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Red-shafted Flicker

—Courtesy E. W. Steffen

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Vol. XVII, No. 1 **March, 1965** **Whole No. 64**

In This Number . . .

South Dakota Ornithologists' Union

OFFICERS 1964-65

DIRECTORS

President's Page

IN this, my last President's Page, I end where I began, first, in believing that the membership is the voice of SDOU and the president the agent of its expression; second, that the most urgent problem for SDOU bird observers as well as any one interested in preserving the state's wildlife and the beauty of its out-of-doors, is the relationship between the effect of wide-spread use of chemicals and the well-being of living things, whether plant, or animal or human being. From any point of view beyond the immediate, there seems to be less danger of our being blown into oblivion then there is in our eating ourselves into extinction.

I urge SDOUers and any one interested to read Dr. Timothy Myres' monumental compilations, **The Widespread Pollution of Soil, Water and Living Things by Toxic Materials Used in Insect Control Programs.** A work in progress in Canada, produced at the University of Alberta, it at once suggests the question, "Why hasn't a work like this been done in the United States, a country that is proud of its scientific progress?" Can it be that dedicated scientists in this field are persuaded to enter other activities, if not intellectually muzzled by interests which might find such studies economically embarrassing?

I urge you to read the articles in the British periodicals, **British Birds** and **Bird Study**, by Ratcliffe, Moore and Lockie on chlorinated hydrocarbon residues in the eggs and tissues of Peregrine Falcon, Golden Eagle and other avian forms. And I urge you to read U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service Circular 199, **Pesticide-Wildlife Studies, 1963.** Reading the American and the British accounts, one is impressed by the caution, the reticence of the American investigators. One senses a caution which suggests fear of speaking out. Fear of what? Of whom? Is it possible that there is a deliberate attempt to keep vital information from the public? The public has a right to know. Elected and appointed officials are the servants, not the masters of the people. And SDOUers must acquaint themselves with the whole body of the facts, and demand that they be made known.

Cancel all other engagements and come to the Black Hills to meet with the Wilson Ornithological Society folks in June. Not again for a long time will you see so many great figures in ornithology gathered in our state: Roger Tory Peterson, Olin Sewall Pettingill, Jr., P. B. Hofslund and a host of other star bird observers. See them in action and meet them in person.—**Herbert Krause.**

North American Nest-Record Card Program

●lin Sewall Pettingill, Jr.

BEGINNING in January, 1965, the Laboratory of Orinthology at Cornell University will operate a nest-record card program on a continent-wide basis and would like the assistance of everyone.

Through the cooperation of Dr. David B. Peakall and the Onondaga Audubon Society, the Laboratory has carried on a nest-record card program on a local basis for two years. The aim of the program which is similar to one used in Britain (see Mayer-Gross, 1962, **Bird Study** 9:252-258), is to collect specific data on bird reproduction in a form convenient for statistical analysis. The results of this two-year trial have been so gratifying that we are encouraged to make the program continent-wide.

For this to be a success we will need the cooperation of all bird observers in all parts of the continent, particularly the United States and Canada. We will also need—because we are certain that regional centers can handle the distribuation of data cards and their return to the Laboratory better than individuals —the cooperation of all bird clubs and other societies whose members make field observations of birds.

The Laboratory will provide bird clubs or individuals with cards. The observers will record the contents of each nest found on a separate card and make dated notations on the same card for each subsequent visit to the nest. Each card will then contain all the data from a single nesting. While one observation of a nest will be valuable, additional observations over a period of days or weeks will increase the worth of the record. Our goal is to have hundreds, possibly thousands, of cards containing data on each species from all parts of its range.

We are well aware that there are other local nest-record card programs in this country and in Canada (see Peakall, 1964, **Audubon Field Notes,** 18 (1):35-38), and, naturally, we do not intend to infringe on them in any way. We only hope that they will cooperate with us and help broaden the scope of the whole endeavor. The net result should be the accumulation of far more data on every species than heretofore and the centralization of these data for comprehensive and intensive study, much as is true of the bird-banding program of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. All of the information from our program will, of course, be available to anyone who is interested.

Clearly this is a program in which every person seriously interested in birds can participate, be he a seasoned nest finder or one who merely watches a nest from a window. Local organizations, or individuals not members of local groups, may address all inquiries and communications to the **North American Nest-Record Card Program, Laboratory of Orinthology, Cornell Univesrity, Ithaca, New York 14850. Olin Sewall Pettingill, Jr., Director.**

(EDITOR'S NOTE: While it is hoped this work will have wide support, experience insists on this warning: For the safety of the nest, take care to avoid disturbance of the nest or its surroundings, sustained or too frequent visits, or bringing additional people into the area of the nest.)

Bounties... Politics... Conservation

H. H. Rohwer, President
SOUTH DAKOTA WILDIFE FEDERATION

AS I write this column our new Governor has been installed. He has made many of the appointments to the offices under his control. Many citizens are happy with his appointments, others are disappointed that the men or women appointed were not to their liking. We know it is impossible to satisfy everyone. I believe our Governor has appointed people he feels will do the best job for the most people.

The legislators, old and new, are preparing for their sojourn to Pierre to make history—or at least to enact legislation. The news media has interviewed many of them and published their stand on certain issues. It is indeed too bad the same questions were not asked and the answers (if they were the same then as now) published in the same concise manner before the elections. My voting, at least, would have been a good deal different. I am sure others feel the same. Our legislative representation and cost seems rather futile when an issue such as the fox population and bounty can be even one of the main objectives of a legislative session. When it also was the main party plank in an election campaign it seems down right asinine. Even worse the victorious party members pick up the defeated issue and seem as rabid about it as their campaign foes were. Probably neither side has bothered to study the issue but feel it is politically expedient to get on the band wagon. Such are the vagaries and felecities of the human mind. We do appreciate and respect those legislators who have indicated they are willing to take the word of those people who have studied the issue and should have the answers.

Again we enter a legislative session where we cannot spend our time and effort for constructive progress; but must bend every effort to hold the line on past progress. Conservation, as we know it today, is a relatively young endeavor. Many, probably most, people are not yet ready to accept a scientific approach to the solution of conservation problems. Too many of us are working at it for glory or personal gain. Too many, even of those who wish to see real progress, are unwilling to pull together and accept the postulates of the majority unless these postulates coincide with their own thinking. Our technical people, the professional conservationists, must spend more of their time and effort selling their programs for progress than they spend shaping and implementing them.

