

September 2006 NEWSLETTER Deadline for articles for the next *IBOC News* is **Friday 25th August**. Contributions from all members welcomed, but please submit your contributions early, by email preferably, otherwise by post, to the editor at 5 Madden St, Fernhill 2519.

WELCOME Back! To David Bourne and Alison Foley who have spent the last couple of years at Alice Springs. They left here when Keira was a baby and have returned with Keira and a sister for her, Tess,. Nice to have them back.

Welcome back too, to Chris Blatch, a member some years ago, and who has been associated with the club for a while.

South American Birding

Ted Simpson

The members who attended the meeting on Monday the 10th July (approx 35) were treated to a talk and projected display of birds not seen in our neck of the woods, by Colin Markham who, on holiday with his wife Melissa traveled through places like Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Uruguay and San Antonio wetlands.

From water birds to spectacular forest canopy birds, we were shown 156 out of some 1300 shots, all very clear even those in flight and the likes of the humming birds whose wings seem to disappear, were captured well.

The colors of the Macaw's, woodpeckers, and humming birds stood out in my mind as something hard to get on camera, needing lots of light and these shots were excellent. The display also included a variety of animals and scenery including the awesome Amazon and the width of this famous river. A good show.

Looking forward to more.

Bits and....

* Wanted : Suggestions for places for the Wednesday walks for next year. Wednesday walks are often slightly shorter, easier, and closer to home than the weekend Outings. If you have a place in mind that could be a possibility, see Joan or Tom Wylie or phone them on 4284 2051

* Also Wanted : Volunteers to lead the above mentioned walks. Again see Joan or Tom.

* Birdline NSW, which has offered a phone service of recent sightings, is to trial an email site. To see the most recent sightings go to www.ereмаea.com and click on the link in the top right hand corner. The recent sightings page also contains a link to a form to fill out with your own sightings. Your sightings will appear once a moderator has reviewed and approved them. It is hoped this will occur daily. You can also receive a weekly digest of sightings from Birdline NSW by email. Sightings from the Illawarra and the Hunter are welcomed.

'Scouting for Birds': Wednesday, 12 July 2006

Judith Parkinson

Thirteen members gathered in the paddock opposite the Scout Camp main entrance. The skies were grey, the air temperature very low, and the silent bush deafening. But greetings were warm. Do you get the setting?

We strolled off about 9.30 after sharing what birds (if any) we had seen since arrival. The exciting sighting was a Wedge-tail Eagle soaring around against the grey background. Birds were absent or silent en route to the chapel, except for a Lyrebird and a Scrubwren. I think the birds had gone away for the school holidays!

On return to the car park after a morning-tea stop, we managed to see a few more species, but not the expected or usual ones. Only the Yellow Robin, little Brown Thornbill, Brown Gerygone and another, or the same female Lyrebird. We decided to stop at Byrong Park and go into the Guide

Camp. We left the Scout Camp early, as there was no point in staying there hoping the birds might finally show. The Guide Camp was rewarding with another 16 – 18 species seen and /or heard. Nerida had a few first-timers and was ecstatic!

Several members had not been to either the Scout or Guide Camp and were impressed. One of the unusual sightings for me was a large flock of Yellow-tailed Black Cockatoos aloft above the Guide Camp. Not everyone saw them but there could have been 30 (plus or minus a few) in the flock.

I suggest that the Girl Guide Camp be included in the next forays in the Mt Keira area. And I thank those of you who attended. Seeing each other and having a natter was a reward in itself, despite the lack of bounteous birds.

While at the 'Chapel' Jude mounted the pulpit and gave quite a credible performance of those who occupy pulpits. Sadly the photos of her in this role did not turn out. Is there some kind of censor, somewhere?

