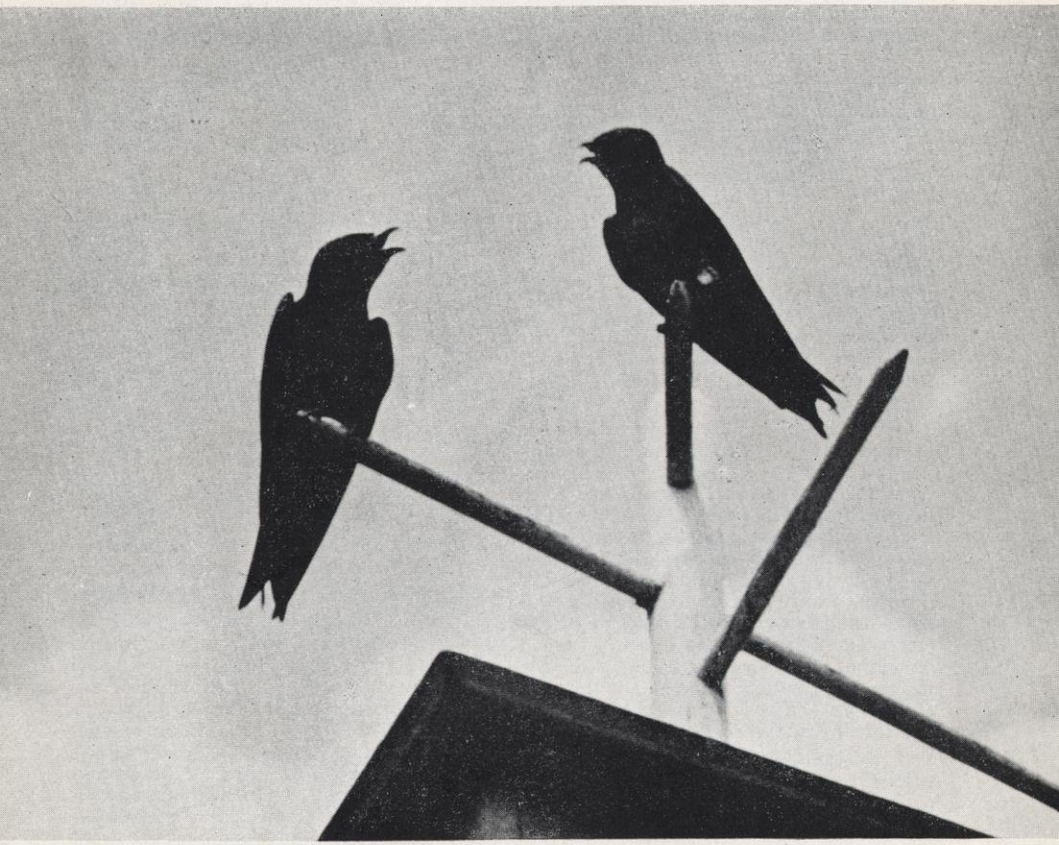
The passenger pigeon. Volume VIII, Number 1 January 1946

Madison, Wis.: Wisconsin Society for Ornithology, January 1946

https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/E7VMCRO5KPRJT9A

The PASSENGER PIGEON

VOLUME VIII January, 1946 NUMBER 1



MARTINS H. L. ORIANS

A MAGAZINE OF WISCONSIN BIRD STUDY

Published Quarterly By

THE WISCONSIN SOCIETY FOR ORNITHOLOGY, Inc.

NEWS . . .

The annual convention of the Wisconsin Society for Ornithology will be held in Appleton, April 6-7. Please note the change in dates. As usual it will begin on Saturday afternoon and convene until Sunday afternoon, with a field trip early Sunday morning. Banquet and the main speaker will be featured on Saturday evening. Details of the hours and places of meeting will be furnished all members by mail some time during March. There will be colored slides, reproductions of bird songs, bird exhibits, business meeting and scientific papers. Please contact Mrs. H. L. Playman, 217 North Union Street, Appleton, by April 1 for over-night accommodations.

Time devoted to the auction will be shortened, but a few excellent pieces of art (paintings, photos and other items) will be sold. All members are invited to donate pictures of birds for this purpose. Write the Vice-president, Mrs. W. E. Rogers, Box 135, Appleton, regarding this matter.

The "May Day" bird count will be published this year in the same manner as the Christmas bird count. With the return of many of our active field observers it is expected that there will be many trips taken this year.

One change in the constitution has been proposed by the officers of the club. To raise the fee for patron membership from $50. to $100. and that for life membership from $25 to $50. Of course this applies only to future cases. If no opposition is raised this change will be voted upon during the convention. Another possible change in the constitution will be to change the editor's title to editor-custodian, meaning that this officer will be responsible for all property of the society, no matter where it is located. Heretofore the society has not had anyone looking after this detail permanently.

J. A. Vogelsang, West Bend, sent in the news that Major Allan Brooks, 76, internationally known illustrator of bird books, died at Courtenay, British Columbia.

Carl Strelitzer and William Jackson, both of Milwaukee are attending the University of Wisconsin, Madison, this season.

Mrs. W. E. Rogers, Appleton, has called our attention to an item in Science News Letter, Jan. 23, 1937, stating that contrary to popular belief the passenger pigeon was found in California at least in early times. Some passenger pigeon bones are now on exhibition in Los Angeles which were taken in California.

The membership list found on page 34 is compiled as of February 16, 1946. It consists of new members and members who renewed since our previous list was published.

The Kumlien Club, Madison, recently ordered a copy of the deluxe edition of Gromme's "Birds of Wisconsin."

The Green Bay Bird Club is planning to erect a monument to the whistling swan, the most famous bird in that area. Earl Wright will model the figure and this in turn will be cast in bronze and erected in some suitable public spot in the vicinity.

A Check-List of West Virginia Birds by Maurice Brooks has been prepared. It is Bulletin 316, 56 pp., 1944, West Virginia Agricultural Experiment Station, Morgantown, West Virginia. It consists of an annotated list, a map, list of references, suggestions for bird study, and other features.

Howard Young, 2205 Chamberlain Ave., Madison, Wisconsin, is continuing his study of the cardinal in Wisconsin. He is especially anxious to obtain records from Calumet, Clark, Kewaunee, Langlade, Oneida, Pepin, Richland, Rush, Vilas and Washington Counties. Please send the following information to him: **Are cardinals found in your county? The earliest year recorded? Do they nest there (positive evidence)? What is the northern-most record you know of in the state and its date? Other remarks.**

Gold and silver jewelry is being manufactured for men and women from the shoveller ducks O. J. Gromme drew for the waterfowl stamp of the U. S. Department of the Interior. It will be remembered that the judges selected Gromme's drawing from among those of other contestants last year. Then, without any effort on the part of the artist, a manufacturer conceived the idea of jewelry from it, and predicts that it will be used throughout the United States.

(Continued on page 30)

MEMBERSHIP FEE OF $1 INCLUDES 75 CENTS FOR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE PASSENGER PIGEON, QUARTERLY PUBLICATION OF THE WISCONSIN SOCIETY FOR ORNITHOLOGY, INC. SPECIAL MEMBERSHIPS: SUSTAINING $5; LIFE $25; PATRON $50 OR MORE. SEND MEMBERSHIP APPLICATIONS AND DUES TO THE TREASURER, J. HARWOOD EVANS, 517 JACKSON DRIVE, OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN. SEND MANUSCRIPTS TO THE EDITOR, N. R. BARGER, 4333 HILLCREST DRIVE, MADISON 5, WISCONSIN.

Although Seldom Seen This
Sparrow May Be Present in Your Area

THE CLAY-COLORED SPARROW

By CLARA HUSSONG

In certain spots around Green Bay the clay-colored sparrow appears to be almost as common as the vesper or Savannah sparrows who often share its haunts. Uncultivated, waste fields or lots, especially those overgrown with rank weeds and small shrubs are favorite places for the bird to nest but it can be found too in open weedy thickets at the edges of woods and parks, along railroad tracks, country roads and similar spots.

I've seen it too during the summer months in the sandy stretches of northern counties, in the scrub oak and pine prairies where the field sparrow is its frequent companion. But from my observation it doesn't seem to be any more common there than in the rough, untilled areas edging the town or farther out among farmlands and woodland areas.

Before the war many of the fields and lots in the immediate vicinity of my home remained uncultivated and untended year after year. In spring and summer, standing in my own yard, I could hear singing clay-colors in four or five different directions, some of them less than a block apart. Some of these fields have been plowed and cultivated in the last few years and the birds have become fewer in the immediate vicinity.

The pair which has been nesting in the vacant lot next door for the past four years returned this year on May 3, which is about average for this species' arrival date, according to my records. Up until last fall the lot had been allowed to grow wild and was overrun with weeds, grasses, wild roses, sumachs, locusts, seedling elms and cottonwood. Last fall the owner brushed out all the low-growing vegetation, leaving only four young elms, the largest about 15 feet high.

At the time of the birds' return this spring the lot which, by the way is 150 feet by 250, still had that shaven and shorn look and I wondered whether the birds would remain to nest or go on to a spot more to their liking. They hung around for several weeks, the male again using the tallest elm for his singing perch and, less frequently, singing from a currant bush, weed or fence wire in the backyard of the neighbor living on the other side of the vacant lot.

This back yard had been allowed to grow up to weeds and untended bushes and the birds were seen there frequently, although at first I couldn't find the nest. One day I saw what I had come to call the female sit in a tall currant bush, preen its feathers, pick at a spot in the middle of its breast, wipe its bill on a twig, and so on, behaving just as females always do when the males take over the domestic duties for a while.

A few days after that, on June 5, I saw the two birds, each with an inch long green caterpillar in its bill. They sat on a currant bush and watched me uneasily but made no move to get rid of the larvae. I backed away but kept my field glasses turned on them. When I was about 20 feet away they flew toward a cut-off gooseberry bush, remained there a few seconds and came out again, minus the worms.

I found the nest then, lightly placed in the middle of the bush, well hidden unless you parted the foliage. Later examination showed that the

nest was made of dried grasses, lined with fine rootlets and a single horsehair. It was placed about 10 inches off the ground.

The nest held two young birds (about two or three days old, to judge by the development of a later brood), one "picked" egg, small, greenish-blue with darker speckles, and one cowbird egg. Earl Wright photographed the nest the same day and removed the cowbird and the picked eggs. During the photographing and at other times while I examined the progress of the nestlings the old birds flew a few feet away and kept up a constant "tsit, tsit, tsit," noise, the soft notes being repeated so swiftly they often ran togther in the manner of the junco's twitter. As soon as I walked away from the nest, however, the parent birds returned to it. The young birds were at first lightly covered with dark down, later this grew thicker and became a lighter slaty-gray in color. The last time I saw them in the nest they were well-feathered, a typical streaked, sparrow gray-brown.

On June 11 Eric Richter, a 15 year old Green Bay bird student, came to visit my family of clay-colors because he too had been studying this species. The two birds were crowding the nest, perched near the upper part of it and when Eric saw their size he said, "You'd better band them right away if you're going to get them. When a nest gets too small for the birds in it, they're ready to fly out."

But they still looked too tiny to me and even the next day I still thought them too small to band. When I approached the nest the following day, June 13, I found it empty but all around me were the soft but excited "tsit, tsit," notes. Whenever I tried to trace it down in the tangle of weeds and shrubs, the chirping stopped, to start again in several other spots. From the observation of the second brood I discovered that both old and young make this noise when excited or alarmed.

After finding this first nest I tried to locate some more in the area near here. On a walk from my home to an old farm site about half a mile away I ran across at least 20 more clay-colors, but no nest. Unkempt fence rows, weedy or shrubby patches in fields, and the intervening roadside were haunts of these birds in my cross country hike to the old farm.

Four years ago on this farm I had found the only other clay-color's nest I had ever seen. It was built in the spreading shoots growing out of the roots of a cut-off wild plum which grew in a small thicket edge between the orchard and the fields.

I concentrated on the small shrubby growths in this area but found nothing, although several clay-colors were in the vicinity, one of them setting up its alarm call whenever I came to the same corner where I had found the first nest. A few days later Eric and I covered the same grounds and found the nest in a clump of goldenrod, slid down almost to the base of the clump and apparently abandoned. A single cowbird's egg was in the nest.

The same day Eric and I covered another half mile of more or less waste fields and found seven more nests, all growing in herbaceous vegetation, three more in goldenrod clumps, two in grass clumps, one in sweet clover and one in nettle. Eric had had these nests under observation for some time. Some of the nests had been damaged by recent heavy rains and were abandoned (one with a single egg in it), and some had two, three or four eggs in it. There was a slight difference in the coloring of the eggs, we found. All were bright greenish-blue, but in some the

dark speckles made a ring near one end, and in others the concentration of speckles was heavier at that end, but there was no definite ring. In the abandoned nests we found fine rootlets and one or two horsehairs in each nest for lining.

To return to my own clay-colors, I found the second nest on July 5 in a cultivated rose bush, again in the neighbor's unkempt back yard, about 50 feet northeast of the first nest and close to the edge of the vacant lot. The elm which the male bird again used for his singing perch was just 15 feet away. He sang also from the top of a high chicken wire fence about 30 or 40 feet on the other side of the nest.

