

SOUTH DAKOTA BIRD NOTES

Official Publication
of
SOUTH DAKOTA ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION
(Organized 1949)

Vol. XII, No. 3

SEPTEMBER, 1960

Whole No. 46



“Watch For The Birdie”

South Dakota Bird Notes, the Organ of South Dakota Ornithologists' Union, is sent to all members whose dues are paid for the current year. Adults, \$3.00; Juniors (12-16) \$1.00 per year. Subscription rate (for non-members) \$3.00 per year, single copies \$1.00. Published Quarterly.

Vol. XII, No. 3

Whole No. 46

In This Number . . .

President's Page, Ruth Habeger 47

Yellow-throated Warbler in Southeastern South Dakota, Herbert Krause 49

Tennessee Warbler as an Abundant Migrant, Wm. Youngworth 50

Some Ideas for Feeders and Feed for Wintering Birds, Lowry Elliott 53

Our Juniors, Clara Yarger, Signe Hurd 54

Birds' Nests of South Dakota, L. J. Moriarty 56

General Notes of Special Interest 57

Red Crossbills in the Hills, Birding at Rush Lake, Warbling Vireo's Nest near Armour, Sharp-tailed Sparrow at Huron, Wave of Yellowlegs in Eastern South Dakota, Nesting Record of Common Terns, Martin History from Armour, Broad-winged Hawk at Rapid City, Cuckoo Feeding Young at Huron.

South Dakota Ornithologists' Union

OFFICERS 1959-60

President	Ruth Habeger, Madison
Vice-President	C. A. Hughlett, LaCreek Refuge, Martin
Secretary and Treasurer	L. J. Moriarty, 302 New Midland Bldg., Watertown
Membership Chairman	Lowry Elliott, Rt. 1, Box 34, Milbank
Editor	J. W. Johnson, 1421 Utah Ave., SE, Huron

DIRECTORS

For Term Expiring 1961: C. P. Crutchett, Armour; J. S. Findley, Sioux Falls; Swen Froiland, Sioux Falls; Mary Hyde, Rapid City; L. J. Moriarty, Watertown.

For Term Expiring 1962: Herman Chilson, Webster; Willis Hall, Yankton; Herbert Krause, Sioux Falls; C. A. Hughlett, LaCreek Refuge, Martin; N. R. Whitney, Jr., Rapid City.

For Term Expiring 1963: Alfred Peterson, Brandt; Ruth Habeger, Madison; J. W. Johnson, Huron; Clara Yarger, Rapid City; Lowry Elliot, Milbank.

President's Page

S.D.O.U. is delighted to announce completion of arrangements for active cooperation by personnel of the South Dakota Department of Game, Fish, and Parks with our organization. We are sure that these two groups, both vitally interested in the conservation of wildlife of our state, can work together for the good of all.

We know South Dakota has a wonderful heritage of non-game birds which needs to be protected and appreciated. We recognize that bird protection is only a part of the whole conservation program. The conservation of soil, water, and habitat is most important in bird preservation.

To aid our accumulation of basic data, we urge that the people of the Department of Fish, Game, and Parks send us reports of non-game birds, especially from west of the Missouri River, where we have so few members.

The directors of S.D.O.U. who live in the eastern part of the state have had several meetings at my lake cottage recently. We have found them to be delightful and profitable. Out of them have come suggestions for the completion of our next five-year index to Bird Notes. Membership drive plans were discussed and made. The detailed questionnaire which will be in your hands soon were also considered. As I suggested in my last page, it is important that you answer these ques-



tionnaires promptly and thoughtfully. We need your views so the Liason Committee can reflect them to other organizations and legislators.

Since S.D.O.U. activities are mainly educational, it might be worthwhile to plan to assemble several series of color slides. Perhaps some of our good photographers of birds may be willing to donate a few duplicates of their slides to such a collection.

These series of slides could be loaned, or rented at a slight charge, to schools and other interested groups. A series of slides might include water birds, marsh birds, grassland birds and others. A properly prepared script would add much to its value.

Plans for the annual spring convention to be held in Watertown, May 20 and 21, are underway. There will be an outstanding speaker and a film, "The Big Four", will be shown.

The film explains the need for wildlife preservation and control. The script, which was written by Herbert Krause, makes wildlife conservation meaningful to everyone by introducing real characters and everyday problems of conservation.

We will dispense with papers this year since the Watertown area affords a variety of good habitat for some fine field trips. Alfred Peterson, an outstanding authority on shorebirds in our state, will be present to conduct some of the tours.

Let's talk up this meeting to all S.D.O.U. members, Game, Fish and Parks personnel, and others and come prepared for some wonderful birding and companionship.

—Ruth C. Haberberg

The Yellow-throated Warbler in Southeastern South Dakota

Herbert Krause

ACCORDING to the AOU Check-list (1957:498-499), the Yellow-throated Warbler (*Dendroica dominica*) breeds from Nebraska, northern Iowa, southern Wisconsin and southern Michigan southward. Peterson (1947. FIELD GUIDE TO THE BIRDS, 197, 269) mentions a Mississippi race, the Sycamore Yellow-throated Warbler (*D. d. albilora*), breeding from south Michigan and Wisconsin down the great valley. So do Griscom and Sprunt (1957. WARBLERS OF NORTH AMERICA, 156-8) who mark the range farther south, excluding both Nebraska and Iowa.

However, Musgrove's CHECK-LIST OF IOWA BIRDS (1949) does include this species as a rare summer resident under the name "Sycamore Warbler" without indicating breeding status. According to Sprunt (1953. Bent, LIFE HISTORIES OF NORTH AMERICAN WARBLERS 358), it has been reported as far north as Sigourney, Iowa, "without indication of breeding."

