

THE STILT

BRIDGERLAND AUDUBON SOCIETY

Volume 24, No. 4

December 1995

Domino

As I hiked up the gentle mountain slope on the left side of Logan Canyon my feet were constantly slipping in the gooy mud. It had been a very wet May, so there were lots of sego lillies, buttercups, and even some big white mushrooms growing in the unusually damp soil.

Then I noticed a black and white bird fly into a stubby old juniper tree and disappear among it's branches my heart gave a little jump. Maybe this tree contained a nest that was occupied! I had been looking into lots of magpie nests lately, but they were all empty, at least the ones I could get to. Most of them were so high up I couldn't reach them.

But this one was only about seven feet off the ground and it seemed promising. When I approached the tree, two magpies flew out and watched from atop a telephone pole.

The nest looked like a big ball of dry sticks. Magpies spend months building these untidy structures, but sometimes they will just renovate an old nest. I climbed the tree and found the entrance to the nest with my hand and reached in, expecting to feel the fuzzy down of a chick. But instead it was the warm, smooth shell of a brown and green speckled egg. That surprised me because I had read that most magpie chicks are fledged at this time of year. Maybe it had something to do with the extra rain we had received that spring.

I climbed down the tree and walked back to my house, which was on the corner of Lundstroin Park. I returned to the nest about once or twice a week. On June 5, 1995 the eggs hatched. There were six eggs in the nest but for

some reason, only four hatched. The baby magpies grew feathers, their eyes opened and they opened their mouths for food whenever I peeked in.

When the chicks were three weeks old I gently lifted a young bird and carried it from the tree. But when the parents saw me with one of their chicks they had a fit. I got attacked by a large cloud of about fifteen magpies and they chased me down the hill. But when I placed the young bird in the bag they seemed to forget about the whole thing and they returned to their nest. I felt sorry about stealing the young bird from it's parents, but it was for the better really. A couple of days later I came back and the other chicks were gone.

Taking care of Domino (that's what I named him) was not an easy task. I kept him on our apple tree in the backyard and he was constantly hungry. I fed him soggy chunks of cat food because I figured it was sort of like the stuff that the parents fed him. Whenever I fed

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Calendar

Thursday, December 14. Bridgerland Audubon Society General Meeting, 7:30 pm. Sandra Cavalcanti, a graduate student in the Department of Fisheries and Wildlife at USU, will present a slide show on livestock guarding animals, used to protect livestock from coyote predation. Sandra is studying llamas and their use for livestock protection, but her presentation will focus on livestock guarding dogs, llamas, and donkeys. The proper use of these techniques may decrease the need to manage coyotes and other predators with more lethal means. Please come and listen to Sandra describe the challenges and opportunities facing both Utah's livestock and Utah's native predators. Refreshments will be provided. The meeting will be held in the Logan Cith Building, 225 North Main.

For more information, contact Robert Schmidt, 797-2536 (days), 755-9262 (evenings).

Wednesday, December 20. BAS Planning Meeting, 7 pm. Chair and board members join to discuss projects and funding. As a member, your input is always welcome. Brigit Burt will host this month's meeting at 1000 North 320 West #4 in Logan.

Utah Rivers Conservation Council

Over 70 people attended the Bridgerland Audubon General Meeting on November 7 featuring a slide show by Zachary Frankel of the Utah Rivers Conservation Council. The meeting was jointly sponsored by the USU Canoe & Kayak Club and the USU Earth Resources Club. With our growing population and rapid development Utah is facing strong pressures to build more dams. Utahns use the most water per capita of any state and pay the third lowest water rates, a system that encourages waste and transfers the huge costs of dam building and water distribution systems from the users to the tax payers. In his talk, illustrated with dramatic slides, Frankel discussed the impact of dams on river recreation and on riparian habitat, which is essential for birds, fish and terrestrial animals. For more information or to join URCC (\$25): Utah Rivers Conservation Council, 1471 South 1100 East, Salt Lake City, UT 84105.

