

SOUTH DAKOTA BIRD NOTES

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SOUTH DAKOTA ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION

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Vol. XVI, No. 2

JUNE, 1964

Whole No. 61



Trumpeter Swan Nest
at Lacreek National Wildlife Refuge

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President's Page

To be chosen president a second time by SDOU is indeed a high honor and a privilege, one I shall labor to deserve.

Actually an executive functions ably and vitally only when the membership of an organization supporting him is vital, energetic, imaginative, forward-looking and dedicated to its cause. And over the wide earth is there a better, a more desperately necessary cause to support than that of disappearing wild life—wild life which is threatened not only in South Dakota, our immediate concern, but the world over, a global problem of which South Dakota too is inevitable a part?

Nationally or locally your executive functions at his best only when he reflects the wishes and desires of the membership—your needs and wants, your disturbances over the encroachments of inimical forces; your demands for changes in existing conditions, if changes need to be made; your constant vigilance over the activities and accomplishments of the people you put into office; your duty to write letters and send wires of protest when your elected officials thwart the desires of the electorate; your insistence that elected and delegated officials represent you, the people state-wide, nationwide, who elected them, and not the power interests of the few, the lobbyists of the encroachers, whether they be local, state or federal, whose motives may be suspected as selfish rather than accepted as altruistic.

If such awareness and alertness is necessary in regard to other aspects of our national life, as it most certainly is, it is desperately, tragically necessary in regard to the plight of wildlife, the perils which threaten nearly all species in nearly all sections of the globe. Destruction of habitat, no room to live—that is the crux over which officialdom stumbles, whether it be habitat for upland, water or “other” birds in South Dakota or flamingoes in South Africa. But our dismay over the plight of flamingoes in Southern Africa or the disappearance of the White Stork in Europe must not blind us to the danger which darkly shadows the existence of all species of birds in our own country, in our state.

Only when the alert, dedicated membership of an organization is aware of these dire problems, supports its executive, and urges necessary action can that executive function at his best in terms of leadership and of lasting achievement.

I urge all SDOU-ers,—talk about wild-life and its dire predicament, discuss its problems, write to the officials. Above all, express your feelings. Talk, or one day all of us may listen yearningly for the spring call of the Canada Goose— and listen in vain for a wild cry that never again will echo over the prairies to gladden our hearts and lift our eyes. That lonely desperate hour is nearer than we know.—Herbert Krause.

The Last Swifts of Autumn

William Younsworth

AS autumn comes on in full glory as it did this year, it is time for Chimney Swift logging. Crisp nights, and often very warm days, bring on a nostalgia for the coming spring. Will one be here another spring to see a thunderbolt of feathers shoot across the sky? Thus, for nearly forty years, this observer has kept a rendezvous with the Chimney Swift in the fall.

I usually begin my vigil in mid-September, because early cold spells will often send the swifts on their way by October 1st. However, in the eighteen years that I have found Chimney Swifts after the above date, it has been a real challenge to me to see if I could find swifts later than ever before. It keeps up the lagging spirits, and indeed becomes a contest to see just how much a pair of tired old human eyes stand. On several occasions, after scanning the bright October skies for swifts for many hours, I would suddenly know that I had overdone my stint. The next day I would find that the skin above my eyelids was red and broken from the constant rub of the binocular eyecups.

After October 10 of any year, the contest begins in earnest. Hours on end have been spent searching large areas of the sky for a sign of the last, lingering Chimney Swift. It was not until 1949, or considerably more than twenty years after I began looking for late fall swifts, that I actually recorded them after the above date. Strangely enough, that was the same year that I set the all-time late record. On October 18, I logged two Chimney Swifts. That same year I also saw swifts on

October 11 and 15. I decided I hadn't been looking long enough or hard enough, and subsequently I found swifts still present on October 10 or later in seven of the last fourteen years.

The numbers of swifts sighted often drops sharply as would be expected in any October. October, 1963, was a good example of this. On October 5, I counted in excess of fifty swifts, but by October 10, I actually saw only two birds. On October 13, after a long wait, I counted eight swifts. Some were seen on the 14th and 15th, and on the final day, October 16, after an all-day search, I finally counted fifteen swifts for the season's finale.

October 16, 1963, was a typical fall day in Iowa with temperatures ranging from fifty to the low seventies. It was also typical of dozens of other fall days I have spent searching the sky for birds. A few of the incidents are necessary to complete the picture.

The proper way to look for Chimney Swifts in the fall is to settle oneself in a comfortable lawn chair after having polished the lenses of one's binoculars. Dark glasses are almost a must as one is looking directly at a brilliant October sky. On this day, October 16, a thunderhead or two was off to the northwest and the breeze was gentle. A thunderhead is a fine object to focus your binoculars on, as the swifts are often away out across the sky and beyond normal human vision. Now that I am all set with the binoculars focused well out, I can begin sweeping the heavens for the swifts. I don't forget to get out of my chair once in awhile and face another direction. Not only

does this give me a bit of exercise, but one of my neighbors will say to himself: "Thank heaven, he is at last spying on somebody else."

On this day of the Chimney Swifts, the sky was often filled with great numbers of starlings hawking for insects, as if they actually belonged in the same realm with the swifts. Occasionally a few Barn Swallows would drift over, giving their sweet notes. Suddenly a dark form drifted across the face of the binoculars, and then another and another. My first reaction after many years of birdwatching is often tempered with caution. Instead of saying to myself, "swifts," I said, "Too slow." They were slow flying, and were in fact a straggling flight of monarch butterflies going south for the winter.

Another dark spot crossed my vision, and this time I said, "Too big." I soon zeroed in a majestic Red-tailed Hawk.

As I did so, another but smaller form zoomed into view and made a dashing pass at the Red-tail and then went upward. The second bird was a large Cooper's Hawk in a playful mood. As they disappeared from view, the two hawks were spiralling upward to great height.

The afternoon was waning, but I still stuck to my post on the rear lawn, as experience has taught me that sometimes I see swifts in the fading light. I made one last sweep of the western sky, and suddenly a bolt hurtled across my view, followed by several more. I sharpened the focus to aid my aching eyes and counted fifteen swifts. My project for the fall was finished. I knew in my heart that the last swifts of autumn had crossed my view. Continued search in the next few days gave me nothing but a sky barren of one of Nature's most exciting birds.—
Sioux City, Ia.

Ovenbird

—Drawing & Etching
Courtesy E. W. Steffen



Mockingbird Tragedy

Mrs. M. Harter

MOCKINGBIRD—Picking up the binoculars and going out the backyard to see if there is anything new is one thing I probably do to excess but the moments are frequent when it paid to be in the right place at the right time.

One of those moments occurred May 16 when a gray bird flew to an elm tree about 30 feet from me, perched for awhile and sang. The foliage wasn't thick at that time so the view was good. There was no doubt about it being the Mockingbird. A long-legged slim bird, light gray below and dark gray above, with big white wing patches, white trim on the tail, size and flight similar to that of the Brown Thrasher and, of course, the song.

