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L.M.B.

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FIELD JOURNAL

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JANUARY 1902 TO JANUARY, 1904.

January 19, 1902.
Voll's Woods - 9:05 A. M.

I

The white-breasted nuthatches seem to have gone crazy this morning. It is sunny and quite warm. I could hear them calling in all directions, but devoted my attention to a certain pair. I noticed that they had two songs - one the ery-ery ery or to whery whery whery and the other er-er-er-er given very fast. The male would run up and down limbs as fast as he could go with drooping wings and spread tail and then fly over to her and run around her two or three times giving notes like sick-it-a-enka and enk-enk all the time. Another male attracted by his antic came over to be promptly chased away. He tried to come back several

II

times. They did not fight for the stranger flew as soon as the other approached. Then the victorious male flew to another tree about 10 rods away with an erratic batlike flight very evidently for the edification of his mate. He was soon back however to guard her from intruders. The two fighting looked like huge bats. After the male gave the second song written about several times.

song

actions

notes
arrival

flight
of
victor

January 19, 1902.
Lyon's Woods - 9:15 a.m.

feeding
habits

notes

sunning

This morning there were quite a few crows around. There were some over on Lyon's peninsula. They were feeding on the ground but always had a guard out. One circled around over me every once in a while when I gave the call note caw aw caw. One sat on a limb and worked its body up and down violently while giving the notes caw caw caw caw. I went across the river and looked over the bank but could see nothing. Quite a number were sunning themselves in the trees.

January 26, 1902.
In Voll's Woods - 9:00 a.m.

weather

actions

feeding
habits

This morning I went down in the woods by the plum orchard. There was about 6 inches of snow on the ground. The sun shone out from between rifts in light clouds and occasional flurries of snow fell. In Voll's woods I was standing when a brown creeper lit on a tree about 10 feet away. It was the closest I had ever seen one. It kept to the leeward side of the trunk and hunted very slowly and carefully. Cold weather changes the habits. Its back matched the trunk very prettily. It did not hammer but pushed its bill into the crevices of the bark, turning head around and twisting it side ways.

January 26, 1902.

Seeley's Plum Orchard - 9:15 a.m.

<u>number</u>	This morning in the plum orchard there
	was a flock of about 35 or 40 tree sparrows
	There was about 6 inches of snow on the
	ground. They were very tame. They were
	feeding in a little ravine. I walked be-
	hind an elm tree and they fed closer and
<u>tameness</u>	closer till one was about 12 feet off.
<u>food</u>	They were feeding on various weeds. They
<u>use of</u>	braced with their long tails and reached
<u>tails</u>	up for seeds. The feathers in their tails
	bent and spread making a good support.
<u>actions</u>	When I walked past them they would hardly
	fly. They kept up little notes all the
	time. They did not want to get out in
	the wind.

February 1, 1902.

Maine's Woods - 9:05 a.m.

	This morning Art Rudy and I were down in
	the fields. When we were still some
	distance from Maine's woods we could see
<u>perch</u>	a northern shrike perched on the top most
	spray of the large white elm. It seemed
	to sit on the very end of the branches.
	When we were a few rods off we stopped and
<u>attitude</u>	watched it. It kept its feathers puffed
	out and its tail stuck out nearly straight
<u>actions</u>	behind, it turned its head in all direc-
	tions. I squeaked like a mouse and it
	looked at us intently. Then it made a
	dash into Volls woods but got nothing.
	Then it flew south and in a minute a flock
	of pine siskins came from that way.
<u>food</u>	Afterwards we found a mouse leg.

February 1, 1902.

By 1st field above Kapelke's

9:50 a.m.

number

food

actions

notes

song

Above Fred Kapelke's by the first cleared field Art Rudy and I saw a flock of about 12 pine siskins feeding. For some time I have been taking pine siskins for redpolls. The notes are given in books as belonging to redpolls. These were feeding on birch buds and seeds. One seemed possess the power to scare the others. It would fly off to one side and then suddenly dash among them and they would fly a short distance. They would be quietly feeding and suddenly take fright at some but in an instant were feeding again. The notes were chat chet chererett and chea. They gave a song like spz-z-z-zt.

February 1, 1902.

Voll's field near Lane - 9:18 a.m.

I

deception

tame-
ness
motion

food
number
tracks

Art Rudy and I were down in the fields this morning. In Voll's field near the lane we could hear prairie horned larks. We went over there. I could hear them calling and thought they were about 10 rods off. I stopped for a minute and there was one not 10 feet away. It did not seem at all afraid. It ran through the snow with a waddling motion like a duck. Sometimes it sunk its body clear down and ate seeds of ragweed and pig weed that stuck above the snow. There were three altogether. They kept up little notes all the time. Their tracks looked as if made with bobs for their feet dragged. When I tried to approach closer they would run away faster

actions

than I could walk. One seemed to be the bully. He would fly at the others and chase them away and then they would all sit on corn stalks looking like small kingbirds. They generally kept their backs turned. When they were still I could hardly see them.

February 1, 1902.

Maine's Woods 9:10 a.m.

food

There were a great many quail tracks in Maine's woods. The slope in the center was covered with them. In some places they had gathered in bunches and in others had scratched away the snow for seeds. They went into Hacketts corn field after corn.

February 5, 1902.

Near corner of 2nd ave and Oak in Baraboo - 12:05 p.m.

notedescription

This noon I saw a Bohemian waxwing in a honey locust tree. I heard a beady tseep and looking up saw it. It was almost exactly like a cedar waxwing being a little larger. This is the first one that I ever saw.

February 9, 1902.

By Kapelke's - 10:15 a. m.

weather
foodactionfear

This morning I was over by Kapelkes. It was snowing a little. A pair of chicadees were feeding on the fat on some bones near the dog kennel. One lit behind the ash barrel and when I tried to come up behind it flew away with a vigorous scolding note. The dog barked at me and scared them away. They would let me get quite close.

February 9, 1902

By Kapelke's - 10:17 a. m.

weather
position

notes

This morning I was over Kapelke's. It was snowing a little. A white-breasted nuthatch was sitting humped up head down on the leeward side of an oak above the dog kennel. He acted as if he had come to eat fat with the chicadees from the bones lying around. It kept giving little conversational notes all the time. Finally I heard a little note like preaw. It seemed to be two syllables but was uttered almost in one breath. I expected to see a bluejay but caught the nuthatch giving the third time. I wrote my notes under an overhanging rock which I named the chair.

February 16, 1902.

Across River from Partridge Creek
10:25 a.m.

note

actions

This morning it was warm and quite sunny with a little snow. Heard a chicadee call and I whistled phoebe to it. It answered me and kept it up for some time following along after me and when I stopped it lit just above me. Then it flew across the river and soon another followed it.

February 16, 1902.

In Voll's Woods - 9:25 a.m.

song

actions

This morning it was snowing a little though the sun shone. The whitebreasted nuthatches were singing quaint songs through their noses. One that I watched kept talking to himself all the time. He scolded me vigorously several times. His mate paid no attention to him.

February 16, 1902.

Weinke's Vineyard Back of Lookout

11:00 a.m.

number

actions

notes

food

This morning it was warm and sunny with a light sifting snow. In Weinke's vineyard a flock of about 25 or 30 tree sparrows were feeding. They were rather wild and flew as I came up but soon swept back over the brow of the hill and paid no attention to me. They gave the tsunkel note incessantly and also a note like that of a chipping sparrow. They were very sprightly and quarrelsome. At first I thought there were juncoes with them but was mistaken. At the slightest alarm they took refuge in the bushes. They feed on pigweed, ragweed and other kinds.

February 16, 1902.

Hemlock Bluffs 10:10 a.m.

note

Heard a pine grosbeak call this morning, but could not locate. It had evidently flown over. It came from the direction of the Hemlock Bluffs. It was a loud goldfinch like note. Like pee-ee.

February 16, 1902.

Hemlock Bluffs 11:55 a.m.

notes

It warm and sunny this morning with a few flurries of snow. Crows were flying around the Hemlocks in considerable numbers. One flew along giving the usual caw caw and suddenly gave a rapid cow cow cow cow. I never heard this note before. One would call and another would answer. When in a tree the caw caw was giving with a violent up and down motion of the body as though it was hard to give.

February 16, 1902.
Hemlock Bluffs - 11:45 a.m.

Bluejays were quite thick this morning. It was warm and sunny and had snowed a little. The bluejays were noticeable especially along the hemlocks. One mocked a redtailed hawk. It went kee you a pause and then tserk tserk. I could whistle the ring tutter note.

mocked
a hawk
note

February 16, 1902.
In Voll's Woods - 9:30 a.m.

It was snowing a little this morning though the sun shone. It was not very cold. Watched a female downy woodpecker for awhile. Another of the same sex lit near it and perched on a limb. It gave a chattering note but the other paid no attention to it. It tapped very fast. When side ways to me I could not see the downward stroke of the bill. When about half way up on the upward stroke it went slower so that it could be seen. When back towards me I could see the head go. It did not seem to care if it was back down but never went head down. It hunted in company with other downy a brown creeper and two nuthatches.

weather

note

action
of
bill

position

friends

February 16, 1902.
Lyon's Peninsula - 10:10 a.m.

After a little it grew warmer and began to thaw. Birds called in all directions. Heard a downy woodpecker drum several times. It was like thr-r-r-r-r, then it called a number of times. The sound of the drumming did not sound loud but had a vibrant carrying power that made it possible to be heard a great distance.

drum

carrying
power

February 17, 1902.

Hill West of Crouch's Quarry in
Baraboo - 4:35 p.m.

weather

actions

note

roosting
place

Tonight after school I went over to the hill above the water works dam. It was warm and sunny. On a side hill facing south and covered with long grass and clover a small bird suddenly flew out from under my feet. It hid in some wild rose bushes before I saw what it was. It would let me get within 6 feet of it and then slip off through the grass. It kept up a note like tsip and was answered from the grass around me. Finally it flew away. Scared up some more from little hollows not too closely surrounded by grass. They sat very close. I scared up 4 and then quit. The grass was probably full of them. They were early for the sun was an hour high but the hillside was in shadow.

February 17, 1902.

Corner of Ash & 7th St. in Baraboo
12 :50 m.

weather

note

flight

compan-
ions

This noon I heard a pine grosbeak call in the next block. I got my opera glass and went up there. It was warm and sunny. The bird flew towards me giving the tr tur kee almost like the per-chic-o-ree of a goldfinch. It lit in a tree but before I could get a good look at it, it flew wildly and erratically swift as an arrow towards the southwest. It had been feeding with a flock of evening grosbeaks but did not seem at home with them. It kept up its wild call all the time.

February 17, 1902.
Corner of Ash & 7th St. in Baraboo.
12:35 m.

This noon some evening grosbeaks were feeding in the next block. A single pine grosbeak was with them but did not seem at home. When I approached it flew away. They had just finished a meal on their favorite food, box-elder seeds. There were about 15 in all, with more males than females. They sat in the sun chattering to each other. The notes were a clear terp and a rolling tr-r-r-r given harshly. Also a lower note a compound of both given in concert like those of the English sparrow. One sat in a crotch eating snow. In a short time the whole flock flew away.

com-
panions
food
sex

notes

February 17, 1902.
Crouchs Quarry in Baraboo 4:45 p.m.

Tonight after school I was up above the stone quarry, near the water works dam. I was going along when a bluejay flew out of a clump of oak leaves about 10 feet away. It was an hour to sundown yet. This is a warm protected place and seems to be a favorite with many species.

roosting
place

February 17, 1902.
Hill west of Crouchs Quarry in Baraboo
4:40 p.m.

Tonight after school I was up on the hill above the water works dam. It was warm and sunny. I was walking along and coughed loudly, immediately a flock of 12 bobwhites rose up 8 rods away near the crest of the hill and flew off. They were roosting there. It was early yet but the hill was in shadows. The hill was covered with rank grass.

number
roosting
place

February 20, 1901.

120 - 7th St. in Baraboo 2:10 p.m.

weather

This afternoon it was very warm and the snow was going fast. The wind was south-west. The chickadees were on a wood pile next door. A man was splitting wood on one side of the pile and was throwing it up quite close to them but they paid no attention to him. One was a male and he followed a female around singing, whistling and talking to her, but she answered him with a harsh note and went off through the trees with him following.

court-
ship

February 22, 1902.

By Rob Dickies Crossing 8:50 a.m.

This morning it was warm and sunny. Art Rudy, Clarence Cook, Jim Seeley and I went down the track. At one place we heard a prairie horned lark call. We could not locate it for some time but finally saw on some plowed ground a short distance away. Its brownish back made the ground perfectly. It gave its creaking song a number of times. Others could be heard in all directions. They were flying around some. These birds seem to roam around a good deal. This one flew away when a freight went by. Saw a male chase another of the same sex for a long distance in circles each time they came back to where we were and finally lit on fence posts. They gave angry notes like tsit with a liquid sound at the end with flying.

protec-
tion

actions

fighting

February 23, 1902.

Mrs. Russel's Trees - 2:05 p.m.

This afternoon the bluejays were very much in evidence. They were shrieking and calling in all directions. One in Mrs. Russel's trees gave a note like kr-r-r-rk pinkt pinkt. The last two were very metallic and sounded something like hitting two bars of iron together.

note

February 23, 1902.

On Voll's by potato patch - 2:25 p.m.

This afternoon Mat Engeln and I were down by the river. Saw a red-bellied woodpecker across. It was rather afraid and uttered a few harsh notes. Its flight was bounding. Between two trees the bounds were very short. It seemed inclined to go on the ground but soon gave it up. It stuck its in under all the loose bark it came across.

actions

February 23, 1902.

Hemlock Bluffs - 4:25 p.m.

This afternoon Mat Engeln and I were over by the hemlocks in a white oak tree. It was warm and sunny. I heard the scream of a hawk, but thought it was a bluejay, but soon afterwards saw it fly. It showed a great deal of white while flying. It was a red-tailed hawk. The first migrant of the year. When we tried to come closer it flew over behind the bluffs. It kept screaming all the time.

actions

first
migrant

February 24, 1902.

Corner of Oak and 6th St. in Baraboo

1:10 p.m.

notes

use

This noon when I was going to school I saw a chickadee and watched it a little. It seemed to be calling to its mate and gave notes like tsee see see see see her tsits.le with sometimes a faint r sound on the le of the last note. The first note was given with a faint quiver of the wings and was evidently a love note. The second was a kind of a song note.

February 24, 1902.

On High Bridge in Baraboo - 7:00 a.m.

actions

note

mating

This morning it was warm though frosty. On my way up from the train I noticed the English sparrows a great deal. Saw one on the High bridge gathering nesting material. It was a male. He would pick up a straw and "chew" it a little and then drop it for a better one. He gave a low note like tsit tsit all the time. Saw others mating. The male chases the female until she lights and then struts and calls before. Generally about half a dozen other males join in and peck the female to draw attention to themselves. This female settled in a little hollow in the snow and kept them all at bay with well directed pecks. The others, males, kept back but the lover advanced repeatedly only to be driven back. Finally the female flew with them after her.

February 24, 1902.

Cemetery in Baraboo - 4:30 p.m.

Tonight after school I was up in the graveyard. I was sitting under a pine when I heard the whir hir whir hir of wings. Looking up I saw a crow flying over. It went away giving a note like caw caw caw caw caw caw as if to give warning of my presence. It circled around 4 or 5 times and each time gave the note. Its primaries were spread apart like fingers. It flew with a steady flapping flight. Its wings could be heard distinctly. Finally it lit a little ways off but flew away when I stood up. Saw another fly over the city at a great height.

wings

note

flight

February 25, 1902.

Creamery in Baraboo 7:45 a.m.

This morning I was down by the creamery in Baraboo. A flock of pine siskins flew over rather high. They gave a bubbling song like chet chet. The flight was bounding and erratic to an extreme.

song

note

flight

March 7, 1902.

Hoag's House in Baraboo 6:50 a.m.

This morning before I got up I heard a bluebird calling. It was the first one of the year. I jumped out of bed in a hurry but did not see it. It gave the fall note. It is about time that more migrants should arrive. It was foggy and looked like rain.

note

March 7, 1902.

Sandpit on East St. in Baraboo 7:50 a.m.

actions

note

sex
lack of
fear

This morning after breakfast I went up towards the graveyard. Saw a great many juncos in sandpit. They were very tame. They were evidently just beginning to wake up. I stood by one brushpile and watched them come out. They would sneak around like mice and then suddenly come out with a note like tsit tsit and a great flutter of wings. They did not pay much attention to me. They were mostly males and were very quarrelsome. One or two sang a little. They would feed up to within a dozen feet of me. They were continually moving and dashed around like mad continually showing the white feather.

March 9, 1902.

Across from Hemlock Creek 4:05 p.m.

note
actions

song

This afternoon Mat Engeln and I were over at the Hemlocks. Heard a bluebird across the river and saw it sitting on a fence post. It gave the turor note of the fall. It flew down to the ground and then lit in a tree over to the south. In a few minutes we saw another. This one was singing. The song was like p tru ally and sometimes it gave a note like p ar.

March 9, 1902.
Lyon's Woods - 2:35 p.m.

This afternoon Mat Engeln and I were over in Lyon's woods by the straw shed. Heard a whistled tserk and looking up saw a pair of red-tailed hawks circling around. They were 300 or 400 feet up and were going along with set wings occasionally giving a few flaps. They commenced to sail when they were over the Hemlocks, and rose up higher and higher. They were evidently mated. One, the female, was larger than the other. Finally they disappeared over the hill to the southeast. They went a little quartering to the wind.

March 9, 1902.
Hemlock Bluffs - 4:20 p.m.

This afternoon Mat Engeln and I were over at the Hemlock Bluffs. Heard what we thought were some tame ducks but when heard a second time I knew to be Canada geese. They were formed into one great V with one arm about $1/3$ as long as the other. This soon split up and finally there were five separate flocks. They all traveled in V or for a short distance in a line. There were 65 by actual count. Eleven flew over towards the mill pond and the rest probably lit in the river between here and Ableman's. They were flying up along the valley and were going north. They were probably 500 feet up and half a mile away.

height

actions

formation

number

direction

height

March 10, 1902.

Hoags House in Baraboo 7:35 a.m.

This morning the robins were quite numerous. There was one especially that seemed to be taking possession of the trees near here. It was quite noisy singing and giving the laughing he he he he he and the alarm or angry note. The sparrows were much angered by it and sat around it chirping. It was very restless and was continually flying from one place to the other. The sparrows did not offer to touch it, probably having respect for its size.

notes

sparrows

actions

March 10, 1902.

Hoag's House in Baraboo 8:00 a.m.

This morning I saw an other large flock of Canada geese. I counted them through the opera glass and there were 74. They were forever changing shape as they flew. Now all would be in a single line, then about $2/3$ of them would break ranks and fly to the end in a body and form a huge V. Then this would split up into 4 or 5 smaller flocks and these would all unite. Single individuals were never seen alone. The flight was swift and direct. The birds neck were stretched far out in front. They gave notes like honk honk or conk and ca a kuk. The last was trumpet like. They flew north along the valley. The weather is cloudy and moist.

numbers

actions

notes

weather

March 12, 1902.