Bird sightings – 29 species

White-faced Heron	Spotted Pardalote	Eastern Whipbird
Wedge-tailed Eagle	White-browed Scrubwren	Grey Fantail
Yellow-tailed Black-Cockatoo	Large-billed Scrubwren	Grey Butcherbird
Sulphur-crested Cockatoo	Brown Gerygone	Australian Magpie
Australian King-Parrot	Brown Thornbill	Pied Currawong
Crimson Rosella	Striated Thornbill	Australian Raven
Laughing Kookaburra	Red Wattlebird	Satin Bowerbird
Superb Lyrebird	Lewin's Honeyeater	Red-browed Finch
White-throated Treecreeper	Eastern Spinebill	Bassian Thrush
Superb Fairy-Wren	Eastern Yellow Robin	

Watching out for Cassowaries

Val Dolan

To escape the shadowy cold of living on the southern edge of the Mt Keira bush, my neighbours winter in north Queensland. I received a letter from them detailing the devastation from the most recent cyclone. Along Mission Beach majestic palms have been uprooted or snapped in half. Dunk and Bedarra Islands are still closed. Only some of the rainforest walks have been cleared. Innisfail has many homes still covered by tarpaulins and many shops are closed because there are a lot less tourists this season. Many private gardens have been destroyed or damaged and not a banana or mango in sight!

So what of the wildlife? Due to the scarcity of native fruit in the rainforest Cassowaries have been coming into backyards to find food. This exposes them to dogs, cars and food dependency problems. And, Cassowaries can be aggressive and dangerous to humans.

Due to the scarcity of native fruit in the stripped rainforest the Queensland Parks and Wildlife Service (QPWS) has introduced a Cassowary Feeding Strategy to keep them out of backyards. Three times each week six kilos of chopped fruit is provided at several feeding stations 500 metres apart in the forest. A community education program provides informative brochures and holds fortnightly community meetings. Local residents support QPWS by chopping the fruit and providing valuable feedback on Cassowary movements. Cameras with sensors monitor the use of feeding stations.

While walking on a cleared rainforest track my friends spied a lone 'teenage' bird. A few days later, while out driving, they spotted an adult Cassowary and two chicks. Isn't it great to hear that at such a tough time a community can rally to assist the local birdlife? I'll never complain about the price of bananas again !

Of Birds and Poems

John Douglas Pringle

The Scot, John Pringle, came to Australia, shortly after World War 11. Pringle was editor of the Sydney Morning Herald, and later editor of the Canberra Times. This essay was published 35 years ago, in his book, On Second Thoughts. Though not quite politically correct, it records his astonishment at seeing the birds of Australia, which we so easily take for granted.

To anyone coming to Australia for the first time one of the great surprises are Australian birds. Englishmen tend to be snobbish about their birds – as about many other things. They are convinced that not only do they have more birds than anyone else, but they are more varied, more beautiful, and sing more melodious notes. And indeed they have much to be proud of. Britain is a wet and fertile land which can support a very large number of birds to the square mile. Any fair-sized garden may boast 20 or 30 different species. It also has an astonishing range of scenery in a small space so that it is possible, without traveling too far, to see such different species as the golden eagle, curlew, and blackcock of the Scottish moors, the marsh harrier, bittern, and avocet of the Norfolk Broads and the many sea birds of the West coast. And since many parts of Europe where Englishmen go for their holidays – though not all – have relatively few birds, they are inclined to assume that in this respect, as in so many others, they have been uniquely blessed by Nature.

I must confess that, perhaps unconsciously, I shared this prejudice on my first arrival in this country. How delightful to be disillusioned so soon! I can still remember vividly my first glimpse of the rich birdlife that awaited me. The ship had stopped in Melbourne on its way to Sydney and a friend took me out for a drive into the Dandenongs – then less built up than now. We walked through the hills marveling at the tall eucalypts and enjoying for the first time the sounds and scents of the Australian bush. I heard a few birds which I could not identify, but, as so often in heavily wooded country, these were not easy to see. On our way back we stopped at a café for tea. The café was not inviting. It had one dingy room with lino on the floor and fly-blown curtains. I felt somewhat depressed. Then I glanced out the window on to a still more sordid cabbage-patch – and could not believe my eyes. There, feeding on the cabbage rows, were 7 or 8 of the most beautiful birds I had ever seen, each one a vivid splash of crimson, blue and green. They were so exotic on that dingy background that they took my breath away. I knew, of course, that they were parrots but I did not know what species, and I had never imagined that parrots could be seen so near a great city and in such commonplace surroundings. They were in fact, crimson rosellas, and in that moment I fell head over heels in love with the Australian bush and the beautiful birds that inhabit it.

