



**ISSUE 8
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THE DIPPER

THE MAGAZINE OF THE HOPE VALLEY BIRD WATCHERS CLUB



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Front Cover Photograph: Barn Owl © Alan Kydd Over the last few years sightings of Barn Owls in the valley have been steadily increasing and now we know that more than one pair raised young here in 2017. This photograph was taken in the Barn Owl stronghold of Norfolk by the river Thurne near Ludham in March 2017.



Many thanks once again for all members and guest contributors who have submitted articles and photographs for this issue, and a special thank you to David Gains who has once more proof read the magazine.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Welcome to the eighth biennial edition of the Hope Valley Birdwatchers Club magazine. Thank you all again who have written articles for this edition, in particular to Alan Kydd, the magazine editor.

This year, 2018, is the 28th anniversary of our bird club. Despite the advancing years of some members, we are still a very active club with many birdwatching walks and reserve visits each year.

Alan Kydd, our Chairman, along with the club committee members plan the programme of events throughout the year as well as finding some very interesting guest speakers.

Our Chairman also keeps members up to speed with regular digital communications that alert us to forthcoming field trips.

In the last two years we have had some excellent weekend field trips to the Farne Islands, Minsmere, Slimbridge and the Somerset Levels. The visit to the Farne Islands was brilliant, with good weather, calm seas and very close up views of all the nesting sea birds.

Finally I would like to thank everyone for helping to keep the club running smoothly over the past two years, and to wish you all successful birding in 2018.

ETHIOPIAN GROUND HORNBILL

During my last visit to Lalibela in Ethiopia I saw two pairs of these birds. They are huge, standing up to a metre tall, looking from a distance rather like shabby black umbrellas. They are shy and fly off if approached. They look strong with very strong legs. They are carnivorous and walk around looking for their food. Locals call them 'Er coom' (pronounced 'her come' in a Barnsley accent).

They mate for life and are together all year. Both the male and female have black feathers and conspicuous white primaries that flare out as they fly. Both have bare blue skin round the eyes and the males have an inflatable patch of skin at the base of the neck, coloured red and

blue. They roost in trees, or in crevices in the sides of gullies.



Ground Hornbill © Sharp Photography



Hornbills on the Mekalt plateau © Marion Codd

DUNNOCKS

This is the story of sex, lies and unusual 'goings on' in the avian world. We used to call these birds Hedge Sparrows, but in fact they are not related to Sparrows or Finches and are Accentors, ground birds from N E Asia and the Himalayas. Dunnocks are found in almost every habitat in Britain. We know them as the familiar but unobtrusive mouse-like grey-brown bird often cleaning up the floor around bird tables and often bullied by Robins. They have a piping call and a song that is similar to a Wren but much slower and less varied. They nest in hedges laying 4-5 sky blue eggs.

It is their preparation for nesting that is most unusual. Although many species are monogamous, instances of polygamy are common in Dunnocks. At the start of the breeding season a male will chase a female bird flicking his wings. He may mate with a female but then another male may come along, remove the sperm from the female and then mate with her himself. Sometimes as many as five birds are involved in this courtship chase.

So who is in control? Is it the male who wants to mate with as many as possible or is it the female who wants sperm from the strongest male for her progeny?



Dunnock © John Wooddisse

Therefore if you want to watch a bit of 'hanky-panky' in your garden, keep a close eye on Dunnocks or just enjoy them as another little brown bird that doesn't bother any other bird.

TOWARDS A SILENT SPRING

We had been accustomed to visit Langstrothdale for over twenty years; renting a traditional cottage in this unspoilt part of the Yorkshire Dales. As Ella Pontefract recounts in her book 'Wharfedale' published in 1937 - *'we saw these handsome Black-headed gulls flying over Fleet Moss, and heard their guttural cry. The sounds that came across the moor, the flapping of the water, a curlew's cry, a lark's song, the whistle of a shepherd---penetrating long distances in the pure atmosphere.'*

These things didn't seem to have changed much in the previous sixty years, when we were last there in 1995. So last year, when we heard the cottage had been on the market, and the new owner was holiday letting the property, we hoped to rediscover the memories of our last holiday there, and booked a week in September.

We were very disappointed to discover that the new owner had "modernised" the cottage; to attract whom? Not birdwatchers, obviously. On the first morning, we noticed a strange spikey device fitted on the outside corners of the bedroom and bathroom windows, where previously House Martins had nested. It didn't take long for the computer, (oh yes, we had Wi-Fi as well!), to identify the spikes as Bird Defenders. Could there ever be a more deceptive



House Martin © John Wooddisse

description? It had been one of the joys of our stays there in the summer to share the cottage with the nests of our summer visitors. The owner had left their email address in the particulars of the cottage. I felt that something had to be said to him to release my inner rage. Needless to say, there was no response.

'Dear Mr ...

John and I had enjoyed our stay in your Cottage. We love the valley of Langstrothdale, the beck, and the fells.

We had rented the cottage many times, twenty years ago.

As with time, things change, but we can't help feeling the cottage has lost its charm.

It took us a while to figure out what you had fitted outside the upstairs windows. We looked it up on the internet. I was horrified to find they are called "bird defenders".

Part of the joy of the cottage was the birds in the garden and the house martins making their incredible migration to breed again in the same location.

Aren't we trying to encourage wildlife, or have we to lose it, because we are not prepared to make gestures to live alongside it?

I don't expect that you will bother to respond to my email, but I am sure that some of the visitors wouldn't mind a few smears on the windows to catch sight of these magnificent birds.

Yours etc....'

We must influence our fellow humans to put nature and the planet before their self-interest.

MARSH TIT OR WILLOW TIT

I have always struggled to tell the difference between these two tit species, unless of course they happened to be calling. Their calls are very different and they can easily be differentiated that way. Luckily they are often found calling (indeed it is often the case that the call will alert you to their presence). I was told that one has a glossy black cap and the other has more of a matt finish; also that one of them has a feint white wing patch which is absent on the other. I could never remember which was which! Perhaps a good idea is to look at the shape of the head. Willow Tits have a rather thick 'bull-neck' compared with

the Marsh Tit which shows quite well on the pictures below.

Latest research from the B.T.O. suggests that neither the cap texture nor the wing bar are actually diagnostic and should not be used to identify them anyway! It now seems that the only safe way to separate these birds when silent, is the presence of a small white mark at the base of the upper mandible of the Marsh Tit which is absent on the Willow Tit. According to the B.T.O., this is remarkably easy to see in the field. I have decided to remember this by M for Mandible and M for Marsh!