For Nebraska Pough (1951. AUDUBON BIRD GUIDES: LAND BIRDS, 171) localizes the breeding area in the southeast, although the Nebraska Ornithologists' Union Check-list, printed in 1951, does not record it. Roberts (1936. BIRDS OF MINNESOTA, 2 vols.) does not report it for Minnesota nor do Morrison, Breckenridge and Herz (1955. WHERE TO FIND BIRDS IN MINNESOTA). Nor do I find it listed by Larson (1925. "Birds of Sioux Falls, South Dakota," WILSON BULL., 37: 18-38; 72-76) nor by Steph-

ens, Youngworth and Felton (1955. "Birds of Union County, South Dakota," Neb. Ornith. Union OCC. PAPERS 1) for southeastern South Dakota.

I was therefore more than a little interested when I encountered this bird in Sioux Falls on April 23, 1960.

I was in McKennan Park, two blocks from home, looking for Myrtle Warblers when I heard a bird singing. The notes somehow reminded me vaguely of Grace's Warbler which I heard last summer in the Kaibab Forest near the north rim of the Grand Canyon. This, however, was intriguingly different, too. Then the bird flew toward me and alighted on a bare walnut tree no more than fifty feet away. When I focused my 7x35 wide angle binocular on it, I could hardly believe my eyes.

There on the grayish bark, alive as day, crept Peterson's portrait of the Yellow-throated Warbler. Thoughts churned in the back of my head: how did the bird get here? Who would corroborate my findings?

Between chills and fever, I noted the distinguishing points—bright yellow throat, edged on the sides with black, white line over the eye, white area back of the ear-patch and extending downward, two white wingbars, black-streaked sides, decidedly grayish upper parts.

And the song? It sounded something like "see-ta, see-ta, see-a, see-a, see, see," the first notes separate and distinct, the last portion rapid and run-together. It resembled a little some of the notes of the Myrtle Warbler as we

hear it singing in migration in Sioux Falls, especially in its soft quality, although these notes were more emphatic than the Myrtle's usually are.

A good four minutes passed while I watched and the bird moved about like a Black-and-White Warbler or a Brown Creeper on the walnut limbs. There it was, but I had neither color camera nor anyone to see what I was seeing, although in this instance at least, I was sure of my identification. When it flew I noted its flight pattern—a straight away movement, rather deeply undulating; not as deeply as the American Goldfinch perhaps, but almost.

At once elated and despondent, I went home to search the records.

The next morning at about 6:30 I heard the bird singing in the Ponderosa pine next door. I remembered Sprunt's description of the song: "Sweetie, sweetie." But this bird, like the one I'd heard previously, sang the "see-ta, see-ta" song. All my searching was in vain, however; I was sure I'd never see or hear the bird again.

On Monday morning the unbelievable happened. At 5:30 there was the same song in the pine. But all I got for the pain of rushing out to see was a good view of the bird's flight—the same pattern I'd noticed two days before. I felt sure it was my bird or one of the same species.

Twice I'd seen it in pines. In the south it is sometimes associated with pinelands, I recalled. Whether fortuitous or not, I decided to follow a hunch. I went a block south where a backyard contains a rectangle of pine and spruce with hackberry, walnut and other deciduous trees.

There was my bird, singing from a hackberry limb. I re-checked the identifying points carefully again. They were still the same. This time I tried to determine whether the white line

over the eye was yellow anteriorly but saw nothing that resembled yellow between the eye and the bill, as in Dick's and Eckelberry's plates.

This then very probably was not the eastern but the western race of the species, the Sycamore Warbler.

Knowing that I needed further corroboration, I went to the owner of the property, Mr. J. P. Everist. He was most cooperative, using my glasses on the bird no more than 50-60 feet away and nodding while I ticked off the distinguishing marks of identification. Yes, he agreed with me. This bird was like the one in Peterson; he would corroborate my findings.

Feeling positively heady, now that I'd staked out my bird, I called the Department of Biology at Augustana College and Dr. Sven Froiland, the Chairman and a good bird man, to see if he would come. Yes, he would.

At 9:25 I again checked the bird; it was still singing, though why, I asked myself, should a bird stick around long enough to satisfy me and be identified by a biologist? At 9:35 Froiland arrived and with him two of his colleagues, Dr. Willard Rosine, a serious bird man in his own right, and Dr. Dilwyn Rogers, assistant professor in the department.

When we arrived at the pine grove I had three Ph. D.'s with me—but no bird. There wasn't a sound. Nothing.

Any bird observer knows how these things go. Ten minutes of red-faced listening and looking—not a feather.

At 9:50 some cockle-burred remarks about trusting amateurs to find elephants in hickory trees—these men were my friends. Besides they had classes to meet in the next 20 minutes. I kept a desperate eye on my time-

(Continued on Page 62)

The Tennessee Warbler As An Abundant Migrant

Wm. Younsworth

THE Tennessee Warbler is, year after year, a common, often abundant spring migrant in the Upper Missouri River Valley. I think this fact is being overlooked and should be brought out, since many of our other migrant warblers are decreasing in numbers. In fall this warbler is not often seen because the fall flight is generally short, the males are not singing and the females and young so resemble two other species, the Nashville and Orange-crowned, that too often we don't try to distinguish the birds because of sheer frustration.

This writer's records on Tennessee Warbler go back for thirty five years and there has never been any doubt from my observations that this has always been one of our most abundant warblers. When the main flight reaches this area in mid-May and a bit later they can be found everywhere and often equal or surpass the Yellow and Myrtle Warblers in numbers. This is especially true in the last few years, when the above two species seem to have decreased noticeably.

This observer could never quite understand why W. H. Over, *Birds of South Dakota, 1921*, stated that the Tennessee Warbler was "rare in migration over the State." A typical field trip was made on May 21, 1931, to the McCook Lake area of Union County and during the day I counted up to thirty Tennessee Warblers.

On a collecting trip to the same area on May 25, 1931, I found that the main flight of this species was still on and

I estimated I found upwards of sixty Tennessee Warblers. Over the years and right up to the present, the abundance of this warbler has been noted in southeastern South Dakota and typical was May 18, 19, and 20, 1950, when I just listed as "hundreds" seen on those three days in the area.

