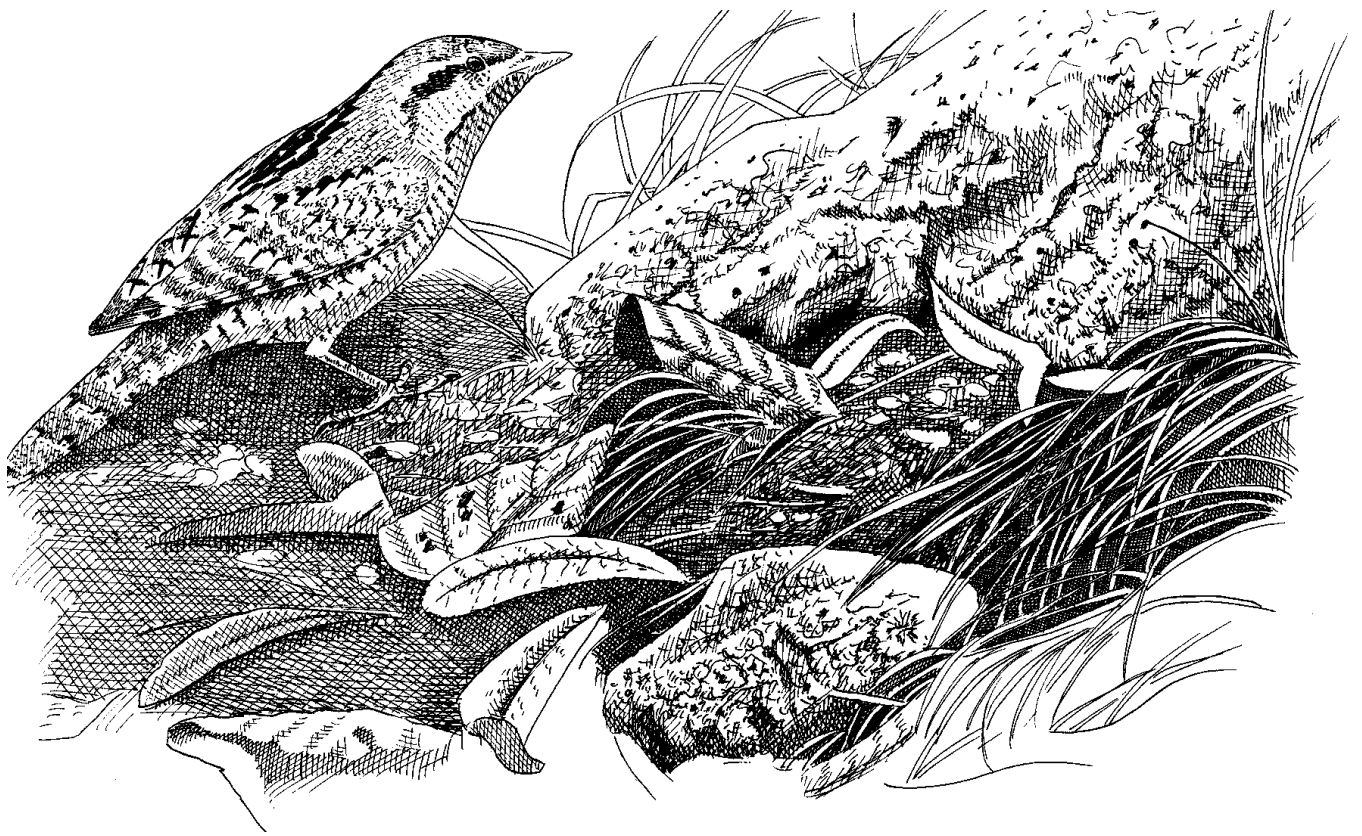


Honeyguide

WILDLIFE HOLIDAYS

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**Flowers and birds in the Dordogne
12 – 19 May 2006**

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12 – 19 May 2006**

List of participants

Malcolm Crowder
Helen Crowder

Pam Orr

Gill Page

Mike Poulton
Margaret Poulton

Sue Burge
Peter Burge

Mary Parrilla

Humphrey Kay
Sallie Kay

Barry Hennessey

And joining us on Wednesday:

Colin Leggat

Pamela Ive

Leader

Chris Durdin

Norfolk

Wryneck illustrations are by Szabolcs Kokay from Gerard Gorman's *Woodpeckers of Europe* (Bruce Coleman Books) and reprinted here with their kind permission.

Fire salamander by Brenda Dowsett and field cricket by Maureen Gibson. Other illustrations by Rob Hume.

