

Birding Strathburn in the Heart of Cape York



September 2013

By the time I had released my "Birdshoot Australia" book in December 2012 I'd started giving talks at bird watching groups, had numerous radio interviews and received a number of emails from across the country.

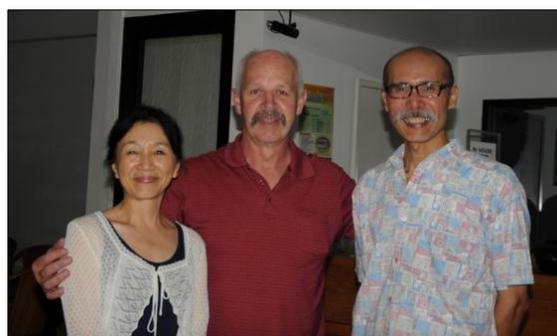
One contact came from Rory Robertson after he had read a two-page coverage of our *Birdshoot Challenge* in the Weekly Times. While he works in Sydney, Rory's passion and lifetime project is Strathburn Station, a 50km by 50km (30 miles by 30 miles) birders' paradise in the middle of pristine Cape York Peninsula. Rory's brother Alisdair manages the property and runs hunting safaris for voracious feral pigs, an environmental disaster for ground-nesting birds and small mammals.



Rory invited Glenda and I to visit Strathburn Station to survey and photograph the birds on his property. This trip documents our wonderful week birding on Strathburn Station in the heart of Australia's last frontier.

Day 1 – Monday, 16th September 2013

Our flight wasn't to leave until 2.20 p.m so we had plenty of time to organise ourselves and drive the two hours from home to Melbourne Airport. It was only a 3.5 hour flight to Cairns and we were soon in our motel in Acacia Court on the Esplanade. After an all-too-brief catch-up with friends, sleep was uncharacteristically difficult to come by, a mixture of being in a different place and the anticipation of the day ahead.



Day 2 – The road north, on a northern safari

For birders, Cairns is itself a Mecca for birds so it's worth having a quick look along the Esplanade for waders and in the Botanical Gardens where a range of environments can really kick-start your birding. More generally, I would encourage birders to make a few stops around Cairns and on your way to Strathburn as there are fabulous areas of wet tropical rainforest about the place.



Fig Parrots - it was too early in the morning for a good photo

The plan for Tuesday was to pick up a four-wheel drive at sargent.com's depot in Bungalow around 7 a.m. I did a quick walk along the esplanade at 6.30 and came across a pair of Fig Parrots high in a leafy tree. I couldn't believe my luck and soon added some Silver Gulls, Gull-billed Terns, a Figbird and an Imperial Pigeon. I hailed a taxi and 20 minutes and \$20 later I arrived for a very smooth pick up of the Land Cruiser i.e. "Sign here". (Another reliable group renting 4WD vehicles for Cape York is just next to the airport is 1300truckhire.com.)

I drove back to the motel before we headed north, noting a flock of communally nesting Metallic Starlings around the airport, as we headed for Mareeba. The climb up the mountains through the rainforest was beautiful, the flora such a contrast with the forests back home in country Victoria. We reached Mareeba around 10 a.m. and picked up a bit of gear for the station.



The billboard showing the Cape York Peninsula Road – all roads open – was exciting: Australia's Last Frontier beckoned. We rose steadily through the mountains - past the towns of Mt Molloy and Mt Carbine, and then Palmer River roadhouse on the way to Lakeland - enjoying the sealed road until the turn off to Laura. The road remained sealed for another hour, until just past Laura when it suddenly turned to gravel and corrugations big time. Happily, we were in a hire car which enabled us to relax in that each bump and grind wasn't hurting our own private car and caravan, like our last trip up to Weipa.

The main road up the Cape is not the challenge it once was. Indeed, Glenda and I have driven to Weipa on two previous occasions, once towing our large caravan. It is a big commitment but the birding rewards and just the variety of places to visit make it a must-do trip. Our rule is simple: drive to the conditions. The number of conventional vehicles that travel the road regularly attests to this.

Palmer River a bit before Lakeland was a good place for a break. We arrived early afternoon and while Glenda bought some lunch I did some easy birding around the camp ground. Here Pied Butcherbirds were drinking from the fountain while Apostlebirds chased each other in the grounds of the restaurant. Great Bowerbirds were another easy target.