I visited this nest night and morning daily until the babies were hatched and half grown and I found that in this nesting the mother sat

THE NESTS ARE DIFFICULT TO FIND EARL G. WRIGHT

very close. She didn't fly up until I parted the branches to see the nest, which appeared to be more neatly made than the first one I found.

The first of the four eggs hatched July 7, two emerging that day, on July 9 a third one hatched out and the next day there were four quivering babies in the nest. I have never seen newly hatched hummingbirds but they can't be much smaller than clay-colors which, at hatching, seemed to be smaller than bumblebees.

In feeding both this brood and the earlier one the parents looked for insects both in the neighbor's vegetable garden and among weed patches. Larvae of various moths and butterflies seemed to be a favorite food. Further research on the food and other habits of these birds will have to wait for another year, I realized, before the summer was half over.

My daily visits to the nest continued and the nestlings grew rapidly. On the morning of July 16 (when the nestlings were from 6 to 9 days old)

Mickey and I walked over to band them. I seated myself comfortably on the ground and told Mickey to hand them over one at a time.

Mickey reached over and there was a whirring "Bzzzz," and out they flew in four equidistant directions, as though set off by a spring. They took for the weeds and grasses, uttering their little alarm calls, urged on by the parents, who too were "tsip, tsipping" away, altogether confusing us so that it took five minutes before we located two of the babies and banded them. Mickey solicitously placed the two banded birds in the nest but they buzzed right out again.

Once before, on May 26, 1943 I had banded a single clay-color, an adult caught in a trap in our own yard, but neither of the two parents of the present brood wears a band.

Early in August a third nest appeared to be in progress, this time back in the vacant lot again where I have reasons to believe they nested in former years. The lot by this time had begun to have its old look again, the weeds and grasses growing tall and bushes sprouting out from the old roots. The male still sang from the young elm, and from his second choice perching spot, the wire fence on the lot's southern boundary. Before long however road improvements were started on our street and the lot was used for excess dirt scraped off the road, the dirt spread from one end to another. The owner plans to build a house here as soon as possible and the dirt made good filling for the several low wet spots, but I'm wondering about the effect on possible returns of the clay-colors.

I never did find a third nest although Eric's observations seem to indicate that they do nest three times. By the middle of August the species had disappeared from the immediate vicinity.

The clay-color is about the size of a chipping sparrow and at a distance resembles it a good deal. There are some differences however. Instead of a rufous crown the clay-color has a striped head, a median line of pale buff, a broader line of dark brown (in the male almost black) on either side, and a pair of "dirty white" eye stripes, not as broad as in the chippy. A brown ear patch is another good mark.

The clay colored wash for which the bird is named can only be seen a close range or with good glasses. This shading is found over the back and shoulders, and from the sides of the neck down and forward coming toward but not quite meeting in the middle of the pale gray breast. The feet of this bird can best be described as being a "dirty flesh color."

Its call note is a soft but distinct "tsip," to me sounding exactly like the note of the Savannah sparrow. Often when watching the nest I heard this note coming from the fence wire behind me, and before turning around I would try to guess which of the two species it was, but my guess was often wrong.

The alarm calls have been described in the foregoing paragraphs and there remains only the song, which to me is the easiest give-away of the bird's presence in a new spot. The bird throws its head back, in the manner of the song and field sparrows (Henslow's too), and out comes the song, a low-pitched, vigorous "Bzz, bzz, bzz." The sound can be likened to that made by winding up a small alarm clock or an oversized Ingersoll. At close range there is a slight rolling "brr" as well as a buzz.

The male sings intermittantly from early morning until about ten, less often during the warm hours of the day, and very frequently from

about six in the evening until after sunset. The buzzing notes are repeated most often five or six times between pauses, sometimes as many as 10 or 12 times and sometimes only two or three times.

My frequent visits to the nests made well-worn paths and I worried about the nests being discovered by a neighboring tomcat, but, though the cat often sat on the delapidated chicken coop not far away, apparently it never found the nest or else the brambles and spines on the gooseberry and rose bushes which contained the nests kept the cat away. Over and over I've thought how clever this species is to choose uncultivated spots for nesting sites, thus eliminating the danger of disturbance, and how smart of this particular pair to choose a prickly-branched shrub for their home.

EARL G. WRIGHT

NESTLINGS GREET THE WORLD THROUGH A CLUMP OF WEEDS

If you do your bird watching by ear as well as by eye you can't miss the clay-color if it happens to nest in your neighborhood. The song can't be mistaken for that of any other sparrow. Le Conte's, which can be found in marshes or wastelands near marshes in this area (but rarely) sings a buzzing song too, but always just two low buzzes, and, from my observation, always from the ground. The clay-color sings from heights of ten or twelve feet very often, using a tree or telephone wire for its perch.

Now I'm hoping that the neighbor in whose back yard my clay-colors nested doesn't find himself a tidy wife, as elderly widowers sometimes do, who will take one look at that back yard and ask him to "mow 'em down," thus driving the birds away to another nesting spot. Around here they are as sociable as chippies and the adjective "elusive" does not fit them at all. Just give them a piece of ground that's allowed to go back to the wild.

Sac Prairie Winter

By AUGUST DERLETH

29 December: As I walked into the village this afternoon, I saw a bald eagle, a mature bird, winging his way down along the shore of the Wisconsin, just above the buildings along the river's edge. I took pleasure in the sight, remembering the scarcity of eagles in past years. The eagles of the seasons immediately past had evidently begun to produce young, for the mature bird was shortly followed by one which was quite clearly immature.

30 December: Along the Lower Mill Road this morning I heard several times overhead the whistling wings of mergansers, and on two occasions saw small flocks flying to the left of me, which is to say a little away from the Wisconsin, one flock of seven birds, the other of thirteen or fourteen, I could not be sure in the erraticism of their flight. In the barbershop subsequently, I learned that a great number—specifically, more than fifty (later I myself counted seventy-seven in three consecutive flights) mergansers had been going up and down the river regularly for days, and also that at least two immature bald eagles and one adult bird had been cruising over the same terrain.

10 January: On the way to Chicago this morning, I saw no less than five hawks in various places along the way—one of them a sparrow hawk, the other four **buteos.** Most of them were perched quite close to the roadside, and one was not more than forty feet away, so that I saw him clearly. Only one was quartering a field.

21 January: In the willow and alder growth at the upper reaches of Hiney's Slough this mellow afternoon a wintering robin flew up, complaining, as I passed, flicking his tail several times as if in defiance of me, but soon chose rather to ignore my presence. Evidently the bird found food in the vicinity of the open spring waters thereabouts, as well as in the clustered bittersweet, now somewhat stripped of fruit, still hanging in the ash trees on the farther side of the slough. The moist air this afternoon carried sounds very clearly; apart from the robin's plaint and the cawing of crows high over the frozen hills in the northeast, I heard the voices of blue jays, chickadees, nuthatches, and juncos—the juncos giving off that strange, pleasant whisper of song rising from out of the scrub growth along the meadow.

22 January: Heard for the first time this year the pleasant phe-be-be song of the chicadee; the song came repeatedly all the way up along the river into town, and sounded like the first notes of Spring, which, of course, they were not, since the song can be heard the year round.

25 January: I thought I heard a horned lark today, early this morning, and did, for I found the bird on a fence-post I was passing; and hearing him made me suddenly aware of not having heard many this winter. Perhaps the persistent covering of snow had discouraged them from haunting the fields and pastures in this immediate vicinity and sent them either to the bottoms or to more distant, less snow-bound areas.

26 January: A mourning dove came to feed today on the crumbs and broken crackers I had thrown out along the path, but did not venture too close to the house, remaining under the great old oak beyond the west wing, and there scratching in the exposed earth, from which the

snow had been shoveled away, until finally it flew up and back into the wood-lot, where presumbably it had existed on juniper berries. Though I watched from time to time, I did not see the dove again. However, several pairs of cardinals were in evidence, showing very brightly in their brilliant plumage against the snow.

3 February: Walking along Water Street this evening, I heard the whistle of merganser wings overhead, and, looking up, saw eight mergansers flying just up beyond the old theatre building. As I watched, the last one in the V-formation—not the first, as I might have expected—dipped down, whereupon all "peeled off" and followed down to the river's surface, filled as it was with ice floes, and there stayed.

9 February: At the Spring Slough trestle today I observed the antics of three cardinals—two cocks and a hen. The cocks were evidently engaged in a duel or battle, very probably for possession of the hen; they flew all about in pursuit of each other, and occasionally fought briefly, while the hen sat nearby calling out—whether in alarm or whether in encouragement I could not determine, though I thought the former, since the common **tchek tchek** of the alarm call was predominant, and she appeared to be much agitated, rather than merely excited. Farther along the railroad embankment, I came into a choir of cardinals singing; fully a dozen birds it seemed were singing the familiar **whatcheer** songs, ringing the woods about with sound.

10 February: A flock of twelve to fifteen juncos fed in the gravel exposed along the side of the road today, and, as I approached, these diligent birds flew up ahead for thirty feet or so and settled themselves again, repeating this process without end, or without once attempting to fly around me and resume a former position. There was no evidence of alarm; they did not scatter as sparrows commonly do, but simply persisted in this pattern until the upper area of the Upper Meadow was reached, and then at last flew around me.

18 February: Many horned larks sang along the Lower Mill Road today —as many as had sung, it seemed to me, all the preceding weeks of winter together—at least, in my hearing.

25 February: Walking out to the house from town this morning, I was surprised and delighted to hear not one but two killdeers crying on the western edge of town. There might well have been more, but at least two different birds (both males I believe) called and were seen—one directly before me on the path I walked, the other farther north. Their wild crying came with startling suddenness; I had not expected it, no matter how mild the day, for the sky was grey and overcast. I took singular delight in their voices, a week earlier than the earliest record for the killdeer's return to Sac Prairie in previous notes (March 4).

28 February: As I sat reading at the brook trestle this sunny afternoon, constantly aware of the calls and songs of crows, goldfinches, chickadees, nuthatches, blue jays, and juncos—I heard suddenly an unfamiliar song, a clear whistle, louder for its proximity, followed by a kind of **wheedie, wheedie** note, and, looking up instantly, I saw its author not thirty feet away, plainly in sight, and plainly identifiable—a tufted titmouse, not at all common in the bottoms, or indeed, in the vicinity of Sac Prairie. The bird was remarkably tame, flying quite close to me several times. A second titmouse fed in the top of a maple tree only a little farther away; but apart from these two birds, I saw no other.

6 March: Some of the old-timers in the village call the horned larks "shur (or shir) larks."
7 March: I observed much starling mimicry of meadow-lark song today, which brought forth the usual conclusions that the larks had come back to announce an early Spring, particularly among those casual observers who were not interested in investigating. The year's first bluebird sang today at the brook. He flew about over the water and foraged among the buds, but his first concern was for song. I saluted him and gave him all my attention until he flew up the meadow.

Kumlien's Records Formed Basis For First Wisconsin Bird Book

Thure Kumlien

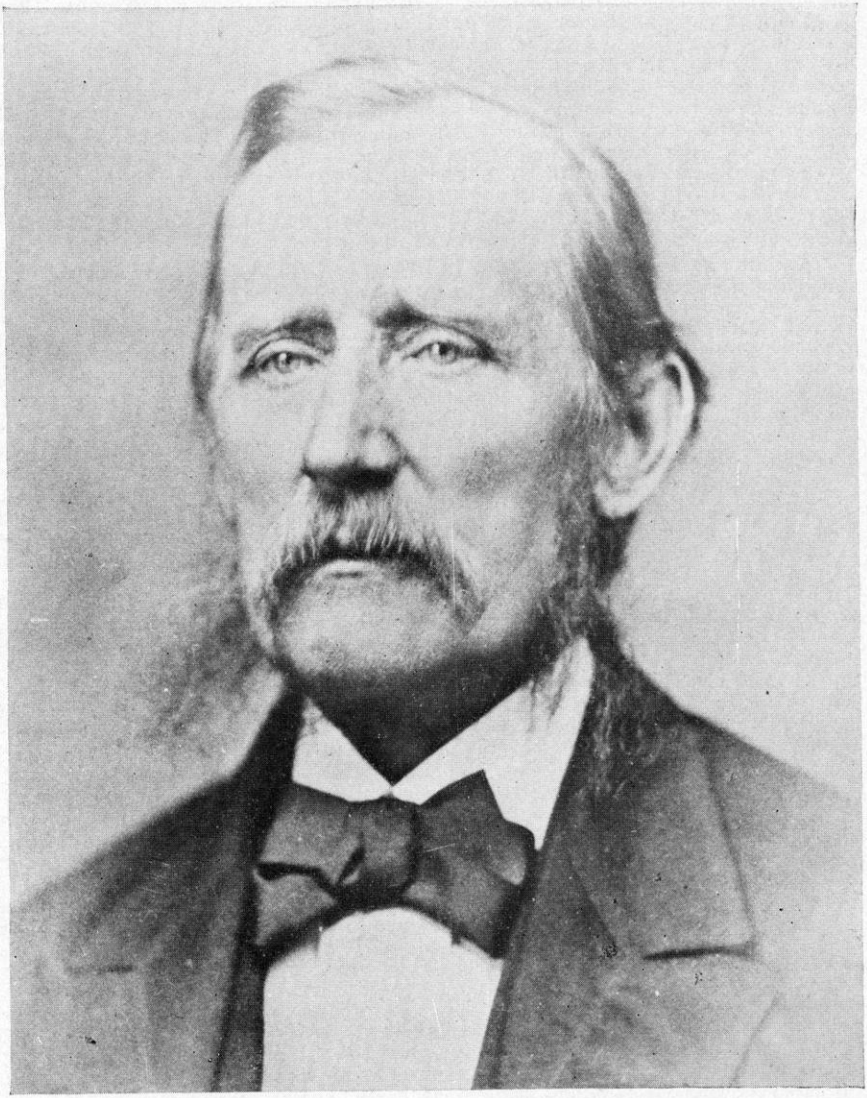
By A. W. SCHORGER

It would be trite to say that naturalists are born, not developed. Of all of the Wisconsin ornithologists, Thure Ludwig Theodore Kumlien had the most promising future from the circumstances of birth, education, and parental encouragement. He was born at Hertorp in the parish of Haerlunda, county of Skaraborg, district of Vestergoethland, Sweden, on November 19, 1819. He was the oldest of fourteen children. His mother, Johanna Petronelle Rhodin, was born June 25, 1800, and his father, Ludwig Kumlien, March 4, 1790. The father was a quartermaster in the army and a wealthy landowner.[1]