Our Federation has come a long way in its short history. We are reaching more people more effectively than any previous similar organization. Judging by what we see in South Dakota today we still have a long way to go. We must

make conservation a greater part of our school curriculum. We are largely creatures of habit and remember and believe what we learned in our youth. Mormons, Catholics and Protestants were born Mormans, Catholics or Protestant; likewise, most democrat or republican, not that either religion or political affiliation are hereditary, but rather that early environment has such a deep and lasting effect. Let us expose our youth to constructive conservation ideals.

Our capitalistic form of economy and culture has been our country's greatest strength. Unless we are informed and dedicated capitalists we can become our own destructors; we can drive our economy to socialism or worse. History shows us a country remains a power only so long as it has a generous supply of natural resources. If we permit these resources to be exploited for either political or personal gain we will lose our resources and thus our economy and culture.

Unbeknown to most of us, but with the blessing of our politicians, the large truck-farming interests in California have for 30 years been stealing irrigation water from the Colorado River for their private gain. Some of our western cattle syndicates have been usurping the grazing on our public owned lands and forests at the expense of our wildlife and forests. The lumber interests have been raping our forest resource. The large power companies and our Corps of Engineers have been flooding our richest farm land, ruining streams and destroying fish and wildlife habitat. The mining interests have been defacing our land and polluting our streams. This is not to say these interests are necessarily 100% bad, it does mean something must be done about the destructive aspects of their activities. We must come to grips with our ideals and determine what is progress and what will ultimately become own our destruction.

Idealism, like the above, sounds good and makes a fine goal. Realism must be practiced to achieve idealistic goals. The South Dakota Wildlife Federation has long had a policy of opposing all Bounties. This policy was adopted properly, and reaffirmed subsequently, at state conventions by majority action. Our membership has not always, and is not now, presenting a united front. Let us be realistic. Unless we are united we are whipped before we start. The west-river sheep rancher wants Federal Predator control. The east-river people think they want higher bounties. Everybody, including our warden force, thinks they should have nuisance animal control. Resident hunters don't want non-resident hunters. Our Department needs the non-resident money to operate in the manner in which they are accustomed. The economy of the state hurts when the non-resident does not come in large numbers. Again let us be realistic—to have both Federal predator control and high bounties would cost more than even a booming non-resident business can support and our scientists tell us neither can do the control job effectively. If we want our hunting handed to us on a silver platter, and money is an all-important factor, we will have to tolerate the non-resident hunter. Everything considered I believe the Federation policy of no bounties seems the best approach. It is our established policy; let us all pull for it until it is changed by majority vote—**South Dakota Sportsman—The President's Letter.**

Resolution

(Copies of this letter were mailed to members of the Legislature at Pierre.)

YOUR attention is called to the following resolution passed unanimously by the South Dakota Ornitholigists' Union at its annual mid-winter meeting in Sioux Falls on January 23 and 24. We trust you will agree with the principle of managing our pheasants and foxes in accord with biologically sound programs.

—HERBERT KRAUSE, President

Resolution Passed by

South Dakota Ornithologists' Union

Annual Mid-Winter Meeting

Sioux Falls, S. Dak., January 23-24, 1965

Whereas, foxes have been accused by the general public as being primarily responsible for the decline in pheasant production in South Dakota in 1964, and

Whereas, an increase in bounty payments on foxes is being promoted as the solution to the pheasant decline, and

Whereas, the research and studies of professionally trained biologists of the South Dakota Department of Game, Fish and Parks and other professional biologists at both state and national levels have shown that this problem is complex in nature and that many factors other than predators, including weather, habitat conditions, land-use practices, pesticides, and disease, have important influences on pheasant production and survival, and

Whereas, the experience of game and fish departments throughout the country has amply and consistently demonstrated that bounties result in the useless expenditure of large amounts of money without increasing the **populations** of pheasants and other game animals, and

Whereas, the funds paid for bounty claims could be used for other proven methods of increasing and benefiting the populations of pheasants and other game animals, now therefore be it

Resolved, that the South Dakota Ornithologists' Union go on record as strongly opposing an increase in bounty payments for foxes and other predatory animals and also strongly urging that management of pheasants and foxes not be made a matter of political decision but instead be handled in accord with sound biological practices.

Resolved, that South Dakota Ornithologists' Union expresses its confidence in the research of professionally trained biologists and those sound recognized biological procedures and management practices to which, according to all precedents, the State-authorized Department of Game, Fish and Parks has traditionally subscribed.

Notes on SDOU Meeting at Sioux Falls

Blanche Battin

ONLY hardy souls attend midwinter meetings as the weatherman always provides cold and snow. President Herbert Krause was on hand to greet the early arrivals and soon the Holdens arrived to take over with registration and collection of dues.

Old friends gathered together but new ones soon became a part of the whole. This friendliness is one of the many good features of SDOU meetings.

After the film on The Bald Eagle, everyone adjourned to the biology lab to study and identify the bird specimens provided by Dr. Froiland. There were many expressions of chagrin upon checking individual answers against the correct listing as birds prove to be just as elusive of identification in the test tube as in the bush.

Coffee and cookies served by Mrs. Max Pierce, Dr. Rosine and Dr. Froiland, our hosts, revived our spirits and the informal evening adjourned.

With the exception of the first item (the John Lueshens were unable to attend because of blizzard conditions in Nebraska) the program proceeded as printed in the December Bird Notes, but here are miscellaneous notes on the meeting:

Thirty-eight people attended the luncheon served in the college dining hall for our convenience.

The state requires permits for banders or speciman collectors; these in addition to the federal permits. Specimens found and turned over to those with collection permits should include date, location and weather data.

Dr. Whitney announced that the book, **Birds of The Black Hills,** which he and Dr. Pettingill have been collaborating on is expected to be released in June and if so copies will be available at the June 17-20 joint meeting with the Wilson Ornithological Society at Sylvan Lake Resort.

Warren Jackson, District Game Manager, Chamberlain, announced that anyone interested in visiting the prairie chicken booming ground this spring should write to him. April is the best month.

Observation: The sharp-tailed grouse seems to survive hard winters better than the pheasant.

Nelda's suggestion that the bird banders plan to meet again at Farm Island this spring and continue their banding project met with approval by those present. Other interested banders should contact Nelda.

Also, from Nelda, in her talk on bird population decrease: "Monotony is the blessing of ignorance."

