

Flicker Flashes



*Published by
The Birmingham Audubon Society*

*For conservation and greater knowledge of
all wildlife, wilderness and natural resources*

FEbruary FIELD TRIPS SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 2006 COLEMAN LAKE & PINHOTI TRAIL TALLADEGA NATIONAL FOREST

Red Crossbills alive! That will be our quest Saturday, February 18 when we travel to fields afar looking for Red Crossbills, White-throated Sparrows, Field and Fox Sparrows, and many other winter visitors likely to be seen in the Talladega National Forest and nearby Coleman Lake.

Please plan to meet at 7:00 a.m. in the Books-A-Million parking lot in Eastwood Mall. From there we will travel I-20 until reaching Heflin, where we'll stop for a coffee and biscuit break. We will proceed then to the national forest and start birding in an area which has

been planted in long-leaf pines - a good habitat for crossbills and many other species. Afterwards, we will walk around Lake Coleman to see what else we can spot.

This is an all-day trip, so please bring a sack lunch. Also bring water, snacks, mittens, scarves, extra jackets and binoculars. Looking forward to seeing you in the field!

For questions about the outing, please call our trip leader, Frank Farrell, at 815-3554.



Saturday, February 4, 2006 Homewood Shades Creek Greenway & Robert Jemison Park Half-day Field Trip

Our February half-day field trip will be a walk along Shades Creek. The Homewood Shades Creek Greenway (hereinafter referred to as the Greenway) is a two-and-a-half mile paved track on the south bank of Shades Creek paralleling Lakeshore Drive. Its' present eastern terminus is at the northwestern corner of the Brookwood Village Shopping Center (Jos.Banks, Cameras Brookwood etc.) and continues past Columbiana Rd. Robert Jemison Park is a linear park on the north bank of Shades Creek paralleling Mountain Brook Parkway. On both paths we can expect to observe permanent residents and winter migrants, hopefully some hawks and shorebirds.

We will meet at 7:00AM at the parking area for the Greenway off of Columbiana Rd. If coming via Lakeshore Dr. turn left at the intersection of Lakeshore Drive and Greensprings. If coming via Greensprings, proceed through the intersection (Greensprings becomes Columbiana Rd. at that point). The parking area is to your left. The Greenway is an easy walk, handicapped accessible. After birding the first part of the morning, we will carpool to Robert Jemison Park (as parking is limited along MB Parkway) and finish our trip there. Hope to see you there.

Trip Leader: Maureen Shaffer, 822-8728.

FEBRUARY MONTHLY MEETING

Grassroots Conservation in Our Own Backyards

Presented by Ken Wills, President, Friends of Moss Rock Preserve
and Michelle Blackwood, President of Friends of Shades Creek

Thursday, February 16, 2006 at 7:00 p.m.

Birmingham Zoo Auditorium

Please attend this meeting and learn more about some of the grass roots preservation efforts occurring right here in our own community. We have two speakers who will each talk about their favorite conservation efforts. Michelle Blackwood, the president of Friends of Shades Creek will present a brief slide and music program highlighting the beauty of Shades Creek and some of the "challenges" in protecting this beautiful stream.

Ken Wills will tell us about the 250-acre Moss Rock Preserve. This is a public nature preserve owned by the City of Hoover. The park is unique in that it preserves and emphasizes natural features that have been lost to development elsewhere in the city. The park contains 9 miles of trails and some wonderful rocks, scenic vistas and rare plants.

The stories that our speakers will tell will help remind us of the importance of saving good places in our neighborhoods.

Attend and enjoy this program

Please come early at 6:45 to socialize and enjoy some refreshments. Guests are welcome.