Willow Tit @ John Wooddise

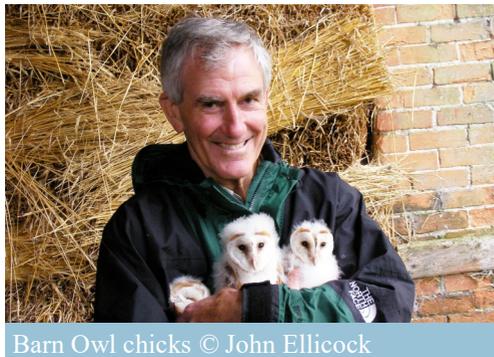


Marsh Tit @ Alan Kydd

TWO YEARS ON

I wrote two years ago, having recently come to live in Hathersage from Hampshire, and listed a few 'nesting hopes' with Kestrels, Barn Owls, Swifts, Martins and Swallows and a few 'sighting hopes' of raptors. I start with the not so good news; the Red Kite I reported seeing in 2015, was regrettably my only sighting over Hathersage in three years. What a joy it is to see them not many miles to the north - we saw four last week just north of Leeds from the A1 (M) - and in the South we see so many now. Alas, raptor persecution in the Peak District continues - but for how long? The days of such behaviour must surely be numbered.

On a brighter note, we have had much Barn Owl activity in the field adjacent to our house. I had a pair at the box only 50m from our bedroom window last winter only to be driven off eventually by a week-long concerted attack from 6 pairs of Jackdaws in early March. I have seen the male bird at the box in the autumn and then again last week. I have a pair of Tawny Owls showing great interest in a box I put in the garden in December. Being much bigger and more aggressive than Barn Owls, I am hopeful they will see off the Jackdaws. I have supplemented the Kestrel box in the garden, which so far has produced several broods of Stock Doves - lovely birds though they are, with another Kestrel box in the adjacent field.



Barn Owl chicks © John Ellicock

As for the Swifts, Swallows and Martins, we have had lots of activity around the house and several times Swifts have 'prospected' the

boxes I've put up but none have yet nested.

On a broader front, we are extremely lucky to have in Hathersage, Lester Hartmann, another recent arrival, who runs a bespoke furniture business in the old needle factory. Thanks to his help with boxes and Alan Kydd's invaluable local knowledge we have started Barn Owl and Kestrel projects in the Hope and Derwent valleys. So far we have 10 barn owl and 12 kestrel boxes up. It can take years to get these birds nesting but some early success is encouraging. Last January (which is quite late) I put a kestrel box up just below the Millstone Inn and it produced a huge brood of 6 chicks, all of which fledged. Clearly there's plenty of food. I had over 15 broods in Hampshire in our garden. The largest 3 broods were 5 chicks and only once did all 5 fledge.



UK Swift Awareness Week

Hathersage is blessed with a good population of Swifts. With Lester's and Alan's help we have started the Hathersage Swift Group which now numbers 24. Our primary objective is to conserve the Swifts of Hathersage by providing alternatives to their traditional nesting sites under eaves and barge boards which, as a result of modern building insulation regulations, are disappearing fast. Lester and I are designing a Swift tower and a Swift box specifically for Hathersage, replicating as closely as possible their traditional Hathersage sites - more on this in the future. However, if your interest is aroused, do come on a guided walk on Wednesday 20th June starting at 7.00 pm at the Hathersage Pool. This will be the Hathersage Swift Group's contribution to the National Swift Awareness Week.

BUTTERFLY SURVEY

Back in 2014 I joined a small group to help survey butterflies at a tiny nature reserve near Press, some 19 miles south of Hope Valley. This is part of a number of Derbyshire surveys which are then fed into a national data set by the Derbyshire recorder, Ken Orpe. I spent three years with that group and then decided to find a group nearer to home. It seemed that there wasn't one, so I decided to start one from scratch. The first task was to find a suitable site and I found an area at Bamford that looked promising. I then asked for volunteers from the club and we started the surveys on 1st April 2017. The procedure is to walk a pre-defined route and to count the number of butterflies seen within a few metres either side of that. The route is split into sections, ideally based on the habitat within each section. The walk is done once a week starting in the week beginning 1st April and ending after 26 weeks. Ideally each survey should be done when the sun is shining, the temperature is above 10C and there is no wind, often no easy task in northern Derbyshire!



Holly Blue © Butterfly Conservation See page 24

With six of us in the group, this implied that each of us did a survey at least 4 times during the year. We completed our first year at the end of September having recorded 16 species of butterfly with a maximum number of 60 recorded in the 3rd week of July. That was for 8 species and our highest number of species was 9, recorded a week earlier. Our lowest count was recorded during the 3rd week of May when presumably dismal weather resulted in not a single butterfly being seen. The most common butterfly was the Small White, recorded in over half of the survey weeks. The butterfly with the second highest total for the year was the Ringlet, even though it was only recorded in five weeks, occurring almost entirely during July.



Ringlet © Alan Kydd

The least common butterfly recorded was the Holly Blue with a single specimen being seen in the last week of August. We have modified the route slightly for our second year in 2018 when we hope for warm, sunny and still weather throughout the season. Well, we can dream!

Did You Know? Mandarin ducks, now breeding every year in the valley, were first recorded as a breeding species in Derbyshire in 1991 when a pair raised at least 5 young on the Dove near Hartington. When they arrived in the Hope Valley they settled for a while between Froggatt and Grindleford but have now spread much further west along both the Derwent and the Noe.



STOATS V WEASELS

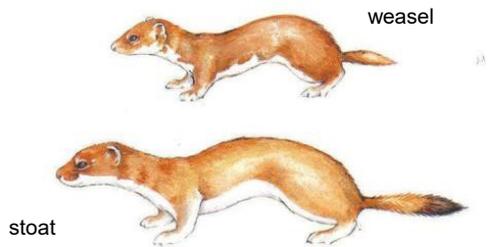
When we first moved to our house in Edale 10 years ago, we were delighted to find we shared our garden with a family of weasels. Several times over the summer, we watched the four kits chasing after “mum” in a long snake, as she wound her way through the flower beds and in and out of tiny gaps in the stone walls. But the family made it clear that by moving into a recently converted barn, we had inadvertently displaced them – we would often find one standing on its hind legs peering through the glass doors, perhaps wondering why they could no longer find a way in to their old derelict home. Once one even scaled the stone steps outside our open bedroom door, and was just about to scamper inside when he noticed me in the doorway. We felt a little sorry for them.

Ever since that first year, we have often caught quick glimpses of a small golden brown body running across the driveway, hiding in the wall under the bird table (waiting for an unwary bird) or bouncing along the top of the wall in front of the house. Last summer we watched a youngster scampering to and fro outside the sitting room window, jumping repeatedly on and off our dog’s old football just for the fun of it.

The poor weasel got a bad reputation following the success of Kenneth Grahame’s famous “Wind in the Willows” when it was published in 1908. The “bad weasels” were the main antagonists of the story, plotting to take over Toad Hall. Certainly they are highly capable of killing small birds, mice and even young rabbits. But they in turn have their own enemies, the main one being their much larger cousin the stoat.

