

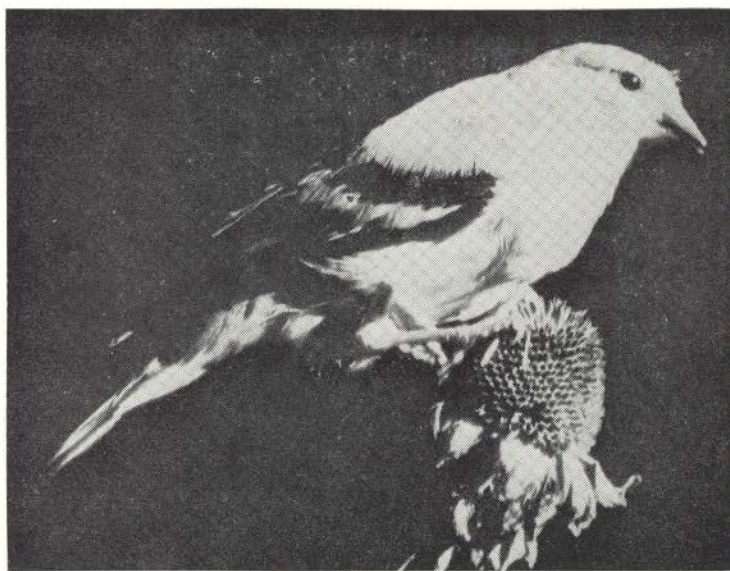
SOUTH DAKOTA BIRD NOTES

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

Vol. XX, No. 4

DECEMBER, 1968

Whole No. 79



Goldie

South Dakota Bird Notes, the Organ of South Dakota Ornithologists Union, is sent to all members whose dues are paid for the current year. Sustaining Members \$10.00, Adults \$4.00; Juniors (10-16) \$2.00. Family Membership (husband and wife) with one subscription to Bird Notes \$6.00. Libraries (subscription) \$4.00. Single and back copies: Members \$1.00, Non-members \$1.50. All dues should be remitted to the Treasurer, Nelda Holden, Route 1, Box 80, Brookings, S. Dak. All manuscripts for publication should be sent to the Editor, J. W. Johnson, 1421 Utah Ave. SE, Huron, S. Dak. Orders for back numbers should be sent to the Librarian, Herman P. Chilson, Webster, S. Dak. Published Quarterly.

In This Number . . .

President's Page, L. M. Baylor	75
The Owl and the Crows, June Harter	76
1968 Lark Bunting Sightings in Northeastern South Dakota, Robert M. Johnson	77
Goldie, J. W. Johnson	79
Notes from Bird Haven, 1968, Lowry Elliott	91
General Notes of Special Interest: American Scoter in McPherson County, Bonaparte Gulls in Brookings County, Cardinal at Webster, Hawks and Jays Fight at Highmore, White-faced Glossy Ibis at Highmore, Black-throated Blue Warbler at Highmore, Avocets, Scarlet Tanager, Lark Buntings, and Redstarts about Milbank, New State Park in Minnehaha County, Pileated Woodpecker at Oahe	92

South Dakota Ornithologists' Union

OFFICERS 1968-69

President	L. M. Baylor, Rapid City
Vice-President	Byron Harrell, Vermillion
Secretary	Jean Jonkel, 1722 Kansas, SE, Huron
Treasurer	Nelda Holden, Route 1, Box 80, Brookings
Membership Chairman	Don Adolphson, 2611 Lawndale Drive, Rapid City
Librarian Chairman	Jeanne Russell, 112 E. Broadway, Pierre
Editor	J. W. Johnson, 1421 Utah Ave., SE, Huron
Associate Editor	Don Adolphson, Rapid City
Librarian	Herman P. Chilson, Webster

DIRECTORS

For Term Expiring 1969: Byron Harrell, Vermillion; Ruth Habeger, Madison; J. W. Johnson, Huron; Lowry Elliott, Milbank; Paul Springer, Brookings.

For Term Expiring 1970: Harry C. Behrens, Rapid City; Charles Rogge, Sioux Falls; Don Adolphson, Rapid City; Nelda Holden, Brookings; Jean Jonkel, Huron.

For Term Expiring 1971: Herman Chilson, Webster; Will Rosine, Sioux Falls; Bruce Harris, Woonsocket; N. K. Whitney Jr., Rapid City; L. M. Baylor, Rapid City.

President's Page

WRITING this contribution shortly after the fall SDOU meeting held at Augustana College, I am particularly conscious of the rewarding experiences associated with our semi-annual meetings. Whatever the number in attendance, it is always obvious that more members could benefit by attending these meetings and sharing the newly acquired knowledge of South Dakota birds.

Our gratitude goes to the Augustana College officials who made available the splendid Gilbert Science Center for the fall meeting. Our host chairman, Dr. Willard Rosine, deserves special thanks for his good efforts in organizing the meeting. Likewise, we are indebted to Dr. Dilwyn Rogers for widening our horizons with his slides and discussion of South African ecology.

The variety of papers presented at this meeting impressed one with the continued meaningful work by professional researchers and a vocational ornithologists. Clearly, Dr. Greichus attained important data through her insecticide research on wild birds in South Dakota. Thomas Dunstan and Daniel Call applied imaginative research techniques in their studies of owls and hawks. B. J. Rose contributed to the historical record with his preliminary report on game birds introduced to South Dakota. Keith Evans combined the trained scientist's skills with sensitive appreciation of nature in his bird-



life studies at stock ponds in western South Dakota. Geologist Don Adolphson utilized his professional abilities in his Black Hills study of nesting golden eagles. E. T. Rose and Charles Keeler brought a vivid impression of the adverse habitat and wildlife effects implicit in the Big Sioux River "ditch" project.

With a report on the 1968 Breeding Bird Survey, Dr. N. R. Whitney demonstrated additional evidence for the value of our participation in this U. S. Fish and Wildlife project. Perhaps even the small contribution on Harding County birds, by Willard Rosine and myself, was of some value. At least, good friends Lois and Herman Chapman appreciated it. Finally, Nelda Holden rendered an outstanding service in her twofold presentation on Scott Findley: his bird-banding records and the worthy memorial for this man who contributed so much to SDOU.

The business meeting yielded matters of special interest to all members. Election of directors Bruce Harris and Willard Rosine continued a recent pattern to augment guidance in the organization's affairs through the thoughts and efforts of new directors.

As to future meetings, SDOU has the good fortune to look ahead for more than just the next meeting. The 1969 spring meeting will be at Webster, land of lakes and water birds, with Herman Chilson serving as host chairman. Tentatively, the date for this meeting is May 16-18. Jean Jonkel will head the host committee for the 1969 fall meeting at Huron. If possible, this meeting will be scheduled in conjunc-

(Continued on Page 94)

The Owl and the Crows

June Harter

THE setting is a grove of trees west of our yard. It involved two nests, a Great-horned Owl and some crows. The grove consists of rows of Chinese elms that are bordered on the south with a row of Russian olives.

April 18, 1968: I saw a large bulky nest near the top of an elm in the first row on the south side of the grove. A flock of crows stayed in the same area and created that kind of racket one hears when crows harass owls. They remained through April 21.

April 22: When I went for a walk through the grove I flushed a Great-horned Owl several times, and found the remains of the big nest scattered on the ground.

April 27: The owl was in the same grove. I found a big nest with a crow on it. The nest was near the top of an elm in the center of the grove. On the ground, in the same region, I found a piece of dark blue-green shell from a recently hatched egg. It corresponded to the size and color that is given in the description of the crow egg.