Thure was sent to the gymnasium at Skara. A concrete expression of his early love for natural history was the collection of mounted birds that he made at this place and left to the school on his departure. From Skara he went to the Upsala Academy. He made, at the age of nineteen, a series of water colors of Swedish birds and mammals. Having finished at the Academy he entered Upsala University in 1840. Here he studied theology, history, geography, philosophy, mathematics, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, modern languages and natural history. He was most fortunate in having instruction under Elias Fries, the eminent professor of botany at Upsala. The friendship that developed between preceptor and pupil was continued through correspondence for many years after Kumlien came to America. In the summer of 1842 he made a trip for the government to some of the Baltic islands. A letter written by him to John H. Trombly, President of the University of Wisconsin, states that he found "many rare specimens, both of plants and birds; among the latter was a gull that had not been found since Linnaeus found it." He returned to Upsala in the fall of 1842, but left the University on May 29, 1843, apparently in his senior year.

On returning from the Baltic, Kumlien visited a schoolmate. Waiting on the table was Christine Wallberg, daughter of a minor officer in the Swedish army in charge of the training of horses for the cavalry. He fell in love with the girl immediately. Such was the caste system that his hostess at once warned his parents of the state of affairs. Since he could not obtain parental consent to the marriage, he decided to go to America with his future bride. Having borrowed 1,333 crowns, approximately $350, from the nobleman, Carl Gustaf Lowenhielm, he with Christine and her eldest sister, Sophia, sailed for New York on passports dated May 31, 1843. When the Swedish party to which they were attached arrived in Milwaukee, August 28, the women were left in the town while the men walked to Lake Koshkonong, a distance of sixty miles, to select lands.

The winter of 1843-44, fortunately for the immigrants, was exceptionally mild. During part of this winter, Kumlien, his wife, and sister-in-law lived with Elias Downing who had settled on the north shore two or three years previously. In February, 1854, the family moved into the unfinished log house. Kumlien's time was devoted to building, clearing land, and investigating the fauna of the region. There was scarcely a day during the first six months following his arrival at Lake Koshkonong when he was not out with his gun collecting specimens. It is evident that he had the intention of exploring the possibility of making a living by the collection and sale of objects of natural history, farming to be a stop-gap. His correspondence contains several state-



THURE KUMLIEN

ments that he was not accustomed to hard manual labor and it is not at all surprising that farming should have been disagreeable to a man of his experience and taste. With divided allegiance, the farm suffered and collecting was tardy in becoming remunerative. It is unsuspected that he would find a local market for mounted birds during his first years but such was the case to a limited extent. The homes of most of the early settlers were drab, indeed, and the desire for a small case of brightly colored, mounted birds is thoroughly understandable.

The Kumlien homestead was located on the northern side of Lake Koshkonong, in Jefferson County, one-quarter of a mile from the Dane County line. The area consisted mainly of woods and oak openings. His mention of the "prairie boys" indicates that the prairie was some distance from his home. An excellent picture of

the locality has been given by Greene: "The building site which Mr. Kumlien chose at the first, and whereon he dwelt to the end of his life, was, for the work and pleasure of a poet naturalist—and such was he—admirably selected; lying back from Lake Koshkonong, to the northward, upon a pleasant elevation, forth from which one looked down across a mile or more of moist meadow, to the shores of the lake. A considerable extent of oak woods enclosed the place northward and westward; to the eastward lay a stretch of open and undulating land, suitable for farming purposes. The pristine quiet and seclusion of the place was always retained; for, when other settlers had taken possession of all the country round about, and regular public roads had been laid out, the naturalist's home was left about equally distant from every public highway; so that one reached the place by either of two by-roads, closed by gates, and leading circuitously about among the woods."[2]

Kumlien was fortunate in arriving in Wisconsin at the beginning of what is aptly called the Bairdian period in American ornithology. There was a great demand for skins and eggs of birds for domestic, private and public collections and for foreign as well. Some idea of the traffic is gained from a letter of May 25, 1869, written by John Krider* to Kumlien in which he states that he will pay 5 cents each for eggs of the purple martin, any vireo, and wild pigeon; 10 cents for rose-breasted grosbeak, grebes, and short-billed marsh wren; 15 cents for whip-poor-will and upland plover; 25 cents for bittern and "English snipe"; and 50 cents for skins of the Tennessee warbler and upland plover. He added: "I sold 2000 specimens today to go to Liverpool and ship many small lots."

The introduction of Kumlien to American ornithologists came about through the publication of a short note in the Janesville **Gazette** of June 13, 1850, by Charles Holt, one of the editors. He wrote: "We were much gratified a few days since in examining a collection of birds made by him and surprised that an individual so well informed and conversant with every department of natural history should have lived so long within 16 miles of our village and be so little known. . ." The item fell under the eye of Thomas Mayo Brewer, then connected with the Boston Atlas. On July 23, 1850, Holt wrote to Kumlien, enclosing a letter from Brewer, that he would undoubtedly receive satisfactory compensation from Brewer for collecting eggs. Nothing seems to have been accomplished during that year due to the lateness of the season. In a letter dated March 31, 1851, Brewer wrote: "Mr. Holt wrote me that you are a well informed naturalist and therefore, as you must have painfully realized in your isolation, a rare and invaluable aid to a kindred spirit seeking aid from your locality." After confessing that his means are limited he gives the species whose eggs he desired most. Unfortunately this letter was mutilated. The fragmentary writing indicates that he wanted the eggs of all kinds of owls, hawks, warblers and vireos, and he mentions specifically those of the sparrow hawk, black-shouldered hawk (white-tailed kite), raven, and Carolina paroquet. The eggs were to be blown, marked, and well packed for shipment. Brewer[3] was at this time working on his Oology, the first and only part of which appeared in 1857.

The collection of plants was one of Kumlien's favorite pursuits. Many specimens were sent to Fries at Upsala. Brunchen[4] gives a list of 102 plants in the Milwaukee Public Museum collected by Kumlien in Jefferson County prior to about 1862. Between 1858 and 1860, he collected specimens of asters within a mile of Busseyville. Examples were sent to Fries who is supposed to have pronounced one of them a new species that he named **Aster kumlieni;** however, he never published a description of it. Two specimens of this aster in the Milwaukee Public Museum, marked 456 and 457, were collected by Kumlien and labelled **A. amethystinus** and **A. oblongifolius,** the latter bearing the notation "determined by Dr. Gray."[5] Both specimens are now referred to **A. oblongifolius,**[6] a species described by Thomas Nuttall as early as 1818.

When Edward Lee Greene was a young man he resided near Kumlien and attended Albion Academy. The deep friendship that developed between them had a great influence on Greene's life. On Kumlien's death he paid him the following high tribute as a botanist: "He was then a second and American edition of Fries, in his almost equal familiarity with each of the following departments of botanical study; phanerogams, ferns and their allies, mosses, lichens, and fungi. He had, in 1860, and I know not how long before, so well mastered the extensive and varied flora of southern Wis-

---

*Krider was a well known collector with a shop in Philadelphia. Krider's hawk was named from a specimen that he took in Winnebago County, Iowa. He was author of Sporting Anecdotes, (1853), and Forty Years Notes of a Field Ornithologist, (1879). I purchased a copy of the former in his old gun shop in 1931.

consin that there was no indigenous tree or shrub, flower, grass, or sedge, or moss, or hepatic, lichen, or mushroom, the scientific name of which was not at his tongue's end for you at any moment. I am confident that notwithstanding our considerable list of worthy names in American botany, no state in our union has ever had so complete a master of its whole flora as Wisconsin had in this extraordinary man, whom our eastern botanists seldom heard anything of . . ."[2] Greene placed one of the California plants in a new genus, named **Kumlienia,** in honor of "a learned and zealous naturalist, and my first instructor in the science of botany."[7] He had a Rafinesquian propensity to create new species and varieties on slender grounds, but **Kumlienia** still stands.

The changes that the country was undergoing through settlement were distressing to Kumlien as they spelled the extinction of some of its flora and fauna. A tamarack swamp containing many unusual plants, about two miles north of his home, was a favorite place for botanizing. Greene was reminded that "the latest letter I received from him, was tinged with melancholy as he related how our long cherished tamarack swamp, near his home, had been bereft of its trees, its ericaceous under shrubs, and its delightful orchids; and, that human beings of the common sort, had drained it and planted it with market-garden vegetables."[2] This subject had long laid close to Kumlien's heart for the only published paper that ever appeared with his name was concerned with the disappearance of some of his precious plants.[8]

Kumlien collected in nearly all branches of natural history. In a form letter, dated December 28, 1861, addressed to Brewer and a number of European scientists, he said: "Having more than twenty years experience in collecting specimens of Natural History for Musums, I take the liberty to offer my services in collecting whatever, in the several Departments of Zoology, you may desire, such as Birds, small mammalia, Reptiles, Fishes mounted or in alcohol, Land and fresh water Shells, Turtles, Crustacea and insects, especially those latter, from the States of Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa & Minnesota."

On May 21, 1862, he wrote to John Cassin: "I am under great obligation to you for your kind assistance in getting pins; I was afraid that I should have to put off my insect collecting another year and have to get pins from Europe. . . . I could do with 10 to 15000, as I am roving round almost all the time and intend next month to go north west a couple hundred miles collecting—birds, fishes, reptiles, eggs, insects & plants—in fact everything worth taking care of and everything new to me. . . ."

During many seasons Kumlien planned on collecting farther afield than the environs of Busseyville. He wrote in 1861 that next spring he intends to visit "the regions of the Upper Mississippi and its principal tributaries, perhaps also the Lake Superior Region." A letter in a similar vein was addressed to Prof. W. Peters of the Royal University Museum, Berlin, in 1863. He said: "I know well that the box did contain but a few specimens of birds, but from your very limited short list but a few kinds are obtainable hereabouts and the troubles with the indians have prevented my going farther west. Should any insects from the west side of the Mississippi be desired, I can next season furnish such having now a supply of pins." On another occasion he contemplated a trip to Texas. His peregrinations, however, do not seem to have extended farther from Lake Koshkonong than Devil's Lake, Sauk County, to the west and Two Rivers to the east. Judging from the prices that he received for specimens, a collecting trip at a distance would have resulted in loss financially.

An inborn love of nature, supported by fundamental training, rendered it possible for Kumlien to brush aside what might have been insuperable obstacles. During his early years at Lake Koshkonong, he had no American books on natural history and none of the stimulus to be derived from contact with kindred scientists. On March 29, 1848, he made the following journal entry: "At Dietrichson's for Wilson's American Ornithology." This, the Brewer edition of 1840, was the first American ornithology that he obtained. Up to this date the Swedish Journal that he kept from February 14, 1844 to 1850 contains but few scientific names of birds. He made such progress that a list of the birds of the vicinity, prepared in 1850 and embracing 116 species, has but one bird that has never been found in the state. On March 30, 1851, he wrote to Brewer: "I have but 2 [sic] years had an Ornithologie (your edition of Wilson). I have European works on European birds. Is there no small edition of Audubon's work. Please to inform me about the price thereof."

The patience shown and effort expended by Brewer to assist Kumlien in every possible way are impressive. Aside from purchasing specimens personally he was an effective agent for the disposal of eggs and skins to individuals and institutions. Kumlien in one of his early letters, January 19, 1852, wrote to Brewer that he was in narrow circumstances. In the spring of 1853, he wrote more explicitly, "I am poor

Sir. I have to work hard to support my family and I see money but seldom." Brewer wrote on January 30, 1854, that one of his brothers owned a farm of 300 acres about 15 miles south of Madison and he suggested that if he wished to undertake its management he might better his condition. Nothing came of the proposal. He attempted to find for Kumlien a better market for his butter and tobacco. When his correspondent was defrauded of payment for specimens shipped to an individual in New York, Brewer took the lead in a legal attempt at justice. No solicitation passed unheeded. On receiving a letter from Kumlien regarding a contemplated move to Kansas, he wrote, "As for going to Kansas if you were a single man I would say go, by all means. It is destined to be a great State but . . . whether you would have enough left after you get settled in K. you only can be the judge. If you conclude to go I think I can be of help to you through the officers of the Emigrant Aid Society."