~Hans Paul,
VP Programs

Field Trips for Disabled Birders in Maine

The American Birding Association has become aware of the need for modified field trips designed for birders with limited mobility or limited endurance. Therefore, for the first time ever, the 2006 convention in Bangor, Maine, through the Physical Limitations Track, will offer three such trips. Two of these trips will focus on land birds that can be found in accessible "hot spots" near Bangor, and in the stunning Acadia National Park. The leaders for these trips will include Victor Emanuel and Barry Lyon from Victor Emanuel Nature Tours, and Rick Wright of Aimophila Adventures. The disabled birders will join the rest of the ABA group for the third trip, which will be a boat trip to the waters surrounding Petit Manan, a breeding island used by Atlantic Puffins

and other seabirds. During this trip, we will have the expertise of Wayne Peterson of Field Guides Incorporated and Massachusetts Audubon, to guide our smaller group.

For detailed information about this June 19-25, 2006, Bangor, Maine, convention, please visit the official website at www.americanbirding.org (click on Bangor convention, then field trips, then scroll down to the Physical Limitations Track), or contact me, Darlene Smyth at smythd@comcast.net or 1-520-297-2315. I hope to see you there!

A Eulogy for the Life Of Robert Raymond Reid, Jr.

November 12, 1927 - January 13, 2006

By: *Donald B. Sweeney, Jr.*

On behalf of Elberta Reid and all of Bob's extended family, thank you for coming to this Service in Thanksgiving for the life of Robert Raymond Reid, Jr. We may weep in private over the loss of our beloved friend, but with the comforting, consoling presence of friends, we can reminiscence and reflect and rejoice about a life lived to the fullest. We can celebrate the life of a person by and through whose character and strength of personality he enriched us all.

My wife, Ann, considers Bob a veritable saint. And many of you might be more inclined to agree than disagree with that notion. When I asked Ann what she would use as a quote most apt in a Eulogy for Bob Reid, she said:

God is love; and he that
Abideth in love abideth in
God and God abideth in him.

Ann explained: Bob Reid abided in love as much as anyone I have ever known, and he had an inordinate need and desire to share his loves and passions with everyone he encountered. Bob manifested this deep rooted and exuberant love every time he looked at and spoke about Elberta, and every time he spoke about his sister Talitha and her family, and about Mary Carolyn Boothby, his sister-in-law, and her family, and through the years about his mother-in-law Gibby Gibbs. Bob, the saint, Bob, the loving family man, maybe with these expressions of love and respect for Bob, it would not be entirely inappropriate for me to sit down.

But a memorial service is a remembrance of a life and our Bob Reid was so exceedingly talented in so many ways that a remembrance of some of those aspects of his life seems to me to be an appropriate reason to press on in a slightly different way.

Moreover, in the spirit of the wonderful and comforting obituary that appeared in the paper this morning, I don't know if saints

- * are inclined to stop a 30 car birding caravan on Interstate 59 to confirm a spotting of a Red-tailed Hawk;
- * or stomp through treacherous marsh land with 50 birders in tow to verify the call of a Virginia Rail;
- * or sleep all night on the top of a picnic table in the Bankhead Forest to document the presence of three owl species.

Saints may or may not do those things, but one thing was always certain about Bob as Mary Alice Carmichael shared: If you traveled by car anywhere with Bob, you could count on taking a delightful, extra long time because every bird in the brush, every bird on the wing, and every bird on the wire had to be observed, listened to, commented on and delighted in.

How best to capture the essential aspect of our beloved Bob. To address that question, I would offer a quote from Dostoyevsky's novel, *The Brothers Karamozou*, where the old monk, expressing his philosophy of life said:

Love all the earth,
Love the whole of it,
Every grain of sand in it,

Every leaf, every ray of God's light.
If you love the earth enough,
You will become aware of the
Divine mystery, and if you
Become aware of the divine mystery,
You will develop a love for all
Mankind and all the earth.

Bob had that love for all mankind -- he was totally inclusive to friends and strangers alike, bringing everyone into the fold to share his enthusiasm and abundant wonder.