Report written by Chris Durdin. *In the printed report, a 5-page plant list in Excel is included but it isn't in this web version of the holiday report. Please contact the Honeyguide office for a printed report or to be emailed a plant list.*

This holiday, as for every Honeyguide holiday, also puts something into conservation in our host country by way of a contribution to the wildlife that we enjoyed. The conservation contribution this year of £25 per person towards the 'Refuges LPO' project was supplemented by gift aid through the Honeyguide Wildlife Charitable Trust, leading to a total of €508 (£363) rounded up to **€510** (= £364) sent to La Ligue pour la Protection des Oiseaux (LPO, the French Bird Protection League).

More information (in French) on Refuges LPO: www.lpo.fr/refugeslpo

This brings the total given to LPO to £8,836 (€12,370) since 1991. The total conservation contributions through Honeyguide since 1991 was at £42,235 (roughly €59,100) at the end of June 2006.

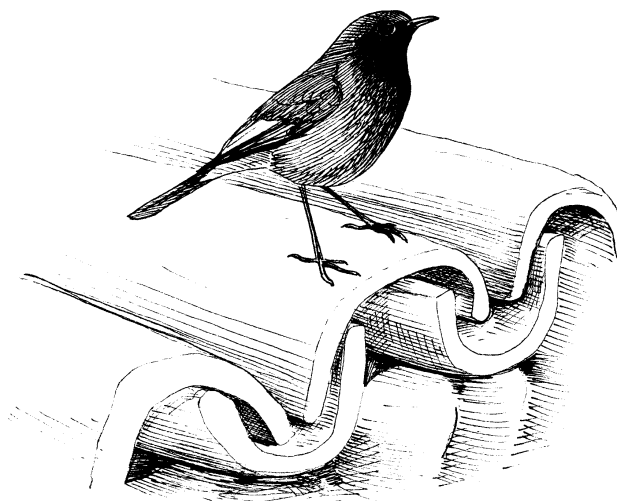
Flowers and birds in the Dordogne 12 – 19 May 2006

Friday 12 May – arrival at Castang

Bergerac airport is wonderful contrast to the size and bustle of Stansted. You are allowed to walk across the apron, rather than being bussed for 100 metres; arrivals is like a big marquee; baggage reclaim is a sliding door that's opened then cases rolled down the straight line of rollers by those waiting. Gilles, our regular coach driver, was there with bus and Honeyguide sign, even though we were slightly early on our Ryanair flight, and as dark fell we were driven the hour to Castang, crossing the Dordogne river three times on route. Peter and Sue had arrived from Birmingham airport earlier, so as it was 11 pm the main group didn't have the 5-course meal they'd enjoyed, but we re-fuelled with wonderful homemade tomato soup and a selection of cheeses.

Saturday 13 May – around Castang

Thunder and lightning in the small hours was a discouraging start, and only three ventured far before our 9 am breakfast of boiled eggs, bread and croissants. With rain persisting and looking settled in – happily not the case, it turned out – Cathy rounded up as many brollies as she could for this morning's local walk. The botanising started in the wall in the drive, with rustyback and maidenhair spleenwort ferns, bladder campion and cornsalad. Going under the Indian bean trees, walnuts and cherries, we ambled towards Lagrave. Some black kites passed over and we took in a range of geraniums, changing forget-me-nots and other field and hedgerow flowers. A woodlark's *lu-lu-lu* song – hence the French name *alouette lulu* – caught our ears, though it took time it find it in the by now clearing skies. In Lagrave, first a one year old male black redstart sang from a rooftop, so not at all black, then a proper



black redstart was found. In the centre of the village are a restored oven and a pond, the latter thick with duckweed and containing some large tadpoles, newts and water skaters. The first butterflies, wall brown and swallowtail, appeared as it got brighter on the back leg of the walk, taking us past stonechat, milkwort, Italian lords-and-ladies and two fine lady orchids. We studied the stone *lavarie*, once a communal washing and stock-watering facility.

Walking back to Castang, a strident *pi-pi-pi-pi* drew our attention to a wryneck in the clump of scrub. A quick run back to base to fetch the telescope and at least some of the group were able to get a good view of what, for many, was a new bird.

As we were finishing the excellent salad lunch, the debate about how long to rest for before the afternoon walk was cut short by Sue telling us that the wryneck was calling again, and it was located in a walnut tree before moving to the other side of the garden. Two honey buzzards flew over.

The improving weather and emerging butterflies prompted a change of plan, with the walk to the Dordogne River postponed for an extended potter in Castang's wildlife-rich meadow. Identifying fritillaries is always a challenge but we clinched Glanville, meadow and heath. Other butterflies included mazarine and Adonis blues, wood white and a fast-flying pale clouded yellow. Stepping from the cut grass (save some pyramidal orchids and meadow clary that Keith had carefully missed with the mower) to the long grass, the increase in volume from the sound of crickets was quite striking. Notable invertebrates included 5-spot burnet moths – Humphrey giving freely of his moth expertise and enthusiasm throughout the week – paper wasp and ascalaphids. Early spider and mostly gone-over green-winged orchids were found plus, farther down the meadow, tongue and loose-flowered orchids and many adder's-tongue ferns.