The formation of a working library was a constant endeavor with Kumlien. In this Brewer was again of great assistance. He wrote on January 25, 1853, "With regard to the books you ask about there is no book on our quadrupeds that comes to a low price. Audubon[9] is to be $30 and is not yet finished. There was one published some time ago but it is out of print. I believe it was Godman's[10] and that cost considerable. Grey's Manual of Botany a friend tells me is the best book on botany. It costs somewhere between one and two dollars." In February, 1854, he acknowledged receipt of a copy of the botany from Brewer. In 1859 Brewer stated that he would overhaul his library and send him any duplicates that he possessed. He also offered on July 18 of this year to send him his Oology and volume nine of the Pacific Railroad Report if he could obtain extra copies. These were eventually forwarded. With respect to an inquiry on the Birds of North America,[11] Brewer wrote that Cassin was the publisher and that except for the plates the work was the same as volume nine of the Pacific Railroad Report. Cassin was willing to forward the book and take bird skins in payment. Regarding this offer, Kumlien wrote on May 21, 1862: "If the entomological Society desires insects from Wisconsin I am willing to collect for it and take my pay in pins and good nat[ural] hist[ory] Books—according to the extent of the collection. Good Books on any branch of nat hist are scarce articles with me and as I am acquainted with no naturalist in the west and have seen nobody that takes any interest in anything else but wheat, potatoes and corn for about 20 years you do not wonder if I am greedy for books—for instance—I did not know till a few years ago that **Clangula americana, Mergus am.,** . . . and others were considered non identical with their European near relatives by anybody but myself . . . if your quarto book on N. A. birds contains exactly the same descriptions on birds and no more about their habitat and habits etc. than Vol 9, I have no use for it as I have got a copy of Vol. 9 through the kindness of Dr. B[rewer] but if there are additions relating to the habits etc. etc. I would like it very much. . . ."

The History of North American Birds: Land Birds, by Baird, Brewer and Ridgway, was the most servicable work that had appeared. Kumlien had furnished many notes for it. On April 23, 1875, Brewer wrote: "I wrote you yesterday announcing the gift of a set of my book from the publishers. I hope you will not object to writing such a letter of acknowledgement as they will wish to print." Brewer died in 1880, prior to publication of the Water Birds. Baird informed Kumlien on December 10, 1880, "I fear it will not be possible for you to get the Water Bird portion . . . without purchase. Mr. Agassiz has undertaken to print it, one of the conditions being that absolutely no single copy should be given away."

During his formative period as a collector, Kumlien had difficulty in preparing satisfactory bird skins. The instructions that he received from his customers on the preparation of skins and eggs are historically interesting as they show the development of the art. Brewer tells him repeatedly that he must make "good" skins in order to sell them. On October 26, 1854, he wrote, "And here let me say that he [Baird] begged me to ask you to be more careful in preparing the skins, by taking a little more pains you would more than get paid for the extra labor. Another thing he wished me to advise you to be sure to fix a label by a string to every bird marking on it the time it was killed, its sex and its length before skinning." As late as February 9, 1872, Brewer requested, "I wish you would try and prepare your skins of ducks and geese by having the heads where the neck is soft, turned upon their backs. Thus prepared they pack better and there is less danger of their getting broken off. Several of your ducks necks came to us badly broken."

The correspondence shows that Brewer was constantly kind and considerate. Dr. Henry Bryant was of a different strain. Kumlien wrote to the latter in 1854, ". . . in your last [letter] you mention a number of birds & eggs that you wish me to

get and at the same time you give me to understand that it will not pay to collect eggs & skins as skins of my make are not nice enough to be of any value. . . . I am a poor man and can not well afford to work for nothing, and I can certainly find a better employment than to spend time and ammunition in making skins that are of no value. As eggs are not quite so easy to spoil in the preparation and I suppose only require to be well cleaned, I will keep some for you if I should happen to find any mentioned in your last letter."

Relations were not severed as a result of the criticism. Bryant wrote on January 19, 1857, that if the skins were made better he would try to find a purchaser. Again on November 29, 1859, he said, "I received the box in comparative good order—not more than five eggs being broken. . . . Eggs should never be blown with two large holes. The one through which the air is forced should never be larger than a pin and made in the small end of the egg as this is the strongest part—the other a little on one side of the large end—but you should blow those collected by yourself through a single small hole near the large end. Eggs of no more value than Rails should never be blown if there is a chick in them and when the egg is rare enough to make it an object to preserve it the hole should be made very small and the embryo taken out with forceps and scissors. I should think from the looks of the lot that they were the **tag end.** I was disappointed in your sending **C. carolinensis** [mourning dove] instead of **C. migratoria** [passenger pigeon]—of the eggs marked **C. carolinensis** three were woodpecker eggs of some species. In making skins you have improved a good deal." Brewer wanted some eggs for exchange in Europe and on April 23, 1875, instructed him that they "should be blown on the side by a small and even hole." This is the modern procedure.

The letter from Bryant, outwardly at least, was not disturbing for Kumlien replied with his usual reserve, "I am sorry that the eggs did not suite you—sure they were, some of them, not blown as well as I should like to have had them. I kept eggs of the Redh[eaded] Woodp[ecker] and the **Ect[opistes] Carol[inensis]** in adjoining boxes (in a larger box) and I presume that eggs of the Woodp. accid[ently] had got tumbled in the other box, so if there were Woodp. eggs among the Doves eggs they are sure of the Redh. Woodp. . . . I am but imperfectly acquainted with the English lang[uage] and have never before met with the term 'tag end' but I suppose it means no good."

The difference between the avifaunas of Busseyville and Racine is as surprising to an ornithologist of the present as it was to Kumlien. After receiving Barry's[12] paper, he wrote to Brewer on August 25, 1854, "It seems very singular that his experience & mine can be so much at variance. If he does speak of the whole state it seems to me the more singular. I[t] does not become me to speak even doubtfully of his statements but some of them I would like to be able to subscribe to. It is astonishing what a difference there must be between the vicinity of Kosh[konong] L[ake] and Racine—not a great many miles apart! **Zonothr. leucoph.** [white-crowned sparrow] **common, Fr. Am.** [dickcissel] **abundant, Carpodaca purp.** [purple finch] abund., **Amp. garr.** [Bohemian waxwing], **P. pileatus** [pileated woodpecker], etc. abundant!!! The Coot breeds here in great numbers & **Gall. chlorop.** [purple gallinule] not found at all but **P. mart. [purple gallinule]** found by Racine every season! what a difference." Three years earlier, March 30, 1851, Kumlien thought that he could furnish the eggs of **Gallinula chloropus.** Barry erred regarding the purple gallinule but the remainder of his statements are in excellent agreement with those of Hoy[13] published simultaneously.

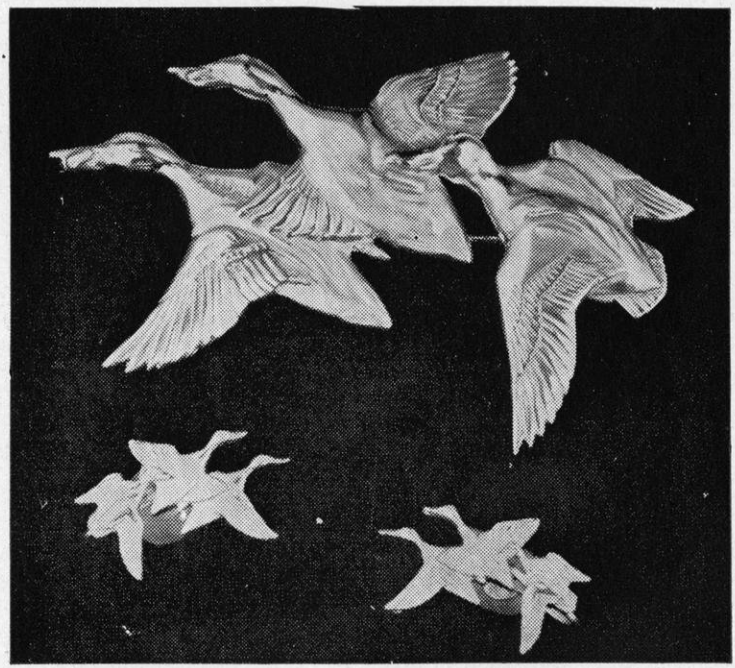
Regarding Brewer's inquiry on the black duck, he replied on January 19, 1852, that he had never seen it; however, he could probably furnish such rare birds as the Wilson's phalarope, ruddy duck, white pelican, sparrow hawk, Lapland longspur, yellow-headed blackbird, and trumpeter swan. The draft of a letter dated January 15, 1856, states that two yellow-throated vireos, collected May 15, 1854, were all that he had taken. The blue-headed vireo was rare, a few having been seen in the spring of 1855. The winter of 1856-57 he shot two goshawks, the first that he had seen in this country. On June 25, 1859, he wrote, "I have also obtained . . . for the first time **Calidris arenaria** [sanderling] & 2 of **[Hirundo] Melanogaster** [cliff swallow]." Regarding the latter species he wrote that he had found it breeding at Sauk City, June 12, 1861, "nest only some damp grass, built in a hole in a stone wall." Obviously this was the rough-winged swallow.

The early status of the prairie chicken and sharp-tailed grouse has been the subject of much misunderstanding. The following statement by Kumlien and Hollister[14] has been cited repeatedly: "Referring back to 1840, we find that this species was the common prairie grouse of southern Wisconsin, and was at that time extremely abund-

ant. Thure Kumlien had been a resident of Wisconsin several years before he saw a specimen of what is now our common prairie chicken." A letter consisting of notes on various species of birds was written by Kumlien to Brewer in the spring of 1852, judging from its contents and those of Brewer's letters. This letter is badly damaged but fortunately the following paragraph is well preserved: **"Tetrao cupido.** when I first came to these country the sharp tailed Grouse was very common and, at least in the openings, the only Pr. Hen. I had been here over 6 months, and I was out with the gun nearly every day then, before I met with any of **T. Cup.** but I shot many Sh. t. Gr. now the Sh. t. Gr. is here very rare—indeed I have not seen any the last 2 years but more of **T. Cup.,** though they too are perhaps not so numerous here as they were 2 or 3 years ago. the Sh. t. gr. may still be found in the vicinity perhaps in winter time but I have not seen any for some time." These grouse must have been accomodating for his Journal entry for October 14, 1848, reads, "I fixed my bow and made three arrows for hunting hens."

It is clear that the two species of grouse occurred simultaneously on the primitive prairies and oak openings. The prairie chicken at that time migrated southward in late fall and since the six months to which he refers covered largely the winter of 1843-4, scarcity of this species was to be expected. Within ten years after his arrival, the sharp-tailed grouse had become a relatively rare bird for he wrote to Brewer in the spring of 1853 that, "The sharptailed grouse made its appearance last winter, one flock and I shot one pair . . . I have seen nothing of the grouse since—perhaps I will next winter." Bryant wrote to Kumlien on January 19, 1857, that he could probably obtain **T. phasianellus** "cheaper than you can get them—I purchased two last week at the same price we pay for **T. cupido**—since the extension of the Rail Road there are more or less of them brought to market every winter with the common grouse."

(To be concluded next issue)



CUT, COURTESY OF THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

JEWELRY FROM MR. GROMME'S DESIGN

UPPER: PIN FOR MEN AND WOMEN LOWER: EARRINGS, WITH RIGHT AND LEFT DESIGNS

PHOTO ENLARGED

A Letter to My Bird Friends

Pelican Lake, Wis.
July 20, 1945

Dear Friends:

Here we are at last in what I like to call a bird lover's paradise. We came earlier this year than ever before so that I could enjoy the nesting season. After a week of frantic shopping, sewing and packing, we were off on June 29, with a trailer loaded to the brim, including a duffel bag full of books on birds, their music, wild flowers, shrubs and trees. The trunk was packed, the children and the dog happily seated on the back seat, and as soon as we reached the open road our thoughts and chatter abruptly left the city far behind and turned to the birds seen along the way.

Each summer for many years we have made this all too short journey to the north woods at Pelican Lake and each year I have returned, proud of having seen a longer and longer list of birds. This year it would be different, I would not work for a "list" but at last would be on the spot for the nesting season.

There were bobolinks singing along the way as we hurried northward. Red-winged blackbirds dotted the little cattail and reed marshes, and the telephone lines were thick with amazingly large numbers of swallows. We saw more and more kingbirds as the miles dropped behind and once a pair of marsh hawks flew into a little woods. Nearer Pelican we saw a pair of bluebirds and I was tempted to stop and investigate their doings. We heard and saw kingfishers at every little lake we passed, but though I looked and hoped, not once did I see a migrant shrike.