Greg Harber, Bob's dear friend from the Audubon Society, shared a wonderful illustration of this aspect of Bob Reid. A report came to Bob that two Swallow-tailed Kites had been sighted near Odenville. Bob got directions, called Greg and then picked him up and they drove to the area where the kites had been spotted. They saw nothing. Still nothing after driving around for an hour and a half. Finally, Bob told Greg to drive back to the area which they had first visited. When they got there Bob had Greg stop at a farm house. Bob got out of the car and proceeded straight to the farm house taking his Peterson's Field Guide with him. After Bob knocked on the door, the owner of the farm -- a total stranger -- came to the door. What Bob said to this stranger, Greg didn't know. But five minutes later the farmer, Greg and Bob were on the farmer's back patio keenly waiting for a Swallow-tailed Kite. Bob was irrepressible. A tsunami of enthusiasm and he no doubt engulfed that stranger the way Bob's cheerful enthusiasm engulfed and embraced all of us, one way or the other. And incidentally, the Good Lord delivered that morning not just two Swallow-tailed Kites, but two Mississippi Kites as well. And that farmer is probably still talking about the stranger that visited him that morning -- a stranger with infectious enthusiasm.

Bob Reid, 78, when he died, was an extraordinarily talented and enormously generous person

- * a brilliant lawyer
- * a consummate musician
- * a truly esteemed birder
- * a passion conservationist
- * and, a person absolutely devoted to his wife, his sister, and his extended family.

With so many aspects to his persona, it is a confounding task to prioritize on a rational basis what can and should be mentioned in a memorial to him. Yet in one true sense, what to say is not so confounding.

When I think of Bob Reid, I don't think singularly. I think of a special partnership of 44 years duration: Bob and Elberta. I doubt any of us have ever seen or known a more devoted, understanding, appreciative and encouraging wife than Elberta.

In a different context, Ralph Waldo Emerson observed that every great institution was the lengthened shade of one person. For Bob Reid, Elberta was that person.

We will highlight some of Bob's many awards and accomplishments this afternoon. But it is fair to contemplate and ask what would Bob have been as a person and what would he have accomplished without the nurturing support, respect and encouragement of Elberta.

Elberta was that indispensable factor in Bob's life that enabled him to accomplish what he did. Elberta was that person ~

- * enabling Bob to work his atypical hours as a lawyer: midnight to dawn
- * tolerating Bob's propensity to ignore every "rule of the road," be it an interstate highway, or a country road in order for Bob to spot one more flying creature
- * allowing and watching him drive all over the country side searching for the cheapest gas at the pump only to run out of gas and be stranded, time and time again
- * and who but Elberta would have had the saintly patience to wait -- and wait -- and wait -- while Bob in his irrepressible way finished whatever his passionate pursuit of the moment might be.

Greg Harber and I were reminiscing yesterday about our trip with Bob to the Amazon River Basin. Both of us remembered the same incident that illustrates so well Elberta's understanding of Bob. Bob decided that he should experience a swim in the "mighty" Amazon. This was decidedly not a good idea - with Bob's balance from childhood polio, and a treacherous descent down a steep embankment to a swiftly moving river. Elberta approached Bob, asked him if he thought it was a good idea, and then turned to us and said, "When he's that fixed on something we might as well step aside." And then she discreetly arranged for all of us to enjoy what Bob was up to but position ourselves to help him if it was needed.

Elberta understood so perfectly her husband and enabled him to set his goals and accomplish them. To Elberta, I would say that in this room today there is so much love here for your Bob -- but he was your Bob -- you nurtured him, encouraged him and unselfishly made it possible for all of us to share in his joy for life.

Family

Bob relished all his family and the wonderful happenings at their Mountain Brook Parkway home, a home which overlooks the Jemison Trail which he helped create. Bob cherished his nephews and nieces. He relished being called Uncle Bob by them, and elated in his good fortune to take them on trips that extended from the Galapagos Islands to the Bay of Fundy.

Bob was also devoted to his friends from Winchester, Kentucky where he grew up. Bob stayed in touch with his boyhood friends and even attended his class reunion last year at Winchester Central High School. Several of his high school friends are with us today, including a former girlfriend. Elberta recounted yesterday one of Bob's earliest negotiated deals. He struck a deal with his girlfriend as follows: I'll teach you to play bridge, if you will teach me how to kiss. How well he learned I don't know. I do know he practiced all the time on Elberta.