There wasn't much traffic about beyond the occasional road train. A stop at Windmill Creek 20 minutes before Musgrave roadhouse is worth it for a chance at the Golden-shouldered Parrot but this bird is best looked for early in the morning. If you intend a thorough search make sure you gain permission from Artemis Station first.



Great Bowerbird

I began to feel quite tired by the time we reached Musgrave Station. We filled up with diesel and I drank a coffee which brightened me up for the last leg of the trip. James (the station hand who hosted us for the week) had phoned me and provided directions to Strathburn: take the road heading due west about 500 metres south of Musgrave. After that, it's 67 km until you arrive at the turnoff right, north, into Strathburn's brain-popping 52km (30 mile) driveway!

We had no idea what the road was going to be like and expected some rough conditions into the homestead. It turned out quite easy as both roads now are graded each dry season. It turned out that the travelling was easier than on the main Peninsula road! At 4.50 p.m. we drove up to the cottage that would be home for the next seven days.

James and his fiancée, Keryn met us at the door. We all seemed to settle in quickly to some chat and Keryn made the meal that first night. A few beers after the long drive and we were ready for sleep.

Day 3: A place to hang your hat, before hitting bird central

We awoke at 6 a.m. to the call of a mystery bird. How better to wake up? As we gradually stretched and began to move about we realised what a peaceful sleep we had had.

Right: Rory has collected an extensive library of bird and fauna books including my "Birdshoot Australia" pictured here. Below: A lone Bustard walked by one afternoon.



Mid-morning the four of us headed off on a drive west to a number of swamps and waterholes, including Green Swamp, Little Emu, Croc Hole, Rock Swamp, Gwen's Paradise Lagoon, and Tea Tree (a.k.a. Lucas's Lagoon after Rory's youngest). These waters ranged in size from small to one about 1km across, with clover-like "arms" making it a total of 6km to walk around.

James said few Australian stations enjoy the range of wilderness and wetlands, or the permanency of water. Strathburn has myriad soaks, springs, creeks and billabongs, heaps of larger swamps, lagoons and lakes, not to mention the Holroyd River that floods each wet season and keeps the northern section inaccessible each year until May. Such inaccessibility explains why Strathburn's 2,500 square kilometres are basically untouched since 1788

The bird life was prolific! Being halfway through the dry season after a modest wet



season, birds gathered in big numbers around the permanent waters. A telescope would have helped, but we made do with our binoculars and the zoom on my Nikon. That first day was very satisfying: the birds encountered included Wandering Whistling-ducks, Green Pygmy-geese, Jabiru, Comb-crested Jacana, Brolga and Sarus Crane as highlights. No wonder Rory loves this place!



Above right: Brolgas were everywhere
Left: A small section of Gwen's Paradise Swamp

We were tired after the day's safari which we did in air-conditioned comfort courtesy of our vehicle. Keryn excelled with a stir-fried curry of vegetables and sausages. A broccoli-and-cheese sauce also hit the spot. Glenda and I both helped with the dishes which we felt was the proper thing to do. By 9 p.m., we were ready for bed.

Day 4 – Lazy day at home surrounded by The Birds of Strathburn

Today I wanted to explore the environment and dams around the cottage. Our mystery bird began its brief call right on 6 a.m. which inspired me to do an early morning walk. I was thinking the mystery bird was either a Spangled Drongo or a Figbird but the light wasn't bright enough at 6 a.m. to identify it.

I walked through the paddock next to the cottage and managed a few clear shots of some juvenile or female Red-winged Parrots. This led me to the first dam where my arrival coincided with an attack on a nervous flock of doves by a Collared Sparrowhawk.

It was all over too quickly so no photo was taken. I followed the bird and its kill as it flew until I was distracted by a beautiful White-breasted Sea-eagle. There are quite a number of these raptors up here which surprised me. This one stayed for quite some time, allowing me to stalk it from different angles.



I also had a close up of a Helmeted Friarbird or Hornbill Friarbird. There is still not a lot published about the newly split Hornbill species so my photo is either one or the other of the now-separate species.