We didn't see it again until May 30. About 9 a. m. we heard a bird singing in the yard and thought at first it was a Brown Thrasher but soon realized the song was different. We dashed out to check and found it to be the Mockingbird again. It sang from tree tops in the yard several times that day so I took our little portable tape recorder outside and made a recording. It wasn't difficult to do because he sang so loud. We listened for imitations of other birds and caught the sounds of the Western Kingbird and Blue Jay. He sang from various perches for two days and then apparently decided the barn was the highest point around here and that was where we saw him most of the time after that. His song was so strong in volume we could hear him when we were in the house about 400

feet away. He would stay on the ridge or cupola, singing for a while and then flying up in the air a few feet with his wings spread out to show the white patches.

Day and night we could hear him sing so we wondered if there might be a mate in the vicinity. There is a note in our daily records that it might have been spotted June 3 but the sighting was too brief for a definite identification.

We have a shelter belt north of the barn and a few times, when I was watching the Mockingbird from the yard, he flew over to those trees. The afternoon of June 9 I went through the shelterbelt to check on birds nesting there. The rows run east and west with plum trees on the north side. The plums have suckered until they fill the space to the next row of trees. The original plums seemed to be desirable for nesting so, forcing my way through tall thorny growth, I checked each tree. Near the center of one of the trees, on almost horizontal branches, there was a nest approximately four feet from the ground. It was made of grasses, twigs and cornhusks and lined with rootlets. Size and shape resembled that of the Brown Thrasher nest—7" or so in diameter. There were three eggs in the nest so I picked up one to check size and color. It was about one inch long and $3/4$ " in diameter. The color was bluish green with brown spotting that was heavily concentrated at the large end. Two weeks later the nest was intact but empty. A frantic search for feathers or shell fragments for evi-

Black-Throated Green Warbler

—Drawing & Etching
Courtesy E. W. Steffen



dence was futile.

In the meantime the Mockingbird was singing day and night and with such volume it was rather overwhelming. We would wonder when he could possibly get enough to eat to maintain such energy.

Friday, June 28, was sunny and hot. The sprinkler going full force on the back lawn attracted three to four dozen birds and we were enjoying our role as spectators. Suddenly we noticed the Mockingbird had joined the group. He was there for 15 or 20 minutes and we were so entranced that it never occurred to us, until after he was gone, that the camera was loaded with color film and we could have taken his picture.

We never saw or heard the Mockingbird again. We had become so accustomed to his song that, for the next

few days, we would listen for it like one listens for a pet puppy to scratch at the door even though one knows it isn't possible.

Fate of bird (or birds) and nest were never determined. We have learned one can be the indirect cause of nest and egg destruction, and it is possible I paved the way for a predator. A pair of Blue Jays were nesting in the same shelterbelt where I found the Mockingbird nest and they were probably watching every move I made. That sounds like a direct accusation and that is the way I felt at the time but further study opened up a new field of possibilities, including snakes.

We regret our deficiencies and hope we will have another chance soon. "Listen to the Mockingbird" has real meaning for us now and we would enjoy repeat performances.—Highmore.

Birds' Nests of South Dakota

L. J. Moriarty

A. ●. U. #681 k. YELLOWTHROAT (*Geothlypis trichas campicola*)

I have spent many hours looking for the nest of this bird and have succeeded only twice, both times by accidentally flushing the female from the nest at my very feet. In both cases the nests were found in tall (about 18") coarse marsh grass, within a very short distance of small marshes.

The nests were placed a few inches above ground near small clumps of choke cherry brush. They were rather loosely built of coarse grass on the outside, working to finer grasses and rootlets for the circular lining. Not as fine or well built as most warbler nests, they contained no plant down or hair.

The outside measured about 3½" across above the ground. The cup measured 1½ x 1½ inches inside. Each nest contained 5 creamy white eggs, ovate, spotted and blotched with dark brown, shading to nearly black. All had concentrations of the larger markings around the larger end of the eggs. These eggs measured about 17 x 13 millimeters.

It appears that this bird nearly always nests close to the ground and near a marshy area. Both nests I found contained eggs on June 25 and June 29 and, as they were not in an advanced stage of incubation, I conclude they are not early nesters.

Another problem is that the female does not have the face mask of the male; so, to be sure, one has to sit quietly to get sight of her mate. In flushing, the bird does not fly up to perch but flits and sneaks through the tall grass, making identification difficult.

Although others report heavy parasitism by cowbirds, neither nest I saw contained cowbird eggs.

A. ●. U. #614. TREE SWALLOW (*Iridoprocne bicolor*)

This beautiful swallow nests wherever suitable holes can be found in eastern South Dakota, as well as in the Black Hills. I have seen them nesting in holes in walls of abandoned buildings, hollow trees, and bluebird nesting boxes. I found one nest with 5 slightly incubated eggs on June 30, 1963 in the twine box of an old abandoned grain binder, 2 feet above ground, miles from trees.

The eggs are pure white, ovate, about .75 x .55 inches. Five eggs are most common but 4-7 have been found. On June 15, I found 6 young over half grown, blue-gray, with pin feathers just opening. From the diversity of the eggs dates, I believe they raise two broods.

The nest is rather flat, made of grasses with feathers for lining. The cup is about 3 inches across and only about 1 inch deep.

The incubation period is about 14 days. They nest as isolated pairs but usually a few other pairs are not far away. Thus they are not as colonial as the other swallows.

I am convinced that they are never parasitized by the Cowbird.

The oak-wooded areas along streams in the Coteau des Prairies of eastern South Dakota and the old burns in the Black Hills are two of the best nesting areas in our state for tree swallows.—

Watertown.

Adrian C. Larson

H. P. Chapman

ADRIAN C. Larson was born in Sioux Falls, S. Dak., in 1890, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ole Larson. In 1913 he married Margareth Jager, at Charlson, North Dakota. He died in February, 1947, at Alderwood Manor, Washington, survived by his widow, a son and six daughters. Such are the vital statistics!

His formal education was limited to attendance at the grade schools of Sioux Falls. Among old files there was found a Monthly Report Card, recording the achievements of young Larson in the 8th grade, during 1903-4, while his teacher was Jessie McMillan. This fragmentary record shows an average grade of 95, with no absences or tardiness, and deportment "very good" or "excellent."

A part of his youth was spent on a homestead in Lyman County in the short-grass country west of the Missouri River.

