

## **The passenger pigeon. Volume VIII, Number 3 July 1946**

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# *The* PASSENGER PIGEON

VOLUME VIII

*July, 1946*

NUMBER 3



THE REDTAIL

I. O. BUSS

A MAGAZINE OF WISCONSIN BIRD STUDY

*Published Quarterly By*

THE WISCONSIN SOCIETY FOR ORNITHOLOGY, Inc.

## NEWS . . .

Field notes and other bird observations sent in for publication have increased in volume immensely since the war, and it is hoped that they will continue. All members can participate and we extend a special invitation to those living in parts of the state where we are not strongly represented. This means we can use more field notes from the northern part of the state and along the Mississippi River.

The Wilson Ornithological Club will hold its annual meeting in Omaha, Nebraska, November 28, 29 and 30. Members of the Wisconsin Society for Ornithology are invited to attend and to present papers.

Several of the Audubon Screen Tour lectures, held in the auditorium of the Shorewood High School, Milwaukee, remain to be seen: November 6, "Lakelore" by H. L. Orians; February 6, "Sounds of the Sageland" by Harold and Alice Allen; March 8, "Bird Shooting With a Camera" by M. K. Bovey; and April 16, "Field Guide to the Familiar" by Roger T. Peterson. All programs begin at 7:45 p. m. You are welcome.

Mrs. Winifred Smith, Route 1, Two Rivers, is working on the life history of the kingbird. She is especially interested in data on their migration throughout the Mississippi flyway with special reference to weather notes on the dates of their appearance in a given locality. Mrs. Smith will welcome any cooperation members can give regarding the kingbird.

Several returned servicemen have called for their back numbers of The Passenger Pigeon. We held a good supply for this worthy need but those persons who still have them coming should put in their claim soon. We can use them for other sales.

**The Naturalists' Directory**, Salem, Mass., \$3.00 postpaid, contains names, addresses and special subjects of study of professional and amateur naturalists throughout the world. Published regularly for 60 years. Current edition was issued in September, 1946. If you are a naturalist your name may be inserted without charge in the new issue.

New officers of the Green Bay Bird Club are: President, Chester Krawczyk; Vice-president, Earl Wright, who is also

director of study program; and Secretary-Treasurer, Marian Bolzenthal.

Clinton G. Abbott, director of the San Diego Museum of Natural History for twenty-four years, died March 5, 1946. During his tenure of office Mr. Abbott built up the museum from a purely local institution to one on the more important organizations of its kind in the country.

Reprints of Biographies of Some Wisconsin Early-Day Naturalists by Dr. A. W. Schorger are now available from the editor of this magazine. The booklet contains fifty-two pages and sells for one dollar. The supply is limited.

New officers of the Milwaukee Bird Club are: President, Alvin Throne; and Secretary, Lee Steven.

The Green Bay Bird Club lost one of its most loyal members in the death of Circuit Judge Henry Graass, who was killed in a car accident near Madison, March 8, 1946. He was a charter member of the local club and also a member of the W. S. O. He was invariably master of ceremonies at the local club's annual banquet and was host to the club several times at his Door County Moonlight Bay cottage.

The check-list of Wisconsin birds, which is now being sold out, will be reprinted, according to the decision of the Board of Directors recently. It will be corrected and brought up to date as far as is practicable.

Florence Page Jaques and her artist-husband were awarded the John Burroughs medal for this year in recognition of their outstanding nature work shown especially in the book "Snowshow Country." Material for this book, as also for several others, was gathered from northern Minnesota. It is therefore of interest to people of Wisconsin.

The original copy of Schoenebeck's "Birds of Oconto County" has been donated recently to the society's library by Walter Scott.

The mockingbird has been observed in 51 counties in Iowa according to W. N. Keck, who recently published a feature article on this species in Iowa. The article appeared in the June issue of Iowa Bird Life.

The Condor has printed a well illustrated article in appreciation of the work of Allan Brooks as zoological artist, who died early this year. The article is written by Harry Harris and shows many of Brooks' paintings.

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 \$50. PATRON \$100 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.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER SEPT. 4, 1940, AT THE POST OFFICE OF MADISON, WISCONSIN, UNDER THE ACT OF MAR. 3, 1879.



# PHOTOGRAPHING THE MOURNING DOVE

By H. W. MOSSMAN

In the spring of 1942 when a pair of mourning doves built their nest in a large blue spruce in full view from our front steps and only a few feet away I was doubly pleased, for not only have I always admired these beautiful and friendly birds, but I also saw a chance to practice a little amateur bird photography without going to very much trouble to do it. The doves were relatively tame, and showed no inclination to desert the nest when several branches were tied back in order to let the afternoon sunlight onto it for photographic purposes.

The first pair of squabs was duly hatched and fledged, and it was no surprise soon afterwards to find a second pair of eggs being brooded. The family was frequently watched at close range by various people including many neighborhood youngsters. The mother bird would eventually sit so "tight" over the eggs or young that one had to practically push her off to get a look at whatever was beneath her. She would of course show considerable resentment of such intrusion, and would ruffle her feathers and strike our hand with her wing as we reached toward her. I tried repeatedly to capture this typical pigeon battling method on a still film, but with no success. It should have been easy, but the "breaks" were always against me in one way or another.

Not long after the second brood had left the nest we were a bit surprised to find a third pair of eggs. These were hatched and raised uneventfully. Then the real surprise came, it was now late August, when a fourth set of eggs appeared! This time only one squab hatched, but he was well cared for and left the nest in late September, a very handsome and husky young fellow, as the picture shows. The picture was taken two or three days after he had begun to walk away from the nest out onto the heavy spruce fronds.



The reader who is interested in photography will probably guess from the quality of the lighting that the picture of this young dove was taken with a flashbulb. However, since I had no flash equipment, the old mirror trick was used. My son threw a strong beam of sunlight on the dove from a 20x12 inch mirror. It is not a bad system provided the necessary "props" and personnel are available.

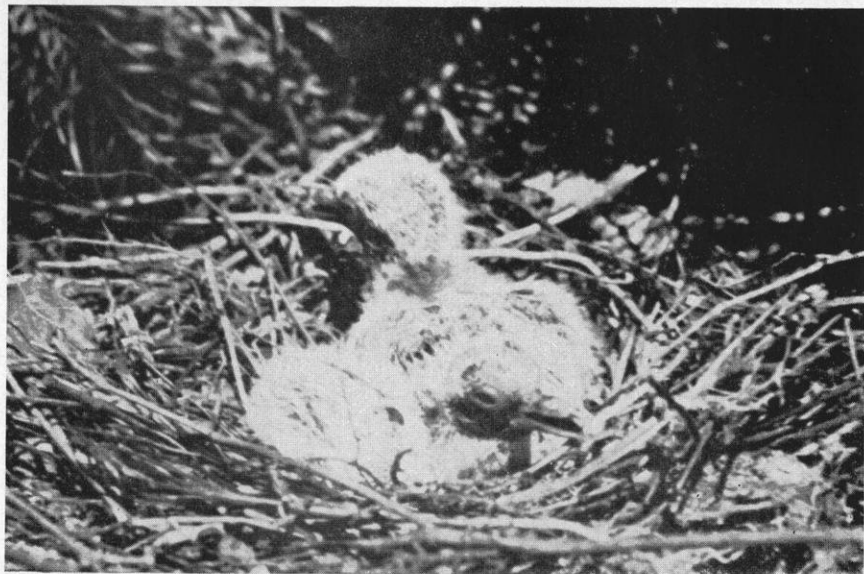
As almost everyone knows, and as the picture of the young a few days old will testify, squabs are (to phrase it in present day slang) homely, **period!** They are hatched



in a very immature state but grow and develop very rapidly, perhaps no more rapidly than the young of Passerine birds, but it certainly seems on casual observation that they do out-strip the latter group in this regard. Probably their rapidity of development is partly due to the unique food with which parent pigeons of all species are believed to provide their young. I am of course referring to "pigeon milk," the slimy milky white secretion of the crop gland of both male and female bird.

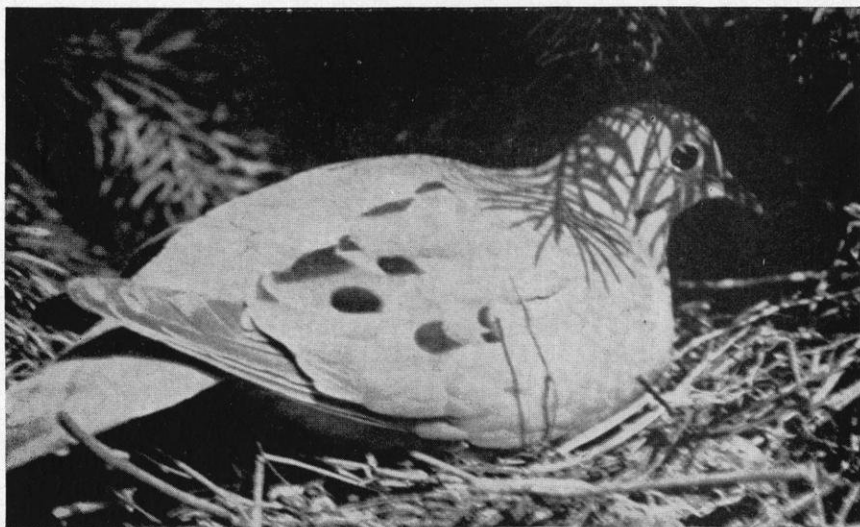


It may be of interest to review some of the facts that have been learned concerning pigeon milk since 1786 when John Hunter, the great English anatomist and physician, published what was probably the first scientific observation concerning the phenomenon. One of the more recent investigations of this subject was published in 1931 by Dr. H. W. Beams and Dr. R. K. Meyer, both then at the University of Wisconsin. In their publication entitled "Formation of Pigeon Milk," they described the development and regression of the crop-gland in correlation with the incubation period, and included a study of the microscopic structure of the gland and "milk." Each side of the crop consists of a bulge or lobe the lining of which develops into the "milk" gland at the appropriate time in both the female and male. They also showed that at about the eighth day of incubation the thickening of the lining of the crop in the



two lateral lobes becomes noticeable. By the twelfth day it is marked, by fifteen days it can readily be felt from the outside, and by the eighteenth it is at its maximum and actual secretion has begun. This is correlated of course with the time of incubation which is eighteen days, thus both parents are equipped to feed their offspring on this nutrient liquid as soon as the young are hatched. At a variable time of from one to two weeks after hatching the secretion begins to diminish and may cease altogether in another week or two. At any rate by the time the next clutch of eggs is to be laid the crop gland is quiescent in the female although in the male it may continue a little longer correlated with the fact that he does not stop feeding the young as soon as the female does.