The USU Canoe & Kayak Club promotes river conservation, boating safety and recreational paddling. Membership is open to all persons interested in non-motorized boating and rafting. Membership is \$5/student, \$7/nonstudent, \$10/family. Send dues to Natalie Burn, 374 North 200 West, Logan, UT 84321. For information contact: Tom Rivest 753-7545 or Jean Lown 752-6830. The next meeting will be in early January featuring Bill Sedivy, author of *River's End: A Collection of Bedtime Stories for Paddlers*. Bill donates profits from the book to river conservation efforts. The book is available at Trailhead and A Book Store.

Vera Cruz Hawk Count

The final hawk count came to just over 4 million birds! So Al and Alice Stokes were there when almost 25% of the total migration went over. If you don't believe it, put Thursday, February 8 on your calendar. Steve Hoffman will be our guest speaker at the Annual Audubon Banquet then and will talk about this famous migration among other things.

New Members

Virginia Ballantyne
Diane Behl
Mrs Marie L Borg
Katie Bryson
Mrs Carolyn R Chase
Molly M Cooley
W N Hansen
Lance L Littlejohn
Maryl A Sedivy
Theresa Zmola

Renewing Members

Michael C Amacher
Marion A Andersen
Desmond L & Loila Rae F Anderson
Patricia Bahler
Leroy B Beasley
Claire S Caldes
John W Carlisle, MD
Joyce Cline
Dani Comer
Rena Everton
Patricia Fullmer
E N Hatch
Ruth Helm
Bob & Linda Hendy
Dawn Holzer
Nathan & Chris Hult
Molly Hysell
Linnea Johnson
David Klagge
Frederick F Knowlton
Akeley Miller
Rosalie Mueggler
Richard Mueller
Michael P O'Neill
M Jean Packer
Pam Riley
Victoria Roy
Holly Bea Sanders
Tovi Santiago
John A Scherting
Terry L Sharik
Mr & Mrs Robert E Taylor
Miiko Toelken
Nancy Williams
Diana F Wittkoph

(Continued from page 1)

Domino

him, I whistled. I spent a lot of time with him because he required so much attention. I had never had so much responsibility in my life! But it was also fun and interesting to see the young magpie grow. He was quite a handsome bird. He looked like a crow except smaller with a longer tail, and his feathers had a tint of shiny blue and green, which could only be seen in the sunlight. He had a white chest and white shoulders.

One day he fell out of the tree and I couldn't find him anywhere. So I whistled like I did when I fed him and he called back. It sounded far away, and I knew if I didn't find him soon a cat would eat him. I peeked over our fence and into the neighbor's backyard, and there he was, sitting on the patio in broad daylight. I ran next door to ask permission, but nobody answered. I hated sneaking into the backyard, but I couldn't let Domino sit there with all those cats prowling around! So I jumped the fence, grabbed Domino, and took him home. I realized it was too dangerous to leave him in the tree alone, so I had to keep him in a cage when I was not around. (Which wasn't often.)

A week later I had to go to camp for four days and my thirteen year old brother had to take care of him for me. Unfortunately, I forgot to tell him how to whistle Domino back, and poor Nathan spent hours chasing the magpie through the neighborhood with a butterfly net. When I came back from camp Domino was in the very top of a tree. I whistled for him and held out my hand. Domino couldn't fly very good yet, so he just sort of half flew and half fell. But he landed right on my hand. "How'd you do that?" Nathan asked.

Soon Domino could fly. He spent most of his time learning how to fly greater distances. But he never went too far. I never kept him in a cage anymore, but I fed him all the time. He was still entirely dependent on me. He also liked shiny or brightly colored things. I thought he could tell the difference between a piece of tin foil or a diamond ring, but he always took great care in choosing a place to store his treasure. He did the same thing with food. For an example, if he was going to hide a piece of meat in a crack in the sidewalk, he would shove it down as far as he could, then he would cover it with dirt, and then he would put a big leaf over it, and then he would put a rock on the leaf and so on. By the time he was done hiding his food he would get hungry again, so he would dig it up and eat it!

