



The Crane

Alachua Audubon Society

WINTER FIELD TRIPS

Saturday, December 10, 8:00 AM
Chapman's Pond

There are few better local spots to make very careful observations of ducks and wading birds than Chapman's Pond. Spotting scope views of birds are the norm from the observation area. Shorebirds are often spotted along the edge of the pond and warblers and sparrows are usually a bonus. Chapman's Pond has been one of Ron Robinson's special projects! Meet him at the Home Depot on Tower Road, about 0.3 miles south of Newberry Road and enjoy an informative trip. Trip difficulty: 1

Saturday-Sunday, January 7-8, 8:00 AM
St. Marks National Wildlife Refuge

Meet leader John Hintermister at the refuge visitor center at 8:00 AM on Saturday (west on US-98, left onto CR-59 at Newport, continue to the pay station and the visitor center just beyond). This trip is always one of the highlights of the year. In winter the refuge's impoundments provide food and shelter to great flocks of ducks and other water birds. We'll also look for sparrows, wrens, and other winter visitors. On the second day of this trip we usually focus on tracking down birds in other parts of the Panhandle, so prepare for a true birding adventure. If you're staying over, an

inexpensive motel is the Landings in Panacea [850-984-0180]. Trip difficulty: 3.

Saturday, January 14, 8:00 AM
Persimmon Point Sparrow Walk

Limited to 12 participants - Please call Wild Birds Unlimited [352-381-1997] to make a reservation. Persimmon Point is the jewel of the prairie for sparrow enthusiasts. The grassland and field edges are some of the area's best spots for habitat specialists such as Henslow's, LeConte's, and Grasshopper Sparrows. This trip involves a fairly long walk and a bit of weedy bushwhacking. Participants will need to meet trip leader Howard Adams at the District II Headquarters at 8:00 AM as the gates will close when the field trip begins. Trip difficulty: 3

Saturday, January 21, 7:00 AM
Alligator Lake

Alligator Lake is about 1000-acres of lakes and marshes with an upland interior. It is an old farm with many miles of dikes to walk and obtain excellent views of waterbirds, raptors, and land birds in trees lining the dikes surrounding the marshes. Barring continued flooding, we can also walk into the marsh to

(Continued on page 3)

Trip Difficulty 1) =Most of trip is within easy access to the vehicle and/or walking on level terrain one mile or less. **2)** =Trip may involve walking on uneven terrain over one to two (1-2) miles. **3)** =Trip may involve elevation change, uneven terrain, and or distances greater than 2 miles.



Alachua Audubon Society Website

www.flmnh.ufl.edu/aud

Add it to your favorites and visit us for all the latest updates and/or changes for field trips and programs, as well as information on good birding spots in the area.



The famed warbler flocks of fall's migration were conspicuously absent from San Felasco Hammock on October 1, but one ultra-rarity can change the tenor of a field trip for the weariest birder. And so it did when Bruce Christensen observed a **White-breasted Nuthatch**, the county's first since the mid-80s. Bruce was way in the back and, as a newcomer to the area, was unaware of this bird's special status. So, by the time that he reported his extraordinary observation with extraordinary nonchalance to the rest of the group, it had moved on and hasn't been seen since.

Other migratory flocks were punctuated with hybrids and vireos. On September 29, Chris Burney was the first of many to observe a "**Lawrence's**" Warbler (a hybrid of Blue-winged and Golden-winged Warblers) at Bolen Bluff. On October 16, Linda Hensley observed a "**Brewster's**" Warbler (another form of the same) in her NW Gainesville yard. Pat Burns observed a **Philadelphia Vireo** in Hogtown Greenway on October 4 and Rex Rowan found another two of the same at San Felasco Hammock on the 10th. Andy Kratter's **Warbling Vireo** on the 7th near Boulware Springs was the second record of this species for the county.

Stephan Rayer's observations of a Ruddy Duck and a Northern Pintail on Chapman's Pond on October

23 were both early county records for their species. Since then, most of the attention to winter arrivals has deservedly befallen the sparrows. Most notably were Justyn Stahl's November 10 report from Hague Dairy and Rex Rowan's report from the 11th. Highlights from their reports include one **Bachman's Sparrow**, eight **Grasshopper Sparrows**, one **LeConte's**, one **Henslow's**, and three **Lincoln's Sparrows**. Mike Manetz observed two **Clay-colored Sparrows** on Cone's Dike on October 30.