Even now, 20 years later, it is still, perhaps, the parrots that astonish me most. I can never quite get over the feeling, born out of childhood visits to zoos in Britain, that parrots are rare and exotic creatures which can be seen only in tropical jungles among heavy purple and scarlet flowers. In fact about one fifth of all the 316 species of parrots, cockatoos and allied birds live in Australia, and many of them are fairly common. Nor does the glory of their plumage have any relation to their background. The marvelous rosellas and lorikeets glow all the more vividly against the khaki, olives and soft greens of the coastal forests, while the galahs and white cockatoos can be seen in hundreds feeding on the seeds of the bare inland plains.

There are, of course, rarer species of parrots, and many of them I still have not yet seen, though I still hope to do so. But it seems churlish to grumble, because one has not yet seen, say, the gorgeous king parrot, when almost every day one can see other species of almost equal beauty. Indeed I sometimes feel like stopping a passer-by in the streets of Sydney, seizing him by the lapels of his coat and shouting, ‘Do you realize that you can see, within a few miles of this city and with a minimum of effort, three of the most beautiful parrots in the world?’ Both the crimson rosella and the eastern rosella are fairly common round Sydney, and both often invade suburban gardens on the North Shore. Every time I see an eastern rosella, a miracle of yellow, scarlet and blue when perched, but a flash of blue and green when flying, I am convinced that *it* is the most

beautiful – until I see my next crimson rosella when I return to my old allegiance. And thousands of rainbow lorikeets, charming little birds with almost ridiculously lavish allowance of colours scream through the trees of Palm Beach and Pittwater, feeding on the flowers of the eucalypts. These have the attraction that they are easily tamed when you offer them their favourite food, honey. We feed them every evening on our balcony, and, the moment they see me, they swoop down in a whirr of scarlet and green wings to perch on the rail until I place the dish for them when they will hop down clumsily - because of the arrangement of their feet, with two claws forward, and two backwards, parrots are marvelously agile in trees, but on the ground they walk like a drunken sailor – and lick up the honey with their brush-tipped tongues. They are enchanting birds, managing, like all parrots, to be both beautiful and slightly comic at the same time, and appear to have absolutely no fear of man. No matter how often I feed them I cannot get over the miracle of sitting on the balcony while 7 or 8 lorikeets feed at my feet, and sometimes, out of idle curiosity, peck at my shoe laces. They are superb flyers with their long narrow wings and tails, and at sunset it is a breathtaking sight to see flocks of them hurling themselves through the branches of the trees, twisting and turning, at what cannot be less than 40 miles an hour.

To be continued

SPIDERPHOBIA !

And why not, especially after you read this, about some massive bird eating spiders in Mexico. The source for the following true story is the Australian Quarantine Inspection Service in Adelaide.

The article was handed in by Doug Rickers

A chap and his family were on holidays in the USA and went to Mexico for a week. An avid cactus fan, the man bought a one metre high rare and expensive cactus. On arrival back home, the Australian Customs said it had to be quarantined for 3 months.

Finally he got the cactus home, and planted it in his backyard. Over time it grew to about two metres. One evening while watering the garden, he gave the cactus a light spray. He was surprised to see the plant shiver all over. He gave it another spray and it shivered again. He was so puzzled that he rang the council, who transferred him to the State Gardens. After several transfers he got onto the State's foremost cactus expert, who asked him many questions, 'How tall was the cactus? What type was it? Had it flowered? etc.'

With more urgency, the expert then asked, 'Is your family in the house?' 'Yes,' the man answered. The expert exclaimed, 'Then get them out of the house NOW. Get on to the front nature strip and wait for me; I will be there in 20 minutes!'

15 minutes later, two fire trucks, two police cars and an ambulance screamed round the corner. A fireman jumped out, 'Are you the bloke with the cactus?' 'Yes!' He said. Then a guy jumped out of the fire truck wearing what looked like a space suit, a breathing cylinder and mask attached to what looked like a scuba backpack, with a large hose attached. He headed for the backyard, and turned a flame-thrower onto the cactus, spraying it up and down.

The flame-thrower man eventually stopped, with the cactus smoking and spitting, half the fence burnt, and parts of the garden well and truly scorched. Then the cactus expert arrived and laid a hand on the man's shoulder. 'What the hell is going on?' asked the man. 'I'll show you!' The expert went to the scorched cactus, and gingerly picked off a burnt crusty bit. The cactus was hollow, and filled with tiger striped bird-eating tarantula spiders, each about the size of two hand spans.

