tern again and another nest with two eggs.

After lunch I went for a walk taking Bernard. He was drawn to Davis Creek but there were very few birds. It was interesting that the dominant birds were silvereyes and brown thornbills. In mixed flocks, the dominant honeyeater being the spinebill. We saw a mountain thush in the gallery by the camp.
In the evening we drove over to Boston Point, wandered over the dunes and rocks, but there were no birds.

25th January. Friday. A cool grey day. In the afternoon I took Johnny round to Buckland's jetty and caught no fish and lost my roe which disappeared with great relish into the water.

26th January. Saturday. A cold grey day with a high wind. In the afternoon the whole family went round to Buckland's jetty where it was much more sheltered. They had been fishing on the previous evening. But we still caught no fish.

27th January. Sunday. A strong easterly wind made itself felt but the rain showed all day and it was hot into the wind.

After lunch I went over to the Battery to look for the remains of the little town which I had seen last year. However there was no sign of them this year at all - the dunes.
thing on the dunes being a dead Fairy Penguin and Pips feeding on seeds of succulents.

White-breasted Sea-eagle flying over the river which was unexpected - also a Cappa Tern over the lagoon reaches. In the trees on the dunes were Little Wattle-birds. Later in the evening the whole family came over to book in the sun out of reach of the wind.

29th Jan 1957 - Tuesday. After lunch took Titie, Johnny and Julian together with Paul and the Roughers (our next-door neighbours) back 5 miles on the Geesea Rd. to Dambek Creek. We walked a few hundred yards upstream and saw a party of Lemon Honeystreers. Think I was unable to identify till 5 returned to camp.

Though it may be listed in my notes pre-war, I think it is virtually a new-kind! Also there was a Rufous Fantail and a
Mountain Thru, singing beautifully in the heat of the afternoon (4:00 pm). Crescent Honeyeaters were common and loriikets (sp.? ) were hearing. Nice to see what he thinks was an Azure Kingfisher on the stream just before we left for home but I did not see it.

29th January — Tuesday. After lunch I walked over to the Belona and Paul Macfarlan. For the most part we were in the heathland which is so typical a few hundred yards behind the dunes, but we saw no typical birds! We forded the a few hundred yards from its mouth and found ourselves in light encrochant among which was grazing a band with star-edged leaves and huge flocks. There was the Purple-Gaped Honeyeaters — an almost certain identification, but about which I am going to write to Norm Wakefield. We bathed at the
30th January - Wednesday

After lunch I went by myself up the creek about 5 miles along the shore from the township where Norman Wakefield had said I should see the Black-faced Flycatcher and Brown Warbler. And for that I did too - both of them. The former I heard early in the search but did not find for nearly an hour. Then I had lots of time to admire it, perching on a dead bough. Then on the way back I elated, I heard and got a good view of the Brown Warbler - a dull little bird if ever there was one, but no bird is dull if it is 'new'. The only other event of note was a Ruffled Pardalote which came within a few
It was a most rewarding short walk.

1st January 1937. Thursday. We left at 10.30 on the Hansens launch for the trip up to Cape Point. It was very hot and an ideal method of spending such a day. Two WEDGE-TAILED EAGLES with white upper bare heads and generally pale in appearance made me think of Orientalys, but I don't think they were.

After a couple of hours, and lunch we came down the inlet again and the launch turned north to pass under the Hansens farm. Hansens he dropped me off on the Goodwin Sands where I had 2 1/2 hours to myself. Young little TERNs were being fed on the banks amongst much Chitterwing, Stint and Sharp-tailed Stint as well as Black Terns and Red-capped Dotterel flew off in glittering flocks. I crossed along
He came to some tussocks and bushes where I put up some SNipe and came across a fairly small SILVER GULL rookery. There were eggs, small chicks and longer young running off to the water. Then I came across a dead gull, a first-year bird, which had a fish hook in its lower mandible, and a ring on its right leg, which carefully removed (as well as the two lumps). Then retraced my steps to the other end of the long arc of an island the centre of which was very shallow, with water on sand and mud which provided good feeding for innumerable TEAL and various waders.