Several more **Selasphorus** (likely Rufous) hummingbirds have been reported lately and last winter's first county record **Buff-bellied Hummingbird** has returned to a private, undisclosed yard in NW Gainesville. Please remember that any hummingbird observation now through early March is considered significant. Please report your observations of any hummingbird. Thanks to all who submitted reports through November 11.



Monthly Board Meetings

Alachua Audubon Society Board of Directors meets at 6:30 PM on the second Wednesday of each month. All members are welcome to attend. Meetings this year will be held at the clubhouse for Mill Pond, 401 NW 48th Boulevard, across from Gainesville Health & Fitness Center on Newberry Road.

Alachua Audubon Officers and Chairpersons of Standing Committees

President Howard Adams 352 373-4270
 Vice president Rex Rowan 352 371-9296
 Secretary Linda Krause 352 466-0619
 Treasurer Barbara Mollison 386 972-5008
 Membership Paul Moler 352 495-9419
 Field Trips Bubba Scales 352 381-1997
 Programs AAS Staff
 Publicity AAS Staff
 Education Emily Schwartz 352 372-0754
 Birding Classes Kathy Haines 352 372-8942

Festivals AAS Staff
 Conservation Michael Meisenburg 352 495-1791
 Crane Editor Howard Adams 352 373-4270
 Submissions: howardppsp@aol.com
 Historian Martha King 352 372-4149
 Crane Circulation Margaret Green 352 378-3314

Assisting with Crane circulation: Alice Tyler, Pat Burns, Nancy Oakes

The Alachua Audubon Society's mission is to foster appreciation and knowledge of birds and other native wildlife, to protect and restore wildlife populations and their habitats, and to promote sustainable use of natural resources.

(Continued from page 1)

WINTER FIELD TRIPS

find rails and sparrows. Participants can bring old shoes or waders and enjoy the habitat. Meet an Audubon representative at the Tag Agency on NW 34th St. (across from ABC) and carpool to Lake City. Trip difficulty: 2

Saturday, January 28, 6:00 a.m.

Fort Clinch/Hugenot Park

Meet trip leader Rex Rowan in the parking lot of the Publix at NW 13th Street and NW 39th Avenue. to caravan to Ft. Clinch. At Ft. Clinch and Hugenot Park, we will look for a variety of gulls, shore birds, raptors, and seabirds. Highlights of recent trips include Purple Sandpiper and Northern Gannet. The pier at Ft. Clinch can often be quite cold and windy, so dress accordingly. Bring a lunch and some water, as

this trip will extend into late morning to early afternoon. Trip difficulty: 2

Sunday, February 5, 7:00 AM

Emeralda Marsh Wildlife Drive

The wildlife drive at Emeralda is a resource-rich gem among Central Florida's Water Management District lands. The Wildlife Drive begins in a patchwork of old fields and hardwood hammocks where we'll look for a mix of wintering songbirds and end in a marsh heaving with coots. Among them is usually a good diversity of ducks and wading birds. If conditions permit, we'll explore some very special sparrow habitat in the surrounding area. Meet trip leader Bubba Scales at Kash n Karry at 2002 SW 34th St. Bring a lunch or some money for lunch at the Dam Diner. Trip difficulty: 2

BOARD OF DIRECTORS - A TIME TO CONSIDER NOMINATIONS

Winter is barely opening the freezer door and it's time to start thinking about the spring. Where will you be going for the spring migration? What bird seed will you need to buy? Who do you think would make a good addition to our Board of Directors?

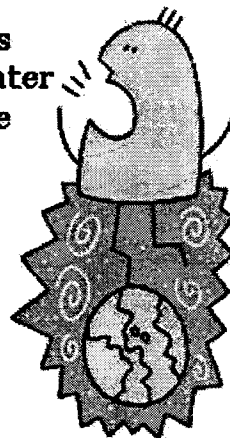
That's right, it's time to start thinking about our next years shining Board of Directors and coming forward with your thoughts and nominations. You might be just the right person for the position. We will have a couple of slots open up in the spring.

If you are interested in joining the Board of Directors for the Alachua Audubon Society, please give Helen Warren a call at 352-377-7755.

**➤ Next Crane Deadline...
Jan. 22, 2006**

Give Florida's Birds a Voice!