Bob also loved his domestic front. Yes -- he had a wanderlust and he traveled the globe -- but he loved Elberta's cooking and the special events at their house: Kentucky Derby Day, Final Four basketball celebrations, Fourth of July parties. Mary Alice Carmichael happily recounted the Fourth of July celebrations: Bob would ask those who were so inclined to bring their musical instruments. He would form a "spontaneous" marching band with Bob at the front blowing away on his saxophone. The parade would march around the outside of the house playing patriotic songs, and after the parade Bob would read or have someone read the Declaration of Independence or give a patriotic speech.

We all -- or many of us -- remember Bob playing with over-the-top, come out of your seat enthusiasm "When the Saints Come Marching In, I Want to be in Their Number."

Professional Career

Bob had a distinguished professional career as a partner at Bradley Arant Rose & White. Bob was brilliant: Summa Cum Laude graduate of Washington Lee; Magna Cum Laude graduate of Harvard Law School.

Bob was dearly loved by his partners at Bradley Arant, evidenced by so many being in attendance today. The e-mails and messages about Bob during his illness and since his death have been so affectionate and heartfelt. John Coleman, managing partner of Bradley Arant for many years, and Tom Carruthers, who succeeded John in that position, extol how devoted Bob's clients were to him and how indispensable he was in complex tax and corporate matters such as the merger of Birmingham Slag and Vulcan Detinning resulting in Vulcan Materials -- one of Birmingham's major corporations.

Hobart McWhorter shared a delightful story about Bob saving the day in Judge Seybourne Lynne's court by bursting through the courtroom door with the winning case and the winning brief just as Judge Lynne was asking Hobart, a young lawyer at the time, for his case law. "Bob lunged through the swinging doors with an armful of briefs announcing, "Here we are Judge Lynne, here we are." Bob received a standing ovation from all the lawyers in the courtroom.

John Wrinkle reflected on Bob's love for his home state of Kentucky and how much fun it was to travel with Bob and Elberta on treks to various places in Kentucky.

On one of their first trips together to Kentucky, Bob wanted to show them up close the magnificent thoroughbreds and the fabulous horse farms around Winchester and Lexington. To do so, Bob would drive his car right down the long private driveways of these magnificent homes. Bob had no inhibitions about doing so because as always Bob's motives were pure as silk. But someone in the group expressed concern about driving down the long driveways to get a closer look. Bob's response: If they ask us, we'll just tell them we're looking for the Detroit Airport. That will befuddle them. John Wrinkle laughingly recounted how much his wife Louise loved that response.

On another trip, Dale and Tom Carruthers and John and Louise Wrinkle joined Bob and Elberta. The trip occurred in the fall and it was one of the driest falls in recorded history for the area around Berea College. Bob wanted to take the Carruthers to see an unusual specimen of duck that had been spotted in the area. The Wrinkles had other plans so they all agreed to meet at the Berea College Inn at an appointed

hour for lunch. Hours and hours after the appointed time Bob showed up with his group, his car and all of the group caked in mud. In typical fashion, Bob in his exuberance to get the closest possible look had gotten his car stuck in mud in what was the driest fall in history.

Thad Long, a long-time partner of Bob, shared that Bob knew that Thad and Carolyn loved Mary Ruth Kentucky Bourbon Balls. On his annual trip to Kentucky after Christmas each year, he would return laden with Kentucky Bourbon Balls for his Alabama friends who he knew were fond of them. When he delivered his "sweet Kentucky" bourbon balls with such utter joy you would think they were "scallops from Compostela." Bob's joy in sharing with his friends, in action as well as words, permeated everything he did.

But brilliant lawyer that Bob was, he was, if anything, loved as much by the staff as he was by the partners. He created special friendships with the staff because he treated everybody at eye level, equal terms, with patience and respect.