In his early twenties young Larson went to North Dakota, where he spent an important part of his life, extending from the fall of 1912 to April 1914; and from August 1916 to April 1926. There seems to be no complete record of his activities in North Dakota, but a few facts do appear: He married early during that period. A letter from him, dated April 16, 1923, was written from Charlson, showing him to be operating a general store. A thumb-nail biography published in the Sioux Falls Argus-Leader of March 14, 1939, was apparently based on an interview with our subject. It refers to Larson leaving

Sioux Falls in 1912 to take up a homestead claim 45 miles east of Williston, N. D., and then farming, selling merchandise, acting as postmaster for three years, district assessor for five years, and operating a resort near Minot for a year. He lived at or near Ryder shortly before the close of this epoch.

And then we read in a letter written by Adrian Larson on January 3, 1927:

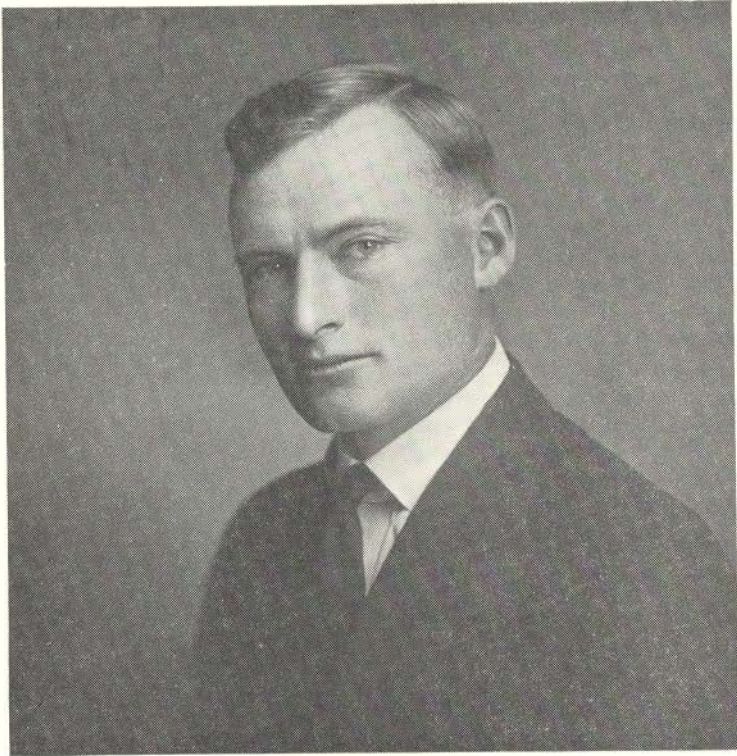
"I have finally arrived at Sioux Falls. What kind of a bird do you suppose I found yesterday,—a Saw-whet Owl—first one I have seen for 25 years! I approached to within two feet of it before it took wing. Little mite of an Owl, believe me!

"I was visiting at Canton (S. D.) on Christmas Day and incidentally reported a census for Bird Lore, some 7 species, including a covey of 19 Quail, the first Quail I had seen for over 10 years. The next day Ferd Brown and I made a census of 8 species around Sioux Falls. Ferd Brown is a dentist and an active and influential director of the Izaak Walton League."

(Note: Bird Lore was later replaced by Audubon Magazine.)

His consuming interest in the ornithology of an area where he might be living (any time, any where) is evidenced by an extract from a letter written by him on October 21, 1927, from Sioux Falls:

"I haven't had much time for bird-study this summer or fall, but I will have more time this winter and next summer expect to be located on a lake



Adrian C. Larson

in this state (S. D.), so I will have a better opportunity there."

According to plan, the Larson family moved to the south shore of Lake Poinsett, near Arlington, South Dakota. A daughter, Adrianna, who was then a young girl, now Mrs. M. O. Keep, of Sioux Falls, gives hint of the manner of life this family experienced there. She recalls that the long hot summer days were devoted to gardening, while during the short cold days of winter her father followed his trap lines on and near Lake Poinsett. William Youngworth, of Sioux City, Iowa, reports having visited briefly the Larson lake-shore establishment in 1930, saying: "Mr. Larson had moved his family to the south shore of Lake Poinsett, and was trying to make a fishing camp out of an old run-down farm. He had a dock and a few old boats and a small cabin or two for paying guests."

In 1931 Mr. Youngworth and Dr. T. C. Stephens, en route to the Waubay Lakes area in northeastern South Dakota, made a longer stay at the Larson resort:

"We spent the afternoon looking for birds around Lake Poinsett and Lake Norden. The next morning Mr. Larson took us across the road to a then nearly dried-up Lake Albert, and we found the nests of the Short-eared Owl, Savannah Sparrow, and others. After spending several hours in the field we remarked we had to leave soon for Waubay. It was then we almost saw the soul of the man. Mr. Larson simply broke down and begged us to stay. He said few ever wanted to or did go with him on field trips any more and he so enjoyed the company of two grown men in the field he just couldn't bear to have us leave. We promised to return,

but neither of us ever saw him again"

Perhaps this experience, which looked so promising at the start, was doomed to failure; at any rate, presently the family was again living in Sioux Falls.

Then came a golden period of ornithology for Adrian Larson. There was membership in the local Audubon Society which flourished for a time in the 1920's and early 1930's. Adrian had kindred spirits in the group. Blanche M. Getty was an experienced observer and bander. She wrote profusely and well about what she saw in her garden. Charles Stringham, ardent hunter, the grounds superintendent of the Minnehaha Golf Club, (in the Sioux River Valley) had great capacity to observe intelligently and write and talk about his observations. Charles Hills was a consistently successful bird-watcher; his records tell of many field trips with Larson; and he was to become one of the organizers of South Dakota Ornithologists' Union in 1949. Only a few remain. Dr. Ferd Brown, retired, still watches migrations. Clarence Satnan, the exceedingly active Secretary of the early Audubon group, is much interested in bird-life in his apple orchard on the outskirts of Sioux Falls; and Aaron H. Shafer, while operating his nursery on the Split Rock River east of the city, maintains an active, intelligent interest in things avian.

And there were "rookies," too. George B. Mcdeck, present secretary of Sioux Falls Audubon, and an active member of SDOU, tells of the kindly interest of Adrian Larson:

"I believe it was during the early 1930's that I made the acquaintance of Mr. Larson. It was in the spring of the year when he told me he was going to

Wall Lake early the next morning to see the shore birds in migration. He asked if I would like to go along, and, since I had never taken part in anything of that kind I decided to get up about 5:30 a. m. and go. I recall that as we walked around Wall Lake he pointed out various shorebirds. Mr. Larson was well-versed on bird identification, as he did not have doubt about a single bird we saw. He advised me that he made regular reports to the Government regarding bird migration. I believe that Gus Behringer and I were on another trip with him about that time."

Adrian Larson didn't just look at birds—he wrote about them, with dates and places and species all accurately recorded. Perhaps his first significant publication was "A Preliminary List of Birds of Western Lyman County, South Dakota." It was published in the Wilson Bulletin in 1907. Then there was "The Birds of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and Vicinity." From time to time he published short notes of observations, always in Wilson. In 1928, (March and June) there appeared in Wilson Bulletin his "Birds of Eastern McKenzie County, North Dakota." Dr. O. A. Stevens then and still a fine biologist at Fargo, North Dakota, in a letter to Dr. Stephens, Editor of Wilson, commented about this Larson list:

"I think this is quite an outstanding article—one of the most important which has been published on North Dakota birds."