Actual numbers of days when a certain species is seen in a given area is often boring, but it certainly proves the regularity in migration. Since 1926, this writer has listed this warbler on 191 days in the spring and only 20 days in the fall. It is interesting to report that I have never had an arrival day before May 1. The average arrival date seems to be about May 10. The heavy flight seems to be any time during the next ten days with a gradual tapering off in numbers until June. Actual June dates are scarce, but I do have two, June 16, 1941, a very late date for a singing male, and June 2, 1950.

In the fall the Tennessee Warbler can be looked for after September 1st in this area. The earliest South Dakota record that I know of is from Lennox on August 30. Adrian Larsen's late departure date of October 8, from Arlington is about average I would think, although a stray or two might be found later.

The song of the Tennessee Warbler is certainly loud enough to be unmistakable. Aretas A. Saunders describes it as a "rapid series of short, loud, unmusical notes". The field marks of this plain little warbler leave much to be desired in identifying it in the fall and

bring to mind an interesting fact about the spring plumage of the male at least.

Few of us, now that collecting is nearly dead, get to handle birds better than a bird bander and you handers are in a position to report some interesting things about the coloration of birds.

Such was the case of Mr. and Mrs. John Lueshen, of Wisner, Nebraska. During their banding they trapped a lovely colored male Tennessee Warbler and brought him to Sioux City to show me. This bird had an unusual pink blush over his throat and breast and was a pleasure to see. One authority states that this warbler is often tinged with buffy or yellow, but I have yet to find one that mentions this beautiful pink shading.

In fact this warbler has been rather poorly reported, sometimes even more poorly pictured, always with gaps in the data on migration, nesting, ranges, and numbers. Its activities in the great empire from Canada to Texas and from the Mississippi to the Rockies seem unable to attract general attention.

Yet Dr. Thomas S. Roberts, *Birds of Minnesota*, 1932, stated in Vol. 2, p. 198 that the Tennessee Warbler migrated up through Minnesota in the spring in such numbers that it equaled, if not excelled, all the other warbler species put together, excepting only the Myrtle.

My records show that this fact still holds true today as it has for the past thirty years. Today, that is for the last two years, because of the mysterious drop in Myrtle Warblers, it has exceeded that species.

Philip A. Dumont, *Birds of Iowa*, 1934, stated that the Tennessee was a common migrant all over the state and some years was abundant. Dr. Alexander F. Skutch, in *Life Histories of North American Wood Warblers*, 1953, writes that in Central America, the Tennessee Warblers are so abundant that they often seem to be the most abundant of all birds during the period of their sojourn in that wintering ground.

A digest of my own observations follows in tabular form for convenient reference.

Spring Observations

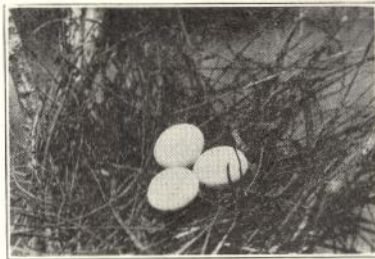
Year	Earliest Date	Latest Date	Important Flights	Remarks
1926				Recorded, no dates given
1927				Recorded, no dates given
1928	May 16	May 17		Reported 2 days
1929	May 14	May 21	May 16 - May 19	Reported 6 days
1930	May 5	May 23	May 9 - May 13 - May 15	Reported 13 days
1931	May 12	May 25	May 15 - May 21 - May 25	Reported 8 days
1932	May 11	May 21	May 17	Reported 3 days
1933	May 15			Only one record
1934	May 11			Only one record
1935	May 12			Only one record
1936	May 20			Only one record
1941	May 4	June 16		Reported 2 days

1945	May 18	May 20		Reported 2 days
1946	May 9			One spring record
1948	May 11			Only one record
1949	May 5	May 15	May 12 (dozens)	Reported 11 days
1950	May 13	June 2	May 17-20 (hundreds)	Reported 17 days
1951	May 14	May 23		Reported 8 days
1952	May 7	May 24		Reported 18 days
1953	May 10	May 23		Reported 11 days
1954	May 14	May 27		Reported 10 days
1955	May 4	May 23	May 16 (dozens)	Reported 13 days
1956	May 10	May 28	May 13-15 (heavy flight)	Reported 13 days
1957	May 2	May 23	May 15 (heaviest flight)	Reported 17 days
1958	May 1	May 21	May 14 (dozens) May 20 (100)	Reported 12 days
1959	May 10	May 24	May 14 - May 22-23	Reported 11 days
1960	May 13	May 22	May 17 - May 20-22	Reported 8 days

Fall Observations

Year	Date Earliest	Date Latest	Important Flights	Remarks
1926 to 1945				Unreported in the fall
1946	Sept. 7			Only fall report
1949	Sept. 23			Only fall report
1952	Sept. 26			Only fall report
1953	Oct. 3			Only fall report
1954	Sept. 13	Oct. 6		Reported on 4 days
1955	Sept. 7		About a dozen birds seen	Only fall date
1956	Sept. 11	Oct. 4		Reported 3 days
1957	Sept. 1	Sept. 25		Reported 2 days
1958	Sept. 4	Sept. 29		Reported 4 days
1959	Sept. 17	Sept. 18		Reported 2 days

—Sioux City, Ia.



Nest of Green Heron

—Courtesy of Wilson Bulletin

Some Ideas For Feeders and Feed for Wintering Birds

Lowry Elliott

WHEN winter comes, with its cold and snow, our bird friends are hard pressed. They come to town and around our farmsteads seeking food, shelter and protection from feathered enemies.

There are many kinds of good feeders for sale but birds are not fussy about the kind or type of feeder if foods are available all the time. Place your bird food in sheltered places, near trees and shrubbery, and in sight of your windows if at all possible.

Chickadees, nuthatches, downy and hairy woodpeckers, and starlings are most likely to be your regular boarders, but in most parts of the state bluejays, flickers, cardinals, juncos, tree sparrows, and other species will come too.