Late in the afternoon as we drove into the little cool private road leading through the deep woods to our cabin, I held my breath in eager expectation and listened. Would he still be singing near our cabin as we had left him the year before and the year before that? Ah yes, there he was—the wood thrush—pouring forth his cathedral chimes which filtered through the tall trees like the rays of the setting sun, filling the air with such clear, liquid tones that the beauty of it brought tears to my eyes and sadness to my heart that all the world could not hear him. He sang as we unpacked and as we walked down the little road to dinner at the Lodge. He was still at it when we returned and he did not cease until the fireflies came out with their little flashlights. We have heard him nightly since we came—always one of the last to go to sleep and when I looked at the clock it was 9:30. Sometimes the phoebe will keep him company and often during the night I hear the peewee's sleepy call.

I was determined to find and follow the wood thrush this year; perhaps find his nest or see the young, so that first night, tired but happy, we were abed early; my head full of thoughts of birds and what the morrow might bring.

Before dawn I heard them, while the mists hung low over the water and even the leaves were still; the bird chorus broke forth with such volume and rapture that I could scarcely distinguish one from another. I scrambled excitedly into my clothes and left the cabin to explore the near vicinity before my family was ready for breakfast.

I found little house wrens nesting in all the hanging gourds and houses at the corners of the cottage; almost alighting on my head as I came near. The woodpeckers were noisy and busy in the dead trees nearby. There were the hairy, the downy, the flicker, the red-headed and the sapsucker. I missed the pileated. He has always been here but I fear that as well as the great grey owl he has gone this year; probably for good, because he doesn't appreciate all the cutting and clearing which has been going on in the woods near the lake. I soon discovered nests. The sapsucker's was in a small, dead tree about 8 feet from the ground and the hole was so small that as they fed their young they had to flatten their wings close to the body and wriggle with some force to get in or out. They were very thin and tired looking birds.

Wide Variety of Birds Present

In a small clump of spruce and cedar near by, with a grove of deciduous trees on one side, and on the other an open space with tall grasses, devil's paintbrush and marsh buttercup, I saw, within 30 minutes, the myrtle warbler, cedar waxwing, purple finch, chickadee, scarlet tanager, the red-eyed and warbling vireos and the rose-breasted grosbeak. The chestnut-sided warbler, redstart, pewee, phoebe, least flycatcher and goldfinch were also present. Here was an opportunity to hear the voices of two tiny birds—the chestnut-sided warbler and redstart, together. I had always thought their songs similar, but it is amazing how different their voices are when heard together. The redstart sings a very short, high-pitched, thin, rather monotonous little song that can only be heard a short distance, while the chestnut-sided warbler's song is clear, strong, and ringing, though not so penetrrating as the song of the yellow warbler, which it resembles. The chestnut-sided goes up in thirds, several times, then closes with three notes, falling downward on the last note.

As I walked along the lake front under the pines, I heard the lonely yodeling call of a loon and through my glasses located three, swimming out in the lake. They were diving and sometimes disappeared for so long a time that I wondered if they'd ever come up. When they did appear, they were always far distant from where they went down. A great blue heron was standing in the reeds, so still and statuelike that I wondered if he were real. With the soft, rich warbles of purple finch, up in the pines, sounding in my ears, I went in to breakfast. As I prepared it, I hoped that with so many lovely birds about, I could find some of their nests.

After breakfast I dressed in boots, gloves, headscarf, and covered with mosquito lotion I walked down the little road. The rose-breasted grosbeaks were singing their mellow, full throated song so like the robin's and yet so different. The robin sings more leisurely, you know, and he hesitates between each group of notes, while the grosbeak sings his song completely, without a halt.

I heard vireos all along the way and suddenly discovered the nest of a "warbling" in a tall, young maple, about 30 feet from the ground. I have found many vireo nests here. They are pensile, high and always far out near the end of a small, thin branch. The nests are so very skillfully camouflaged with birch bark, spider cocoons and webs that they are very difficult to discover. Here are the warbling, red-eyed and yellow-throated vireos. Wherever I walk I hear them singing all day. The warbling vireo is very aggressive and dominating near his castle.

A pair was busily and happily lining its nest when a sight-seeing red-headed woodpecker swung by to see what he could see. Mr. and Mrs. Vireo objected, no doubt because they like privacy and prefer that the design or plan of their home be kept unique and original. They both darted after Mr. Redhead and even followed him to the trunk of a large tree where they pounced upon him with such force and violence that the resounding whacks could be heard some distance away. Mr. Redhead made no pretense of delaying his departure.

All the vireo nests are very small, beautifully cupped and firm. One can look straight at a nest and not discover it, so well does it blend with the bark and foliage.

I have discovered several redstart nests near the private road—and in open places within the deciduous woods. One nest, which I found the first day, I have watched daily. It was in the red-berried elder about

A NASHVILLE WARBLER RETURNS TO FEED GORDON ORIANS

5 feet from the ground. The redstart's nest is exquisitely made; very tiny, well cupped, neat and firm. It has the grey and white appearance of the vireo's though the former, of course, rests on the branch. This particular nest had only two creamy little redstart eggs and one cowbird egg. As the lovely little lady sat on her nest, I could barely see the bright, alert eyes and bill on the one side and the delicate little tail on the other. When I came too near, she quickly slipped out the back door to let me have a peek, but she was always near while her devoted mate sang with all his might back in the darkness of the woods. Dr. Anna Hehn came up for a short, two day visit the first week we were here and together we decided to remove the egg of the cowbird from the little

nest. We did so rather fearfully and quickly, but later the faithful bride returned to her nest apparently undisturbed by the missing egg. A week or so later, a bad hail storm weakened the nest so much that it tipped far over to one side. When I looked in, my heart sank, for one of the little eggs had disappeared. I soon found it cold and wet on the ground beneath the shrub. I knew the other egg would soon fall out so I ran home for a needle and thread. I carefully straightened and sewed the little nest back into place; then went on my way. On my return I passed by the nest. The little, faithful one was sitting contentedly on the lone egg. However, after having sat for three weeks she gave it up and deserted the egg and nest, leaving it to me as an aid in my study of birds. As Dr. Hehn and I entered a small open space in the deciduous woods one day, we noticed a scarlet tanager. He continued to remain nearby so that we felt reasonably certain that his mate had a nest in the vicinity. After a careful search, we discovered it about 25 or 30 feet from the ground in a very thin, young maple. The nest was so thin and loosely put together that we could see through it and as we watched, the brown and yellow female suddenly slipped in at the back door. The male was in a neighboring tree at the time and whenever I have noticed the nest, I have usually found him hovering near. The female sits very still and unless the wind blows the leaves, she is well hidden in her leafy bower.

As we entered an old, unused logging road in a cutover area, we heard a strange and unusual cry. It scarcely sounded like that of a bird. Since the trees were rather few and far apart, we soon discovered a beautiful broad-winged hawk, sitting quietly in a tree, uttering his piercing "kick'ee." As he called, he opened his mouth very wide indeed so that if we had been near enough, I am sure we could have seen if he needed his tonsils out. I have visited this area often and find there is a pair of them. The male prefers the top of a certain old, dead tree and one day he was standing guard over a partly devoured young rabbit. As he sat there, uttering his peculiar cry, he gazed about the area and though I often walk up to the tree, he does not seem to mind my presence. Other birds often perch near him apparently unafraid. Sometimes I find the hawks flying just above the tree tops, showing me their lovely broad wings, streaked breasts and the broad bands on their spread tails. The tall grasses beneath, thickets of raspberry, gooseberry and hazel bushes are full of small snakes, toads, field mice, rabbits and grasshoppers.

Environment of the Hermit Thrush

On the opposite side of the private road bordering the lake, is a low swampy evergreen wood. It is virgin timber and difficult to penetrate because of fallen trees, great exposed roots and deep depressions. Here thick mosses grow and I often find the mysterious Indian pipes or corpse flowers. In one mossy, rocky dell, near the edge of the wood, the beautiful wood sorrel, bunchberry and deer vine grow. The dainty pink flower of the deer vine (Linnaea Americana) or twinflower, with its hair-fine stem, is very fragile and I usually find it growing in moss. The delicate wood sorrel (white or true) has small cupped flowers as thin as tissue paper and delicately striped in pink, with yellow centers. The leaves,

a sort of pea green, remind me of a shamrock in shape. The bunchberry, a larger and sturdier plant, has a waxy, white flower, growing old now, and some of the plants, having dropped their blossoms, are already forming the small bunch of red berries. These little plants, surrounded by tall ferns and mosses, seemed such a perfect place for a hermit's nest that I spent some time looking for one. I often hear the hermit thrush singing, though he is not as prevalent as the wood thrush. His song is very much like that of the latter, and the quality is the same but the hermit's phrases are more complicated and he always hesitates on his first tone. The wood thrush usually sings groups of three tones though occasionally a group of four, and one individual here, often repeats his four notes. The hermit sings more than three notes in his phrase but both birds' songs have lovely, chord-like or double tones. I am forever chasing thrushes here but they always manage to keep one step ahead of me so that I seldom see the singers. Dr. Hehn and I quite unexpectedly came upon a wood thrush, feeding her children in the deep deciduous woods but though we followed quickly, they very quietly managed to be always quicker and slipped away like shy, little, brown woodsprites. They evidently nest somewhat earlier here than other birds, as these bird-childern were large and active. I often am able to get near enough to a singing wood thrush to hear the many little gutteral and clucking sounds he makes between his leisurely phrases. He is never in the same vicinity as the hermit, though I find him along with the veery nesting here in great numbers.

We found the moccasin flower or stemless lady's-slipper growing near the edge of the evergreen swamp and I have discovered other varieties of lady's-slipper here also, although most of them are past blooming. The tufted loosestrife grows along the grassy edge of the swamp where many song sparrows nest. I hear them singing at all times and see them going about their domestic duties, uttering their funny, little, hoarse call even though their bills may be filled with wriggling insects for their young. When I am near their nests, they scold and hop around for all the world like a monkey with a hurdy gurdy. They refuse to feed their young so long as I stand, curious and amused, wondering just how long they can hold those squirming insects.

In the tops of some of the pines are pine warblers, usually in the more open portions. I hear their little, dry song as it travels up the scale. The voice of the pine warbler is much like that of the chipping sparrow and they nest high up in the pines.

Myrtle Warblers Outnumber Blackburnian

The Blackburnian warbler and the myrtles also nest here in the coniferous trees. The myrtle seems to be more prevalent than the Blackburnian, and the purple finch are very numerous in the evergreens. I daily hear their soft, rich, warbly voices and this year I have learned why I see so many "females" and why "females" seem to sing. They are not what they seem, but are males, simply masquerading in ladies' attire for a while. Later, perhaps during the second year, they will put on their royal robes for the spring courting. This is also true of the redstart and I often see a singing "female" with black spots here and there, so I know he is really beginning to don his brilliant, black and orange coat.

It is fun to see things we have often read about. For instance, in an open, swampy area pretty well cut over, I see many hummingbirds. One day, near the edge of this area, where I had discovered large vigorous plants of the lovely pink Corydalis, patches of trailing arbutus, large growths of dogberry and, in the wet depressions, the narrow blue flag, I heard quite a variety of forest sounds. As I approached, I discovered an old, dying birch tree banded with rings of holes. At several holes near the top was an entire family of sapsuckers, busily devouring the sap as it oozed from the tree. The hummingbirds, bees, wasps and butterflies were trying to take their share, so there were many fights, squabbles and collisions taking place with each species hurling his own angry, loud invectives. I sat on a log, very happy to have a ring-side seat at such a performance. The hummingbirds, flying in, like little attack-planes, would eventually take a seat on some brush-pile top and after a brief respite would fly in again with an angry squeak. The tree seemed to swarm with all these various little woodland people.

Waterthrushes Consort with White Throats

Behind this area, where there are more deciduous trees—maple, elm, linden, birch and ash, are deep, boggy holes full of water, large tangled tree roots, mossy banks, great brush piles, fallen dead trees and thick undergrowth. There I find the water thrushes and the white-throated sparrows. I can watch the water thrushes carrying food to their young, if I am patient and wait long enough, but I am never able to seek out their nests. All day long the whitethroats sing their drowsy, clear, plaintive song of a summer dream, of peace and contentment but when I approach, the songs cease abruptly and the birds melt away into the brush, as the mists on the lake slip silently into the woods.

I search daily for the nests of the veery, very prevalent here in the deciduous woods, and frequently I know I am near a nest because that is the only time the male stands his ground as I approach. I hear him singing over my head and glimpse the female slipping away. I search the area carefully; falling over large, fallen trees, brush piles and thick undergrowth; walking waist deep through huge ferns, interspersed with mandrake, touch-me-not, Jack-in-the-plpit, bloodroot, smoothish yellow violet and several kinds of trilliums. The ground is full of deep, mossy depressions and hummocks, often with the big holes of woodchucks hidden in a mass of ferns. However, I have not been successful in locating the veery's nest and often get lost, so intent am I in my searching and listening. The quality of the veery's voice, as it slides down the scale, reminds me of the sounds made when playing a musical saw.