Suzi Huff, a long-term secretary with the firm, talked with great relish how new staff members just joining the Bradley team would open the firm refrigerator door and find dead birds in the freezer. People would call Bob, particularly during migration season, about birds that had hit wires or skyscrapers and had died on the streets. Bob would go pick these up, wrap them meticulously and carefully, and put them in the freezer for preservation. But what a shock to new comers.

Ginny Loggins worked the late shift for Bradley. In this position she typed a multitude of letters and special pleadings for Bob as he pursued with such depth and passion conservation issues that affected Alabama from one end of the state to the other. She credits Bob for saving the Alabama beach mouse through a long campaign of detailed, impeccably argued letters and briefs to protect the habitat of the Alabama beach mouse. Ginny said: He really made a difference and I was proud to know him. Ginny also pointed out what so many of us knew. Bob was always loyal. Ginny helped him with his projects. In turn, he never missed a theatrical performance of hers in theaters around the city for over seven years.

Barbara Campbell, a secretary with the firm, said all of the staff loved Bob and affectionately referred to him as the "Birdman of BARW."

The legal experience with Bob I cherished involved a temporary restraining order filed early one morning in Judge William Acker's federal court. The morning it was filed, a crew of 40 with expensive power equipment was going to begin the site work for the new Oak Mountain High School in Shelby County. The temporary restraining order sought to stop this work, work that would have cost the school system some \$25,000 a day. The contention was that the site for the new high school was the habitat for the Red-Cockaded Woodpecker. The owner of the property, property which had been legally condemned, claimed he saw a Red-cockaded Woodpecker on the property and that it was an endangered species. Judge Acker summoned me to his courtroom and said, "Sweeney, I doubt you have an expert you can call on this issue with only 15 minutes advance notice." I explained to Judge Acker that I knew this was not a habitat for the Red-

cockaded Woodpecker. I told him that I had been birding with the Reids in Shelby County at the only spots where the Red-cockaded lived. Judge Acker responded: Well, Sweeney, I don't recognize you as an expert. Judge, would you accept Bob Reid as an expert? Well, sure. So we got Bob on the phone. Judge Acker talked: Bob, Sweeney here says you know something about the habitat of the Red-cockaded Woodpecker in Shelby County, do you? -- Thirty minutes later after Bob had told Judge Acker everything from its genus -- *Picoides borealis*, to its field marks, voice call, mating habits and verified site locations, Judge Acker had heard enough and denied the TRO. But when Judge Acker finished he turned to me and said, "Did you know to set Bob up for that?" To which I replied -- as all of you know -- Bob knew that information about every species in North America, every bird species, mammal, reptile and insect.

Bob's Birding

An incredibly esteemed birder, Bob's importance to the birding community of this state could hardly be exaggerated. An indispensable member, officer, and participant in the meetings, programs and activities of the Audubon Society and the Alabama Ornithological Society for over four score years, Bob had friends in every nook and corner in the state. As might be expected, the statewide network of birders and friends of Bob who wanted to express their respect for him has just been overwhelming these last several weeks -- all endearing, some humorous.

Bob's friend, Phillip Jackson, wrote a particularly poignant letter to Bob on December 12 wishing Bob a speedy recovery: let me share that special letter with you:

Dear Bob,

Your incapacity is a matter of much concern to Barbara and me. We hope sincerely that it is temporary and that you will be home and on the phone again.

Elberta could not be a better nurse. So we are confident that you are being well tendered for.

The trees will not grow, nor the birds sing without your care and concern. So please get well soon. Phillip

Mary Waldrop and Harriet Wright wrote:

The magic moments he created are beyond belief. He truly lived to make everyone he met see and appreciate the wonders of nature. The world will be dimmer without Bob.

Jessica Germany and Bob Tate wrote:

In so many ways we remember his exuberance and enthusiasm in showing and sharing the special birds he had spotted, especially with new birders and children.