Over the last winter, we have had several sightings here of this supposedly shy creature

– and interestingly none of any weasels. They have voracious appetites, and I have evidence they have been helping to keep the squirrel population down here (hurrah!!) – the abundance of grey fur in their droppings is one of the give-away signs. But could they really be the cause of the disappearance of our weasels? I’m guessing “Yes”, although they may have just frightened them away from the house, rather than actually killed them. I read somewhere that even kestrels have been known to prey on weasels, so that’s also a possibility.



© Rebecca McGowan Griffin - See page 24

During the summer months, we have also regularly enjoyed seeing at least 4 hares on our fields. But this winter we have found the fur and bones of 2 bodies, and now only see one hare in the car lights at night. But I guess these are more likely to be the victims of the fox that prowls here, leaving its tell-tale pointed paw marks in the snow.

Although I enjoy seeing the stoats with their longer black-tipped tails, I do miss seeing the cheeky weasels popping out from the undergrowth, and wish both could thrive alongside each other.

Did You Know? There are FIVE species of Kiwi, the flightless bird only found in New Zealand. There are two Brown Kiwi—one from the north island and one from the south. There are two Spotted Kiwi - Great Spotted and Little Spotted - both of which are grey. Finally there is now the Okarito Kiwi, a brown Kiwi only separated as a distinct species in 2003 and only found in a restricted area of the Okarito Forest on the south island.

KEOLADEO GHANA NATIONAL PARK

Keoladeo Ghana N.P. is not, as the name might suggest, in Africa. It is a fantastic wetland area in India, at Bharatpur some 140 miles south of Delhi in Rajasthan. The sanctuary was created some 250 years ago by the local Maharaja as a hunting ground. Before independence, duck shoots were organised there in honour of British Viceroys and some huge kill numbers are recorded within the park. The last shoot was held in 1964 and it was designated a bird sanctuary in 1976. It became a Ramsar Site under the Wetland Convention in 1981 and was designated a National Park in 1982. We visited in February 2017, spending 3 days in the park. Covering 11 square miles it holds a large variety of birds with a total of almost

also a big attraction to raptors. Eurasian Marsh Harriers were joined in their hunt by Booted Eagle, Greater Spotted Eagle, Crested Serpent-eagle and even Eastern Imperial Eagle alongside smaller predators such as Shikra.



Painted Stork © Alan Kydd



Keoladeo Wetland © Alan Kydd

400 species, 230 of which are breeding in the park. The 'wet' area varies dramatically from season to season, and large areas are always very dry, almost desert-like, alongside the lakes fed by a reservoir which allows the water level to be managed. The park is a wintering ground for a host of wetland species and very active during our visit. We can never get used to seeing 'our' birds such as Coot, Shoveler, Teal and Gadwall mixed in with more exotic birds like Purple Gallinule, Red-crested Pochard, Ferruginous Duck and Indian Spot-billed Duck. The park has a large colony of breeding Painted Storks and they were busy feeding very large young at their flimsy looking nests in very bare trees. The park is

Whilst a visit without a guide is very easy and hassle free, with the help of a local guide it is possible to also find roosting nocturnal birds such as Nightjars and Owls and also to catch glimpses of well-hidden species such as Black Bittern and Yellow Bittern.



Golden Jackal © Alan Kydd

A fair number of mammals can also be easily seen and we recorded Chital Deer, Indian Bush-rat, Nilgai (Asian antelope) and Golden Jackal.

It is one of the best reserves we have visited anywhere in the world and hopefully will continue to be protected in the future.

PIES, PEAS AND CATALONIA

At this year's pie and pea supper and quiz a signed copy of a book on the birds of El Massís del Port, Catalonia, was presented to Chris Franks by our president, John Woodisse. The book, entitled '*Aus del Port*', was written by Juan Antonio Muyas Bercet and published by Grup de Recerca Científica 'Terres de l'Ebre' in 2014. The text is in Catalan but the book is lavishly illustrated and well worth a look.



Book Cover © John Hodgson

Chris is currently looking after the book for the Club, so if and when you wish to view it, please ask.

But from where did the book and link to the Hope Valley Bird Club originate? Firstly, there was an ecological involvement with scientists from Catalonia (and Aragon). My first very memorable trip to Catalonia was in the early summer of 1992. It provided both an introduction to the Mediterranean flora and an opportunity to birdwatch, particularly in the rice fields of the Ebro Delta. Here, many of the birds were at plant height and, encouragingly to a novice, both large and stationary. It was a particular pleasure to see Little Egret and Great White Heron obligingly standing side by side. After many further trips, we ended in October 2008 on an eccentric high, an investigation of the pressing archaeobotanical question 'Were the tubers of Sea Club-Rush formerly eaten?' In the absence of human volunteers, these tubers and

an assortment of seeds were fed to sheep. What came out the other end was collected and taken back to Sheffield for the identification of plant remains. To prevent cross-contamination of 'samples' the test sheep wore nappies! These were changed daily. Counterintuitively, this experiment was of local cultural interest and, as a result, featured on the local television news. The cultural interest related to the possible origins of horchata. 'Orxata de xufa' or 'Horchata de chufa', a local speciality originally from Valencia, is a refreshing drink made from 'tiger-nuts', the tubers of a related species. This 2008 visit ended on another high. The Grup de Recerca Científica sent us on our way with a home-cooked meal of duck risotto, both ingredients from the Ebro Delta, washed down with copious quantities of assorted strong local beverages.

Most trips were less eventful but equally productive. Data were collected and on our return joint scientific papers prepared, most recently on the relationships between seed, leaf and plant size in UK, Catalonia and Aragon. This last paper was dedicated to one of its key contributors, Ferran Royo Pla, the leading botanist in the Grup de Recerca Científica, who died tragically before publication. One prepublication request from the journal editors relating to this paper was that photographs of leaves were added to one of the figures. Unfortunately all of our photos proved unsuitable. So our younger daughter, Katie, reluctantly took the necessary pictures. But even after this we were still missing one photo, Sweet Cicely.

This is where The Hope Valley Bird Club enters the story. The Bird Club accommodates a wide range of abilities and interests. I operate at the lower end with a remedial knowledge of birdsong and wonderment that an identical brown dot on the horizon can be given ten different names on the same walk. Nevertheless, although distracted by the plants, I persevere. Because the Bird Club is always welcoming and helpful, it also

provided the missing Sweet Cicely photograph.