Those present voted to approve a statement in defense and support of the South Dakota Department of Game, Fish, and Parks position on the pheasant-fox relations as being based on sound biology, providing copies for the state legislators, newspapers, and Associated Press.

A recommendation was made that consideration be given to holding the Midwinter Meeting earlier or later in the year, to avoid the final exam period, when students would be free to attend, encouraging their interest in the organization and in wildlife.—Huron.

Book Reviews

J. W. Johnson

A NEW Dictionary of Birds, Covering the Birds of the World, Edited by A. Landsborough Thomson. Profusely illustrated with photographs and drawings, many pages of birds in color to illustrate variations with geography, habitat, and other influences. 928 pages. $17.50. McGraw-Hill.

The thought of reviewing this great book gives me an immediate feeling of inadequacy. Let us say I will try to describe it as best I can.

Prefaces by the President of the British Ornithologists' Union and the President of the American Ornithologists' Union serve to introduce and give the background of the work. Ten pages are required to list the contributors: Authors, artists, and photographers. Their names read like the distinguished section out of a "Who's Who in World Ornithology." The last work of this sort, still in use, is Newton's **Dictionary of Birds**, published in 1896. The present book was undertaken by the British organization in connection with the celebration of its Centenary in 1959. Just being published, it has thus been nearly five years in preparation.

In the words of our Roger Tory Peterson on the dust jacket, "No one interested in birds can afford to be without this brilliant compendium which brings ornithology up to date. Every contributor speaks with a voice of authority."

The book is printed on good paper, which makes a volume of some weight, close to five pounds. The binding is dark blue cloth with the title in gold on a pale blue panel on the spine. Copies are numbered. It is assembled with plastic cement and should stand use—even some abuse.

Of course, this is not a book to be read through. Surely little pertaining to birds is not mentioned, defined, described, or explained. Both common and scientific names of birds are given down to species level and there is also an Index of Generic Names, in case one is not familiar with them—or gets lost among English names.

Entries are quite generally cross referenced so that there is no trouble at all in running down all the information having to do with an area in question.

So this would be called a reference book, to be consulted more or less often as required, but briefly, like a dictionary of words. Yet I find it thoroughly fascinating and nearly impossible to put down quickly. The effortless language leads on, presenting information entertainingly but seriously, and the amount of detail communicated without strain is only realized after the experience.

The superbly appealing photographs are chosen, and often arranged in small groups, to illustrate parts, related activities, or attributes of widely different species of birds from far different parts of the world. Accompanying captions include references to pertaining articles throughout the book. Examples are: "Colonial Nesting" of flamingoes and gannets, "Parental Care" of penguins, dotterals, flycatchers, herons, and jays, "Mutual Display" by avocets and wandering albatrosses.

Articles are often studies in depth and amazingly thorough. The word "singing," for example, is followed by six pages of detail under numerous

subheads, with many graphic records of bird songs in which frequency is plotted against time. One graph compares the mynah and human pronunciation of the same words, showing the high accuracy of the bird's imitation. The main difference is that the bird talks faster. Nearly a full column of references to other recent works on the subject of bird song follow the article, the oldest being dated 1951.

While ornithology has become a fast growing field in our own time and promises even more rapid advances in the coming years, it is unlikely that many of us will see this book replaced by one better.

Thoreau on Birds, compiled and with Commentary by Helen Cruickshank. Foreward by Roger Tory Peterson. McGraw-Hill. 331 pages, with Alphabetical List of Thoreau's Birds and Index. $7.95.

If one had not humility before the infinite complexity of nature, this book would give him every opportunity to acquire it. Great books in this area, of man in the world of his perceptions, and a shade beyond, have been written. But not many with the sustained appeal of this one. Which is not surprising to anyone aware of its authorship.

Thoreau has never been neglected since the publication of his **Walden** over a century ago. That one book, as pointed out in the present work, is one of the most influential ever written in America, as its over 150 editions and translations into at least 14 languages besides English testify. It has done much to change world history and the end is nowhere in sight. And it has profoundly affected the work of all nature writers during its time.

From Thoreau's Journals and published work Mrs. Cruickshank has selected the best of writings on birds for this book. But she has not stopped with that, though the result could have been both notable and worthy. Being a competent ornithologist, familiar with Thoreau's Concord Valley, a writer of lovely prose, and an author able to see the whole of her task as a unit, she has given Thoreau a new dimension. Reducing the subject area has made intensive coverage sharpen appreciation of the man and his work.

She puts the modern reader in Thoreau's own time, amid the hardships that would keep his current counterpart out of the field, so one may watch this genius grow in knowledge, be present at his original discoveries, year by year.

If there is a single criticism this reviewer might make, it is for the best of faults in the commentor: Her own exquisite language, differing from Thoreau's, perhaps too often outshines the jewels it intended to enhance. In such company it takes no little doing.

After the introductionary pages the arrangement considers the birds in check-list order, of their evolution, from the loon, the most primitive, to the snow bunting, most advanced. Material from **Walden** is in order of its appearance there.

As background she brings out an interesting point that I, for one, had not realized: This Concord Valley where Thoreau lived and worked was in no sense primeval forest in his time. It had been farmed some 200 years. The woods where he wandered could have been no more than 50 years old.

For each family group of birds Mrs. Cruickshank has given the present status of all its species about Concord, both at present and in Thoreau's time, shows his problems in reconciling his

observations with the errors in the books he had to work with, and points out his misconceptions in the light of modern knowledge. And remarkably few these latter were, for a pioneering observer of his time, without optical aid in his early years, and unwilling to kill birds for closer study, as was the method of the ornithologists of his day and a century after.

Yet, note his approving attitude toward young hunters, briefed in Mrs. Cruickshank's words and characterized by her as "sound:"

"As they matured, they developed an interest in living birds. They realized also that each creature held its life dear and deserves to live. They came to the realization that much greater pleasure can be found in studying the habits of wild creatures than was ever experienced in shooting them or otherwise collecting them."

Thoreau wrote of many things. Mrs. Cruickshank estimates that this book contains "no more than half of his words having to do with birds."

The book is quarter bound in dark brown with buff paper sides and presents much of the appearance of one published in Thoreau's own time. The title is in gold on the dark spine. The stitching is of the type that lets it lay flat when open.