Audubon of Florida's online Advocacy Center keeps you up-to-date on issues facing our environment! Sign up for free monthly e-newsletters and learn how you can help birds with the click of a mouse!



<http://ga1.org/natureadvocate/home.html>

The Crane is published six times during the year. Content of *The Crane* is the sole responsibility of the editor and fulfills stated objectives and goals of Alachua Audubon Society. Annual subscription to *The Crane* is included in AAS dues. Non-Audubon members may subscribe to *The Crane* for \$ 8 annually. All checks for subscriptions or changes of address should be mailed to Paul Moler, Membership Chairman: see back page for address. Submissions to *The Crane* are welcomed. Please limit each article to no more than two pages per issue. *The Crane* is printed on recycled paper.

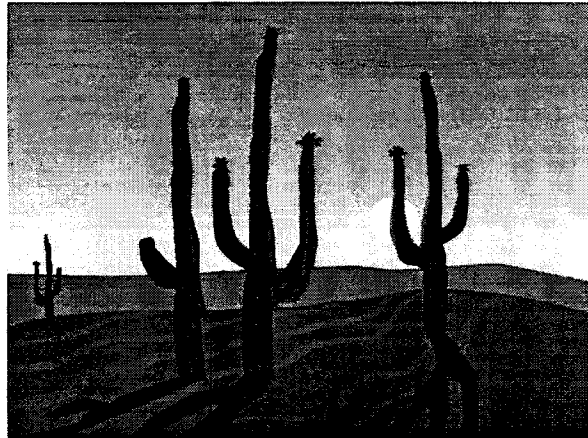
Go West, Middle-aged Man

By Rex Rowan

When it came time for our son to start his freshman year at St. Johns College in New Mexico, I was for sending him by Greyhound bus (if not UPS), but my wife would hear of nothing less than a personal delivery to the school's front door. I pointed out that we couldn't afford it. She pointed out that our son was barely out of diapers. A little voice in the back of my head pointed out that this would make a *great* birding trip. This made two voices to one, and so we borrowed money and rented a van.

I'd never been this far west and I intended to make the most of my opportunity. So I routed the trip by way of Big Bend National Park in southwest Texas. It was a little bit of a detour – about 150 miles one-way – but the birding there was supposed to be fabulous, and besides, my wife and kids had never seen a desert.

Big Bend is huge and remote. How huge? Rhode Island takes up 1,055 square miles, Big Bend 1,252. How remote? I talked to a new ranger who told me that when he'd first come out to the park he'd turned west at Del Rio, and in the 250 or so miles from there to Big Bend he'd encountered only three other vehicles, two of which belonged to the Border Patrol. We



saw more than three, but in the long drive from Ft. Stockton to the park entrance there were stretches in which the only proof that humans had ever existed were the road we were traveling on and the fences beside it. The landscape was flat, a fact not obscured by the vegetation, which was sparse, tough, and under two feet in height. Nonetheless we were thrilled at the novelty of it all, and sightings of Greater Roadrunner, Chihuahuan Raven, Black-tailed Prairie Dog, and Black-tailed Jackrabbit kept the boredom

(Continued on page 5)



January 21, 2006-Black Vultures

Mike Avery presents

"Black vultures: *they're good, they're bad, and they are ugly*"

Black vultures are good; just imagine all the dead armadillos along the roads if there were no vultures. Black vultures are bad; they cause thousands of dollars in damage annually to homes, boats, and other property. Black vultures are ugly; enough said. To minimize damage to property, the USDA is working innovative and non-lethal solutions, and in the process is finding out many things about black vultures that were previously unknown. Join us Saturday afternoon at 2 PM for this educational program at the Millhopper Branch Library. You just might leave with a newly-formed appreciation for this big black bird.

(Continued from page 4)
quotient at nearly zero.

Our first night in the park we camped at Rio Grande Village on the Mexican border. Although the landscape immediately to the north and south is brown, rocky cactus country, there's a narrow green floodplain along the river, and Rio Grande Village is situated within it. It's not exactly a beautiful setting – “weed-choked” describes it better than “wild” – but as the only wetland for miles it's a magnet for wildlife. As soon as we chose a campsite (not too difficult, since 98 of the 100 were available) the kids ran off to do some exploring. They found a scorpion, a Desert Cottontail, a pack of Collared Peccaries, and a Desert Spiny Lizard. I strolled around with my binoculars. The most common bird in the campground was Vermilion Flycatcher, and I was appalled at how quickly I found myself thinking, “Rats! *Another* Vermilion!” Other characteristic campground birds were Golden-fronted Woodpecker, White-winged and Inca Doves, House Finch, and a species I'd been particularly keen to see, Black Phoebe.