Sweet Cicely © Chris Franks

Our evening walk on May 2nd was to Monsal Head and I knew that there is an abundance of Sweet Cicely at the start point. Moreover, a good photographer, Chris Franks, generally attended the evening walks. I decided to ask for his help. I didn't have any suitable plain paper to take with me for a white background so opted to use the back of an old poster from my study. Fortunately, Chris did go on the

walk and he kindly took photos for me on a wooden table outside the Monsal Head Hotel. Monsal Head was exposed and extremely windy and both the poster and the leaf had to be held firmly in place. It is a credit to Chris's photographic skills that the photos were in sharp focus and that no hands were visible at the edge of shot. This photograph brought an accidental symmetry to the Catalonia connection. The main objective of our first trip had been a workshop on functional plant ecology in the Montseny National Park. By chance the poster used as the background was a gift from this first visit. Its unseen upper surface portrayed the flora and fauna of rocky habitats within the Park including Short-toed Eagle, Peregrine Falcon, Eagle Owl, Raven, Alpine Swift, Crag Martin, Rock Thrush and Blue Rock Thrush, Black Redstart and Alpine Accentor. Lluís de Torres, who had been part of our abortive attempt to obtain leaf photos from published sources, liked the story about 'the last picture' and in gratitude he and the Grup donated a copy of *Aus del Port* to the Bird Club. Please enjoy it!

BIRD QUIZ

The answers to these cryptic clues are all birds on the British list.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Trawling for the monarch | 9. Separate the rim |
| 2. Grumbling after dark | 10. Caper above the clouds |
| 3. Invoice for cutlery | 11. Movement following light lunch |
| 4. Jet around the everglade | 12. Crusader experiencing very stormy evening |
| 5. Cashew found in a flap | 13. Heavenly comic |
| 6. Took a chunk out of the one with fat hairy legs | 14. Arboreal vine |
| 7. Cutthroat flyer | 15. Sticky mess before being rubbed down |
| 8. Charge for the meadow | |

Did You Know? As from January 2018, the B.O.U. (British Ornithologists Union) has redefined the Redpoll reducing this to only 2 species – Common and Arctic. Previously the U.K. Redpoll was defined by them as the Lesser Redpoll, being smaller than the Common (mealy) Redpoll which is a visitor to the U.K. from further north. This brings it into line with the I.O.C. (International Ornithological Congress) and more helpfully - most of our guide books!



THE SWALLOW THAT WOULDN'T MIGRATE

There were two swallows, Ted and Faye,
who came to Dingley Farm each May.
They spent their winter in the warm
which for a swallow is the norm.

For Africa is nice and hot
and swallows like it there a lot.
They have to fly six thousand miles
to get back to the British Isles.
Then they return to Dingley Farm
to raise their babies in the barn.

They check their nest is still intact;
and mend the mud where it has cracked;
make sure it's soft and dry inside
to keep their babies satisfied.

Once it is ready, they then stop.
They lay their eggs, and sit on top.
Whilst one goes out and catches flies
(a very skilful enterprise),
the other sits and has a nap
until they hear it: tap, tap, tap.

A little beak pops through the shell
Three more follow, all is well.
Four beaks to feed will not be easy.
Ted and Faye both feel quite queasy.
But they're hardworking, fit and wise
And so they set out catching flies.

But all too soon it's very clear
that something isn't right this year.
Three little beaks all take their turn,
but one still has a lot to learn.
It pushes in, it must be first:
behaviour at its very worst.

This greedy swallow is called Mike.
He's not an easy bird to like.
Young Mike gets bigger by the day,
ignores the others, will not play.
He eats whatever he can get,
just sits there without breaking sweat.

His siblings learn to flap their wings
and practice lots of bird-type things.
They know they'll have to learn to fly,
they know it's hard but still they try.
Once they can catch flies on the wing,
they're ready then for anything.

By now Mike is a bit unfit
He's never even caught a nit.
Faye thinks it's time to tell him straight:
"You are not ready to migrate.
You'll never fly six thousand miles
to winter with the crocodiles."

"Six thousand miles? Has she gone mad?
I will not go with mum and dad."
Mike says, "I'll stay at Dingley Farm
and spend the winter in the barn.
If you don't have the sense to stay
then off you go, be on your way."

But winter turned out wet and cold
The barn grew dark with damp and mould.
He looked around, there were no flies.
Just dreary, wintry, empty skies.
The only ones he found to eat
were dead and dry, not plump and sweet.
He longed for something much more tasty.
Perhaps he'd been a little hasty.

Just when Mike gave up all hope
and felt he really couldn't cope,
it seemed the days were slightly brighter,
the sun shone more, its light was lighter.

He'd made it through to next year's Spring
and all the joys that that would bring:
His brother, sisters, mum and dad
would soon be back. His heart was glad!

He'd build a nest and raise a brood,
and teach them how to catch their food
and how to fly, and after that
say, "Africa is where it's at".

Six thousand miles might just be fun
if he could winter in the sun!

WILLOW WARBLERS AND CHIFFCHAFFS

There are two very similar leaf warblers that arrive in England in late March/early spring. Their songs announce the arrival of spring. The Willow Warbler's song is a sweet descending warble and the Chiffchaff does what it says on the tin, Chiffchaff Chiffchaff etc. etc.



Willow Warbler © Alan Kydd

In our valley Willow Warblers were always much more numerous than Chiffchaffs. A Willow Warbler would be nesting every hundred yards along our lane with Chiffchaffs around a half a mile apart. Things have changed in recent years and you are more likely to hear a Chiffchaff than a Willow Warbler in the lower parts of the valley. However, Willow Warblers are still relatively common in higher parts.

So why is this? Is it because Willow Warblers overwinter in sub-Saharan Africa where the increase in human population into wilder areas and the southward spread of the Sahara is threatening their food supply? I heard once a Willow Warbler singing in Swaziland, southern Africa. Chiffchaffs only overwinter as far as south as North Africa and Southern Europe. They are abundant in Portugal in winter.

Another factor which might be affecting our

Willow Warbler is the loss of small insects in the lower part of the Hope Valley. I can remember not so long ago when you could open the back door on a dark summer evening and a host of insects would swarm towards the kitchen light. Also, travelling by car at night would result in the front of the car being splattered with insects. Neither seems to happen anymore.



Chiffchaff © Alan Kydd

Perhaps Willow Warblers are nesting higher up the valley where there is more insect food. So what has caused the loss of food at lower levels? Maybe it is pollution caused by the increase in road and rail traffic in the valley bottom. Perhaps it is the increase in the use of pesticides in gardens. On stretches of the river Wye and Derwent there is still a good hatch of mayflies away from roads. One would like to think that the decline in some bird species could be reversed, but given human populations are still increasing rapidly, especially in Africa, things don't look too promising. These days, however, we are more aware of threats of pollution and global warming to wildlife on our planet and in years to come new ways to counteract these effects on wildlife can hopefully be found.

Did You Know? Peregrines failed to breed in the Dark Peak in 2017 for the first time in 30 years. This is from the RSPB who have now pulled out of the failing Peak District Bird of Prey Initiative which began in 2011. Not one of the targets has been met.