A cup of tea and checklists on the terrace were interrupted by an extraordinarily pale short-toed eagle overhead. Over aperitifs in the dining room, a wall lizard climbed an outside wall, as they do. Two

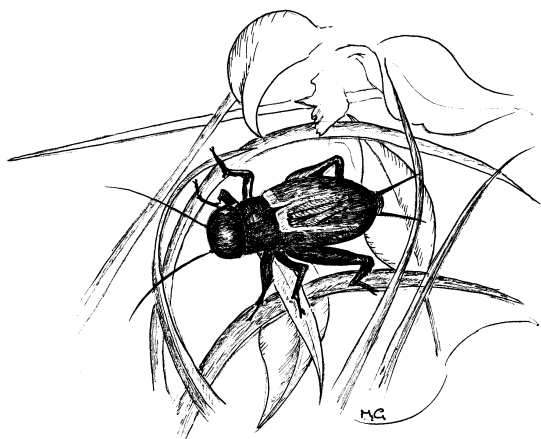
rather tame partridges walked passed outside; a close view showed these to be red-legged/chukar hybrids, released for shooting, though safe enough here.

And so, the first 5-course supper, starting with leek & potato soup, then smoked salmon, guinea fowl and carrots, a selection of French cheeses and almond flan.

Sunday 14 May – Woodland walk and Limeuil

Pre-breakfast birdwatching was arranged for 7.45 but heavy mist meant birdwatching was difficult. Instead we had a brisk walk round a circuit taking us to Le Coux village and back up the hill. It wasn't completely birdless, though: there was a serin in Le Coux, woodlarks on some wires and the wryneck back at base.

A delicious breakfast again, at 8.45, the pattern for the week. This was followed by a very effective system of assembling our own packed lunches from an assortment of meats and pâtés, quiches and salads laid out in the kitchen, then packed up in named boxes and transported for us in Gilles's bus. Departing at 10, it was short bus ride to what we call the 'woodland walk' – in reality part woodland



along on our left and damp meadows to the right, all with a strong limestone character. This helped to bring interesting flowers such as globularia, swallow-wort and fly orchid and new butterflies including pearly heath and orange-tip. Lots of ascalaphids were on the wing over the meadows: these are extraordinary, elegant creatures, somewhere between a lacewing and an ant-lion, and like many predators they patrol a patch. Other striking-looking invertebrates here were southern white admiral (is this Europe's smartest looking butterfly?), beautiful demoiselle and a field cricket (*left*) caught in a bug box. Our first narrow-leaved helleborines and woodcock orchids were found. Moths included common heath (with big antennae on the male different from the otherwise similar latticed heath), speckled yellow and, for two or three of us, a huge goat moth caterpillar crawling through the undergrowth. Birds included firecrest, seen by some better than others, and golden orioles were heard.

There is a circuit you can do here but, as rather expected, we made it half way round to the same meadow in which last year's group had lunch. An extraordinary call alerted us to a short-toed eagle. Gilles arrived with the lunches right on cue, though he then disappeared due to an exhaust problem with the bus. Lunch led onto further natural history in the meadow, notably marsh fritillaries, red-underwing skippers and burnt-tip orchids, plus a fine patch of gladioli by the road. Gilles re-appeared with two minibuses, the second driven by Jacques.

As we drove towards the top of the village of Limeuil those at the front of the first minibus saw a golden oriole fly off the ground – and enough of a glimpse for me in the second minibus to confirm its identity. Limeuil is a beautiful village on a steep slope high on the hill above the confluence of the Dordogne and its sister river, the Vézère. Peering over the wall by the loos there was longish glimpse of a red squirrel. Black redstarts were abundant as everyone wound their way down through the village to the picnic site by the river, today quite busy being hot and the weekend. Ice creams were accompanied by sightings of a tree sparrow, for which it's a reliable site.

Back at Castang, tonight's checklist interruption was a melodious warbler. We were delighted to be joined tonight at supper by Robin and Rachel Hamilton, regular Honeyguide leaders here, this time on route to the Cevennes. It was the food, naturally, that prompted their stop: pumpkin soup, puff pastry with sorrel sauce, lamb and flageolet beans, cheeses (including my favourite, St Agur) and ice cream with nuts and raspberry coulis.

We heard the gentle *poo....poo....poo* of widwife toads during our after dinner stroll and set up the telescope to enjoy Jupiter, Saturn and Mars in the night sky.

Monday 15 May – Berbiguières, Two Views Walk, Montalieu Haut and Beynac

There was fleeting view of the melodious warbler for the pre-breakfast birders, a better one of ciril bunting and the wryneck re-appeared after breakfast.