In the more open and sunny places of this area the least flycatchers abound. Their nests are neat and well cupped though very small and usually built in the crotch of a small tree. One such nest, in the crotch of a maple sapling, is low enough for me to touch. If I stand on a log I can look in at the very tiny eggs. Dear little Mrs. Least allows me to visit her often without being disturbed. Today I found she had one very minute, naked baby.

I am watching another least flycatcher family already out of the nest, and have been much amused at the feeding schedules of these babies. They have no definite time for meals, they just eat all of the

time. The parents have them settled on the branches of a fallen dead tree, the three children sitting in a neat row on the same branch. As the parents fly to them with insects, they are careful not to feed the same bird twice, but each gets his turn in rotation and it is a very quick and thorough procedure. The children also watch for flies. If one comes near them they follow it with their eyes, turning their heads in a most comical way in an attempt to catch a fly themselves but seldom successfully. I wonder when the parents eat, if ever.

Not fifteen feet from the nest of my least flycatcher, and near a big stump covered with moss and woodbine, is the thin, loosely built nest of a rose-breasted grosbeak. The grosbeaks are very plentiful here and this nest, like many others is about eight feet from the ground, in a small maple sapling. There apparently is no lining in the nests. The three or four, almost aqua colored eggs, large and speckled, with a wreath of dots near the end, are very beautiful. I can never approach a bird's nest

GORDON ORIANS
THE CHESTNUT-SIDED WARBLER FREQUENTLY NESTS NEAR THE GROUND

without a feeling of excitement and awe. My heart beats rapidly; there is a lumpy feeling in my throat and I feel as though I am trespassing on hallowed ground. As I approach the nest of the grosbeak, the male flies very near me, turning from side to side, uttering his metallic squeak which seems so incongruous with his rich, mellow song. Mrs. Grosbeak, less bold, is always modestly behind her handsome spouse who often accompanies her to the nest to see that all is well. They feed from the red-berried elder in which they often build and, as I walk through the

woods, they often follow me some distance from their nests. There is no more beautiful sight than the rose-breasted grosbeak sitting in the top of a tall maple, with the last rays of the setting sun gleaming on his breast. It is as if he had been stabbed and his heart's blood were pouring down the pure white breast.

In the open cutover areas where thickets of raspberry, gooseberry and hazel grow, the chestnut-sided warbler and the redstarts are numerous. The chestnut-sided, very excited, comes almost to my hand when I approach the nest requiring real fortitude to find and is built just above the ground in the low, dense thickets. It is beautifully made; soft, thick and lined with horsehair. I think the young must enjoy this fine inner-spring beautyrest mattress and they deserve it because nothing could be more charming than the young of the chestnut-sided warbler, especially when they emerge from the nest. These warblers are such friendly, little things and their song so strong and full of life, that they are a daily source of pleasure.

Mourning Warbler Does Not Give Up Secret

I have also found the mourning warbler here, usually where the thickets are most tangled and the growth of saplings almost impassable. Sometimes, after I have sat patiently and quietly for a long time, I may see a mourning warbler slip into the open, look hurriedly at me and, her curiosity satisfied, scurry away into the thickets again. One day, when one appeared, she had food in her mouth but refused to leave me lest she give some clue as to the location of her nest. I tried again and again to find it but all I had for my pains were torn clothes, scratched hands and face and a torrid disposition.

The towhee is here too. He sings for me in his short, simple little song from his perch in a young spruce or cedar, then dives headlong into a thicket to appear no more.

Along the road where the banks are steep, bank swallows are nesting. The tree swallows are numerous and very friendly. Some nest in the gourds hung near the cabin and on the lake shore and they often sit on the clothesline to preen their feathers. The chipping sparrows nest in the young spruce near the cabin and I find their young quietly waiting on the thick green branches to be fed.

Great flocks of cedar waxwings are everywhere; at the cabin, along the lake, in the evergreen groves or in the deciduous, cutover areas. Last night I saw about twenty-five perched high on the limbs of a dead tree as the sun was pulling the cloud-covers over his head. They were transformed into a picture of such beauty, that with the sounds of other bird-voices in my ears, I could easily dream of "Shangri La." I find their bulky, robin-like nests everywhere; high up in the maples, low down in an old apple tree, or on the edge of the coniferous grove. They perch in the pines along the lake and, swallow-like, swoop through the swarms of big, awkward flies which hover over the water at dusk. They seem very much at home with the swallows and flycatchers.

One of my most precious finds is the nest of an olive-backed thrush. I had had an occasional glimpse of him and heard his song, but one day I discovered his home in a young maple tree on the very edge of a coniferous grove. The nest, built in a perfect crotch from which radiated about seven branches, looked much like a robin's from where I stood, but I sat down on a mossy log near by to watch and wait. A little, brown

field mouse suddenly appeared from nowhere, just like the rabbit in Alice in Wonderland and after he had thoroughly satisfied his curiosity about my boots and my person and had gone about his busy duties, my bird came back to the nest. I was so thrilled to find it to be an olive-backed that I thought of staying the night. I have watched her daily as she sat on her eggs and today a baby's little head hung over the edge of the nest.

On the lake, at dusk and in the early morning, we often fish on Pelican Lake—where there are no pelicans, but instead, great blue herons come flapping down, awkwardly landing like a child on stilts in the reeds or along the edge of the bays where the yellow pond lily grows. They like to feed on the sandbar where a tiny creek flows into the lake. They too may disappear from Pelican Lake if the clearing of the heronry area continues. We watch the osprey as he circles leisurely for a time and then suddenly plummets to the lake and, with a splash, comes up with a struggling fish in his talons, always held straight and parallel to his line of flight. We see sandpipers in the bay beyond the shallow water where the tuberous white water lilies grow, and gulls line on a small rocky island. There are black ducks in the reeds playing tag with their young and noisy kingfishers perch on the dead logs, while the common loons dive near a big rock which thrusts up its head far out in the lake.

Along the shore, where the reeds and grasses are thick in a black bog, the swamp milkweed grows, the red-winged blackbirds nest, and the American bittern stands like a sentinel at dawn. I am watching the nest of a pair of kingbirds in one such area. Mrs. Kingbird is very much a stay-at-home, even when unwanted company comes to her very door, while Papa Kingbird swoops over the visitor's head with much scolding and excited gestures to warn her away.

The peewees and phoebes sing to us from the woods all day long and after getting what I fear may be a deformed neck, I discovered the flat, lichen covered nest of a pair of pewees. It is placed flat against the horizontal limb, high up in a big tree, making it very difficult to see and find, because of the almost perfect camouflage and the manner in which it is placed. Both parents were feeding the young.

On a farm nearby we find the killdeers trying frantically to keep their young concealed and lovely barn swallows swooping in and out of the top of an old barn where they rear their young in their plastered nests. In the birch-groves among thickets of raspberries, choke cherries and aspens, the indigo bunting is nesting and singing his little song. Some say it is much like the song of the goldfinch but I do not agree. His song is sharper and more penetrating, with a definite rhythm to which one can count five. This is quickly delivered, as though the bunting were in a hurry to be finished; then he goes on repeating it. I have found him in this vicinity for many years. At first I had difficulty in finding and recognizing the female because she is not at all like her gorgeously attired husband, but she makes up for it by being very charming. What picture could be lovelier than the indigo bunting perched among the brilliant red fruit of heavily laden raspberry bushes!

We Flush a Family of Ruffed Grouse

There is an old wagon road on this farm, sometimes used for hauling firewood. It leads up and then down to a little jewel of a lake and a

cranberry bog near the southern tip of Pelican Lake. Along this path grow the beautiful spreading dogbane, low bindweed, bush honeysuckle, fireweed, rough-fruited cinquefoil and yarrow. A few days ago we came upon a doe feeding quietly on the thick grasses which choke the old road. We were able to watch her for a moment before she discovered us and bounded into the thick birch-grove. As we passed the spot where she had entered, I discovered a little fawn lying in a sunny open place. Only his alert ears, soft, dark eyes and sensitive patent-leather nose were visible above the tall grass. He did not move a muscle and I feel sure he was minding his mother. A little further along we walked into a large family of ruffed grouse. With many warning calls to the young, they noisly scattered to the four winds, then all was stillness. Although we searched diligently, not one could we find among the deep, dead leaves, brush and ferns. As we came out of the woods onto the little lake, warblers greeted us from the pines and great blue herons took their departure. In the cranberry bog we found the mysterious pitcher plant in bloom, the marsh skullcap and the delicate, pink rose pogonia. Passing around the lake, through more groves of birch and onto more open pastureland we see Maryland yellow-throats and brown thrashers in the undergrowth.

Returning home at dusk yesterday, I passed a little spruce. Having become nest-minded and seeing a dark mass near the trunk, I slid my hand gently into the thick branches to investigate. Something moved and peeped. On closer inspection it proved to be six or seven baby wrens, closely packed and put to bed for the night, for all the world like a bunch of grapes. That morning I had seen the parent wrens attacking with great courage and daring a sapsucker near their nest, and now I understood why.

There is wild columbine growing along the rocky bank near our cabin and under the pines nod false Solomon's-seal, two-leaved Solomon's-seal and hairy Solomon's-seal. There are bog wintergreen, star flowers and gold-thread among the pine needles and at dusk flocks of young pine grosbeaks are seen feeding among the branches of the pines. Along the roads flourish false buckwheat, meadow rue, bladder campion, healall, fleabane, bedstraw-bellflower, pearly everlasting and the exquisite harebell, and in sunny places swamp thistles, day lillies and forget-me-nots.

We soon must leave all this beauty and I have already said goodbye to more than sixty species of birds I have found here, although I have not yet had time to explore the many tamarack swamps or wander far afield. However, to remind me that this is not just a summer dream, I have collected some deserted nests and infertile eggs to take home with me. As I write these closing lines, I hear Mr. "Yank," our white-breasted nuthatch, outside our window as he goes about his daily routine of circling our roof, peeking his head over the edge every few feet looking for spiders, and an oriole singing in the tall elm. Ah, now I hear my wood thrush and I have ears only for him. "Goodbye to you my lovely one, goodbye until next summer because I know, as surely as summer comes, you will be here still singing."

Yours for more and better conservation,

Dixie Larkin,

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

BY THE WAYSIDE . . .

American Hawk Owl at Washburn. On February 4, 1945 at about 4:30 p. m. I was watching a downy woodpecker foraging first in a yellow birch, then in a paper birch on Chequamegon Bay. The day was clear and chickadees also were about when I heard warning chirps from a bird I could not see. Turning back, I moved carefully in the direction of the warning; then the owl which had been perched in an apple tree swooped low and took refuge in the woods of the ravine.—Mrs. A. A. Axley, Washburn.

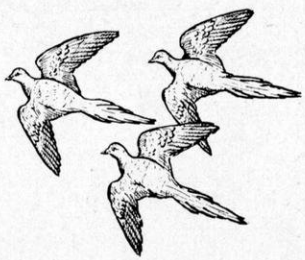
Turkey Vultures in Pierce County. On April 14, 1945 we spent the day on a farm beneath the bluffs at Hager City, Pierce County. Our hosts were very enthusiastic over three "eagles" which they had seen for several days and hoped that we might see. Keeping our eyes skyward we saw them in the afternoon, three huge birds soaring beautifully. As they came nearer they looked unlike eagles, so with field glasses in hand I watched every movement and was rewarded when they flew to near-by bluffs and remained for some time. Here the black of their bodies and the red of their heads became very clear. I was sure that for the first time I was seeing turkey vultures. Two more came by on the wing and were soon joined by the birds on the bluff. For a long, long time I watched them soaring higher in grace and beauty until they became mere specks above the lovely valley. It seemed impossible that a vulture could be so beautiful in flight.—Mrs. H. H. Owen, Hudson.

Canada Jays Banded. During a three week stay in Iron County, February, 1945, we banded two Canada jays. Returning to the same place Jan. 24, 1946, a year later, we had them back in the trap only an hour after it was set up.—Clarence A. Searles, Wisconsin Rapids.

Experiences with a Purple Finch. A purple finch (male) banded April 20, 1943, returned April 29, 1944. I took the bird to Wisconsin Rapids for release May 13 and it was back in the trap May 18. Distance about nine miles. Again, March 29, 1945, the same bird was trapped, and again I took it to Wisconsin Rapids and released it at noon. At 8:30 a. m., March 30, it was again in the trap. Then I took it to Port Edwards, a distance of about eight miles and released it at 4 p. m. A student bird club looked it over at this point. The following morning at 9 it had returned to the trap.

Of fifty-three purple finches banded during the spring of 1943, eight returned in 1944 and four in 1945.—Clarence A. Searles, Wisconsin Rapids.

Early Singing of the Cardinal. While in Menasha, Jan. 29 I heard a cardinal sing. The earliest song I heard in the vicinity of Sauk City was on Jan. 30.—August Derleth.



Christmas Bird Count

Eleven counts were made this year representing eight localities. More than 36 persons took part and a total of 63 species was observed.

Some northern visitors of interest were: Goshawk and pine grosbeak at Madison; snowy owls at Horicon; northern horned larks at Racine; evening grosbeaks at three places; redpolls at Green Bay; and snow buntings at two places.

Birds usually expected to winter farther south included: Pintails, shoveller, and meadowlark at Milwaukee; blue-winged teal, Wilson snipe, mourning dove, kingfisher, and song sparrow at Madison; robins at two places; red-wings at Horicon; and a white-throat at Appleton.