Selecting a sample taste of this book should be simple: Almost any lines would be worth reading—again and again. But, when only 74 pages into it and having nobly restrained myself from my usual vice of marking passages, some remarks on red-tailed hawks set me to taking notes for reference. But that stopped after two full pages of such material, from the sheer bulk of it. But here follows a few of the sentences in that area:

"Feb. 16,, 1859. The hen-hawk (red-tailed hawk) and the pine are friends. The same thing that keeps the hen-hawk in the woods, away from the cities, keeps me here. That bird settles with confidence on a white pine top and not upon your weathercock. That bird will not be poultry of yours, lays no eggs for you, forever hides its nest. Though willed, or **wild**, it is not wilful in its wildness. The unsympathetic man regards the wildness of some animals, their strangeness to him, as a sin; as if all their virtue consisted in their tameableness. He has always a charge in his gun ready for their extermination . . ."

The book is dedicated to Allan Cruickshank, husband of the commentator, among many other things, an Audubon Screen Tour lecturer who has appeared in Huron a number of times:

"Dedicated to Allan, who devotes his life to advancing the cause of conservation of our natural resources and the greater enjoyment of the out-of-doors."

Scientists are now coming to open agreement, in their particularly non-communicative patois, that the mass distribution of the persistent pesticides, especially the chlorinated hydrocarbons, is leading to disasters beyond present calculation. And that aside from consideration of the obvious fact of rapidly growing immunity of the pests for which they have been too long recommended by the highest authorities. Now remains the task of getting the message to register in the activities of those immediately concerned. It has the aspects of a labor of Hercules.

For all too many "practical" farmers and gardeners are slow to change practices once established and, like the farmers of **Tobacco Road**, may see no need, though the consequences of their folly cover the ground all about them. And how many will ever believe that something like ⅞ of the crawling and

flying species are either helpful, essential, or, at the most, harmless?

Accordingly, I am glad of the privilege of reviewing these two new and worthwhile books that are mainly addressed to those who actually make the decisions for the treatment of their land, whether in farming, ranching, or gardening, on a large scale, or in their back yard.—**Editor.**

Gardening Without Poisons, by Beatrice Trum Hunter. 314 pages, including Index and 19-page List of Sources. $5.00. Houghton-Mifflin.

While this book is filled with much how-to, its aim is also a sounder background of general information, a broader horizon of ecology, and the developments to look for in the immediate or not too distant future. Both sides of common controversies are presented in simple terms, with detachment and fairness, pointing out where circumstances or cost can make a difference. It is made clear that continual development is inevitable, if for no other reason than that present practices cannot be tolerated indefinitely.

For those who must have a label for everything, this book presents an excellent case for organic gardening—without the capitals and without fanaticism. It also presents the case for biological control of pests, surely a sound if not too technical treatment of the only real hope for the long term picture.

Of course an exhaustive study of either subject is not possible in a book of this size and price, and would be of lesser use for the general reader. The present work is a fair compromise.

A few chapter headings give an idea of the coverage:

The Realities of Biology;
The Vital Role of Insects;
Birds and Other Creatures in the Garden;
From the Ground Up;
Plants Out of Place;
An Ounce of Prevention;
Emergency Measures: Simple Sprays and other Materials;
Biological Control;
Ingenuity and Imagination.

The language is clear and without pretention; reading it is a pleasure.

A 20-page List of Suppliers of Materials takes care of the questions about where to get anything mentioned, usually giving more than one source.

Peacock Manure and Marigolds, by Janet Gillespie, Subtitle: **A No-Poison Guide to a Beautiful Garden.** 184 pages, including Index and Selected Reading List. Viking Press. $3.95.

This author denies anything like college degrees and claims no more than wide experience in biology: Raising babies, chickens, hamsters (unsuccessfully) and "other domestic fauna." Only one thing, she admits, kept them from spraying the garden with more than one or two of the newer compounds: "Being "loose-jointed and ineffectual about such things as chemicals." They, she and her husband, were just never able to figure out "which sprays to use for what." And the little spraying they got around to hiring done was stopped for what anyone would agree were the wrong reasons.

Came "Silent Spring." Which led to a cram course on all the popular information to be had. Motivation had been accomplished—and led to saturation. Escape to earlier and simpler times, when gardening was old-fashioned in technology—and nobody realized it.

So much for setting the scene. The old-fashioned garden turned out to be a place of no little complication—which was the quality that saved it from the disaster always hanging over the single crop protected by an endless succession of poison sprays and

dusts. Manure was its food and soil conditioner. Its own natural controls kept down pests and the variety of its planting aided in all sorts of ways, many of which are probably yet to be understood.

From her grandmother and Aunt Kay she learned that the thing to do about insects was to plant marigolds! And Calendulas and tansy, of course. Hedge the vegetables with marigolds. The old kind that smell.

But that wasn't just an old wive's tale. In the modern books it is noted that marigold roots kill soil nematodes. Came the dawn. "Companionate Planting" was in. It leads to a whole science of compatability—and the reverse.

Rotation of crops—but not with plants of the same family—is standard. Compost and mulch. Insect weakness—and cooperation. "The way to have birds is to have insects for them." Friendly and unfriendly insects. Perils from the evils of everything—including "Salt spray from the seas." How to avoid, cure, or live with them all.

And, on page after page, learning enhanced by the good sense of humor. Not all the results are explained or known in detail—or warranted to work every time. But the percentage is good enough for any of us and, on the whole, the effect is a return to sanity in gardening—from which too many of us have been gone too long.

Oh yes. The peacock. In addition to his other duties he adds to the interest of the early morning by scaring the living daylights out of unwary guests with his yelps.

Barred Owl

—Drawing and Etching
Courtesy E. W. Steffen

Shore Birds in 1960

Alfred Peterson

THE year 1960 was the eighth consecutive year in which I have marked the seasonal arrival and departure of shore birds here in a defined part of northeastern South Dakota.

No two years have been precisely the same. Of late, rainfall has been insufficient to maintain desired water levels, and lack of a good accumulation of snow has resulted in poor spring runoff time after time. And so it is that many of my best and most reliable mud-flats are now mere weed patches.

Not seen in 1960: Piping Plover, Knot, Baird's Sandpiper, Dunlin, Buff-breasted Sandpiper. Not seen in spring: Golden Plover. Seen only once in spring: Solitary Sandpiper, Dowitcher, Hudsonian Godwit, Northern Phalarope. Not seen in fall: Common Snipe, Willet, White-rumped Sandpiper, Marbled Godwit, Hudsonian Godwit.