This spider lays eggs in this particular cactus, they hatch and live in it as they grow to full size. Then they release themselves. The cactus just explodes, and about 150 dinner-plate hairy spiders are flung from it, dispersing everywhere. They had been ready to pop! The aftermath was that the house and the adjoining houses had to be vacated and fumigated: police tape was put up outside the whole area, and no one was allowed in for two weeks!!!

I think I'll stick to birds!

Killalea Walk. Sunday 16 July

Chris Brandis

While waiting for all to arrive we were entertained by Superb Fairy-wrens and Red-browed Finches feeding along the roadside but we could only see Silver Gulls out to sea and no whales. 18 of us then walked down the road to the camping area to the plantings that were now nice saplings with banksias in flower attracting plenty of Little Wattlebirds and New Holland Honeyeaters with a White-plumed Honeyeater taking advantage of the fresh foliage.

At this point we became a little strung out with groups finding interesting sightings and eventually became separated with the estimated time taking a longer, well into morning tea time, before we returned to the cars. In the large fig trees a Rose Robin was sighted by Josh but the figs appeared to be a little green yet and promising a good feed for the fruit eaters in a month or so.

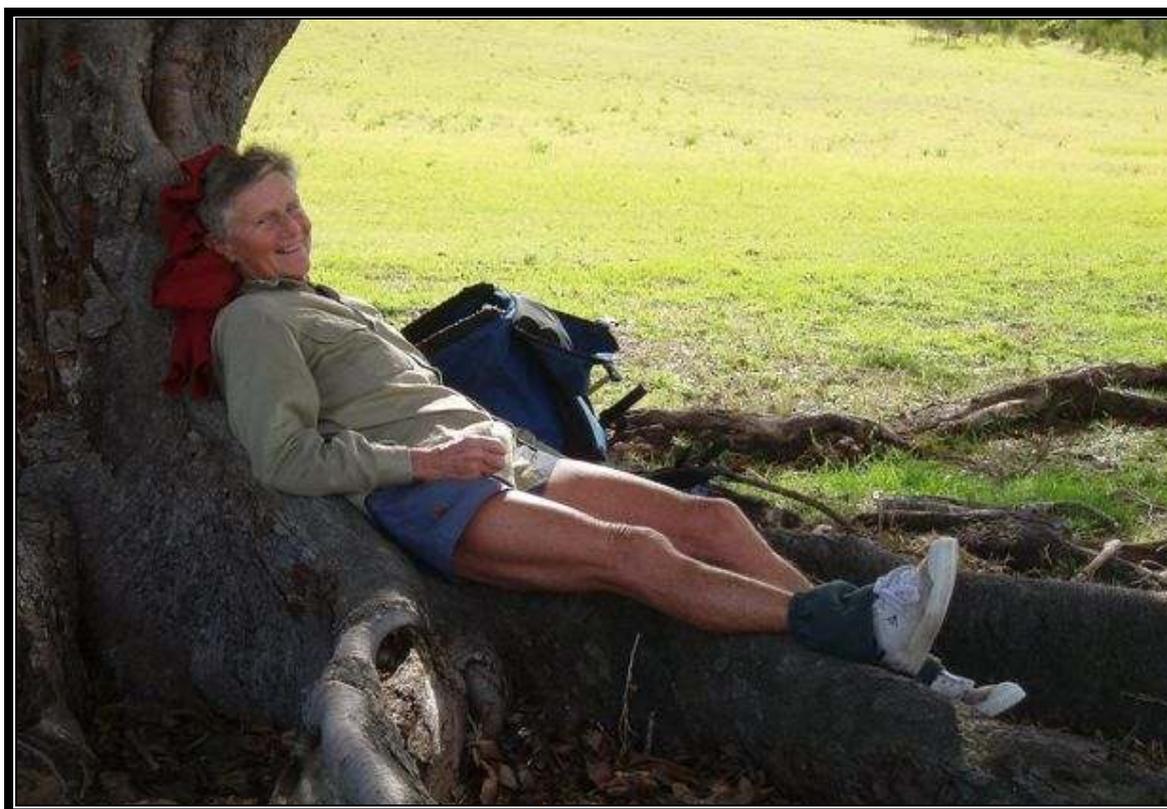
The leading group found their way down to the littoral rainforest between the Minnamurra River and the sand dunes still showing heavy asparagus fern invasion in the moist dark understorey. A Crested Shrike-tit was spotted by Michelle but with the noisy surfers passing through no one heard the call although the bird was unfazed by all the noise. A walk along the beach and then back up to the end car park where one of the "lost" groups waited for us while watching a Little Eagle and White-breasted Sea-Eagle soaring overhead. By this time the sun had come out and the day warmed up requiring the removal of the warm clothing that we started in. A quick walk back to the cars where another group had already started their morning tea and some refreshments while scanning the ocean for seabirds and whales while the last group joined us. With many eyes over a large area the number of species sighted steadily grew to 56, a good winter count.