A pair of CORMORANTS, this morning, obviously resting out on their main but no net was found. I walked out onto the shallows and found a flock of 17 Godwits and, as I was out through currents, started coming in.
in quite large numbers to feed on
the shallows. Then I had to rush
across the shallows to meet the launch.
When I got back I took up
my bird banding field note-book and
received one of the thrills of my life.
For the dead bird I had found
was one of ours! 02-04209, banded
at Warrnambool on Oct 6th. Had a
couple of extra whiskies to celebrate
On p. 19 (ante) I noted a bird
with a ring round the camp and it
is very probable that it took a bit of
bait still left on the hook which
baited it. The trick is that it
flies to a roosting same minute away
to die and for me to find it.

Feb 1st 1937  Friday.
Went to Dennis Creek to the bankside
to try and find the Purple-gaped
Honeyeaters again but failed. A little
Falcon flashed over me and I had
a good view of an Azure Kingfisher.
After lunch we set forth for home and a few miles out I saw a flock of 2 Black Cockatoos fly away to the left. A few moments later Joan said "What is the Black Cockatoo with red on its tail?" She had seen a couple flying in to the right at the same spot! The brakes were simmered on hard but Simon saw them. A fine view of a new bird, and Joan was truly contrite for not voicing earlier!

We made Dubbo for tea and lakes Entrance (9.15) for comparative tranquility. Dogged myself in the sand.

February 2nd 1937 - Saturday. We got up at 7 to an early start. Had breakfast in an hotel in Balmoral and wound steadily home. At Rosedale there was a large, concentrated flock of two species of Herons, White-faced and Y.B. Spoonbills. We had
much near Wangarita and were in Melbourne by 2/3. As we were leaving the caravan at the dam near a Nankeen Night-Heron flew over the valley.

It was a superb holiday as caravanning with family, and really very good for birds - a total of 100 on the trip - 82 of which were New birds - Black-faced Flycatcher and Brown Warbler; Red-tailed Black Cockatoo (unsatisfactory) and Western Honeyeater (at Gibson) and the Purple-gaped Honeyeater which notes as plentiful in the Flinders Ranges. A red-rumped Parrot is the identification - which has always worried me.
**Excursion**

1. 10.11.55 — Camp at C Horse & Erry Forest
2. 10.11.55 — Rims Rd Gully - Parker R - Blundell Bay
3. 11.11.55 — Lakes Rest - Banks-Ford Gully - Glen Air - Home
4. 12.11.55 — Carns Range - holiday - Mt O'Keefe
5. 10.9.56 — Aerial reconnaissance of L Carlingikake
6. 11.11.56 — Grampians 1 — Colac - Enlarged - bogged
7. 12.11.56 — 1st Win - Eagle Falls
8. 12.11.56 — Out of bog - renamed camp - home
9. 16.11.56 — Grampians 2 — Home = Dundas Park
10. 16.11.56 — Glen Isla track: walk to falls
11. 16.11.56 — Workup track: climb mountain
12. 16.11.56 — Back to Glen Isla - home
13. 19.1.57 — Excursion list of Grampians and living kinds
14. 19.1.57 — Melbourne - Sorboe
15. 19.1.57 — Sorboe - Malacosta
16. 20.1.57
17. 20.1.57
18. 20.1.57
19. 21.1.57
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21. 23.1.57
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<td>27.1.57</td>
<td>Tulacosta — Belta R.</td>
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<td>28.1.57</td>
<td>&quot;                       — Double Arts</td>
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<td>23</td>
<td>29.1.57</td>
<td>&quot;                       — Walk to Belta</td>
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<td>24</td>
<td>30.1.57</td>
<td>&quot;                       — Check trunk along shore</td>
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<td>31.1.57</td>
<td>&quot;                       — Captain Point &amp; Goodwin Bend</td>
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<td>1.2.57</td>
<td>&quot;                       — Davis Creek — Departure</td>
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GOLDEN EAGLE—Aquila c. chrysaetus.

We begin our reproductions from John Gould's "British Birds" with four of the most spectacular birds in the British Isles. They belong to the family known as the accipitriformes; the diurnal birds of prey. Most majestic is the Golden Eagle, which now breeds only in the Highlands of Scotland and the Hebrides. This great bird, with its wing span of seven to eight feet, was once supposed to carry off human babies to feed its young. In fact, it leaves even its own eyrie on the approach of man.