One wonders what the mechanism is which accounts for the nice coordination of the physiological activity of the crop gland with the events of the brooding cycle. Why does development of the crop gland begin early in incubation and reach a point where secretion begins on almost the exact day of hatching of the young? Why does "milk" produc-



tion cease about the time the young are matured sufficiently to live on a diet of grain and seeds? A number of studies have been made of this problem, but we can do no better than to consider the information on the subject presented by a recent investigator, Dr. M. D. Patel of the Bombay Cattle Farm, Gowrakshan, India.

Patel showed that the "milk" gland would begin to produce milk at the end of 18 days whether or not the eggs hatched. Also he showed that it fell off and stopped in about three weeks after hatching even though very young squabs were substituted for the older ones several times during that period. On the other hand, if the eggs do not hatch, milk formation begins at 18 days anyway and continues as long as the old birds continue to brood the eggs.

The fact that the male as well as the female produces "milk" has offered some interesting lines of attack on the problem. If the male is

removed from the sight of the female after mating his crop gland does not develop, however, if he is put where he can see his mate incubating his gland develops normally even though he is not allowed to brood the eggs. It is even possible to start and stop development of his crop by alternately allowing him to incubate the eggs and then removing him from them and from the sight of the brooding female. This apparently means that the sight of the brooding female in some way, probably through nerve pathways, stimulates his pituitary gland to secrete a hormone which causes stimulation of his testes to secrete another hormone which in turn stimulates development of the crop gland. That the testis is an intermediary in this mechanism is shown by the fact that a castrated male will not produce "milk," but that if a small remnant of testis is left he will. Patel did bring out one point in this regard which seems to call for a somewhat more complicated explanation, he showed that males castrated immediately after mating would produce milk at the end of that incubation period, but would not do so during the next period even though they were kept with their brooding mate.

This experimental work of course was done on the domestic pigeon or rock dove, but the facts are undoubtedly fundamentally the same for the mourning dove and probably most other wild species. We are often tempted to belittle the doves for their apparently slipshod nest building and to suggest that it is a wonder they survive what with that and the fact of laying only two eggs in a clutch. It seems however that when one of these "slipshod" nests can serve four broods in a season it is a pretty good nest after all. But far more significant are the remarkably fine adaptations for the care of their young expressed in the accurate coordination of the psychological, physiological, and behavioral complexes this group of birds possesses.

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My interest in pigeons and doves got an early start, just how early I can't remember, but certainly when I was a rather small boy. I recall clearly sitting in a buggy on the end of a little box between father and mother driving into the dooryard of "Uncle Marv" and "Aunt Mary" Woleben, and how Old Ned, the horse, would shake his head and shy as dozens of Uncle Marv's fancy pigeons would fly off the porch and rise off the well-groomed ground between the old farm-house and barn. I also remember my interest in their antics as they would wheel about and alight on the roof of the barn with much flapping and cooing. How they would strut, especially the white fantails! Uncle Marv would take great delight in telling "the young 'un" about his carriers and pouters, but the fantails were my favorites. I still think a pure white fantail, snow-white as they keep themselves when they have the free range of the clean country air, is about the most beautiful of domestic birds. Why Uncle Marv, chin-whiskered, tobacco chewing, cussing, practical-minded old grape farmer that he appeared to be, should have spent good money and time to keep a few "blooded" pigeons and doves, has always been somewhat of a mystery to me. Possibly he just took pride in having something different, for I remember that he also always had a flock of huge Buff Cochin fowls and a few Hamburgs, and a pair or more of "banties," and sometimes a peacock. Probably there was no mystery about it, he just knew the value of a hobby, and had an appreciation of fine and beautiful things.



As I grew older, I usually had a pair of common pigeons of my own, and of course began to notice and admire the wild mourning doves that nested in the orchard behind the hen-house and habitually came down to feed cautiously around the edge of the flock of poultry when I was doing my chores. Finally one spring when I was "clipping tops" in the vineyard on the hill beyond the "packing house" I found a nest saddled on the side-arm at the level of the first wire only a couple of feet off the ground, and on it the sleekest and neatest of birds, a mother mourning dove. I made up my mind right then I was going to take one of the young and try to tame it. That nest was watched so closely and often that the old birds became quite tame, and the young too. Finally when the young were already well able to fly, but had not done so, I took one out and put him in a large cage in our wood-house. He was tame and unexcitable from the first and was soon given the freedom of the whole wood-house and of the cellar which opened from it.

At first I was a little worried about what and how to feed him, as I knew from watching the process many times that squabs were fed by regurgitation from the parents' crops even for some time after they had left the nest. However I soon taught him to take meal and finely crushed "chicken feed" from my closed hand. He would reach his beak into the aperture made by my loosely closed little finger and by tilting my hand in that direction and moving my fingers a little to keep the grain flowing I apparently made a pretty decent substitute parent mourning dove. There was still some question in my mind whether his young gizzard could handle the dry grain, as I at that time supposed the food the parents gave him was really partly digested. I didn't know about "pigeon milk" either. At any rate he instinctively began picking up sand and fine gravel from the cage floor and in fact was soon weaned from the closed fist method of feeding. From then on he was no problem so far as feeding was concerned.

To make this part of the story short he thrived and seemed as happy as any wild dove. He developed strong and sleek from his opportunity to fly about the rather specious story-and-half high wood-house and the still larger cellar. Our only worry was to keep him out of range of the cats, and to keep him from going out the door when somebody opened it. The first time he got outside we thought that he might not come back, but he did, and made no effort to escape while being picked up and returned to the shed.

We discovered quite accidentally that he was very pugnacious. He would start calling and begin strutting along a rafter where he was usually perched the minute we started dragging a hoe or an axe slowly along the floor beneath him. Then he would drop down near it, puff up his neck feathers, (which were by the way beautifully iridescent), and call a time or two more, and soon rush the object in true pigeon fashion with the wing nearest the object extended straight up over his back until he was near enough to hit the hoe a resounding whack with the extended wing. He would repeat this attack time after time, in fact it was such a good show that he usually had a scab on the wrist joint of both wings for various members of the family got a kick out of teasing him this way. I never felt that there was any real cruelty in the game because he seemed to get as big a wallop out of it as anyone, and after the hoe was left stationary or put away he would fly up to his rafter and vent his

self-satisfaction by a series of good lusty calls with much strutting and showing off of his neck feathers. Just to make the whole affair a little less risky of his health we soon found that an old piece of hay rope with a big knot in the end was just as challenging to him as the steel tools and much less abrasive to his wings.

We kept him in the wood-house and cellar all that fall and winter, and then in the spring began letting him out regularly, but he would come back for shelter at night. If he didn't we would just call to him, (we got the surest response with an imitation mourning dove call), and locate him by his answer. Then if he wouldn't come down to us to be taken in, all we had to do was to drag his knotted rope or even a stick under the tree he was perching in and down he would come to give battle.

This routine went on until one day while he was out a sudden and violent thunderstorm came up. We looked for him in vain during the storm, but never saw him again. He may have been blown out of the area or killed by striking some object, but we always liked to think he had perhaps found a mate earlier in the day before the storm broke and had just finally decided to lead a normal mourning dove's life. He was strong and self-reliant enough to have done so successfully.

2902 Columbia Road, Madison, Wisconsin, June, 1946.

## ONE NOVEMBER DAY ON LAKE POYGAN

By A. S. BRADFORD

The sun flashed on the new ice covering the lake and the white snow on the low shore. Long, narrow leads ran like dark fingers across the frozen surface. The water in them smoked as though a slow fire fed along the bottom.

Ice formed on the decoys and gun barrels, mittens and parkas. It was impossible to stay in the blind more than a few minutes without becoming chilled to the bone, so alternately one of us would walk the shore line with the dog while the other shivered and shook behind the covering rushes.

The freezeup had come early and suddenly. First a light snow and then a clear, cold night that froze the lake between sunset and dawn.

Every lead was filled with ducks, canvasbacks, goldeneyes, American mergansers, buffleheads, and a few mallards and blacks. Restless, uneasy, wanting to leave but hesitating, as though waiting some long expected but mysteriously delayed signal, they drifted from lead to lead, settling only to rise again. And here and there through the swirling flocks, like a miniature white aeroplane, sailed a herring gull.