Desert wildlife is largely nocturnal, so after the sun set on our first night we climbed into the van, turned on the headlights, and started down the main road. We hadn't gone a hundred yards before we saw a Western Diamond-back Rattlesnake crawling slowly onto the shoulder. We paused to get a good look, and when we continued on our way we immediately saw a Coyote trotting at the edge of the blacktop, looking back at us over his shoulder. A little further on there was another Diamondback, and scattered up and down the road everywhere were reddish millipedes six or eight inches long. My daughter, who dotes on all animals, and who has a pet millipede named Mahogany, excitedly informed me that she had read about these “Fire Millipedes” and happily took it upon herself to move them off the road.

The next morning, after a stroll through a cottonwood grove where I found two immature hawks that I shrugged off as some western race of Red-tailed Hawk but which I later discovered were almost certainly Common Black-Hawks, we left Rio Grande Village and drove north to Basin Campground in the Chisos

Mountains. The outer slopes of the Chisos looked much like the surrounding countryside, rocky and sparsely vegetated. But as the road wound up and in, the desert turned into grassland and then into a softer green landscape of bushes and small trees. The mountain peaks, though only a few hundred feet above us, were hidden in clouds.

The campground was carved out of a rocky slope and had its own characteristic birds. The common species here were Canyon Towhee and Say's Phoebe (which, though unrelated, have remarkably similar color patterns), and to a lesser extent Blue Grosbeak and Varied Bunting. It also had other forms of life: my daughter went exploring as I set up the tent, and came scurrying back wide-eyed after encountering a tarantula.

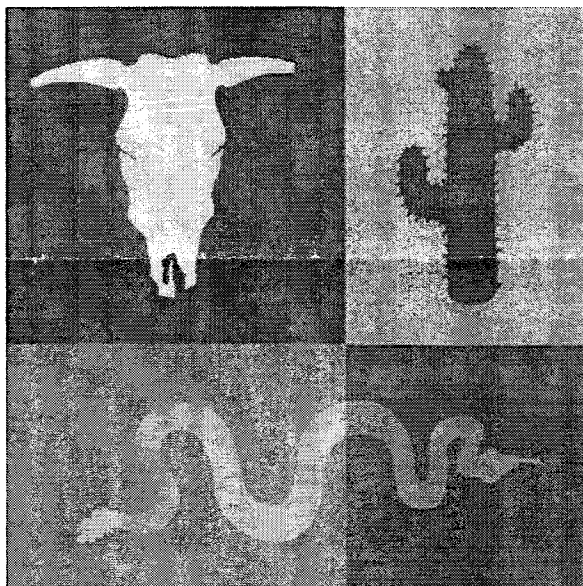
The Basin Campground is the jumping-off point for the Pinnacle Trail, which is the one place in the

United States where the Colima Warbler is found. Their migration begins in August, and August was almost over, but I figured I'd give it a try anyway. So first thing in the morning I started up the trail. One of the rangers had informed me that the Chisos was home to a couple dozen Mountain Lions and quite a healthy Black Bear population; annually there are about 80 encounters with each. He looked me over and declared me too large to be prospective prey for a Mountain Lion, but I carried some big rocks in my pockets just in case. Yeah, go ahead and

laugh, and admittedly it was embarrassing when a hiker came along and found me standing there with a big rock in my hand, but you think hard about finding yourself *face to face* with a *Mountain Lion* and I guarantee, you'll be picking up a few rocks yourself.

As a long-time Floridian with flatlander levels of blood oxygen, I wasn't doing too well at 6,000 feet, so when the trail started uphill and continued uphill for three or four miles, I started thinking, “Well, if a Mountain Lion kills me at least I won't have to hike back down....” My legs were weak, I was out of breath, I alternated between dizziness and exhaustion. But the landscape was beautiful: dramatic cliffs, outcroppings, and boulders, and a trail carved into steep slopes shaded by overhanging oaks. And the higher I

(Continued on page 6)



(Continued from page 5)

went, the better the birds got. I saw my first Hutton's Vireos and was taken aback by just how closely they do resemble Ruby-crowned Kinglets, Townsend's Warblers were migrating through, dozens of White-throated Swifts twittered overhead, and two Zone-tailed Hawks circled and called above me (the ranger was irritatingly blasé about this: "Yeah, they live up there").