FISHING AND BIRDWATCHING

Over 50 years ago I remember doing a project on breeding territories of Pied Flycatchers in the Rye Valley, North Yorkshire (about 20 pairs down 5 miles). It helped towards my A - Level Biology and was great fun and quite scientific too. Three of us got a paper in the BTO Journal out of it! This little study is most unscientific. Trout fishing and birdwatching don't go that well together. Birdwatchers seeing a fisherman with binoculars are appalled, and fishermen think he's crazy. I've kept a little fishing diary for over 30 years, with some riverside birds included. The other problem, of course, is that the fishing season runs from April 1st-September 30th; only fair weather! Add to this that I don't tend to get down to the river until May/June time, and it is a rather short season!

Dippers-April-Sept. Sightings usually a rapid "pass", with a whistle, by 1 or 2 birds. Often they stop a little further up or down, "dipping" on a rock, and sometimes walking under water.

Kingfishers-May-Sept. Sightings usually just a blue/red "flash" pass by one bird, occasionally two in quick succession. Only once can I remember one opposite me, diving off a branch about a foot above the water, failing to "catch" (like me!) it returned to its branch.



Dipper © Alan Kydd



Kingfisher © Alan Kydd

So I am just recording my sightings, such as they were 2010-2017. I go to 2 stretches, both 1 ½ miles, the Derwent at Froggatt (Fr) and the Wye at Darley Dale (Dd). I averaged about 12 trips/year (6 to each), about 3 hours, usually late afternoon/evening.

Dipper	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017
Fr.	3	1	1	0	3	0	0	2
Dd.	1	0	4	3	3	5	0	1

Kingfisher	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017
Fr.	1	0	2	1	2	0	1	1
Dd.	0	1	1	0	2	0	0	3

Grey Wagtail May-Sept. Often 2 or 3 busy flycatching and “wagging”, quite close and distracting with their “yellow/grey” activity.

Mallard April-Sept. Mostly seen in 2 or 3 pairs, in September in larger numbers. Tiny chicks in June/July, usually 8 or 9 but bigger fewer chicks later of course, usually only 1 or 2 ducklings with parents by September.



Grey Wagtail © Alan Kydd



Mallard © Alan Kydd

Grey Wagtail	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017
Fr.	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	5
Dd.	1	2	0	1	1	3	1	1

Mallard	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017
Fr.	2	2	1	1	4	2	0	3
Dd.	1	0	1	1	1	3	1	2

Of course I see all the usual birds. There are Swallows and House Martins galore at the end of the season as they fatten up for their journey. Wood Pigeon and Collared Dove amuse with their “cooing”. There used to be a large colony of Sand Martin on the Dd stretch, but the bank collapsed many years ago; I definitely saw a few at Dd in 2015 and 2016. Moorhen & Coot are often there, the latter with chicks in June; I can’t remember seeing Moorhen chicks.

At Dd in September 2010 were two Mute Swans, and at the same time in 2017, there were 2 with 2 fawn coloured Cygnets, the same size as the adults. Mandarin Duck were seen from 2014 and more frequently since with 2 pairs last May, mostly at Fr. In 2017, also at Fr, I saw 9 Canada Geese with just one young in May, having last seen a few there in April 2015. A single Heron, invisible at the river’s edge, will occasionally be seen when “surprised off” by me wading along. Buzzards are often seen at either stretch, a pair feeding their young near Stoke Hall was mainly heard in July 2017. I am pretty sure I saw an Osprey fly down the river at Dd in May 2016, straight down under the tree canopy.

So you can see that fishing is a good opportunity to see birds, and one is usually pretty quiet pottering up stream for 2 or 3 hours, on the bank or in the water. I rarely catch a fish these days, and the birds prevent boredom, so perhaps I should give up the fishing, but then I wouldn’t be allowed down there!

COLLECTED THOUGHTS

As a child during the 1950/1960s, I lived on the Notts/Derby border. The local industry had developed during the previous century, but was by then in decline. There was a nearby coal mine and a steel works, but they were both on the verge of closing. There was an overgrown, silted-up canal, complete with several sets of rotting wooden lock gates that no longer held back any water, an abandoned and overgrown single track railway line from which the metal rails had been removed to leave only the rotting sleepers, and an abandoned spoil heap from the coal mine, that very little grew on because of the lack of topsoil. There was plenty of dereliction, so not the perfect start you might say, but it all depends.....



Wollaton Hall - Wikimedia Commons see p.24

Wollaton Hall is a natural history museum near Nottingham, and as a child, I was taken to Wollaton Hall by my mother. It can't have been easy, because it must have involved two or more bus journeys to get there, and the same to get back, but somehow, we did it, at least two or three times a year. I think Wollaton Hall is where I first became interested in natural history, and the interest has never left me. Many birders keep lists, garden lists, county lists, lifetime lists, and so on. I don't keep lists, but I collect things.

The overgrown railway line is where, as a child, I put together a small collection of butterflies and moths, and the spoil heap pit tip had fantastically well-preserved shale fossils of ferns that had lived about 280 million years

ago. The lepidoptera-collecting had stopped when I'd decided that killing stuff in order to collect it was a bad idea, but years later, the college where I trained to be a teacher had a moth trap, the data from which was used as part of a national survey monitoring insect populations. The moth trap used a poison that killed all the insects that entered it, and this seemed like an incredible waste to me, so I helped out with the identification of the moths because I could then take any that I wanted for my own collection, and that way the moths were not being totally wasted. My butterfly collecting also began again when I realised that any hot country in Europe had so many more butterflies than the UK, that it was possible to walk at the side of busy main roads and just pick up dead insects that had been hit by the traffic. This is why so many of my specimens have no body or only 3 wings, but I preferred to allow the perfect specimens to continue living, and more importantly, to continue breeding.

When I started teaching, I ran a natural history club, and that's when I put together my collection of bird and mammal skulls. Whenever we went to the coast, I would look on the map, to see if there was an MOD shooting/bombing range nearby, and sometimes the holiday location was chosen with that in mind. I would go there to walk the undisturbed tide line where I could usually find dead gulls amongst the decaying seaweed. The natural history club members would then remove any remaining flesh from the skulls by boiling them in sodium bicarbonate. Owl pellets are good for the teeth and jaws of small mammals, but anything larger is best collected as roadkill, and perhaps buried for several months before being cleaned. I'm sure that such activities would be discouraged in schools these days, because of the risk of disease, or even the risk of picking up an animal that has been poisoned, but they were innocent times.

In more recent years I've collected stuff with the help of a digital camera. They don't do fossils or skulls very well, but they are

brilliant for butterflies, moths, and birds. What's more, the butterflies and moths that I photograph all have all four wings, bodies and both antennae, and with a long lens, I can collect the birds no matter how distant they are.

The problem I have now, of course, is what to do with all the collections, but I might have found a solution; I have two grandchildren, a six-year old and a three year old, and a couple of months ago, I showed some of the fossils to

the six-year old. She chose one of them and took it home after I'd explained that it was a fern that had lived 280 million (and another fifty now) years ago. She really liked the fossil, even though she didn't have any concept of what a massive amount of time we were talking about. However, if my plan succeeds, I might just have found a new curator for my collections after I've taken them both to Wollaton Hall, of course.