We then drove back to the Kiosk area and walked down to the lagoon where a number of Black Swans were nesting but the only ducks sighted were several Musk Ducks and two Hardheads with the resident Greylag Goose still present. After making it back to the cars some decided to return to the camping area for a late lunch and perhaps views of Southern Emu-wrens which had eluded us.

Musk Duck	Black Swan	Greylag Goose
Hardhead	Australasian Grebe	Great Cormorant
Australian Pelican	Great Egret	Royal Spoonbill
White-bellied Sea-Eagle	Swamp Harrier	Grey Goshawk
Little Eagle	Nankeen kestrel	Purple Swamphen
Masked Lapwing	Silver Gull	Spotted Turtle-Dove
Bar-shouldered Dove	Sulphur-crested Cockatoo	Crimson Rosella
Eastern Rosella	Fan-tailed Cuckoo	Laughing Kookaburra
White-throated Treecreeper	Superb Fairy-wren	Spotted Pardalote
White-browed Scrubwren	Brown Gerygone	Brown Thornbill
Yellow Thornbill	Red Wattlebird	Little Wattlebird
Lewin's Honeyeater	White-plumed Honeyeater	New Holland Honeyeater
Eastern Spinebill	Rose Robin	Eastern Yellow Robin
Eastern Whipbird	Crested Shrike-tit	Magpie Lark
Grey Fantail	Willie Wagtail	Black-faced Cuckoo-shrike
Grey Butcherbird	Australian Magpie	Australian Raven
Satin Bowerbird	Richard's Pipit	Red-browed Finch
Welcome Swallow	Red-whiskered Bulbul	Golden-headed Cisticola
Silvereye	Common Myna	

Good Grief!

A racing pigeon was pacing up and down anxiously in Central Park when he saw his friend hop up on the curb. "Where have you been, I've been waiting here for hours?" he exclaimed. The new arrival looked around, and said, "It was such a nice day, I said to myself -- What the heck, I think I'll walk!"



'Hey Jude !' plus 'I think that I shall never see, a poem lovely as a tree'
Judith Parkinson 'trees out' during the Killalea walk *Photo: Tera Wheway*

Your bid!

One day a man went to an auction. While there, he bid on a parrot. He really wanted this bird, so he got caught up in the bidding. He kept on bidding, but kept getting outbid, so he bid higher and higher and higher. Finally, after he bid way more than he intended, he won the bid - the parrot was his at last! As he was paying for the parrot, he said to the Auctioneer, "I sure hope this parrot can talk. I would hate to have paid this much for it, only to find out that he can't talk!" "Don't worry." said the Auctioneer, "He can talk. Who do you think kept bidding against you?"

IBOC Spring Camp 21st to 28th Oct 2006 at Smiths Lake Field Station UNSW.

The cost for the camp will be \$12 per night plus a possible additional \$1-\$3 depending on negotiations over entry fees to Myall Lakes NP between NPWS and the University. The field station is a small enclave within the park