Gilles dropped us in the village of Berbiguières from where we walked towards the ridge we call the two views walk. Immediately in the village butterflies caused us to stop in our tracks: both swallowtail and scarce swallowtail (*left*) were feeding on valerian growing from a wall. Then it was up a shady track, alongside which there was greater butterfly orchid, towards the ridge. At this point six elected to stay in the meadow here, more or less at the mid-point of the ridge, to try to identify butterflies and moths. The remaining seven of us headed west, finding our own butterflies, not least small blue, scores of Berger's clouded yellows and countless fritillaries. It's a great place for orchids too with many man orchids, violet birdsnest orchids and hundreds of pyramidal orchids

by the wide track or in adjacent fields. The two views, much appreciated, are over Berbiguières to the north and across the broad sweep of the Dordogne valley to the south. Retracing our steps, we found the six entomologists had found spotted fritillaries.

Moving east we made our rendezvous with Gilles and lunch. Several black kites flew past, there was and endless to-ing and fro-ing of butterflies and scores of ascalaphids. Gilles told us that the French for these is *papillon libelulle*, meaning dragonfly butterfly, which is rather apt, and like many French names recalls the scientific name of *Libelluloides*, meaning dragonfly-like.

It was a hot day and the shady descent at Montalieu was welcome. This is more limestone, well-drained, with *causse* type plants including Mediterranean buckthorn, the pretty (despite its name) bastard balm, wild candytuft, Montpellier maple, fly honeysuckle and the leaves of the lungwort *Pulmonaria longifolia*. There were several flowers of brown vetch *Lathyrus setifolius*; the English name doesn't do justice to the pretty brick-red of this flower from both the alpine and Mediterranean floras. Perhaps most notable was the yellow pea with silvery leaves called argyrobium – another from the Mediterranean flora. Ever agile, Helen caught a fine southern white admiral.

Final stop was the attractive if touristy village of Beynac by the river, most of us for a cup of tea or beer in a café overlooking both the river and up to the castle above the steep slopes of the village. The occasional crag martin buzzed round the cliffs. Back at Castang, the evening aperitif was followed by another delicious dinner: spinach soup, homemade pâté, salmon with hollandaise sauce, cheese and strawberries.

Tuesday 16 May – Le Bugue and the Cave Walk

Last September in Hungary Malcolm had successfully seen one his 'bogie birds', black woodpecker; this morning at last he saw another wryneck really well for the first time, justifying carrying his excellent though heavy telescope. The woodlark was singing well again towards Lagrave this morning: curiously several of us also heard it several times at night from Castang.

Tuesday is market day in Le Bugue and a longstanding Honeyguide tradition in France is to visit the local market town on market day for a local colour and, naturally, shopping. But we started by Gilles dropping us at the top of the hill above Le Bugue. Yesterday Gill had given a description of a white flax with a woody base that was completely convincing as Pyrenean (or white) flax; now here it was for all to see, along with man orchids. But birds overshadowed plants this morning, especially a honey buzzard doing its extraordinary wing-clapping display flight. Spectacular display was followed numbers, with three honey buzzards and two black kites overhead together. The trill of Bonelli's warbler was heard as we descended, there was more lungwort and ivy broomrape was identified, helped by the presence its host plant and obvious yellow stigma lobes. The market, shopping, coffee and gentle pottering took us to lunchtime, with a short walk along the river to the picnic site and Gilles with the bus and food. Grey wagtails were feeding over the river, and sand martins were nesting in drainage pipes in the wall.

A short drive took us to the afternoon's walk, starting in a small roadside quarry. The ever-alert Barry picked up on a warbler that revealed itself well enough to see it was Bonelli's warbler. The walk here is through open woodland and there were more Bonelli's warblers, including some good views for this often elusive leaf warbler. Butterflies were abundant, especially Adonis blues and Berger's clouded yellows; we found the first twayblades of the week and lots of fly orchids. There were more orchids to come on the last leg, starting with a patch of greater butterfly orchids. In the meadow where we emerged from the wood were scores of tongue orchids, including several fine long-lipped serapias. I still recall the surprise of finding these, a species from both the Alpine and Mediterranean floras but not in *Fitter, Blamey & Fitter*, and the other orchid speciality here didn't disappoint: sombre bee orchids, a much more elegant bee orchid type than the name suggests. Another Mediterranean species here was annual scorpion vetch, and there were bee orchids with white rather than pink sepals. Gilles enthused about the violet birdsnest orchids he'd found: the other name for this, limodor, is the same in French.

A short walk along the lane brought us to the Gouffre de Proumeyssac, a spectacular underground crystal cavern. The traditional method of reaching the inside of the cave, being let down through the original swallow hole in the top in a hanging basket, was not available today, but a more typical guided tour option was taken by most. There is a slightly corny light and sound show to start with, but it's short and the commentary from a guide in French or through earphones with a choice of languages was excellent and it's an extraordinary cave, well worth seeing.