Sandpit on East St. in Baraboo 7:48 a.m.

number

notes

roost

The robins were very thick this morning. I was up by the sandpit. Saw about 50. They were in flocks. I saw one of about 35. They were quite tame. They paid no attention to the bluejays. They sang a good deal and I judged them to be mostly males. They had been feeding on the ground. They gave a note like sweepes and the scolding pimp besides the laughing note. They were quite restless. They probably roosted in the Norway spruce and pines nearby.

March 12, 1902.

Sandpit on East St. in Baraboo 7:45 a.m.

number

alarm
note

actions

flight

This morning it was rather foggy but lots of birds were out. I was up by the sandpit. The bluejays were thick. There must have been about 35 or 40 of them. They were quite noisy. A few hunted around on the ground. A (them whistled pink putter was enough to make scatter. They gave the love note kwi continually. All of a sudden they began to make a great fuss and after a little two sharp shinned hawks flew over. The bluejays did not offer to touch them but kept up a great outcry. The flight was flapping and direct. The tail was widely spread.

March 12, 1902.

Sandpit on East St. in Baraboo 8:07 a.m.

flight

marks

shape

This morning was up by the sandpit on East street. Two sharp shinned hawks flew over going northeast. They flew like pigeons and went very fast. They were probably making for the Wisconsin River. The bluejays were much excited. At first I thought they were pigeons hawks but had noticed the bars on the breast instead of stripes. They were the first I had seen this year. The flight was direct. They were long, slender trim built birds. Evidently made for speed and had long tails which were kept closed.

March 13, 1902.

Tuttles Orchard in Baraboo 8:03 a. m.

weather

looking
for
nesting
site

This morning I was up by Tuttles orchard. It was warm and sunny. Heard a male bluebird singing beautifully. A female probably its mate flew out of the orchard where it had been looking for a nesting site. It was quite tame.

March 13, 1902.

East of Tuttles in Baraboo 8:10 a.m.

song

effect

This morning I was over back on Tuttles while going along the road I thought I heard a song sparrow sing and soon I heard it several times, but did not have time to look it up. It was the cheeriest kind of a song and brought up remembrances of summer. It was the first I had heard this year.

March 13, 1902.

By Sandpit on East St. in Baraboo
7:55 a.m.

haunts
notes
actions
This morning after breakfast I went up towards the sandpit. The juncos were spread out along the road and over the hill by Tuttles orchard. They fed in patches of bush and weeds. One flew up giving notes like swiss swiss pz z z zt and lit in some brush. There were many females in the flock. The males were in full song and fought considerable.

March 13, 1902.

By Tuttles Orchard in Baraboo 8:05 a.m.

weather
singing
This morning I was up back of Tuttles orchard. It was warm and sunny though the night had been frosty and the birds were calling and singing loudly. A male goldfinch flew over in full song but I could not catch sight of it. It was the first I had heard singing.

March 13, 1902.

East of Tuttle's house in Baraboo
8:08 a.m.

distance
actions
taking flight
This morning after breakfast I was back of Tuttles house. I was standing by a clump of Norway spruces when a crow lit in the top of one of them. It did not notice me at first but saw me a little afterwards but did not seem frightened although I was only about 35 feet away. It called to its mate and it did not light as it had started to. The only sign of agitation was the quick lifting of its wings and the spreading of its tail. Then it flew. It jumped off and let its black feet hang down for the first 3 or 4

flaps and then drew them up. It flew over behind a hill and little on the ground. It may have been hunting for a nesting place.

March 22, 1902.

By R. K. Bridge - 9:00 a.m.

This morning I went up by the railroad bridge. It was warm and sunny. Saw a song sparrow chasing another and watched them. It was a male trying to win a mate but she fled from his attentions. She would light on a stick and then fly just before he lit and thus they kept it up. I watched them 15 minutes and they were at it when I left. Occasionally the male stopped to sing and she answered with another song. I did not know that the females sang before. She kept up a sharp tsit all the while.

March 22, 1902.

Field N.E. of Conrad Agerers 10:15 a.m.

This morning after breakfast I was up in a field below Conrad Agerers. Saw a male prairie horned lark sitting on a rail fence. He kept up a continued call all the time which was answered from the ground in front of him. I went up there and both flew away. They seemed very anxious and were back again when I returned. There was a nest there somewhere probably. I looked but could not find it.

mating
actions

female
sang
note

actions

nest
near

March 22, 1902.

By M. Knapps - 11:30 a. m.

This morning towards noon I was up towards M. Knapps. There were two or three phoebes near, all males, at least they all called pe wee. One flew up in the air and hovering there gave a rapid trilling note like the last syllable of the song. It was giving in an excited manner with a few pe wees mixed in. Then it lit on the barn again.

song

flight
song

March 22, 1902.

Near Tamarack Swamp - 9:30 a.m.

This morning was up near the tamarack swamp. It was warm and sunny. Heard some crows across the river calling loudly and knew that they had found an owl. I went up there and it flew. It was an immense horned owl. Most likely it came from its nest. The crows followed it cawing loudly but as soon as it lit were silent. It flew with a steady flapping flight.

crows

flight

March 22, 1902.

John Hacketts Woods near R.R. Bridge
10:45 a.m.

This morning I was over in John Hacketts woods near the R.R. bridge. I was looking for a barred owls nest but did not find it. Heard some bluejays giving notes of anger and alarm and saw an owl fly. It lit and I came right up under it and it did not seem at all afraid. It kept close watch of me however. I sat down on a log and for about 10 minutes it never turned its great dark eyes from me. It was an excellent match to the tree trunks but must have known that it was seen.

bluejays

actions

pro-
tection

March 26, 1902.

Voll's Woods across from Plum Orchard
2:35 p.m.

This afternoon I was in Volls woods near the plum orchard. Saw two chickadees flying around anxiously. Finally one lit on a stump and I saw a small hole below it which it had just started. Then it flew away. I did not go up for fear they would leave it.

actions

March 26, 1902.

Near Pewee Cave at Hemlocks 3:45 p.m.

This afternoon I went over to the hemlock bluffs. Several times I heard a loud harsh zw w wt and hunted it up. I could not locate it at first but finally traced it to a small flock of pine siskins in a birch. They sang in a queer mixed medley. The song was like that of a goldfinch. During the singing and in pauses the harsh note was given. Took the following description. Upper parts olive brownish streaked on the rump with white which merges to brown on the head and wings. Two white wing bars, tails notched. Inner half of wing and tail feathers yellow, underparts whitish streaked with brownish black. Bill sharp.

note

song

descrip-
tion

March 26, 1902.

Pewee Creek at Hemlocks 4:00 a.m.

This afternoon I went over to the Hemlock Bluffs. In a pond of water I saw a number of feathers which I judged to belong to a redtailed hawk. Its mate was screaming around in the trees. I think it was killed by a coon as the feathers were in the water near a log. I could find no tracks. Among the feathers were two greenish colored undeveloped eggs. She had probably been dragged from a large nest above.

March 31, 1902.

Maine's woods - 9:00 a. m.

The quail are mating this morning. I was down in Maine's woods. They were spread all through the brush piles, singly and in pairs. I could hardly ever get sight of them before they flew. I located one pair but they flew when after walking a short distance, I turned around to look at them. Saw one lying in the sun on a bank. After a time they began to call.

April 3, 1902.

Mrs. Russell's 6:45 a. m.

This morning I saw a bronzed grackle in a tree. They have not been very thick so far. It has been rather cold lately. This one flew and a male English sparrow took after it and chased it. The black-bird seemed afraid and twisted and turned but it chased it until it lit.

a
tragedy

actions

weather

actions

April 6, 1902.

By Hacketts swimming hole 8:10 a.m.

sex

flight

singing

This morning it was warm and sunny. After breakfast I went down by the big swimming hole. Red-winged black-birds were very thick. I saw no females. They flew out from Seeley's marsh to the trees along the river, with a curious flitting flight. There they would bend forward, spread the tail, open the wings to show the epaulets, puff out the feathers and sing kwer kwe we he. Sometimes the tail was braced against the limb.

April 6, 1902.

Maine's Woods 8:00 a.m.

note

cause

This morning after breakfast I went down in Maine's Woods. It was warm and bright and everything was wet from last night's rain. Heard a curious woodpecker like laughing note in a tree and went back to see what it was. It was a bluejay screaming at three strange hawks flying over.

April 6, 1902.

Maine's Woods 8:00 a.m.

I

note

actions

color

This morning everything shone from last night's rain. Went down in Maine's woods after breakfast. I heard a curious note back of me and turned back to see what it was. It was a bluejays screaming at three large birds which at first I took for three large crows but at the time marveled at their flight. They uttered no note but simply sailed westward with out spread wings never quivering. My glass changed my opinion and I saw they they were hawks. The under parts were black

but it seemed as if I distinguished marks on the wings of one.

II

They were very stately moving on slowly and majestically but with a seeming force. The primaries were widely separated at the tip. They were much larger than crows. The drawing gives some idea of the markings. They were western red-tails.

April 9, 1902.

Corner of Oak and 7th in Baraboo
8:45 p.m.

Tonight after supper I was out in front of Trues. There was a male flicker in a tree across the road. He gave a soft note like cu a several times and a loud wick wick wick wick wick, slower at first but very fast towards the end where it slows up suddenly and ends.

notes

April 9, 1902.

Cong. Church in Baraboo 7:45 a.m.

I

This morning when I went over to breakfast I heard a flicker drumming on some tin. It gave the loud wick wick wick wick wick at times. I think this is its song. It drummed with about a dozen quick taps of the bill in rapid succession like tr-r-r-r-r-r. After breakfast I hunted it up. It was on a cross on the church. It

song

drum

drumming

would put its head down close and drum so rapidly that you could hardly see it move. After each drum it would sit and listen turning its head from one side to the other. Finally a female came hotly pursued by another male. The first male chased the other one away but it came

II

love note

mating

back. The female lit on the top and the males on the cross bars of cross. They gave the love note wickw all the time. The female bowed from one side to another while the males postured themselves with spread tails and drooping wings. They generally kept their backs toward her so as to show the white rumps. They moved their heads from side to side rapidly. The throat was extremely tremulous while giving the love notes. Finally they went on to the trees.

April 9, 1902.

Corner of Oak & 7th St. in Baraboo
12:45 m.

drum

This noon it was warm and sunny. A downy woodpecker was drumming on a dead limb in front of Pfannstiehls. It was about 8 taps not quite so rapid as those of a flicker. The

actions

reason for this was that the head was held higher. The intervals between were used for preening his feathers. These intervals varied from 3 or 4 to 30 seconds. He varied the key by moving up and down. Once he uttered the ski he he he he note and a few angry skiks. Afterwards I saw a flicker drumming there and remembering the notes decided he had been chased away.

note

April 10, 1902.

Woods N.W. of Devil's Lake

3:45 p.m.

place

The West Lake Road does not go to the lake but turns off. This afternoon I went out there. Crossed a patch of woods to get to the lake. In the center of it was a little green meadow set with willow trees, with a brook running through it.

number

Robins were here in very great numbers, hundreds of them fluttered in the trees. Many bathed. Others

actions

hunted on the ground in the grass and among the leaves and they flew up in all directions as I approached. They were quite noisy.

April 10, 1902.

Near Claudes at Devil's Lake 4:40 p.m.

food

This afternoon I was out past Claudes at the lake. Juncos were very thick. They fed in the weeds in the shadow of the Bluffs and streamed into the woods as I approached. The soil near the lake was made up of fine gritty sand and they were picking this up to aid their digestions. They roosted in the pines and in little hollows on the ground.

eat
sand
roosts

April 10, 1902.

Near Crawford's Crossing S. of Baraboo
5:20 p.m.

song
fly
catching

This afternoon I went out to the Lake. On my way home I saw a field sparrow along the road. It gave a song like feo feo feo fr-r-r-r-r. It caught insects in the air like a true flycatcher. It was nearly the first one I had seen.

April 10, 1902.

West Lake Road near Devil's Lake 3:30 pm

singing
notes

song

call
note

This afternoon I walked out to the lake by the west road. Vesper sparrows were quite thick. The males sang from fence posts, bushes and trees. The song was drawn out and was repeated in many cases without a pause. Sometimes it was given in so low a tone that I could scarcely hear it twenty feet away. One gave a peculiar call note like tsuk.

April 10, 1902.

Field N.W. of Devil's Lake 3:40 p.m.

feeding
ground

tameness

flight

This afternoon I was out in a field near the lake. Saw a pair of phoebe's feeding along a brush covered fence, 80 or 100 rods from any house. They were evidently mated. They were tame and allowed me to approach closely. Then they dipped down nearly to the ground, flew along it and rose up to another perch.

April 10, 1902.

Hoags in Baraboo 6:50 p. m.

chasing
mate
note

Tonight after supper I was out in front of the house. A flicker was pursuing his mate through the trees. They twisted and turned in every direction. He continually gave a tree toad like kr-r-rk or ku-r-rruck almost exactly like that of a red-headed woodpecker.

April 11, 1902.

Between Baraboo and No. Freedom about
4:00 p.m.

shelter

Going home tonight we drove. It was very windy and sand flew fast. Saw quite a number of vesper sparrows along the road. They kept very close and only flew short distances. They skulked behind banks and bushes and did not sing.

April 11, 1902.

Pfannstiehl's yard in Baraboo 7:45 a.m.

song

actions

This morning I was over by Pfannstiehl's when I heard a queer song coming from the thick lower branches of a small spruce. It was a queer sweet song, rapid and high in tone like a whistle with a few lower harsh notes as an undercurrent. It was a bluejay. Hopping around excitedly with spread tail and drooping wings. When it saw me the song ceased and the bird flew to another tree and sang. My nearer approach frightened it again and it kept still. It was alone and seemed a queer illustration of the mating fever.

April 13, 1902.

John Hacketts Grove near Bridge 4:20 p.m.

note

This afternoon I was over in John Hacketts grove near the bridge. Heard a mourning dove give a note like coo-oo-oo. The first and last notes uttered rapidly and the middle drawn out The middle one rose and fell.

April 15, 1902.

Woods near fair grounds 8:02 a.m.

broken
song

notes

This morning I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. Robins were very thick. They were hunting on a plowed field. One gave a very broken song which was almost like that of a Baltimore oriole. The song was not given together as usual but was spaced off. They gave a rippling kle kle kle kle kle and a loud laughing he he he he he he. They all seemed to be mated.

April 15, 1902.

Woods near fair grounds in Baraboo 7:40 a.m.

This morning I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. Saw two field sparrows. They were males. One had a fine song. It was like wheur wheur wheur wheur wheur trew trew trew trew trew tr-r-r-r-ru.

One was hunting on the ground in a plowed field. It was quite deliberate in its motions and was very tame. It sang from the ground, while singing it did not give its whole attention to the song but looked around for food.

song

actions

singing

April 15, 1902.

Woods near fair grounds in Baraboo 7:50 a.m.

This morning I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. Bluebirds were very thick. They were mostly mated and kept in pairs. They flew to the ground after insects. The males sailed a great deal while flying. Heard one give his song separated like wheur dearie wheur.

One male paid some attention to one of the females and another came up and they fought about it savagely chasing each other and rolling and tumbling in the air.

mated
feeding
habits

song
peculiar
females
fight

April 15, 1902.

Near creamery in Baraboo - 7:45 a.m.

This morning I saw the chipping sparrows for the first time this year. There were three of them near the creamery, all males. I had an opportunity of comparing the song with that of the junco. The juncos trill was more metallic and not so insect like and the notes were more separate.

song
compared
to
juncos

April 15, 1902.

Field near Fair Grounds in Baraboo

7:42 a.m.

This morning I was down near the fair grounds. Meadowlarks were quite thick. One gave an alarm note like wheep or whoip in a froglike tone nearly all the time. It was accompanied by a nervous flitting of the tail;

alarm
note

April 15, 1902.

Woods near Fair Grounds in Baraboo 7:55 a.m.

This morning I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. There were quite a few bluejays here. One gave a note like per-lert or klu. The first two notes were given as the head and body were raised and the last two as they were lowered. It seemed to be an alarm note. The English sparrows near by seemed to be alarmed by it. Saw one tried to pick small limbs from a tree for a nest.

alarm
notes

getting
nests

April 16, 1902.

Elm in Front of High School in Baraboo

3:15 p.m.

This afternoon while reciting Latin I saw a robin light in an elm outside the open window. It was a female. She opened her mouth angrily, crouched and gave a rapid note of anger like skeep skeep ske he he he.

Immediately the male dashed up and flew at her. They had a rough and tumble fight until she fled. Then my eye caught a newly begun nest on a limb a few feet off and in a minute the female came back bringing a beak full of grass. She lit on the nest and deposited her load to her satisfaction. Then she began to burrow in the mass of grass

position
note of
anger
fight

building
nest

male

occasionally arranging a bunch more to her satisfaction until she had made a cup. She used her breast to mould it. Each time she rested in the nest for awhile. The male sat in the top of the tree and sang.

April 16, 1902.

Woods near Fair Grounds in Baraboo 8:05 a.m.

sang
on ground

woosing

This morning I was out in the woods near the fair grounds. Robins were very thick. Saw one sing a few notes while on the ground. The males were chasing their mates and many other males joined screaming and picking the female exactly like English sparrows.

April 16, 1902.

Hoags Back Yard in Baraboo - 1:20 p.m.

a bath
for the
birds

actions
while
bathing

method
of
running

This noon as I was going to school I stopped to watch two robins. In the backyard the faucet runs a little all the time and drips into a box. It is left this way for the birds. These robins ran up there and without hesitation stepped in and began to bathe. They would put their heads in the water and then splash with their wings. They seemed to enjoy it greatly. They have a curious habit of progressing. One will put its head down and run a few feet and then straighten up and look around after which the action is repeated.

April 16, 1902.

Oak near Baraboo Creamery 7:35 a.m.

This morning I was by the creamery when I heard a golden crowned kinglet call. The note was a high seety seety. Saw it in an oak. It flew out of there for quite a distance and passed very close to me. Its flight was bounding and erratic but had a law even to its erraticness for it flew zigzag first one way and then the other with a bounding flight all the time.

call
note

flight

April 16, 1902.

Woods near Fair Grounds in Baraboo 7:45 a.m

This morning I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. Vesper sparrows were quite common. I heard one sing and saw it on the ground. I watched it a while. It advanced towards another one with tail raised and out stretched wings vibrating with a swift tremulous up and down motion. The female, however, flew at it and drove it away and then went away herself. Both sang. They were evidently mating.

mating
actions

resentment
of female

April 16, 1902.