In the early 1950's as Editor of South Dakota Bird Notes, I came into possession of some correspondence files of Dr. T. C. Stephens, Editor of Wilson Bulletin. Therein I read the interchange of views between the field ornithologist and the editor about this North Dakota list. While the dear old college professor-editor had much to do

to make up for the reporter's lack of formal education and familiarity with the niceties of good printed reports, he still accepted, without question, the basic data accumulated and reported by this notable pioneer prairie ornithologist.

There is correspondence indicating that Larson prepared a list of the birds of Rice Lake, Ward County, North Dakota, during his residence in that area, but no copy of it seems to be available at this time. Included in the Argus-Leader sketch, was a statement that the subject's ambitions included writing a book about South Dakota birds—unfortunately not realized.

So much for the day-to-day life and activities which make up the background of this remarkable man, Adrian Larson.

What of his spirit . . .

William Youngworth, of Sioux City, Iowa, ornithologist of worth and merit in his own right, makes this sensitive analysis:

"Adrian Larson was one of those unsung bird-watchers who strove desperately for recognition in the great upper Missouri River Valley, but never quite achieved it. Larson's life was a vicarious one. His letters and conversations showed that his main aim in life, after caring for his family, was to be the best ornithologist in South Dakota. But the harsh reality of daily living forever thwarted this dedicated man. He raised a large family, and the necessities of daily living did not leave much, if any, funds with which he could indulge his beloved bird-study."

This appraisal by a contemporary, concludes with the judgment, in which so many join:

Adrian Larson contributed much to
(Continued on Page 54)

SOUTH DAKOTA BIRD NOTES

Golden Plover Contacts

Alfred Peterson

1953: May 9, 1; 5|13, 58 six miles east of Brandt; 5|14 and 5|21, 35 north of Brookings; 5|14, 99 northeast of Brandt; 5|16, 120 five miles southeast of Brandt, at times on the same field and pasture until 5|25; 5|17, 6 flying by; 5|18, 78 near Fox Lake; 5|19, 3, 130 (since the 16th), 20 near Fox Lake, and 25 over town; 5|20, half dozen; 5|21, 30 near Bruce; 5|22, 120 (30-70-20) near Lake Cochrane; 5|23, about 100 near the village of Brandt; 5|25, 15 east of Brandt, about 25 five miles northeast of Brandt, and 100 from the 16th; 5|28, a cripple.

Sept. 26: 25 near Lake Alice; 9|30, 33 near Clear Lake; 10|6, 50 near Brandt; several dates, the latest, 10|11, when I saw 22 at Brandt and 1 at Altamont.

1954: May 11, 23 six miles south of Brandt; 5|12, about 20 flying over town at 3 p. m.; 5|15, about 40 seen flying ten miles south of Brandt; 5|16, two bunches of 30 and 10 in flight near Troy; 5|18, about 150 at 5:40 p. m. three miles west of Brandt, down beyond rise of land, but could not be found later in evening; 5|19, 141 at the place where more than 100 stayed on so long a year ago; 5|20, 20 southeast of Brandt.

1955: May 15, few at two places in Bitter Lake region; 5|16, 16 near Clear Lake; 5|17, 27 at Jct. 77-212 east of Tunerville; 5|20, 15 at Lake Kampeska and 4 near Clear Lake; 5|21, 20 five or six miles northeast of Tunerville; 5|22, 1 at Bitter Lake.

1956: May 12, 4 near Lake Norden; 5|14, 2 north of Salt Lake; 5|23, 2 near Thomas; Oct. 4, about 20 south-

east of Clear Lake; 10|17, 1 at Fox Lake.

1957: May 3, 25 seen by W. A. Rose near Nassau; 5|3, 30 on Fox Lake; 5|6, 20 near Fox Lake; 5|7, 12 southeast of Brandt; 5|8, 14 at same place; 5|17, 1 near Martin, S. D.; 5|22, 14 at Albee; 5|23, 1 dead on road at Tunerville and 70 at Kranzburg; 5|29, 70 at the same pasture just out of town; Aug. 5, 1 at Oakwood Lakes.

1958: Sept. 28, 14 two miles north of Clear Lake; 11|11, 1 east of Clear Lake.

1959: May 1, 34 near Clear Lake; 5|4, about 30 near Fox Lake; 5|5, 12 east of Kranzburg, 20 at Enemy Swim, 15 east of Enemy Swim, and 12; 5|13, 30 just east of Watertown. Several reports of small lots present during the past few days. 5|14, about 60 two miles west of Brandt and 8. Rose saw some 50 at Toronto on the 13th; 5|17, 28 east of Lake Poinsett and 1; 5|25, 1; 6|2, Rose saw 60 at Clear Lake some time ago. Sept. 17, 3 at Hayti; 10|12, W. A. Rose had 8 or 10 near Clear Lake.

1960: Oct. 24, 2 at Thomas and about 25 six miles north of Castlewood; 10|27, 1 at Lake Albert.

1961: May 14, 11 south of Altamont.

1962: May 8, 65 one mile north of Brandt, and a sizable flock flew back and forth several times; 5|9, 47; 5|10, 80; 5|12, the whole number flew by, and then 7 more appeared, the last to be seen at this place. 5|12, 2 east of Brandt. 4|14, 25 in flight; Aug. 28, 4 west of Clear Lake; 8|29, 4.

(Continued on Page 52)

General Notes of Special Interest

RED CROSSBILLS AT WEBSTER—Sometime during the week of February 9th, the Red Crossbills started coming to our feeder. One of the first was a brilliant red male. Two females and three or four less colorful males followed the same day. The flock increased to about a dozen.

They continued to feed several times a day and the biggest concentration was during the noon hour, which was handy for us: Our bird feeder is outside our breakfast nook window. As we all ate at the same time, we could observe the birds closely.

They were not afraid of us at all but were greedy and aggressive; they wouldn't let a sparrow or a nuthatch near the feeder. They weren't interested in any other food than sunflower seeds. There was much variety in the coloring of the males, ranging from mottled olive and red or orange-red to almost yellow and orange-red, reds of many shades. Females varied too, some having much more yellow.

On comparing notes with Norman's mother, on the other side of town, we found that, the first day they noticed the new birds, the whole tree was red. She estimated about thirty in the flock.

When the birds increased and stayed so long we began to accept them as pretty commonplace after all. So it wasn't until February 26 that Norman mentioned them to Herman Chilson, who immediately came over to see them. He asked us to keep a record on them, but, on the morning of the 28th, when Norman got up, there was a big flock feeding and, when he pushed the

curtain aside to see them better, they arose in a great rush and that was the last we saw of our Red Crossbills.—Mrs. Norman Martinson, 902 E. 3rd, Webster.