OUR BIRD BOXES

The results from the bird boxes over the last two years have been mixed. 2016 was a very poor year for the tit species, which seems to have been the situation nationwide. Cold and wet weather at a key time caused major problems for them. As you can see from the table below, 2017 was far better, especially for the Blue Tits which doubled the number of fledged young. Great Tits tend to nest a little earlier and the results were similar for the two years. We only had a single Pied Flycatcher attempt in 2017 after 2 successful boxes in 2016. Sadly a cold and wet snap at a key time for feeding young led to a failure there. Our only Redstart box of 2017 was successful. The Dipper boxes were either unused or failed in 2016 but we had a brood of both Dipper and Grey Wagtails fledging in 2017. Of the larger boxes, Kestrels raised a brood of 3 in the only box used by them in 2016, and a Mandarin succeeded in raising a brood in our Barn Owl box in 2017. Over the winter of 2017/2018 we have done some pruning of the branches around some of the large boxes. We hope this might make the boxes more visible and acceptable to the target species, of Kestrel, Tawny Owl, and Barn Owl. We now also have 3 boxes aimed at Little Owls, but so far without any nesting attempts occurring. Elsewhere in the magazine, you will find that John Ellicock is leading projects aimed at Kestrels and Barn Owls. Within the next few years there should be quite a number of suitable nesting sites up and down the valley for them, and we look forward to seeing how that develops.

species	boxes used		successful boxes		young fledged		fledged per box	
	2016	2017	2016	2017	2016	2017	2016	2017
blue tit	25	32	18	27	69	140	3.1	4.4
great tit	18	17	15	15	78	71	4.3	4.2
kestrel	1	0	1	0	3	0	3	0
pied flycatcher	3	1	2	0	14	0	7	0
nuthatch	3	3	3	3	19	21	6.3	7
redstart	2	1	2	1	6	5	3	5
wren	2	0	0	0	none		none	
dipper	3	2	0	1	0	5	0	2.5
mandarin	1	2	0	1	0	13	0	6.5
grey wagtail	0	2	0	1	0	4	0	2

SEX IN THE CITY

The peregrine falcon *Falco peregrinus* is the world's most widespread raptor. Peregrine numbers crashed in the 1950-70s and the Peregrine became locally extinct in many countries, including the UK. Peregrines were killed in large numbers during the 2nd World War due to fears of them preying on messenger pigeons, their numbers were beginning to recover when pesticide (DDT) poisoning caused a dramatic population crash. Lethal organochlorines accumulated in the fat tissues of Peregrines, reducing the amount of calcium in their eggshells. The resulting thin shells were easily broken during incubation, killing hatchlings. The banning of DDT and legal protection in the 1980's allowed Peregrine numbers to increase; however threats to Peregrines still exist, including the illegal removal of eggs and chicks from the wild and the persecution of adult birds.



High over Sheffield © David Wood

Peregrines nest on high ledges, such as sea cliffs and quarries, but have begun to nest on built structures in urban areas. For example, nowadays Peregrines nest on cathedrals and churches in many of our cities, including Leicester, Bath, Cambridge, Exeter, and closer to home, Sheffield and Derby. In the Northern

hemisphere, birds pair up and start nesting in February-March, and typically raise 2-3 chicks per year.

A breeding pair has nested on St George's Church in Sheffield since 2012. A 24 hour live stream web camera allows viewers around the world to observe the life of the Sheffield Peregrines as they raise their chicks. The webcam has had over a million views and weekly updates of the highlights are provided via the '[Sheffield Peregrines](#)' blog and the twitter account [@peregrines2018](#) throughout the breeding season (February-July). In 2017, the key dates for the Sheffield Peregrines were: four eggs laid 20-27th March, three eggs hatched 27-29th April and the first flight was 4th June. The 2017 chicks were ringed with orange Darvic rings PRF, PSF and PTF.

As adults, male and female Peregrines have slightly different plumage patterns, and males are 20-30% smaller than females, however it can be difficult to distinguish between the sexes when observing birds singly or from a distance. As chicks, Peregrines are even harder to sex. Even when the brood contains both sexes, sexing based on observation can be impossible. However Peregrines can be sexed using genetic markers and this can be done using DNA obtained from a mouth swab, feather or blood sample.

At the University of Sheffield, we used genetic markers to investigate the sex of a total of eight St George's chicks, fledging in 2015, 2016 and 2017. Mouth swabs and feathers were taken from each chick by members of Sorby Breck Ringing Group, accompanied by Dr Natalie dos Remedios who also performed the DNA genotyping in the lab. Known sex control Peregrine samples were gathered including a known adult male and female, whose sex was based on size, and 42 other individuals that had been sexed by a commercial company (21 males and 21 females). Genomic DNA was extracted from each Sheffield chick and the control Peregrines, and the DNA was analysed using genetic markers to sex the chicks.



Mouth swabbing 2017 © David Wood

Five sex markers were used to ensure confidence in the sexes obtained. The DNA sexing results matched the sexes of the birds of known sex (sex based on size and those sexed commercially), the sexes of all control individuals also agreed between the five different markers, confirming that all of the genetic markers used were correctly identifying sex in peregrines.

When the, now validated, sex markers were applied to the St George's chicks, the genetic sexing revealed that **all** of the eight chicks that hatched in Sheffield between 2015 and 2017 were **male**. This was an unexpected but interesting result. The probability of the chicks being the same sex 8 times in a row is 1 in 128. We are keen to sex chicks from other UK nests to see how often other Peregrine pairs produce same sex clutches and look forward to DNA-sexing the 2018 chicks to investigate if this pattern of all male chicks continues in Sheffield.

In 2018, we hope to investigate a second question surrounding St George's Peregrines and the methods we will develop to do this will benefit investigations of wildlife crime.

The male adult Peregrine at St George's has a metal leg ring but the female adult is not ringed. It has been suggested that the original female parent was in poor condition in 2015 and may have died. If so, a different adult female may be the mother of the 2016 and 2017 chicks (David Wood pers. comm.).

We hope to raise funds to analyse the 2015-17 Peregrine chicks' DNA with additional autosomal genetic markers that will allow us to distinguish between individuals. We will then use the genetic profiles of the chicks to reconstruct the parental genotypes and investigate if any change in parent has occurred. The first step of this DNA fingerprinting work is to test and validate the marker set in the control Peregrine individuals we have already collected.



oh boy, oh by, oh boy! © S.B.S.G. 2017

The validated marker set could also be used to assist in DNA-based investigations of wildlife crime, such as studying parentage. It could, for example, be used to investigate if any proposed captive parents of a chick are the true genetic parents, in cases where the real parents are suspected to be wild Peregrines, and the chick has been taken from the wild.