Beef suet, sunflower seeds, peanut butter and red proso millet are the best feeds. Squirrels and English sparrows seldom bother suet but starlings will eat it if they can.

The first of October is not too early to put up your feeders. Suet feeders are left up the year round and visited by birds every month. Good clean beef suet will not attract flies.

Shelled and cracked corn scattered on the ground at some distance from your bird feeders will tend to lessen raids of undesirables on the precious feed of the feathered visitors.

Here are a few good feeders, so easily made that no one can be excused for lack of them: Take a piece of one-inch mesh chicken wire about 10 by 15 inches and fold over a large chunk of beef suet. Fasten ends and top by

twisting the wire ends, and hang up with a piece of stovepipe wire.

Mix corn meal with peanut butter, salt lightly, and push into the bark of trees, knot holes, holes in boards, or even on a tree limb. Chunks of softened (warmed) suet may be used this way for the most natural of feeders.

Either of these mixtures may also be worked beneath the scales of pine cones, using a table knife to push it in for another natural feeder. If cones have fallen from the trees, use stovepipe wire to hang them up again.

Put four small nail holes in covers from the peanut butter jars, or similar shallow lids, and fasten a piece of ¼-inch mesh hardware cloth over the open side of the cover, using the same stovepipe wire. The cover should be fastened in the center of a piece of hardware cloth twice the width of the cover used. Again fill the space between the lid and wire with peanut butter mixture and hang in a suitable place with a length of stovepipe wire 4 or 5 feet long to discourage squirrels.

For sunflower seeds, cracked grains, and other loose bird feeds, fasten an eight-inch piece of broom handle in a 5-inch tall clay flower pot, by using a large screw and washer through the drain hole. Bore a small hole in the top of the broom handle and hang up with a length of stovepipe wire or a wire coat hanger. Or use a clothesline which has been cut in two and each end fastened under the rim.

A cocoanut shell sawed in half also

(Continued on Page 63)

Our Juniors

Clara Farger

Dear Junior Birders:

Fall is here. The swimming pools are closed; school doors are open. You are back with the books and old school friends already looking forward to Halloween and Christmas.

Fall means changes in the bird world too. Many are flocking together getting ready to fly South—by the time you read this most of them will be gone. I hope you will keep your eyes open on the way to and from school. Let Mr. Johnson, our editor, know what the feathered folk in your neighborhood have been doing.

I had a wonderful surprise this summer when a Hummingbird came to call in our backyard. You see, I have lived in Rapid City seven years and have never seen a Hummingbird here.

I understand there are four kinds which might be seen here on the edge of the Black Hills. They are the Ruby-throated, Rufous, Calliope, and Broad-tailed.

The female who called first looked like the Ruby-throated I had seen in Michigan. The male who came another day had a red throat patch. His back was a metallic green not red-brown like the Rufous' back.

These birds were too big to be Calliope Hummingbirds. Also, the throat had a definite red patch, not streaks or rays on a white background, as the Calliope has.

When Dr. Whitney saw the bird he listened for the shrill trilling of the wings made by the Broad tailed. But after watching the bird for a while he

decided it was a Ruby-throat.

Another unusual bird for me this summer was the Raven. My family and I saw several as we drove through northern Wisconsin and Michigan. You can tell them from Crows by their larger size and wedge-shaped tails. When a Raven soars he spreads his wings out straight from his body. A Crow bends his upward like a Turkey Vulture.

The Eskimo people tell a legend about the Raven.

Once, long ago, after a long time with no food for the people or animals of the Arctic, the Raven looked down and saw the Caribou returning. This meant food again for all. The Raven, who could speak, hurried to tell the people that food was coming.

On the way he saw Naouydk, the seagull, with a fish in her mouth. He knew she was not hungry anymore.

Raven thought, "Perhaps, she will give me one of her eggs," and he said, "Dear Seagull, I have not eaten for days. Won't you give me just one of your eggs,"

"No," said the seagull. "No!"

"You wouldn't let me die—would you, dear Seagull?" wheedled the Raven.

"Well, to save your life—you may have one egg."

At the thought of the eggs the Raven became greedy. He saw two skin buckets lying on the shore, and flew down to pick them up.

A hunter and his son came near. The Raven told them about the Caribou.

"Where is the game?" they cried.

"Oh, far from here. Far from here," he answered.

"First I will get my own food, then I will tell you," said the Raven.

The Raven took one Seagull egg. He took a second egg.

"Raven—I said one. Spare my children!" begged Naouydk.

The Raven was greedy and paid no attention. He picked up the last egg.

"Raven. Where is the game for us?" shouted the hunters.

Raven, with an egg in his mouth, answered: "Cawk, Cawk."

He dropped the last egg into the bucket, turned to the hunters to speak, but—"Cawk - Cawk - Cawk", was all he could say.

Ever since that day, because of his greediness, all Ravens have been cast out by the birds and can no longer speak like men.

Happy fall hunting—with your binoculars!

A VISIT TO LACREEK WILDLIFE REFUGE—Early in May my father, my mother, and I visited LaCreek Wildlife Refuge near Martin, South Dakota.

There we saw many different kinds of birds: sandpipers of all kinds, terns, and many, many other birds. We saw a few white pelicans on the Pelican Islands. We got close to one of the islands, about six hundred yards from the Pelicans. We couldn't go any farther because we had come to the end of the peninsula. But that didn't matter, for the birds seemed very close when we looked at them through the telescope.

One of the most exciting things we saw was a bittern. He was sitting by the water around the dike. He had caught a snake (about two feet long) and he was trying to swallow it. Somehow the snake had gotten twisted into a knot.

The bittern couldn't get it into his bill, let alone swallow it. A weed was caught in the middle of the knot and

that didn't help the bird any.

Finally, after thrashing it around a while, he got the knot out. We were afraid the bittern would swallow the weed, but he got rid of it.

It was interesting to watch the bittern have his dinner.—Signe Hurd, Rapid City (Grade 6, age 11).