And yes, I did get the Colima Warbler. I caught a movement in the bushes on the slope below me, and watched – and saw a small grayish bird with a white eye ring, a chestnut crown patch, and yellow rump and undertail coverts. As I stood there gazing at this life bird, I heard a call I didn't recognize and turned to see an Acorn Woodpecker, another lifer, just a few yards away at the top of a dead tree. I walked a little farther, hoping for more of the birds that were supposed to be there – Band-tailed Pigeon, Blue-throated Hummingbird, or Painted Redstart, for instance – but I'd promised to be back by noon, plus I was appalled by a view of the campground so far below that I could barely discern it with binoculars: how was I ever going to walk that far?

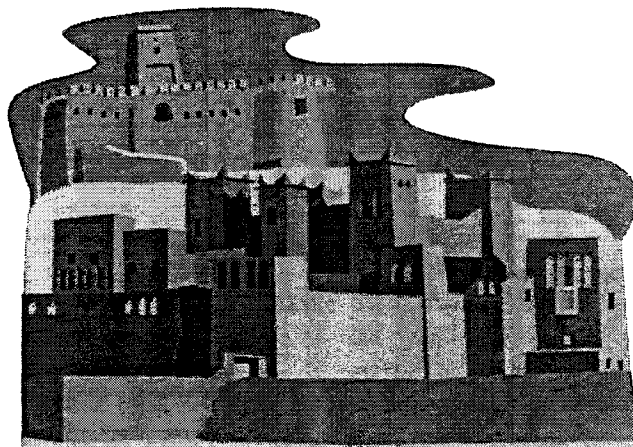
Upon my return we left Big Bend and continued west into New Mexico. Southeast New Mexico was by far the most dismal-looking area we drove through, and maybe the most dismal-looking I'd ever seen (parts of South Florida and Louisiana would be hard to beat). It was flat, dispirited, ramshackle, and smelly, and we were grateful that the sun set while we were still making our way through this country. On the other hand, the road from Roswell north to Santa Fe passed through immense, rolling prairie unlike anything we'd ever seen. We passed groups of Pronghorns four times, plus we saw a sight you can probably see only on the plains: a long freight train, visible in its entirety.

We finally arrived at our destination, Santa Fe, my son's home for the next four years. It's an, um ... *interesting* place. There's some community ordinance requiring all buildings to conform to a certain flat-roofed adobe look. If you like that sort of thing I suppose it's scenic enough, or quaint or whatever, but I don't like that sort of thing; it was so much mud-colored monotony to me. There's not much grass – it's mostly bare red dirt – and the trees are squat and stunted, less than ten feet tall. I'd expected it to be greener. I don't mean to say there weren't good points. Black-tailed Prairie Dogs had established themselves in unexpected places, for instance in a little patch of dirt between a Walgreen's parking lot and a major intersection. And Common Ravens were abundant in the city, possibly more so than

crows in Gainesville. Ravens are regal, dramatic birds, no two ways about it, and watching them fly around with those long powerful pointed wings and long conical tail – a rather gannet-like silhouette, in fact – was very possibly the best thing about Santa Fe.

We drove over to St. Johns College for a look-round (characteristic birds: Canyon Towhee, Broad-tailed Hummingbird, Lesser Goldfinch), then checked into the motel (Brewer's Blackbird, Bushtit, and the apparently ubiquitous Canyon Towhee). Then my daughter and I commandeered the van and headed up fourteen miles of steep, winding road into the mountains, to the Santa Fe Ski Area, where a birder had recently reported Pine Grosbeaks, White-winged Crossbills, and Gray Jays. The scenery along this road was more what I'd expected from New Mexico: as we gained altitude, the Pinon Pines gave way to taller conifers, and then to breathtaking stands of white-trunked Quaking Aspen, and finally, at the ski area, to tall spruces and firs. The weather was different up there too. Down in Santa Fe it had been mild. Up here at the ski area it was unpleasantly windy, and the temperature was 50 at the most. My daughter drew her arms inside her short-sleeved shirt and hunched her shoulders.