April 28: Lois and I set up an aluminum extension ladder so that we could have a look into the crow's nest. It contained four downy young. The ladder was left in place for future use. We went over to look for the remains of the nest that was sighted April 18, but the only thing that we found was part of a large, brown wing. From there we went around the west end of the tree belt, noticed two crows creating a fuss in the shelterbelt north of the barn, and tried to find the cause of their concern. The crows were making flying jabs at a great-horned owl. They would

get as close as possible, without seeming to touch the owl, while it just sat there. The owl changed locations a few times and finally flew out to an adjacent plowed field. It stood on the ground while the crows continued to make their raucous noise and flying jabs. The owl flew to another spot in the field, and we left.

We heard the noise of the crows in the north trees from dawn to dark the next day, but that was the last all-day session.

April 30: There were three young crows in the nest.

May 1: I went for a walk through the west and north shelterbelts and found a bunch of feathers and part of the wing of a crow in the north grove. One adult crow was observed alternating its time between the nest site in the west trees and the area where the crow remains were found in the north trees.

May 4: Three young were in the nest. The parent crow was on the nest until I started climbing the ladder. It returned as soon as I left. During the rest of the time required to raise the young the parent usually would start squawking each evening about dusk.

May 14: One young in nest. Two more adult crows appeared on the scene, and the parent crow spent some time flying around with them. One of the strangers departed sometime within the next day or so.

May 21: When I adjusted the ladder the young crow got excited and fell out of the nest. I put it back in the

(Continued on Page 95)

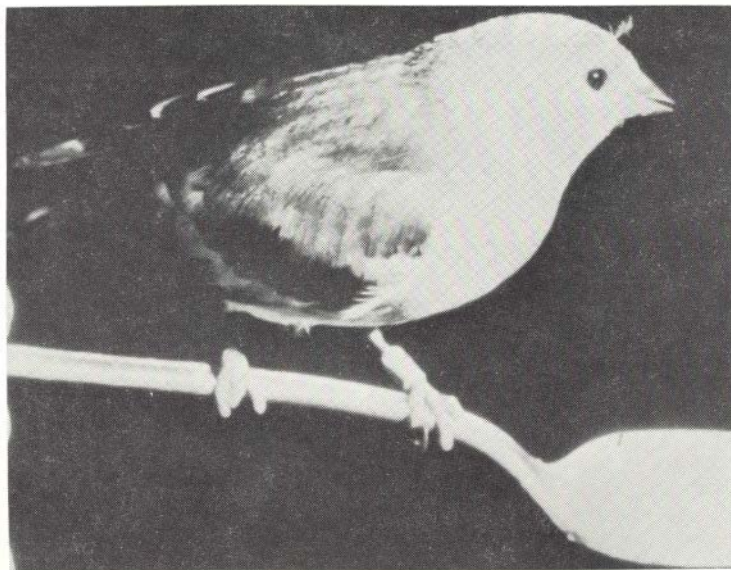
SOUTH DAKOTA BIRD NOTES

1968 Lark Bunting Sightings in Northeastern South Dakota

Robert R. Johnson

Date	No.	County	Location	Observer
5/13	1	Clark	3 mi. west of Willow Lake on Hwy. 28	R. Johnson
6/6	3	Day	West boundary of Waubay N.W.R.	R. Johnson
6/7	1	Day	5 mi. north of Waubay on Day County Hwy. 1	R. Johnson
6/11	2	Codington	9 mi. north of Watertown on U.S. Hwy. 81	R. Johnson
	2	Codington	3 mi. south of Florence	R. Johnson
	1	Codington	1 mi. north of Florence	R. Johnson
6/13	5	Codington	10 mi. north of Watertown on U.S. Hwy. 81	R. Johnson
6/14	2	Day	2.5 mi. east of Grenville	H. Chilson
6/17	5	Day	2.5 mi. east of Grenville	H. Chilson
6/17	1	Marshall	2 mi. east, 8 mi. south of Britton	M. McClure
	1	Marshall	5 mi. east of Langford	M. McClure
	1	Marshall	7 mi. east and 1 mi. south of Langford	M. McClure
	2	Day	8 mi. east of Pierpont	M. McClure
	1	Day	8 mi. east and 3.5 mi. south of Pierpont	M. McClure
	1	Day	1 mi. west and 5.5 mi. north of Holmquist	M. McClure
	1	Day	1 mi. west and 5.5 mi. north of Holmquist	M. McClure
6/18	4	Roberts	11 mi. north of Sisseton	R. Johnson
6/19	2	Roberts	Old Agency	R. Johnson
	2	Roberts	5 mi. east of Sisseton on Hwy. 10	R. Johnson
6/20	1	Day	4 mi. west of Grenville	R. Johnson
7/1	2	Day	6 mi. west of Pierpont	R. Johnson
7/2	1	Day	6 mi. north of Waubay on Day Co. Hwy. 1	R. Johnson
7/6	1	Day	5 mi. west of Grenville	H. Chilson
7/17	1	Roberts	5 mi. east and 3 mi. north of Sisseton	T. Schenk
7/18	1	Day	2.5 mi. east of Grenville	H. Chilson
7/24	1	Day	6 mi. west, 2 mi. south of Webster	T. Schenk

—Waubay National Wildlife Refuge, Waubay, South Dakota



Goldie at His Favorite Occupation: Eating

Goldie

by Jim Johnson

"**A**RE you interested in a little bird, that can't fly?"

"Of course." It was the early afternoon of September 4, 1967.

"We'll be right in with it." Mrs. Hollister was calling from their place on the Virgil road.

And it wasn't long. She and her young son, Scott, appeared, the boy carrying in his hand a little bird. It was a goldfinch, in olive-green with a touch of gold at its throat, a youngster that I later decided was probably a male because of its dark wings and tail.

"It can't fly yet," Mrs. Hollister explained. "It wouldn't have much chance with the cats around."

The little bird looked up at me with a confiding air, made nothing of the transfer from Scott's hand to mine and, a few minutes later, calmly rode into the house, tiny feet holding firmly to my fingers and not an idea of leaving me.

The first thing was water and food. Young birds are always hungry and without food they dry out as well. A

saucer on the kitchen table was just the thing. A few drops of water and some bread crumbs. The little thing tried to eat and drink but something didn't suit.

Then I tried picking up a drop of water on my finger and holding it to the side of his bill. That was better but slow. The bread crumbs still didn't taste just right after he had eaten one. Then I tried milk. Better but not right yet. Next some grated cheese. Even a seed eating bird like a goldfinch has to have protein when it is young and growing. He tried a few bites of that but it still didn't ring any bells.

Next I took him outside to see if he had any better idea of his own. He did: like insects among the plants. But nothing much could be found and soon he had given up and was just wandering around. So he climbed gratefully into my hand when it was held in front of him on the ground and rode back into the house.

I had to find something he would like, to get him started eating. Next

Author's Note—This biography of an American Goldfinch, raised from a nestling to maturity in our home, originally appeared in 10 parts in my column, **Bird Talk** in the (Huron) **Daily Plainsman** from October 8 to December 10, 1967. It is reprinted with the permission of the publisher. Due to the suggestions of Herman and Lois Chapman and the financial contributions of themselves, L. J. Moriarty, and Herman P. Chilson it appears here.—**J. W. (Jim) Johnson**

thought: ice cream. And Lucille wasn't there to supervise diet; so I could use my own judgment—if any—on flavor. We had vanilla, strawberry, and cherry nut. Might as well shoot the works. Cherry nut it was. A little of it in a spoon, held in front of him: the bright black eyes looked at it without enthusiasm. So many things had been offered, none of them very good. He might as well have said it out loud.