One day Domino dropped something shiny down our chimney by accident, and then he decided he wanted it back, so he jumped down the chimney after it. I was looking everywhere for him because I could hear him screaming his head off. But I just couldn't figure out where his voice was coming from. That evening I thought if I climbed on the roof maybe I could figure

out where the sound was coming from. It was coming from the chimney! I shined a flashlight down there. He was not a happy bird. He was screaming his head off trying to fly out, but he couldn't because magpies can't fly straight up. I sighed with relief when we found him, but then came the problem: how do you get a magpie out of a chimney?

We couldn't just pull him out through the fireplace because it had been walled off. My mom lowered a hose down there but there was no way he would climb up it. So we taped a bunch of curtain rods together and put a butterfly net on the end, but it broke in half. So we called my grandpa to see if he had any bright ideas. He brought a long piece of pipe. He duct taped a shoe box to the end of it, lowered it down, scooped Domino against the wall, and pulled him up, screaming all the way. He was sure glad to get out of that chimney. We put a screen over it so he couldn't fall down there anymore.

Domino was always getting into trouble. He loved to jump on little kids and scare the daylights out of them. Once a lady was pushing a kid in a stroller and Domino was sitting in a tree eyeing them. Suddenly he dived out of the tree and landed on the lady's head. She screamed and pitched forward so fast that Domino lost his balance and fell into the stroller, bounced off the baby's stomach, and landed neatly on the lawn. I told the lady I was very sorry. But Domino didn't mean any harm. He just liked playing tricks, that's all.

And that was just one incident! If I wrote about all of them, this would be a novel, not a story.

Sometimes people told me that a magpie was a dirty kind of bird that eats dead stuff. But really, Domino was very clean. He took about five baths a day, in puddles, drinking fountains, and in the canal. Sometimes he would sit on the sprinkler head and just let it spray him. He would be so wet he couldn't even fly!

The only place he couldn't take a bath was in our duck pond. My pet duck, Lucky Ducky, and her duckling Clover, would never even let him come close. Domino was friends with Clover at first, but Clover outgrew him.

There was a barn swallow's nest on our neighbor's front porch, and Domino was constantly trying to rob it. Whenever he came too near the nest I had to spray him with the hose. Sometimes huge flocks of swallows would dive bomb him, trying to knock him out of the air, screaming "SHRE-EE-E-E! SHRE-EE-E-E!" Domino would crawl under a parked car where the swallows couldn't get him and he would mimic them, screeching, "SHRE-EE-E-E! SHRE-EE-E-E!" I think he was making fun of them. I was pretty glad when those baby swallows moved out. Swallows and magpies don't mix. Sometimes he imitated crickets and robins too.

In August I had to go on vacation for a few days. I left

very much. But he was sure glad to get something to eat!

It was then that I realized I had better teach Domino how to find his own food, and return him to the wild. I caught a lot of grasshoppers and turned them loose in the park, and Domino would snag them with his beak and gobble them up. Soon I didn't have to worry about feeding him anymore. But sometimes he would go to the park and raid picnic tables. Once he stole someone's ring and it took forever to get it back. He was always sneaking up on people and jumping on them. He followed me to church every Sunday and hung around in the parking lot until I came out. That magpie had some bad habits and it was a real pain in the neck! But I still loved him.

When school started I couldn't spend as much time with Domino. He got lonely and started spending his time at the dirt hills where he caught grasshoppers to eat. There were so many grasshoppers that if you ran across the field with your mouth open, you would eat a few before you got to the other side. No grasshopper ever escaped Domino's watchful eye.

I started seeing less and less of Domino. Two or three days would go by and I wouldn't see him. Sometimes there would be two or three other magpies with him. The last time I saw him was a quiet evening around the end of September. He was sitting in a birch tree hiding a red bead I had given him. He seemed nervous and jumpy around me. He was losing his trust of people. It made me kind of sad but I knew he had to leave sometime.

Sometimes I wonder how he's doing and how he did on his first winter. He was a huge responsibility and I probably wouldn't have another pet magpie. But I'll never regret having Domino.

— Katie Beck
Age 14

Annual Christmas Bird Count

Join us for a day of bird watching as we participate in a nationwide scientific survey of wintering avifauna. Bird watchers of any level of expertise are invited for all or part of the day. In the evening we will meet for a potluck dinner and tally results. Call Keith Archibald, 752-8258, or one of the area leaders if you wish to participate.