* * *

Wrens are famous for selecting odd nesting sites but J. Lewis Berry, a Missouri Conservation Commission field agent, last summer found a new one for the books. While examining a tractor on a farm near Bourbon, Missouri, he found a wren nest inside the brake and clutch housing. The tractor was in daily use and the mother wren followed it to feed her young, entering through the clutch and brake pedal holes. Berry says the young wrens were hatched precariously amid all the moving machinery and were doing well the last time he heard.—Wyoming Wildlife.

Birds' Nests of South Dakota

L. J. Moriarty

A.O.U. # 125, White Pelican (*Pelecanus Erythrorhynchos*)

THESE large birds confine their nesting, at least in South Dakota, to rather barren islands. The only large colony I have observed nesting in the state was on one of the islands on La-Creek Wildlife Refuge near Martin.

But they occasionally nest on the island south of Hedke Pass, near Webster, according to Arthur Lundquist. I have also found a small group nesting on an island in the southwest part of Roy Lake northeast of Webster. And certainly the new Missouri river impoundments are likely to create desirable new nesting areas.

They are colonial nesters, often intermingling with nesting Double-crested Cormorants. The nest is a large heap of sticks, bones, pieces of weeds, reeds and soil from a few inches to a foot or more high and about two to three feet in diameter.

The eggs are two and ovate with a rough-textured chalky surface, usually somewhat soiled with water stains and excreta. They are about the size of the domestic turkey egg but less pointed on the smaller end.

The above colony was composed of probably eighty nests often placed within pecking distance from one another. The colony and nests were very untidy.

National Geographic "**Book of the Birds**" states that "only 30 to 60 nesting colonies exist, with a total population of 30,000 to 60,000 birds" which average about 1,000 birds to a colony. However this colony had, I would estimate, about 300 birds. I understand

another colony occupies another Island on the same Refuge.

Nesting takes place about mid April as some young were in the process of hatching on May 18 and 19. The newly hatched young are creamy pink, practically naked, with very little down and unopened eyes. They are first fed by regurgitation.

National Geographic says eggs are 3 or 4. However when I saw this colony the young were just hatching and each nest held just 2 eggs or young.

A.O.U. #120 Double Crested Cormorant (*Graculus Dilophus*)

This bird nests on the same islands with the white Pelican at LaCreek Refuge, the nests being made of the same materials, sticks and reeds lined with finer grasses formed into a much neater cup than the Pelican. The nest is about 16 to 18 inches across and 6 to 12 inches high.

The usual clutch was 4 eggs but 3 and 5 were common also. The eggs are very elongated and pointed. The color is a creamy white with chalk texture, after some incubation being stained and dirty.

There are several colonies nesting in northeastern South Dakota on islands around Waubay. I have also seen two colonies nesting in dead trees above water from a foot to 20 feet up. These nests were mainly composed of sticks and twigs. The locations are at Round and Bullhead Lakes about 14 miles east and 2 miles north of Watertown.

Cormorants nest in this manner in a number of other locations having

(Continued on Page 63)

General Notes of Special Interest

MANY RED CROSSBILLS IN THE HILLS—We spent a week on a non-birding visit to the Black Hills in August this summer of 1960. Although the trip was non-birding, as usual we directed as many passing glances as possible toward the birds and some times were surprised by what we saw.

Probably the thing that most impressed us was the great numbers of red crossbills. We saw them in flocks in many places. They were plentiful in Palmer Gulch, not only on the cones high in the trees but also on the gravel and crushed rock roadway where they seemed to gather to pick up grit,—and where they could be seen at close hand.

One afternoon we picked up a Townsend's solitaire that had been killed on a road by a passing car and were able to study it in hand. An hour later another perched on a stake marking the end of a back road culvert as we drove slowly by and it remained when we stopped feet away for a longer look.—**Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Lindley, Sioux Falls.**

* * * *

BIRDING AT BIG RUSH LAKE—The afternoon of August 31, 1960, Mrs. Moriarty and I went to Big Rush Lake, east of Webster. I have never seen so many Ruddy Ducks, both young of all ages down to about a week old, and adults. I would estimate thousands for the entire lake. Plentiful in all suitable lakes.

A very good year for all local ducks. We saw three broods of young Canvasback, two broods of Redheads, great areas of mixed shorebirds of many species.

To top the day off, we saw a Brewer's

Blackbird with white feathers sprinkled liberally over the entire bird except that the tail was all black. Probably every third feather was white, giving it a spectacular appearance.—**Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Moriarty, Watertown.**

* * * *

WARBLING VIREO'S NEST NEAR ARMOUR—A Warbling Vireo nest with young was found in the cemetery, 200 yards from Lake Onahpe in Armour, on July 2, 1960.

The young left the nest on the morning of July 9. I found one fledgling dead, impaled on a tiny twig 1/16 inch in diameter and a half inch long.

For some time after July 9 I had visited the cemetery twice, noon and night, nearly every day for a twenty minute search for young vireos. Always I saw one or both parents but did not have time to shadow them to their young.

At noon on July 26 I heard a vireo singing. My binocular found the bird in a small elm, 50 yards from the nesting site. The yellow on each side did not look right for a male Warbling Vireo.

Then an adult vireo appeared in the circle of the binocular field and fed the first, which opened its bill and raised its little wings in typical fledgling style. This young bird was being fed, though 17 days out of the nest.

This is the fifth Warbling Vireo nest I have found in the vicinity of Lake Onahpe in as many years. No doubt there have been twice as many nests unfound in the same area in that time.

Headstrom: **Birds' Nests**, says of the Warbling Vireo nests: "In the end

forks in the upper part of large deciduous trees." But each of these nests was up about 15 feet and in small or medium sized trees. The locality has many large trees; we have, as yet, found no vireo nests in them.—Chas. P. Crutchett, Armour.

* * * *

SHARP-TAILED SPARROW AT HURON—About 7:30 a. m., August 12, 1960, a sparrow appeared in our yard, trying to get to the birdbath which was full of and surrounded by young robins.