Woods near Fair Grounds in Baraboo 7:40 a.m

This morning I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. The meadowlarks were very demonstrative. One was wooing his mate in the peculiar blackbird manner of chasing her. They flew very fast and turned and twisted in all directions. One of them probably the male gave a note like whiss and the male also gave snatches of the flight song.

mating
actions

note

April 16, 1902.

Woods near Fair Grounds in Baraboo

7:53 a.m.

song
actions
while
giving
song

ill at
ease

This morning I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. Two male cow birds lit in a tree near me, one of them sang. The song was a glassy bubbling bub clo se. It was given with spread wings, feathers puffed out and tail raised and spread. The balance was always nearly lost. These actions preceded the song but were kept up during it. The other one seemed ill at ease and hopped down a limb side ways and back again.

April 16, 1902.

Woods near Fair Grounds in Baraboo

7:50 a.m.

flight
perched

actions
while
giving
note

This morning I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. A male flicker was flying around most of the time. The flight was bounding. After he perched in a tree he gave the wick note frequently. While giving it the head was raised and he looked from side to side always alert. Then he would fly to another tree and repeat the same performance.

April 16, 1902.

Woods near Fair Grounds in Baraboo

7:50 a.m.

perch

flight

This I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. A male yellow-bellied woodpecker lit in a tree near me for a while. It seemed rather timid and soon flew again. It lit in the upper branches. The flight was bounding. The tip of the primaries were spread apart during the flight.

April 16, 1902
Woods near Fair Grounds in Baraboo
7:45 a.m.

I

mating
actions
of
male

This morning I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. It had rained a little in the night. The morning doves were mating. One sailed over with decurved wings for a distance and then flew a little ways with a quick flapping flight. Then it sailed again and tipping first one way and then the other lit in a tree where it gave the song.

8:00 a.m. A little later I saw another queer thing. One lit on a small limb and was quickly pursued by another which lit by it and forced it to fly. It then lit again when the same thing happened. I judged them both to be males jealous of each other. I heard two sing from that direction and thus judged their sex. After being

jealousy
of
males

II

flight

chased away the last time the first one flew away with a curious flapping stilted flight with loudly whistling wings. After that it sailed and lit in the same tree that the first one described did.

April 18, 1902.
Long Bridge in Baraboo 1:55 p.m.

carry-
ing
mud

This afternoon I went home on the two o'clock train. Saw the female robin who has her nest in front of the school house. carrying mud from the river for it. She did not take very much and seemed in no hurry to get there with it for she lit in the trees and staid for sometime.

April 18, 1902.

Long Bridge in Baraboo 2:00 p.m.

actions

This afternoon I went home on the two o'clock train. As I was going across the bridge I saw a few bank swallows circling around close down by the water. There were barn swallows with them. They swept up a little inlet and beat in among the willows for insects. They were silent. It was a cold wet day and they seemed to feel it. They dipped a little.

April 18, 1902.

Long Bridge in Baraboo - 2:03 p.m.

feeding
habits

This afternoon I went home on the two o'clock. Saw some barn swallows circling around over the river by the bridge. They were silent. It was hard work to get insects I guess. They swept along the willows and close to the water. A few bank swallows were with them.

April 19, 1902.

R. R. Bridge 9:45 a.m.

song

This forenoon I was up by the R.R. bridge. Heard a peculiar bubbling wren like song and traced it to a ruby-throated kinglet in the top of a tall tree. Heard several others afterwards. This one was very restless and was hard to locate among the buds..

April 19, 1902.

J. Hacketts Woods 11:10 a.m.

food

actions

This forenoon I was up in J. Hackett's woods. Myrtle warblers were fairly thick. They were in full song and were very handsome. One tried to steal sap of a yellow-bellied woodpecker, but was always chased away before he got much. He was very persistent however and returned several times. He seemed to feel that the woodpecker was justified in driving him away and never tried to dispute with him. He clung to the side of the tree like a chickadee.

April 19, 1902.

J. Hacketts Woods 10:00 a.m.

peculiar
roost

This morning I was up in J. Hacketts woods. In turning over a small log it broke and in a hollow I found where some bird, probably a junco had roosted. The open end pointed to the south and was just large enough to squeeze through and the roost was just large enough to turn around in. It had evidently been used for some time.

April 19, 1902.

John Hacketts Woods 9:55 a.m.

crow
chases
hawk

This morning I was over in John Hacketts woods. A crow flew over moderately high fighting or rather bothering a Coopers Hawk. It would mount above the hawk and then dash down past it uttering a harsh grating kr-r-r-ra. The hawk did not like and took after the crow several times, but it always returned. It was surprising to see how quickly and easily the hawk dodged sideways without changing its course.

April 19, 1902.

J. Hacketts Woods 10:15 - 11:15 a.m.

I.

food
trees

in-
truders

actions

This morning I took my camera and went out in the woods. Found where a male yellow-bellied woodpecker had tapped a great number of basswood and maple trees. He made the rounds regularly as he seemed quite tame. I selected one of his trees and focussed on his feeding place and settled down to wait. He was kept busy trying to drive away intruders.

Myrtle warblers, white-breasted nuthatches and downy woodpecker all tried to steal sap. The bird came once but the bulb slipped and alarmed him. He evidently visited each tree every half hour. One myrtle warbler came to my tree several times but was chased away before I could take it.

II

drinking

the
picture

The woodpecker caught insects and dug new holes continually. Occasionally he flew off screaming towards others of his kind to be gone a short time. Other yellow-bellies did seem to try to steal of him. In eating sap he would put his bill in the hole for an instant and then raise his head with a swallowing motion. Finally he came again and I secured a picture. He lit on the back side of the tree and sidled around it. I had waited an hour to get it but the time was well spent.

April 20, 1902.

Wetmore's Yard - 8:45 p.m.

flight
by
night

Tonight I was out in the yard. A Wilson's snipe flew over rather low down, calling harshly the regular note. It circled around a little and flew off to the northwest towards Udells marsh. It came from the bottoms and was the first one I had seen this year.

April 21, 1902.

Near Ru Hanger's - 7:40 a.m.

food
hung up

This morning mother and I drove to Baraboo. Saw an entire field mouse hanging in a bush. It had been freshly killed and belonged of course to a white-rumped shrike which were common along there. Did not see the bird.

April 21, 1902.

Between Baraboo and North Freedom
about 8:00 a.m.

perches

This morning mother and I drove to Baraboo. Vesper sparrows were very thick. They sat on posts and on the trees all along. They flew up in considerable numbers from the road in front of the horse. I probably saw from 150 to 250 in all. They sang with great vigor. When in trees the tail hung straight down. Saw one flutter its wings with raised tails as described before.

song

April 21, 1902.

Near Rob Dickies - 7:30 a. m.

size

This morning mother and I drove to Baraboo. A male meadowlark lit on a post by the road. He looked very big beside his mate on the next post, but it was probably because he puffed his breast out. The female called a little anxiously but did not seem afraid. He turned his breast towards and sang with an open bill that looked like a pair of shears.

singing

April 21, 1902.

Near Secker Place - 7:45 a.m.

play

nesting
material

This morning mother and I drove to Baraboo. Crows were quite thick. Saw two chasing each other in play high in the air. Saw many in the fields gathering sticks and straws. One held something under its foot and picked at it with all the force it could master but was so far off I could not see what it was.

April 21, 1902.

Near Ru Hangers - 7:50 a.m.

com-
panions

flight

This morning mother and I drove to Baraboo. Saw a great many flickers feeding in the fields with meadowlarks. They were rather wild and flew up into the trees as we passed. One flew along in front of us for quite a while. It would fly from one telegraph post to another and call, keeping just ahead. In flight it dipped down nearly to ground which it flew along until it came to the next post when it rose up and lit on the cross bar.

April 21, 1902.

Sandy Hill near Lyon's 8:20 a.m.

mating

This morning mother and I drove to Baraboo. Saw kingfishers mating. They chased each other around high in the air uttering as a love note a higher note than usual. Then they circled.

April 22, 1902.

Woods near Fair Grounds in Baraboo
7:55 a.m.

song

This morning I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. Ruby-crowned kinglets were thick. They were in full song. I copied the song like this su-see-su-see tuer tuer turt tur te tur te tur tr and sometimes tsea on the end. The first four were given rapidly and insectlike. The whole song seemed to bubble out as though it could not be stopped. First the flow of steam and then the water. It did not seem particular, whether it was in a high tree or bush. They were very fidgety continually flitting their wings. They gave angry flitting notes like chit-it.

actions

anger
note

April 22, 1902.

Woods near Fair Grounds in Baraboo

7:42 a.m.

call
note

song

This morning I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. Heard a single chewink calling and singing several times. The note was a sharp rising call note whink, and sometimes immediately preceded the song like whink chink burr pel a wel a tse.

The whole had a pleasing ringing quality and sounded well. It was the first I had seen this year.

April 22, 1902.

Woods near Fair Grounds in Baraboo

8:07 a.m.

song

This morning I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. Heard a field sparrow sing in a peculiar way. The song was like tsea tsea tsea tsea tur-tur-tur tr-r-r-r-r.

After the first four the note became more and more rapid until they were trilled.

April 22, 1902.

Woods near Fair Grounds in Baraboo

8:00 a.m.

mating

call
notes

This morning I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. There were several cowbirds there. The males pursued the females in regular blackbird fashion. The females seemed jealous of each other and went the male chased one the other always came. They gave call notes like fe-steo and a harsher chit-lit-t-t.

April 22, 1902.

Woods near Fair Grounds in Baraboo

8:40 a.m.

song

This morning I was down in the woods near the fair grounds. Mourning doves were abundant. One instead of the usual rising and falling song gave the notes on the same level like coo coo coo coo or coo coo coo or coo coo coo. another answered in exactly the same manner.

April 22, 1902.

Corner of 7th and Oak in Baraboo

3:45 p.m.

nest

love
note

height.

This afternoon I was over by True's. A pair of flickers had started a nest in a tree on the corner. It was cut into the live wood though the center may have been dead as there was a dead limb above it. The birds sat crosswise on the limb above it and gave a love note like qui qui qui. There was another half sound on the end like uk. One was tame and let me pass under it while it was 15 feet above me but the other flew. The nest hole is about 10 feet up.

April 23, 1902.

On Water Works Island in Baraboo

4:20 p.m.

fight-
ing
crowns
distended

note

This afternoon after school I was down on the water works island. Ruby-crowned kinglets were thick. Saw two males fight. They just chased each other from one perch to the other with distended crowns making a brilliant and beautiful display. A red letter (or feather) day! Afterwards they gave a note like tsea tsea with a 2 quality. They kept it up for some time.

April 23, 1902.

On Water Works Island in Baraboo 4:40 p.m.

food

catching

it

note

on ground

This afternoon I was down on the Water Works Island. Myrtle warblers were common. They were feeding on the swarms of little gnats that hovered everywhere. I saw one fly for about 10 rods through a field catching them in the air. It zigzagged every way. It kept about four feet about ground and gave a note like this. In another place the insects could not keep above ground because of the wind and the myrtles hopped around after them, making extremely bright spots on the earth. They picked around as if it was their only method of feeding.

April 23, 1902.

1st Bridge on Water Works River 4:04 p.m.

motion

color

field
marks.

This afternoon I was on the upper bridge on the water works river. Several bank swallows were beating up and down to and from the river. They flew along lifting and dropping and circling as lightly and gracefully as a feather. They had a long beat and passed about once every five minutes. The breasts showed white in the sun instead of brownish. Their brown backs, white breasts and small size easily distinguish them.

April 23, 1902.

Near Water Works Dam - Baraboo 4:05 p.m.

height

balancing

lack
of
fear

This afternoon I was down by the water works dam. A male marsh hawk sailed over about 100 feet up. This is as handsome and graceful a bird as we have here. When the wind struck it with greater force it decurved its wings to keep balanced. The set of its wings reminded me of a cupid's bow. It went against the wind. Birds near did not seem frightened by its presence. It turned its head under to look down.

April 23, 1902.

Near Spring on Water Works Island in
Baraboo 4:14 p.m.

descrip-
of nest

This afternoon after school I was down on the water works island. Near the spring I found a freshly completed blue-jays nest. It was empty. The foundation was of twigs which gave it a ragged appearance as they stuck out on all sides for a foot or more. The interior was grass, hair from rabbits and feathers and was lined with fine brown roots. It was about 5 feet up in the crotch where the first limbs started from the trunk. It was in an elm. The parents were absent. Indeed I saw no bluejays on the trip.

April 24, 1902.

In Pfannstiehls yard in Baraboo 8:15 a.m.

shelter

callnote

This morning the white-throated sparrows were very thick in Pfannstiehls yard. They seemed to find a good shelter in the evergreens. Many flew across the road and lit in the trees where they called tsut and sang I I pe a body

song

peabody like V the
song had a wild quavering note that
reminds me of the deep quiet woods in
summer. They gave a sharp anger note
like the sound made by placing the
tongue on the palate and clicking re-
peated rapidly several times.

anger
note

April 24, 1902.

Corner of 7th and Oak in Baraboo
12:45 p.m.

This I was over by Trues. A flicker was on the ground when it saw me it flew and lit by its nest. It looked in and then began to call wick wick while sitting beside it. Another answered it.

actions

April 27, 1902.

Maine's Woods 6:20 a.m.

This morning Mr. Champion and I were down in the fields. Heard a queer loud whistled call and could not think what it was. It came again and I knew at once that it was a quail. It was very different from the usual whistled bobwhite. Afterwards several flew out of one brushpile and lit in another.

queer
call

April 27, 1902.

Doherty's field - 6:15 a.m.

This morning Mr. Champion and I were down in the fields. Saw a killdeer in Doherty's field. It acted as though it had a nest, falling forward on its breast and trilling with trembling wings. He had never noticed this before. I will have to hunt up the nest. Afterwards another flew over calling.

actions
to draw
attention

April 27, 1902.
Maine's Woods - 6:45 a.m.

number

flight

This morning Mr. Champion and I were down in Maine's woods. Brown thrashers were abundant. Saw six or eight. They were in full song and one at least was going most of the time. They were very tame and sang while we were quite close to them. When they flew their long tails worked up and down like pump handles. One lit on the ground and commenced picking. I could see the dirt fly at every stroke.

April 27, 1902.
Maine's Woods - 5:30 p.m.

flocks

note

drying

This afternoon I went down in the fields. Cowbirds were flying around in considerable numbers, generally in flocks of about 25. They had a great variety of notes. One was given constantly and was like a hard glassy tuck and was given by both sexes. The females were generally the most numerous. They flew down to bathe in the little slough and then went up in the trees to dry their feathers. They beat the water out of their tails with their wings. A pair of robins chased them away from the tree containing their nest. When I went up to watch them bathe they left.

May 10, 1902.

Least flycatcher all tired out and half frozen. Ed Dummer and I caught it and I took it home. It was rather. It was very sleepy and would not rouse up to eat. Finally died. Saw many others. They seemed to suffer more than other species.

11: a.m. - C. Knapps - Least Flycatcher.

May 10, 1902.

Robin's on nest nearly buried in snow. Never moved. Bad day for eggs. Female chased male away.

1:15 p.m. Robin. - Home.

May 10, 1902.

Red start on ground hopping around. Went along side walk in front of a man. Rather dragged in appearance. In road, yards and tree. Kept tail spread.

1:20 p.m. - Redstart - Home.

May 10, 1902.

Very tame. Rather out of place on snow. Caught worm and carried it awhile and then beat on a limb after which it ate it. Lit in tree almost above us.

1:25 p.m. - Chesnut-sided Warbler - Home.

May 10, 1902.

Underparts white, sides and breast black, back blue, white spot on wings, underside of tail white, upper blue, cheeks black. Silent. Hopped, clung to side of tree fluttering. Tame. Kept in heavy foliage.

1:15 p.m. Black-throated Blue Warbler - Patterson's house.

May 11, 1902.

Saw an olive-backed thrush on the ground near the bottom of the rapids on the creek. It ran around, much like a robin but was more suspicious looking at me for considerable intervals. It seemed to get insects from the top of the ground. Finally it lit on the side of a tree slanting like this / and staid there for some time.

3:45 p.m. - Bottom of Rapids - Creek.

May 11, 1902.

Spotted sandpipers were thick along Seeley Creek and in Brilliots marsh. They had one curious habit which I had not noticed much before. This was perching on stumps and sticks. On first fighting they would bob vigourously a number of times. They seemed to be mated for they went in pairs.

3:00 p.m. Seeley Creek - By Brilliotts.

May 11, 1902.

Saw a yellow-bellied woodpecker drilling holes in a white pine. I did not see it at first and as it drilled so steadily I thought it was making a nest. When it started on the hard outer bark it drummed loudly but inside it did not make much noise. It turned its head from side to side to shape the hole. It was a female.

Bluff above marsh on Creek - 4:15 a.m.

May 11, 1902.

Heard a ruffed grouse drumming and tried to sneak up on him. As the sound carries for a long ways I had to go with great care. He drums with intervals of above 6 minutes in between. The drum was thump thump thump thump thr-r-r-r-r-thump thump thump. Increasing gradually and ending in a few slower than thr-r-r. After going some distance he stopped so he probably saw me. I did not go ahead then.

Bluff above marsh on Creek - 4:00 p.m.

May 11, 1902.

The song sparrows were having quite a time. amongst themselves. One chased his mate who fled calling ⁿagarily. At this two other males pitched into him and they had a rough and tumble fight. Then one of them gave a flight song, prefaced by a few excited notes and then other two flew up after him. He was up about 20 feet and went up like this in an arc

4:30 p.m. near marsh on creek.

Later as I returned I heard the same loud note in the same place. I was at a disadvantage as the bird was in the edge of the woods while I had to cross a meadow about 12 rods wide. I proceeded very slowly and got quite close. I could not see the bird well at first but he was evidently not afraid as he flew out on a limb in plain sight a few rods off. He sat there looking around for awhile and then lit on another spot. Then he flew off through the woods but soon returned flying nearly over my head. He had a very noticeable whitish rump which proved a good field mark.

Coopers Hawk.

May 11, 1902.

Heard a loud whistled tse hee -e-e-e or tsek-a-ee-e-e-e. A number of crows were around the spots and they acted rather excited. I scouted along for some distance hearing it but not seeing anything. Finally I located and when I came closer saw it was a Coopers Hawk. It flew off and the crows followed keeping at a respectful distance however. Thought I saw its nest but it proved to be old.

8:15 p.m. Creek.

May 11, 1902.

Swit swit sweet swee . It flew at a ruby-crowned Kinglet angrily. It was very restless and seemed to keep to the branches as much as the trunks of the trees. It seemed as much of an upside down bird as the nuthatch almost. It did not use its tail in climbing.

3:00 a.m. Donagheys black and white creeping Warbler. - Bluff.

May 11, 1902.

Saw warbling Vireo's mating. The male sang and then chased the female both giving tut and the squeaky notes. He chased her mostly in and out through all the trees and then sang.

8:45 a.m. Seeleys Plum Orchard.

May 11, 1902.