Sunflower Seed Available

Top quality black sunflower seed is available at Sunrise Cyclery for \$16 per 50-lb bag. Address is 138 North 100 East. You will be given a \$1 refund on every returned bag. Al Stokes is temporarily out of stock.

Smith's Good Coupons

Al Stokes is looking for five or six families that regularly shop at Smith's Food who would be willing to buy Smith's Food Coupons from him. Audubon gets these at 5% discount and sells them to users at face v. They come in \$10 and \$20 denominations and are bill sized to fit easily into a billfold. Al likes to sell \$2,00 each month, bringing in over \$1,000 to Bridgerland Audubon. Give him a call at 752-2702.

Aluminum Cans

Remember to drop off your aluminum cans at Al Stokes' home (1722 Saddle Hill Drive). Leave on west side of garage. We get 40¢ per pound. It all adds up!

Environmental Education

The Utah Society for Environmental Education provides materials and training to educators and is located in Salt Lake City. In order to better serve the Cache Valley area, a resource center is currently being developed in Logan. It will be located in the Quinney Library on the USU campus and will house curriculum guides, workbooks, kits, trunks, models, videos, and much more. We are in need of materials and labor to get set up. If you are willing and able to donate any of the following, or would like more information, please contact Amy Orchard at 755-3435 or by e-mail at SL7QC@cc.usu.edu

Book Shelves	Tables
Chairs	Computer Desk
Computer	Telephone
Ceiling Fan	Lamp
Clock	Carpet or Rugs
Step Stool	Wall Hangings
Aquarium	Broom or Vacuum
Cleaning Supplies	Counter Top
Nails and Screws	Wood Framing
Gypsum Board	Interior Paint
Interior Door w/window	Door Knob and Lock Set
Door Jam and Trim	Ceiling Lights
Electrical Conduit	Power Strips
Ball Insulation	

Field Trip, November 4

One time I went bird watching with my Mom and a group of people. I found five bones and I found four wings. Two wings were big and two were small. I found the wings and bones at the sewer ponds. At the sewer ponds someone showed me a dead duck. It's eyes were gone.

We went somewhere else and saw a red tailed hawk.

— Melissa Kerkmann

Fall Birding Field Trip

"The early bird catches the worm" ... I mean, at least in our case, the bird. The Fall Birding Trip was on Saturday, November 4. We met bright and early on that very cold morning at the Fred Meyer parking lot. We then traveled to the sewage ponds, where we had to sign a release waiving Logan City if we were to become injured, ill, or dead due to the ponds.

Once inside the gate, we were able to observe many species of ducks, including mallards, pintails, shovelers, redheads, canvasbacks, scaups, goldeneyes, buffleheads (gobs of them!) and ruddy ducks. We were also engaged in the study of gulls, our main subject being a herring gull. Allen Stokes tutored us in animal sign, as he identified Canada goose droppings, the wings of gulls, and a mysterious pellet of some sort, later believed to be from the gulls. How the gulls were killed was somewhat of a mystery ... yet we came to the conclusion that they were killed by cats.

Other birds we saw at the sewage ponds included Canada geese, snow geese, two beautiful swans, lots of Great Blue Herons, and a Northern Harrier.

After learning about waterfowl, we moved to the northern end of the valley to observe raptors. Looking at the telephone poles, nearly each one was occupied by a Red-tail Hawk. Truly an incredible sight! We were also able to see an American Kestrel, and a personal day's highlight of mine, a rough-legged hawk.

Now, one might assume that the most entertaining activity of the day was observing the birds. Yeah, that was great, but for a wonderful experience, everyone should try Al Stokes' "Pick-up-the-aluminum-cans-without-getting-out-of-the-car game." It sounds a lot easier than it is. As we saw a can, Al would pull over, go a little bit slower, and I would open the door and try to grab the can. Everyone deserves this opportunity!

The Fall Birding Trip was my first outing with the Bridgerland Audubon Society. My first impressions are definitely very positive. I had tons of fun, was able to interact with great people, and I learned so much. Thanks for a wonderful experience!