But the sharp little beak reached slowly out and picked off a tiny crumb, started to draw back as usual—and suddenly plunged forward to grab a big bite out of the middle of the heap in the spoon. That was gone in an instant. Then the beak was stitching a row of holes as deep as his nostrils, like a sewing machine, across the surface. Jackpot. Nobody ever saw a little bird so wild about eating.

Then I began to worry about so much cold stuff for a bird so young. But we could heat the bird, if not the ice cream, under the heat lamp. Quickly its warm radiance took hold and he was fluffing out his feathers as he basked under it. Then his mouth came open. He was getting hot. I held him farther away and he still was too hot. So we went back for more ice cream to cool off.

When Lucille came home, he had had his third lunch of cherry nut ice cream and still could eat more of it than I dared let him have. She thought it should be vanilla for such a little bird. She would. But I argued that the two of us were in full agreement that cherry nut was it. He had found the bits of cherry the second time and spent most of his efforts in making careful search for more of them. They were extra special.

Best of all, he was acting better all the time. I had begun to have hopes of saving him. We put bread crumbs,

grated cheese, and some grit in his saucer and were delighted to see him stalk around over it like a big bird, picking out suitable items of ordinary fare, in spite of having filled up on ice cream first. It really looked like this little bird might live to grow up. A couple of hours earlier, I would have bet the other way.

As night came on we needed a proper place for a tiny bird to sleep. Lucille remembered she had a box, already fitted with a perch, just the right size, put there for another bird that had been with us all too short a time. Goldie, as we had come to call our little goldfinch, found the rod just fit his tiny feet. His beak sunk into the feathers at about the upper vest pocket and he was asleep and snoring. To keep from disturbing him, we left the box where he had accepted it—on the floor of the living room. All our activity around it for the rest of the evening had no effect at all. Goldie snored on in restful luxury.

The next morning, by daylight, when other birds were up and around, Goldie was still asleep, refused to wake up at ordinary sounds, refused to leave the perch for my hand, didn't react when I picked him off by main strength. Breakfast in the same dishes and spoon was mostly ignored. It was just too early to get up or eat.

After 10 minutes of standing around and trying to understand my talk, he seemed to slowly wake up, tried a little water, didn't like it—and took a few big bites of ice cream. But bread crumbs and the rest were still too much trouble. He finally picked up a few bites, threw away the bigger pieces, and that was all.

By the next day Lucille and Goldie had agreed that even cherry nut ice cream lacked something as a complete diet for a growing bird. Then, a flash of genius: oatmeal. Of course. It

should have everything a seed-eating bird ought to have, including a little protein. She hurried to cook a little of it for him to try. His approval was enthusiastic as soon as a bit was cool enough for him to taste. So, when I got home, they were both ready to show off their new system. Goldie stood on her finger and gobbled up oatmeal from a spoon she held in her other hand. When I worried about his eating too much, both ignored me at first. Then Lucille said: "He'll quit when he gets enough."

I still wondered, the way the stuff was going. He was picking up the biggest pieces and downing them at a gulp. Only when his tiny crop stuck out to one side of his neck, like an off-center goiter, did he quit eating. She put him back on the perch of his box for a nap. "He'll be out looking for more. In a little less than an hour," she said. And he was. This time we took him outside while I tried to get some closeup slides of his eating. He paid no attention to the camera glaring and clicking only inches away or to other people who came to see a little bird having his picture taken. Filling up on oatmeal was the business of the moment and he ignored everything else, including the fact that this was an odd spot for a little goldfinch.

That evening he got restless, wouldn't stay anywhere, just wandered around, hunting for something. He refused to stay on his perch that had been erected for two nights. It ended in a compromise of sorts. A nest in the bottom of the box, shaped from a rag, was better, he thought. And Lucille put a paper over the top of the box so he wouldn't get out and wander around—under somebody's foot.

The next morning, as usual, he was slow to get going, slow to eat. We had always thought of birds as being fully awake instantly the way mammals are. But a little thought convinced us that

it had really been something like this with most birds we had known, though wild adults do get started quicker than our little goldfinch.

By his third day with us his flying was better but nowhere near good enough for his apparent age. One reason, we began to realize as we watched him, was that one wing didn't work as well as the other. It made him fly with one wing low and he lost altitude rapidly. We worried that it might always bother him.

That afternoon we took him out to the bath in the sun. At first he drank several times, then walked away. But, when Lucille brought him back and set him by the edge of the water, he walked in and tried to splash with his wings. It didn't work and he waded in over his depth. But he floated like a cork and soon scrambled out, underparts soaked and back dry. When he started to shiver, it was back to the heat lamp to dry. Preening drying feathers was still something for the future, though he did try to work a little on the sopping wet tail feathers. The rest of him was left to dry as it would. Another incredible filling up on oatmeal was all he needed to go to sleep in his man-made nest.

Goldie's fourth day with us was one of active experiment and learning. Lots of wandering around, disappearance for intervals of up to an hour, after which he would come trudging purposefully from some unknown region, his whole being telegraphing the message: "When do we eat?" Late in the afternoon he had been missing longer than usual and Lucille was worried that he had gotten lost or trapped behind something. But, just as we got started pulling things out of corners to look, here he came, as fast as he could walk. We needed no translation. His word was clear, if silent: "Eat?" Lucille held a hand down for him to hop on while I found his spoon of oatmeal. He trans-

ferred to my hand, the one that held the spoon. When I tried to change hands with either him or the spoon to feed him, he got impatient with the details. He walked down my fingers to the spoon handle then along it until he could reach the bowl of the spoon and start eating. His occasional side glances at me I read as contempt for my fumbling when a poor bird was near starving. This time he filled up until we both got worried and stopped it. But that was all right when we gave him a perch where he could doze in the sun.

A little later we were having our own meal on trays by the big window where we could watch the feathered goings on in the back yard. Goldie woke up, hopped down, and walked over to join us, waiting confidently under my tray for me to lift him up. No sense learning to fly while you had people to work for you. Then something about Lucille's slice of tomato caught his eye and he fluttered over to see it. She was not amused when he lit right in the middle of it with both feet and walked around, trying to decide if the seeds and/or pulp around them might be safe to eat. But, after having spoiled it for her, he decided tomato wasn't much good for him either. He came back to me and I tried him with some more tomato—in a spoon of his own. This time he thought the pulp around the seeds could be all right and ate a little of it. But the seeds themselves were just too slippery for what you got out of them. Then he found some sesame seeds that had fallen from my bread. These turned out to be something like just what he was looking for. He searched for more of them and I added to the supply from the loaf. He went right to work, like an old hand, cracking these tiny seeds and throwing away the shells. We, of course, were more than pleased, for we had worried about his way of sticking to a single food all the

time. Lucille got him a fresh boiled peanut and chopped it up into goldfinch sized pieces. After the sesame seeds were gone, he tied into the peanut for a while. So his food habits were changing, though the game wing was no better than we could see.

Then came Saturday night. We were going out earlier than Goldie's usual last meal and bedtime. We would have to leave him to make his own arrangements. We fed him well and left him working contentedly on his dessert of sesame seeds on a tray. Close under the tray Lucille had set his roasting box. We would see.