Found two song sparrows nests in Seeleys marsh. One I just happened to see. It was built in under a tussock of grass. It was a fine nest it contained three eggs. The other was in the edge of the plowed ground. I saw the old one fly out but nearly crushed the dirt down on it. She acted very anxious.

8:15 a.m. - Seeley's Marsh.

May 11, 1902.

Long-billed marsh wren. Bobbed around nervously with tail held nearly straight up. Fluttered wings nervously. When it flew into reeds it did not light on the edge but went down through.

8:15 a.m. Seeley's marsh.

May 11, 1902.

Barn Swallow followed me up. Circled around three or four feet away after insects I scared. At times went so close to ground that its breast touched. Followed me about 40 rods. Probably very hungry. Did not show much fear. Then went back and circled around cows.

7:45 a.m. Fisk's Pasture.

May 11, 1902.

White-rumped shrike. Found nest. Old nest relined contained five eggs. Lined thickly with chicken feathers. Female entirely out of sight. Make no noise while I examined it. Was much surprised as Art Rudy had visited it the day before and she was very noisy; she sat on limb and twitched tail. Male not around. Nest in tangle of bittersweet 7 feet up.

2:10 p.m. Near Bill Lyon's.

May 11, 1902.

Sweet sweet sweet seet sweet sweet weet a tw. Loud, clear, beginning low at first. Saw a number of water thrushes along river. Went along on mud with bobbing tail. Alarm note skit. Sang when I saw it once from stick quite prolific singer.

8:50 a.m. Voll's Creek.

May 11, 1902.

Saw a phoebe bathing. It would fly into the creek and then out and then sit on a stick and preen its feathers and shake itself. It never stayed in but plunged in where it was deep.

Near junction of Creek and Seeley. 5:45 p.m.

May 11, 1902.

Found a young bobwhite where it had been hung up by a shrike. It was about the size of a newly hatched chicken. It was hung by the leg in a crotch and the neck was broken. It was whole. The back and head was fuscous spotted with buffy. The underparts were white, throat brownish. The wing and tail feathers were just showing. Very early for young.

Near Donaghey's Lane. - 6:15 p.m.

May 12, 1902.

Blue-winged Warbler. z-tze-e-se. Two white outer tail feathers, underparts yellow, crown yellow, line through eye black, two white wing bars, back olive green, wings fuscous, song almost indescribable. It was very tame. It picked insects from the leaves and bark and also caught them on the wing with a loud snap. It was as big as a red-eyed vireo.

8:15 a.m. Hoag's. (Baraboo)

May 12, 1902.

Blue-winged Warbler. Tonight about 6 one of those new warblers see this morning flew into an upper room in True's house and was shut in. It was quite badly frightened but did not dash against the windows. It had probably entered through an open window after flies. It struggled considerably when I caught it. After examining it I let it go and it flew into a tree and began at once to capture insects.

True's house - 4:00 p.m. (Baraboo)

May 12, 1902.

Tonight it rained quite hard. Many birds were flying however and were evidently drawn low by the electric lights. I heard two notes frequently. One like prunt or punt and another pe-er varied to pre. I could not place either of them. Higher up I could hear the pink of bobolinks and lowest of all came this tsit of vireos.

Hoag's 9:00 p.m. (Baraboo)

May 13, 1902.

Blackburnian Warbler. Sik sik sik sik sik sik
se-e-e-e. Underparts white, sides streaked with
black, crown black, throat orange, three orange
stripes through the crown, two white patches on
wing, back, black as near as I could. Very tame
and restless like all warblers. Chased another
bird out of the tree.

4:25 p.m. Gattikers. (Baraboo)

May 14, 1902.

Blackburnian Warbler. Se pe see pee see pee
see tsit. The song described last night was
given also. The bird came low down in the trees
this time. The song was incessant. Sometimes
the last note was left off. Once or twice it
gave the warbling notes and then squeaking note
almost like a ruby-crowned kinglet stea stea tsia
tse tse te te tu. The song was much varied. It
ate measuring worms and other insects and hunted
the tips of the branches.

6:30 a.m. Hoag's. (Baraboo)

May 14, 1902.

Bay-breasted Warbler. Bay stripe on breast
and sides. Two white thumb marks on tail, under-
parts white, crown black, yellowish patch on
nape, back blackish much like other warblers in
motions. It would hover in front of leaves and
peer under them. It was silent.

7:30 a.m. True's. (Baraboo)

May 17, 1902.

This afternoon Art Rudy and I went down by
Seeley's marsh. Saw three or four soras and heard
a number of others. I followed one up for quite
a distance trying to photograph it. It would run
along and then hid. Once I saw it jump out of
the center of an arched tuft of grass. It made

a splash. It was very prettily colored. Then it flew over on the plowed land and stood there in plain sight quirking its tail and craning its head. It waded around nearly up to its body.

4:10 p.m. Seeley's marsh.

May 18, 1902.

Found a catbirds nest with one egg in it this morning. It was in a gooseberry bush about five feet up. The old ones did not show up. Saw others mating. They chased each other around with a curious flitting flight. Saw two whipping up and down along the ground while one was up the other was down. The males were singing with ruffled feathers and drooping tails looking like loose bunches of feathers or clowns.

9:10 a.m. T. H. Island.

May 18, 1902.

Saw several chestnut sided warblers this morning. It was rather a weak singer when taken with chebec vireos and other warblers. One captured a green measuring worm and did not seem to know what to do with it. It was on a small limb and I thought it was going to a larger one to eat it, but after holding it awhile and looking around it hit it on the limb and swallowed it. This seems to be a common habit of theirs. After they get it they dont know whether to eat it or not.

9:30 a.m. T. Hackett's Woods.

May 18, 1902.

Mourning Warbler. Head blue, black band on breast, underparts yellow, back olive green, whit it. whit its whit its whit whu whurt whurt. alarm note a very sharp chit. It was very much more self contained and deliberate than any of the other warblers. It would set on a limb and sing for 15 or 20 minutes at a time. It did not seem to like my presence, but when I got where I could see it it would generally, a little so as to screen itself behind leaves. It

came out on a dead limb and sat there looking around and singing for some time. I was just going to put it down as a bird of the high tree tops when it pitched down to the ground. I was much surprised but I got a better sight of it here. It kept around behind rotten logs and stumps and under gooseberry bushes where it would not be watched easily. When I approached to closely once it gave the sharp alarm note and flew away. After awhile it vanished but soon I heard the song again. The last notes were an indescribable warble almost. The song had some of the quality of the indigo bunting song, a very persistent singer.

9:45 a.m. T. Hackett's Woods.

May 18, 1902.

Chip chip wheets, tsure, tsee wheet a, and so on with endless variations. The underparts were pure white, the upperparts olive brown, line through the eye, black with a faint white one above it. The wings were drooped, the underside of the tail was white. The bird was about as large as the yellow-throated vireo. If anything a little larger. The song was somewhat like that of the red-eyed only not so rythmical and was more broken. It flew around singing frequently hanging back down and was deliberate in its movements like all vireos. Afterwards I saw another with it. The flight was bounding. It kept indifferently to the trees and undergrowth. It did not seem to be as persistent a singer as the red-eyed. While following it I came across the following sign on a tree - no hunting, fishing or trespass. This of course somewhat complicated matters, but I followed the bird until it disappeared.

9:00 a.m. T. Hacketts Island.

May 18, 1902.

Went up Hawk Creek to Log house. Scared two queer birds off from a log, but did not see them again. Went on up the hill and scared up another. I thought it was a cuckoo and followed it up. It flew up again but lit behind a stump. From there it lit on a limb and I knew it for a whippoorwill. It was a low note like gouk when scared up. It perched lengthwise of the limb. It did not seem much afraid but simply wanted to avoid observation when it flew it seemed of a uniform black color. I noticed a little white on the breast. It had been resting on a thinly wooded hill covered with small hickory and sumach bushes. I looked for a nest but found nothing.

Loghouse on Hawk Creek- 5:00 p.m.

May 18, 1902.

This morning I saw two male Baltimore orioles fighting a bluejay. The jay was afraid of them, but kept perching on the top limbs but they flew at him giving a harsh chwing and drove him down. Perhaps they were thinking of their eggs which he might steal later.

Dockhams - 7:05 a.m.

May 18, 1902.

This afternoon I went up Hawk Creek to the foot of the rapids. Heard a soft note like pshisch or pseu, and looking up saw a male Philadelphia vireo winning a mate. He sat on a limb a few inches above him. He had his mouth opened widely and was giving the note swaying his body to and fro stretched to his full height. She very evidently did not approve for she flew over and pecked him once in a while and kept mouth open a little as a sign of anger. When the male perceived me he flew off. They were only about 20 feet away.

Foot of Swift Rapids 3:30 p.m.

May 18, 1902.

Blackpoll Warbler. Crown black, underparts whitish, streak across breast and sides streaked with black, cheeks white under side of tail, white V of black on throat, tsik sic sic sic sic rising and then falling. The song was very thin and wiry. The bird stopped work and lifted up its head to sing. It was quite leisurely in its movement but did not stay in one tree long.

Home - 7:15 a.m.

May - 1902.

Tonight after school Jock Pfannstiehl and I found a sharp-shinned hawk's nest. It was in an oak about 50 feet up. The nest was a little larger than a peck measure and was made roughly though compactly made. It contained to large bluish white eggs spotted about the large end with rufous. There were a number of crows around and they acted so much excited that I thought it was their nest. They flew around over me all the time and cawed loudly. The hawk went by once flying like a streak.

Woods near Cemetery in Baraboo - 4:50 p.m.

May - 1902.

This noon it was rather chilly. Saw a male robin taking a sunbath in True's yard. He was stretched right out on his side and had his feathers puffed up. When I stopped to look at him he immediately stood up and then flew.

True's Yard in Baraboo - 12:15 m.

Spring Migration - 1902.

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Remarks.
Red-tailed hawk	Feb.23	1	Mar. 9	-	-	Tol.Com.	Yes	Much earlier than usual.
Bluebird	Mar. 7	1	Mar. 8	Mar. 10	-	Common	Yes	
Bronzed grackle	Mar. 7	1	Mar.14	Mar. 14	-	Abundant	Yes	
Robin	Mar. 7	1	Mar. 8	Mar. 12	-	Abundant	Yes	
Junco	Mar. 9	50	Mar.12	Mar. 9	Apr.24	Abundant	No	A few winter
Canada Goose	Mar. 9	65	Mar.10	-	Mar.15	Tol.Com.	No	The largest flock I ever saw
Sharp-shinned hawk	Mar.12	2	Apr.26	-	-	Tol. Com.	Yes	
Song sparrow	Mar.13	1	Mar.14	Mar. 14	-	Abundant	Yes	
Red-winged blackbird	Mar.14	1	Mar.15	Mar.15	-	Abundant	Yes	

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Remarks
American								
sparrow hawk	Mar.14	1	Mar.15	Mar.23	-	Common	Yes	
Killdeer	14	1	15	23	-	Common	Yes	
Tree Sparrow	15	150	22	15	Apr.25	Abundant	No	A few winter
Rusty Black- bird	15	50	16	15	21	Abundant	No	
Phoebe	15	1	22	22	-	Common	Yes	
Fox sparrow	15	10	22	15	Apr.15	Abundant	No	
Dusky duck	19	12	21	23	Mar.23	Common	No	
Mourning Dove	21	1	Apr. 6	-	-	Abundant	Yes	
White-rumped shrike	22	1	11	-	-	Common	Yes	
Yellow-bellied woodpecker	22	1	16	-	-	Common	Yes	
House Wren	25	1	Mar.26	-	-	Tol.Com.	Yes	
Sandhill Crane	26	3	-	Mar.25	Mar.25	Tol.Com.	No	A few seen every spring
Kingfisher	26	1	27	-	-	Common	Yes	
Coopers Hawk	27	1	Apr.19	-	-	Common	Yes	

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Spring 1902 3.	Remarks
Flicker	Mar.27	1	April 8	-	-	Common	Yes		
Marsh hawk	29	1	23	-	-	Common	Yes		
Vesper sparrow	29	8	Mar.30	-	-	Abundant	Yes		
Great Blue heron	29	1	27	-	-	Common	Yes		
White-throated sparrow	Apr. 3	1	Apr. 6	May 18	May 18	Abundant	No		
Field Sparrow	4	1	5	-	-	Abundant	Yes		
Cowbird	6	1	14	-	-	Common	Yes		
Western red-tail	6	3	-	Apr. 6	Apr. 6	Rare	No		
Purple martin	14	2	Apr.15	-	-	Abundant	Yes		
Chipping sparrow	15	3	16	-	-	Abundant	Yes		
Golden-crowned kinglet	16	1	20	May 1	May 1	Abundant	No		
Brown Creeper	18	4	19	14	14	Common	No		
Bank Swallow	18	3	19	-	-	Abundant	Yes		
Barn swallow	18	5	21	-	-	Abundant	Yes		
Ruby-crowned kinglet,	19	5	21	May 14	May 14	Abundant	No		

Name of Bird	When	About	When	When	When	Is	Does	Spring 1902
	was it first seen?	how many were seen?	was it next seen?	did it be- come common?	was it last seen?	it common or rare?	it breed near your sta.?	4.
Myrtle Warbler	Apr. 19	8	Apr. 22	May 18	May 18	Abundant	No	
Wilson's Snipe	20	1	26	-	-	Common	Yes	
Pigeon Hawk	21	1	26	-	-	Tol. Com.	Yes	Found one nest
Chewink	22	1	23	-	-	Abundant	Yes	
Chimney Swift	24	4	28	-	-	Abundant	Yes	
Cliff Swallow	25	5	27	Apr. 27	-	Abundant	Yes	
Sora	26	1	27	27	-	Common	Yes	
Brown Thrasher	26	1	27	27	-	Abundant	Yes	
Spotted Sandpiper	27	5	30	27	-	Abundant	Yes	
Grasshopper Sparrow	30	5	May 7	30	-	Common	Yes	
Yellowlegs	30	2	-	-	-	Tol. Com.	No	
Rose-breasted								
Grosbeak	May 1	1	May 2	May 3	-	Abundant	Yes	
Baltimore Oriole	1	1	2	3	-	Common	Yes	
Ovenbird	1	2	3	3	-	Abundant	Yes	
Least Flycatcher	1	1	3	3	-	Abundant	Yes	
Yellow-throated								
Vireo	1	1	3	3	-	Common	Yes	
Kingbird	1	1	2	2	-	Abundant	Yes	

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?		About how many were seen?		When was it next seen?		When did it be-come common?		When was it last seen?		Is it common or rare?		Does it breed near your sta.?		Remarks
Cedar Waxwing	May	1	30		May	18	May	1	-		Common		Yes		All these warblers seen on May 3 & 4 were in a large straggling flock on the heavily wooded bottoms.
Scarlet Tanager		2	2			3		3	-		Common		Yes		
Black & White Creeper		2	1			3		3	-		Common		Yes		
Magnolia Warbler		3	5		-			3	May	3	Common		No		
Catbird	May	3	8		May	4	May	3	-		Abundant		Yes		
Red-eyed Vireo		3	3			4		3	-		Abundant		Yes		
Redstart		3	12			4		3	-		Abundant		Yes		
Blackburnian Warbler		3	2			4		3	May	15	Tol. Com.		No		
Ruby-throated hummingbird		3	1			4		4	-		Common		Yes		
Maryland yellow-throat		3	4			4		3	-		Abundant		Yes		

Spring 1902
5.

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?		About how many were seen?		When was it next seen?		When did it be- come common?		When was it last seen?		Is it common or rare?		Does it breed near your sta.?		Spring 1902 6. Remarks	
Warbling Vireo	May	3		1	May	4	May	4	-		Abundant		Yes			
Olive-backed thrush		3		1		6		6	June	1	Abundant		No			
Wood Thrush		3		1		4		4	-		Abundant		Yes			
Canadian Warbler		4		1		5		5	May	6	Tol.Com.		No			
Yellow Warbler		4		2		6		6	-		Abundant		Yes			
Chestnut-sided warbler		4		10		5		4	-		Common		Yes			
Cerulean Warbler		4		1	-		-		May	4	Tol.Com.		No			
Wilson's Warbler		4		1		6		6	12		Abundant		No			
White-crowned sparrow		4		25		6		4	23		Abundant		No			
Water thrush		4		1		5		5	30		Abundant		No			
Palm Warbler		4		8		6		4	12		Common		No			
Bobolink		5		1		17		17	-		Abundant		Yes			
Red-headed Wood-pecker		7		1		8		9	-		Abundant		Yes		They have not wintered for two years.	
Nighthawk		7		1		18		18	-		Abundant		Yes			

Name of Bird	When	About	When	When	When	Is	Does	Spring 1902	Remarks.
	was it first seen?	how many were seen?	was it next seen?	did it be- come common?	was it last seen?	it common or rare?	it breed near your sta.?	7.	
Whippoorwill	May 9	1	May 18	May 18	-	Common	Yes		
Bluewinged									
Warbler	10	5	17	17	-	Common	Yes		
Indigo Bunting	10	1	17	18	-	Abundant	Yes		
Black-throated									
blue warbler	10	2	12	12	May 25	Common	No		
Long-billed marsh									
wren	11	1	-	-	-	Common	Yes		
Winter Wren	11	1	-	-	-	Common	No		
Wood Pewee	13	1	May 17	May 18	-	Common	Yes		
Bay-breasted warbler	14	1	-	-	May 14	Tol.Com.	No		
Connecticut warbler	17	1	May 18	May 18	18	Tol. Com.	No		
Kentucky Warbler	17	1	-	-	17	Tol.Com.	Yes		
Philadelphia Vireo	18	4	May 19	May 20	20	Common	No		
Black-poll warbler	18	1	19	20	-	Common	Yes		Males of this species seen June 30 so I think they must breed here.

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Remarks
Mourning Warbler	May 18	1	-	-	May 18	Tol.Com.	No	
Great-created flycatcher	18	15	May 19	June 1	-	Common	Yes	
Wilson's thrush	18	1	19	May 18	-	Abundant	Yes	
Blackbilled Cuckoo	24	8	25	24	-	Common	Yes	
Yellow-billed cuckoo	24	12	25	24	-	Common	Yes	
Greater yellow- legs	24	2	-	-	May 24	Rare	No	
Dickcissel	30	1	May 31	June 1	-	Abundant	Yes	

June 1, 1902.

This morning I went over in T. Hacketts woods. There were a number of male Wilson's thrushes here and all were singing. I had supposed them to be olive-backs. The song was a flute like note repeated rapidly so as to run it together. They answered each other from all parts of the woods. The mosquito bothered so that I was obliged to climb a tree to escape them. A thrush was near me singing but because of the leaves I could not see it for some time. Finally it shifted its perch and I saw it. Between songs it picked but worms and insects. It gave a callnote like wheur a whea. It was not very wild.

T. Hacketts Woods. 9:30 a.m.

June, 1902.