(1) **Ringed Plover.** April 29, 1 Bitter Lake; 5|4, 2 Lake Alice; 5|15, 1 Enemy Swim; 8|26, 1 Lake Marsh

(2) **Piping Plover.** Not seen in 1960.

(3) **Killdeer.** April 6, 1; 4|7, several; 4|8, few, soon common. 10|26, few Thomas; 10|27, several Lake Albert.

(4) **Golden Plover.** Not seen in spring. 10|24, 2 Thomas and flock of 25 six miles northwest of Castlewood; 10|27, 1 Lake Albert.

(5) **Black-Bellied Plover.** May 4, 2 north of Lake Alice.

(6) **Ruddy Turnstone.** May 15, 3 on Lake Minnewasta; 5|22, 31 Rush Lake and 9 Lake Minnewasta; 5|26, 4 Rush Lake.

(7) **Common Snipe.** April 29, 1 near Waubay.

(8) **Upland Plover.** May 6, 1 Goddard Lake; 5|15, 3 on trip; 5|16, 2; 5|23, 2; 6|28, 1; 6|29, 1; 7|18, 4; 8|3, 1; 8|8, 3 Castlewood; 8|9, 1; 8|19, 2.

(9) **Spotted Sandpiper.** May 22, 1 Clear Lake; 9|17, 2 Clear Lake.

(10) **Solitary Sandpiper.** April 29, 1 Bitter Lake.

(11) **Willet.** April 29, 2 Bitter Lake; 5|4, 6 Lake Alice; 5|8, 2; 5|15, 3 or 4 on trip; 5|22, 1.

(12) **Greater Yellowlegs.** April 24, 2; 4|25, 5; 4|27, 2; 5|4, 5 or 6; 5|5, 2, 5|8, 1; 8|26, 1 Lake Oliver; 9|8, 1; 9|10, 2; 9|17, 8 Sioux River at Estelline; 10|11, 5 Clear Lake; 10|13, 1; 10|19, 4; 10|20, 2; 10|21, 4; 10|26, 2 Clear Lake; 10|27, 5; 10|28, 1; 10|31, 4; 11|1, 1; 11|2, few; 11|3, 7; 11|4, 11; 11|15, none seen.

(13) **Lesser Yellowlegs.** April 13, 1 Thomas; 4|20, about 12; 4|23, 3; 4|24, plentiful; 4|25 and 4|26, abundant; 4|30, about 30; 5|1, 30; 5|4, very many; 5|5, 10; 5|7 and 5|8, few seen; 5|15, only 6 on trip; 6|29, 1 Fox Lake; 7|18, 25 and many on Salt Lake; 8|8, a number at Castlewood; 8|9, 20; 8|10, few at Watertown; 8|26, 1 Lake Oliver; 9|8, 30; 9|9 and 9|10, few seen; 9|19, 2 Lake Oliver.

(14) **American Knot.** Not seen.

(15) **Pectoral Sandpiper.** April 26, 2; 5|4, 6 Lake Alice; 7|18, 25; 7|21, 1 on Clear Lake; 8|16, 1 Lake Oliver; 8|26, few seen; 9|8, few; 10|27, about 20 Lake Albert.

(16) **White-rumped Sandpiper.** April 29, 12 near Rush Lake; also 4|29, 16 southeast of Milbank; 5|15,

dozen Enemy Swim; 5|22, 30; 6|10, 10.

(17) **Baird's Sandpiper.** Not seen.

(18) **Least Sandpiper.** April 29, 1 Bitter Lake; 5|7, 1; 5|15, several; 8|8, few at Castlewood on the Sioux River; 8|26, few at Thomas.

(19) **Dunlin.** Not seen.

(20) **Dowitcher.** April 1, 1 near home; 8|26, 40 near Thomas; 10|13, 300 on pond east of Lake Mary, and 100 on Lake Marsh, all very shy and restless; 10|24, 45 Lake Albert; 10|27, 20 Lake Albert.

(21) **Stilt Sandpiper.** April 29, 1; 5|15, dozen at Bitter Lake; 7|18, about 12 on Salt Lake; 8|16, 1 Lake Oliver; 9|8, 1 Lake Minnewasta; 10|27, some 40 at Lake Albert.

(22) **Semipalmated Sandpiper.** April 29, 1 Bitter Lake; 5|7, 1; 5|15, several; 8|8, 15 near Castlewood; 8|16, few Lake Oliver; 8|26, few Lake Marsh; 10|27, about 20 Lake Albert.

(23) **Buff-breasted Sandpiper.** None seen.

(24) **Marbled Godwit.** April 29, 5 Waubay and Bitter Lake; 5|15, 2 Waubay Lakes; 5|22, 6; 6|10, 1 north of Clear Lake.

(25) **Hudsonian Godwit.** May 15, about 40 just east of Lake Enemy Swim.

(26) **Sanderling.** May 19, 5 at Stone Bridge (Poinsett); 5|22, 2; 5|26, 40 Rush Lake; 8|8, 5 Lake Marsh

(27) **Avocet.** April 26, 5 south of Lake Poinsett; 4|29, 1 near Milbank; 9|9, 1; 10|24, 25 near southwest tip of Lake Marsh; 10|17, none.

(28) **Wilson's Phalarope.** May 4, 2, 5|14, 10 near Lake Alice; 5|15, 2; 5|22, 12; 6|10, 2; 8|26, 6 near Thomas.

(29) **Northern Phalarope.** May 14, 2 north of Lake Alice.—**Brandt.**

Saw-whet Owl

—Drawing and Etching
Courtesy E. W. Steffen

Birds' Nests of South Dakota

L. J. Moriarty

A. O. U. #77 BLACK TERN

(Chlidonais niger surinamensis)

THIS common summer resident of the eastern half of South Dakota nests in marshy places in colonies, usually on water not over two-feet deep. The nests are built on old muskrat houses, floating logs, posts, or other rubbish, but more commonly on a gathering of last year's vegitation such as dead cattails, rushes and reeds, built into a floating flat nest which rises and falls with the level of the water. I have never found the nest in open water but always built where some vegetation rises above water, yet never have I found them in tall growth.

The nest measures about an inch deep in the slight saucer by about four inches across. The whole nest makes a floating mass about a foot across. The size varies greatly with the supply of dead rushes available.