Late in the evening, when we came home, we peeped in to see what he had done for himself. There, in the dim light, he was perched on the edge of his box, his tiny beak in his upper left vest pocket as usual, sound asleep.

The next morning, Sunday, I let him sleep. But I had his oatmeal warming when I heard little feet scratching. When I went for him, he calmly stepped into my hand and rode back for breakfast. Before leaving for church, I had him sleeping off his second big meal. His spoon I put on the flower shelf, where he wouldn't be filling up again before we got back. There were some seeds on his paper for him when he got hungry. That is the way I had it figured. He made some revisions. When we got home, he was walking around the kitchen floor. He came to me and rode up to the cabinet top. But, when I reached for his spoon of oatmeal, it was polished clean. He had found a way to fly up there, eat all of it, clean, since there wasn't enough left for a full meal, and fly down. So he was learning to fly better than we had hoped. But we still needed to cut down on his oatmeal and get him to eating more seeds in their natural state.

New experiences with Goldie became a part of our day—every day. We all learned together. Eating and sleeping

arrangements made a big part of it as would be expected. Getting food to him when he wanted it was never as prompt and efficient as he expected. But his learning to fly better helped on that. When he saw his spoon was slow in coming, he went right after it himself.

On Sunday afternoon Shep and Mrs. Shep stopped in to see him. It happened that Goldie had just come in to bring up the matter of another meal, since he was practically starved. Their arrival made a few minutes delay—which he did not appreciate. His eagerness upset his manners, after he lit on my hand and on to the spoon—to light right in his oatmeal with both feet. It was really a judgment error rather than manners, for he intended to light on the handle of the spoon. And he found himself too close to his eating. So he walked back up the spoon handle with gooey feet until he could reach his food without standing on his head. Then he inhaled about half of it. As soon as he was out of danger of starvation, he was willing to waste time with the company. He consented to stand on their fingers a few minutes each in turn, while they exclaimed over his total confidence and lack of fear. Then he went back to his eating—what there was left.

He liked to join us at our evening meal before the big window. We like to keep an eye on the bird doing out there while we eat. But he takes a lot of watching himself, for his own good, as well as for our food, and we don't get to see much else. He stands on his own tray, with his own food, for a while. But things about ours get so interesting he just has to fly over to see. We have to be ready to fend him off hot lids that would burn his feet and keep papers spread over our food in case he should get a sudden idea to light on it for a sample.

The things we eat he usually doesn't think much of—except as he sees us

eating them. But watermelon he learned to enjoy. We give him a bit and he nibbles away at it, more like a dog than a bird. One day he got so impatient with everything he saw and wanted being kept away from him and being waved away when he came in for a taste, he lit on the side of Lucille's glasses. Then he found the side piece near the lens made a good perch, where he could lay his head affectionately against her forehead. It looked so interesting, I had them do it over again for pictures of her living decoration.

A place to sleep became a complex problem again, that had to have a new answer often. At first we didn't recognize that we had a problem, let alone one with a roving answer. About sundown, while it was still daylight, Goldie would get restless and flutter about the windows, wanting out—we thought at first. It took several evenings to decide that what he really wanted was a suitable place to sleep and to know where it was, so he could go right to it when the time came. It's common enough for wild birds to pick out their roost well before night and then come back to it, we knew. But somehow, we were slow to think of it when Goldie was trying to instruct us. When we didn't know what the message was, Goldie settled the matter himself for the moment by disappearing—until the next morning. We would see him walking out, late in the morning, looking for breakfast. When we learned to recognize the signs early enough in the evening, we tried to help. But it took a while for the meeting of the minds.

His interest in tree limbs when he was outside led us to one answer that lasted a while. We broke off a crab apple twig and brought it in to try. Lucille set it in a tall bottle on the table while he watched. As she stepped back, he flew right to the twig and quickly found a horizontal part among the leaves that was what he had

been trying to tell us about all the time. He kept coming back to it—it gave him flying practice—when everything else had lost its kick. Then, while it was still light in the room, we found he had gone to sleep on his new twig, beak in upper left vest pocket as usual. He slept there until daylight the next morning, in spite of our coming and going, lights on and off, and all the rest of it.

Like ourselves Goldie became a victim of our big window. All three of us spend time there watching the outside. But Goldie had more time to spend there and came to make it a main interest, probably wanting out. Just outside the glass is the feeder where the winter birds come to eat. Now the cardinal was our only regular customer. One afternoon Goldie was at the window when the cardinal stopped for a quick lunch. The big red bird standing right there inches away seemed to fascinate the little mite. He fluttered wildly against the glass, trying to get closer to the first bird he had ever shown an interest in, probably the closest he had been since leaving his own nest. Every feather expressed eager excitement. Amazingly and oddly, to us, the cardinal reacted even more strongly—but differently. A perfect fit of rage swept over him at the sight of the fluttering little bird at his feet. He puffed up, his crest flattened, his beak opened, and he tried to get hold of Goldie. With that kind of blood pressure he could have had a stroke. But for the glass between them, he would have grabbed the little one and pulled him apart, scattering the fragments to the winds. To us, one attitude was as mysterious as the other.

One day Lucille was away from the house for some little time. When she came back and went to feed Goldie, she was surprised to find his spoon not only empty but rather on the clean side. He seemed less eager than usual for

the belated (?) meal. But it wasn't until the next day, when she caught him flying up to the shelf where the spoon was kept, that it dawned on her what had cleaned the spoon. From then on a spoon of oatmeal where he could help himself was a part of the scenery.

In spite of all this about oatmeal, the past 10 day's supply had all come out of a single small jar of the cooked cereal kept in the refrigerator, total capacity a few ounces. And he was not deep into it yet, for, no matter how voracious, such a small bird can't eat much. He liked to have it warmed but was usually too impatient to wait when we were getting out a new spoonful.

On September 13, flying suddenly became a pleasure as well as a way to get somewhere. Goldie now had the knack and that without any long practice beyond the few halfhearted attempts to get from one perch to another that had usually failed or fell short. Part of the early problem had been the left wing that wouldn't carry its load. But the wing had mended in the last couple of days and flights had improved—a little. He still missed perches often and would then walk to somebody's hand to be raised up to where he had been aiming. Then, this morning, he was a big bird and could fly where he wanted. Best of all, he could change his mind in the air and go somewhere else—just like that. It was a wonderful feeling, we could tell. He did quite a lot of it during the day, making trips just for the fun of it, or to see what was going on in another room. He gave Lucille a bad time, watching him off hot spots about the stove and sink. You just couldn't tell when the notion would strike him for a closer look at something dangerous.

Curiously—or maybe, naturally, this day also marked his first realization of himself as a seed eater. He had eaten seeds before, liked some of them. Lucille had even brought him various

heads of our flower seeds that wild finches like, without his appearing to know why he was going around over them the way he did. But, now, everything clicked into place and suddenly made sense. What seemed to set it off was the dried head of a gloriosa daisy. She had put it in a wire flower holder he likes for a daytime perch. This time he fell on it like a hawk on a mouse. In an instant he was going over it, bill working like a sewing machine needle, picking out the tiny seeds, one after another, so fast you couldn't just see what was going on. And he was obviously pleased with himself and the food.

It really is a miracle in anybody's language, how all this very complex behavior takes place suddenly, at a certain time, in the life of a little bird, without any learning in our usual sense of the term. People who use the word "instinct" to mean something inferior to learning just haven't glimpsed the picture.