A red-eyed Vireo flew by my acting much excited. He would sing a few syllables and then the petulant three rapidly several times ending up with a quick chitty chitty. Then he gave three about 30 or 60 times. I could not think what was the matter and so went on. Soon he came back accompanied by his mate who immediately flew to her nest and to my surprise began to tear it to pieces. She took a large mouthful and flew off with. I went up and looked at the nest after she had made several trips. It was made of sheep's wool and birch bark, a very pretty combination. As she did not come back I followed her up and saw the male singing on a dead limb. Then I caught sight of the female standing motionless by the nest with a big beak full of wool. I stood still for some time but as she did not move I walked off. A little later she flew up accompanied by her mate and went to the nest. There she pulled it around and arranged it standing on the brim. It took some time to do this. The male did not help her

at all but just went with and sang. Went up and looked at the nest. Another nest possibly a fresh one hung from the same crotch perhaps a first effort of the same pair. This was also made of wool and bark.

T. Hacketts Woods. - 10:30 a.m.

June 15, 1902.

This morning I went down in Fiske's pasture. Heard a queer note and following it into the meadow found two young vesper sparrows. They were unable to fly for the tips of the wing feathers just showed out of their cases. The legs were very much developed and they could hop quite a distance.

The down still clung to their feathers in many places. I found them out of the nest and about 20 feet apart. I placed them near a post and went to the house for a pencil. When I returned I could not find them for about half an hour. As soon they saw me they became silent finally I crawled up close and then stood and found them. The female was very anxious though not at all wild. The feeding note was tsee e-e. She gave a note like tsit. In a very sharp tone. She would hop around or sit within a few feet of me. The male came once and then went away after the female had chased him from a post. The birds looked some like young chippies except that the heads were not striped. They showed the white tail feathers already.

The back was mottled with black and rufous. The breast was white streaked with black. One had a much stronger voice than the other. The weaker one sounded like a grasshopper. The callnote was chip or chip chip or chor it. They were silent and kept quiet while I had them. They could perch readily.

Fiske's Meadow 9:00 a.m.

June 15, 1902.

This morning I was down by Spahrs. Saw a martin chasing a chimney swift. The martin closed with it once but after that the swift dodged so quickly that its pursuer could not swallow.

By Spahrs - 8:00 a.m.

June 15, 1902.

This morning I went down in the fields. By the ditch in Fiske's pasture I saw two female bobolinks. They seemed very tame. One saw on the fence about 15 feet away and preened its feathers. The other was a little more suspicious. It flew down to the mud and walked over it watching me closely when I raised my glass it flew.

Fiske's pasture 8:30 a.m.

June 17, 1902.

This morning I went up on the hill. Strange to say I saw a number of male chestnut sided warblers in the tops of trees bordering brush covered clearings, in which they were undoubtedly nesting. I saw no females. I have never seen more than one or two at a time before. They were in full song and kept entirely to the tops of trees.

Oak Hill - 10:30 a.m.

June 22, 1902.

This morning I was down in Doherty's. I followed the ditch down to the river. Quail tracks were very numerous, in the mud. They followed certain trails. There were young ones there as some tracks were small. Scared up several females and one male but saw no young.

Ditch - 9:00 a.m.

June 22, 1902.

This morning I was down in Maine's woods. Heard a peculiar whistling rippling song that at first I attributed to the spotted sandpiper but a few notes convinced me that it was the wood pewee and then I saw it. It was sitting on a limb in the sun singing. The song was very sweet and some parts were rather wren like. The regular notes were interspersed abruptly in it. A catbird near me mocked it. The song was as follows although with many variations and was drawn out by constant repetitions. I have collected the most prominent notes whis whis whis whe pet-e-o-wee pe-er pe ther wheet wheet wheer whur whe whe whuhl whur-l whur-l. Altogether it was an extremely pleasing song.

Maine's woods - 9:15 a.m.

June 22, 1902.

This morning I was down in the fields; a flicker flew over with a slightly bounding flight. It held its body more upright than most birds do. Like this line - - - ~~/~~ - - - flight. It gave a rippling note like cw-uh-uh-uh uttered as a whole several times.

Fiske's pasture - 8:30 a.m.

June 22, 1902.

This morning after breakfast I went down in the fields. Heard a note like the syllable th sounded and felt sure that it came from a young bobolink. Saw a female fly out of the grass near where the sound came from. The male came as near as he dared and seemed to try to drown it by singing and his efforts were quite successful. They both made a great fuss as all blackbirds do and got a female robin started. She made so much noise that I was forced to scare her away in order to hear anything. I examined the clump of grass in which the young ones were but found nothing. I marked it with a piece of paper and came away. The male seemed afraid of a male redwing for when one flew towards him he retreated. Once he lit

JUNE, 1902 - BIRD LIST.

Robin
Purple Martin
Chimney Swift
Song Sparrow
English Sparrow
Chipping Sparrow
Indigo Bunting
Field Sparrow
Baltimore Oriole
Rose-breasted Grosbeak
Kingbird
Bobolink
Bronzed Grackle
Bluejay
Catbird
Yellow Warbler
Cowbird
Warbling Vireo
Cliff Swallow
Cedar Waxwing
Least Flycatcher
Wood Pewee
Redstart
Bobwhite
Red-eyed Vireo
Wood Thrush
Maryland Yellowthroat
Wilson's Thrush
Downy Woodpecker
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker
White-breasted Nuthatch
Mourning Warbler
Yellow-throated Vireo
American Goldfinch
Chestnut-sided Warbler
Ruby-throated Hummingbird
Scarlet Tanager
Red-headed Woodpecker

Meadowlark
Water Thrush
Phoebe
Vesper Sparrow
Nighthawk
Whippoorwill
Dickcissel
Mourning Dove
Bank Swallow
Barn Swallow
Prairie Horned Lark
Red-winged Blackbird
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Bluebird
Brown Thrasher
Killdeer
Flicker
Great-crested Flycatcher
Grasshopper Sparrow
Ovenbird
Crow
Rough-winged Swallow
Spotted Sandpiper
Green Heron
Great-Blue Heron
American Bittern
Virginia Rail
Sora
Ruffed Grouse
Great Horned Owl
Barred Owl
Sparrow Hawk
Redtailed Hawk
Marsh Hawk
Coopers Hawk
Pigeon Hawk
Sharp-shinned Hawk
Red-shouldered Hawk
Black-billed Cuckoo
Kingfisher
White-rumped Shrike
Yellow-billed Cuckoo

Chicadee
Hairy Woodpecker
Louisiana Water Thrush
Black-pool Warbler
Black and White Warbler.

by his mate on the fence and edged over towards her with spread wings giving a hissing note and she flew.

Fiske's meadow - 8:15 a.m.

July 6, 1902.

This afternoon I was down by Skunk Rocks. Heard a pair of kingbirds high in the air and looking up saw them hovering. At once I thought "Hawk" and on the next instant a Coopers hove in sight. A goldfinch that had been singing happily flew up and hovered around calling pee wee and pity. The kingbirds attacked the Hawk and it lit in Dickie's woods.

Skunk Rocks - 3:00 p.m.

July 6, 1902.

This afternoon I went down the track. Saw a vesper sparrow singing from the top of a telegraph post. This was a rather unusual height for the bird. Generally they go no higher than a fence post.

Railroad track near Voeck's Marsh - 2:25 p.m.

July 8, 1902.

This morning I was down in Fullmers. Watched a song sparrow preening its feathers. It would turn its bill down as far as possible to get at the feathers on its breast. In scratching its head the foot was brought up over the wing. It was very alert and attractive in its actions.

Dan Fullmers - 10:15 a.m.

July 8, 1902.

This morning I went over on Fullmers. A vesper sparrow flew up, lit on a fence post then moved to a wire and finally returned to the ground. I sat down a short ways off and watched it. It seemed to prefer the pasture where the grass was short. It went through the grass like a mouse which gives it its country name of mousebird. It was feeding on grasshoppers and other

small insects. It kept a good watch over me. It would lower its head and lift its tail while hopping or running. It did not seem to mind the heat at least its mouth was kept shut. Another sang from the fence in a low voice. They have great power of moderation.

Dan Fullmers. 9:45 a.m.

July 8, 1902.

This morning I was down in Seeley's cornfield. Prairie horned larks were flying around in considerable numbers. Mostly in family groups of from 5 to 8. They flew low and kept up the suta note all the time. They did not stop.

Seeley's cornfield 11:00 a.m.

July 8, 1902.

This morning I was cultivating down at Seeleys. Red-winged blackbirds were numerous and fed in the soft dirt that had been cultivated. They had a note like quit which was given frequently and was probably the fall note. They walked around moving quickly as though no time was to be lost. They were not so excitable as they are in the marsh. They flew around from one place to another a good deal. They were mostly old ones or young ones which were caring for themselves.

Seeleys Cornfield - 10:45 a.m.

July 8, 1902.

This morning I was down by Dan Fullmers. A pair of meadowlarks had some young ones in a hayfield. The male was very anxious and kept up a harsh zweet zw-w-wt nearly all the time. The young kept up a constant grasshopperlike note. This could hardly be distinguished from the other sounds of the fields. Thus while letting the parents know they were hungry they were in no danger of detection by their notes. A kingbird lit on a post near them

and sat there for awhile. The male meadowlark flew down with an angry note and chased him and what surprised me most was that the kingbird made no effort to retaliate. The female fed them cutworms and measuring worms.

Dan Fullmers - 10:35 a.m.

The male did not feed them to my knowledge while I was there. He kept in the top of an oak and scolded me.

July 8, 1902.

This morning I was down in Dan Fullmers. Saw a pair of kingbirds along a wire fence. They sat so still that I did not see them at first. They made short sallies and returned to the fence generally in a new place. Once one sat for some time but saw nothing to eat and so flew to another place. One of them watched a yellow butterfly but decided it was not good to eat and so did not chase it. Perhaps its erratic movements had something to do with its immunity. They gave the impression of being very alert and kept up a constant watch on all sides.

Dan Fullmers - 10:30 a.m.

July 27, 1902.

This morning after breakfast I went down by Leiders bridge. A male goldfinch was feeding on some catnip seeds by the roadside. He was a trusting little fellow and allowed me to approach very close. He paid no attention to me at all as long as I stood still. Perhaps he thought that things that stood were not dangerous. He did not seem to find many good seeds in a head. Occasionally he raised head and sang. A rippling bubbling unrestrained song given rapidly and pleasingly. His black cap looked very pleasing. It did not cover quite all of its head. A passing wheelman scared him and he flew up and lit on a cornucopius.

Leider's Bridge - 8:30 a.m.

JULY, 1902 - BIRD LIST.

Chewink
Song Sparrow
Red-eyed Vireo
Warbling Vireo
Yellow-throated Vireo
Red-headed Woodpecker
Coopers Hawk
Goldfinch
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Blackpoll Warbler
Redstart
Downy Woodpecker
Red-tailed Hawk
Wilson's Thrush
Chicadee
Wood Thrush
Louisiana Water Thrush
White-breasted Nuthatch
Black and White Warbler
Yellow Warbler.
English Sparrow
Chipping Sparrow
Maryland Yellowthroat
Red-winged Blackbird
Kingbird
Crow
Vesper Sparrow
Cowbird
Wood Pewee
Hairy Woodpecker
Least Flycatcher
Phoebe
Prairie Horned Lark
Grasshopper Sparrow
Barred Owl
Bluejay
Great Horned Owl
Great Blue Heron
Quail
Partridge
Mourning Dove

Rosebreasted Grosbeak
Indigo Bunting
Bobolink
Meadowlark
Baltimore Oriole
Brown Thrasher
Catbird
Robin
Bluebird
Cedar Waxwing
White-rumped Shrike
Barn Swallow
Bank Swallow
Cliff Swallow
Spotted Sandpiper
Red-shouldered Hawk
Sharp-shinned Hawk
Sparrow Hawk
Kingfisher
Pigeon Hawk
Ruby-throated Hummingbird
Flicker
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker
Night Hawk
Whippoorwill
Chestnut-sided Warbler
Chimney Swift
Crested Flycatcher
Bronzed Grackle
Dickcissel
Scarlet Tanager
Ovenbird
Black Tern
Yellow-billed Cuckoo
Black Duck
Blackpoll-Warbler Green Heron
Great-Horned-Owl
Field Sparrow
Purple Martin

AUGUST

August 10, 1902 - Sunday.

This morning after breakfast I went down in the fields. Cliff swallows were abundant. For the most part they kept in the air. They flew at a height of about 50 from the ground. This surprised me for the insects would naturally be low down as it was a grayish rainy day. Perhaps they were only playing. One or two young ones who were probably not so strong on the wing as the others sat on the tassels of Mr. Fiske's corn. I made a drawing of one of them on the next page. It sat all humped and kept ~~turning~~ its head from side to side. It did not seem at all afraid. They all kept up a continuous conversation. The notes given were a shurring chwat and another note like chä. Occasionally one (probably an adult) would fly over me giving a note like peaw uttered in one syllable. The young ones sometimes answered with the same note.

The young ones on the wing chased each other and had friendly little spats in the air. All of them seemed to have an air of jollity about them. While I was writing my notes it began to drizzle. The swallows then came lower down and lit on barb wire fences. There were thirty or forty of them, mostly immature.

In Maine's woods (now owned by Jean Bonnel) I saw a red-eyed vireo feeding her one young one. It looked as if it had been out of the nest about three days. It sat on a grapevine about 25 feet up. Wishing to examine it I shook the vine a little and it fluttered down managing to fly just far enough to fall in the edge of the river. I fished it out and dried it off. It was a very tame sociable little bird and snuggled up to my coat to get warm. Unlike most young birds it was silent. I set it up in a tree and then sat down to watch it. The female came to feed it but could not find it at first. She gave a note like chit chit. After

After awhile she left without feeding it. The young one had a white breast, a grayish head and fuscous wings. The outer webs of the primaries and secondaries were yellow. I built a fire and warmed it a little and put it up in a tree.

While I was building a fire a spotted sand-piper lit on the log in the swimming hole and hunted for food after stretching its wings up as far as it could reach. It must have been a young one for it was not at all afraid of me. It waded out up to the big joint. Then it flew towards me and started to light about 6 feet away, but changed its mind and flew across the river.

On my way home I saw song and vesper sparrows feeding in the short grass of the lane. As I approached they flew into Vail's cornfield. They are beginning to gather in flocks. I caught a glimpse of a scarlet tanager with white on the shoulders. Frequently I heard a loud impatient jay jay given in a hurried manner. This was the call of a young bluejay whose mother had left it to take care of itself. They spend some time in screaming this way before they will accept the cold fact that they have got to rustle their own grub instead of having it provided by the mother.

*Immature
cliff Swallow.*

August 11, 1902 - Monday.

This morning about 9 o'clock Art Rudy and I went down to the swimming hole to take a picture of that young red-eyed vireo. We had some trouble in finding it. At last I walked under a tree and saw it. I took away and sit on a branch. It sat perfectly still and I took a front and side view of it. It watched while I moved around with evident interest. I set it on a limb and it began to call for food, a thing it had not done before. It gave two notes tsiap and tsup the last a modification of the 1st.

Then we climbed the big maple. I went out on a limb over the water and saw the wood pewee's nest

that I had hunted all over after. It was resting right flat on a crotch and the only position from which it could be seen was from above. It was a very flat nest. A part of it showed from one side but it looked like a bunch on the limb.

August 12, 1902 - Tuesday.

This morning before breakfast I heard the sharp chit of the water thrush in Pettey's cornfield. It was the first one of the fall. I went down there but did not see nor hear it for some time. Finally it flew over me and lit in a tree. In flight it showed a strong contrast of dark olive and yellow. It seemed ill at ease and finally flew off but did not seem to know where to go as it circled around several times. Afterwards I heard a cedar waxwing that had a very sharp long drawn note almost like that of a golden-crowned kinglet.

After breakfast I went down and cut that wood pewees nest off and took it down. There was not much lining in it. In some places the branch came through. Saw the red-eyed vireo. Seemed somewhat angry but made not audible protest. Once it flew by me and just missed my ear. The young wood pewee's were across the river. They kept up their soft notes all the time. Once in a while they became louder and sounded choked and by this I could tell when they were being fed.

About noon I went over to big Charlie Hengstler's to thrash. Vesper sparrows were quite thick on the way over as usual but I noticed that they were gathered more in flocks. A few song sparrows were mixed with them. Some of *Melospiza melodia* had a very loud clear song, and I noticed one in particular whose song was loud and also well and strikingly

Crested Flycatcher

arranged. A few probably young ones sang very badly. In Hewitts woods there were a great many young birds. Chipping sparrows and wood pewees I saw one crested flycatcher on the tip of a tree beyond Cady's. It sat very erect and kept a good watch. It always lit on the tip of the limbs. It was not so restless as the wood pewees and was silent. For a large flycatcher it did not seem very pugnacious.

Before I got to John Shaws I scared out a large red-tailed hawk. It flew off with an angry scream.

At Hingslers a great number of barn swallows were quartering the fields in all directions. They swept very close to the stubble as it was a cool cloudy day.

Saw one chewink on the way over and 4 prairie

horned larks came up out of a cornfield. They seem to prefer these fields now though the corn is very high. This is about the only soft ground they can find now as fall plowing has hardly begun yet.

August 14, 1902 - Thursday.

This morning before breakfast I went down by Carl Lange's. In Ricks grove the English sparrows were making a great fuss over a couple of bluejays. I whistled pink batter, one of their alarm notes to them and they flew off towards the bluff. A wood pewee started to chase them but changed its mind and turned back catching insects on the way.

I saw two crows down in Dalke's oat field. They flew off towards the marsh. Heard the ery-ery-ery of the nuthatch. What a spring sound that is. I was carried back to an early April morning with just a tinge of frost in the air with the nuthatches, juncos and chickadees calling in all directions.

August 15, 1902 - Friday.

This morning after breakfast Ed Dummer, Art Rudy, Burr Dickie, Clint Hanger and I went down the track. ~~in~~ the little gulley near the railroad bridge there was a flock of about 40 robins. There not so wild as fall robins usually are. A few sat on the track eating gravel. They were not very noisy. In Rob Dickies woods we saw some more. One young sat and looked at me on the ground.

Birds were very thick in a plantation of mulleins. A downy woodpecker was hammering grubs out of a big stalk. This will a good place for water birds.

Saw a flock of about 25 purple finches. They seem to like the dead tops of trees to perch in. Sunday morning I will come down and watch, I cannot this morning as the boys wish to move around.

The great length of their tails struck as peculiar.

Found a nest of *Ampelis cedrorum* that almost completely composed of sheeps wool.

August 17, 1902 - Sunday.

This morning after breakfast went down in the fields. The swallows were around as usual. Today they were down near the river.

Saw a song sparrow with a light yellowish brown tail and another with scarcely any tail at all.