Above Right: a majestic White-bellied Sea-eagle
Left: A Helmeted Friarbird (or hornbill Friarbird)



It turned out to be a very hot day so we did some birding around the cottage for much of the morning. A resident flock of Toressian Crows amused us as did a number of White-throated Gerygones that called regularly to make contact with their group. Blue-faced Honeyeaters tended to dominate the trees where nectar could be found although they rarely came in close to the cottage. Here the Yellow Honeyeaters seemed unconcerned with us, allowing us to get quite close to them as they foraged for insects in the trees right next to our dining area.

The dam proved quite the spot and a walk down late morning revealed Rajah Shelducks and a Yellow-billed Spoonbill working the area where its Royal Spoonbill cousin was also to be found. The mail plane arrived at midday to take Keryn back to Cairns, as well as bring in a new batch of pig hunters. James would now be chief chef and bottle washer.



Yellow-billed spoonbill



White-throated Gerygone

Around four o'clock, James drove us in the Suzuki to an area about 30 minutes away which he called "the Gorge". It was basically a creek bed with some deep water and a few freshwater crocs. Salties – Estuarine crocodiles - are unusual at Strathburn but over the years various big ones have been resident before heading back to the coast. A Grey Shrike-thrush welcomed us with its beautiful call but didn't show itself for long. A Sea-eagle flew up from the creek, startling us. Every creek, swamp and waterhole seems to have at least one of these gorgeous raptors.

We sat for an hour but not much in the way of birds came in so we headed back, arguing the toss over a kingfisher which James had spotted. An Azure Kingfisher was about but James described a possible a Forest or Sacred variety. For dinner we had left-overs from lunch which Glenda had made (can't stop her!). James cooked up some beef and we put everything into some soft tacos.



Azure Kingfisher

Day 5 – Big day out at Big Emu and Zander swamps

At 6 a.m. Glenda recorded the mystery bird's call on her i-pad and we played it straight back to get a response. The bird duelled with the tape for a few minutes before flying off as was its normal behaviour. The silhouette still suggested a Figbird or Drongo but now we could at least send the tape to a few experts for help in identifying it.

Doves are very common around the cottage and on the tracks throughout the station. The largest is the Bar-shouldered Dove which is often in company with Peaceful Doves if only at drinking spots.



Diamond Dove



Peaceful Dove

Diamond Doves are also common but I cannot adjust to their suicidal tendency to sit in the middle of a track and try to escape from approaching vehicles at the last second. Magpies and Crows can do this easily, but Diamond Doves amaze me with their determination to dice with death by embracing slow-reaction times as a virtue.

I was ready for my Collared Sparrowhawk by 6.30 a.m. and I took my tripod with me. Raptors know their prey and have a number of regular spots in their territories where birds fall victim to their attacks more easily. A number of doves came in to drink at the spot where the bird attacked yesterday and I wasn't disappointed. Unfortunately the attack when it did come was again too quick and I only managed a blurred sequence although it was exciting to watch. The Sparrowhawk missed its target on this occasion.

I had more luck with a gorgeous Pheasant Coucal sunning itself as the morning brightened. This bird would normally glide or hop away through the foliage but our guy was a bit preoccupied with grooming to bother about me. Sometimes you get lucky.



Pheasant Coucal



Blue-winged Kookaburra

Around 11.30, James returned with plans for a drive to Big Emu Swamp and beyond. We as yet hadn't seen any wild pigs or brumbies so this trip just might remedy the situation.

Big Emu is maybe 2km long and 500m across, but is shallow was losing water as each month of "The Dry" took its toll. We walked a fair distance around its perimeter trying to get close to some Red-tailed Black-cockatoos with no luck. We moved on to Zander Swamp, which most years is dominated by big stands of Lotus Lilies.

This session proved fascinating, in part because a mob of feral pigs showed up in the distance. These "Captain Cookers" are a major pest on Cape York, eating our native fauna and destroying vegetation and waterways. On the coast, in nesting season, they devote themselves to roaming the beaches to dig up and devour turtle eggs. Inland, they are devastating in their enthusiasm for the eggs and chicks of ground-nesting birds.