Out on the ice, some distance from the nearest lead, a number of coots were standing, loosely grouped, either wounded or rendered apathetic by the cold. Suddenly, a gull stooped at them. At once, they ran together and coalesced into a small tight circle, all facing out and standing back to back.

Several times this happened. Then a gull, hungrier or braver than the others, dropped directly on top of the clump. Through the glasses I could see the fierce resistance of the coots. Those attacked lying so far back against their supporting fellows they could use both bills and feet. The gull was repulsed.



CANVASBACK

EDWARD PRINS

The coots were thoroughly scared now and continued to huddle together. Now and then a gull swooped at them but it was about two hours before another actual attack was made. Then a gull that seemed about to make another feint suddenly raised his wings straight up and dropped right on top of the clump.

The ring of defenders was broken and dissolved into nine or ten wild scrambling birds. Another gull swooped down. Each selected a victim and, while the other coots, after running several yards, again coalesced, the unfortunate quarry of the gulls were cut off, knocked down and viciously assaulted.

They fought fiercely for life. And one of them, in spite of every effort of its assailant, reached and merged with the mass of its fellows. The other had no such fortune. Again and again he got to his feet only to be knocked down by blow of wing or beak and brutally hammered. At last he lay still and the gull stood on his body a few moments apparently watching for the slightest sign of life. Then it rose slowly into the air and flapped heavily away. Nor the rest of the day did it or any of its fellows come near the body. And yet from time to time a new assault would be made on the coots and before we left the blind another was separated from the others, slowly beaten to death and left lying uneaten on the ice.

During one of my circulation starting trips along the shore, the dog brought me a king rail. He lay passively in my hand, his small dark eye calmly indifferent. I examined him vainly for wounds. His elongated little body was almost as light as thistle down. Released, he walked slowly off into the swamp grass while I restrained the dog. It is not unusual to find one of these birds as late as January, always apparently unwounded but slow moving, apathetic, as though numbed beyond fear by the cold.

Except for the rail the marsh was deserted. Gone were the redwings and rusties, the herons and bitterns, the low flying hawks and Florida gallinules that had made the shore noisy and colorful. All visible life was now out on the ice, restless, active and silent.

Now a flock of American goldeneyes would swing by just outside the decoys. The musical tinkling of their wings identifying them while they were still mere hurtling dark bird forms. Now a little band of buffleheads would come trustingly in, to land with small splashes in the cold water almost in our laps, or a huge drake merganser lumber by, his little head held lance like before him. But the most spectacular of all were the canvasbacks. In they would come, twenty, thirty, forty, at full speed to check abruptly over the blocks, their long necks outstretched like snakes, the air hissing through their wing feathers. Away they would



go, now dark, now flashing white in the sunlight as they swung in long curves out over the ice. Then back they would rush toward the decoys, thundering over the blind so close one could almost reach up and pick them out of the air. And higher than the circling lake ducks the mallards and blacks in singles or doubles flew by, turning a skeptical eye on the ice crusted blocks below.

As darkness fell we picked up and trudged homeward. Through the gathering twilight we saw the coots still standing in their small dark clump, the ducks rising, circling, settling only to rise again and the gulls drifting lazily like small white clouds through the murk.

That night the thermometer fell still lower. And when we came back in the still, biting cold of the early dawn the lake was an unbroken sheet of geaming ice. Gone were the leads and the ducks that used them. Gone too were the coots, except for the dark bodies of the two that would never fly again. Only the gulls were left, drifting effortless against the chill blue of the sky.

312 West Prospect Avenue, Appleton, Wisconsin.

## REMINISCENCES OF WISCONSIN BIRDS

By SAM ROBBINS\*

I thought I had experienced most of the thrills one can get out of watching and studying birds, but the other day as I browsed through my old records, I began to recognize something new. It was a rediscovery of the thrill of finding unusual birds, but it was more than that. It was the rediscovery of old thrills, mellowed by time, and given added significance by being placed in a historical setting. Some experiences that seemed exciting at the time have been nearly forgotten; others come back so vividly that I could almost point out the exact branch of a certain tree on which a special bird sat five years ago.

July 1, 1937

Well do I remember my first summer in Wisconsin, spent on a small farm in Black Earth. My cousin Francis Jones and I became increasingly disturbed about a strange bird call that kept coming from the bushes of the nearby swamp. We had made several half-hearted attempts to find the bird, but the soggy footing was discouraging, and we were unsuccessful. Then one day in a fit of inspiration we determined to go after the bird in earnest, and not come back until we'd found it. It took inspired determination, because we had to chase the elusive creature all the way across the swamp and half way back again before finally spotting a small, inconspicuous brown bird on a low branch. It looked like a flycatcher, but what kind? It looked like an alder flycatcher, but it sounded nothing like the alder flycatchers I had frequently heard in New England. Then it was that we found in Peterson's field guide mention of different songs of this species, one heard in the east, the other in the middle-west. The latter description fitted our bird perfectly.

Many times since, I have heard this song, but more significant perhaps has been the recognition of the "eastern" song several times since then in Dane, Walworth, and Grant Counties, but never in the same

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\*Now in Chicago.

place where "western" birds are singing. If examination should prove the existence of subspecific differences in the alder flycatcher, Wisconsin would be within the overlapping ranges of the eastern and western forms.

#### **October 15, 1939**

What's this? A flock of chipping sparrows? I thought they had left a month ago. Such were my thoughts when I flushed a flock of twelve little sparrows on the university campus. But on closer observation, these sparrows showed the striped crowns and chestnut cheek patches of clay-colored sparrows. They stayed several days, and the next year there were three in the same place on October 7. I have often wondered if this species, which is not often seen in Madison—especially in fall—does occur regularly in October at this one spot, but I have not been able to check every year.

#### **October 25, 1939**

Just ten days later I was pleasantly surprised to see a handsome Holboell's grebe in the University Bay. I should have been more surprised, but I was used to seeing an occasional one in New England, and did not realize how rare a bird it was in Wisconsin. This is one bird that has given me even greater pleasure in reminiscence than it did at the time of observation. It was a closer view than I had ever before had at an individual of this species. I suppose that is why I recall the bird so vividly—swimming slowly, almost motionlessly along, with head held high and erect by a long, showy white neck.

#### **May 6, 1940**

Never was I more surprised than on this morning when a little warbler flitted in front of me, and landed on a tiny branch of spruce not five feet away, staring at me face-to-face. No mistaking the brilliant yellow throat of this bird! Not when I had to climb a cemetery fence four times to get a good look at a similar bird when it was first recorded in Massachusetts. It was a sycamore warbler! I had no idea that this was the first twentieth century record of this species in Wisconsin, but I knew it must be very rare. This was one time when I certainly wished someone else was with me. I led a party of several observers out to the same spot later in the day, but the precious bird was nowhere to be found.

#### **May 8, 1940**

Another fruitless search for the sycamore warbler with Earl Mitchell. But we did hear a peculiar song that I had heard two days before, and could not recognize. It was a harsh, rasping series of notes, resembling the song of the black-throated blue warbler slightly, but clearly different. Today we tracked it down, and discovered that the song emanated from a clay-colored sparrow. I have always enjoyed learning a new bird song as much as seeing a new bird. This was no exception. Most of my subsequent records of this species have come from recognizing the song I learned this day.

#### **May 11, 1941**

"Century Day" is always a memorable occasion, even if one doesn't come across any spectacular birds. So it was this day. We saw nothing exceptional, but it was an experience to tour the choicest spots in Dane County from dawn to dark with the Bargers. Seeing 122 species in one day was quite a thrill in itself.

**May 17, 1941**

The Bargers and I couldn't have picked a better spot to pause for a picnic lunch on the way to Wyalusing State Park. We picked it because it was a very pretty place, at the base of some bluffs on the north side of the Wisconsin River in Richland County. But no sooner had we stopped than two large birds appeared over the bluff just above us, and after a glance we all called out together, "Turkey vulture!" A pair of these handsome birds kept us company while we ate, and it was a rare treat to watch them glide and soar around the edge of the bluff. Finally they moved on, and so did we—heading for other interesting experiences at Wyalusing Park.

**May 18, 1941**

We toured the park all morning with the music of prothonotary, blue-winged, cerulean and Kentucky warblers, and alder, yellow-bellied and acadian flycatchers ringing in our ears. But there was one special bird we were secretly hoping to find: a worm-eating warbler. We were not at all sure there was one there. At least we found no indication of its presence as we trudged wearily up the hill back to our camping site, in preparation for the return trip to Madison. But we decided to try just one more path. We trudged hopelessly on when suddenly from the hillside came a very unfamiliar song. I suppose a music critic might have called it "the song of the chipping sparrow as interpreted and rendered by a warbler." Never was I more certain of the identification of a bird I had never heard before; "It's the worm-eater" left my lips almost before the song had stopped. Mr. Barger, who is familiar with this bird, confirmed the identification. And as if to make doubly sure, the songster promptly and obligingly flew into a tree right overhead, in full view, and gave forth again with his warbled trill.

**April 5, 1942**

The song sparrow is a common bird, but it never seemed to frequent my aunt's back yard often. So I was mildly surprised when I thought I heard one scolding there this afternoon. So vociferous and determined was the chipping that I finally decided to go out and see what the trouble was. I was puzzled at first, because I could find no cause for such a rumpus; but then I caught a glimpse of the bird flitting from bush to bush. Strange; song sparrows aren't usually active like that. And look at the size of that tail! That must be one of the big wrens! The date was much more suitable for the Bewick's than the Carolina wren, but I always associated a showy white-fringed tail with the Bewick's, and I could see no white on this bird's tail. Long and diligently did I pursue the little creature in several neighboring back yards, trying to study that elusive tail from all angles, and finally I got a glimpse of a little inconspicuous bit of white. Since then, I have heard about Bewick's wrens that showed no white at all on their tails, but I didn't know this at the time. This was my first, and so far my only, Bewick's wren.