More information on Sheffield's peregrines can be found using these links

DNA Study: <https://www.sheffield.ac.uk/molecol/deborah-dawson/sheffieldperegrines>

webcam (live viewing): <http://peregrine.group.shef.ac.uk/>

fundraising page: <https://uk.virginmoneygiving.com/Team/sheffieldperegrines>

Twitter account: [@peregrines2018](https://twitter.com/peregrines2018)

HOPE VALLEY BIRD REPORT

During 2016/2017 a total of 106/107 species were reported within our recording area. As usual we have been keeping a monthly record and the details can be found on our web site www.hvbcw.org.uk.

2016 Summary

The winter of 2015/2016 was relatively mild and rather more wet and windy than normal. January started with night calls of Oystercatcher reported in the Edale Valley. On the river at Froggatt both Tufted Duck and Little Grebe were reported in January and a wintering Blackcap was in Hathersage. The



Barn Owl © Alan Kydd

first Barn Owl of the year was reported around Hathersage in February and they were reported in 4 other months this year. It seems they are here to stay! After such a wet winter, the flashes at Hathersage were quite extensive in March and held a pair of Wigeon. A Short-eared Owl was in the Edale valley in March and Woodcock were flushed in Warren Wood above Hathersage. April saw the first Merlin report of the year at Carr Head Rocks above Hathersage. The only Greylag Goose of the year was seen flying up the river at Hathersage. A Hawfinch was reported on a bird feeder in Hathersage in both May and June, a harbinger of what was to come in 2017 (see page 23). A very late staying Redwing was at Hope in June and a Golden Oriole was seen in Bee Wood above Froggatt. July saw the only reported Hobby of the year and an early Osprey was spotted fishing the river at

Hathersage in August. Another was over Froggatt in September. A flock of over 30 Golden Plover was seen around Castleton, also in September. October was mild and quite sunny so it was no surprise to find Chiffchaff still around Grindleford Station. The first Pink-footed Geese were spotted flying south west over Hathersage implying conditions further north were not so pleasant. This was confirmed when Brambling were found at both Bamford and Hathersage, also in October. Both Redwing and Fieldfare flocks were also in evidence by then.

The only reported Willow Tit of the year was at Calver Marshes, also in October. A wintering Blackcap was in Hathersage during November and Waxwings were seen at Sickleholme and also in Hathersage. A Great Grey Shrike was in Grindleford, also during November and a Black Swan was at Ladybower in December.



Willow Tit © John Wooddisse

2017 Summary

January 2017 started with more sightings of Barn Owl around Hathersage. Such sightings continued all year with birds reported in 10 months in several locations. January also saw the first reported Kingfisher and they were seen in 10 months in 2017 after a poor 2016 when they occurred in only 4 months. Waxwings were also still around but had gone further south by February. A Marsh Tit was at Calver Marshes in January and Teal were

spotted there in February. Brambling were regularly reported at Longshaw until March. A black Swan was on a small pool at Castleton towards the end of March and into April. A pair of Waxwings passed through Hathersage on their way north in April and a Lesser Spotted Woodpecker was seen in Grindleford. Sand Martins seem to have been missing as breeding birds in the valley for some years but one was seen feeding over the river between Hope and Castleton during April. In May a pair of Oystercatchers flew south over Ladybower Dam where a pair of Tufted Duck were present. June saw a surprising early (or late!) visit of an Osprey at Hathersage and another was fishing on the river in August. A Common Sandpiper was on the river at Froggatt, also in August. The first Pink Footed Geese were reported flying west in October. Wintering warblers this year included Blackcap on a few garden feeders

and Chiffchaff at Calver marshes in December. Red-legged Partridge were reported on a regular basis, in 8 months this year, no doubt resulting from significant release activity.



Black Swan © Alan Kydd

BIRDS HEADING NORTH

Here at last is some good news. We are expecting several exotic large species spreading into England from continental Europe. For 20 years or more Avocets and Little Egrets can be seen at many bird reserves in southern England. Avocets are found mostly near the coast but Little Egrets are more widespread. They feed on fish that are also taken by Kingfishers.

Our bird club recently visited one of the many bird reserves in the Somerset Levels where we saw Cattle Egrets, Little Egrets, Great Egrets and Glossy Ibis. We were told that all are now breeding in the area, together with Night Heron and Common Crane. All are truly exotic birds that 20 years ago you could not have imagined, and given time should spread further north into suitable habitats.

Captive breeding of Great Bustard and Common Cranes in other parts of southern England has been successful and when established they may well spread north.

Ospreys are spreading south into England from their traditional breeding area of the

Scottish lochs. White-tailed Eagles are nesting in several of the western Scottish Isles. Ospreys overwinter in West Africa and migrate through England and Wales to and from Scotland. Because they feed on fish, they are one of the few birds of prey that are NOT persecuted by the 'brave' Red Grouse shooters. Ospreys are beginning to use man-made sites on some of the larger reservoirs in England and perhaps one day might nest in the Peak District.

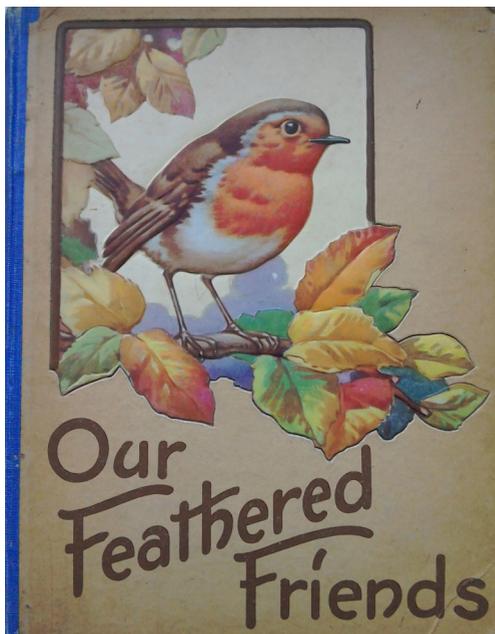


Glossy Ibis © John Wooddisee

WHAT MAKES A BIRD ENTHUSIAST

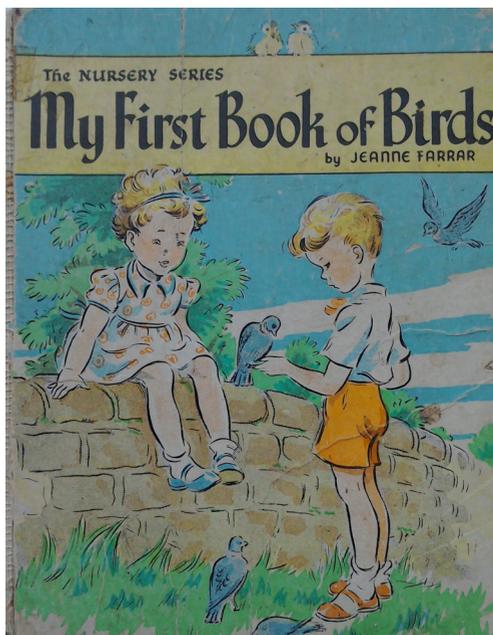
How is it that some individuals' senses alert to the slightest feathery flutter deep in a bush, a flash of colour or a snatch of song while another individual sees nothing but 'little brown jobs' and bird poo on the garden furniture?