A Blue-winged Kookaburra finally sat still for a photo so we were pleased. This Kookaburra is much more common than its Laughing cousin up here, its iridescent blue wings quite stunning. I was able to stalk a pair of Red-tailed Black-cockatoos using some trees for cover and managed a close-up of a female before they flew off. This alerted James to some smallish birds nearby which turned out to be Red-backed



Red-tailed Black-cockatoo

Fairy-wrens, a first for him. He had good views of the male but I dipped-out on this occasion.

Boomerang Creek was next and looked promising but as it was mid afternoon we pushed on to a shady place which Jamie called "Alistair's Picnic Spot" (for want of a name). Here I spotted a Laughing Kookaburra, White-throated Honeyeater and our first Dusky Honeyeater for the trip.

Dusky Honeyeater



Next stop was a shady dried creek bed where Alisdair regularly sees Palm Cockatoos.

Palmies were one of our prime targets so we parked the car after crossing the thick sand and walked along the creek bed. The trees were the leafy monsoonal type that you get fringing rainforest and there were the occasional epiphytes growing on the tree trunks. No Palmies were about so we headed back, tired but pleased with the day.

Good 4x4 country



Day 6 – Aural mix-ups, beef BBQ and our froggy friend

James and I drove the short distance to a waterway not far from the cottage. As a small mob of cattle hung about, we heard again what we thought were Channel-billed Cuckoos calling the last few nights just on dusk. We walked about 500 metres through high, dry grass towards their call which was repeated fairly regularly.

I was fairly confident and we worked out that the largish trees on the skyline held our target birds. Imagine my surprise, annoyance and embarrassment when the bird call turned out to be that of Blue-winged Kookaburras! Memories of aural mix-ups from Katherine in the Northern Territory came flooding back. In a very similar situation back then I had mistaken the call for Brolgas until I'd come across the Blue-wings! With bird calls it's all about constant repetition before learning takes place.

The walk back to the car wasn't as glum as it could have been thanks to some Double-barred Finches and more Fairy-wrens popping up. The call of a Lemon-bellied Flycatcher from a tree-top added another new bird to our list, which now tallied a solid 75 without much effort since our arrival.



Mistletoebird

Back at the cottage I played a tape of bird calls from Glenda's i-pad and found the mystery bird; a Blue-faced Honeyeater! The morning call is a special one made at dawn by this bird and not used during the day. Obviously my brilliant birding skills were losing their lustre.

Around 3 p.m. we headed out for a drive, stopping at Sandy Crossing to photograph an Azure Kingfisher before heading into remoter parts of northern Strathburn. I managed a quick snap at a Forest Kingfisher even though it was too far away for a quality photograph.



A gorgeous male Red-backed Fairy-wren

On the way back we came across a new born calf resting under a fence line on our left. Its mother was on the right behind the wire so we carried it across and witnessed a warm reunion.

That evening, we drove the 1km to the main homestead for a BBQ. Rory's brother Alisdair, who manages the station and the safaris, welcomed us, and his fiancé, Shonae, came in later after a very long day. The hunters were there as well, four guys from Coonabarabran in New South Wales. Soon the feral-boar eradicators were mingling over beers with birders armed only with binoculars and cameras. It was all surprisingly pleasant, with much to discuss from separate experiences over recent days out and about enjoying Australia's Last Frontier.

In any case, on that night attention turned to the telecast of a match in Rugby League finals series. After a great beef BBQ, it was time to leave before Melbourne Storm was unexpectedly beaten by Newcastle 18 – 16. A post-script is that, a fortnight later, the Sydney *Roosters* came back strongly in the second half of the Grand Final to beat the Manly *Sea-Eagles*, thus winning the 2013 ARL Premiership. It turns out that 2013 was great year for the birds!

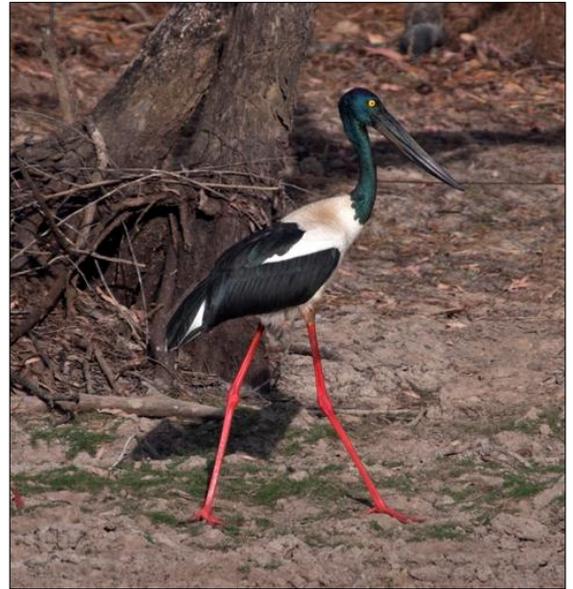


Back at the cottage, the resident Green Tree Frog made its presence felt. This beauty "ekes" out an existence in the loo but was quite okay to pose for us just before bedtime.