**April 12, 1942**

Who would not be thrilled at his first sight of a handsome whistling swan? That was certainly one of the highlights of the annual W. S. O. convention in Green Bay for me. The weather had been warm, and there was some uncertainty about the swans lingering this late, but when we arrived in Green Bay we were reassured that the swans were still



there. It was a sight never to be forgotten—to look out over the water to see 19 of these huge, graceful white birds swimming majestically along.

**May 8, 1942**

While passing by a small cemetery to join a group of friends on a picnic at Sunset Point, my attention was suddenly caught by a loud, clear warbler song that I had never heard before. That called for investigation. Crawling under the cemetery fence, I walked slowly forward until I stood under the tree where the little warbler was singing. He would have to be in the top of the tallest tree, and there I was without my binoculars! I didn't even have pencil and paper to take notes on what I could see. Disconsolately I gave up trying to get a good look at the bird, hoping to find someone who could give me some paper and a pencil. Then as I lay flat on my back, crawling under the fence again, the luck suddenly changed. A bus stopped across the street and several friends heading for the same picnic got off. My unorthodox position drew some hearty laughs, but I got the precious equipment, and sat down by the roadside to take notes on the bird's song, which continued to fill the air every few seconds. While thus busily engaged, I heard a car stop beside me, and looked up, expecting to find a policeman wondering what on earth I was doing. But to my amazement the "policeman" turned out to be N. R. Barger. After catching a brief glimpse of the bird, he drove off, reappearing in a few minutes armed with a wife, telescope and two pairs of binoculars. Then we could see the brilliant yellow throat, gray back, and white eye-stripe of a beautiful male sycamore warbler. Unlike the bird two years ago, this one obligingly sang consistently for some time—long enough to allow many of the Madison ornithologists to assemble and appreciate him.

**May 9, 1942**

Almost anything would have been an anti-climax the day after the finding of the sycamore warbler. But I still have a vivid picture of the handsome male Harris' sparrow that perched on top of a high bush, and showed off his splendid finery to the Bargers and me. It was the first one I had ever seen, and is still the only one. This, plus the sycamore warbler, plus a turkey vulture and other unusual birds in Wyalusing State Park, made a most exciting ornithological weekend.

**May 17, 1942**

Another "century day"—this time in a party of some of Wisconsin's best young ornithologists: Elton Bussewitz, Earl Mitchell, and Joe Hickey. Our total swelled to 135 this day, including an energetic but fruitful search for a lark sparrow, the unusual sight of a short-eared owl, the distinctive chatter of a yellow-breasted chat, and many other interesting birds. There is nothing particularly beneficial to science about running up as large a day's list as possible, but it provides great fun and sport to try it once a year. The largest known day's list for a party in Dane County is 144; some day someone will reach 150.

**May 16, 1943**

The Bargers and Koehlers and I were out gunning for 150 species today, but from the start there was a high wind which ruined whatever chance we might have had. Few birds were singing; most of them kept down out of sight. Yet by happening across a few little bunches of

warblers huddled in sheltered spots—notably a fine Brewster's warbler on the University of Wisconsin campus—we managed to do fairly well. After finishing with the sandpipers and ducks at Lake Barney and Dushak's Pond, we took stock of what we had found. We were thoroughly surprised to find that our day's total had swelled to 140. It was too late in the day to hope for 150, but we might tie or break the record of 144. What did we lack that we might be able to find? Chipping sparrow! The stiff wind had kept them off the wires, and had discouraged their singing. Well, it was getting dark; not much chance of getting one now. But we might hear a whip-poor-will, an owl, the winnowing of the snipe, or the flight song of the woodcock. We drove back to the University Arboretum, and listened intently. In the dusk three huge birds flew heavily overhead. "Great blue heron!" we exclaimed joyfully. Then in the distance came the faint but welcome song of the whip-poor-will. Closer by came the distinctive "peent" of the woodcock. It was dark now, and apparently we would have to be contented with 143, when suddenly out of the darkness came the loud, clear whistle of a solitary sandpiper. This species we had missed earlier in the day, and now it enabled us to tie the all-time record. It was as welcome as the Brewster's warbler we had found on the campus, the Kentucky warbler and Acadian flycatcher we heard at Mazomanie, or the Wilson's phalarope we had seen at Lake Barney.

#### August 21, 1943

Mid-August is not a particularly auspicious time to look for interesting land birds around Madison, but after a three months' dearth of field trips, anything was worth while. As I strolled along the edge of Lake Wingra, my attention was attracted to a strange bird song. It was unfamiliar, yet I was positive that I had heard that song somewhere before. What was it? Where had I ever heard it? Over and over again it sang: "Chic-er-wee-o-chic," until suddenly it dawned on me that that was the song of the white-eyed vireo. I had heard it while visiting my brother in Maryland last spring. Only a glimpse of the bird could I catch before he flew off, but it was enough to confirm the identification.

But this was not all. A little farther on, a small yellowish bird with a long tail ducked into a thicket. This, investigation proved, was a yellow-breasted chat—the first one I had ever seen in Wisconsin except for those at the Wisconsin River bottoms in Mazomanie. Two birds I had not found in Madison in four years of searching—within the space of a few minutes!

Most of my ornithological adventures come from the Chicago area now, but occasional trips back to Wisconsin continue to provide excitement. The pair of turkey vultures that circled around Ferry Bluff in Sauk County, along the Wisconsin River, made May 6, 1945, a memorable day.

Just one week later Milwaukee's Lake Park was literally teeming with migrant warblers and sparrows, the likes of which I had never seen before. Juncos, chipping, field, clay-colored, white-crowned, white-throated, Lincoln's, swamp, and song sparrows swarmed all over the lawns, interspersed with wood, willow, olive-backed and gray-cheeked thrushes. Warblers seemed to fill every tree and bush—the magnolia, black-throated blue, Cape-May, orange-crowned, golden-winged, Blackburnian, and even the rare cerulean warbler was represented. The after-

noon's adventure produced 80 species, including 23 species of warblers!

These are all precious memories. To recall them and muse about them is to re-live some of the most exciting moments of the past, and to experience anew some of life's real thrills. These and many other experiences will remain with me always, and as time goes on, I hope that many others will take their places beside these that have already come my way.

5756 Kimback Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

## *The Student's Page*

Edited by MRS. N. R. BARGER

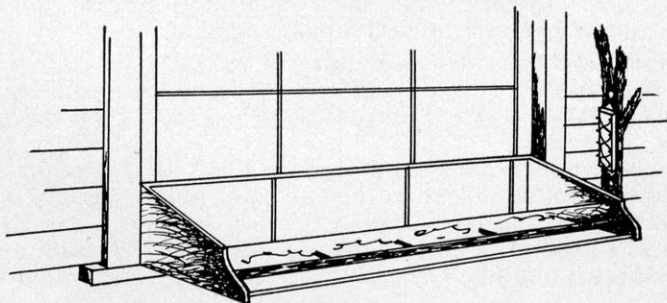
Would you like to watch birds feed this winter? There is a very easy way to do this and perhaps many of you have already discovered what fun it is to watch birds eat. The method I am thinking of is doing it right in your cozy homes through a window with a feeding tray placed in a sheltered sunny spot.

There are many types of feeding trays but the one I want to tell you about is like the one illustrated which can be fastened to a window sill. It has a slanting glass roof and the back is open so that you can fill the tray sections simply by opening your window. If your house has storm sashes, however, you will have to go outside to clean and refill the tray. This kind of feeding tray makes bird watching much more fascinating because you can watch the birds at close range. After the birds have become accustomed to feeding at your tray, you can come directly to the window to observe them.

The illustrated tray is recessed under the glass roof so that rain, sleet and snow are kept out of the shelf. It has an outer perch which is particularly convenient for the birds to land upon before hopping into the feeder. Cleats are nailed across the feeding tray forming boxes or sections which help to keep the seeds on the tray during stormy weather.

If this sort of tray is too complicated for you to build you can have a simpler one like a shelf with a ledge around it, but as stated before, it is a big advantage to have a roof to keep out the rain and snow. Feeders can be bought, but don't you think it is a great deal more fun to plan and build a tray yourself?

I'll never forget the thrill I had one day last fall seeing seven chickadees come all at once to feed at our tray. They came all winter long in threes and fours and occasionally in groups of five but never again seven at one time. To me chickadees are most welcome since they are always





so cheery and lively. Perhaps the chickadee will be your first visitor but it won't be long until you will see another bird, the white-breasted nuthatch. He is the little acrobat that can feed even up-side-down if he chooses. Cardinals and bluejays always brighten up a snowy morning with their gay colors especially if they should come together.

In some parts of the state you may find the red-breasted nuthatch. He is smaller than the white-breasted and the markings are different. The tufted titmouse is also sometimes noted at feeding trays.

Woodpeckers like fresh suet, peanut butter and suet cakes. If you want to attract them place a suet feeder as is shown at the right of the feeding tray on a small tree snag. It is made simply by using a piece of lumber or a small box about two inches wide and six or seven inches long, fastening long tacks on the sides and then lacing it with a wire or string loosely enough so that a piece of suet or suet cake can be inserted. Some people think that string would be better in severe winter weather, because a moist tongue or even the eye of a bird may stick to the cold wire. Suet can also be tied on several tree trunks or fastened to branches in the yard.