September 14 was another landmark day: Goldie suddenly became grownup. His transition became evident early in the day; his adult outlook was a part of his behavior from then on. The new attitude was most noticeable in his way with a free ride. He no longer rode around on our hands just because we offered. If we weren't going the way he wanted to go—and the quick mind of his was a part of the new bird—he took off and went his own way. For, by now, he had chores of his own to take care of—and seemed to remember them at odd moments—like when we wanted him to pose for pictures. One frequent errand was to go to the cactus pot for grit. Most birds have to have it and I had offered it to him early, as we would do with chickens. Then he had mostly ignored it so far as we could tell. But, after he had been with us a week, Lucille had found him on one of the cactus pots, helping himself to the sand. That was all right but I

thought our sharp granite would be better than the rounded sand; so I mixed some of it with the sand in the pot.

The seed heads Lucille had brought in weren't enough. So he found the ones she was saving for next year's seed and cleaned them out before she noticed. When she brought others in to replace them, he promptly hunted them out of her hiding place and cleaned them out too.

His easy flying now put him where he wanted to be and silently. Things had to be shut up if they looked like bird food—or even interesting. He inspected all the house plants and checked them for taste. He found things on the cactus plants and kept going back to them for things other than the grit in their pots. Once he got caught among the thorns and Lucille had to help him out—with some pain to both of them.

And a large succulent plant that folklore assigns medical properties he approved of particularly, liked to sit on its odd, blade-like leaves and nibble bits off them. May be something to folklore—or maybe he was just listening when we spoke of it. Acting on the hint, Lucille later found the moisture and pulp from a bit of this plant is incredibly cooling and soothing on a burn, stopping the pain at once and for good. Too bad we don't know its scientific name.

Goldie still liked his oatmeal and ate of it largely. But he would leave it quickly for a session with the seed heads. And now he didn't always come at once when his oatmeal was offered. He still roosted on the twig, going to sleep before sunset and never moving, so far as we could tell, until daylight the next morning. And, in spite of our activity around him, even about the table where the bottle with his twig sat. Of course, we kept bright lights off him as much as possible, though they didn't seem to bother his sleeping.

He spent time exploring now, flying instead of walking, and very little about the house escaped his, at least casual, survey. Most things got a good going over. Sometimes a near disaster jarred us. ●nce he lit on one of Lucille's miniature cups in a wall rack. Even his tiny weight taking off was enough to cause it to fall. Incredibly, it was light enough to bounce instead of shatter.

And we worried always about his lighting on something hot or trying to take a bath in something hot or greasy. We felt he would probably dodge all our care and do it someday; but we tried to keep tempting dangers covered and never to leave any of his food near a danger spot.

Now he had suddenly become a good flyer—and confident—in matters within the limit of what he might meet up with in the wild and we felt he would be well able to make his own way when he came to leave us. Of course, we wanted him to stay, for he was good company. But we knew we would be taking him outside on sunny days for pictures and to get him used to the wide world and it was only a question of time until he wouldn't want to come back in with us. So we expected him to wander away—and probably never be seen here again. Still I planned to get a band on his leg before that time came so we will know him from other goldfinches about the yard and if he does stay around or goes and returns.

●ne day we suddenly realized that Goldie had found an interesting companion of his own kind: his reflection in the bright surface of the toaster. The affair had been going on for a day or more before we got the picture, that the focus of his interest was himself. The rim of a plastic fruit bowl by the toaster had become his favorite perch, we knew. ●nly later did we notice his interest in his reflection only inches away. Soon he started talking to him-

self in soft little chirping notes. Sometimes he would get up on top of the toaster, hunting for a way in to the little bird he was talking with. Not finding it, he would go somewhere else for a while, eating flower seeds, looking out the window, or just checking up on what we were doing. But, any time we missed him, we were most likely to find him perched on the edge of the bowl in a quiet little chat with himself. ●f course we feel sorry for him in his loneliness and will have to let him go out on his own, much as we will hate to lose him.

September 16, Goldie got a bright aluminum band on his left leg, so we will know him among the other goldfinches. I went to unusual trouble to keep from scaring him or holding him in an undignified position, which I find bothers him more than anything else. I held the band, opened just right, in the banding pliers, and, with Lucille holding the leg as he stood on his bowl perch, slipped it on and closed it carefully. It was all over in a second and never has a bird been banded with less disturbance. These tiny bands are so light even such a little bird couldn't feel their weight enough to be bothered. He never tried seriously to get it off. His number is now 31-66274 and it will identify him from all other goldfinches. Just a glint of the bright band will let me know him among the others, for not many of these little birds ever get banded in this part of the country.

Goldie's sleeping arrangements had to be changed for the night and we wondered how he would react to a different room. We were going to have company for dinner and a little bird just can't sleep in the middle of a bunch of people talking and eating under bright lights. So we moved his twig roost and the tray with his flower seed heads into another room where he could have peace and quiet. When I took him in to get used to the place, in

the late afternoon, he recognized his beloved furniture and flew off my hand to settle down on his tray, working over a seed head. And when Mrs. Harter and her daughter, Lois, from Highmore came, they, of course, had to meet Goldie. No problem. He was about done with the seeds and stepped onto my hand to come out and meet them. He was polite and friendly, let them examine him closely for a few minutes. But he soon indicated that the interview was over and it was bed-time for growing birds. When I got him back to his door, he took off and flew to his sleeping perch—where I found him at daylight the next morning—just waking up.

Sunday, September 17, was a day of growing independence. Only the minimum of help or handling was accepted. Not much riding any more. Flying was the way for a bird to get around. Expertness in the aid had improved to near perfection. He didn't try vertical flight though. A climbing spiral did the job and with a lot less work.

He and Lucille solved the bath and splashing problem: a shallow pan held his bath water—warmed, of course. And to keep him from throwing water all over, it was set in the sink. After he had shaken himself, there was the heat lamp, if he should start to shiver.

In the afternoon Shep came to make movies of him. He paid no attention to the bright light and went right on playing himself as a goldfinch like an old trouper. Never a bit of artistic temper.

And then Bruce Harris, Department of Game, Fish, and Parks, Woonsocket, came by and saw him talking to himself in the bright toaster. "Poor little guy," he said, making us feel like proper targets for the SPCA.

The next day we noticed that Goldie had adopted two other bird companions. And they really shouldn't have looked like birds except to people.

They were nicely painted plaster birds that were table souvenirs from the South Dakota Ornithologists' Union Banquet at Belvidere last May. Both are chubby little caricatures of birds. But Goldie, having so little choice, has accepted them as birds and sits with them on the shelf, talking to them almost as much as he does with his reflection in the toaster.

Sunday, September 18, in the afternoon, was the first time Goldie was able to give himself a 100 per cent bath, a real soaker. Up till then he had failed to get much water on his back and any at all on his head. This time the system had come to him and he stayed in enjoying it until every feather was soaked limp. I came home just in time to get the job of holding him under the heat lamp.

But, another mark of his growing independence, and the maturity of his temperature regulating system: he wouldn't stay in the heat long. Feathers still wet, he flew across the room and from place to place, looking for a good enough perch where a bird could have room to work feathers and get himself in shape. But he soon needed his oatmeal and hunted the spoon where Lucille had put it in a plastic cover to keep it from drying out. He found it and tried to find a way to get at it, not liking to wait for us to come and help. One thing he won't be able to find in the wild on his own: big spoonfuls of gooey calories to gobble in big bites. No doubt a good thing for him too.