To me the sparrow was strangely marked, yellowish throat and upper breast, gray below, no visible breast streaks, yellow stripe over the eye and along the jaw, no wing-bars, no head stripes.

After a few minutes the stranger gave up, having been chased away a couple of times by young robins, and did not return.

Check of Peterson and other literature leaves no doubt that this was a Nelson's Sharp-tailed Sparrow.—J. W. Johnson, Huron.

* * * *

WAVE OF YELLOWLEGS IN EASTERN SOUTH DAKOTA—During the period April 23 to May 3 a wave of yellowlegs bordering on the spectacular swept over southeastern portions of South Dakota in a broad front as far west as Mitchell and Lake Andes and nearly as far east as the Minnesota border.

My first observation of the flight was made on April 23 when Jim Bly, my colleague in the English Department and I counted 78 birds, 75 of which were seen in roadside potholes in a distance of about one-half mile. The others were sighted at scattered points. The total for the day: 78. I thought we'd hit a scolapacid jackpot but more were to come.

On the 28th in a drive of about 40 miles including Wall and Grass Lakes, we counted 157 birds, 73 of which were on the shores of one pond, a small area washing a plowed field on one side and a grassy pasture on the other. Allowing for the error of mis-identification among many birds, for there were good numbers of other shorebirds present also, we considered 90% of the yellowlegs to be Lessers. Several dozen were in roadways, perhaps picking up gravel or even insects.

On the 29th came the peak number. Mrs. Herman Chapman, Mrs. Melvin Wheeler and I counted 166 yellowlegs in a drive of about 45 miles via Wall Lake and Hartford with intervening roads. The birds were more widely scattered than before with groups numbering 1 to 34 instead of large concentrations.

On April 30 I went to Mitchell by bus on Highway 16, then in a private car south on Highway 218 and other roads to Lake Andes and Pickstown. There was an excellent movement of yellowlegs all the way. While admittedly a bus seat is an error-prone point of observation, I am fairly confident that my figures, however approximate, are relatively valid. The bus flushed groups of yellowlegs from roadside potholes many times. The white rump and long yellowish legs were not too difficult to identify, although counting was not always easy.

Between Sioux Falls and Mitchell, Davison County, I tallied 40 birds; between Mitchell and Stickney, Aurora County, 25; just south of Stickney a flock of approximately 75 in one flooded pasture area; from there to Armour in Douglas County, 5; and between Armour and Lake Andes, Charles Mix County, 4. The tally came to 150 although I'm sure there were many more. I tried to be as conservative in my ap-

proximations as possible. That there were yellowlegs in unusual numbers, however, seemed undeniable.

On the return trip, May 2, I counted 55 between Lake Andes and Mitchell and 75 between Mitchell and Sioux Falls, a "guesstimated" total of 130. On May 3 in a drive to Wall Lake and back (about 28 miles) the count was 100; on the 6th in a 40-mile drive, 23; on the 7th, 10, and on the 8th between Vermillion and Elk Point in Union and Clay counties, 17.

Greater Yellowlegs appeared in smaller numbers but were in greater abundance than is usual. The first sightings occurred on April 23 when 17 were counted in scattered potholes; on the 24th only 2; on the 28th the peak number, 36; 29th, 17; May 3rd, 10; 7th, 2; 8th, 1. The figures indicate birds about whose identity we were reasonably sure. Doubtful individuals, those which seemed too large for Lesser, yet too small for Greater, were called yellowlegs.—Herbert Krause, Dept. of English, Augustana College, Sioux Falls.

* * * *

1930 NESTING RECORD OF COMMON TERNS.—June 29, 1930, during the severe drought period, when Lake Poinsett was very low, my duck-hunting partner and I, on a Sunday jaunt, found a colony of Common Terns on a small island nearly a mile south of Stone Bridge resort. We waded out to it, and here is my note book account of the event.

"60 to 70 over island Lake Poinsett. Found about 20 nests of the colony, (probably many more). Always 3 eggs, some 1 hatched, 1 or 2 of others pipped, few 2 hatched, and a number none hatched but pipped. All due June 29 it seemed. Aug. 3, the colony on Poinsett, young not flying but several swam away from land. Caught 2 for examin-

ation and found 1 old dead." Nests just a depression to hold the eggs.

This island is now covered by water to a depth of probably 6 feet.—Alfred Peterson, Brandt

* * * *

SUGGESTION BY LOWRY ELLIOTT, CHAIRMAN OF THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE—Give a Christmas Gift of a membership to friends and especially to juniors.

* * * *

MARTIN HISTORY FROM ARMOUR—Our first martin this year left the nest on July 11, unable to fly. After several misadventures in which he always ended on the ground, we placed him on the cross-piece of a clothesline post at 7:30 the same evening.

In the morning he was still there. At noon he had ascended a few feet to the light wire nearby and sat among the grownups. He made frequent dashes out for 25 or 30 feet, in company with one or two adults, returning directly to the wire. Each sally was accompanied by triumphant exclamations of "Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!"

In the latter part of July all rooms of the house were vacated but two. One of these families took off August 2. On August 18 the one room still contained young that had never flown.

About a dozen martins were still coming to sleep in the house. From the battle over entering the house we believed they were mostly young birds, though not all, for we saw an adult male entering the house at dark August 18.

The last nest was vacated Aug. 19, and by Aug. 21 or 22, all martins had vanished from the neighborhood.

This was a terrifically late brood; I do not remember any other brood nearly that late in the 15 years or thereabouts that we have had martins.—Chas. P. Crutchett, Armour

GREAT HORNED OWL NEAR ARMOUR—The Great Horned Owl's nest, built last fall on the same limb of the same tree occupied 5 years ago was not used this spring (1960). Investigation indicated that boys had been camping under the tree. Although the nest was easily visible a quarter of a mile away, the birds were more fortunate in their previous season, rearing their brood.
—Chas. P. Crutchett, Armour

* * * *

BROAD-WINGED HAWK AT RAPID CITY—During an early morning bird reconnaissance of Canyon Lake Park in Rapid City on May 1, my wife and I saw a hawk perched in one of the trees.