It is not the place of birth as keen birders come from both urban and rural backgrounds. More likely it is early influences. I was born in the suburbs of a city but among the first books given to me was *Our Feathered Friends*, a hardback with tipped in colour plates of the most likely birds to be seen in a garden. The cover has a perky Robin perched on a spray of autumnal beech leaves embossed on the cover. The other influential book is a Nursery Series, *My First Book of Birds*, garishly coloured on alternate pages but with accurate line drawings of a surprisingly inclusive list of birds, including Wheatears and Linnets – not many of those in suburbia!



By the time I was four I had migrated to a farm in the flatlands of Somerset and here the wondrous creatures in my books took on reality. I remember driving in the summer

with my stepfather in the pony and trap, down the droves to the water meadows to milk the cows. Here there were huge flocks of Lapwing wheeling overhead and crying 'pee-wit-pee-wit'. Now the Lapwings are far fewer but you are likely to see Egrets and even Glossy Ibis there.



A few years later we had moved to Devon. When Spring came Cuckoos were guaranteed; we could even get tired of their insistent 'cuckoo-ing'. My walk home from school in Springtime took me twice as long because my eyes were trained on the hedgerows searching for any interruption in the patterning of twigs. It could be a nest! One year I discovered, among others, a Hedge Sparrow's nest. I was in the habit of visiting 'my' nests every day, very carefully and without disturbing the birds and that year a Cuckoo laid an egg in this very nest. This presented me with a dilemma. Should I save the Hedge Sparrows' family and oust the invader's egg, or should I leave well alone and let nature take her course? I decided on the latter and in the two weeks that followed I made sure to look into the nest

every day. Then the day came when the huge egg hatched and I watched enthralled as the pink and blind usurper struggled to push the resident's eggs from the nest on its shoulders. The hatchling soon grew, the sole recipient of two little birds' day long labours fetching it food. It bulged over the edge of the nest and still it demanded more food, its wide gaping beak swallowing everything the surrogate parents brought it.

Once, my curiosity resulted in a close encounter with an angry Blue Tit. On my way home I passed a kind of quarry with huge trees growing around it. The place was a little eerie but I did once find a Blue Tit's nest there in a hole in a tree. I saw the bird going in and out and was curious to find out if there were eggs in the nest. I cautiously inserted a finger but soon pulled it out – with a furious blue tit attached to it! (*ringers know the feeling! Ed.*)

But perhaps my most treasured bird memory is of Curlews. Their ringing, plaintive cries were heard down in the lower fields where they nested each Spring in a field not being grazed at the time. Once I stumbled on a nest with four olive eggs lying in it. Because I didn't know when they had been laid, and therefore when they were likely to hatch, I used to put on my wellies and run down to the field every morning before leaving for school in case I might catch sight of them before they left the nest, which I knew would be soon after hatching. And – deep joy! – one morning I did just catch them, speckled furry balls ready to run off into the grass.

And so I grew up to be a bird enthusiast, although my nature enthusiasm is not for birds alone. I think if it were, and if I also had a tendency to 'notch up', I would be a twitcher.

HATHERSAGE DIPPERS ON THE BBC

One of the unsung pleasures of Radio 4 is 'Tweet of the Day' at 8.58 am on Sunday morning, a two minute programme on birds and birdsong. 'Tweet of the Day' provides a (usually) interesting accompaniment to mid-morning coffee, or tea in bed, depending on your lifestyle (unless you are already out birding). On 29th October, the contributor was Samuel West, artistic director of Sheffield Theatres from 2005-7. He presented an episode about the Dipper and described the bird, its habits and habitat. Best of all, he recommended a good place to see Dippers: the bridge over the River Derwent at Hathersage (close to the site of one of the Club's traditional walks). It is good to see that the birds of our much visited area are widely appreciated.

If anyone is interested, the Dipper episode and many other 'Tweets of the Day' are still available via the BBC IPlayer website.

Did You Know? In the autumn of 2017 there was a massive irruption of Hawfinch into England. Very few ventured further north and it is assumed they came from eastern Europe. Whilst we don't seem to have had any recorded in the Hope Valley a significant number have taken up residence in yew trees around St. Helen's church in Darley Dale. One of these is pictured right - taken in January 2018. Until this winter, these birds have proved quite elusive and other than searching for them in their favoured hornbeam trees, they are rarely seen. Historically, we've travelled to either Clumber Park or Cromford to find them. Maybe some of these will hang around and breed in Derbyshire, or is that just wishful thinking!



CLUB MEMBERS

Kay Allinson	Carol Franks	Sandra Orford
Doug Aston	Rosemary Furness	Jude Pealing
Tim Birch	David Gains	John Pegler
Stephen Brennan	Graham Games	Rodney Pollitt
Audrey Buxton	Christine Gregory	Janet Priestley
Sally Carter	Larry Harfoot	Anne Ralston
Richard Clemons	Jasmine Harfoot	Jane Ralston
Marion Clemons	Carole Hemsley	Simon Rowlands
John Cockayne	John Hodgson	Cedric Skelton
Sue Cockayne	John Jackson	Carol Skelton
Marion Codd	Pat Jackson	Vonny Stokes
Janice Connell	Alan Kydd	Richard Sutton
John Craike	Di Kydd	Susan Sutton
Sally Craike	David Lockwood	Pat Tann
Christine Crawford	Rob Lorch	Hilary Tann
Joy Croot	Chris Lorch	Jane Varley
Charles Curtis	Jennifer Marshall	Alison Wheeler
Di Curtis	Philip Morris	Ellie Wood
John Ellicock	Janet Morris	John Wooddisse
Chris Franks	Ian Orford	Barbara Wooddisse

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

President:	John Wooddisse	Ordinary members:	David Gains
Chairman:	Alan Kydd		Doug Aston
Secretary:	Jude Pealing		David Lockwood
Treasurer:	Chris Lorch		

Accreditations

Page 5 Holly Blue

Photo from <https://butterfly-conservation.org/50-923/holly-blue.html>

Page 8 weasel and stoat

Artwork from (<https://deviantart.com> - 'weaslet')

Page 17 Wollaton Hall photo

From Wikimedia commons

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QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Kingfisher
2. Black Grouse
3. Spoonbill
4. Marsh Harrier
5. Nuthatch
6. Bittern
7. Razorbill
8. Fieldfare
9. Partridge
10. Skylark
11. Sandwich Tern
12. Nighthale
13. Godwit
14. Treecreeper
15. Goosander