Day 7 – Ol' Yelloweyes, the Pretender and an owl hunt

We slept in a bit later next morning but awoke with enough time for me to stalk a pair of Jabirus down by the cottage dam. I had to creep a substantial way as these birds are notoriously skittish. I managed a few snaps of both birds but the female turned suddenly and flew left before I could focus my camera. I had much more luck with the male when he finally took to the air.

Left: The male takes flight. Above: The female Jabiru has bright yellow eyes.



In addition to the Jabirus, there were four Pelicans and a small flock of Royal Spoonbills. This birding from the cottage turned out to be an extraordinarily lurk, with a range of big, beautiful waterbirds at the dam less than 200 metres away!

We left around 10 a.m. for a 40km trip out to Pretender Creek, and Croc Hole on the way back. The Pretender is a sizeable creek on the north-western side of the property which runs into the Holroyd River.

Glenda and James tried to fish for Barramundi at the river but the leaf litter made it difficult. Bird-wise it was a good day with five new species added including a Broad-billed Gerygone. When stopped at Croc Hole I spooked a Papuan Frogmouth which I just missed with the camera. It was a delightful find on a hot day.



On the way back, Glenda spotted a Black-shouldered Kite hovering over the airstrip next to the main homestead. Not to be outdone, I managed a conclusive shot of a Brown Goshawk. James made a Bolognese for our evening meal, and he and Glenda watched "Australia's Got Talent" before we set out on an owl hunt.

Black-shouldered Kite

James and I headed out while Glenda prepared for the next day. At first I thought things would be slow, but a largish white bird flew over near the first gate. Our first sighting was a Tawny Frogmouth, much smaller than its Papuan cousin. It stayed for a dark photograph before we moved on. Finally on the way back a Barn Owl sat for us long enough for a better shot with the flash. I was hoping for a Masked Owl or a Grass Owl but the legs on this one were fairly conclusive. It was a good night's birding but it was time for our beauty sleep.



Barn Owl

Day 8 - Snake Road, Twin Holes and Mistake Creek bring flames and falcons

We left the cottage mid-morning and headed west along Snake Road. It was another hot day so the air conditioner in the Land Cruiser was again welcome. We stopped at The Lake which was too large for our meagre binoculars. James and Glenda, to their credit, made out a roosting Wedge-tailed Eagle on the far side.



The track took us through a range of environments. All were impressive but the termite mounds with grassy understoreys were simply spectacular.

Further on, things got exciting. Smoke in the distance warned of a fire and this was of concern given the dryness of the undergrowth. The last thing needed up here was a substantial blaze. The sky was filled with over 40 raptors, mainly Black Kites but with a few different species hanging about.



As we approached a creek bed we noticed dozens of kites sitting in the trees, occasionally swooping down to catch a fleeing insect or lizard. The fire was fairly spread out and had been burning for a day or so. The lack of wind held the flames to a crawl so James and I kicked most of them out. What amazed me and occupied my time were the dozen or so Brown Falcons that sat quietly in the trees or hopped over the burnt ground near our feet. This was a magic moment which I'll never forget, with outstanding opportunities for photographs.



Brown Falcon



The dark morph of the Brown Falcon



As we moved further on we passed through about 3 kms of burnt grassland which led to an area which had more fires still burning. We decided to turn back in case the fire sprang up and cut us off from our return route.



James the Falcon Whisperer?

As we came to our original Falcon spot I tried to take more photographs as I realised that the shots I'd taken were all of sitting birds. Most of them had moved on to other places so the opportunity was lost.



Next stop was Twin Holes where we had lunch around 3 o'clock. This was a lovely spot and as we sat there two Rainbow Bee-eaters flew in for a bath. They became quite engrossed in their preening to the point I could get up close and enjoy some more photography.