In the edge of the corn field I scared up 6 half grown bobwhites. They had been taking a dust bath. A little farther I looked over a brush and there were about a dozen young quail less than a day old with their father. The male saw me immediately and trailed along the ground give a shrill whistled note. The young ones instantly ran or rather crawled into the high grass. I caught three. They were as big as the first joint of my thumb and had very large heads. They hid in little hollows near the roots of the grass and were very hard to find. When caught they gave a whistled note. They moved by a series of sudden jumps for they could not stand upright.

young bobwhite
1 1/2

August 29, 1902 - Friday.

This morning I heard a strange song and following it up saw a male Nashville warbler in Dockhams poplar. It was very restless and seemed to be flycatching among the limbs. It worked up to the top and then tipped and tumbled down again to the bottom branches. Occasionally it would sit

still on the tip of a branch in the sun. It was a prolific singer. The song in general character reminded me of the fall song of the song sparrow being given in much the same tone. It resembled the syllables chu su chu sut se suty suty sea. Sometimes the last half was trilled and trembled and it ended in various turns. The song was not very loud but was audible for some distance. The bird flew into some box elders and after hunting there awhile came back to the poplar.

This morning after breakfast Art Rudy and I went over in T. Hackett's woods. There were a great many vireos here. They were very restless and were hard to identify. Once I followed one for some distance thinking it was a warbler. Finally it began to sing and I knew for the yellow-throated. Almost immediately the whole grove in which I was echoed to vireo notes.

We went and sat down by the railroad track. Saw a black and white warbler in a tree. It crawled around very close to us. It was a pretty bird.

A yellow-bellied flycatcher lit on a limb for an instant and was gone. He was a gorgeous fellow about as big as a wood pewee. The underparts, two wingbars and the eye ring were yellow. The upperparts were olive. I did not see it again although I looked all over.

A Tennessee warbler also lit for an instant and looked at us. It had an ashy crown, a black bill, medium tail, white underparts and an olive green back. It was very restless and was soon gone.

Bluejays were flying around calling loudly and a pair of Indigo buntings scolded from some prickly ash bushes. When we passed there the female trailed along the ground and flew as though just able to move. I hunted for a nest and found one that had been freshly occupied and therefore judged she had young near.

Art picked up a downy woodpecker wing feather. It was fuscous with 7 white spots on the large web and three on the short. It was tipped with white. Went over to the half moon but saw nothing.

Heard a note like whit pe yer several times. I saw the bird a number of times before I could tell what it was. It kept to the tops of the trees and flew with fluttering direct flight or else sailed at rather long intervals. The note was given; finally it lit in plain sight and I knew it for a crested flycatcher.

On the way home we saw a yellow-billed cuckoo on a wire fence sunning itself. It did not seem alarmed but jerked its head quickly in many directions and once in a while pumped its tail slowly. It finally in a tree with a rotary dove-like flight and disappeared. Generally a cuckoo is simply a ghostly voice floating from some thick leaved tree and it was a new experience to view one about 30 feet off.

August 30, 1902 - Saturday.

Tonight after supper I went down by the river to set some traps. The few birds that I saw were very restless. A Nashville warbler chipped from the top of a tree and sat on a twig where I had a good view of it. Last fall I saw only one of this species. This year they are very common.

A waterthrush of the northern species flew up out of DuValls cornfield and lit in a crabapple tree. It seemed very tame for a waterthrush and must have been a young one. I saw it close by several times afterward and once it was so close that I could see the stripes on its breast in the dusk. All of the resident birds had gone to roost but these migrants were restless.

August 31, 1902 - Sunday.

This morning I went over on the Island. Birds were very thick. I came suddenly on a young male Grosbeak and he flew a few feet in a startled manner. His breast was rosy but the black of his plumage was spotted with brown.

The pasture had been cropped close by sheep. A family party of wood pewees occupied one spot near the big grove. It was rather windy and they fed near the ground. I noticed that they nearly

always perched in the shade. The perches used were rather low generally. One indulged in song and another chased it around evidently telling it to keep still.

There was also a pair of chipping sparrows with at least one young one and possibly more that they were feeding. The one (or more) kept up a constant suty seety all the time. The old hunted around on the ground and chased each other petulantly through the bushes. They were almost constantly in motion while hunting for food.

In one place I came across the following inscription nailed to a dead tree

It looking rather weather beaten and was not printed well but one could gather what was meant easily enough. The farmer that owns the land probably will never know of my visit unless the pewees or robins tell him for I will neither catch his fish, steal his butternuts, chase his sheep or kill the few little red squirrels that live here.

Robins were fairly thick here. I do not see them in town now except as a few fly over in the evening to a roost back of the hill. Here they were feeding on the ground and on elder bushes. They would light in a bush pick berries by stretching as far as possible. They did not seem quarrelsome for two lit in the same small bush to feed.

A white-bellied swallow, the second I have ever seen flew over about 250 feet up calling chat harshly. I thought it was a long billed

marsh wren at first. It flew north out of sight but in about five minutes came back still calling. Perhaps it was hunting for a large marsh.

Saw an immature magnolia warbler. The head was bluish gray; underparts yellow; sides and flanks lightly streaked with black or fuscous, throat lighter than rest of underparts, two yellowish white wing bars, back darker than head. Once I thought I caught a glimpse of black on its tail. The only note given was a low tsut generally given in answer to a robins or some other birds call. Soon another joined it. They were quite restless birds and seemed to feed near the ground. This may have caused by the wind which would keep the insects down. Finally I lost them.

While hunting for them I saw a great blue heron coming down stream. I lay down behind a bush and waited for it. The prevailing color in flight was bluish grey, with touches of a warm ruddy nature. It evidently saw me for it rose about 10 feet as it passed me, and then dropped down to its level of 10 feet above the river. It flew with long sweeping regular strokes and had its neck extended. It acted as though going to light in the big bend, but a careful stalk in that direction yielded no results. It must have risen and gone on to the Half Moon.

I returned now to my wood pewees or rather they returned to me for they had followed me to a grove of black ash trees. They caught their food with a bud snap of the bill. The young ones kept up their soft notes continually.

Two bluejays flew out of the grove and called loudly at the sight of me. I thought the other birds would be alarmed by them but they were not. Woodpeckers were well represented. A yellow-bellied pecked holes in a red maple to get at the sap. It was a young one and was silent. Two flickers wick ad at each other in the same tree. One flew when it saw me. A downy and a hairy, both females pecked the trees and the last named called loudly.

Saw a red-eyed vireo eat a few elder berries in the same bush with two robins. One of these robins was a young one and it kept up the feeding note as it pecked at the berries. The young one did not see me until I was close up and then it flew away with a great deal of flutter. One old one let me come as close as they do in town while it was on the ground.

Heard the note of a water thrush and following it up saw the bird feeding under a thornapple tree. It flew in front of me for some distance and then circled back giving a long drawn note like tsee-it. It was fairly tame.

This afternoon Art Rudy and I started for the Hemlock Bluffs. Saw a phoebe flying along Ristau's fence. It is the first I have seen for some time.

In Voll's woods wood pewees were very thick. I saw one clear on the top of a broken off limb. It was about 20 feet up. They hardly ever get that high.

By the spring in Voll's woods were a great number of sparrows. Song sparrows predominated with a sprinkling of chippers. They were feeding on weed seeds and all flew into the trees. One chipping sparrow lit in a very thick little tree. I walked under it and there it was about two feet above my head. It did not see me till I moved and then it flew away, much frightened. All had a note like tseet. Saw one adult song sparrow that had no tail. It flew across the river and as it had no tail it flew straight with a great fluttering of its small wings.

Along the river were a number of goldfinches. The young ones kept up a constant tse he all the time.

Red-headed woodpeckers were surprisingly quiet. We only saw two in Voll's pasture. They were both on the same tree and kept still on the shady side.

I heard a young chippy calling and looked it up. It flew to a log nearby and I reached over and picked it up. It had a tail about two thirds

the full length. It pecked at millers and little grasshoppers. It showed no fear at all of me but when my hand opened it flew a little ways. It scartched its head frequently and I thought at first that it was blind but it was not so. It kept up a continual feeding call. Then it flew across the river and we went on. We saw no old ones at all. I judge they have been killed because they feed their young until they are older than this one.

About 40 rods farther on I heard another and looking over the fence into Bill Lyon's pasture I saw two more of exactly the same size as the first. They kept close together and begged each other for food. Once one jumped on the other back and slid off over its head, In an effort to keep the lead. One was more wary than the other and kept that one alarmed. Finally I slipped my cap over one and picked it up. It lay passive in my hand and let me stroke its head. Then it flew away and went to feeding again. It lay perfectly still while in my hand with out spread wings as though petrified.

At the hemlocks there were hardly any birds. I heard some young red-eyed vireos and a crow and a single ovenbird flew out of the rank growth on the side of the hill. Towards night a flock of about 25 bobolinks flew over and nighthawks were common.

Red-headed woodpeckers were very quiet and kept in the shade as much as possible. Art found a white woodpeckers feather spotted with black near the tip.

The birds began to fly soon after dark. I could hear them calling and lighting in the trees.

SEPTEMBER.

AUGUST, 1902 - BIRD LIST.

Song Sparrow
Maryland Yellowthroat
Long-billed Marsh Wren
Red-tailed Hawk
Vesper Sparrow
Wood Pewee
Redstart
Redwinged Blackbird
Yellow-billed Cuckoo
Scarlet Tanager
Red-headed Woodpecker
White-breasted Nuthatch
Flicker
Bluejay
English Sparrow
Crow
Phoebe
Kingbird
Cowbird
Mourning Dove
Louisiana Water Thrush
Chipping Sparrow
Purple Martin
Barn Swallow
Bank Swallow
Kingfisher
Indigo Bunting
Catbird
Yellow-throated Vireo
Red-eyed Vireo
Warbling Vireo
Killdeer
Spotted Sandpiper
Sparrow Hawk
Chicadee
Rose-breasted Grosbeak
American Goldfinch
Downy Woodpecker
Prairie Horned Lark
Bobwhite
Bobolink

Meadowlark
Baltimore Oriole
Robin
Bluebird
Cedar Waxwing
Rubythroated Hummingbird
Whippoorwill
Chimney Swift
Red-shouldered Hawk
Crested Flycatcher
Bronzed Grackle
Water Thrush
Purple Finch
Coopers Hawk
Great Blue Heron
Night Hawk
Tennessee Warbler
Yellow-bellied Flycatcher
Green Heron
Nashville Warbler
Red-breasted Nuthatch
Black and White Warbler
Magnolia Warbler
Tree Swallow
Hairy Woodpecker
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker
Ruffed Grouse
Cliff Swallow
Least Flycatcher
Field Sparrow.

September 1, 1902 - Monday.

This morning the sun shone brightly and gave promise of a good day. Nashville warblers were flying south when I first got up but they did not begin to light in the trees for some time. They kept up a constant tseet all the time.

Some bluejays became to scream and alarmed the sparrows. Soon the cause of their alarm in the shape of a Cooper's Hawk came sailing by. It had a very long tail and flew a few quick flapping strokes and then sailed, after which it repeated the performance. It was like that of the meadow lark but lacked the snap of the latter's flight. It lit in the top of a dead by the ravines and I got the spy glass to look at it. It sat there clear at the tip top and kept sharp watch on all sides. I lowered the glass for an instant to adjust it and when I looked again it was gone.

Then I went over by the ditch. Nashville warblers were feeding in the little box elders and I stopped to watch them. Two kept together all the time. One chased the other all the time.

Heard a queer harsh zee or zee from Fiske's cornfield. At first I thought it was a meadow-lark. I followed it up and saw the bird but was not certain what it was. It flew and I followed it from one place to another. Finally another joined it and identifying them as song sparrows. Suddenly they flew from a perch on the fence into the weeds. An instant later the Coopers Hawk swooped fast and then circled off disappointedly.

A waterthrush flew up with a note like tse-ep given in a harsh sharp tone. I heard the same note afterwards given in flight.

September 5, 1902 - Thursday.

This morning after breakfast Art Rudy and I went over on the Island. Saw a number of family flocks of goldfinches. The young ones kept begging for food with rapidly vibrating wings, but the old ones paid no attention to them. The

youngsters would even light so close to them as to crowd them off the sunflower heads on which they were feeding. They followed the old ones all over and a sharp per-chic-o-ree from one or the other the whole flock would take wing and go to some other feeding ground.

Robins were thicker than they were Sunday and chipping sparrows were also more numerous. Both species were very tame and they both fed on the ground. The chippers were rather silent. Many of them were young ones. They kept bunched in small flocks.

The three kinds of vireos were present. I saw one male yellow-throat that was a beauty. He was low down for a wonder. He had quite a fine song for fall. Occasionally he lit in a dead tree and staid there for time.

We saw one magnolia warbler and a number of Nashvilles. Redstarts were rather rare.

We heard several purple finches and at last I saw two across the river. One was a male and his head looked bright red in the sun. He was very restless and kept constantly moving at one time. I thought he was catching insects but was not sure. The other one kept hid all the time. The first would fly into a tree work his way to the top and then take another and do the same. Once he lit in a dead one and staid there looking around for some. Finally it flew into a tree that was half hidden by another and we did not see it again.

Nashville warblers and song sparrows were quite thick. Saw one young song sparrow that was just learning to fly. It started across the river but fell in and had to flop to shore.

Farther on we climbed a tree and sat there. Robins and cedar waxwings were quite thick. One cedar waxwing sat in the next tree on a dead limb for some time. I made a drawing of it. Then it flew and we came down.

September 6, 1902 - Saturday.

Tonight it was rather cold and chilly. To my surprise I heard a lively chipper and looking up saw a pair of chimney swifts circling and dodging through the trees. They must have some young ones to take care of yet for they seemed vigorous and cheerful and were fully able to undertake the migration. The others left two weeks ago.

Saw a single nighthawk circling and sailing southward. It is curious that most of the night-hawks seen in the fall ~~are~~ going south or east. They must migrate some by day.

Along the river I continually scared up song sparrows from the weeds and they flew into the willows, calling tseet and chimping.

By the ravine in Maine's woods I saw a number of catbirds and indigo buntings. They flew in front and beside me for some distance.

A greyish bird about as big as a crow flew up from a boggy place across the river and went silently down stream. It had black markings around the head. I knew it for a black crowned night heron. The first I had ever seen. The flight was flapping and at a fair rate of speed as that of all herons is. Jean Bonnel said that he had seen it for several nights. He scared it up on this side among the brushpiles.

September 18, 1902 - Thursday.

This morning it was rather cloudy but the sun shone occasionally. The robins were very thick as usual. They roost in the maple trees and are very tame. Some of them have lost the neck feathers

by moulting and have a very queer look. They are not very noisy, but move around considerable. They are rather pugnacious. I saw some eating crabapples in Miss Gattiker's yard. In Hoags yard they bathe and drink in the pan.

(Baraboo)

There were also a number of bronzed grackles around. There is a flock of about 36 and as far as I can tell they are all males. They seem to keep in a certain territory. There were a number feeding on sweet corn with several bluejays. They are tame but when one flies all go generally. They drink but I have not seen them bathe as the robins and bluejays do.

Saw about eight olive-backed thrushes which had come in the night. They were rather wild and it was hard to get a fair sight of them.

Heard one or two myrtle warblers the first of the year. Some mornings birds are very abundant and on others hardly a one can be seen.

September 20, 1902 - Saturday.

This morning Jacques Pfannstiehl and I went out to Devils Lake to stay a day at their cottage. Everything was beautiful. There was a bank of fog that hung about 100 feet above the surface of the lake and obscured the tops of the bluff. Heard a new bluejay note at Kirkland. A harsh rattle with a sudden metallic turn at the end like kr-r-r-r-tink. Bluejays were very thick and could be heard calling in all directions. Saw one or two kingfishers while crossing the lake in a boat. As soon as we had put the things in Pfannstiehl's cottage we went hunting. Over back of Messengers we saw a male black-throated blue warbler. It acted like a redstart and I thought was one at first. It soon disappeared and we went on. Two red-tailed hawks sailed out of the woods ahead and circled away.

The woods were full of olive-backed thrushes. I looked at every one I saw trying to find one with greyish lores. They were very hard to get a good look at as after a moments pause they would fly on before I could get close enough for a good view. Once or twice I heard their call-note.

Field sparrows were also quite thick. Their only note was a faint tsee. I had not seen any for some time.

There were a few white-throated sparrows and purple finches around but they were rather more retiring than otherwise.

Olive-backed thrushes flew up from the ground near every little clump of trees and I saw one hermit, my first specimen. It flew up and lit and then went on. I was much surprised to meet this bird as the locality was dry and brushy.

Saw a number of catbirds and heard many more. A very few crows were heard.

Along the beach were numbers of sandpiper tracks, and kingfishers flew back and forth using the rocks for perches. The bluejays hunted along the beach also and were frequently seen perched on the rocks. At night I heard occasional bird notes and a great horned owl hooted nearly all night. It came up close to the cottage several times.

September 21, 1902 - Sunday.

This morning when I first got up I went after a pan of water. I had just reached the pier when an immature chestnut sided warbler lit by the water's edge to take a bath. It seemed rather afraid of the little waves but stepped in only to be thoroughly drenched by a wave about four inches high. This frightened it so that it would not go in again but kept hopping along the shore looking wishfully at the water. Then it flew into some bushes and I followed it along for a short distance. There was another bird with which I think was one of the same species but I could not get a good look

at it. The first was a young male. The underparts were white; with a reddish steak on the flanks; the head was greenish yellow streaked obscurely with dusky; wings and tail black; two white patches on outer tail feathers and two white wingbars. The note it gave was an indefinite tsit different from that of the Nashville warbler. It kept in the bushes for a ways but kept working higher all the time until it flew into the lower branches of an oak and I was unable to find it again.

Heard a yellow-throated vireo give a hollow trilling note entirely different from any other I had ever heard it give.

When we were going over to Kirkland we saw three or four spotted sandpipers. They flew for rather long distances for them but this was accounted for by the distance apart of suitable feeding grounds.

At Kirkland about fifteen bluebirds were sitting around in the trees. Jacques did not know what they were at first.

There was a tame crow here named Pat that he used to own. It would eat out of any ones hand and would keep just out of reach if you tried to catch it. Otherwise it would come very close. It could say "hello" very distinctly. It was in full plumage.

This afternoon at home I went over to the Half Moon. In F. Hackett's woods redstarts were quite thick. They were very restless and hard to see. They flew from one part of the woods to the other continually.

Olive-backed thrushes were fairly numerous and I saw a flock of about 50 purple finches in the farther side near the track. They were feeding on the ground and on the trees and contained red and yellow ones. The yellow ones were females and young.

When I had reached the Half Moon it began to rain. Birds were consequently rather quiet.

A great horned owl hooted from a tree by the edge of the Half Moon but I did not look it up then for I was watching a mink which was working towards me. By the time I had started to look it up it had flown across the river where I could hear it for some time. It shifted its position continually and kept hooting at short intervals.

Robins seemed rather alarmed to hear it.

September 22, 1902 - Monday.