In our attempt to get a closer look we frightened the bird and it flew several hundred yards to another tree. In flight, the uniformly dull brown back was clearly visible. After alighting in a tree the hawk faced us and we saw the transverse huffy-orange barring on the under parts. After a few minutes the bird was flushed by an early fisherman walking along a path at the water's edge.

It flew almost over us in a deliberate and unhurried flight to land a hundred yards or so away. We cautiously advanced to get a better look and were able to confirm previously noted characteristics.

As we came nearer the bird lazily flew to a nearby tree where it landed with its back toward us. Upon alighting, the hawk spread and closed its tail several times. Each time the tail was spread the alternate black and white bands were clearly seen.

The bands on the tail, plus the transverse buffy-orange barring on the underparts, and the uniformly dull brown back convinced us that we were looking at a Broad-winged Hawk.

Herbert Krause (1959. *Unusual Migration Waves at Sioux Falls*, SDOU Bird Notes, XI:72-75, 79) reviews the

literature pertinent to the occurrence of the Broad-winged Hawk in South Dakota in connection with his observation of this species in the Sioux Falls area during the 1959 fall migration. He concludes that the hawk is an uncommon migrant in that area. Bruner, Walcott, and Swenk (No date. *A preliminary review of the birds in Nebraska*, 125 pp.) report the Broad-winged Hawk as a straggler in western Nebraska. Williams and Matteson (1948. *Wyoming Hawks and Wyo. Game and Fish Dept. Bull. 5*, 84 pp.) do not list the Broad-winged Hawk. As far as I can determine this hawk is a rarity in the Black Hills area.—Richard M. Hurd, Rapid City, S. D.

* * * *

CUCKOO FEEDING YOUNG AT HURON—Yellow-billed Cuckoos had been about our neighborhood for much of the summer of 1960. Seldom seen early, their presence was easily known by their sound effects. Knowing the shy habits of these birds, we made no effort at all to locate the nest we were sure was not far to the north of us.

By the middle of August our restraint was bringing its reward. The Cuckoos had developed enough confidence so that they showed little more fear of us than did the robins. They would stay out in the open, even when one of us was in full view in the yard and we had learned to see the yellow lower mandible at astonishing distances.

By the first of September we could see them sit with lazily spread wings for minutes at a time in full view, showing no sign of their usual nervous movements.

Then, early in the morning of September 12, I saw a Cuckoo feeding two full grown young in the bushes near our back line. The adult would bring a grasshopper toward one of the youngsters, who would flutter its wings and

open its beak to receive the food. A couple of minutes later the adult would be back with another grasshopper for the second youngster, which also fluttered its wings and took it.

The two were recognized as young by their actions while being fed. In all other respects they were just like the parent feeding them.

On the morning of September 17, I put up some mist nets in the back yard, hoping to band some of the migrating birds. Soon after the nets were up the Cuckoos came through the trees, only one youngster followed the adult this time. While it was being fed I considered taking down the nets to avoid the chance of catching and frightening the Cuckoo while it was in charge of young.

But it took off for a second grasshopper—right into a net, and was securely trapped. (I had assumed the adult was a female, with insufficient evidence, of course).

Nothing for it now but to get her out; and once she was in my hands, I thought I might as well band her.

The youngster had disappeared in the excitement and never was seen again to recognize it as such. I can only hope both young were able to make it on their own.

Nothing was seen of cuckoos around the yard until September 24, when I again had the nets up there. And one of my first customers was a Yellow-billed Cuckoo who complained bitterly at me as I freed her from the net—so I could read and carefully record the band she was wearing—mine.—**J. W. Johnson, Huron.**

* * * *

DR. L. J. MORIARTY, 302 New Midland Building, Watertown, who kindly undertook the Birds' Nests series, is interested in receiving other nests for study from over the state. A couple of

precautions: Before you collect the nest, you must be sure of the identity of the builder, and, during the nesting season, that said builder has ceased to use the immediate area. Check with Doc before shipping to avoid too much duplication.

Data about location, kind of tree, height above ground, and other circumstances should be carefully recorded and sent along with the nest.

A good black and white print, on glossy paper, of the nest in place will be appreciated by the editor and will generally be used to illustrate Dr. Moriarty's article.

* * *

THE COVER

We had expected to use this picture of our recent house guest and part time friend, a young Sparrow Hawk salvaged from the grease and dirt of a railway engine house pit by C. A. Bown, 115 Ohio SW, Huron.

He had survived the cleaning, learned the art of being a sparrow hawk in spite of our less than adept tutoring, and is now in business for himself. By the time this appears, we expect that he will be far to the south, with the rest of the Sparrow Hawks.

One of his last acts for us was to pose for the camera 4 feet away, and look for the birdie when instructed, as long as the film lasted. Altogether he was a bird of manners and presence, even under the restraint of the light cord showing in the picture.

Then the recent epidemic of sparrow hawk pictures on the covers of Ornithologists' magazines gave us some moments of doubt. But, in spite of that, here is our little hawk and we hope he is doing well, wherever he is.

We enjoyed him more than any other bird guest we can remember.

Yellow-Throated Warbler

(Continued from Page 49)

piece. At 9:57 a bird flew into a pine overhead. I took one look.

"There she is, boys." I think I yelled. And there she—or he—was.

The men took careful note for several minutes remaining silent in the chilly official manner of scientists. Then a Myrtle Warbler charged in and chased the Yellow-throated Warbler into the next block.