	Appleton	Green Bay	Green Bay	Horicon	Kenosha	Madison	Milwaukee	Milwaukee	Milwaukee	Racine	Seneca
Number of Observers	4	7	2	2	2	12	2	2	2	1	2
Number of Species	15	15	7	14	16	42	30	20	18	12	14
Mallard						44	112	75			
Black Duck	65					150	34	50			
Pintail							2	2			
Green-winged Teal							1	1			
Blue-winged Teal						1					
Shoveller							1				
Canvasback							2				
Scaup						2	148	50	100		
Goldeneye	155				39	44	47	65	100	170	
Bufflehead							14	20	8	2	
Old Squaw					15		7	7	3		
Hooded Merganser							1				
American Merganser	3				350	1	730	120	16	85	
Red-breasted Merganser							5	40	4		
Goshawk						1					
Cooper's Hawk						1					
Red-tailed Hawk				1		2					1
Rough-legged Hawk				3		5	1				
Bald Eagle						2					
Sparrow Hawk								2	2		
Ruffed Grouse		1									
Bobwhite						29					
Pheasant	1	15		77	2	201	21	7		4	
Coot						1					
Wilson Snipe						2					
Herring Gull	6	24	2		142	3	93	40		37	
Rock Dove						300	75				
Mourning Dove						12					
Screech Owl				1							
Snowy Owl				2							
Barred Owl						3					

	Appleton	Green Bay	Green Bay	Kenosha	Horicon	Madison	Milwaukee	Milwaukee	Milwaukee	Racine	Seneca
Short-eared Owl					4						
Long-eared Owl						2				1	
Kingfisher						1					
Pileated Woodpecker											1
Red-bellied Woodpecker						7					4
Red-headed Woodpecker						8					6
Hairy Woodpecker		3				7	1		2		6
Downy Woodpecker	3	3		4	7	14	1	1	6	1	6
Northern Horned Lark										8	
Bluejay		32	5	2	1	128	1		6		14
Crow	1	1		23	16	101	14	3		1	
Chickadee	7	24	5	16	7	50	7	8	10		27
White-breasted Nuthatch	6	2			2	17	2	1	1		12
Red-breasted Nuthatch						1					
Brown Creeper						3					
Robin							1	2	5	1	
Northern Shrike				1		1	1		1		
Starling	16	186	24	6	38	23	17	35		14	32
English Sparrow	150	259	45	263	18	500	95	20		55	55
Meadowlark									1		
Red-wing				2							
Cardinal						19			7		10
Evening Grosbeak	2	36				8					
Purple Finch						3					
Pine Grosbeak						1					
Redpoll		6									
Goldfinch	6				5	3	30				
Junco	8				18	45	24		15		6
Tree Sparrow		3	75		131	34	18		8		19
White-throated Sparrow	1										
Song Sparrow						2					
Snow Bunting		500	350	24							
Total, 63 species											

Appleton. (Riverbanks 50%, lake fronts and hardwoods 25%, open fields 10%, ravine and cemetery 10%, city park and streets 5%). Dec. 27; 7:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. Sunny, 8-10 in. fresh snow, very little open water; southeast wind; temp. 2° at start, 12° at return. Four observers together in morning, two in afternoon. Two parties. Total hours afield, 8 (5 on foot, 3 by car). Total miles 55 (5 on foot, 50 by car). Total, 15 species, 430 individuals.—Mrs. W. E. Rogers, Mrs. H. L. Playman, Miss Alice Engle, and Ben Seaborn.

Green Bay. (City parks, cemeteries, streets and surrounding country; 10% city, 5% marsh, 40% high woodland, 30% swamp woodland, 15% fields). Dec. 30; 8 a. m. to 12 noon, 1:30 to 4:30 p. m. Cloudy, light snowfall most of day, 8 in. snow, temp. 28° to 30°, gentle to moderate northerly winds. Seven observers in four parties. Total, 28 hours, 28 miles. Total, 15 species, 1095 individuals.—J. B. Kendall, Jack Kendall, E. O. Paulson, Chester Krawczyk, Billy Romig, Ray Hussong, and Clara Hussong. (Green Bay Bird Club)

Green Bay. Dec. 28. Cloudy, cold. Two observers. Total, 7 species, 506 individuals.—Wayne DeMars, and Eric Richter.

Horicon. Horicon Marsh Wildlife Area. (East and west sides and center of area and some adjacent farm land; cattail and sedge marsh 50%, deciduous farm woodlots 25%, open farm lands 25%). Dec. 28; 7:40 a. m. to 4:40 p. m. Foggy all day, temp. 18° to 25°, wind about 15 m. p. h., 8 in. snow, thick ice on water, vegetation covered with ice and hoar frost. Two observers together. Total hours, 9¼ (6 on foot, 3¼ in auto); total miles 46 (6 on foot, 40 in auto). Total, 14 species, 425 individuals.—Harold A. Mathiak, and S. Paul Jones.

Kenosha. (Area four miles south of town; along Tobin road east from Dublin school to Lake Michigan; north to highway "Q"; west to highway "E-Z"; south to starting point; farm roads and adjoining pastures 63%, farm and woodlots 12%, lake front 20%, marshland 5%). Dec. 28; 7:15 a. m. to 3:15 p. m. Overcast, temp. 21° to 33°, wind SW, 5-15 m. p. h., ground covered with 3-6 in. crusted snow. Two observers together. Total hours, 8 on foot; total miles 12. Total, 16 species, about 795 individuals.—Jerome Carroll, and Joseph Healy.

Madison. West and south of city. Jan. 1; 7 a. m. to 5 p. m. Mostly clear, temp. near zero, little wind, ground covered with snow. Twelve observers in four groups; only one group (three observers) was out all day. Total, 42 species, 1448 individuals.—Mrs. Arthur Koehler, Mrs. R. A. Walker, Miss Ellen Hoffmann, R. A. McCabe, Richard Paull, Don Thompson, Lowell Smythe, Harry Anderson, Dr. A. W. Schorger, Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Barger.

Milwaukee. (Whitnall, Estabrook, and Juneau parks and a section of the lake front). Dec. 27. Skies mostly clear, wind light, temp. 25° to 30°. Distance covered, 35 miles (33 by car). Time afield, 11 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. Two observers together. Total, 30 species, about 1506 individuals.—Gordon Orians, and H. L. Orians.

Milwaukee. (Jacobus, Estabrook, and Juneau parks). Dec. 30. Cloudy, intermittent light misty rain, moderate wind. Two observers together. Total, 20 species, about 549 individuals.—Dick Bub, and Bill Jackson.

Milwaukee. (West on the Dean road to the Milwaukee river, south to Bender road and the Bender dump, east along the Milwaukee River. Lake shore from filtration plant south to steel plant). Dec. 27; 9 a. m. to noon, 1:30 to 4:30 p. m. Fair, 20°, turning cloudy and snowy, later clear. Observers together. Total, 18 species, about 295 individuals.—Miss Mary Donald and Mrs. C. R. Decker, Jr.

Racine. (One mile along lake shore—fields and little woods). Dec. 23; 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Eky overcast, strong easterly wind, about 4 in. snow. On foot. Total, 12 species, about 379 individuals.—Hans Zell.

Seneca. (West-central Crawford County from Seneca northwest toward Mississippi River; deciduous woodlands 60%, pasture and open farmland 10%, beaver ponds and small stream 30%). Dec. 23. Cloudy, temp. 12° to 22°, wind east, 12-20 m. p. h., 5 in. snow, ponds frozen, stream partly open. Two observers together. Total hours, 7 (on foot); total miles, 12. Total, 14 species, 199 individuals.—Clarence Paulson and Norman Larmore.

NEWS

(Continued from page 2)

Miss Ellen Hoffman has called our attention to several magazine articles of recent date on the American Eagle. The Library Journal, Dec. 15, 1945, wrote of an historical event in this connection which is within our boundaries: "When the Portage library is moved into Zona Gale Breese's home, there will go with it an old eagle that an unknown soldier carved out of a solid block of wood. The bird stands with wings alert for flight, with piercing eyes apparently set to watch over the military outpost in the Wisconsin wilderness of 1828. The eagle stood above the front gate of Fort Winnebago at Portage, symbolizing the American power recently established in the territory."—I. C. Lake.

In accordance with the suggestion of the officers names of new members and renewals will be carried currently in The Passenger Pigeon. This will avoid the necessity of publishing the complete membership list annually. It has been suggested to print the complete formal list periodically—say about every five years.

It is interesting to note that of the 366 species of birds listed in our check list only 18 had to be omitted from the three year index. Yes, these 18 are rare species mostly, but two very common names were not mentioned during these three years in our paper, namely, the yellow-throated vireo and the Louisiana water-thrush.

THE AUTUMN SEASON . . .

(Field notes should be sent to the editor at the end of the four seasons. They should be turned in promptly and the A. O. U. order may be followed. All members are invited to participate.)

Horned Grebe: One at Milwaukee, Dec. 10 (H. L. Orians).

Double-crested Cormorant: Observed at Milwaukee, Nov. 15 (Jackson).

Great Blue Heron: Observed during November and December at Madison by several persons. The latest was Dec. 14 (A. S. Jackson, Jr.)

American Bittern: Madison, Nov. 24 to Dec. 9 (Jackson).

Whistling Swan: Observed in Juneau County, Oct. 17 (Otis Bersing). Lingered in Green Bay until Nov. 22 (Mrs. Hussong).

Canada Goose: Appeared in Sauk County, Oct. 6. Autumn flight believed to be better here than usual (Kruse).

Snow Goose: Milwaukee, Oct. 14 (Schaeffer).

Blue Goose: Milwaukee, Nov. 11 (Schaeffer).

Pintail: Milwaukee, Dec. 20 (Schaeffer).

Canvas-back: Dane County, Dec. 22 (Jackson Main).

Old Squaw: Lake Wisconsin, Oct. 14 (Loyster).

White-winged Scoter: Two, Lake Mendota, Oct. 28 (Loyster). One in Lake Wisconsin, Nov. 4 (Loyster).

Turkey Vulture: Immature, Sauk County, Oct. 6 (Kruse).

Goshawk: Sawyer County, November (Lee Stevens).

Cooper's Hawk: Milwaukee, December (Gromme).

Red-shouldered Hawk: Marinette County, Sept. 29 (Mrs. Hussong).

Golden Eagle: Kettle Moraine (G. Orians). Immature, Marinette County, Oct. 13 (Mrs. Hussong).

Osprey: Madison, Nov. 25 (Schorger).

Duck Hawk: Oshkosh, Oct. 6 (Kasper). Rock County, Sept. 25 (Robbins). Madison, Dec. 2 (Schorger).

Sparrow Hawk: Wintering in Racine (Dr. von Jarchow). Also in Milwaukee (several observers).

Prairie Chicken: Several in Dane County, October (Loyster).

Sandhill Crane: One in cornfield, Horicon, Nov. 26 (Mathiak).

Sora: Madison, Nov. 24 (Schorger). Bird well able to fly.

Killdeer: Five in Green Bay, Oct. 25 (Mrs. Hussong). Eight in Oshkosh, Nov. 9 (Evans and Buckstaff).

Black-bellied Plover: Madison, Sept. 25 (Robbins). Milwaukee, Sept. 30 (G. Orians).

Parasitic Jaeger: Immature, Oconto County, Sept. 26 (Carl Richter). Details written up elsewhere in this issue.

Black-backed Gull: In flock of herring and ring-billed gulls. Racine, winter of 1945 (Hans Zell).

Bonaparte's Gull: Many at Milwaukee, Dec. 10 (H. L. Orians).

Forster's Tern: Immature, Oshkosh, Sept. 20 (Evans and Buckstaff). Two in Madison, Sept. 21 (Robbins).

Mourning Dove: Two wintering in Racine (Dr. von Jarchow). Seven in Sauk County until early December (Kruse).

Barn Owl: Winnebago County, Nov. 16 (Kasper).

Snowy Owl: Numerous records from all parts of the state, beginning in October. One, observed at Milwaukee by Miss Drake, was being persued by a Bonaparte's gull.

Ruby-throated Hummingbird: Two, Oshkosh, Oct. 9 (Kasper). Observed also in Milwaukee, Oct. 12 (Schaeffer).

Belted Kingfisher: Two, Winnebago County, Nov. 16 (Kasper). Milwaukee, Dec. 1 (H. Mueller).

Flicker: Milwaukee, Dec. 3 (Strelitzer).

Red-bellied Woodpecker: Northern-most record during the season was St. Croix Falls. Observed here during December by Mrs. J. A. Riegel.

Artic Three-toed Woodpecker: Male, Florence County, Nov. 24 (Carl Richter).

Northern Horned Lark: Appears to be quite common around Racine (Dr. von Jarchow).

Crow: Scarce this season in Sauk County (Kruse).

Tufted Titmouse: Two in Beloit during December (Hepler). Sauk County, Oct. 25 (Kruse). Two in Rock County, November, (F. Hopkins). Milwaukee, winter of 1945, (Jung).

Red-breasted Nuthatch: Feeding at tray all winter, Madison (Mrs. Walker).