* * * *

BIRDS OF WASHINGTON—When our family went on a trip this summer to the state of Washington we saw many new birds, but I was most impressed when we were at Paradise Inn in Mt. Ranier Park.

The Clark's Nutcrackers are so tame that my sister and I would hold crumbs out for them and they would swoop down, grab a piece, and go back to a tree a few feet away. They would even sit in the trees while we brought food to them. When we couldn't get one of the birds to eat our crumbs, another tourist, with a heavy European accent, said, "They won't eat the crumbs unless there's butter on them." It was an enjoyable experience.

Some of the other birds we saw eating crumbs near the picnic tables were Steller's Jay, Gray Jay, Bullock's Oriole, and Varied Thrush.—Lois Harter, Highmore, S. Dak.

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HYBRID FLICKER SOUTH OF BROOKINGS—Several times this winter a flicker has been seen around Holden's Acres which definitely showed red shafts. During our Christmas Bird Count, Dec. 31, Mary Taylor while observing the birds around our place reported seeing a flicker showing a great deal of red. The bird never sat still enough to see other markings clearly.

During a bird hike along the Big

Sioux River on March 1, I finally got a good view of this flicker at rest. He sat for quite awhile on a branch facing me so I could definitely see the red shafts in the tail. As he turned his head I could see the red on the top of his head and the black whisker mark which are the Yellow-shafted Flicker's markings: definitely a hybrid. It was just like a male Yellow-shafted Flicker except for the quite red shafts. On April 23, 1963 Velva DeVries from Belvidere, S. Dak. saw a hybrid flicker similar to this one, but she described the shafts as being orange (S. D. Bird Notes XV:55).

During March this Flicker was seen quite regularly at our feeder eating cracked corn, thus allowing good chances for more study. The black whiskers appeared to be smaller than the whiskers on the Yellow-shafted Flickers.

Checking through the back issues of South Dakota Bird Notes I found very little on hybrid flickers. Dr. Olin S. Pettingill says about birds around Hangmans Hill near Rapid City "Flickers (mostly hybrids between the Yellow-shafted and Red-shafted) . . ." (S. D. Bird Notes V:25). From Charles G. Sibley's study on hybridization in the Black Hills "They concluded that all the Flickers in the area covered were hybrids between the Yellow-shafted and Red-shafted Flickers:" (S. D. Bird Notes VII:35). Carrie Pierce observed a flicker near Huron Sept. 22, 1963: "Farther on we stopped to study a young Flicker in the weeds along the fence line. His grayish-brown head lacked the red at the nape. A slight hint of salmon showed along the edge of the folded wing. Soon he flew to a pole and later into the field, showing plainly the reddish color of wings and tail—a red-shafted—rather hybrid—Flicker" (S. D. Bird Notes XV:89).

Of interest along the line of hybrid-

ization between flickers, I wish to quote from Pough's "Audubon Bird Guide—Eastern Land Birds" page 39, "The red-shafted and the yellow-shafted are so nearly identical in habits and interbreed so freely that it is questionable whether they should be regarded as distinct species. Formerly the Great Plains served as a geographical barrier to mixing, but extensive planting of trees and setting out of fence posts and public utility poles have destroyed its effectiveness. Every possible blending of distinctive characters of the two are known, and hybrids occur east to Pennsylvania."—Nelda Holden, Brookings, S. Dak.

* * * *

PET PINE GROSBEEK—MELLETTE

—Of all the grosbeaks, "Rusty" was our favorite, a crippled female Pine Grosbeak (a wing that just wouldn't work). I first saw her in the driveway, near the long, 40 foot, wheel track bird bath in the morning. She could walk and hop but not fly and was not too much afraid. I went into the house and told my wife about the new bird observed—became busy for some reason or other—and then we both went out, but our bird had disappeared.

A neighbor who lives about 200 yards down the street, along with a friend of hers, caught a strange crippled bird in the middle of that afternoon. She called my wife, who went right over and, sure enough, here was the female Pine Grosbeak. Doris, my wife, brought the bird home and we placed her in our large 2' x 2' x 2' wire cage—this was to be her abode for the next 14 months and 19 days.

Rusty became her name, shortly after her arrival, altho devil, foxy, sharp, begger, nuisance, smoky, would have fitted. She had a personality of her own and knew how to get her own way—she was a top-notch panhandler.

I believe it was Dr. Moriarty who

wondered about her bath habits. Well we put a shallow dish about 4" in diameter in the cage with ample water in it. This she thoroughly enjoyed. She had power enough to splash water higher and farther than most robins or thrashers.

Of the many birds we have fed in our many outdoor feeders, this Rusty gal of ours topped them all for variety and consumption. She was fond of rose hips, sunflower seeds, popped, flavored corn, Russian Olives, apples and seeds, walnuts, peanuts and peanut butter, raisins, dates, millet, cracked grain (hen scratch), juniper berries, fresh young tips of oak buds, pine cones, honey suckle berries, and whole heads of milo that she would work on whenever she pleased.

At first we thought she was an immature male when we compared her with pictures in our books. Her colors were smoky gray with the head, breast, and rump quite rusty. We were reasonably certain that she was a female when, after becoming quite bare-headed and short-tailed during the late summer, she donned her new cloak of the same smoky gray, but accented with a greenish yellow in the places which had been rusty before. We had hoped she would acquire the rosy-red plumage of the male, but she had such an interesting and happy personality that we were well content to have her as she was.

It wasn't long before she overcame her first fright and shyness. Then she became very tame and learned to perform for us. She learned how to exercise in her cage by bouncing from one perch to another in perfect rhythm and at the same time uttering a short soft song with a somewhat ventriloquial quality. For a change of pace, she would flap her wings vigorously for a while, then back to her bouncing act. She loved an audience, if it was

just the family. She seemed to enjoy having our three dogs come to visit her, and, of course, she enjoyed the constant companionship of our golden canary and blue parakeet. When I removed the canary to clean his cage, Rusty seemed very nervous and searched all around for the missing canary until it was back again in its usual place. It was a different story when strangers came to look at her. She just sat still on her perch, acted like a little dummy, and wouldn't do anything or make a sound until the stranger went away. Then she would feed at ease again and be busy at something until evening, when she would quietly doze on her perch and softly warble her little song.