Well, I'd come to find birds, and that's what I was going to do. We climbed a hill and walked into the woods. Right away I heard a few lispings notes, and I spished, hoping to pull in a feeding flock. The first bird that flew down landed at eye level in a small spruce. It was a chickadee, obviously, but it had a white eyebrow within its black cap. This was-



n't a bird I'd prepared for, and I had to look it up when I got back to the hotel: a Mountain Chickadee. I was relishing this very close look when my daughter quietly said, "Daddy?" and I lowered my binocu-

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6)

lars to see a trio of Gray Jays inspecting me from so close that I could barely focus my binoculars on them. I was breathless and elated. And the birds kept coming. Wilson's Warblers. Townsend's Warblers. More Mountain Chickadees. My daughter pointed out a Brown Creeper. She also pointed out that she was freezing to death, so reluctantly I returned to the car and we started back down the mountain. She wanted an aspen stick to take back as a souvenir, so I pulled off the road to look for a fallen tree or branch, and as long as I was out there I figured I'd spish – and up to the top of a snag flew a large bird that peered at me for a moment, gave a loud cry, undoubtedly of disgust, and flew off just as I realized what it was: a Clark's Nutcracker.

The next two days were clogged with college-related meetings and ceremonies, and a few hours at the ski area on our last afternoon in Santa Fe didn't produce the crossbill or the grosbeak, though I must have examined every treetop in the vicinity. I saw enough "Gray-headed" Dark-eyed Juncos to last me for a while, and my first-ever Yellow-rumped Warbler of the "Audubon's" race. (All in all, the ski area provided a surprisingly wintry experience for August, what with the cold temperatures and Yellow-rumped Warblers.)

The next morning we left Santa Fe, but we had one more place on the itinerary: Bandalier National Monument, where the federal government has preserved cliff dwellings carved out by the Anasazi Indians from about 1200 to 1500 (my wife wanted to do at least one thing that wasn't bird-related). We crawled into one of the small, dome-shaped cavities that was open to the public, and marveled at how cool it was in contrast to the August heat outside.

But of course I did carry my binoculars, and this proved one of my most successful stops for birding. Just outside the door of the visitor center there's a display of "Birds of Bandalier National Monument" and one of the species pictured was Steller's Jay. Well I've wanted to see a Steller's Jay for many years, so I was pretty excited about this. My first good bird was a male Hepatic Tanager perched high in a tree, whose color attracted my eye as I climbed the walkway along the cliff face. A little farther on, where the nature trail follows a creek, I saw a pewee, and a quick glance at my field guide – for the map, not the description – confirmed that it must be a

Western Wood-Pewee. Just a few steps away I saw a Brown-headed Nuthatch – or so thought, until I remembered that the very similar western version is the Pygmy Nuthatch. So I had three life birds, but we

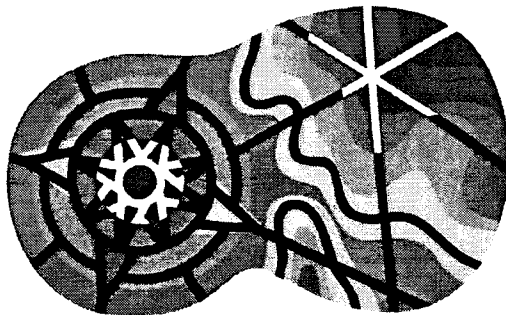
were reaching the end of the trail and still no Steller's Jay. I was trying with middling success to be philosophical, telling myself I had to leave some birds for next time, when I heard a call I didn't recognize. I still have no idea what it was, but the thought that it might be a Steller's made me look around frantically – and

there was my quarry, two of them, thirty feet up in an oak. What magnificent birds! They looked much bigger than Blue Jays (despite an actual size advantage of only half an inch). The head and breast were midnight blue, nearly black, which set off the royal blue belly, wings, and tail to splendid effect. Not all birds live up to expectations, but these certainly did.

That was it for the Santa Fe area, but the long two-lane road east from Las Vegas to Tucumcari (gritting my teeth as I passed the turnoff for Las Vegas National Wildlife Refuge because we just didn't have enough time) was so pretty a stretch of prairie that my wife and I wondered about the possibility of moving out there someday, something we hadn't done since visiting the Texas Hill Country a few years ago. And my last lifer of the trip, a Prairie Falcon, came along this stretch. Of the rest – the Texas Panhandle, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana – the less said the better. The more familiar things became, the longer the drive seemed to take. We were glad to get back to Gainesville, even though our son's room was empty for the first time since 1985.