Often you will find both the downy and the hairy woodpeckers and you will be surprised to find how much difference there is in their sizes, which is not so noticeable when you see them at a distance. Other woodpeckers will come too. We had a female red-bellied woodpecker feeding a whole winter one year.

When you can watch birds at close range it will be interesting to note whether any may be banded. One year we had a chickadee come regularly which had been banded by someone about one mile away.

You may wonder what sort of food would attract birds best. You have a wide choice but the very best is sunflower seed. Chickadees like it better than anything else. Take notice how cleverly they can extract the kernel from the hull. Invariably, at least at our tray, they fly to a small branch to feed as though it were more convenient that way.

Cardinals like cracked corn as well as sunflower seeds or pumpkin seeds, but you will also be feeding English sparrows and starlings if you use cracked corn. If you should find a wintering robin you might offer cut apples and oranges, raisins and bread crumbs.

Suet cakes can be made any number of ways. My favorite way is to melt the suet and then add oatmeal, cornmeal and some sunflower seeds or other seeds. When suet was scarce this method was a good way to make a little go a long way.

Juncos and tree sparrows and even cardinals are by nature ground feeders and you would not expect them to come unless you have an open spot on the ground not too far from trees or shrubbery. Such a place, of course, will need to be kept clean and be swept after each snowfall. Millet, grass seeds and finely cracked corn would attract ground feeders.



CARDINAL

I. O. BUSS

One important thing to remember is that once you begin feeding in late fall you must keep it up until spring because birds depend upon the food supply and you would do great harm in failing to keep up a continuous supply once birds have become dependent upon you. Early in March you will find fewer birds coming to your tray, even in February if it is mild, but that is because they are finding a more abundant supply in their natural haunts.

It would be very interesting if you boys and girls would write to me telling me of your feeding trays and what birds were attracted to them. I would also like stories of your personal bird experiences and unusual bird observations which could be published on the Students' Page. When you write state your age, name and address.

## *Sac Prairie Summer*

By AUGUST DERLETH

**13 June:** I was very much aware this morning of the incessant drumming of grouse both in the lowlands along the Wisconsin, and in the Wisconsin Heights on the far side, and, listening, I could not help thinking how much the sound resembled an old and stubborn motor which would not start, turning over a few times and dying out again. I counted at least seven grouse drumming in an area of considerably less than a mile square.

**21 June:** A swamp owl cooed softly out of the south at midnight tonight, making a meditative, hushed sound very pleasant to hear. I had just ceased work and stepped from the desk to the balcony. The bird was perhaps half a mile away, down along the river, and its voice was the only nocturnal one to be heard. The call came at intervals of perhaps just under a minute for perhaps a quarter of an hour, and was then silenced.

**22 June:** As I approached the lilac bush at the edge of the path into the Freethinkers' Park in Sac Prairie this evening, I caught sight of movement only a foot away in the foliage, within easy reach of the path, and saw there a catbird's nest, with three young birds, mouths distended, waiting upon the parent near by. How the birds escaped despoiling or even detection makes an interesting speculation and serves as pointed commentary on the failure of observation, particularly since I myself had passed it a score of times without seeing it.

**24 June:** A little saw-whet owl appeared in the lindens back of the house just at sundown this evening and set off a great to do of complaint by robins, jays, and other birds, all of which sat screaming all around it and pursued it when it fled from the lindens to the hemlocks and the pines; but with the coming of darkness, the lesser birds departed and left the owl in peace, a little ruffled perhaps, but otherwise unharmed, and thereafter I heard its voice, and that of another saw-whet owl—presumably its mate—coming from time to time, both in song and in call, and in a series of clackings as well, the latter most particularly when one of the birds came to sit at the open window peering in, no whit disturbed at my proximity, and notably curious about the contents of the studio.

**25 June:** A quail came up through the long grass of the north slope of the hill where I read this afternoon, and, arriving at the perimeter of

the little depression in which I sat, was somewhat puzzled as to what I was, and stood there for some time quirting and complaining querulously in a loud and demanding voice less than four feet away, until an unintentional movement on my part startled him, whereupon he flew off directly over my head with a great whirring of wings, still complaining indignantly.

**26 June:** The saw-whet owls returned tonight, this time flying into the cedars just beyond the balcony, a pair of them, whose ventriloquial, bell-like notes identified them as saw-whets beyond question (*Cryptoglaux acadica acadica*). One of them, seeing, me, craned its neck in an effort to inform itself, and gave vent to a strange, muted blowing sound, as of deep, almost stertorous breathing, a kind of hushed, forced-air sound previously unknown to me—perhaps a sound of curiosity—and there was also presently the more familiar clacking. Their activity, little as it was, soon attracted the unwelcome attentions of a robin, whose cries brought another from the nest in the arbor vitae just before the front door, and these in turn drew a catbird, the three of which made a fearful hullabaloo about the owls, particularly when one of the hapless little birds was so unfortunate as to fly very close to the nest of the robins. But the birds soon left the owls alone, and they sang to each other for the remainder of the evening, quite pleasantly not far from the house.

**18 July:** Walking over into the cemetery this morning to the place where the boys worked at taking down old trees and stumps, I stood for a little while under a humming bird's nest, so tiny and delicate that, had it not been for the bird on the nest, it might easily have been taken for some coruscation of the bark on the near end of the arbor vitae limb where it had been constructed. The bird lifted itself from the nest from time to time and simply hung near by in the air, wings vibrating at a very rapid rate. The nest, as usual, more nearly approached the color of bark than any other bird's.

**23 July:** Along the sloughs late tonight at the Ferry Bluff, the wood ducks called in the moon-flecked woods, their *cree-ee, cree-ee* rising constantly on all sides, calls in such number as I have seldom heard before. Perhaps their numbers seemed increased because of echoes, or because I listened in vain for the song of whippoorwills, none of which gave voice for all the time I waited at the river's edge, though tree-frogs and toads sang, and a few *acris crepitans* rattled away. The cries of the wood ducks had a nostalgic eeriness about them.

**31 July:** Lying in the water of the Wisconsin off Karberg's bar this afternoon, I watched a hawk spiral and wheel in the heavens, against blue of sky and white of cumulus clouds lying athwart the northern sky in magnificent thunderheads, while overhead an areoplane passed by, marking and setting off the contrast between the bird and the work of man. Long after the areoplane had gone by, the hawk—a broadwing—still soared high over the bluffs and circled out over the Wisconsin. I lay watching him out of sight, taking a kind of primitive pleasure in the sheen of the sun on his tail, and in the magnificence of his flight.

**21 August:** As I lay resting for a few moments this morning, I was aware of much flying to and fro from a nest of mourning doves in the red cedar just beyond the balcony at the south wall of the studio; and, rising, I went to the screen to watch. One of the birds—presumably the female—



occupied the nest, her feathers protectively ruffled; the other flew repeatedly over to the driveway along the flower bed, and there gathered what appeared to me to be either weed or clover seeds, and with these returned to the nest, flying in at the end or middle of the limb and walking over to the nest, occasionally treading his mate, for the purpose of depositing on the rim of the shaky nest just before her what he had fathered; she forthwith dipped her head, evidently to devour it, but it might also have been that she pushed this feed beneath her to young in the nest—though I thought this not too likely. I was somewhat puzzled as to why the foraging bird did not directly feed the other, bill to bill; but no solution presented itself. The birds kept this up for almost half an hour, at which time I had to resume work.

**23 August:** Nighthawks flew very high overhead this evening, flying no consistent pattern, but singularly beautiful in that high blue sky drifted over with featherclouds—as Freddi Rajohn called them, passing, and predicting more rain on the strength of them—and thin pale white drifts of fleeces, thinned in a high wind. The birds simply soared, with occasional wing-beats, and dips and erratic feeding patterns, though little of food could be so high overhead, almost to the point of invisibility.

**26 August:** A pewee pursued and caught a yellow butterfly in a series of swoops over the Lower Mill Road this early afternoon, while I stood near by and watched the futile dodgings of the butterfly. The bird paid no attention to me, once flying so close as to have been within reach.

**3 September:** The ranks of purple martins on the telegraph-wires over the railroad bridge were perceptibly thinned tonight; evidently the initial southward migration has begun.

**15 September:** In the marshes this evening, of birds, I heard: catbirds (mewing), robins, cardinals (both in complaint cries), swamp sparrow (the song), cedar waxwings, goldfinches (calls and songs), kingfishers (the rattling cry), redheaded woodpecker (call), flicker (call), bluebirds (the typical chortling song), pewees (calls and songs), and spotted sandpipers (the familiar riverside song). Many mourning doves were in evidence, but none called or sang. A pair of herons flew north against the afterglow, making their harsh **krark, krark**, from time to time; and presently one flew south again, silent and alone.

Sauk City, Wisconsin.

## BY THE WAYSIDE . . .

**Pheasant Imposes on Ruffed Grouse.** On May 5 I had the good fortune of locating a ruffed grouse nest containing nineteen eggs. This nest was unusual in that four of the eggs were those of the ring-necked pheasant. On May 29, when I last visited the nest, eleven of the grouse eggs and one of the pheasant was hatched. Of the remaining seven eggs, one pheasant and three grouse eggs were pipped but the chicks were dead in the shell. The other three, two pheasant and one grouse egg, were infertile. A rooster and two hen pheasants were in the vicinity of this nest after April 12, and, no doubt, have nests of their own in the vicinity also.—Harold Kruse, Loganville.