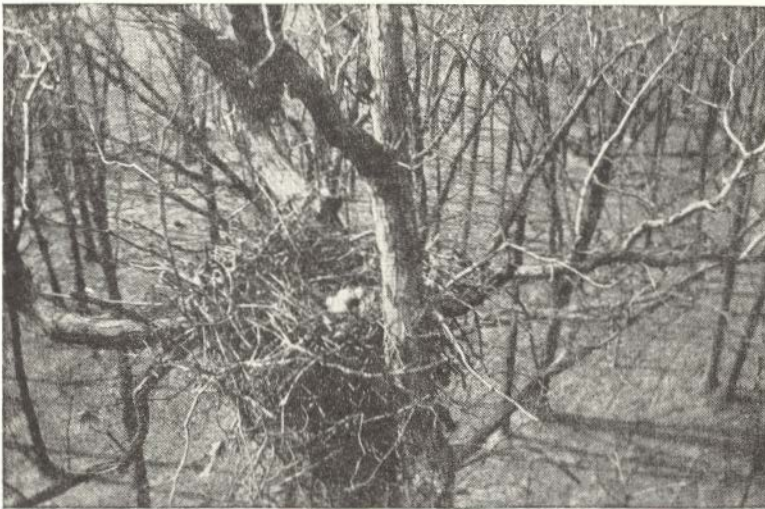
Classes momentarily forgotten, we followed and had an excellent three-minute view of the bird from another angle in clear light. My colleagues then agreed; there could hardly be a mistake in the identification. All points were in agreement with Peterson's portraiture of the Yellow-throated Warbler.

Later I checked the weather and

found that high temperatures and strong air currents moving northwesterly out of the south might have sent the bird straying from its normal range in the Mississippi Valley—a possible answer to why it was here at all.

Also, it was good to know that Leslie Tuck reported Sycamore Warblers in St. John's, Newfoundland, on October 24, 1953, in a spectacular flight; "as many as fifty individuals were recorded in one locality" and specimens were obtained (Griscom and Sprunt, IBID, 158).

Two days later I heard the warbler singing in Woodlawn cemetery, and caught a last glimpse of it among the growing leaves of the American elm. It was a satisfying moment to remember—another bird added to my life list and possibly a new one to add to the State check-list.—Department of English, Augustana College.



Nest of Red-Tailed Hawk

—Courtesy of Wilson Bulletin

Feeding Birds

(Continued from Page 53)

makes a handy feeder. Wire the halves one inch apart, in three places and hang in feeding place with stovepipe wire.

Squash and pumpkin seeds, muskmelon seeds, cereals, cracked corn, nut meats, crumbled bread, dog meal, raisins, cranberries, canned peas and screenings from a grain elevator are feeds that will attract birds to your yard.

For birds that normally feed on the ground, such as juncos and native sparrows, place your feed low or on the ground, where it can be kept fairly free of snow.

Feed the birds—enjoy the rare ones—and expect to feed dozens of English sparrows, and perhaps starlings, in the process.—Milbank, S. D.

Birds' Nests

(Continued from Page 56)

dead trees standing over water. Usually these colonies are smaller than those on islands because of fewer suitable locations to hold nests that are so poorly constructed.

Hatching usually takes place the first half of May, however, I have seen nearly grown young in some nests and incubating eggs in early July in the same colony.

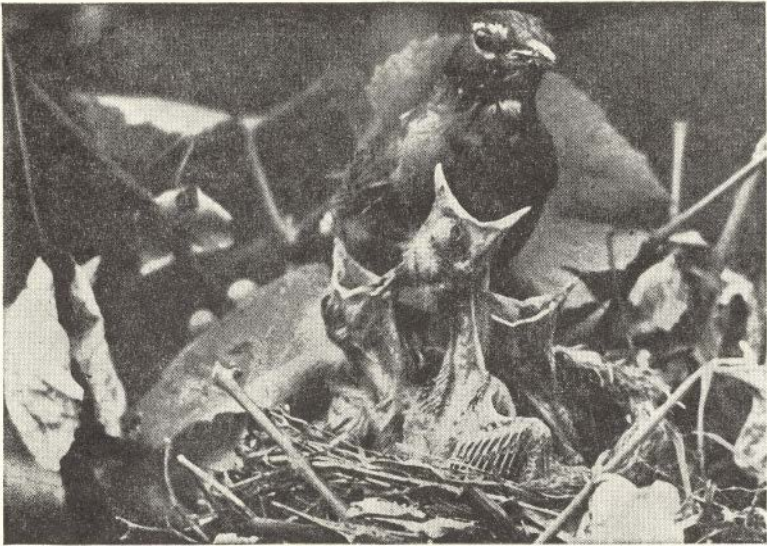
These birds are much more adaptive in nesting site than the White Pelican and although preferring islands or dead trees over water, they sometimes nest in trees that are near but not over water.

The young are fed by regurgitation until old enough to eat whole fish.—Watertown, S. D.



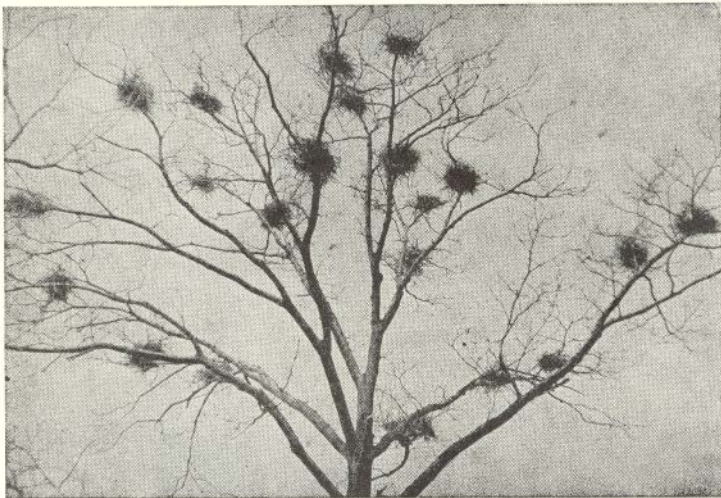
Nest of Lincoln Sparrow

—Courtesy of Wilson Bulletin



Robin and Family

—Courtesy of Wilson Bulletin



Great Blue Heronry

—Courtesy of Wilson Bulletin