Another company evening was coming up and we assumed Goldie would be willing as before to retire to his other room for the night. I moved his furniture and undertook to show him the place before dark. But he was having none of it. He wouldn't stay on my hand any longer than it took to see where I was taking him. Then he was in the air hunting another perch. From then on he was suspicious when

I came near or talked to him. As it got dark, I managed to catch him and carry him into his room. He had too much dignity to struggle and, when I turned on the light, he flew right to his beloved twig perch and settled down without argument.

So I thought I had won. But the next morning Lucille happened to be the one to let him out—and found herself overwhelmed by a lonesome little bird happily learning he isn't forgotten any more. All days he kept close to her and, more than any day yet, he tried to sing to her. He appreciated company and didn't want to be alone any more.

When I came home after five o'clock, he still would have nothing to do with me. No matter how I talked to him or tried to get him to ride on my hand as usual, he just ignored me, edging away if I got too close, flying somewhere else if I insisted. And he wouldn't spare me a single one of his new notes, though showering them on Lucille any time I was out of the room and out of his sight. Talk about being in the dog house.

After a while I noticed his flower seeds heads were empty; he could find nothing in them. Here was my chance. I hurried out and got two more for him. Then I came back and held them out to him; he sprang for them in an instant, lit on one, eating as if he had been starving. I carried it, with him still on it, all around while he picked out the tiny seeds. He even kept on eating while I made some pictures of him in the sunshine before the big window. When Mr. Tyson from up the street stopped in, Goldie kept right on eating his seeds while I brought him out to show off. Later, when it was time for his oatmeal, he went with me, perched on the hand that held the spoon, while he stuffed himself beyond belief. I was forgiven—probably only as long as I had the proper food.

September 20 was the day Goldie

demanded freedom to dry himself after a bath without any help from the heat lamp. He just wouldn't have any part of it. And Lucille was too busy to insist. She let him alone and he went from one perch to another, shaking out and preening feathers until, sometime later she noticed he was all dry and every feather in place, and neatly too. Quite an accomplishment for a bird with no training or any chance to see how it is done by others. Another complicated pattern handled by instinct.

It seems everybody has to have a turn at debasing poor Goldie's food. Lucille started it by putting him on oatmeal instead of the ice cream I had started him on. Then the Audubon Screen Tour lecturer, D. J. Nelson, thought the sugar she put in the oatmeal might be bad for a bird. Causes premature molting. With birds, like people, everything you like is bad for you or society. But, to our surprise, when the unsweetened oatmeal was cool enough for him to try, that little bird went right into it, never seeming to notice the difference. So we had another example of the way bird taste differs from ours. Their taste mechanism acts much faster though, yet is every bit as sharp. But it can sometimes be quickly cultivated for some strange food that the bird does not like at first. Our observation is that birds of any species we have worked with can eat almost any food, if they can be persuaded to try it a few times. But, as with people, again, all sorts of individual quirks can be found among them.

Came a period of development, both for our little goldfinch and ourselves, his foster parents. He took increasing interest in the outdoors, only visually, for we found no time for the extensive operation taking him out might become. He could even wander out of our sight and get lost. Of course, we intended soon to turn him loose, we said. But

we did hate to face the fact or set a time. And we hadn't started early enough to train him outside to come to the window for food in time of need, so he wouldn't suddenly be entirely on his own. Living on such small seeds as he would find for himself might be hard for a small bird brought up in such luxury.

Meantime, he was teaching us his own language, at which we were unbelievably dense. He had come to do a lot of talking in goldfinch and the number of expressions he could give his three little notes was surprising. We knew he always meant something but what usually failed us. But, sometimes, we caught on—after a while. One afternoon he had what we thought was his last meal of the day. As we sat reading at sunset and Goldie worked over a seed head in the kitchen, we heard him talking and too insistently to be doing much eating.

"He wants out," was our thought and, when night was coming on was no time for that. He got louder and then came flying in to light on my shoulder and yell at me. When I spoke to him, he took off and went back into the kitchen, where we could still hear him, talking even louder.

"He wants something," guessed Lucille. I went out to see what he was doing and—came dawn: he stood on the plastic bag that held his spoon of oatmeal, his breakfast, warming from the refrigerator, and covered to keep it from drying out. So he had his breakfast the night before, nearly emptying the spoon before going to his twig roost. I got another spoonful out to warm for him in the morning. Communications were re-established.

September 27 came to mark another of the rapid changes in the behavior of our little bird. The day before he had started eating bread by tearing off goldfinch sized specks from a stale piece Lucille had given him. Before

that he had been eating crumbs collected from the toaster and liked the toasted sesame seeds he found with the crumbs. But, until today, oatmeal was his main food, the one he liked best of all to fill up on. Crumbs and seeds were just something to nibble on in his spare time. Now he rather suddenly refused to eat more than a taste of oatmeal and spent his time on the bread or seeds. Along with the change of food went a change of attitude. He no longer liked to be carried around perched on somebody's finger, particularly if he was being carried where he didn't want to go.

He still wasn't afraid of us and never moved to avoid us unless we were too insistent about getting him to do something he didn't favor. Then he just moved enough to keep a fraction ahead of the extended hand. Even then, if we kept at it, he would wait, step up on a finger, and watch to see where it was going to take him. If it was in the wrong direction, he lightly took off and flew back to where he was going in the first place. It all fit the pattern: he was a big bird now and ready to make his own way. Several days before, we had set October 2 as the day for him to try it.

Now we wondered if we shouldn't have made it earlier, while we had a chance to teach him to come to us if he should get in trouble out there. We hated to have him go. He had been such an entertaining little bird and the first goldfinch we had ever known so intimately. Watching his development from day to day, almost from hour to hour sometimes, had been fascinating. We knew he would quickly wander away and probably never get back where we could see him again.

We had been away from two to seven the afternoon of September 30. Goldie had been left with the usual seed heads and crumbs—but no company. As we came in, he flipped over to the spot

where his spoon of oatmeal lay—covered with a plastic bag. Of course, we were sorry we hadn't thought to leave it where he could eat when he wanted it. But he had been so independent about being fed, and about oatmeal in particular the last few days, it hadn't occurred to us. I held the spoon and he fell on the oatmeal as if he would never get enough. When I offered a hand for him, he stepped up on it the way he did in the days when he was young. But he kept right on eating, gulping down big bites. Just before the spoon was empty, he flew up to his daytime perch on the big flower shelf as though he had suddenly remembered he was a big bird now. But that didn't last long. A few minutes later, when Lucille was in the kitchen, he flew down to the sink and looked hungry some more. She got out a new spoonful of oatmeal for him and held him while he stowed away another incredible amount. So birds have their relapses into earlier and simpler times—just like people.

Came the first of October. Goldie had been begging so hard to get out the last few days; he sang most of the mornings, looking out of the windows all the time. Our resolution weakened rapidly. We would let him go today. In the afternoon. I wanted to get some last pictures though. But he was a sharp little bird. He knew very well there was something up, without understanding what, and it made him nervous too. He would only pose for a minute, one exposure, before taking off to his favorite refuge on the flower shelves before the kitchen window. Now we had to get together on that, for he must be well fed when he left us. We wanted him to have time to get acquainted with this world he never made before he had to eat. The only answer was to wait until he got hungry and calmed down enough to eat well. While

he did that I would get pictures. Then he would be ready to go.