**High Water in Green Bay Takes Toll of Nests.** Unlike the Door County shore, the west shore of Green Bay is for the most part flat, low and marshy. As a result continuous inshore winds, such as prevailed this

year from late May through early June, flood the beaches and marshes severely during the height of the nesting season.

With but one exception, all nests of teal recorded this season previously to this happening were deserted. One was found to be ten inches under water when investigated, the fresh eggs still in the nest. But the birds never return to these nests of fresh eggs even though they may be submerged for only a few days.

Many nests of the song, Savannah, and swamp sparrows as well as those of the rails and low nests of red-wings were left by the parent birds after they became water-soaked or covered.

Nests of woodland species found deserted in the willow and tamarack swamps were those of the willow thrush, white-throated sparrow and mourning warbler.

No doubt most of the birds soon re-nest, but this mishap does set them behind in their activities.—Carl H. Richter, Oconto.

**A Gray Squirrel is Expelled from the Nest of a Screech Owl.** On April 12 I found a nest of the screech owl containing two fresh eggs. The nest was located fourteen feet above the ground in an oak. There were two entrances, both in use, one on the south side and one on the west. On April 23 the nest was found deserted and eggs broken. Feathers and fur were strewn about and a lifeless gray squirrel lay at the base of the tree.—Eric Richter, Green Bay.

**Banded Bronzed Grackle Returns.** An adult bronzed grackle banded at Madison August 26, 1942 by W. E. Scott was reported shot at Madison April 24, 1945. This record is interesting because the bird evidently made three trips south after being banded and in the end returned to Madison again in Spring migration before being killed.—W. E. Scott, Madison.

**Observations on Kingbirds and Phoebe's.** On early, frosty spring mornings when hoar frost glitters on grass and shrubbery, and no insects are flying, I see kingbirds and phoebe's flying above the water of the neighboring lakes, not far from the shore and about ten feet or so above the surface. After flying a few moments in this manner they suddenly drop lower, flutter with wings about a foot or two above the water, then drop to the water apparently picking some insect from the surface. This they repeat again and again until the weather warms up and the insects begin to fly.—Francis Zirrer, Birchwood.

**Banded Blue Jay Recovered After Years.** A blue jay banded Oct. 10, 1938 at Highland Park, Illinois, was found dead by myself in Kenosha. May 6, 1946.—Mrs. Howard Higgins, Kenosha.

## THE SPRING 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.)

Many of the notable winter visitors such as the snowy owl remained well into the spring season. A number of rare birds were observed and many nesting records were established. With exception of the rough-legged hawk, fewer hawks were observed along Lake Michigan by the Prins Brothers. Warblers reached their peak in the Green Bay area about May 18-19.

**Loon:** Madison, calling from Lake Mendota during migration, Apr. 30 (Barger).

**Horned Grebe:** Madison, May 28, late (Robbins).

**White Pelican:** Horicon, June 5-6 (Mathiak). Very rare. Two birds were present.

**Great Blue Heron:** Oshkosh, Mar. 24 (Evans). Mercer, Apr. 8 (Mrs. Sell).

**Bittern:** Oconto, May 29, nest with 5 eggs pipped (Carl Richter).

**Whistling Swan:** Oshkosh, Mar. 19 (Evans). Watertown, Mar. 23 (Mrs. Traxler). Green Bay, peak, Mar. 20-27 (Mrs. Hussong). Last date for Green Bay, Apr. 28.

**Canada Goose:** Oshkosh, Mar. 12 (Evans).

**Snow Goose:** Seven in Horicon Marsh, Apr. 9 (Mathiak). One, Wood County, Apr. 21-May 17 (Becker and Searles).

**Mallard:** Oconto, nest with 10 eggs pipped, May 25 (Carl Richter).

**Black Duck:** Oshkosh, Mar. 24 (Evans); in pairs at Oconto, Mar. 24 (Carl Richter).

**Gadwall:** Milwaukee, Mar. 21 (Lee Steven). Oshkosh, Mar. 24 (Evans).

**Blue-winged Teal:** Green Bay, Mar. 24 (Eric Richter). Oconto, May 25, six fresh eggs; May 26, ten eggs partly incubated (Carl Richter).

**Canvasback:** Oshkosh, Mar. 16 (Evans).

**Goldeneye:** A few still in Milwaukee, May 16 (City Club Bird Group); also on May 18 (Gordon Orians et al.).

**Bufflehead:** Milwaukee, May 18 (Mueller-Orians).

**Oldsquaw:** Prairie du Sac, Apr. 28 (Gastrow). Milwaukee, May 1 (Gordon Orians).

**Ruddy Duck:** Oshkosh, Mar. 22 (Evans).

**Turkey Vulture:** Waukesha County in May (Gordon Orians). Milwaukee, Apr. 1 (Dr. Kinzie). Racine, Apr. 1 (Prins Brothers).

**Goshawk:** Marinette County, Apr. 21 (Mrs. Hussong). Door County, Apr. 27 and May 25 (Strehlow).

**Cooper Hawk:** On nest, Madison, Apr. 14 (Anderson). Nest near completion, Oconto, Apr. 27 (Carl Richter); repairing old nest of broad-winged hawk, Oconto, May 5, near nest of pileated woodpecker.

**Red-tailed Hawk:** Dane County, incubating, Apr. 28 (Anderson-Barger).

**Red-shouldered Hawk:** Pair nesting in Wood County, Apr. 13 (George Becker). Repairing old nest of broad-winged hawk, Apr. 7, Oconto (Carl Richter).

**Rough-legged Hawk:** Jefferson, Mar. 6 (Robbins). Wood County, Apr. 27 (George Becker).

**Golden Eagle:** Wood County, Apr. 20 (George Becker).

**Marsh Hawk:** Mercer, Mar. 28 (Mrs. Sell). Nest with 5 eggs, Wood County, May 18 (George Becker).

**Osprey:** Horicon, June 4 (Mathiak). Madison, June 22 (Robbins).

**Duck Hawk:** Dane County, May 12 (Barger et al.).

**Pigeon Hawk:** Green Bay, Mar. 23 (Eric Richter). Milwaukee, Apr. 8 (Mueller). Door County, May 25 (Strehlow).

**Sparrow Hawk:** Oconto, at nest site May 23, now occupied by flickers. A flicker later found dead in the cavity.



**Ruffed Grouse:** Jefferson County, struck by car. Noted by Warden Laesch. Oconto, June 4, nest found with 10 eggs that had been destroyed (Carl Richter); two broods of one week and two weeks, June 7. Sauk County, May 5, nest with 15 eggs and 4 of pheasant (Kruse).

**Pinnated Grouse:** Green Bay, Mar. 31 (DeMars). Population not high, Wood County (George Becker).

**Sharp-tailed Grouse:** Wood County, population on increase (George Becker).

**Pheasant:** Sauk County, return to nesting area, Apr. 12 after absence (Kruse).

**Sandhill Crane:** Racine, Apr. 13 (Mrs. Prins); Apr. 17 and 20 (Ralph Eckblad).

**Virginia Rail:** Oconto, May 12, building nest (Carl Richter); May 25, one fresh egg; May 26, another nest with 9 eggs slightly incubated; May 27, nest with 1 fresh egg; May 30, another nest with 9 eggs heavily incubated.

**Sora:** Oconto, June 9, nest with 9 eggs, incubation advanced (Carl Richter).

**Yellow Rail:** Oconto, May 12 (Carl Richter).

**Killdeer:** Mercer, Mar. 25 (Mrs. Sell). Sauk County, Apr. 9, nest of 4 eggs (Kruse). Milwaukee, Apr. 30, young (George Treichel).

**Golden Plover:** Oshkosh, May 25 (Evans). Dane County, May 11, flock of 12 (Ben Hubbard).

**Black-bellied Plover:** Milwaukee, May 16 (Mrs. Balsam et al). Waukesha County, May 26, flock of 88 (S. Paul Jones).

**Turnstone:** Madison, May 28 (Mrs. Walker, Sam Robbins). Oshkosh, May 22 (Evans). Milwaukee, May 25, three (Treichel). Oshkosh, May 26-30, nine (Kasper).

**Woodcock:** Vilas County, Arbor Vitae Lake, May 2, brood of 4 feathered (Jack Gilkey). Sauk County, Apr. 15, adult with brood (Prof. Leopold).

**Spotted Sandpiper:** Appleton, June 11, incubating 4 eggs (Mrs. Rogers). Sauk County, June 14, four newly hatched in cornfield (Kruse). Oconto, June 19, nest with 1 fresh egg (Carl Richter).

**Willet:** Oshkosh, May 12 (Evans). Appleton, May 15 (Mrs. Rogers). Green Bay, Apr. 20 (Mrs. Hussong). Milwaukee, Apr. 30 (Gordon Orians). Green Bay, May 8 (Eric Richter).

**White-rumped Sandpiper:** Madison, May 28, three (Robbins).

**Dowitcher:** Dane, Apr. 28 (Anderson-Barger). Milwaukee, May 16 twenty-two (Mrs. Nunnemacher et al.).

**Bonaparte Gull:** Oshkosh, Apr. 10 (Evans); Apr. 5 (Kasper). Milwaukee, Apr. 1 (Gordon Orians). Door County, Apr. 30 (Strehlow).

**Common Tern:** Oconto, June 16, nests with from 1-3 eggs (Carl Richter). Incubation had begun in some cases.

**Caspian Tern:** Madison, May 12, four (Mrs. Walker). Oconto, Apr. 21, several (Carl Richter). Door County, Apr. 27, one (Strehlow).