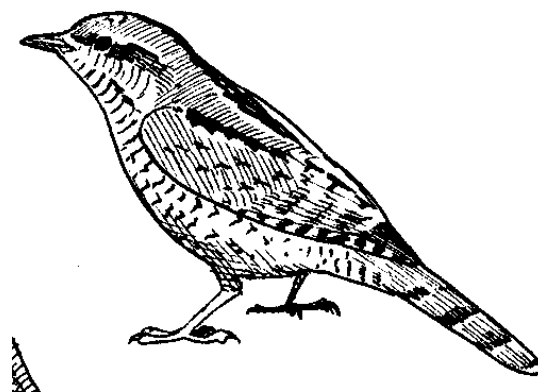
After supper (vegetable soup, mixed starter with goats cheese and home grown walnuts, *confit de canard*) Humphrey was patrolling the lights looking for moths. He was on a mission to find as many species as we'd seen butterflies, in which he jolly nearly succeeded.

Wednesday 17 May – Keith's walk

The pre-breakfast contingent went farther this morning, towards the chateau of Cazenac, finding the wryneck again – this time especially for Peter – and a golden oriole for Helen.

Keith joined us to lead a local walk, as usual on the Wednesday, adding local insights into buildings, culture and the local way of life. We also had two guests today, by coincidence both British naturalists from the neighbouring department of The Lot. Colin has a house there and was with us for the walk. Pamela lives permanently in The Lot and joined us for lunch, for her a return to Castang.

It was quite a start for Colin, with two new birds for him within minutes. The wryneck performed beautifully: anyone who hadn't managed to see it well yet certainly did now, followed by a fine melodious warbler. First stop in a meadow was an old stone *pigeonnier* (dovecote). Its prospects for renovation seem poor as the owner isn't local and access is tricky as the field is owned by someone else. It was a hot, hot day, and butterflies were in big numbers, the usual species with the addition of meadow browns, presumably just emerged. We went down through some woodland and paused between two fields to see a recently restored *abreuvoir*, a stone structure that doubles up as a water trough for livestock and a sluice with spaces for dropboards for regulating the flow of a stream, today dry. A later pause in a small quarry revealed fossils and a honey buzzard flew over.



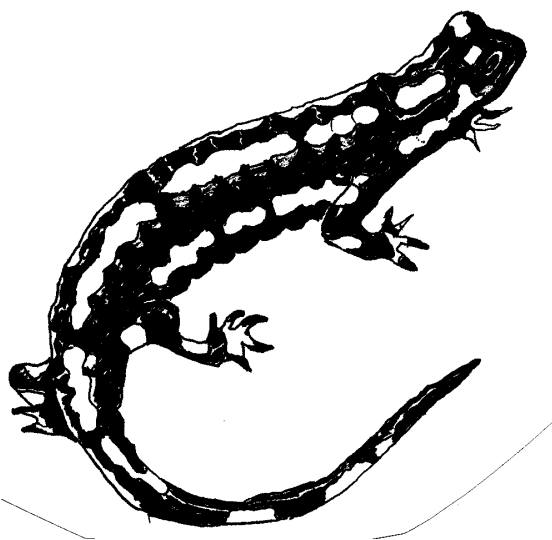
After lunch, it was just too hot to do much, so there was time for a long gossip with Pam, to have a siesta and catch and identify more fritillaries. Later, several of us had a stroll with Olivia, but even early evening it was too hot to do much.

After supper – of broad bean soup, melon and port, Pork with French beans, a choice of cheeses as ever and *tarte basque* – some dipped into the European cup final (Barcelona 2, Arsenal 1) before we walked to the other end of the hamlet to look in Anne-Marie's garden, kindly arranged by Cathy, for midwife toads. It was the alert Olivia who was most adept at spotting these tiny amphibians, three in total, though no males with eggs on this occasion. The big female common toad that lives in a hole under the steps at Castang must be about 50 times heavier.

Friday 18 May – Font de Gaume and Roque St Christophe

Not surprisingly, all that heat was followed by rain. Nonetheless, a slightly reduced group of birdwatchers – Mike, Malcolm and Chris – returned to where yesterday's oriole was seen and were rewarded with very good views.

The heavy rain meant it was a good day to be underground. We were at Les Eyzies half an hour ahead of the 11 o'clock arrival time for the 11.30 tour we'd booked, but heavy rain ruled out pottering in the village so Gilles took us on a quick Magical Mystery Tour. Along the road we passed the entrance to Gorge d'Enfer, where groups had visited in previous years but is now sadly closed, and stopped under a cliff to view holes, once the home of cave dwellers. These troglodytes, Gilles explained, in a network of caves in the area, had rapid system of signalling to warn of the impending arrival of Vikings on the river, and something similar was put into action by the Resistance during the second world about German troop movements.