But it was after four in the afternoon when he consented to pose on his spoon and eat while I held him in the sun before the big window and worked the camera with the other hand, the way I had learned to do since he had been with us. But, when he had eaten well and the film was gone, he still knew something was about to happen and wouldn't take any more chances with me.

So Lucille undertook to get hold of him so she could bring him outside. It took a while. Then, when we were out under the locust tree, she offered him some oatmeal and let him stand free on her hand. But he was off and into the tree in an instant.

Fittingly, I thought. A goldfinch in October's first golden afternoon's sunlight and leaves, all golden, even the dust a golden mist in the shafts of sunlight that came through the trees all around us.

Three wild goldfinches happened to be flying around the trees and we knew Goldie had so wanted to join other birds. Maybe they would accept him—we hoped. But we never got to see anything but coming and going, all too fast to make out his leg-band or follow it. Our little bird was gone, as he had wanted to go for so long.

The next morning I called him, holding up his spoon of oatmeal. Three of the other goldfinches were flying around, but no sign of Goldie. And that was the way it was all day when Lucille tried from time to time to call him.

And so, for over a year now, we have been on the alert any time we see goldfinches in the yard, looking always for the white glint of a band among them, but with never a sight of our little bird.

Notes from Bird Haven, 1968

Lowry Elliott

MAY 14—Tippets were out and we went birding. Saw a flock of over a hundred Golden Plovers feeding in a close-grazed virgin stony pasture. They were there about 10 days.

Near Kaufman's Slough a very large flock of Black Terns hawking insects like swallows.

May 17—While on my way home from Milbank, I saw an Osprey fly from a tree along the north fork of Yellow Bank River about a mile upstream from our farm home.

May 24—Two male Goldfinches on the garden fence with a male Indigo Bunting between them. A Northern Yellowthroat singing in a nearby choke cherry thicket.

Fay 29—A male Indigo Bunting on ground near cellar door where I feed millet.

June 4—Two Lark Buntings on wires near Strige's idle acres. Uncommon in Northeastern South Dakota.

June 10—First Dickcissels noted, plentiful during nesting season.

June 11—About 20 Martins flying low in town of Milbank, in, over, and around traffic and catching insects under overcast sky and threatening storm.

At least two pairs of Spotted Sandpipers nested along the river that flows through our farm. The Green Herons came back and raised a brood. The Upland Plovers again nested in nearby virgin grass in an 80 acre pasture.

October 12—A beautiful male Red-bellied Woodpecker near our feeders several times today. First ever seen here at Bird Haven. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Riss who live just over the Minnesota

line, about five miles as a Crow would fly and down-river, have had some on their farm for two years. This bird is unusual here in Northeastern South Dakota but common near Yankton.

October 23—As I went off the screened porch, a large black bird flew up from the ground and back of the wood shed about 25 feet away. It flew about four feet high, had a long, flat, wobbly tail and unusual flight, could not have gone far but I could not find it. It seemed larger than the blue jays nearby the feeder. My first thought was "That was the biggest grackle I have ever seen."

About 10 minutes later I looked out the glass in the front door and, there, on the ground in the flower bed, about 10 feet away, was a bird with a heavy blunt black bill, black eyes, wide, floppy tail like a partly opened folding fan about eight inches long, narrowing at the base and wider at end, long toes and it did not walk or fly like a grackle. It was coal-black and bill very heavy.

It soon got out of my line of vision and, when I went out, it flew around the house and I could see no more of it. I could not see any marks or grooves on its bill. Both times it flew low.

From Peterson's **Field Guide**, Robins, Brown, and Zim, **Birds of North America**, and Lowery's **Louisiana Birds**, it would have to be a Smooth-billed Ani, a bird found in Florida and the Gulf Coast only occasionally. It may have been blown north by hurricane winds. Almost unbelievable, but true nevertheless.—**Milbank, Route 1, Box 84.**

General Notes of Special Interest

Should be common

AMERICAN SCOTER IN MCPHERSON COUNTY—On October 22, Mr. Ka Squire, Jr. and Francis Rinke, Aberdeen, brought an unusual duck to me which they had shot that day on a marsh near Long Lake, South Dakota, in McPherson County. The duck turned out to be a female American Scoter.

*Henry Petersen
wrong - use
Kerby's list*

Mr. Squire stated that the bird was one of three which had been seen circling the marsh. The Scoter nests in the Arctic and winters along the western coast of Canada and the eastern coast of the New England states. The preferred wintering area in the Atlantic coast in the vicinity of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. The birds usually have arrived in their wintering areas by this time of year and normally do not even migrate across South Dakota.

This is the first positive identification of an American Scoter in this vicinity which I have been able to learn about.—**Rolf L. Wallenstrom**, Supervisor, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Aberdeen Area Acquisition Office

* * * *

BONAPARTE'S GULLS IN BROOKINGS COUNTY—On November 6, 1968 at approximately 11:30 a.m. I observed seven Bonaparte's Gulls on the Oakwood Lakes area of Brookings County. The gulls were feeding and resting approximately 100 yards from my vantage point along the southwest shore of Lake Tetonkaha. This sheltered projection of the lake is approximately one-half mile southeast of the Paul Erington homestead.

Two of the gulls were adults, lacking the narrow black tail band of immature birds. In addition, they appeared to be brighter white and the contrast of their

distinctive wing pattern was very apparent in the overcast conditions of the day. The immature birds also showed the distinctive wing pattern of Bonaparte's Gulls, but overall they had a duller appearance than the adults.

I have observed Bonaparte's Gulls on several occasions in the past while living in southern Wisconsin. However this is the first time I have noted them in South Dakota.—**Alan C. Bonsack**, Huron, South Dakota.

* * * *

CARDINAL AT WEBSTER—At 5:00 p.m., July 14, 1968 I saw a male Cardinal in our yard at Webster. This was the first time I had ever seen one in Day County.

The bird hopped from branch to branch in some small trees and bushes on the north side of the house where it was rather damp and cool. After 10 minutes of "investigating," he flew away. It was a beautiful representative of the species and it was a delightful experience to have him call at our home.—**Sigurd Anderson**, Webster

* * * *

HAWKS AND JAYS FIGHT AT HIGHMORE—The morning of September 29, 1968, I heard Blue Jays squawking in the north trees and went out there. Three jays and two Pigeon Hawks were fighting. It is the third time I have watched jays and hawks fighting and each time they have known I was there watching them. But they seemingly ignored the fact. They would swoop over and around me, or perch on nearby branches, while their attention was devoted to the art of making a screaming, swooping pass at an opponent. It is really fascinating to watch.—**June Harter**, Highmore

VIVA LA FRENCH WASP

In an effort to prevent spread of Dutch Elm disease, known to be caused by a bark beetle, scientists of the Forest Service's Northeastern Forest Experiment Station have been studying a tiny French wasp parasite which feeds on the beetle larvae and kills them. Their research has shown the parasite can survive the Midwestern winter and that it can easily be reared and multiplied in the laboratory. Work is continuing to find out if this and other parasites have practical value for controlling the elm disease, for which there is no known cure.—*Conservation News*

* * * *

WHITE-FACED GLOSSY IBIS NEAR HIGHMORE—Saturday, May 25, 1968, was a mild, partly cloudy day that invited one to stay outdoors. Bob Whyte, Pierre, came to Highmore about mid-morning to take some pictures at Lake Mitchell. He had not been there before, so I took my car and guided him to the lake, and a good place to start using his camera. As our cars rolled to a stop we saw a large, dark bird standing in the edge of the water about 30 yards ahead of us. We had never before seen anything like it.