It must have been early in the spring when Rusty started to experiment with her singing. Each day she surprised us with some new whistle, warble, or trill. At first each variation was sung quite softly, though a little louder than her ventriloquial call, and, after a few days of practice, she let out all the stops and her beautiful song rolled out as though from the bottom of her heart. You can imagine what a thrilling experience it was for us. Even the canary and the parakeet seemed truly inspired by our new songstress; they joined in most joyfully with their melodious trills and warbles and really made the rafters ring at times. There was no end to her surprises. She decided that we should get up at the first sign of dawn, so she started to call us with her loudly whistled mellow musical notes, two of three at a time, and she would usually keep it up until one of us came in and gave her her breakfast. We are sure she was demanding our attention, and she was so happy to see us and seemed to really appreciate the surprises we brought to her. She was always so eager to try any new food. Besides all the foods mentioned

above, we brought her earth worms and various bugs. She enjoyed investigating them and playing with them for a while then she gobbled them down like the other birds do.

It was indeed a sad day, when we found her lying lifeless in the bottom of the cage. She hadn't eaten with as much interest as usual the past two days. Up to that time she had been so peppy and happy and with so much interest in everything going on around her. She came to us Oct. 29, 1960, age unknown and died Jan. 17, 1962.

Thus ended for us a most wonderful and unforgettable experience. Rusty inspired in us a deeper love and admiration for our beautiful feathered friends. We enjoy more each year learning how to identify and observe more birds and to devise more ways of attracting and feeding them.—Earl and Doris Watters, Mellette.

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BRIEFLY . . .

CONSERVATION CAPSULES—Man's destructive ways threaten to extinguish 55 species of Mammals, 48 species of birds and six species of reptiles throughout the world. Moreover, in North America alone, 100 species of fresh water fish are threatened with extinction.—International Congress of Zoology.

The dollar value of a hawk? During 1962's fall migration, 15,000 persons visited Pennsylvania's Hawk Mountain Sanctuary to see the 15,000 raptors which passed.—National Wildlife Federation.

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BELLE FOURCHE NOTES—The evening grosbeak flock disappeared from our hill about three weeks ago around the first of September—no sign of the around 20 birds, males and females in

full color, young males that looked like a gray female blotched with gold. For several weeks they had been feeding on the cotoneaster berries near the terrace, and so consistently were they there that they seemed to greet us in our going and coming.

We missed them when they disappeared, supposed they had gone on to better feeding grounds and might not be back for weeks—or months.

But last week they returned, and, in the meantime, we found out where they had been. They had been gorging themselves on ripened sunflower heads in the yard of Mrs. Ollie Mitchell, one of our Minuteman families, in the block across from the Catholic church.

Mrs. Mitchell had planted the sunflowers for the birds. One day the grosbeak flock appeared, from its description the very flock that had headquartered on our hill; males in full glory of gold, black and white, females gray with black and white, and young males either like the females or splashed with gold—all with the big white bills that give the birds the look of little parrots.

The grosbeaks staged quite a show as they gorged themselves. And gorged is the word. The birds ate and ate until they could scarcely fly. Some of them blundered into neighboring windows and after falling to the ground seemed not so much injured as too heavy to get off the ground again.

Yet the flock survived to feed day after day. Like little monkeys they climbed and clung to the sunflower stalks, just as happy wrong side up as right. After several days, the sunflower heads were pretty well bent over. The antics necessary to get at the remaining seeds seemed so strenuous that Mrs. Mitchell feared the birds might become discouraged in further feeding. Naturally she wanted to hold the beau-

tiful visitors as long as possible. She had planted the sunflower row parallel to a walk under the clothesline. Now as the heads dropped on their tall stems she strung them over the clothesline so that the grosbeaks could continue their banqueting to the last seed.

This they did, extending their visit and the delight of the birders of the neighborhood. In all, the grosbeaks fed in the Mitchell yard for over a week. And still they return to the scene of their banqueting—just as human beings return to the site of a particularly pleasant experience, hoping that it will happen all over again.

Now, the grosbeak flock again visits the feeder on our terrace. They find a few cotoneasters and a few Russian olives that escaped the May frost-kill. There's always ground corn in the feeder, but the high life of the sunflower banquet is past.

Quiet Place

The three-year-old granddaughter who spent the week end at our house looked out at the tearing wind and deserted bird feeder and asked, "Where do the birds go when the wind blows?"

We wondered too where all the birds had gone—all the chickadees, the white-throated and white-crowned sparrows that keep our feeder the liveliest spot on the hill.

Let's find out, we answered.

We tied a scarf tightly over her head, buttoned her coat to the very last button, buckled her overshoes, and we—likewise buttoned down—went exploring.

We knew where to go. Birds are grounded in high wind. They tend to gather in protected places where hills or high banks cut the sweep of the blast, and wait out the storm. If the spot has low trees and brush, so much the better, since that provides some

food and exercise through hopping from twig to twig. The Hay Creek draw below the dam might be such a place.

We set out for there—across the ice of the pond, over the dam and down the slippery cascade of ice formed by overflow from the pond on its way to the creek. Here the creek bends back below a hill on one bank and spreads out into a short stretch of underbrush and scrub trees on the other.

And here we found the quiet place—and the birds. They perched in the thicket, flew from twig to twig. They barely moved back a little as we walked along the ice of the creek. They twittered, almost like a song. It looked like the very congregation of birds that feeds regularly on our terrace.

The wee one, without suggestion, began whispering her chatter. It was a whispering place. Though the trees high on the bank swayed and groaned in the wind, here it was quiet—like the center of a whirlpool. The ice had frozen without a ruffle. It was smooth and clear—actually, not figuratively, like glass—and along the banks were patches of ice lace. "It's fairyland," the wee one whispered.

And thus we found the birds. They were waiting out the high wind in fairyland.—Irma Wegler, *Belle Fourche Daily Post*.

* * * *

CARDINAL AT ARMOUR—About 8 o'clock on the morning of February 15, Mr. Crutchett and I heard a bird singing in a big boxelder tree where several starlings were flitting about. We knew it was not a starling, and were thrilled to discover that it was a male Cardinal singing.

We have seen cardinals occasionally and have heard their "whistle," but we never before heard their "warble."

Cardinals are very rare in Armour,

but one winter many years ago three or four came and stayed for several months, leaving in the spring. They repeated the visit for two or three winters—then failed to return.

We have not heard of a cardinal in Armour for nearly ten years. In the meantime we have seen cardinals in Brookings, Mitchell, and other towns. Twice we have been shown cardinal nests in evergreen trees in Mitchell and these birds are plentiful at Springfield and other places along the Missouri River. We have not been able to understand why the cardinals, in spreading north from the Missouri to Mitchell and other towns, have persistently by-passed Armour. We know that hackberries and wild grapes are two of the favorite foods of the cardinals and, although Armour is beautiful with many trees of various kinds, hackberry trees and wild grape vines are rare.

We saw our Cardinal eating sunflower seeds on the ground beneath our feeder the next day after his discovery and he was in the yard a week later, on February 23. We hope he continues to like our foods but we doubt if he will stay in Armour very long.—Mrs. Charles Crutchett.

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TOWNSEND'S SOLITAIRE AT DESMET—About 9 a. m., January 14, 1963, we saw a robin-sized gray bird fly across the road (Hy. 14) just ahead of the car and light in an evergreen tree. The location was about a block west of the intersection of Hy. 25.