The walk from the shop at Les Eyzies to the entrance of the caves is past some excellent *cause*-type limestone slopes with our first pink convolvulus *Convolvulus cantabrica* (another Mediterranean plant), yellow woundwort, Mediterranean buckthorn, Montpellier maple, holm oak, woodcock orchids, white rockrose and bloody cranesbill. A young fire salamander (*left*) on the path was a wonderful surprise: these are mostly nocturnal but are much more likely to be out in the light when it's wet and they aren't in danger of drying out.

But these are the sideshows. The visit to the cave was a memorable experience for everyone, even those who'd been before. A very well informed and sympathetic guide was able to explain the nature of the polychrome paintings and engravings. A deft use of torches and shaded lights enabled the group to appreciate the contours and colours and the amazing sensitivity of some of the paintings. At

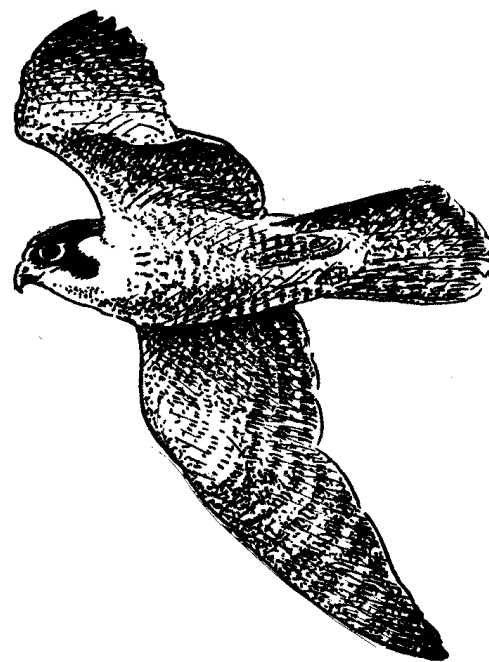
least so I understand: the maximum group size of 12 meant I waited outside this year. Everyone came out into the now improving weather sunshine aware that they had had a privileged experience, and one that one wonders how much longer will be possible for the long-term interests of the paintings.

Driving past the cliffs of Roque St Christophe, we lunched under cover in the well-wooded car park. There is an excellent meadow here, though sopping wet after all the rain, with our first military and common spotted orchids (the 22nd and 23rd orchid species of the week) and spreading bellflowers. Some went for a cup of tea or pottered or even had 40 winks on the coach; most of us walked a short way through the wood to a dry limestone slope. Apart from white rockrose and scores of pyramidal orchids it seemed at first to have little of note on it. But then some tiny bug orchids were found, about five in the end, though no-one had the experience of life to get the smell of bedbugs described in the book. Then an extraordinary mantis was found, which goes by the name of *Empusa pennata*. It's a fierce looking beast with a distinctive spike on its head, as it also has in its nymph form that Pam had showed us a photo of yesterday. We all then convened to walk up the road to a viewpoint, past banks of bloody cranesbills. Botanical diversions – for those enthused by small plants – were basil thyme, three-veined sandwort (from the wooded area) and the tiny bur medick *Medicago minima*.

As we had hoped, peregrines were nesting on the cliff again this year. Gilles seems to know everyone and saw the warden, who pointed to where the nest was. Three young were already on the edge of the nest, with one of the parents much of the time on a tree at the cliff top. It was approaching teatime though so the adult flew away to hunt, returning in a very short time with what appeared to be a juvenile crow. It was a great way to end our last full day: excellent and unforgettable views of the peregrine family both with the naked eye and through our binoculars and telescopes – and we mustn't forget the crag martins, also nesting here.

After the final checklists and apertifs, it was time for our final five-course supper, namely sorrel and mixed vegetable soup, marine terrine, chicken in tarragon sauce and cauliflower, cheese and chocolate gateau with walnut mousse. It was time also to collect everyone's nominations for highlights of the week, as follows:

Peter – wryneck
Sue – wryneck
Mike – golden oriole followed by the honey buzzard wing-clapping display flight
Margaret – peregrine feeding young
Pam – hospitality, company including Gilles, honey-coloured buildings
Barry – wryneck now surpassed by the young peregrine on the rock
Sallie – peregrine
Humphrey – Portland ribbon wave moth and the large 'macho' man orchids
Mary – meadows, wryneck, melodious warbler
Gill – honey buzzard display (despite nearly crying about the peregrines!), Pyrenean flax
Helen – identifying spotted fritillary
Malcolm – watching the analysis of, for example, fritillaries or Humphrey on moths; wryneck & golden oriole; and remembering, forgetting and remembering meadow clary.
Chris – wryneck, bug orchid and mantis



... and not forgetting Cathy, Keith, Gilles and the food (everyone!)