This morning there were a number of robins in Hoags yard. They were bathing by turns in a pan about fifteen feet from where I was sitting. The first one to come puffed its breast feathers out as far as possible and jumped and splashed across. It did this several times and then went off. The next seemed afraid to go in and kept sidling along the edge. Another came up and jumped in. They cracked their bills sharply but did not fight. Then the timid one went in and after a few more sharp cracks the other left. A male came but was promptly chased away. They got so much water in their wing feathers that it was hard for them to start to fly.

September 28, 1902 - Sunday.

The 23rd I shot a Coopers Hawk over by the Half Moon. I heard it scream tse-hee and then saw on the stub of a limb. The bullet went in just above the wing bone. The bird was disabled but not much hurt. I carried it home on the end of my gun. It watched me fiercely all the way with wings raised as if to strike and open mouth. Occasionally it would try to fly but was only able to go a few feet. It did not try to use its beak for defence but struck at any threatening object with its feet. Its grasp was very tenacious.

I put it in the cow stable and gave it sparrows and water. It ate on an average 2 sparrows a day. I generally gave it four or five

SEPTEMBER, 1902 - BIRD LIST.

English Sparrow
Bluejay
Sharp-shinned Hawk
Nashville Warbler
Song Sparrow
Cedar Waxwing
American Goldfinch
Bobolink
Bluebird
Crow
Spotted Sandpiper
Water Thrush
Maryland Yellowthroat
Purple Finch
Coopers Hawk
Green Heron
Louisiana Water Thrush
Black-crowned Night Heron
Redstart
Wood Pewee
Indigo Bunting
Least Flycatcher
Downy Woodpecker
Phoebe
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Crested Flycatcher
Red-headed Woodpecker
Kingfisher
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker
White-breasted Nuthatch
Quail
Chicadee
Night Hawk
Yellow-throated Vireo
Warbling Vireo
Red-eyed Vireo
Vesper Sparrow
Catbird
Robin
Flicker
Red-winged Blackbird

Bronzed Grackle
Yellow-billed Cuckoo
Scarlet-Tanager
Mourning Dove
Chipping Sparrow
Cliff Swallow
Rose-breasted Grosbeak
Prairie Horned Lark
Ruby-throated Hummingbird
Chimney Swift
Ovenbird-
Pigeon Hawk
Brown Creeper
Winter Wren
White-throated Sparrow
Red-breasted Nuthatch
Hairy Woodpecker
Kingbird
Olive-backed Thrush
Myrtle Warbler
Golden-crowned Kinglet
Black-throated Blue Warbler
Hermit Thrush
Field Sparrow
Wood Thrush
Red-tailed Hawk
Great Horned Owl
Chest-nut sided Warbler
Junco
White-crowned sparrow
Barred Owl
Ruffed Grouse.

at a time and it would seize one and eat most of it and then seize another. After holding it a minute its grasp would slowly relax and it would drop watching it keenly after it lit. It would do this until all were gone as long as I was in sight it watched me with open beak and one wing raised threateningly. After I had gone out it would watch the door for 10 or 15 minutes slowly closing its beak with a series of almost imperceptible jerks. Then it would watch other things. The cry of a bluejay seemed to alarm it, and on hearing it it would dash widely at the window and after hanging there a minute fly back to its perch.

During its captivity it made no sound whatever. The excreta collected around its perch had a very strong smell.

This afternoon I took it down in Bunnells woods and let it go. Burnnel has bought M. Maine's farm. Its wing was healed up and it could fly fairly well. In about 15 minutes it had disappeared.

OCTOBER.

October 5, 1902 - Sunday.

This morning before breakfast I went down in Bunnells woods. White-throated sparrows were very thick. They fed in a patch of weeds and were especially thick around brushpiles and clumps of bushes. They were quite noisy and were rather pugnacious. They sang quite a good deal with varying results, good or bad. One that I heard I mistook for some one whistling "good morning Carrie, how are you this morning". It had the tune exactly. Others probably adults gave the song perfectly. There were a few song sparrows with them who gave the intricate warbling fall song that was apparently without beginning or end. Occasionally one gave a good clear song that stood out strongly from the undercurrent of bird notes and songs which came from all sides. I should

like to hear a white-throat finish its song once. By the tone they always start in the middle and stop before they get to the end. Maybe the reason that the song is so sad is that the bird is sorry because it cannot finish it. Now when I started I thought as I sat down by a cornshock away from the sun that I did not have much to say about white-throats but now I see I am mistaken.

Myrtle warblers and ruby-crowned kinglets were also here. One of the latter keep up a constant rippling warble all the time. It was not much like the mating song.

Up by Vails I heard a meadowlark and going up there saw the singer on a wire of a fence rather an unusual location, according to my experience and two more in a tree. As I approached they flew out and one took to chasing the other. Every turn was followed as though it had all been planned out before hand. After a few turns it stopped but the other happening to pass too close over the chase was taken up again. Then they separated and the pursued went off. The pursuer lighting in a field after it had been joined by the singer.

A flock of prairie horned larks flew over accompanied by two American pipits; bluebirds also were flying, some calling turwee and others singing each according to its temperament probably; one saying it was fall and another spring.

After breakfast I went over in Tim Hacketts sheep pasture. Just as I entered the first grove a wave of migrants seemed to pass through towards the south. There were golden and ruby-crowned kinglets and myrtle warblers. The woods were silent one minute and the next were full of tiny flitting forms. They seemed in a hurry to be going. It was cloudy and this may account for it as enemies would not be so liable to see them. The kinglets gave a tsit note on the wing. They fought with each other with loudly snapping bills but as far as I could see without much damage to each other.

Those that fought, however, seemed to keep always together. They were very tame and allowed me to approach closely. The kinglets especially would work up until they were right beside of me. This grove was deserted for a clump of scattering ash trees and thornapples to which I followed them. I was attracted back to the first grove by the cawing of crow and endeavored to get a close view but was seen first as usually happens, and had only the pleasure of seeing a fleeting black form through the limbs of the trees as the crow flew off calling derisively. But my trouble was repaid after all for another wave came through the trees this time with more variety as to species. A few juncos came straggling along in the rear of the flock. They kept high up in the trees, a thing for which I was not looking. They all seemed to be males at least all that I looked at were. A bluejay screamed harshly as a signal that a hawk was coming. I think it must have been trying to frighten the other birds for I could not see one anywhere. A bird back of me in the bushes gave a low chuck and turning around I saw a hermit thrush. My second one. The tail was distinctly brighter than the back and for once a strange bird gave me a good sight of it from all sides. Generally it is easy enough to get the breast with its markings, but the back is an entirely different matter.

Now for some sparrows, and in fact nearly all a front view is almost always necessary but the provoking things always watch me over their shoulders and nearly always I am afraid to try to work around for fear they will fly. But to return to my hermit. He was very complaisant in showing his colors. He sat on one perch but as soon as he was noticed flew to another behind a tree out of sight. I followed him, however, got another good look and heard it give the alarm note before it disappeared to be seen no more.

Then I went across the bridge into Tim Hackett's woods.

Heard a purple finch sing here. It was a very sweet rippling song reminding me somewhat of the ruby-crowned kinglets. I had heard over in the pasture. I had some difficulty in locating it but finally saw it in a basswood where it resembled the bunches of dry leaves hanging around it. It did not seem to mind my presence much but kept on singing. It would preen its feathers and then sing.

The day was warm with slight dashes of rain so that birds were moving late. A day like this seems a better one for observation than a warm sunny one. On sunny days the birds soon settle down to feeding generally in a restricted area and are as a rule more silent.

October 19, 1902 - Sunday.

This morning the sun shone in a halfhearted manner from under a thin veil of fleecy clouds occasionally finding a rent and for a moment shining with good strong rays on the earth below. A rather cool northwest wind was blowing. I started for a walk intending to stay all the forenoon and to end at the Hemlock Bluffs. In Fiske's pasture three meadowlarks flew up from a sheltered weedy ~~swale~~ and flew without a sound to a big oak. A cloud of dead leaves torn off by the wind came out towards like messengers to welcome them. Four others flew out of a similar situation and joined them. One tried to light in a bunch of leaves but failed and turning lit on a fence post.

By the edge of Bunnels pasture were a number of juncos and a few purple finches. The finches of course were singing and the juncos fought with them but without advantage to either side.

Heard a red-bellied woodpecker and tried to watch it but did not succeed very well. It was in a tree and hitched up higher giving the notes which had called my attention to it. It looked at me rather suspiciously I thought and finally flew off to some other woods.

I sat down by the big maple to try my notes. A hairy woodpecker lit above. He hit the tree a number of times with his beak and it sounded like the cracking of ice when it is first tried because my ear was close up to the trunk.

A single rusty blackbird flew over singing and calling. The song rippled along smoothly for a few notes and then ended in a sudden bubbling outburst of music that ended as abruptly as it had begun.

By the coulee I scared up a sparrow which lit on a bush just across from me. It had all the markings of a tree sparrow but I wanted to see the spot on its breast as it might have been some other kind. But this the bird positively would not allow me to do. It dodged around and hid in a tangle of honeysuckle so that I could not see it. Then it went in a brushpile where it was joined by another of the same species. I tried to work around so as to see them there but they flew into a willow some distance off where at last I got the view I wished and identified them as tree sparrows. They called to each other all the time and each call was answered.

By the river I saw a songsparrow in a thick tangle of brush. I stood directly above it and watched. It seemed to realize my presence as is often the case with birds and animals as long as they don't see me move.

It hopped around feeding and kept no watch above it all as it was protected by bushes. It was very restless and kept hopping around in a restricted area. A mink came swimming along as it sat on a willow twig two or three inches above the water. The sparrow paid no attention to it until it was nearly under it when it took a perch about a foot higher. The mink looked up with longing eyes but did not try to capture it. Both were utterly oblivious of my presence.

A white-throated sparrow last week followed a mink along for some distance calling excitedly. Perhaps he had had some experience with such beasts in his northern home. But to return to my song sparrow. I squeaked to it but it did not seem much alarmed.

Went on over into Seeley's marsh. Sparrows were fairly abundant. Saw a few with song sparrows that I did not recognize at first, as I got only a glimpse of them but soon knew them as swamp sparrows. They were smaller and lighter colored. They were feeding on stick tights and other seeds found abundantly in the marsh. The birds here seemed rather wild.

Saw several more tree sparrows. These were much wilder than the first ones.

In Fullmer's cornfield were a number of bluejays gathering corn. They flew down and hammered it off as it lay already husked in piles. They flew off and hid it near the hemlocks most generally. I sneaked up and hid behind some thistles. They seemed to pass some piles by for others and frequently one would go to two or three before taking any corn. They were quiet generally but occasionally one would become alarmed at something and scream loudly.

A red-bellied woodpecker joined them. He was very shy and only made two trips before he saw me. I did not see him on the ground at all. He flew up to a tree with the kernels and pounded them into the bark trying several spots each time before finally driving it home. He was manifestly ill at ease and kept peering around the trunk at me as I crouched half hidden behind the thistles. My legs became too cramped and I shifted my position slightly. At this he flew away calling excitedly and would not come back.

I hid in a cornshock to watch the jays but one saw me just before it lit and they all kept on the farther side.

In a plowed field nearby I could hear a number of prairie horned larks. I came slowly upwind in their direction. I expected to find them on a sheltered south slope but in reality they were out on the windswept flat. They were very tame and kept flying just a few feet off before I could distinguish them from the ground. They always turned their backs as I approached and so were near indistinguishable from the dirt. I identified about 6 horned larks out about 40 of the common prairie species. They all had about the same habits. If any others flew around the others watched them closely and at times crouched as though to join them. They were widely spread though generally one or two or more fed close together. They called and sang continuously. The young had a broken song somewhat different from that of the adults.

They were accompanied by one American pipit. It looked quite sparrowlike when I first saw it. It fed just about the same as the larks but seemed a trifle more upright in carriage. It soon flew and mingled with the others so that I lost it and I left them.

Went on over to the Hemlocks. Saw a crow walking around in the cornfield where I had watched the jays. It was picking off corn and eating it. It walked from one pile to another and coming to a rough place flew over it with a single flap of its wings. In the weeds were some white-throated sparrows the first I have seen this week. They were singing some.

The cave was full of junco tracks and those of other sparrows. They had probably come there for sand to aid in digestion. I wonder when they go there. I have never seen any birds in there except the phoebes which nest there in the summer time.

October 20, 1902 - Monday.

This morning about 10:30 I went over towards the fair grounds. It was warm and pleasant. As I started two redbreasted nuthatches lit on the top of a Norway spruce in Miss Gattiker's yard and ran about as though looking for something to fight in the regular nuthatch manner. They chased each other around calling harshly ratch ratch. One flew out and fought an English sparrow that happened to be passing upon no provocation whatever.

Juncoes were very thick in the thickets. On every side I could hear their subdued trills which occasionally broke all restraint and bubbled out in rippling warbles that reminded me of spring with its myriad tinkling brooklets. Their soft greyish dress blended appropriately with the dark background of shrubs, and their songs were mingled with the subdued rattle of dry leaves on the branches in such a manner as to make an agreeable half sound very pleasing to the ear. They were quite tame but did not like to have me watch them on the ground if I was too close. I managed to watch two though only a short distance away. One only was in plain sight, the other kept well hid among the weeds. They were feeding, lamb quarter and other seeds which had fallen to the ground. When they got to close there was always a low fusillade of chrring notes until they had gone farther apart. They seemed heedless of me as long as I stood still. They fed in a hurried manner picking a morsel here and another there without taking all in sight as they do in winter. On farther one lit on a rail fence about 20 feet away and then went to the ground where it was covered with grass. The others all seemed to prefer a cover of weeds and bushes. It seemed to find something to eat on the dead leaves which were lying about. They were continually flying around from one cover to another. The weed grown field where I had watched

OCTOBER, 1902 - BIRD LIST.

Robin
Bluebird
White-Crowned Sparrow
White-throated Sparrow
Olive-backed Thrush
Winter Wren
Junco
Golden-Crowned Kinglet
Ruby-Crowned Kinglet
Myrtle Warbler
Brown Creeper
Barred Owl
English Sparrow
Bluejay
Crow
Chewink
Field Sparrow
Indigo Bunting
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker
Song Sparrow
American Goldfinch
Purple Finch
Vesper Sparrow
Prairie Horned Lark
Bronzed Grackle
Mourning Dove
Downy Woodpecker
Phoebe
Kingfisher
White-breasted Nuthatch
Chicadee
Quail
Rusty Blackbird
Fox Sparrow
Pine Siskin
Wilsons Warbler
American Pipit
Meadowlark
Coopers Hawk
Hairy Woodpecker
Red-bellied Woodpecker

Canada Goose
Hermit Thrush
Waterthrush
Flicker
Red-tailed Hawk
Great Horned Owl
Red-winged Blackbird
Ruffed Grouse
Tree Sparrow
Swamp Sparrow
Horned Lark
Pied-billed Grebe
Evening Grosbeak

the first two seemed to be a favorite place.

October 25, 1902 - Saturday.

This morning Art Rudy and I went down in the fields. It was cloudy with a chilly east wind. It had rained in the night.

In Duvall's cornfield were 6 or 8 bluejays getting corn. We saw one on a corn shock and watched. It would reach out so far that it would nearly overbalance, get a raindrop and recover itself with a stroke of its wings.

They all left when we went through. They were very conspicuous as they flew about in the open. They seemed to light in the small trees along the river and then go across, though one flew off towards town screaming loudly to alarm the others.

NOVEMBER.

November 23, 1902 - Sunday.

This morning it was clear and frosty. The wind was from the southwest and was rather chilly. Birds were rather scarce. Saw one Bluejay in Vail's cornfield. My attention was attracted to it by its harsh calls and it flew from one cornshock to another.

Several times I heard a single purple finch flying over but could not find it. Finally it lit in tree in front of me. It called some and hopped around in the usual fashion of the species. I moved closer and it flew across the river. Saw two bluejays near where it lit. They were feeding on the ground.

Heard three or four evening grosbeaks flying over but failed to see them.

Saw a mink eating some bird. A junco I think. It dove when it saw me. When it came up it shook itself and went to eating again.

Saw a flock of bobwhites on a brushpile sunning themselves. I came towards them as slowly as possible. When I was about 30 feet off one, a male dashed off like a racehorse and keeping itself under cover as much as possible made for another brush heap. It was followed by another and as I approached closer the whole flock of about 15 flew out and went across the river.

I got 5 birds nests; a song sparrows, redstarts, catbirds, goldfinchs and a cedar wax-wing. Several I could not get.

November 30, 1902 - Saturday.

Last night I came up here to Sullivans and this morning a little after five Bernie and I started out deer hunting. There was about 3 inches of snow on the ground and more fell continually. Birds seemed to be rather scarce. Twice during the forenoon did parties of chickadees come through the woods. They were very restless and seemed ill at ease. They were very tame and gathered around me questionally as though wondering what I was. They came so close that I almost looked for them to light on me. The beautiful soft tints to the feathers could be seen to good advantage and the yellow on the flank was quite marked in both cases. They did not stay long but hurried away in an easterly direction.

Ruffed grouse were very abundant. Their tracks crossed the snow in all directions. In some places where two came close to each other wings would show where the male had strutted for a few feet with dragging wings, probably for the edification of a hen.

They flew up in front of us in flocks of three or four generally and went above the tops of the trees for a ways and then soared down. This high flight struck me as rather peculiar.

Their tracks ran along logs as though they delighted to walk them.

The only other birds seen all day were two bluejays who gave a warning call to two deer which lay in a thicket. We stopped dead still but they went out on the other side.

NOVEMBER 1902 - BIRD LIST

Evening Grosbeak
Junco
English Sparrow
Tree Sparrow
Song Sparrow
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Hairy Woodpecker
Chicadee
White-breasted Nuthatch
Bluejay
Downy Woodpecker
Red-tailed Hawk
Crow
American Goldfinch
Prairie Horned Lark
Brown Creeper
Purple Finch
Quail
Rusty Blackbird
Red-winged Blackbird
Ruffed Grouse
Northern Shrike
Pintail
Pine Siskin
Bronzed Grackle
Great Horned Owl

Fall Migration - 1902.
North Freedom and Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Remarks
Water thrush	Aug.12	1	Aug.14	Aug.29	Oct. 5	Common	No	
Purple finch	15	25	20	20	Dec. 1	Common	No	Are still at
Long-billed marsh wren	15	9	16	20	Aug.30	Common	No	date of mailing I have never found the nest here.
Red-breasted nuthatch	24	1	Sept.10	Sept.10	Sept.12	Common	No	Very common this fall.
Nashville warbler	26	25	Aug. 27	Aug. 29	26	Common	No	
Yellow-bellied flycatcher	29	1	-	-	Aug. 29	Rare	No	The first I have seen.
Tennessee Warbler	29	1	-	-	29	Rare	No	A new species to me.
Night hawk	30	205	Aug. 31	Aug. 30	Sept.22	Abundant	Yes	A few breed
Tree Swallow	31	1	Sept.10	-	Oct. 19	Rare	No	

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Remarks
Magnolia warbler	Aug. 31	2	Sept. 5	Sept. 5	Sept. 7	Common	No	
Pigeon hawk	Sept. 9	1	20	-	Oct. 30	Tol. Com.	Yes	A very few breed
White-throated sparrow	13	4	14	20	Sept. 26	Abundant	No	A few winter
Brown Creeper	13	2	17	17	-	Common	No	
Winter wren	14	1	19	27	Sept. 27	Common	Yes	Found nest- ing at Devil's Lake.
Olive-backed thrush	18	8	19	20	30	Common	No	
Myrtle warbler	18	2	19	29	Oct. 10	Abundant	No	
Golden-crowned kinglet	18	1	25	25	-	Common	No	
Black-throated blue warbler	20	1	25	25	Sept. 30	Tol. Com.	No	
Hermit thrush	20	1	Oct. 5	-	Oct. 30	Tol. Com.	No	A new species to me.
Chestnut-sided warbler	20	1	Sept. 22	25	Sept. 30	Common	Yes	A few breed

Fall 1902
3.