**Black Tern:** Oconto, June 16, nests with from 1-3 eggs (Carl Richter). Incubation had begun in some cases.

**Mourning Dove:** Door County, Mar. 19, two (Strehlow).

**Screech Owl:** Horicon, Mar. 31, three eggs in nest box (Mathiak).

**Great Horned Owl:** Prairie du Sac, Apr. 17, two young still in nest (Gastrow). Oconto, Apr. 7, nest with 2 young (Carl Richter).

**Snowy Owl:** Sauk County, last seen Apr. 2 (Kruse). Appleton, Apr. 6, found dead (Scott et al.). Sheboygan County, Apr. 30 (Loyster). Oshkosh, Apr. 8 (Evans). Horicon, Apr. 13 (Mathiak).

**Saw-whet Owl:** Milwaukee, Mar. 13 (Gordon Orians).

**Whip-poor-will:** Sauk County, not as abundant as usual (Kruse).

**Nighthawk:** Mercer, Apr. 30 (Mrs. Sell). Oconto, June 23, nest with 2 eggs, incubation advanced (Carl Richter).

**Hummingbird:** Mercer, May 21 (Mrs. Sell).

**Flicker:** Oshkosh, Mar. 22 (Evans). Green Bay, Mar. 23 (Mrs. Husong). Sauk County, Apr. 30, constructing nest in dead hard maple (Kruse).

**Pileated Woodpecker:** Oconto, May 3, four eggs, incubation just begun (Carl Richter).

**Red-bellied Woodpecker:** Marquette County, May 6, pair (Kasper). Babcock, May 25, one (Mr. and Mrs. Scott).

**Sapsucker:** Oshkosh, Apr. 1 (Evans). Milwaukee, Apr. 1 (Treichel). Sauk County, not plentiful this year (Kruse).

**Hairy Woodpecker:** Nest with young in oak, Poynette, May 28 (H. G. Anderson). Nest in fence post, Apr. 20, Sauk County (Kruse). Found taking over nest cavity of flicker containing but one unbroken egg, May 22, Oconto (Richter). Damage to flicker's nest thought to be that of a squirrel.

**Kingbird:** Madison, peak noted May 19 (Mr. and Mrs. Scott). Nests with two eggs and none, June 16, Oconto; one with three eggs freshly laid, June 19 (Richter). Constructing nest in burr oak May 23, Sauk County (Kruse).

**Phoebe:** Mercer, Mar. 30 (Mrs. Sell). Sauk County, Mar. 25 (Derleth). Milwaukee, Mar. 17 (Helmuth Mueller). Oconto, Mar. 28 (Richter). One egg Apr. 20, Sauk County (Kruse). Complete nest Apr. 15, Mountain, Wis. (Eric Richter). Nest with three fresh eggs, Oconto, May 26 (Richter).

**Yellow-bellied Flycatcher:** Madison, May 23 (Sam Robbins).

**Acadian Flycatcher:** Madison, May 23 and again June 27 in same location (Sam Robbins). Wood County, May 25 (George Becker).

**Least Flycatcher:** Nesting, Mercer, June 8 (Mrs. Sell).

**Wood Pewee:** West Bend, Apr. 20 (Vogelsang).

**Tree Swallow:** Mercer, nesting Apr. 29; left nest June 16 (Mrs. Sell).

**Bank Swallow:** Carrying nesting material Apr. 29, Sauk County (Kruse). Nesting in south and west sides of basement walls recently dug June 17, Green Bay (Eric Richter).

**Barn Swallow:** Constructing nest May 8, Sauk County (Kruse). Hatched June 10.

**Blue Jay:** Four eggs Apr. 29, Sauk County (Kruse). Six eggs May 12, Green Bay (Eric Richter).

**Crow:** Mercer, Mar. 18 (Mrs. Sell). Nest with four eggs Apr. 20, Green Bay (Eric Richter). Constructing nest in white oak Mar. 30, Sauk County (Kruse). Nests with three and five eggs respectively, incubation well advanced Apr. 28, Oconto (Carl Richter).

**Tufted Titmouse:** Madison, Apr. 1 (Arnold Jackson, Jr.).

**Red-breasted Nuthatch:** Madison, May 12 (Mrs. Walker).

**House Wren:** Green Bay, Apr. 20 (DeMars). Sauk County, Apr. 20 (Derleth). Kenosha County, Apr. 15 (Mrs. Higgins). Two nests with seven eggs each, June 1, Oconto (Carl Richter).

**Winter Wren:** Mar. 29, Oshkosh (Evans); Appleton (Mrs. Rogers); and Oconto (Carl Richter). At Devil's Lake, June 30, unusual (Chandler Robbins).

**Bewick Wren:** Dane County, Apr. 28 (Anderson-Barger). Sauk County, Apr. 2 and later; cock nests constructed in gourd May 28, left June 7 (Kruse).

**Carolina Wren:** Kenosha County, May 10 (Mrs. Higgins). Two in Green Bay, Apr. 24 (Mrs. Hussong). Nesting in La Crosse, appearing in mid-April (Gatterdam).

**Prairie Marsh Wren:** Two new nests May 25, Oconto (Carl Richter). June 2, nest with four eggs freshly laid (Carl Richter).

**Short-billed Marsh Wren:** Two new nests May 25, Oconto (Carl Richter). Nest with seven eggs May 30 by same observer.

**Mockingbird:** Madison, pair all season, singing male (Mrs. R. A. Walker and others).

**Catbird:** Nest with five eggs May 26; left nest June 19, Sauk County (Kruse). Oconto, Apr. 23 (Carl Richter). Nest with four young about one week old June 16 by same observer.

**Robin:** Mercer, Mar. 20 (Mrs. Sell); many on Mar. 25. An albino in Green Bay, July 28 (Eric Richter). A partial albino, same city, July 26 (Wright).

**Wood Thrush:** Shawano County, May 5 (Miss Staeger).

**Hermit Thrush:** Oshkosh, Apr. 8 (Evans). Three in Green Bay, Mar. 30 (DeMars). Still in Madison May 12 (Mrs. Walker).

**Willow Thrush:** Oconto, May 28, new nest with cowbird egg (Carl Richter). On June 1, nest with four fresh eggs; on June 9, nests with three and one egg respectively by same observer.

**Bluebird:** Nest with one egg Apr. 18, Sauk County; young May 5 (Kruse). Nest with four eggs and one cowbird egg in downy woodpecker's cavity in poplar, Oconto (Carl Richter). The nest was six inches below entrance hole, which was just large enough to admit the cowbird.

**Blue-gray Gnatcatcher:** Oshkosh, May 15 (Evans). One, May 13, in same city (Hinze). Wood County, Apr. 27 (George Becker).

**Ruby-crowned Kinglet:** Oshkosh, Mar. 26 (Kasper). Still in Milwaukee May 16 (Members of City Club).

**Bohemian Waxwing:** Four in Shawano County Mar. 25 (Miss Staeger).

**Migrant Shrike:** Nest building May 2 in Appleton (Mrs. Rogers).

**Starling:** Nest with three eggs in fence post Apr. 27, Oconto (Carl Richter).

**Red-eyed Vireo:** Mercer, May 1; nesting June 8; left nest June 19 (Mrs. Sell).

**Philadelphia Vireo:** Fond du Lac, May 26 (Vogalsong).

**Prothonotary Warbler:** West Bend, May 12 (Vogalsang). Milwaukee, May 16 (Mrs. Balsom and others).

**Golden-winged Warbler:** Wood County, Apr. 27 (George Becker). Nest with five eggs, incubation begun, June 9, Oconto (Carl Richter).

**Blue-winged Warbler:** Milwaukee, May 16 (Mrs. Nunnemacher and others).



**Yellow Warbler:** Oconto, May 25, of three nests one had one egg, the others were empty. One nest was within four feet of that of red-wing. May 27, nest with five eggs, incubation begun; May 30, nest with four eggs freshly laid; June 9, nest with three eggs and one cowbird egg. All records of this species by Carl Richter.

**Magnolia Warbler:** Milwaukee, Apr. 19 (Treichel).

**Cerulean Warbler:** Singing male, New London, July 3 (Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Robbins). Kenosha, May 22 (Mrs. Higgins).

**Chestnut-sided Warbler:** Oconto County, June 7, nest with two fresh eggs (Carl Richter).

**Louisiana Water-thrush:** Wood County, Apr. 20 (George Becker).

**Kentucky Warbler:** Waukesha County, May 16 (S. Paul Jones).

**Mourning Warbler:** Three new nests, one of which contained one fresh egg, June 1; nest with three fresh eggs, June 12; Oconto (Carl Richter).

**Yellow-breasted Chat:** Brown County, May 19 (Strehlow).

**Redstart:** Extremely early, Milwaukee, Mar. 20 (Steven). Nest with two eggs and two of cowbird, freshly laid, May 30; nest with five eggs and one cowbird egg, June 10; all in Oconto County (Carl Richter).

**English Sparrow:** Albino at Two Rivers (Mrs. Smith).

**Eastern Meadowlark:** Young out of nest (May 28, Green Bay (Eric Richter). New nest, no eggs, Apr. 28, Oconto (Carl Richter).

**Western Meadowlark:** Oshkosh, Mar. 16 (Evans). Kenosha, Mar. 24 (Mrs. Higgins).

**Yellow-headed Blackbird:** Oshkosh, Apr. 13 (Evans). Fond du Lac, Apr. 11 (Leonard Martin). Forest County, May 26 (Mrs. Hussong). Young being fed out of nest June 30, Dane County (Barger et al.).