There were also various poems and songs, notably an A-Z of songs with birds in them – a reprise of an idea of Norman Willis when he was at Castang a few ago. No doubt every group would have a different selection but here they, and let's hope posterity is grateful for these being listed ...

Alouette

Blackbird, in sing a song of sixpence (even if they were really rooks) (or Bye Bye Blackbird or Blackbird by Paul McCartney)

Cuckoo

Ducks: five little ducks went out to play; ugly duckling

Eider do like to be beside the seaside (the etymological or musical purist may prefer Abba's Eagle)

French hens in 12 days of Christmas – also see P

Goosey goosey gander, or 'bird in a Gilded cage'

Hey little Hen

Ibis seeing you in apple blossom time

Just a song thrush at twilight

Kookaburra sits on the old gum tree (but rejected for C!)

Linnet: in my old man said follow the van, or Hark hark the Lark
thieving Magpie

Nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

Owl and the pussycat

Partridge in a pear tree

Quack quack little duck

Robin - when the red red robin goes bob bob bobbin' along

Sparrow - I'm only a poor little sparrow

Tit willow

U, V drew blanks

Whippoorwill (an American nightjar, by the way)

XYZ Yellowbird

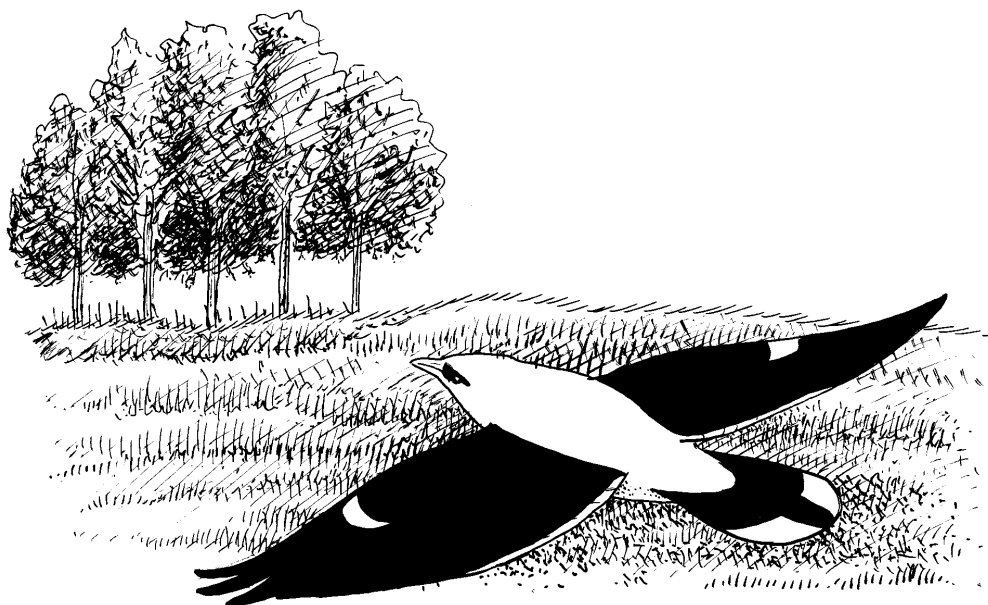
Friday 19 May – Castang and home

The early risers returned to the Cazenac chateau area for further glimpses of golden orioles, a nice hoopoe was seen but short-toed treecreepers, for the umpteenth time, remained heard but not seen.

After packing and clearing rooms we said farewell to Sue and Peter, off for the Birmingham flight. For the rest of us, Ryanair's recent schedule change meant we had much of the day at Castang. For the morning we did the walk postponed from the first afternoon, down to Coux and the river. This started along a woodland edge that only the early birders on Sunday's 'route march' circuit had seen before. Wildlife wise this was mostly recapping what we'd seen before, including a fine cream-spot tiger moth on the path. We popped into the shop at Le Coux for a *pain aux chocolat* or other delights before taking the road across the mostly arable Dordogne floodplain. Our first turtle doves of the week were on a wire, and new arable plants included thorn-apple and henbit dead-nettle. Kiwi fruit had been available at breakfast all week and very nice they were too. We could now see where these are grown, so definitely brownie points on the food miles front. We gathered that the local farmer has a good supply of these in store and we had those from last autumn's crop that didn't quite make the precise size specifications of supermarkets.

At the river there is a frieze of paintings of fish of the Dordogne, done by Olivia's school. Not that one could see any of these so the river itself, not untypically round here, had little wildlife of great interest. Keith and Cathy arrived to offer lifts much as a shower of rain started, though three of us walked back.