But I look at it this way: I haven't lost a son, I've gained 29 lifers.

(POSTSCRIPT, from my son: "We have a lovely little hill rising up behind our dorm, the color of, well, red dirt, and thickly furred with Pinon pines. Wandering up there yesterday I saw a Desert Cotton-tail, a Red-breasted Nuthatch, a Western Tanager, and a Broad-tailed Hummingbird. Then this morning I walked down to the cafeteria and saw two Canyon Towhees and a flock of about twenty gnatcatchers [Bushtits, actually]. Hopefully I'll get a chance to explore a bit more later, though (to my intense happiness), it sounds like almost the whole of first semester Lab consists of field trips and dissections. Well, it sounds like fun to me." That's my boy!)

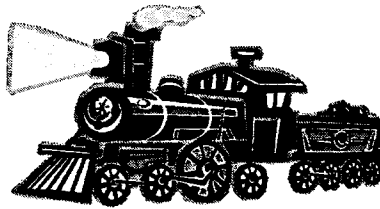


The Cost of Energy?

By Mike Meisenburg

An important conservation-related issue that Gainesville residents are currently facing is the debate over how Gainesville Regional Utilities (GRU) will meet the long-term energy needs of the city. As many of you know, GRU wants to build a \$450-million power plant that will be fueled primarily by coal. Many citizens are opposed, and believe that a strong conservation initiative from GRU can meet our increased energy needs for the immediate future. Both sides have merit in this issue, but my reluctance to accept GRU's plan centers on two main issues: mountaintop coal mining and mercury pollution.

Mountaintop removal coal mining is a national disgrace. Mountaintop removal coal mining is a relatively new type of coal mining that uses dynamite to blast away 800-1000 feet of mountaintop and then dumps the debris into nearby valleys, forever burying streams. Aside from what this is doing to local property values, the environmental consequences are enormous. An EPA internal briefing states that 560 miles of Appalachian streams have already been eliminated by valley fills, and states that "The Appalachian Highlands is characterized by some of the best forest habitat in the world," and "Current reclamation practices are converting these forests into grasslands, which may significantly impact neo-tropical bird populations and other sensitive species if left unchanged." Unfortunately, this method of mining coal is increasing.



Of all the threats caused by coal, one of the direst is mercury poisoning. According to a recent report from the Florida Public Interest Research Group, more than 90 tons of mercury was released into the atmosphere from coal-burning power plants in the US in 2003, a figure that makes this the single greatest source in the country. In 1997, the EPA estimated that same source to contribute 51 tons annually—a 77%

increase in six years. Clearly, this is a trend that is not good. In 2003, our own Deerhaven plant contributed 69 lbs. of mercury to the atmosphere according to the PIRG report. Most importantly, mercury does not remain suspended in the atmosphere, but rains down onto the

earth. Studies are finding rising mercury levels in many wildlife species including—and surprisingly—neo-tropical migrant birds. Atmospheric mercury contamination is probably the most serious pollutant that we will have to address in the coming decades.

There is clean coal technology that is produces more electricity per ton of coal than conventional plants, and significantly reduces pollution levels (including mercury). However, GRU believes that the technology is yet unproven, and thus too risky for a small company like itself to invest millions in. They may be right, but the technology is advancing rapidly. Perhaps our best solution is to spend a small fraction of the proposed \$450-million on energy conserving programs to buy us a few more years, and then re-evaluate our options when the clean-coal technology might present another option to be considered.

Gainesville Christmas Count

The CBC began over a century ago when 27 conservationists in 25 localities, led by scientist and writer Frank Chapman, changed the course of ornithological history. On Christmas Day in 1900, the small group posed an alternative to the "side hunt," a Christmas day activity in which teams competed to see who could shoot the most birds and small mammals. Instead, Chapman proposed to identify, count, and record all the birds they saw, founding what is now considered to be the world's most significant citizen-based conservation effort—and a more than century-old institution.