The bird's style of flight, its overall blueish gray color, the white feathers in the sides of the tail, the drooping-tail stance after it lit, all together gave adequate evidence that it could only be a Townsend's Solitaire.—**J. W. Johnson.**

SANDHILL CRANES AND SHARP-TAILS IN HYDE COUNTY—April 13, 1964, at 5:30 a. m., my sister, Lois, and I started on a search for feeding Sandhill Cranes, as we had several reports of them in the county. Only the night before a lady had told us of over 1000 birds feeding in her pasture. So we chose this area to search and found nearly 2000 of them. They seemed nervous and soon left for another field.

Of even more interest though, was our discovery of what is apparently a dancing ground of Sharp-tailed Grouse. We counted 22 birds, but, because of the slope of the ground and the fact that part of the dancing area is a cornfield, not all of them could be seen.

As we drove a little closer we could see more birds, between 35 and 40. We were 40 feet away in a car.

The most exciting part of the show was the fight between two males. Three different pairs fought while we watched. They faced each other in a squat, with wings spread and feathers fluffed. They would stare at each other in this position for quite a while; suddenly both birds would jump into the air, tangle, fighting, while feathers flew. Then down they would come to repeat the performance. Very few females seemed interested in their efforts, however.—**Nanci Harter, Highmore.**

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MORE ON WINTER TOWHEES—Noted with interest J.W.J.'s observation of a winter Towhee, Huron. Lowry Elliott saw one last winter at a feeder on the Minnesota side of the line near his place, from December 25 through February 22 (Flicker 35:22, March, 1963) but it was a female and he had no comments as to whether or not it was arcticus. In the same issue of the Flicker, page 27, is a record from Jan. 13 to March of a Towhee at Fargo, N. Dak.,

but again no details as to whether or not arcticus. Because of lack of comment, I suspect that both of these were the nominate race rather than arcticus. This past February, we had another record, from here in Minneapolis which was definitely not arcticus. Strangely enough, arcticus is the rare form here while the nominate form is rare in South Dakota.—**Ronald L. Hurber, R. R. & Whse. Comm., 480 State Office Bldg., St. Paul, Minnesota.**

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TURKEY VULTURE IN BROOKINGS COUNTY—A large dark bird, which was identified immediately as a Turkey Vulture, was flying along the Big Sioux River March 15. The vulture is quite familiar to me from my earlier association with it in Ohio. This, however, is my first observation of it in Brookings County. Dave and I observed this bird for several minutes before we lost sight of it. It showed the two toned coloration of the underwing and soared with its wings on the dihedral.

Most of the Turkey Vultures reported in South Dakota are from west of the Missouri River. In Clay County and Bonne Homme County it is reported to be rare. (*S. D. Bird Notes* I:49; X:52). The Checklist of South Dakota Birds lists it as a summer resident in north-eastern South Dakota and a summer visitor in southeastern South Dakota (*Bird Notes* VIII:15).

This Turkey Vulture may have been on migration and I am wondering if it is an early record for South Dakota. Bent lists the spring migration dates for South Dakota as "Custer, March 27; Springfield, April 4; and Huron, April 9." (Bent's "Life Histories of North American Birds of Prey, Part 1, page 26). The Turkey Vulture is seen in small numbers during the fall migration over Duluth and Herbert

Krause saw "Two Turkey Vultures, the first I've seen in this area" on Sept. 17, 1959 during a hawk migration over Sioux Falls (*Bird Notes* XI:73).

In regard to the status of the Turkey Vulture on the plains I wish to quote from William Youngworth's article "About That Warmer Weather" the following: "The Turkey Vulture was a common summer bird in the southern prairie provinces of Canada, and in Montana and the Dakotas in the day of Lewis and Clark. Early observers stressed that as the buffalo began to fade so did the vultures. Today in the warming trend conversations, this species is mentioned as one moving northward. The reverse is true here on the great plains. Aretas A. Saunders considers it rare today in Montana" (*S. D. Bird Notes* VIII:63).—**Nelda Holden, Brookings, S. Dak.**

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Golden Plover

(Continued From Page 46)

1963: May 9, about 140 at Brandt; 5/10, 30 two miles northeast of Brandt; 5/16, 3, and flock of 35 (Stefferd); 5/17, 8 and 45 at Brandt; 5/20, 200 at Brandt; 21 four miles east of Brandt; 5/21, 200 as of the 20th and 3 in Brandt; 5/22, 106, Brandt at 6 p. m. 5/23, 19 northwest of Brandt and 25 four miles east of Brandt. 9/28, about 25 six miles east of Brandt.

Going back more than half a century I find records of Golden Plover shot at Pipestone, Minn. In 1905, by my shooting journal, 17 was the score, of which 10 were taken on October 18. In 1911, as the record shows, 13 fell to my gun, 10 of these on Oct. 22.

Widely scattered singles through a number of years followed.—**Brandt.**

Pierre... 1964

FROM many viewpoints the 1964 Convention at Pierre was a memorable experience. Those of us fortunate enough to be there will not soon forget it.

Perhaps foremost in everyone's mind was the dread of the coming destruction of the Farm Island ecological community. And the twisted values that insist on it.

The local arrangements for our Convention and its meetings were so competently handled and well carried out, proper recognition of those responsible is easy to overlook. Of course, many people helped—though that didn't happen by chance either—and I would have liked to have been able to name them all.

That being impossible because of the nature of their work, only the overt leaders can be mentioned. But the oth-

ers were no less essential and we appreciate them.

Clayton Bushong and Fern Barber seemed generally in sight when things, like food, were going the best, and Nelda Holden made registration seem a fleeting moment.

A mark of maturation of SDOU was the number of active banders at work during the period. Five separate parties had their mist nets set up on the Island much of the time both days and with good success both in numbers and species. We hope the next issue will have space for the combined list of birds seen and birds banded.

The banquet speaker, Dr. Robert Gammell of Kenmare, N. Dak., gave us much to reflect over and, with Mrs. Gammell, made a vividly entertaining couple we hope to meet again soon.—
J. W. Johnson.

Magnolia Warbler

Drawing & Etching
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THE COVER

The picture of a Trumpeter Swan's nest at Lacreek National Wildlife Refuge, should have accompanied the article in the March issue (XVI:8).

Jerry J. Schotzko writes that "the distance, rim to rim, of the nest was 24 inches. Almost no down was used."