I find the eggs to be almost invariably three, with a ground color of tan or light brown, which matches the dead rushes from which it is built, heavily splotched and spotted with chocolate brown. The markings are more numerous and prominent around the larger end. They measure 1⅓" x 1." Their glossless, chalky surface, with their color, make them blend into the color of the nest until they are quite inconspicuous. They are pointed, with the large end hemispherical as are the eggs of the rest of the family.

The birds are noisy in defense of the nests. To find them, watch for a shallow marsh with low vegetation, where they are flying back and forth over the water, watching for one to light. It almost invaribly lights on the nest. Or study very carefully under the low-flying birds with a glass and you will likely find one sitting very low on the nest. There they are rather inconspicuous.

The best time to find them is in early June, before the emergent rushes have time to rise above the water.

A. O. U. #761, ROBIN

(Turdus migratorius migratorius)

This bird nests in all parts of the state, starting early, before the leaves unfold. It continues nesting up to August at least. Regularly it raises two broods a season.

Robins are quite adaptable in choice of nesting site, using every kind of tree, as well as porches, eave troughs and such places. In broad-leaved trees they usually select a large fork or horizontal limb. Often no attempt at concealment is made at all. There are records of nesting on the ground, however I have never seen one so located. Individuals often return year after year to the same nesting site. They have a definite nesting territory which they defend with vigor.

The nest is of straw, grasses, string, or like material, plastered together with mud, making a strong, hard structure with little mud showing on the outside or inside. It is often rough appearing, with loose ends of grass and string hanging from the outside. The cup is deep, round, and formed of mud, thinly lined with dry grass. The rim is firm and measures about seven inches across by the same in height. The in-

(Continued on Page 20)

General Notes of Special Interest

COMMON EGRETS NEAR WEBSTER—Mrs. Marvin Ludtke, who lives southeast of Webster, came into our store on August 17, 1964, to report some unusual birds on their farm. Her husband had noticed these large white birds which seemed similar to cranes. While working in the field, he could approach quite closely without disturbing them.

He counted nine birds on August 9th, and said they remained for several days; by August 16th, there were three left.

Armed with Bausch and Lomb binocular, thirty-power spotting scope, and Peterson's Field Guide, I drove out during my noon hour to a spot east of their farm home where the birds had been seen.

A large white bird was sitting on a fence post in a slough area and in size it compared with our common Great Blue Heron. I put the glasses on it and it appeared about three feet high with very noticeable yellow bill, black legs, and the typical heron folded neck.

I consulted the Guide and focused the scope on it for a real close view. There was no question at all as to its identity; it was the American Egret. I thoroughly scanned the area for more Egrets but this seemed to be a solitary one. In succeeding days the Ludtke's reported seeing none.

This location is approximately four miles from the spot where Herb Krause and I had seen two American Egrets on May 8th, 1964, and one American Egret on May 9th, 1964, during our annual spring birding weekend—**Herman P. Chilson**

HAWK ROOST NEAR HURON—About 5:15 p. m., September 22, 1964, I had turned off Highway 37 onto a gravel road. Just above the tree strip to my left a flock of large birds were loosely milling. The fact that I had never seen such a flock of hawks in my life made me slow to accept it. For a few moments the late afternoon sun came out from behind the scattered clouds to shine on the birds, giving some of them a reddish tint that I was unable to make sure about, for I had failed to bring a binocular.

And the birds were wheeling in two overlapping circles, so thickly I had trouble keeping an eye on an individual long enough to see any identifying marks, surely visible at the short distance, even without the glasses.

Some of the breasts toward the sun seemed red or pink but I dared not call the birds Swainson's hawks because I didn't trust the light. A couple of redtails seemed safe enough. I had assumed that most of the hawks would be broad-wings because that species is usually reported in flocks. But I had never certainly identified one of them and had no hope of doing so now, with neither glasses nor book.

Since I expected the whole flight to move on any minute, I should at least get an estimate of numbers. That was easy to say but not to do. The circling birds were moving so fast in various intersecting circles, I repeatedly lost place and count. Finally I came near the center with 40 birds and judged the number in the air must be at least twice that.

Since the flock showed no tendency to move out I had a sudden hope of get-

ting some one else to see the show—and identify the hawks. It was nearly 5:30 when I got to a phone and called George Jonkel.

He, with a couple of visiting young relatives was soon approaching as I waited by the road, and followed me back to the place of the hawks. Of course I worried every foot of the way that the birds would all be gone and the trip would be for nothing. And it appeared so, for I could see none of them as we turned in at the spot.

But, an instant later, I saw a few still in the air and we watched them come from the east, over the trees, find a suitable limb, and settle out of sight. And, when we took time to study the trees carefully, it was like a picture puzzle. The more you looked, the more birds you could see sticking out all over the tree tops. And all the while more were coming in from far to the east to quickly disappear in the already burdened trees.

While George was concentrating on identifying the visible birds, I remembered that, years ago, it was Blanche Battin who had named this little piece of road "Hawk Alley," not for anything like this display, but because we had found that, over the years, we could usually find something in the way of hawks here. Usually individuals, sometimes new and interesting, regularly a special hawk for the Christmas Count.

The fact that hawks kept coming in and settling in these trees without circling or hesitation, long after the main flock was hidden in the leaves, meant to me that the birds had been using this as a roost for years past. And that would explain our regularly finding hawks in the area: They were moving along their traditional migration route and stopping at the usual places, whatever their time schedule.

In the meantime George had identified several Swainson's Hawks and had an idea several others were Broadwings. But the light was poor from the low sun and assembling storm clouds. Still hawks continued to come in to roost from far to the east all the while, from three to eight being in the air and in sight all the time. A few were not satisfied with the location they first picked and moved across our front to the tree strip even nearer on the right.

Altogether, we judged well over a hundred hawks of several species had actually been seen going into the trees. Probably an even greater number had come in before my arrival and while I was away phoning. And nearly all of them were in a section of a tree strip no more than a couple of hundred yards long.

It was the grandest show I remembered seeing.—**J. W. Johnson, Huron.**

* * * *

SNOWY OWLS NORTH OF BRENTFORD—I have seen two Snowy Owls in recent weeks—the last one December 9, 1964. The bird was in open country a few miles north of Brentford, S. Dak., about dusk.

A rather interesting scene caught my attention. Although without field glasses, I was able to observe a Snowy Owl and a cock Pheasant warily watching each other a few yards apart in an open field about 50 yards distant.