Right: Pale-headed Rosella

On the way back, a large mob of pigs ran across the track. There were more than 20 of them, two large sows leading piglets and juveniles in a straight line to the creek bed alongside the road. By the time I got out of the car and waited for the dust to settle it was too late for a good photo.

It was close to 6 p.m. when we arrived back at the cottage, just in time for a well-earned drink. Tomorrow was to be our last day at Strathburn. It's hard to explain but the place was starting to grow on us. It would be a bit sad leaving what for us had been a fascinating adventure.

Day 9 – Talking turkey at Red Dog Dam before birders dominate final tallies

Today was very hot and dusty. Being our last day, James suggested exploring along the way into the station which crosses the Edward River in spots.

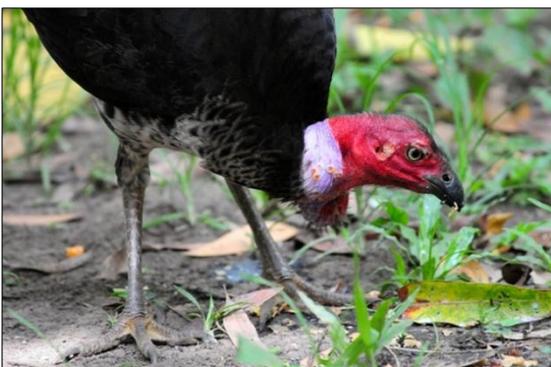
The foliage along the rivers and creeks was thicker and leafier than the open woodlands and grasslands that make up most of the station. Despite this, there weren't that many birds about taking advantage of the cooler conditions so birding became hard work.

Not far from Red Dog Dam, we came across a pig carcass. James had warned that we would smell them long before we saw them and he was right! The size of the two trophy tusks in the lower jaw is the talking point and the boars on Cape York apparently have the largest in the country.

Whistling kite



Glenda spotted a Brush Turkey with the characteristic lilac wattle of the Cape York sub-species. The nominate species has a yellow wattle so this was exciting for us.



Cape York sub species of the Brush turkey

Alisdair had invited us for a farewell BBQ that evening. The hunters were gathered around a camp fire with a large metal tin boiling as a centrepiece. The contents turned out to be the 39 sets of trophy tusks over the week. When I told them my total was more than double that – 96 recorded species - there was laughs all round. It was a good-humoured night, before we thanked Alistair and Shonae for their hospitality and returned to the cottage for a nightcap

Day 10 – One last morning with The Birds of Strathburn

The Blue-winged Kookaburras' trumpeting dawn cackles stirred us from our sleep around 5.30. The light was a dull grey with a warming glow; it was so peaceful and cool in this most-special time of day. By the time our Blue-faced Honeyeater gave its 6 o'clock contact call we were very much into savouring mode. Few mornings greet you like they do up here, the dawn chorus being so special.

After another round of goodbyes, we headed off towards the front gate. On the way out, we had a close encounter with a huge Scrub Bull which kept me concentrating for the rest of the trip. We also came across large Perentie Goanna on the move. It stood up and watched me, unperturbed, for a few minutes before heading off the road and back to the safety of a creek. The rest of drive back south to Cairns was largely uneventful and happily drama-free.

It had been a great time at Strathburn. Our list of documented bird species numbered 96 but did not include many species that are known to be in central Cape York. These include Golden-shouldered Parrot (the range of termite mounds suggest they should be about), Palm Cockatoos and possibly the Buff-breasted Button-quail. Spotted Whistling-ducks have been reliably seen 50km away at Coen so a telescope might show these relatively new birds to Australia are also here. We didn't see much in the way of quails due to the season



Our relaxed mid-morning starts were a pleasant part of the week but naturally limited the number of species we spotted. *C'est la vie*. More-intensive early-morning efforts probably would be rather fruitful, not to mention a visit soon after the wet season...next time! Anyway, 96 species was our total, doing it easy. Can you best it?