After lunch, we potted and chatted, including with the first arrivals from Nigel Spring's group. Gilles was with us at 5 p.m. and this time we could enjoy the journey in the light, including a loose group of six black kites over farmland right by the airport. Cathy had arranged for us a nice two-course meal at the small terminal, overlooking the airport. The flight was 20 minutes late leaving but still at Stansted on schedule.

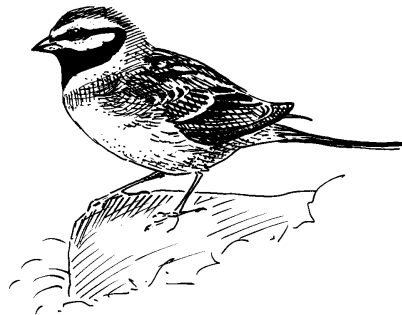


WILDLIFE LISTS

BIRDS (H = heard only)

Grey heron
Mute swan
Mallard
Honey buzzard
Black kite
Short-toed eagle
Sparrowhawk
Buzzard
Kestrel
Peregrine
[Red-legged partridge/chukar hybrid]
Quail H
Moorhen
[Feral pigeon]
Woodpigeon
Collared dove
Turtle dove
Cuckoo H
Tawny owl H
Swift
Hoopoe
Wryneck
Green woodpecker
Great spotted woodpecker
Woodlark
Skylark H
Sand martin
Crag martin
Swallow
House martin
Grey wagtail
White wagtail
Wren
Robin
Nightingale H
Black redstart
Stonechat
Blackbird
Song thrush
Mistle thrush
Melodious warbler
Blackcap
Bonelli's warbler
Chiffchaff
Firecrest
Long-tailed tit
Blue tit
Great tit

Marsh tit
Nuthatch
Short-toed treecreeper
Golden oriole
Jay
Magpie
Jackdaw
Carrion crow
Starling
House sparrow
Tree sparrow
Chaffinch
Serin
Greenfinch
Goldfinch
Cirl bunting (*below*)



Mammals

Roe deer
Rabbit
Hare
Red squirrel
Pipistrelle sp

Reptiles and amphibians

Wall lizard
Fire salamander
Palmate newt
Marsh frog
Common frog
Midwife toad
Common toad

BUTTERFLIES

Swallowtail
Scarce Swallowtail
Black-veined White
Orange-tip
Pale Clouded Yellow
Clouded Yellow
Berger's Clouded Yellow
Brimstone
Wood White

Green Hairstreak
Small Copper
Sooty Copper
Small Blue
Holly Blue
Brown Argus
Mazarine Blue
Adonis Blue
Common Blue

Southern White Admiral
Red Admiral
Painted Lady

Small Pearl-bordered Fritillary
Glanville Fritillary
Knapweed Fritillary
Heath Fritillary
Marsh Fritillary
Spotted Fritillary

Meadow Brown
Small Heath
Pearly Heath
Speckled Wood
Wall

Dingy Skipper
Red-underwing Skipper 34 species

MOTHS – mostly day-flying

5-spot burnet moth
Speckled yellow
Latticed heath
Common heath
Cream wave
Muslin
4-spotted moth
Mother Shipton
Wave sp (Plain or Satin)
Tawny wave
Riband wave *
Portland ribbon wave *
Yellow shell
Straw belle
Yellow belle
Burnet companion
Clouded buff

Silver Y
Forester
Chinese character *
Treble bar
Common swift
Feathered beauty
Green carpet
Least carpet
Ringed carpet
Treble lines
'Southern Emerald' an Emerald moth not in
Waring
Fox *
Goat (caterpillar)
Pine processionary (tent)
Emperor
Brimstone (moth)
Cream-spot tiger
Garden tiger
Hummingbird hawkmoth
Pyrausta purpuralis (a micro)
* nocturnal. 33 species

Dragonflies & damselflies

Beautiful demoiselle *Agrion virgo*
Broad-bodied chaser *Libellula depressa*
Hawker dragonfly *Aeshna cyanea*

Other insects

Ascalaphid *Libelluloides longicornis*
Mantis *Empusa pennata*
Violet carpenter bee
Hornet
Bee-fly sp
Ichneuman fly sp
Paper wasp *Polistes gallicus*

Lesser stag beetle
Oxythyrea funesta a chafer beetle
Graphosoma italicum a black & red shield bug
7-spot ladybird
10-spot ladybird
ladybird *Thea 22-punctata*

Field cricket
Mole cricket H
Short-winged conehead *Conocephalus dorsalis*

Other invertebrates

Roman (edible) snail
a centipede *Scutigera coleoptrata* *

* This was caught in Chris's bathroom. British Wildlife's paper on centipedes (June 2006) says "This bizarre-looking animal is established in buildings on the Channel Islands, but turns up in houses from time to time on the British mainland."