— Merrilyne Lundahl

Wellsville Hawk Observation

Hello! My name is Paul Archibald, probably better known as Keith Archibald's son. Some of you are probably wondering why I, not being the standard Itinerant Biologist, would tackle the Wellsville hawk observation job this year. Well, it was the rush of the challenge, the thrill of living and breathing raptors, and the accessibility of equipment and a good pair of binocs' (many thanks Dad). I first experienced the sweet taste of raptors at the Goshutes. I watched and admired Steve Engles and other observers as they counted the majestic birds. It was then I decided that I wanted the chance to experience a full season of observation, so before the

1994 fall migration I mentioned to Steve Hoffman that I would like to be one of the Wellsville Observers for the 1995 season. Last year, I spent two weeks learning the raptors at the Goshutes. I also spent some time this spring, hawking with Hoffman. Then suddenly, I found myself living and sleeping on a mountain.

I pushed myself extremely hard the first week of the count. I had to work the hardest when I was out of shape because of all the equipment that needed to be packed up. The hike was difficult at first, but it got shorter and easier with every trip. With the support and help from my friends and family, water and food became a much easier load. The day was spent hawking, and I found a mix of opportunities for the evenings, nights, and mornings. Most of that time was spent reading a variety of literature. One night I climbed to the second highest peak, the Cone, from campsite by moonlight. A beautiful hike. Some evenings I spent conversing with a local Northern Pygmy Owl, and I also got a few wonderful looks. At times I wrote a few poems, listened to music, or simply went birding. Other moments I laid in the grass or sat on a rock and enjoyed the peaceful solitude.

From 22 August to 25 October my Wellsville roommate, Sean O'Connor, and I set many new records. Prior to this season 1991 total raptors with 4,971. On 25 October, our last bird, a Northern Harrier, gave us a total of 5,665. We counted more Turkey Vultures, Sharp-shinned Hawks, Cooper's Hawks, Broad-winged Hawks, Red-tailed Hawks and American Kestrels than any other year. It is hard to answer why we had such a great year. One explanation could be the weather. Rain was very infrequent and we seldom had cloud cover. The winds were usually excellent for raptor migration. Another would be because of the superior ability of the observers! I prefer this theory.

The hawks were exciting from beginning to finish. The Wellsvilles are an adult flyway, so I was able to view hundreds of beautiful, steely-blue backed Accipiters. The birds also fly close, and I got a wonderful look at all species. I saw five immature Northern Harriers pitch a captured mouse back and forth. There was a local family of Peregrine Falcons that nested near observation. They entertained me with show after show as they chased the migrants. From spiraling kettles of Swainson's Hawks soaring over just before sunset, to Red-tailed Hawks kiting in powerful wind blown mist I enjoyed spectacle after spectacle.

This short experience was worth a thousand civilized lifetimes. Thank you much, Steve Hoffman, for your advise and trusting me, the Goshutes crew for your knowledge, my friends and family for your support, John Easley for the water, Scott Datwyler for his time and help, my dad, and the visitors who seemed to be the bad luck charm this year. The birds would only fly when they were gone. I enjoyed everybody's company, and I thank all who came to visit.

— Paul Archibald

Membership Summer/Winter Address Form

Name of Member _____
 WILL RESIDE AT (CURRENT ADDRESS)
 Street: _____

 City/State/Zip: _____
 From the Dates of: _____ To _____

Name of Member _____
 WILL RESIDE AT
 Street: _____

 City/State/Zip: _____
 From the Dates of: _____ To _____

Preferred Chapter: _____

Send Completed Form To: Theresa Larkin, Membership, National Audubon Society, 700 Broadway, New York, NY 10003

Winter Bird Feeding

If you feed birds, you're in good company. A 1991 report from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service estimates that 63 million Americans provide food for wild birds, spending more than \$2.5 billion on bird seed and bird feeding supplies each year.

Different kinds of birds prefer different types of seeds, but if you're looking for one seed that will attract the greatest number of species, the answer is sunflower seed. Several studies show that this high-energy food is the hands-down favorite of the majority of species that visit feeders. Certain species do prefer seeds other than sunflower, however. The table below shows the seed preferences of several common groups of birds.