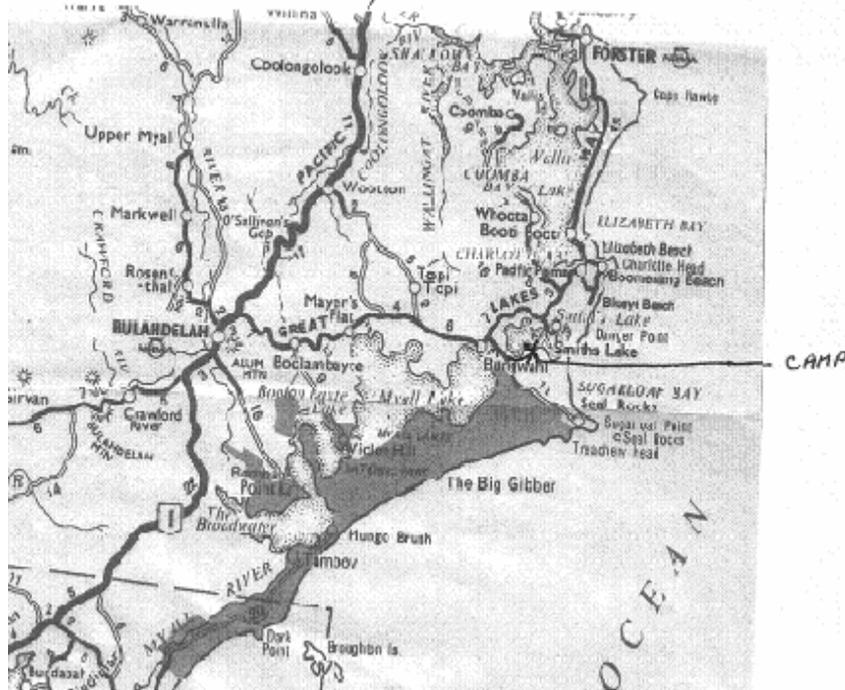
The area has a wide variety of habitats freshwater lake, beaches, rocky headlands, swamps, and several state forests and national parks. We can be assured of plenty of variety of birds.

Cooking facilities include gas rings, and wood fired BBQ's. There is also a freezer and fridges available for use. Water is tank water, so you may prefer to bring drinking water from home.

Directions: Travel via the Pacific Highway to Newcastle and then on to Buladelah. Approx 2km north of the town take the turning on the right to Forster Tuncurry along the Lake Way. After approx 25km take the turning on the right to Seal Rocks at Bungwahl, turning left again on a gravel road after 2km. The Field Station "UNSW Research Station" is a further 2 km .(see Map)

For anyone who would like more upmarket accommodation there is Sandbar Bushland & Caravan Park with cabins approx 10km further along the Lakes Way. They can be contacted on 02 6554 4095 or email sandbar@paspaley.com.au. Further information can be found on the Great Lakes Shire web site

Taree



Newcastle

News from the Committee

* Bronwyn Wilson, our Treasurer, reported that our finances stood at \$2748.77 at the end of June. Income for the month was \$108, and expenditure was \$678.75, the bulk of which was for more envelopes in which to send out the IBOC News.

* Neil Wheway purchased two Uniden hand-held UHR radios for the club. They are operated on rechargeable batteries, or alternatively use 2A batteries. *It sounds like they could have been useful on the Killalea walk!*

* It was agreed that the September Outing will now be to Homebush Bay.

* Penny Potter has agreed to return as Guest Editor of the IBOC News for October. More about this in the next issue. *Much appreciated Penny!*

IT WORKS WITH CHILDREN AND ANIMALS!

Alison Foley

Adventures in Tropical North Queensland (TNQ)

Our little family of 4 (Keira, 2 and Tess, 5 months) recently had occasion to spend 6 days (well, 5 days and 19 hours according to Budget) between Cairns and Cape Tribulation. Despite being on full-time wedding deploy for 3 of these days, we managed to see a solid 16 new species (49 in total) and being our 1st birding experience with a wriggling package each to carry, we are smugly proud of the outcome. And that's the end of the statistics paragraph.

In fact, we have decided that children are merely a circumstance, just another variable determining which birds you are to see, not a deterrent or hindrance to new sightings at all. Indeed, it was because of them that we saw the two species we most wanted to see (excepting the bl**dy cassowary, of course).

At Radisson Treetops Resort in Port Douglas, the three days and nights of nuptials passed in a blurry haze of wine, swimmin' and song in spite of which, some winged ones flittered through. Dave came back from a dawn fishing trip on the Daintree with a Figbird and a Torresian Pigeon on the end of his binoculars unlike his sister (the only woman aboard and the only one to catch anything) who hooked a Fingermark. Pity she's vegetarian! Baked in the oven with a little butter, it was the most delicious fish I ever tasted. Back at base, on parenting duty, I managed to see a

Helmeted Friarbird from our kitchen window, making a call like it was eating its own hiccup. Dave also saw the first of many Spangled Drongos (and I'm aware that we are also a sort of drongo for not having seen one in 4 years of birdwatching). They are beautiful birds with their black, opalescent plumage, googley red eyes and mermaid-like tail spread.