Today, in Audubon's centennial year (making the CBC five years older than Audubon!), over 55,000 volunteers from all 50 states, every Canadian province, parts of Central and South America, Bermuda, the West Indies, and Pacific Islands, will count and record every individual bird and bird species seen in a specific area. During the 105th season, about 70 million birds were counted. Last year saw a record high of 2,022 individual counts. Each group completes a census of the birds found during a 24-hour period between December 14 and January 5 in a circle 15-miles in diameter—about 177 square miles.

Gainesville Christmas Count will be held on Sunday December 18th, 2005. Contact John Hintermister for details: (386) 462-1109 or JHHV2BIRD@AOL.COM

SPONSORS

Wild Birds Unlimited

Your Backyard Birdfeeding Specialist

Birdseed • Feeders • Nesting Boxes • Nature Gifts • Optics

4215 NW 16th Blvd Gainesville

352-381-1997

www.wbu.com/gainesville

gainesvillewbu@hotmail.com

Mon-Sat 10-6 Sun 12-5



MICANOPY ANIMAL HOSPITAL



Medical, Surgical and Dental Services

Molly Pearson, DVM

Lori Wendland, DVM Joan McKinney, DVM

306 NE Highway 441, Micanopy, FL 32667

www.micanopyanimalhospital.com

(352) 466-0067

SOLD

HELEN WARREN
REALTOR



We're
selling
houses.

ERA Trend Realty
4141 NW 37th Place, Suite A
Gainesville, FL 32606

(352) 377-6666 Office
(352) 378-2470 Fax
(352) 214-7755 Cell
E-Mail: hwarren@erafl.com
Website: www.erafl.com



MLS



Dental Arts

Eric J. Amundson DDS
Restorative & Cosmetic Dentistry

- Comprehensive Dental Care
- Cleanings in a Spa-like Setting
- The Art of Cosmetic Dentistry
- Affordable Teeth Whitening
- Restorative Dentistry Including Implants
- Preventative Dentistry for Your Family

4040 W. Newberry Rd. Suite 1200 • Gainesville, Florida • 32607
352-376-3400 www.dentalarts.us

RENAISSANCE PRINTING

serving your printing needs since 1972



- DocuTech Digital Copies • Express Fax • Digital Color Copies
- Custom Finishing • Desktop Publishing • Offset Printing
- Fast Professional Service • Free Pick-up & Delivery

4130 N.W. 16th Blvd.
Gainesville, FL 32606

(352) 372-2233 • FAX 372-3435



Plant and Garden problems? Questions about your Plantscape?

I provide

- On-site, environmentally-friendly solutions and answers
- Personalized gardening skills training
- Florida-Friendly Yard and Garden Audit
- Group presentations

Specializing in

- Native plant selection and placement
- Gardening for wildlife & butterflies

Debbie DeLoach, Ph.D.
Garden Consultant

352-331-2491
debbiedeloach@cox.net



Eat Well, Live Well...

Check us out. A short ride down Highway 441, just south of the yellow flashing light, in Micanopy. For some of the finest food you'll find anywhere.

Open Tue-Sat 11:30-9:00,
Sun 12-8:00 / (352) 466-0062

"A great way to supplement a Payne's Prairie birding trip: the best pizza in Alachua County!" -Bruce and Melissa Christensen

- Hand-crafted brick-oven pizza & calzones
- Gorgeous salads
- Gourmet sandwiches
- Home-made desserts
- A fine selection of beers, wines & sodas

Please help our chapter by supporting local businesses that contribute their support to Alachua Audubon by placing an advertisement in this issue of the Crane! Thanks

Alachua Audubon Society
P. O. Box 140464
Gainesville, Florida 32614-0464

Non-profit Organization
U.S. Postage Paid
Gainesville Florida 32601
Permit No. 18

The Crane
Dec. 2005/Jan. 2006

32607+2021-13 RU82

Join Audubon

To join Audubon on 3 levels (National, Florida, and Alachua), fill in this application and mail to:
Paul Moler, 7818 Highway 346, Archer, Florida 32618

Please enclose your check payable to:

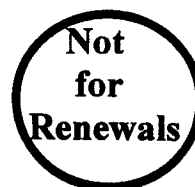
National Audubon Society

If you have any questions, contact Paul
at 495-9419 or pmoler@worldnet.att.net

Chapter E-18

New Membership Application

Please Print



Name _____ Telephone _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please check level of membership:

___ Basic \$35.00 ___ Senior \$15.00 ___ Student \$15.00 ___
___ Introductory Membership \$20.00
___ Two Years \$30.00