	Chickadees Titmice Nuthatches	Finches	Cardinals Grosbeaks	Sparrows Blackbirds	Jays	Wood- peckers	Origles Tanagers	Pigeons Doves	Indigo Buntings	Painted Buntings
Sunflower	✓	✓	✓	✓	○	○			○	✓
Safflower	○	○	○							
Corn				○	✓			✓		
Millet		○		○				○	○	
Milo					○			○		
Niger		✓							○	
Suet	✓				○	✓	○			
✓ Preferred ○ Readily Eaten										

Here are some notes about the seeds listed in the table. "Corn" means dried, whole-kernel corn, a favorite food for jays, pigeons and doves, quails, and pheasants. Cracked corn, however, can be offered to finches and sparrows. "Millet" comes in red and white varieties; most birds prefer white over red. "Niger" is another name for thistle seed. It's the seed of choice for small finches such as goldfinches, siskins, and redpolls. Because niger seeds are so small (and expensive), it's best to offer them in a special niger feeder, which has tiny ports that prevent the seeds from spilling out.

Safflower is another readily available seed that some birds find attractive. Peanuts are another good bird food. Experiment—see what your birds like best!

You can attract insect-eating birds such as chickadees, woodpeckers, and nuthatches to your yard by offering suet (beef fat) or peanut butter. Many birds in cold climates like these high-energy foods.

Peanut butter and suet are strictly wintertime foods, because they quickly turn rancid in warm weather. Some people worry that birds will choke on sticky peanut butter. There's no definitive evidence that they do, but you can completely eliminate any risk by mixing peanut butter with corn meal or oatmeal.

Plain, inexpensive beef suet, which is available at some supermarket meat departments, is just as attractive to birds as the more-expensive commercial suet cakes. Offer suet in a wire basket or plastic mesh bag (the kind onions come in) tied

SUMMARY OF STATEMENT TO GOVERNOR'S MEETING PRIOR TO GROWTH SUMMIT

Great Salt Lake Audubon

Carol Withrow, President

November 14, 1995

Water

Because Utah faces a growth in population, which will require water, and our water supply is finite, we will be forced to make serious choices concerning quality versus quantity of life. We must recognize that there is a trade-off. We must face up to the inevitability of some maximum sustainable population and the concomitant quality of life that we choose to accompany it.

An important change we must make is to reform certain antiquated, nineteenth century **water laws**. We must revisit the Doctrine of Prior Appropriation and the law that requires the owner of a water right to use the water in order to retain that right. We must question whether the use of water should be owned in perpetuity. Most importantly, the definition of the term "beneficial use" needs to be broadened. Currently it means any use producing an economic benefit. It must be enlarged to include water uses that lift the human spirit, provide recreation, contribute to instream flow, maintain wildlife habitat, and in general promote a livable environment. We realize as a practical matter that such a revolutionary redefinition of "beneficial use" is not instantly attainable, since Utah water law revolves around it, but water legislation can and should move in the direction of recognizing the changed societal values of what constitutes beneficial use.

Another activity that should be undertaken at the State level is the institution of an aggressive **water conservation** program coordinating and strengthening existing programs. It should include, but not be limited to, the following:

- **Public Education:** A change in our water-use ethic is already underway but must be bolstered by State involvement.
- **Landscaping:** Low water-use landscapes should be installed on all State properties and incentives created to have them on other properties.
- **Dual water systems:** State law should require dual water systems for indoor and outdoor uses to be incorporated into new developments. This investment would be recouped in lower water treatment costs.
- **Water recycling:** State law should provide for economic incentives to water users, especially owners of industrial and commercial processes, to re-use water.

Audubon advises the State to set a policy of no further **trans-basin water diversions** beyond those underway until all means have been implemented to use our water more efficiently. The conservation steps mentioned above are only a few of the possible measures. Our particular concern is the immediate threat to divert Bear River water to the Salt Lake valley. This could devastate wetlands that are necessary to the survival of migrating and resident birds, wetlands that are an international treasure. It would be foolish to develop this water before using the enormous resource of "new" water available through conservation. When water development does occur, the advice of the most expert biological scientists available must be incorporated into plans in order to protect existing habitat for birds and other wildlife.