Winter Wren: Two, Madison, Sept. 24 (Robbins). Sauk County, Sept. 30 (Kruse).

Short-billed Marsh Wren: Dane County, Nov. 3 (Schorger).

Mockingbird: Madison, Nov. 11 to 15 (Hale).

Catbird: Green Bay, Nov. 3 to 8 (Mrs. Weber). Attracted by bittersweet, it remained around feeding also on cut apples, wheat and water which was placed out for it. One was reported in Madison, Nov. 26 by unknown observer.

Brown Thrasher: Madison, Nov. 11 to 15 (McCabe). Beloit, Dec. 4 (Hepler). Racine, Dec. 22 (Dr. von Jarchow). Milwaukee, Dec. 20 (Jackson).

Robin: Hudson, Nov. 3 (Mrs. Owen). Beloit, Dec. 4 (Hepler).

Bluebird: Flocks near Ripon Oct. 16 (Kasper).

Golden-crowned Kinglet: Peak in Marinette County, Sept. 29 (Mrs. Hussong).

Pipit: Flock of 25, Rock County, Sept. 25 (Robbins).

Bohemian Waxwing: Sawyer County, Nov. 27 (Lee Steven). Nine at Hudson, Dec. 2 (Mrs. Owen).

Cedar Waxwing: More common at Oshkosh than usual (Evans and Buckstaff).

Philadelphia Vireo: Several, Madison, Sept. 24 (Robbins). Probably peak of migration.

Orange-crowned Warbler: Madison, Sept. 24 (Robbins).

Black-throated Blue Warbler: Sauk County, Oct. 2 (Kruse).

Myrtle Warbler: Sauk County, Sept. 26 (Kruse). Peak in Marinette County, Sept. 29 (Mrs. Hussong).

Chestnut-sided Warbler: Oshkosh, Oct. 10 (Kasper).

Palm Warbler: Sauk County, Sept. 26 (Kruse).

Red-wing: Green Bay, Nov. 23 (Eric Richter).

Baltimore Oriole: Sauk County, Oct. 22, late (Kruse).

Bronzed Grackle: Two, Hudson, Dec. 5 (Mrs. Owen).

Evening Grosbeak: Numerous records all over the state, the earliest being Oct. 22 at Oconto (Carl Richter).

Pine Grosbeak: Feeding in juniper, Green Bay, Nov. 23 (Eric Richter). Oshkosh, Dec. 5 (Kasper). Wood County, Dec. 5, flock of 35 (Searles).

Redpoll: Horicon, Dec. 8 (Mathiak).

Pine Siskin: Madison, Sept. 24 (Robbins). Milwaukee, Oct. 13. (A. Doll).

Vesper Sparrow: Peak, Oct. 6, Marinette County (Mrs. Hussong).

Junco: Peak, Sept. 29, Green Bay (Mrs. Hussong). Sauk County, Oct. 3 (Kruse).

White-throated Sparrow: Sauk County, Sept. 24 (Kruse).

Fox Sparrow: Sauk County, Oct. 13 (Kruse).

Lincoln Sparrow: Sauk County, singing on both Oct. 4 and 9. Six observed Oct. 6 and three, Oct. 10 in Green Bay (Mrs. Hussong).

Song Sparrow: Wintering at Racine (Dr. von Jarchow).

Snow Bunting: Marinette County, Oct. 13 (Mrs. Hussong). Three in Madison, Oct. 26 (Barger). Milwaukee in October (H. L. Orians).

SHELTERED FEEDERS

THESE FEEDERS, TOGETHER WITH A HOPPER FEEDER, THREE PENDENT TYPE FEEDERS, AND THREE SPIKES FOR COB CORN FILL THE BACK YARD OF E. A. HEPLER, BELOIT. THEY ARE FILLED WITH SUET, PEANUT BUTTER, SUNFLOWER SEED, RAISINS AND CORN. CARDINALS, TITMICE, CHICKADIES AND ROBINS ARE ATTRACTED.

E. A. HEPLER

MINUTES OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The Wisconsin Society for Ornithology, Inc. December 8, 1945

The members of the Board of Directors were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jung at their home December 8, 1945. Ten members were present.

The treasurer's report as of December 1, 1945 showed a balance of $782.41.

Earl Wright displayed a model from which the passenger pigeon bronze plaque could be cast. This met with the enthusiastic approval of the board, and Mr. Wright stated that the Loeffellrolz Foundry would cast the plaque free of charge. The convention is to decide whether there will be more than one plaque used.

Plans for the Appleton convention were discussed.

Mr. Wright reported also that he was working on the seal for our stationery and would have it ready for the convention.

Discussion was held on the work of the membership committee, the publication committee, and THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

MEMBERSHIP LIST

Sustaining

Paulsen, Mrs. Martin, Rt. 1, Sussex

Active

Adams, Robert R., 118 Roberta Avenue, Waukesha
Allan, William J., 316 Oakland Avenue, Janesville
Anderson, Harry G., 409 Sidney Street, Madison
Anderson, Lester G., Hayward
Baldwin, Mrs. Charles F., 707 South State Street, Appleton
Becker, George C., Port Edwards
Boy Scouts of America, 111 Main Street, Oshkosh
Braman, C. H., Box 147, Waupaca
Brown, Miss Vivian, Memorial Hospital, Wausau
Bump, Dr. W. S., Rhinelander
Case, Dr. H. T., 1635 King Street, La-Crosse
Clare, Mrs. Herbert, 2244 Rugby Row, Madison
Club, Junior Audubon, Girls, Miss Gloria Jean Utschig, Treasurer, 730 East Glendale, Appleton
Coleman, Horace W., Park Ridge, Route 2, Stevens Point
Conant, Roger, 2425A North 68th Street, Wauwatosa 13
Dabson, Forrest L., 605 North Washington, Janesville
Dahlberg, E. M., Ladysmith
Eggena, T. H., 2185 North 72nd Street, Milwaukee 13
English, Mrs. H. R., 1722 Chadbourne Avenue, Madison 5
Flanders, Mrs. George, 806 West Wisconsin Avenue, Portage
Force, Miss Emma L., 1720 East Capitol Drive, Milwaukee
Getler, M. E., 708 Leonard Street, Madison
Guenther, Mrs. Fred, 624 South Fairview, Appleton
Hassler, Mrs. C. M., 446 Congress Street, Oconto
Heise, Miss Binnie, 5019 North Cumberland Boulevard, Milwaukee 11
Hershberger, L. D., 114 Ashland Avenue, Oshkosh
Hopkins, Frank, State Game Farm, Poynette
Jackson, Mrs. W. F., 1100 Riverview Road, Route 10, Milwaukee 9
Jensen, Mrs. Reuben, Scandinavia
Johnson, Albert G., Route 2, Box 457, Waukesha
Kendall, J. B., 215 Gray Street, Green Bay
Kirkpatrick, Charles M., Department of Forestry, Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana
Kolitsch, Mrs. Anton, 530 North Vine Street, Appleton
Larson, Otto E., 2915 North 77th Street, Milwaukee 13
Laukenmann, Miss Marion, 3900 North 15th Street, Milwaukee 6
Layde, R. J., Box 2, Shawano
Lillesand, Leander E., Cambridge
Luxford, Mrs. R. F., 1112 Dartmouth Road, Shorewood Hills
Marquardt, Mrs. F. C., Route 1, Box 63, Hales Corners
Martin, Joseph H., 2625 Washington Avenue, Racine
Marshall, James G., 2536 Van Hise Avenue, Madison 5
Mattison, Helmer, 1108 Second Street, Menomonie
Misselhorn, Don, 2019 North 52nd Street, Milwaukee 8
Owen, Mrs. Stella P., 1214 Third Street, Hudson
Paulson, Clarence, Seneca
Procknow, Mrs. William, Route 1, Box 22, Gillett
Rinkob, Severn, Baraboo
Rossman, Vernon C., 720 West Gift Street, Peoria 5, Illinois
Salentine, Mrs. George H., 1830 East Hampton Road, Milwaukee 11
Schaeffer, Frank, 2928 South 52nd Street, Milwaukee 14
Schaeffer, John, 2657 South 3rd Street, Milwaukee 7
Shemorry, Miss Mary C., 1701 East Capitol Drive, Milwaukee 11
Schoenfeld, Clay, Wisconsin Alumni Association, Memorial Union, Madison
Smith, J. R., Box D, Horicon
Smith, W. T., 2100 Roosevelt Drive, Milwaukee 9
Steib, Peter, 2602 North 35th Street, Milwaukee 10
Thuerer, Mrs. Alan, 56 Bellaire Court, Appleton
Warner, Mrs. J. C., 8417 North Lake Drive, Milwaukee 11
Warren, Mrs. James P., R. F. D. 4, Burlington
Weisand, Miss Elizabeth, 707 Marquette Avenue, South Milwaukee
Wheeler, Mrs. F. G., 810 College Avenue, Appleton
Winn, Mrs. Henry, 415 Fremont Street, Plymouth
Young, Howard F., 2205 Chamberlain Avenue, Madison 5

Student Members

Heinsohn, John, St. Croix Falls
Kasper, Kurt, Jr., 3508 Monona Drive, Madison
Maier, Arthur, 4715 North Marlborough Drive, Milwaukee 11
Schmitz, John, 240 East Vanbeck Avenue, Milwaukee 7
Treichel, George W., 2462 West Hopkins Street, Milwaukee 6

The Wisconsin Society for Ornithology

OFFICERS

President: Clarence S. Jung, 6383 North Port Washington Road, Milwaukee 9

Vice President: Mrs. W. E. Rogers, Box 135, Appleton

Secretary: Mrs. A. P. Balsom, 2209 East Stratford Court, Milwaukee 11

Treasurer: J. Harwood Evans, 517 Jackson Drive, Oshkosh

Directors at Large:
H. L. Orians, 2401 South Williams Street, Milwaukee 7
William S. Feeney, Menasha Avenue, Ladysmith

Editor: N. R. Barger, 4333 Hillcrest Drive, Madison 5

Legal Counsel: Alfred S. Bradford, 312 West Prospect Avenue, Appleton

Librarian: Gilbert H. Doane, University of Wisconsin Library, Madison 6

Assistant Librarian: Miss Ellen Hoffman, 1319 West Dayton Street, Madison 5

Publicity: Clarence A. Searles, Route 3, Box 305, Wisconsin Rapids

Membership:
Mrs. Andrew Weber, 1243 South Jackson Street, Green Bay
Dr. Paul C. Gatterdam, 1836 South Avenue, La Crosse

Sanctuaries: Mrs. W. E. Rogers, Box 135, Appleton

Publication Committee:
Samuel A. Thorn, 2963 Farwell Avenue, Milwaukee 11
Earl G. Wright, 1257 Poriler Street, Green Bay
Mrs. H. J. Nunnemacher, 2815 East Newberry Blvd., Milwaukee 11

Assistant Editor: Mrs. N. R. Barger, 4333 Hillcrest Drive, Madison 5

Bird Banding Department Editor: Harold C. Wilson, Ephraim

Wisconsin Birds—Check List with Migration Charts
In charge of Earl L. Loyster, Route 1, Middleton

The Parasitic Jaeger in Wisconsin

The parasitic jaeger (Stercorarius parasiticus) is the commonest jaeger of the three, but whenever seen in the Great Lakes Region, it may be considered a rare record. Usually ornithologists along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts are the fortunate observers of this species.

Records for Wisconsin are few and tend to center near or on Lake Michigan. Occasionally these birds are recorded from other mid-western states and one was reported as far west as Colorado.

Most of the specimens were identified by the U. S. National Museum or American Museum of Natural History as a final check on the species. Curious as it may be, nearly all the specimens were immature birds. The question arises as to whether young jaegers wander as do the young of certain other species.

The latest record, September 26, 1945, was an immature bird obtained by Carl Richter in the bay at Oconto, Wisconsin. The skin was presented to the Milwaukee Museum.

All definite records for the species in Wisconsin have occurred since 1922. Cory's "Birds of Illinois and Wisconsin" published in 1909 states, "there is no actual record of occurrence of this species but according to Professor Ridgeway, it is of occasional occurrence on Lake Michigan during the winter."

In "Birds of the Chicago Region" by Edward R. Ford, Colin C. Sanborn and C. Blair Coursen published in 1934, it is considered a rare fall visitant. They state "two were taken off Chicago, October 29, 1926 and Mr. C. W. G. Eifrig reports a specimen in his collection taken off Chicago November 5, 1922."

A note written in the spring of 1934 by Walter J. Mueller, Assistant in the Department of Zoology, Milwaukee Public Museum, for the Auk, Volume 51, states "a living specimen, an immature female, was picked up at McKinley Beach, Lake Michigan, near Milwaukee. It had a broken wing and was killed by the finder."

The Passenger Pigeon for November, 1940, states, "a Lloyd Simonsen observed two on October 31, 1940, and one on November 10, 1940, at Racine, Wisconsin." One had been seen here previously by the Prins brothers.

Local observers about the Great Lakes may have other records of this species which have not appeared in print.

Both Pomarine and long-tailed jaegers have been reported in the state. Observers may have the opportunity to add any one of these three species to their Wisconsin list.

—Harry G. Anderson