**Red-winged Blackbird:** Mercer, Mar. 22 (Mrs. Sell). May 25, nests with fresh eggs, two and five respectively, Oconto (Carl Richter).

**Orchard Oriole:** Nesting at Two Rivers this summer (Mrs. Smith). First year male at Poynette, May 23 (Anderson). Green Bay, May 30 (Eric Richter). Mature male several times in Madison (Barger and Robbins).

**Baltimore Oriole:** Door County, May 13 (Strehlow). Nest building in Mercer May 23 (Mrs. Sell). Left nest June 20, Sauk County (Kruse).

**Rusty Blackbird:** Still in Dane County Apr. 28 (Anderson and Barger).

**Brewer Blackbird:** Sauk County, Mar. 29 and later (Kruse). Winnebago County, Apr. 6 (Scott and others). Dane County, May 12 (Barger and others).

**Bronzed Grackle:** Oshkosh, Mar. 15 (Evans). Door County, Mar. 17 (Strehlow). Mercer, Mar. 21 (Mrs. Sell).

**Cowbird:** Mercer, Mar. 30 (Mrs. Sell). Green Bay, Mar. 27 (Eric Richter).

**Cardinal:** Door County, May 19 (Mrs. Hussong). Fairland, May 18 (Eric Richter). Young on the wing June 3, Madison (Mrs. Scott). One egg and one young, Sauk County, May 12 (Kruse).

**Indigo Bunting:** Door County, May 16 (Strehlow).

**Dickcissel:** Two in Dane County Aug. 18 (Mrs. Koehler).

**Evening Grosbeak:** Five in Madison, May 5 (Barger). Wood County, May 12 (Barbara Pascoe). Door County, May 17 (Strehlow). Oconto County, May 21 (Richter). Pair in Kenosha, May 25 (Mrs. Higgins).

- Purple Finch:** Flock of 10 in Madison, May 12 (Mrs. Walker).
- Siskin:** Madison, Apr. 22 (Mrs. Walker). Green Bay, May 12 (Eric Richter). Small flock in Rhinelander, Aug. 1 (Loyster).
- Towhee:** Milwaukee, Mar. 21 (Steven). Nest with two fresh eggs and two of cowbird, Oconto, June 14 (Richter).
- Savannah Sparrow:** Four eggs partly incubated, Oconto, May 29 (Carl Richter). Another nest with four eggs, June 2 by the same observer. Incubation begun.
- Grasshopper Sparrow:** Madison, Apr. 23 (H. G. Anderson).
- Leconte Sparrow:** Oconto, May 14 (Carl Richter).
- Vesper Sparrow:** Nest of three eggs and one of cowbird, Sauk County, May 26 (Kruse).
- Lark Sparrow:** First of season, Sauk County, Mar. 24 (Derleth).
- Chipping Sparrow:** Nest of four eggs and one of cowbird, Sauk County, May 5 (Kruse).
- Clay-colored Sparrow:** Green Bay, three eggs, June 1; two eggs hatched June 14; nest built four inches above ground (Eric Richter).
- Field Sparrow:** Kenosha County, Mar. 24 (Mrs. Higgins). Nest with three eggs partly incubated June 23, Oconto (Carl Richter).
- Harris Sparrow:** Oshkosh, May 12 (Smith and Evans). It was feeding on dandelion seeds.
- White-crowned Sparrow:** Four, Dane County, May 5 (Mrs. Skuldt). Two in Wood County, Apr. 27 (Becker). Last seen in Green Bay, May 21 (Eric Richter).
- White-throated Sparrow:** Door County, Apr. 25 (Eric Richter).
- Fox Sparrow:** Last seen in Door County May 25 (Strehlow). Mercer, Apr. 2 (Mrs. Sell).
- Swamp Sparrow:** Nest with one egg; nest with five; and nest with four eggs and one of cowbird May 25, Oconto (Carl Richter). On May 29, same observer, nest with three fresh eggs and nest with three with one of cowbird; the latter partly incubated.
- Song Sparrow:** Prairie du Sac, Mar. 13 (Gastrow). Many in Mercer, Mar. 27 (Mrs. Sell). Green Bay, Mar. 19 (Eric Richter). Nest with no eggs May 25, Sauk County (Kruse). Nest with two eggs, Oconto, May 12 (Carl Richter); May 24, nest with three fresh eggs; June 2, nests with three and four eggs partly incubated; June 4, four eggs and two of cowbird—incubation advanced; and June 15, nest with four young newly hatched.
- Lapland Longspur:** Clouds of birds May 2, Appleton (Mrs. Rogers).

## REPORT OF THE SEVENTH CONVENTION

The seventh convention of the Wisconsin Society for Ornithology was held in Appleton, April 6 and 7, 1946. The regular meetings were held in the auditorium of the Morgan School through the courtesy of J. P. Mann, superintendent of Appleton Public Schools.

The convention opened with an address of welcome by J. P. Mann.

Because the convention had on exhibit the plaster plaque of the passenger pigeon monument made by Earl Wright, two afternoon talks were devoted to this bird. A. W. Schorger spoke on the "History of the Passenger Pigeon" in Wisconsin and Aldo Leopold treated "The Passenger Pigeon as a Symbol of Conservation." B. L. von Jarchow described

"Methods of Providing Sites for Bush-nesting Birds" and Mrs. R. A. Walker, an ardent gardener told "How Garden Clubs Go Birding." Eric Prior followed with movies of the birds of New York.

During the business session which followed, the fees for life and patron memberships were raised to \$50 and \$100 respectively. A motion was passed to hold the next annual meeting in Madison.

After the banquet W. J. Breckenridge showed his film "Fraternizing With Feathers" which constituted the highlight of the evening.

Early Sunday morning was devoted to a bird hike along the delightful shore of Lake Winnebago. Earl Wright opened the afternoon session with movies in color of many Wisconsin birds after which Irven Buss described his experiences with Pacific birds and radar as it could be applied to birds. The convention adjourned with the showing of more movies outstanding of which was a reel in sound of the Allen-Brand series.

Society members left the convention city with a feeling of appreciation, not only for the successful meeting, but particularly for the hospitality of Appleton's neighbors who provided lodging and meals.—Mrs. A. P. Balsom, Secretary.

## NEW MEMBERS AND RENEWALS

- |                                                                                 |                                                             |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| Audubon Club, Boy's Junior, Nathan Pusey, Jr., 211 South Union Street, Appleton | Jankowski, Rufin, 2905 South 15th Place, Milwaukee 7        |
| Brook, Mrs. J. J., 7100 Maple Terrace, Wauwatosa 13                             | Kallish, Harry C., 1601 2nd Ave., Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.    |
| Brown, Orpha J., Wooddale, Marine Route, Lake Geneva                            | Ketchum, L. W., 1014 Tumalo Trail, Madison 5                |
| Claffin, Mrs. Grace, 4644 North 76th Street, Milwaukee 9                        | Lubenow, Mrs. C. W., 3322 North Murray Avenue, Milwaukee 11 |
| Consigny, Mrs. Harry, 722 Miami Pass, Madison 5                                 | Mason, Miss Mary Lou, 407 Clement Avenue, Sheboygan         |
| Cors, Paul, 43 South Watson Street, Ripon                                       | Morrow, Mrs. H. B., 310 Jay Street, Platteville             |
| Donald, A. J., 6918 Belmont Lane, Milwaukee 11                                  | Ouweneel, Miss Jo Anne, 1008 Riverside Drive, Fort Atkinson |
| Dorsch, Miss Helen, 346 Washington Street, Ripon                                | Parsons, Miss Helen T., 219 Home Economics Bldg., Madison 6 |
| Emlen, John T., Jr., Zoology Dept., University of Wisconsin, Madison            | Richardson, Miss Anne, Mill Road, Sheboygan Falls           |
| Freede, Mrs. J., 1227 South 28th Street, Milwaukee 4                            | Rogers, Luther Harrell, 911 East North Street, Appleton     |
| Graham, Craig, 8408 Kenyon Avenue, Wauwatosa 13                                 | Schaller, Prof. A., Thiensville                             |
| Hall, Arthur F., 2114 North 81st Street, Wauwatosa 13                           | Thomson, Mrs. Olive, 4113 Winnemac Street, Madison 5        |
| Hatz, Mrs. E. W., 2637 North 68th Street, Wauwatosa 13                          | Todd, W. E. Clyde, Carnegie Museum, Pittsburg, Pa.          |
|                                                                                 | Tucker, Mrs. H. H., 548 Bowman Avenue, Merion, Pennsylvania |

\*This supplements the list of November, 1945, and brings it up to date as of about October 1, 1946.



## MANUSCRIPT FOR THE PASSENGER PIGEON

Articles of general interest on Wisconsin birds are published in *The Passenger Pigeon*. They should be based on original studies, that is, they should present some new angle of the subject treated. There is no limit to the number of aspects that may be treated, and there is probably no bird student in Wisconsin who could not write an article of interest.

Manuals, such as Hickey's "Guide to Bird Watching" and Pettingill's "Field and Laboratory Manual" may be consulted for suggestions on how to organize the material, as well as how to attack chosen problems.

Manuscript should be typed on one side of letter-size paper double-spaced. Photographs should be included if possible, but they should be of excellent quality, clear, and of good contrast.

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Wisconsin Birds—Check List with Migration Charts

In charge of Earl L. Loyster, Route 1, Middleton