Audubon advocates a critical screening of incoming industries for water-intensive processes. We advocate substituting alternative crops for water-intensive crops such as alfalfa.

The enormous **costs** of maintaining our water delivery systems should be borne largely by user fees. The State Legislature should authorize our water purveyors to charge rates that reflect the true cost of water. Increasing block rate structures should be instituted universally to encourage conservation.

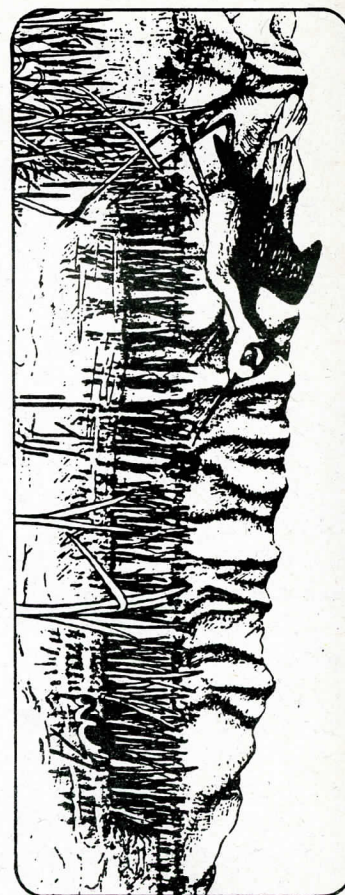
The costs of developing new water should be financed in large part by water leasing to other states that portion of the Colorado River that remains unappropriated. The legal barriers to such action should be eliminated.

Great Salt Lake Audubon commends the Governor and the Utah State Legislature for this opportunity to provide input into the very important activity of planning for Utah's growth now, before we are in an obvious crisis situation.

W. Bryan Dixon
Jean M. Lown
10 Heritage Cove
Logan UT 84321

THE STILT

BRIDGERLAND AUDUBON SOCIETY
P.O. Box 3501
Logan, Utah 84323



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The Bridgerland Audubon Society meets the second Thursday of each month, October through May, in the Meeting Room of the new Logan City Building, 255 N. Main. Meetings start at 7:30 p.m. The BAS Planning Committee meets at 7 p.m. on the third Wednesday of each month, September through May. Locations may change monthly. Check calendar page. Everyone is welcome to attend.

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Conservation
Education
Membership
Field Trips
Newsletter
Circulation
Publicity
Hospitality

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Robert Schmidt, 755-9262
Joanna Garrard, 753-2429
✓ Susan Drown, 752-3797
Nick Strickland, 750-5035
Jack Greene, 563-6816
Al Stokes, 752-2702
Al Stokes, 752-2702
Lois Olson, 752-9085
Susan Durham, 752-5637
Beth Walden, 753-0080
Tim & Jackie Henney, 755-6888

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1992-95 Pat Gordon, 752-6561; Dawn Holzer, 258-5205;
Val Grant, 752-7572
1993-96 Rebecca Echols, 752-2367
Richard Mueller, 752-5637
1994-97 Bryan Dixon, 752-6830; Glen Gantz, 258-2748;
Ted Evans, 753-2258; Jan Anderson, 752-2946

Membership in the Bridgerland Audubon Society includes a subscription to *The Stilt*, as well as the *Audubon* magazine. The editor of *The Stilt* invites submissions of any kind, due on the 15th of each month. Send to 280 N. 300 E., Logan, UT 84321.

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National Audubon Society Chapter Membership Application

Yes, I'd like to join.

Please enroll me as a member of the national Audubon Society and of my local chapter. Please send AUDUBON magazine and my membership card to the address below.

My check for \$20 is enclosed.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please make all checks payable to the National Audubon Society.

Send this application and your check to:
National Audubon Society
Chapter Membership Data Center
P.O. Box 51001 • Boulder, CO 80322-1001



LOCAL CHAPTER _____

Bridgerland Audubon Society
P.O. Box 3501
Logan, UT 84323-3501

W-52
Local Chapter Code
7XCHA

Subscriptions to *The Stilt* are available to non-members for \$5.00 per year. Call Susan Durham, 752-5637. Also, call Susan for new subscriptions or address changes.