And Bob Sargent shared this wonderful aside:

I sure hope God loves to talk about birds with his newly arriving folks. If so, God -- pull up a chair and sit down. You are in for a good time.

Our family, particularly our boys, delighted in sharing what they found on birding trips with their "Uncle Bob." A particularly special memory of Bob for Ann and me involved an Audubon Field Trip for Young Birders to Lake Purdy. Our boys, Patrick and Shap, were 7 and 5.

A robin, as you know, is a very common bird. On that day there were an enormous flock of robins -- I'll say 10,000 to make the point.

Well in that setting, our boys spotted a robin, and they came running down the road shrieking, "Uncle Bob, Uncle Bob, we think we spotted a robin." Bob reacted as if they had spotted the last whooping crane. Hurrying down the road with them to the spot where they had seen the robin, Bob dragged his faithful telescope. When he got to that point, he painstakingly adjusted the scope to their height, focused on the bird, and then discussing the possibility of their "great" find by taking them through the steps of a great birder: Boys, what color is the beak? Patrick, are the legs grey? Shap, what color is the breast? And then with great excitement he proclaimed, "Yes, it is a robin and isn't it beautiful." And for the next six months, whenever Uncle Bob would see the Sweeney boys he would ask: "You're the boys that spotted that beautiful robin. Have you seen another?" Boy, did they love their Uncle Bob.

Special Honors and Recognition

Bob's honors and recognitions were numerous:

The Audubon Conservationist of the Year

The Alabama Conservancy: Conservationist of the Year

The Gold Leaf Award for Land Acquisitions

In granting this award to Bob, he was credited with providing the intellectual muscle resulting in the acquisition of hundreds of thousands of acres in the Alabama Tensaw Delta. Bob's data collection from bird counts and point counts were deemed the best and most reliable resource of birding information by the U.S. Forestry Division for programs such as the Breeding Bird Survey. Officials from the U.S. Forestry Division knew that Bob's data would be carefully collected, scrupulously accurate, and painstakingly gathered. But these awards only hint at what Bob did through the countless hours he spent writing research based, legally grounded letters and making phone calls on conservation issues.

When Mary Burke, President of the Alabama Conservancy, presented Bob with the Alabama Conservationist of the Year award, she asked the audience: "How many of you have received help from Bob Reid over the years?" Virtually every hand in the audience went up.

Bob's channelization litigation in the 1970s over the Blue Eye Creek set the legal parameters for decades to come, not just in Alabama but for the south. And Bob is credited with first envisioning the Alabama Coastal Birding Trail. In the official Alabama Coastal Birding Trail brochure which is distributed nationwide, the following credit appears:

The Alabama Coastal Birding Trail was originally the

brainchild of Bob Reid, a birder by avocation, conservationist and avid supporter of Partners in Flight and a member of the Alabama Ornithological Society (AOS).

Conclusion

As I conclude, let me share an anecdote related by the great naturalist, Sigord Olson in his essay, "The Spiritual Need." Olson describes sitting under a starry night before a fire in the Quetico-Superior Country of northern Minnesota, talking with the renowned geologist Wallace Atwood. "Tell me," Olson said, "How is it that near the age of 80 you still get as much pleasure and excitement out of finding a new specimen as though you are a geology student on his first field trip?" The octogenarian geologist gazed in the fire before answering. "The secret," he said, "is never to lose the power of wonder. If you keep that alive, you stay young forever. If you lose it, you die."

Bob never lost his sense of wonder. I also think Bob would approve of the sentiment expressed in Mary Lee Hall's poem, "Turn Again to Life":

If I should die and leave you here awhile
Be not like others, sore undone, who keep
Long vigils by the silent dust, and weep
For my sake – turn again to life and smile,
Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do
Something to comfort other hearts than mine.
Complete those dear, unfinished tasks of mine
And I, perchance, may therein comfort you.

I would like to end by giving thanks for the life of a man - a unique, complex, extraordinary man, whose exuberance will never be extinguished from our minds.

Bob lived, really lived until he died. Bob made life rich for all of us. He put a smile in one's heart. He sparkled and his light was irrepressible.