The ensuing behavior suggests that a pheasant has the advantage if both birds are on the ground. For the cock flew, safely away, and the Owl didn't pursue. A few moments later, the Owl flew up to 75 feet and then dived on another pheasant, a hen, this time, that also got away.

Again the Owl lifted high in the air and glided away, out of sight. I assume from this encounter that the owl cannot compete with the pheasant on a

straight-away chase but must swoop down swiftly, from high in the air, clutching the pheasant before it has a chance to gather speed.—**Rev. Joseph Runner, Brentford.**

* * * *

PARTIAL ALBINO ROBIN AT HURON—The appearance was of a robin-like bird with much white on the wing towards me. As seen from a distance of 30 feet without a binocular, the robin was clearly identified. The white portions of the plumage seemed to be perfectly symetrical and consisted of the following areas so far as I could make out from a three-quarter rear view and from the rear while in flight after the bird was flushed.

White areas: Scapulas, parts of the secondaries and primaries adjacent, two tail feathers between center and outer sides, sides and an adjacent strip of the belly, a small hardly visible spot next to the beak, an area on the throat. All other parts were normally colored for a robin of medium shade, that might be called either sex.

The white was snowy bright and the total effect was spectacular. The appearance from the rear in flight was of a center longitudinal dark stripe, with wider white bands on either side of it and dark stripes outside the white.

The bird was on the ground with several other robins and a couple of grackles. It remained in close company with the other robins as they flew away on being flushed by my slow approach. The date was September 26, 1964. The location was at the corner of Dakota South and 8th St. in Huron.—**J. W. Johnson.**

* * * *

CALLIOPE HUMMINGBIRD FOUND IN RAPID CITY—A Calliope Hummingbird (**Trochilus stellula calliope**) was found in Rapid City, on August 19, 1964. The small bird was alive when picked up but died in about an hour. The small specimen two and three quarter inches in length was sent to the University of Michigan for positive identification and study by Dr. Robert Storer. It is believed to be the first Calliope Hummingbird to be found in South Dakota—**Harry Behrens, Rapid City.**

* * * *

BARRED OWL AT WAUBAY REFUGE—With the sighting of a Barred Owl in the Hillebrande Woods on November 29, 1964, a new bird was added to the Waubay National Wildlife Refuge list. This unusual visitor represents the 238th species recorded on the Refuge.—**Robert R. Johnson, Refuge Manager.**

* * * *

PRAIRIE CHICKEN AT WAUBAY REFUGE—For the first time in years, a Prairie Chicken was seen at the Waubay Refuge. It was observed by refuge personnel as it nonchalantly walked across the refuge headquarters parking area.—**Robert R. Johnson, Refuge Manager.**

* * * *

COMMON EGRETS IN NORTHEASTERN SOUTH DAKOTA—During the spring of 1964, Common Egrets were seen at the following locations: Two on South Waubay Lake on April 30, and one on a small slough bordering the north edge of Clear Lake in Marshall County on May 25.—**Robert R. Johnson, Refuge Manager.**

* * * *

MISS ESTHER SERR, 615-8th St., Rapid City, had an interesting article in the **Rapid City Journal** of December 9, 1964 under the headline: "Fall Migration Study Finished by Audubon." It describes the work of the Black Hills Audubon Society last fall. Arranged for popular reading, it has more

explanatory and background material than we would need in Bird Notes. Perhaps Miss Serr can give us a version aimed at Bird Notes readers and archives.

* * * *

LOON DIE-OFF

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife
1006 West Lake Street
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55408

November 5, 1964

MEMORANDUM

From: Acting Regional Director,
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Subject: Need for live loons.

The waterfowl die-off in the Great Lakes continues to be of serious proportions. The Common Loon seems to be most seriously inflicted by a malady suspected to be Type E botulinus toxin.

The Patuxent Wildlife Research Center is conducting an investigation of this die-off and a portion of their studies involves feeding cultures of Botulism Type E to live birds.

If you have any opportunity to obtain live loons, please send them Air Express Collect to: Dr. Louis N. Locke, Histopathologist, Patuxent Wildlife Research Center, via Friendship Airport, Baltimore, Maryland.

All shipments should be marked "Hold at airport—notify immediately at 301-776-6760, extension 43." Please phone Dr. Locke at 301-776-6760, extension 43 if a shipment is being made and advise him of the expected time of arrival. Shipments should avoid week end arrival at Friendship Airport.

W. P. Schaefer

CORRECTIONS

White-winged Scoter: XVI:100. Ron Huber, 3121 Georgia Ave. S., Minneapolis, has kindly called attention to an error in the identification of the first bird described. Instead of being a female, this specimen is actually an immature of undetermined sex. The reference is **Kortright**, pp. 325-6.

Lesser Goldfinch: XVI:102. Ron and others have also pointed out the vulnerability of this identification: In particular, the size was not stressed, though the bird should have been notably smaller than the American Goldfinch—the exact size of the Ruby-crowned Kinglet. In addition, Robert's keys show that the yellowish rump holds good only for the adult females. Immatures have dark rumps.

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Birds' Nests

(Continued from Page 16)

side of the cup is about three inches across and two inches deep.

Four eggs are the usual set, but sometimes two or five, and I have seen six on one occasion. They vary in shape and size somewhat but are generally ovate, about 28 x 20 millimeters. All I have seen are of "robin's egg" blue—a deep blue with a slight greenish tinge. Some spotted eggs have been reported but all I have seen were unspotted.

I have never seen a robin's nest with a cowbird egg.—**Watertown.**

BELLE FOURCHE NOTES

Something's Wrong

Winter stand-bys at feeding stations in this area are supposed to be three small birds—the tree sparrow, the slate-colored junco and the black-capped chickadee, and most numerous of all, the tree sparrow.

It was that way at our feeding station for almost 15 years—until the past two. Last year we saw only an occasional tree sparrow. This year we had not seen any until Tuesday of this week when a flock flew in, fed at the station as usual, but have not been seen in the two days since.

In other years the tree sparrows have been everywhere—on the feeder, on the ground under it, hopping around on the terrace picking up gravel, pausing to look up at the people in the window and sometimes hopping to the sill for a closer look. Juncos, chickadees and tree sparrows—these are the snowbirds of picture and story. Friendly, lively, the colder it is and the deeper the snow, the happier they appear to be.