Then we were off on our own and to accommodation more on our level at \$250 cheaper a night!! We made Pinnacle Village Holiday Park our base for visiting some long-desired places – Mossman Gorge and Daintree NP for a start. Pinnacle Village itself was a haven for our arch-enemy, the mozzie, so while I stored my swatting hands under the pillow and confess to sleeping it in, Dave's valiant break-of-dawn dashes around the van sites were rewarded with a Yellow Oriole and a Great Bowerbird. On our daily drives along cane-field avenues, we frequently saw Pheasant Coucals, on one occasion almost running the bird over as it barely got off the ground crossing from cane run to cane run. Many must get killed in this way. We were thankful to see its magnificent tail in flight and not decorating the bonnet of the car.

Australian Geographic brought out a CD on TNQ to coincide with our visit and we decided to spend a day visiting some of the places recommended, specifically Thylogale Nature Reserve, Mareeba Wetlands and Hasties Swamp. A word of warning to those who, like we used to, read this publication as if it were the Bible. Check before you visit. The unsignposted Thylogale turned out to be a private residence embarrassing both us and the totally naked owner who came out thinking his wife'd arrived back from the shops; the Wetlands are not open in the Wet (I ask you!) and most birdlife had beaten a Hastie retreat from the Swamp (though at least it was open).

But, as we usually find with birdwatching, when a plan goes astray, improvisation tends to produce even better sightings. So, while searching for the elusive Thylogale near Julatten, we made an unplanned stop at the unattractively-named Abattoir Swamp Environmental Park and found the Honey Tree, so nicknamed because it was drooping from the weight of various species of honeyeaters including two new ones for us - the Yellow and the White-throated.

Then, an impromptu picnic not only featured delicious sandwiches but also clear sightings of a Bar-shouldered Dove, Spectacled Monarch and, highlight of the trip, a BUFF-BREASTED PARADISE KINGFISHER (editor, please leave those capital letters). Keira was the reason we saw it as we were heading back to the car but she wanted to walk a little further and we felt sorry for her, for in truth we'd only done a little walking that day. I said to Dave who had the good binos "Ooh, a huge bird with a white stripe down its back, in that tree, never seen anything like it before". We couldn't believe we were seeing something so exotic. "Look at the tail...pass the binos..Simpson & Day say it's uncommon round here...that's a feather in our caps...yeah, the longest feather ever!!" Keira got special cuddles that day.

Not to be outdone, Tess also wanted to lend a hand and so arranged to need her nappy changed just where she knew there was an Emerald Dove pecking in the grass of a public park in Mareeba. I pointed out a bright green bird of a 'to be sure'-type hue, taking it for a parrot but fortunately, Dave got the coos while I got the poos, and of course, it disappeared simultaneously with the pull of the last zip on the nappy bag.

Next day, our last full one, we ventured north of the Daintree River, taking the ferry and driving first to Jindalba for a few long boardwalks through immaculate rainforest. Needless to say, all the birds worth seeing were in the car park, practically honking the car horns and within seconds of arriving we'd seen a Dusky Honeyeater, Yellow-bellied Sunbird and McLeay's Honeyeater. The sunbirds, reminiscent of spinebills and the nearest thing to a hummingbird I've ever seen, were also in great profusion at Daintree Ice-cream Company, further north again, and were the most beautiful accessory to the lovely gardens they have there and all of it the perfect backdrop to a bowl of wattleseed and jackfruit ice-cream at the end of a great holiday.

Indian Myna	Spotted Turtle Dove	House Sparrow	White-breasted Woodswallow
Magpie Lark	Torresian Pigeon	Rainbow Lorikeet	Orange-footed Scrubfowl
Figbird	Rainbow Beeeater	Spangled Drongo	Helmeted Friarbird
Peaceful Dove	Indian Peafowl	Red-browed Finch	Helmeted Guineafowl
Black Kite	Pheasant Coucal	Masked Lapwing	Bar-shouldered Dove
Hardhead	Royal Spoonbill	Willie Wagtail	Buff-breasted Paradise Kingfisher
Emerald Dove	Purple Swamphen	Dusky Moorhen	White-throated Honeyeater
Magpie Goose	Yellow Honeyeater	Pacific Black Duck	Lewin's Honeyeater
Eurasian Coot	White-faced Heron	Laughing Kookaburra	White-bellied Sea Eagle
Yellow Oriole	Great Bowerbird	Spectacled Monarch	Red-tailed Black Cockatoo
Silvereye	Dusky Honeyeater	McLeay's Honeyeater	Yellow-bellied Sunbird
Apostlebird	Grey Shrike-thrush	Australian Magpie	Shining Flycatcher
Brush Turkey			