Mr. Whyte started taking pictures, and the bird posed nicely for several shots before it took off in flight. At the same time I used the binocular to check the color, size, shape of beak, etc., but I missed one important feature. With the aid of Peterson's *Field Guide to the Birds*, and *Birds of North America* (Golden Press), we identified our new bird as being the Glossy Ibis, but we didn't know whether it had the white facial marking of the White-faced species. When the pictures were developed we had adequate evidence that the bird was the **White-faced Glossy Ibis**—**June Harter (Mrs. Morris Harter), Highmore, S. Dak.**

DECEMBER, 1968



Views of White-faced Glossy Ibis

—Photos by Bob Whyte

LATIN PESTICIDE THREAT

It's the same old story. Heavy over-use of poisons for insect control, this time in Central America, has brought farming to the brink of disaster and

drenched an environment with a deadly hazard.

According to Dr. Ray F. Smith of the University of California, misuse of pesticides in Guatamala, Nicaragua, and El Salvador has bred resistant bugs and caterpillars. It has turned insects that were minor nuisances into major pests by destroying their natural enemies. The result, judging from an emergency survey by Dr. Smith, is that massive crop failures seem imminent in these countries.

In addition, careless use of the poisons has resulted in dozens of deaths each year. Heavy rains in some of the areas wash large quantities of the pesticides into rivers. It is permeating the environment, Dr. Smith added.

The trouble in Central America stems from a combination of greed, ignorance, and governmental laxity in enforcing farm laws — sound familiar? — *New Hampshire Audubon Newsletter*

* * * *

President's Page

(Continued from Page 75)

tion with an Audubon Screen Tour. In all likelihood, the 1970 spring meeting will be in Perkins County in June.

Considerable deliberation confronts us in the next few months. Jim Johnson thinks his impending professional retirement should be accompanied by his relinquishing the editorship of *Bird Notes*. This unappealing prospect is a matter of grave concern, for Jim's decision seems rather firm. Thus, we must seek a new editor to sustain the high quality of *Bird Notes*, and we will welcome suggestions from the membership.

A special reminder to all members: Please remit, promptly, your 1969 dues to the treasurer, Nelda Holden, Route 1, Box 80, Brookings, South Dakota 57006.—**L. M. Baylor**

BIRDS ABOUT MILBANK: SCARLET TANAGER, AVOCETS, LARK BUNTINGS, AND REDSTARTS—On May 28, 1968, I saw a thrilling sight . . . a Scarlet Tanager at my bird bath. My opening the back door didn't seem to frighten him for he took three sips of water before he flew away. I did not see him again. This was my first sight of a Scarlet Tanager.

On May 12, I saw two Avocets in a small body of water about three miles east of Webster. A couple of weeks later they were still there but left shortly after as I didn't see them again. I had seen several Avocets in Rush Lake in 1955 but none since.

On July 4, Louise Flett and I went birding with the thought of finding the Lark Buntings again. We were pleased to see three males about three miles west of Stockholm, near the Grant County line. Several Upland Plovers were in the same area.

Every May for the past six years I have been fortunate to see a beautiful display put on by the Redstarts at the spillway of Lake Farley, near Milbank. I like to set aside the third week end in May for watching a parade of the many beautiful migrants that stop off at the flowing water near the spillway.—(Miss) **Ellen Williams, 312 South Fifth Street, Milbank 57252**

* * * *

BLACK-THROATED BLUE WARBLER AT HIGHMORE—A Black-throated Blue Warbler was in our garage October 6, 1968. Lois saw it first and we checked it carefully for identification. One window was open a few inches and it got between the window and screen. So we had an opportunity to observe it at close range. Its fall plumage was exactly as illustrated in Peterson's Guide. Then, I saw it the next day in the apple tree and the flycatcher habits were quite apparent. It acted very much like a redstart does.—**June Harter, Highmore**

The Owl and the Crows

(Continued from Page 76)

nest, accompanied by the squawks of the parent overhead.

May 24: The young crow, well feathered, was still in the nest. The adult crows consisted of the parent, and the crow that showed up about May 14.

May 29: The fledgling was out of the nest for what appeared to be the first time. It was perched on a branch, about six feet from the ground, on a tree that was about 30 feet from the nest tree. It stayed in the same position during all of the time that I was there. I climbed up to the nest for a final check. It was 20 feet from the ground, 160 yards from our house, and quite solidly constructed. The outside of the deep bowl was composed of interwoven twigs and several pieces of bindertwine, or small rope. The interlining consisted of grasses, stems and shredded bark,

which was then covered with animal hair.

June 1: The cacophany of two crows guided me to the spot in the west trees where I stood for a while and watched them pester the owl.

An owl, presumably the same one, stays here most of the time. There has been several incidents that have indicated his presence, and I have heard his voice at night during the summer and fall.—Highmore

* * * *

PILEATED WOODPECKER NEAR OAHE—On September 17, 1968, about 7:45 a.m., on my way to work at the Oahe Dam, I saw a Pileated Woodpecker. The sun behind it made a perfect silhouette but kept me from making sure about the red, though the crest was clear. It was so much larger than any other woodpecker I was sure of

NEW STATE PARK

At the Annual Meeting November 23, 1968, at Sioux Falls, the membership of The South Dakota Ornithologists' Union was informed by Herman F. Chapman of the acquisition of the new State Park in eastern Minnehaha County by the Department of Game, Fish and Parks.

After discussion, the following Resolution was passed by unanimous vote.

RESOLVED that S.D.O.U. extends thanks to the South Dakota Department of Game, Fish and Parks, and Orrie Scherschligt, Chief of the Division of Parks, for their foresight and constructive action in acquiring the new State Park in eastern Minnehaha County. The proposed development of the new Park as an educational facility will be lasting evidence of progressive and enlightened administration of a valuable trust.

the identity. But I had never seen one or heard of them in these parts so delayed reporting while doing a lot of checking of bird books.—Jeanne Russell, Pierre

* * * *

Trap Sale

Lowry Elliott has had to give up bird-banding and wants to sell his traps and banding supplies. He lists these major items: one two-cell Allen trap, two four-cell Allen traps, one one-cell Gill trap, one Brinckle six-cell trap, and a warbler trap. Also four large drip pails and three or more woodpecker traps, in addition to other banding supplies. His address is: **Route One, Box 84, Milbank.**

CORRECTION

Due to typographical errors, my notes on the Yellow-breasted Chat and Redstart were interchanged in XX:69. The account should read as follows:

Yellow-breasted Chat—Quite common on the island; at least six singing males were heard. A nest was located two feet up in a bush after observing the behavior of a pair in the vicinity.

American Redstart—About as common as the Chat; a nest was located nine feet up in a grapevine hanging from a cottonwood tree. It was empty, but a very worried male and female Redstart were close at hand.

—Bruce Harris

ADVERTISEMENT

S.D.O.U. has long been in need of an editor and the condition has become acute with the resignation of the present incumbent, to be effective not later than the second number of Vol. XXI or about July, 1969.

Applicants will be examined by the executive committee, which will also be beating the woods and coverts, unvolunteers are duly warned. Basic requirements are modest, though it must be a great time saver if you can spell—the way the dictionary does.

If you know of a prospect, get word to any of the officers or directors. Their addresses are inside the front cover.