WHITE-FACED GLOSSY IBIS AT LA-CREEK—On May 18 and 19, 1964, a White-faced Glossy Ibis was observed and identified on Lacreek National Wildlife Refuge. The bird was first seen and identified by myself and two members of the Nebraska Game Department: William Barbee and Phil Agee. Followup observations with a 20X spotting scope confirmed the identification. This is the second observation of the species on this Refuge. (Bird Notes XVI:41)—**James B. Monnie, Refuge Manager.**

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WORTH REPEATING—Said Frank W. Groves, of Nevada, outgoing president of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners: "It was not so long ago that when we thought of outdoor recreation, we thought in terms of hunting and fishing. This is not so today. It is my recommendation you work toward the broadening of your programs to include a recognition of the recreation, esthetic, ecological and scientific values of all wild things, not just game birds and animals but also the song birds and

predators. Work to conserve, utilize and manage. And to encourage the public to appreciate, use and enjoy the whole wondrous complex of our outdoor heritage." — **Michigan Audubon Society Newsletter.**

* * * *

Larson

(Continued From Page 44)

the knowledge of ornithology in and of South Dakota, during a period when most of the early bird-students had about finished their work or had moved from the state. He filled this gap well. The active members of South Dakota Ornithologists' Union, who again pioneered serious bird-study in 1949, can well be glad that Adrian Larson lived in their state and kept alive the flame of bird-study.—**Sioux Falls, April, 1964.**

The correspondence between Visher and Larson, used by Herman Chapman in this article, has been placed in the S. D. O. U. Archives, on deposit at Mikkelsen Library, Augustana College, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. These Archives consist of records, correspondence, and some printed matter, including a short file of **Bird Lore**, the predecessor to **Audubon Magazine**.

SAVE THE DAYS—**June 17-20, 1965**—for the Joint Meeting with the Wilson Ornithological Society, in the Black Hills.

Comparison of Spring Arrival Dates For 15 Common Birds

Waubay National Wildlife Refuge
Waubay, South Dakota

	1959	1960	1961	1982	1963
Canada Goose	3 16	3 31	3 9	3 21	3 10
Mallard	3 18	3 29	3 17	3 28	3 15
Gadwall	3 31	4 13	4 1	4 16	4 4
BW Teal	4 16	4 21	3 26	4 16	4 7
Lesser Scaup	4 2	4 6	3 24	4 6	3 24
Ruddy Duck	4 23	4 22	4 24	4 19	4 11
Marsh Hawk	3 18	3 30	3 4	3 21	3 5
Coot	4 10	4 13	4 5	4 19	4 4
Killdeer	3 31	4 7	3 24	3 27	3 27
Yellow-shafted Flicker	4 6	4 15	3 28	4 16	3 30
Purple Martin	4 20	4 13	4 22	4 17	4 15
Robin	4 1	4 2	3 19	3 27	3 19
Meadowlark	3 18	4 4	3 16	3 22	3 14
Yellow-headed Blackbird	4 22	4 23	4 21	4 19	4 9
Red-winged Blackbird	3 23	3 31	3 17	3 22	3 15

—Robert R. Johnson, Refuge Manager

New Members

David Buller, Route 1, Brookings, S. Dak. Jr. Member.

George Edson Bruntlett, 903 Fulton, Rapid City, S. Dak.

Mrs. S. C. Clark, 56 Taylor Avenue, Deadwood, S. Dak.

Miss Orena Cooper, 804 6th Avenue, Brookings, S. Dak.

Mr. Earl D. Drake, RFD Route, Waubay, S. Dak.

Richard Edie, 416 8th Street, Brookings, S. Dak.

Mrs. Richard Edie, 416 8th Street, Brookings, S. Dak.

Chris Engelhorn, 821 N. Egan, Madison, S. Dak. Jr. Member.

Mr. Robert Fritsche, 1525 South Lincoln, Aberdeen, S. Dak.

Mr. A. J. Hoeger, 809 E. 35th Street, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

William E. Kretschmar, Box A, Ventura, N. Dak.

Mrs. Emmett Larson, 26 Water Street, Deadwood, S. Dak.

Mrs. J. W. Montgomery, 305 W. Birch, Spearfish, S. Dak.

Mr. Glenn A. P. Peterson, 1910 S. Prairie Ave., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Mrs. Mable Ross, Dupree, S. Dak.

Mrs. Don A. Sheppard, 325 North Grand, Pierre, S. Dak.

Paul F. Springer, 1333 Second St., Brookings, S. Dak.

Mrs. Albert Strand, Route 1, Platte, S. Dak.

Mrs. Stanley Sundet, 512 13th Ave., Brookings, S. Dak.

Mr. Tyra Talley, Presbyterian Manse, Miller, S. Dak.

Miss Lanita Telkamp, Route 1, Brookings, S. Dak. Jr. Member.

Miss Loraine M. Vilas, 308 North Tyler, Pierre, S. Dak.

Mr. Leon Wiard, 216 W. Fourth, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

As Others See Us

At the Pierre business meeting we had the experience, not often pleasant and generally surprising, of seeing ourselves through the eyes of a new member, whose view of us did not provoke enthusiasm—or long adherence to SDOU.

A closely-knit group, we had little time or apparent interest in the strange newcomer—who felt not only left out but sadly lacking in understanding of the conversation going on all around.

Of course, we don't believe we are that way. We realize the importance of new members to SDOU and, besides, we are all earnestly trying to interest new people in the birds we enjoy. Much

of our time is spent in such activities.

Why then did we fail in this case—and presumably in others—even after the person had demonstrated a common interest with us by formal membership? Probably there are many answers, not all to our discredit; but some objective thought on the matter could be worth while.

We do have too little time at our meetings to more than greet old friends and many of us have SDOU affairs to work out that take the time we would like to spend being sociable.

But, perhaps, we could be doing more for SDOU to let other things go a little, and try to keep the stranger among us from feeling like one.

RARE WHOOPING CRANES VISIT BEADLE COUNTY—Five Whooping Cranes spent at least 6 hours visiting at the Daniel Gross farm 5 miles northeast of Huron on the morning of April 17, 1964. Mrs. Gross first noticed the strange birds at 6 a. m. and again at 8:30 a. m. after they had flown and alighted in another portion of the field. She notified the Huron office of the Department of Game, Fish and Parks and reported the presence of the large, white birds with black wingtips. Bob Dahlgren, research biologist with the state agency and Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife personnel George Jonkel, Lee Denson, and Howard Lipke immediately went to the farm and verified that they were indeed whooping cranes, 4 adults and 1 young.

State Game Wardens Tal Lockwood of Huron and Kenneth Scis-

sons of Redfield afforded the birds protection during their stay. Agents of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife at Aberdeen were dispatched to watch over the birds on their northward flight. The birds began flying in a northerly direction about noon, having fed in several different areas of a field on the Gross farm. The birds were seen later in the afternoon and the next morning in several different locations north of Huron. They spiraled to a relatively high altitude about noon on Saturday, April 18, which made their stay in Beadle county at least 36 hours long.

Several interested persons in the Huron area went out to see the birds and enjoy an experience they may never have again. Among them were Mrs. James W. Johnson and Miss Blanche Battin.—**Bob Dahlgren, Huron.**