Was Bob a saint? -- all of us can answer that question in our own way. But we might well remember Bob through the refrain he loved so much and played so joyously:

Oh, when the Saints go marchin' in
Oh, when the Saints go marchin' in
Oh Lord I want to be in their number
When the Saints go marchin' in.

Thank you for memorializing with me our saintly friend,
Bob Reid.

~Donald B. Sweeney, Jr.

The Birmingham Audubon Society would like to thank the following individuals for their recent contributions in memory of Russell Bailey. These funds will be applied to the construction of the Songbird Aviaries at The Wildlife Center at Oak Mountain State Park.

Bobbie Bailey
Donna & Brad Dye
R. Franklin Reid

Additionally we gratefully acknowledge contributions from the following individuals:

Thomas R. Broker
George C. Cusick

Audubon Mountain Workshop

Make your plans now to join your family and friends for 4 days of fun, learning and relaxation at the 29th annual Audubon Mountain Workshop, to be held May 11-14, 2006. Once again, Alpine Camp for Boys will host our workshop at their beautiful campus on the banks of the Little River across from DeSoto State Park.

Workshop participants have the opportunity to take classes covering a wide variety of topics: birds, mammals, reptiles and amphibians, insects, geology and astronomy, trees and shrubs, wildflowers, forest and stream ecology and mountain crafts. Experts teach all of the classes and most are taught in the field.

In addition to the adult-oriented classes there will be a Young Naturalist's Program for children ages 5-12. During class time our experienced staff closely monitors the children while their parents/guardians are enjoying their own classes. This arrangement offers a wonderful opportunity for young families and/or grandparents and grandchildren to spend quality time together in the camp's idyllic surroundings. Either way, it is fun for all ages!

Your registration fee covers the cost of tuition, room and all meals. Participants are housed in rustic, one-room cabins and the camp staff will serve us three square meals a day in the dining hall. The Gym will serve as our main classroom and Alpine Lodge as our gathering place, library and canteen.

Look for the Audubon Mountain Workshop brochure inserted in this newsletter and send in your registration today. Then kick back and relax in the rocking chairs on the back porch of Alpine Lodge, and let the soothing sounds of the wind, the water and the woods fill your mind and renew your spirit.

Abig THANK YOU to Mary Swanson at The Wild Bird Center for donating a very nice bird feeder to serve as our door prize for our November meeting. We encourage you to patronize our supporters such as Wild Bird Center, located just off of U.S. 280 at 400 Cahaba Park Circle.

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~ Membership Application ~ Birmingham Audubon Society/ National Audubon Society

Name: _____
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Membership Levels:

Introductory membership ~ \$20.00
Includes quarterly subscription to Audubon magazine and 8 issues of *Flicker Flashes*, the chapter newsletter.
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My check for \$ _____ is enclosed.

Please make check payable to: National Audubon Society
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P. O. Box 314
Birmingham, AL35201

Birmingham Audubon Society * AOO 7XCH8

February

- 4 BAS Field Trip, Shades Creek and Jemison Park
- 7 Conservation Committee meeting
7:00 p.m., Homewood Library
- 10 *Flicker Flashes* articles due
- 16 Board Meeting, (BZA) 5:45 p.m.
General Meeting, BZA 7:00 p.m.
Dr. Jeff Danter
- 18 BAS Field Trip, Talladega NF,
Coleman Lake

March

- 4 BAS Field Trip, Ruffner, East Lake Park & Roebuck Springs
- 7 Conservation Committee meeting
7:00 p.m., Homewood Library
- 10 *Flicker Flashes* articles due
- 14-18 Spring Tour #1
- 16 Board Meeting, (BZA) 5:45 p.m.
General Meeting, BZA 7:00 p.m.
Michelle Blackwood and Ken Wills
- 18 BAS Field Trip, Marion Co. & Lakeland Farms
- 19-23 Spring Tour #2
- 25 City of Clay Birdfest

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