Unusual Records for June 2006

Chris J. Chafer

Send your records to: email cchafer@speedlink.com.au

Species	#	Date	Location	Habitat	Observer
Australian Brush-turkey	6	8-Jun	Balgownie	garden	TE
Great Crested Grebe	27	27-Jun	Bamerang Dam, Nowra	wetland	BA
Northern Royal Albatross	1	27-May	off Wollongong	pelagic	PM
Grey-headed Albatross	1	24-Jun	off Wollongong	pelagic	PM
Buller's Albatross	1	28-May	off Wollongong	pelagic	PM
Buller's Albatross	1	24-Jun	off Wollongong	pelagic	PM
Grey-backed Storm-Petrel	1	28-May	off Wollongong	pelagic	PM
Striated Heron	1	10-Jun	Little Lake	wetland	MR
Whistling Kite	1	14-Jun	Koona Bay	overhead	BHa
White-bellied Sea-eagle	2	12-Jun	Dunmore	overhead	RB
Swamp Harrier	1	30-Jun	Gerringong	wetland	CJC
Brown Goshawk	1	1-Jun	Mermaid Pool tk, Tahmoor	overhead	GB
Grey Goshawk	1	12-Jun	Balgownie	overhead	RT
Grey Goshawk	1	13-Jun	Excelsior Res. Thirroul	overhead	MM
Grey Goshawk	2	16-Jun	Flanagans Ck, Thirroul	overhead	MM
Collared Sparrowhawk	1	15-Jun	Macquarie Rivulet, lower	overhead	MR
Wedge-tailed Eagle	1	8-Jun	Balgownie	overhead	TE
Buff-banded Rail	1	16-Jun	Robertson?	?	DG
Spotless Crake	2	10-Jun	Tallawarra	wetland	CB
Painted Button-Quail	1	1-Jun	Mermaid Pool tk, Tahmoor	woodland	GB
Pacific Gull	1	28-May	off Wollongong	marine	PM
White-headed Pigeon	2	8-Jun	Balgownie	garden	TE
Bar-shouldered Dove	1	9-Jun	Maddens Plains	woodland	DG
Yellow-tailed Black-Cockatoo	50+	1-May	Maddens Plains	overhead	JZ
Long-billed Corella	6	9-Jun	Helensburgh	playing field	DG
Red-rumped Parrot	7	18-Jun	Little Lake	grassland	CJC
Barn Owl	1	30-Jun	Dunmore	dead on road	CJC
Azure Kingfisher	1	15-Jun	Macquarie Rivulet, lower	riverine	MR
Southern Emu-wren	2	30-May	Bellambi Lagoon	wetland	AC
Southern Emu-wren	1	19-Jun	Lake Illawarra South	wetland	DG
Eastern Bristlebird	2	16-Jun	Robertson?	?	DG
White-plumed Honeyeater	1	15-Jun	Macquarie Rivulet, lower	riverine	MR
Flame Robin	1	4-Jun	Jamberoo	garden	BH
Rose Robin	2	5-Jun	Keiraville	garden	LP
Rose Robin	1	8-Jun	Balgownie	garden	TE
Rose Robin	1	11-Jun	Thirroul	garden	MM
Rose Robin	1	17-Jun	Croome Rd Park, Albion Park	woodland	MR
Varied Sittella	6	9-Jun	Maddens Plains	woodland	DG
Green Catbird	4	30-Jun	Minnamurra Falls	rainforest	BA
Bassian Thrush	1	2-Jun	Balgownie	garden	DT

Contributors: BA – Bob Ashford; GB – Graham Barwell; RB – Roger Bogaert; CB – Chris Brandis; CJC – Chris Chafer; AC – Alan Cousins; TE – Terri Edwell; DG – Daryl Goldrick; BHa – Barbara Hales; BH – Betty Hudson; MM – Mike Morphett; LP – Loraine Pincus; PM – Peter Milburn; MR – Michelle Rower; DT – Dave Thomson; RT – Roger Truscott; JZ – Joan Zealey.