At the word sparrow, most people picture a dingy gray and brown bird—the poorly-groomed English finch. The tree sparrow, however, is an exquisite little fellow, colored and dainty. He wears a bright red-brown cap, two white wing bars, a pinkish wash over the sides of his light gray breast, in the center of which is a black stickpin. He's small—more like a chickadee in size than an English sparrow. "Tree" sparrow, however, is a misnomer. The bird has no special association with trees. Its nest is more commonly in low branches or on the ground.

This area is "going south for the winter" to the tree sparrow, which nests in northern Canada and in Labrador or Alaska. Its common names include Arctic sparrow, Canada sparrow, winter chippy, and the generalized snowbird. First cold weather brought the first tree sparrows to our feeder in other winters; the first stretch of warm days sent them north. In fact, we used the tree sparrow as a weather forecaster—if they were around and happy, the cold would continue. They should have appeared in a big flock in last November's cold. Now, we ask, why has the tree sparrow practically disappeared?

An old-timer sent us an answer the other day. It may be that little owl you think is so cute, he wrote. I've noticed that when an owl stays around all small birds disappear. It could be, he concluded, that your owl moved in last year and you just noticed him a short time ago.

It may be the answer. We know only that something's not right in this bird feeding business this year.

Powdery snow is falling this morning in late January while we write. And under the Russian olive hedge is a robin, a plump, dark-red breasted one —not one of our Black Hills natives who by this time of year are thin, their breasts faded to cinnamon. It's no sign of spring. It's just a fool robin.—**Irma Weyler, Belle Fourche Daily Post.**

ALONG THE CHEMICAL FRONT—An article in the Nov. 16 issue of Chemical and Engineering News, a journal published by the American Chemical Society, states that Midwest farmers are now using organophosphate insecticides to control the corn rootworms, which has built up resistance to the chlorinated hydrocarbons over a six-state area.

The same magazine carries an article about Avitrol 100 and Avitrol 200, new chemicals developed by Phillips Petroleum "for controlling sparrows, starlings, cowbirds, pigeons, and certain blackbirds around buildings and in feedlots." Other birds, of course, would have the same reaction if exposed. Fed in baited grains, the chemicals are said to partially incapacitate the birds, which then make distress calls, frightening away others.

Pesticide residues in a volume under 1 part per million have been found in the remains of a whooping crane that was discovered dead on the Arkansas National Wildlife Refuge last winter. Larger amounts were found in two whooper chicks that died soon after being hatched in captivity at the New Orleans zoo, and also in two eggs laid by the New Orleans birds that did not hatch. The analysis were made by the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife at Patuxent, Md., and Denver laboratories.

A new chemical has been found which apparently can stop the progress of Dutch elm disease, it was reported at the recent 148th national meeting of the American Chemical Society. The compound is known chemically as a nitroalkyl-benzylthio-alkylamine. It was tested in trees after it was found to be active in laboratory tests against the fungus that causes Dutch elm disease. **—Audubon Leader's Conservation Guide.**

Blackburnian Warbler

—Drawing and Etching
Courtesy E. W. Steffen

Winter Birds Near Belvidere

Belvidere, S. Dak.
January 15, 1965

Dear Mr. Johnson,

For several winters now we have been feeding the Chickadees and Downies with bits of tallow secured with pipe cleaners to the branches of the trees outside the picture window. With cold weather this year, however, I discovered that the low-hanging branch which had brought the little fellows within easy viewing had been removed in one of my pruning sprees! I have finally hit upon the idea of attaching a shelf bracket to the woodwork at the top of the window itself and tying the tallow to that. The results have delighted us all—and the friendly "Morse Code" which has become a familiar sound in our living room reminds me that it has been some time since I have "pecked out" a letter to you!

One day this week there was a Shrike perched on a branch not far from the window. He probably took one of the tidbits in the tree, but couldn't bring himself to try the station above the window. There is a female Downy, and quite a number of Chickadees who are regular customers. We have noticed, though, that there aren't any Tree Sparrows around this winter. We miss them, as they are usually quite numerous.

Magpies and cock Pheasants are frequent visitors, strutting boldly about the yard and snitching food from the dog's dish or the chickens' pen.

Someone wrote in Bird Notes to the effect that Burrowing Owls are becoming rare. There are several pairs that nest every summer in this community.

Our children found a Barn Owl dead under the high-line wire last spring, presumably of a broken neck.

Later last summer the children found a Yellow-billed Cuckoo dead in the yard.

Did I tell you that a Say's Phoebe nested on the porch of a vacant house in Belvidere last summer? Also, Wally and the children watched an Avocet running along the edge of the river last fall. It was the first one that any of us had seen.

Before long the Great Horned Owls will be starting to nest, and gradually the spring birds will begin to come back. Our little flock of hardy Meadowlarks has survived the sub-zero temperatures.—**Velma DeVries.**

1965 Dues Notice

If you have not paid your 1965 dues yet this will be your last issue of South Dakota Bird Notes you will receive. Please renew your membership now and assure the continuation of Bird Notes. Please send your 1965 dues of $3.00, payable to SDOU, to

Mrs. David J. Holden, Route 1, Box 80,
Brookings, South Dakota 57006

COMMON EGRET RECORDS—**Alfred Peterson**—The Common Egret seems to have become a somewhat regular tourist in our Lake Region of South Dakota. The list as shown here is a continuation of records in "Bird Notes" VI:63.

1960: May 4, 1 northwest of Salt Lake; 1961, May 16, 1 at Clear Lake; 1962, Aug. 30, 3 seven miles southwest of Thomas; Sept. 1, 3, Sept. 3, 2, Sept. 7, 4, Sept. 8, 7. All September dates are for the same little group seen at flooded fields southwest of Thomas; 1963, Sept. 5, 6 on the Bosworth Ditch near the town of Dempster; Sept. 9 and Sept. 16, 6 near Thomas, on the Ditch. 1964: Apr. 20, 7 on Clear Lake at Thomas, Sept. 16, 1 on Rush Lake.—**Brandt**.

WINTER BIRDS AT STURGIS—On January 9th I saw eight Robins at Ft. Meade and on the same day a flock of Cedar Waxwings, about two dozen. On January 30th four Robins were near the Chapel at Ft. Meade.

Since the Bird Census I have seen Lewis Woodpeckers several times each week. I saw two this morning.

There seems to be a definite decrease in the number of White-winged Juncos in the Hills this winter. I don't know how to account for it.—**Harold W. Wagar, Sturgis.**

Ring-necked Pheasant

—Drawing and Etching

Courtesy E. W. Steffen