Thanks to Rory and Alisdair Robertson for sharing their unique property. Glenda and I highly recommend it to all birders. Contact strathburnstation@gmail.com

Birds Seen in Bold

Emu, Orange-footed Scrubfowl, **Australian Brush-turkey**, Brown Quail, Magpie Goose, **Wandering Whistling Duck**, **Plumed Whistling Duck**, **Pacific Black Duck**, **Hardhead**, **Australian Wood Duck**, **Radjah Shelduck**, **Grey Teal**, **Green Pygmy-goose**, **Australasian Grebe**, **Australian Darter**, **Pied Cormorant**, **Little Pied Cormorant**, **Little Black Cormorant**, **Australian Pelican**, **Great-billed Heron**, **White-necked Heron**, **Pied Heron**, **White-faced Heron**, **Nankeen Night Heron**, **Cattle Egret**, **Great Egret**, **Little Egret**, **Intermediate Egret**, **Glossy Ibis**, **Australian White Ibis**, **Straw-necked Ibis**, **Royal Spoonbill**, **Yellow-billed Spoonbill**, **Jabiru (Black-necked Stork)**, **Collared Sparrowhawk**, **Brown Goshawk**, **Grey Goshawk**, **Pacific Baza**, **Wedge-tailed Eagle**, **White-bellied Sea-eagle**, **Australian Hobby**, **Brown Falcon**, **Nankeen Kestrel**, **Black-shouldered Kite**, **Black Kite**, **Whistling Kite**, **Brolga**, **Sarus Crane**, **Purple Swamphen**, **Eurasian Coot**, **Australian Bustard**, **Bush Stone-curlew**, **Red-chested Button-quail**, **Comb-crested Jacana (Lotusbird)**, **Black-winged Stilt**, **Black-fronted Dotterel**, **Masked Lapwing**, **Pied Imperial Pigeon**, **Peaceful Dove**, **Diamond Dove**, **Bar-shouldered Dove**, **Squatter Pigeon**, **Common Bronzewing**, **Red-tailed Black-Cockatoo**, **Palm Cockatoo**, **Sulphur-crested Cockatoo**, **Galah**, **Rainbow Lorikeet**, **Red-winged Parrot**, **Pale-headed Rosella**, **Brush Cuckoo**, **Little Bronze-Cuckoo**, **Gould's Bronze-Cuckoo**, **Common Koel**, **Channel-billed Cuckoo**, **Pheasant Coucal**, **Southern Boobook**, **Barn Owl**, **Tawny Frogmouth**, **Papuan Frogmouth**, **Australian Owlet-nightjar**, **Large-tailed Nightjar**, **Fork-tailed Swift**, **Azure Kingfisher**, **Laughing Kookaburra**, **Blue-winged Kookaburra**, **Forest Kingfisher**, **Sacred Kingfisher**, **Dollarbird**, **Rainbow Bee-eater**, **Red-backed Fairy-wren**, **Striated Pardalote**, **Red-browed Pardalote**, **White-throated Gerygone**, **Fairy Gerygone**, **Large-billed Gerygone**, **Weebill**, **Helmeted Friarbird**, **Noisy Friarbird**, **Little Friarbird**, **Silver-crowned Friarbird**, **Blue-faced Honeyeater**, **Yellow-spotted Honeyeater**, **Graceful Honeyeater**, **Yellow Honeyeater**, **White-throated Honeyeater**, **White-streaked Honeyeater**, **Brown-backed Honeyeater**, **Banded Honeyeater**, **Dusky Honeyeater**, **Brown Honeyeater**, **Lemon-bellied Flycatcher**, **Grey-crowned Babbler**, **Varied Sittella**, **Rufous Whistler**, **Grey Shrike-thrush**, **Leaden Flycatcher**, **Satin Flycatcher**, **Grey Fantail**, **Willie Wagtail**, **Northern Fantail**, **Black-faced Cuckoo-shrike**, **White-bellied Cuckoo-shrike**, **Cicadabird**, **Varied Triller**, **Olive-backed Oriole**, **Yellow Oriole**, **Figbird**, **Little Woodswallow**, **Pied Butcherbird**, **Black Butcherbird**, **Black-backed Butcherbird**, **Magpie-lark**, **Australian Magpie**, **Pied Currawong**, **Spangled Drongo**, **Torresian Crow**, **Great bowerbird**, **Double-barred Finch**, **Black-throated Finch**, **Masked Finch**, **Mistletoebird**, **Golden-headed Cisticola**