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Remarks
Junco	Sept. 25	2	Oct. 2	Oct. 5	-	Abundant	No	
White-crowned sparrow	26	4	Sept. 27	Oct. 2	Oct. 10	Common	No	
Ruby-crowned kinglet	Oct. 3	6	Oct. 5	5	29	Abundant	No	
Rusty blackbird	3	35	12	3	Nov. 16	Abundant	No	
Fox sparrow	5	2	11	11	Oct. 30	Common	No	
Pine Siskin	5	1	18	28	-	Abundant	No	
Wilson's Warbler	5	10	-	-	Oct. 5	Common	No	Rather rare this fall.
American Pipit	5	2	Oct. 11	Oct. 11	Oct. 19	Common	No	
Chewink	5	15	11	11	19	Common	Yes	Breeds a few miles north.
Canada Goose	10	10	28	-	Nov. 2	Tol. Com.	No	
Tree Sparrow	19	12	21	Oct. 26	-	Abundant	No	
Swamp Sparrow	19	8	26	19	Oct. 26	Common	No	
Horned Lark	19	6	20	26	Nov. 10	Common	No	

Name of Bird	When	About	When	When	When	Is	Does	Fall 1902	Remarks
	was it first seen?	how many were seen?	was it next seen?	did it be- come common?	was it last seen?	it common or rare?	it breed near your sta.?		
Pied-billed Grebe	Oct.19	2	-	-	Oct.19	Tol.Com.	No		
✓ Evening grosbeak	Nov. 2	4	Nov.9	Nov.16	-	Abundant	No		This very early for them
Pintail	Nov. 9	30	-	-	Nov. 9	Tol. Com.	No		
Northern Shrike	16	1	Nov.27	-	-	Tol. Com.	No		

There are a few English sparrows around. They stay in barn and are hard to approach as they have been shot at. When scared up they generally fly over to the next farm.

DECEMBER.

December 7, 1902 - Sunday.

This morning it was dull and cloudy with a rather brisk west wind. The ground was covered with nearly a foot of snow and in the woods it was kneedeep. I went down through the swimming hole woods. Saw where the quails had been feeding in a cornfield. The tracks led into the woods. The thickets of hazel and prickly ash were bent down and formed little covered bowers under which the tracks were very thick. In one place I saw the large snowshoe tracks of a bluejay where it had hopped along the snow for a few feet. I could not see what it had found to eat but something must have called it down.

Farther down across from the plum orchard in the Hackberry woods I heard a loud continuous tapping but could not locate it at first, but after a good deal of watching saw a female hairy woodpecker out on a limb in plain sight. I was beginning to think I had lost my eyesight. It kept up a call all the time but had a very weak voice.

There were also two pairs of white-breasted nuthatches here. They also were hard to locate and were not so noisy as is usual. They kept up a low conversational note all the time however. There was only about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the tree trunks that they could work at as the rest was covered with snow. I watched one getting larva of some sort from the bark of a hackberry and then tried to find one myself but of course failed. They must have very good sight. I think that they prospect with their bills and thus help find them as they could thrust through the bark into the home of the grub.

The birds in a pair always kept near one another.

December 25, 1902 - Thursday.

This morning I started out to take a bird census. It was cold and windy and was altogether a very poor day. However, I secured ten species and 56 individuals.

Bobwhite.....	10
Ruffed grouse	1
Hairy woodpecker	1
Downy woodpecker	1
Bluejay	1
Pine siskin	38
Tree sparrow	5
Junco	3
White-breasted nuthatch	4
Chicadee	2

The downy woodpecker was very tame. It let come up to four feet of it before it flew. The biting cold seems to take the sense of fear out of all birds.

December 29, 1902 - Monday.

This morning I went over to the hemlock bluffs. It was warm and sunny. My first bird was bluejay across from the plum orchard. I was walking on the ice with my head down, thinking when I heard a slight noise and looking up saw it pecking at a bunch of leaves. Until I raised my head it paid no more attention to me than it would to a cow or sheep though only about fifteen feet away. But with that quick movement it recognized my true character and flew hurriedly into a farther tree.

I saw no more birds until I reached the hemlocks. I came up to the rail fence I heard a purple finch and there was a flock of about 35 of them. I seated myself on the fence and they all

came into the trees around to have a look at me. They seemed to be full of curiosity but it was soon satisfied and they disappeared over the edge of the rocks by ones and twos. They lit close to me and were not afraid while I sat still, but when I moved they flew off only to return the minute my back was turned. I cannot imagine why they are here. Never before have I see them in winter. They stayed very late though, the last fall one being seen December one, and one was seen November thirty~~one~~. Some bluejays began to call and they all began to stream back over the rocks calling softly. Nothing of interest seemed to be doing however for they all went back in a minute or two. It was a pleasing sight to see these bright cheery birds against the white snow. They seemed as much out of place as a warbler would in the same place. The sight of them gave me an indefinite feeling that something was lacking. I long for the cool breezy delightful April days when on every hand I hear the tinkle of innumerable brooks all going on on. Where will they stop? Why do they always flow onward? Why does the thought of them make me feel a longing to be up and away seeing strange lands and stranger birds? But I must awake from my revery. It is midwinter and the sun is approaching noon. Queer thoughts for a boy of 16 when the snow is a foot deep.

I followed Hemlock Creek up to Phoebe Rocks and then went over the hill through Weinke's clearing dotted with innumerable fox tracks to the road and across that. Here I saw six or eight chickadees, tame little fellows feeding on grubs from the dromwood trees. In places the ground is fairly covered with the yellow husks which they have dropped. One found a dried up grub but lost its grip on it and dropped it. It got it but I in trying to see how close I could get made it lose it again. I remained quiet and it lit in the snow but flew without it when it saw me. It did not come near while I remained, but I do not doubt that as soon as I was out of sight it got it again.

DECEMBER, 1902 - BIRD LIST

Bluejay
Evening Grosbeak
Crow
Purple Finch
White-breasted Nuthatch
Downy Woodpecker
Ruffed Grouse
Hairy Woodpecker
Quail
Chicadee
English Sparrow
Junco
Tree Sparrow
Northern Shrike
American Goldfinch
Great Horned Owl
Brown Creeper
Screech Owl
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Barred Owl
Red Breasted Nuthatch
Pine Siskin

They held the seeds firmly between both feet and hammered at them until they were broken.

A downy woodpecker was hunting through Weink's clearing. It seemed out of place in the open hunting on Mullein stalks and oak bushes three or four feet high. I followed closely until it became alarmed and flew to the trees.

Crossed the road and went down in an offshoot of Hawk Creek. Heard a thin, high note repeated excitedly from a clump of pines above me and recognized it as coming from a red-breasted nuthatch. I thought from the sound that it had found an owl. As I approached the note ceased and I could find neither nuthatch nor owl in the thick dark pines.

December 30, 1902 - Tuesday.

Today I was over by the mouth of the slough. A small owl flew out of a willow bush into a large tree from whence no amount of sticks could scare it. It was a screech owl in the Red Phase. It sat there looking around not seeming in the least bit afraid. I threw a stick up to within six inches of it but it only looked at me. Finally it flew from one tree to another, across the river and then over towards fourth slough. Once it lit about a foot above my head.

1903

JANUARY.

January 11, 1903 - Sunday.

I think that at least one Chickadee lives in Mrs. Russels Norway spruces. Everytime I go out to the barn I am greeted with a seety seety and if I watch long enough am sure to see a flutter of wing against the dark needles. It comes over to the little elm in the back yard for suet and sunflower seeds and also gets sunflower seeds from back of the barn. Frequently it comes to the elm

JANUARY , 1903 - BIRD LIST

Chicadee
Hairy Woodpecker
English Sparrow
Great Horned Owl
Crow
Bluejay
Northern Shrike
American Goldfinch
Downy Woodpecker
Pine Siskin
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Evening Grosbeak
White-breasted Nuthatch
Bobwhite
Brown Creeper
Junco

while I am pumping water but never goes down to eat until I am through. While waiting it sits up in the tree and calls. It has a good place for the pines are thick and will shield it from winds and as long as it can get food it will not freeze.

January 13, 1903 - Tuesday.

This morning in Baraboo as I was coming from breakfast I heard a bluejay screaming in Langdon's yard. I thought that perhaps it might have found an owl but have been fooled so many times this winter that I was undecided whether to go or not. Finally I went over and saw three or four jays in the top of a little spruce, I could find no owl but as I turned to go away about a dozen jays came out one after another. I think that they were roosting there for they immediately became quiet. They must be late risers for it was eight o'clock but then it was cold. I have noticed in the woods that no birds are out early in the morning. Heard the spring note to whery ery-ery-ery-ery this morning of Sitta carolinensis.

It will soon be spring. I am getting the spring fever already and school seems like prison. This song has made it worse than ever.

FEBRUARY.

February 1, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning it was warm and sunny. I put out fresh sunflower seeds and suet for the chickadees. They came thicker than ever. There were about half a dozen of them. Went down in the fields as breakfast was not ready. The ground was almost bare of snow and the south hills loomed up with startling clearness. Not many birds were out but I almost looked for a meadowlark or bluebird. I saw my first migrants however for a few prairie horned larks flew over calling sweetly. An early start for my migration list.

After breakfast Father and I drove out in the country, past Jack Dickies to Nortons and Rhody's and home by the mines. The roads very bad and

we took short cuts through the fields and woods for miles. The warm weather has started the woodpeckers and I could hear the drum of downy and the rattle and loud love notes of the hairy. In going through a wood road three or four crows flew up singly and lit in the trees to flirt. flirt their tails and peer at us to see whether or not we were dangerous.

In the same place some white-breasted nuthatches were singing. At Vortains were a few English sparrows. I sat in the sun out back of Rhody's barn and watched the birds. A bluejay screamed in the distance and in answer to my whistle came nearer until I could see it. Then a hairy woodpecker attracted my attention and I watched until it passed out of sight. It flew from one tree to another and I thought it was going to drum but it did not.

In going up a hill in a field a flock of about 100 pine siskins flew up ahead from the weeds and lit in the trees of a brushy pasture. They had a great deal to say and very restless but did not sing.

February 8, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning the chickadees were very noisy. I tried to get them to eat out of my hand but they were not quite brave enough. One would come down to the suet within a foot of my head but they never dared to light on my hand. One made continual swoops at it barely missing it each time. They went on the ground at my feet. One had lost its tail in some way. After a little they wandered away but a whistled Phoe-be always brought them back.

Other visitors were a white-breasted nuthatch, a hairy woodpecker and a bluejay. A seed was held in one foot to be cracked. They scolded me a good deal.

February 10, 1903 - Tuesday.

This morning I heard a loud rattling drum over by Stanley's and saw a female hairy woodpecker drumming. This struck as queer because I thought that the males did the drumming. It would drum and then look around and listen. People going by did not frighten it in the least. The drum was about 15 strokes given very fast. The bill was held about half an inch from the bark for an instant before drumming. Perhaps it was a male without the red patch.

February 16, 1903 - Monday.

Jacques Pfannstiehl told me that in going to Portage Saturday the fourteenth he had seen three mourning doves and a red-tailed hawk. The hawk might be a migrant but I think that the doves must have stayed all winter. Rob Clark was telling me about a hill called Coon Bluff east of Baraboo which was covered with small cacti. This region will probably be a good place to explore next summer and will probably yield new forms, being most likely in a different life region than here.

February 22, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning about 9 O'clock Art Rudy and I went over to the hemlock bluffs. We chased up two bluejays in Voll's and found them again in Lyon's woods. They were hunting for acorns and were silent. At the hemlocks we saw a number of chickadees. They sang and chased each other around through the trees. They came very close and seemed to be affected joyously by the warm sun. We saw one downy woodpecker. In one place under a rock was a little round hole in the snow in which a partridge had roosted. It had been feeding on birch buds. It was rather a dangerous bed as a weasel had its den a foot up the rocks.

February, 1903 - BIRD LIST.

Pine Siskin
Bluejay
Hairy Woodpecker
English Sparrow
Prairie Horned Lark
White-breasted Nuthatch
Chicadee
Downy Woodpecker
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Crow
Great Horned Owl
Brown Creeper
Junco
Tree Sparrow
American Goshawk
Ruffed Grouse

We started for Weinke's Bluff. In the ravine below Weinke's barn a large bird flew up with something heavy in its claws which hindered its flight. It lit on a log and we stalked toward it behind the shelter of a little hill. I identified it for a goshawk my first specimen. It reminded me of a Cooper's Hawk but was not so brown in color and was a shade larger. It had caught what I could see was a dove and stood on the log tearing it with its bill. It did not hover over its food as red-tails do. It seemed uneasy and flew up on to the fence a few rods from the house, where it watched us without eating for a few minutes., holding the dove in its claws. The dove was nearly as big as it was. Finally it flew off out of side towards the orchard but in half hour hunt we could not find it again. It did not seem afraid as it was eating the dove within ten rods of the barn where it had caught it. It did not seem to eat on the bare ground but to always light on a log.

February 23, 1903 - Monday.

Tonight after school it was warm and sunny and I went over to the thickets by the fair grounds. Going over and back the only birds I saw were 3 or 4 chicadees in some oak bushes. They were feeding on the ground but came up into the bushes with little questioning notes as I came by. They soon went to feeding again, however, and I went on.

MARCH.

March 2, 1903 - Monday.

This morning as I came out of Hoags door I heard a woodpecker drum and started to hunt it up. It was a downy. He was drumming on a board fastened to a tree. He changed the pitch of his drum by moving his position slightly. The drum was 6 or 8 notes as continuous as those of the hairy. Some-

times he flew to a bird box and then to a dry limb and drummed. He flew with a curious flitting flight as though wishing to attract attention.

March 7, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning Art Rudy and I went down in the fields. Prairie horned larks were very thick all through the bottoms. The males sang and fought among themselves vigorously.

Heard a flock of rusty blackbirds and finally saw them high in the air. There were 53 of them. They flew a trifle east of north.

A hairy woodpecker drummed for a while and then I heard the spring note of a red-bellied woodpecker. Numbers of crows and bluejays were flying around.

March 8, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning after breakfast I went over to the hemlocks. Prairie horned larks were spread all over and were in full song. They seemed to prefer a pasture covered with short grass which is not bushy. I did not find them where there were any number of trees. The males sang from the fence posts and little hillocks and fights were frequent occurrence. This fights do not amount to much, however, for one would chase the other for a half mile or more and then the matter was dropped along with the birds. Probably this chasing was as much play as anything else. They twisted and turned and dodged, wheeling about now fifty feet in the air and now barely missing the short grass. They generally flew in large circles and sometimes lit near where they started. Frequently others joined in the chase and it was exciting to see them anticipate every turn of the pursued while going at full speed. I do not think that many of the females have arrived yet.

Was sitting down on the railroad track when I heard a queer bird note from a hedgerow beyond Fullmers. It was repeated twice and I was just going over there to see what it was when a bluejay flew over there from Dalke's marsh and lighting on a tree gave the same note so the mystery was solved, as I do not think that any other bird around here would have given it so that the jay would mock it. It was a grunting note repeated half a dozen times and reminded me slightly of a woodchuck.

Across the railroad bridge was a pair of bluejays that I watched for sometime. They were very shy and hunted along brushy fences and through thornapples occasionally finding something to eat and holding it under one foot while they picked it to pieces. I think from their actions that they were mated as they always kept together.

Another one was pestering an English sparrow that had strayed out there. It would fly under the sparrow just missing it and the sparrow chase it a short distance but was not able to follow it far because it twisted so. The jay kept it crest raised and looked the very picture mischief. It came back again and again and varied this by swooping suddenly out at the sparrow with setting wings, like a hawk and scaring the small into an attempt at hiding among the branches.

Others were mating and chased the females incessantly. They went in bunches of six or eight and as soon as the female lit the males began to call and come close to them to be driven away with open bills. Then the females would take refuge in flight again, closely pursued by the screaming males. As I was watching the pair of bluejays through the glass a red-tailed hawk suddenly sailed in the field of vision. The jays were forgotten and I followed it as it rose in great circles. It was above the woods near Rock Cut. Suddenly when it had reached an altitude of about four hundred feet it lifted its wings straight and dropped straight as a stone into the woods below without even checking its great speed as it neared the ground. It must have seen something

below it to eat and took this means of getting it. If its speed seemed great a distance of a quarter of a mile it must have been enormous nearby as it started to drop a bluejay whistled the single alarm note. Pink putter and every bird within sight instantly froze.

Here by the bridge I heard my first bluebird. Altogether I saw and heard about a dozen. They were all on the wing and gave both fall note and song.

Occasionally during the forenoon flocks of evening grosbeaks passed over high up going due north. They were very noisy but were hard to locate.

Saw a single rusty blackbird flying over so high that I could just barely see it. It is hard to find birds that are at any height in the air as the eye is not easily focussed for them.

Crows were thick. They sat around in the trees calling or flew across the sky singly or in pairs. One flew up towards my from Dahlke's marsh and lit about ten rods off. It lifted its wings suspiciously and finally flew off. When they called on the wing they sailed while giving some notes. One sailed with set wings from Weinke's hill to the hemlocks in a long slant. The wings were held half open and the tips were held slightly higher than the back. Six or eight on the hill greeted every shot of a man hunting with loud caws.

Saw several flocks of pine siskins. They were very restless and did not light for long in one place.

Below the Cabin a hairy woodpecker was trying to win a mate. They would sit close together. She apparently asleep after a while she would look at him and he would hitch up and down calling ke ku loudly and bowing jerkily and she would respond. He always kept his raised and moved it from side to show his moustaches probably and occasionally tapped on the tree at the end of each bow. He would come closer and then she would fly to another tree calling kil le kil le kil le or ke ke ke ke and he would

follow her. Then would follow another period of rest. Another female nearby did not seem to notice them but kept on feeding yet she was always close by and was probably feigning indifference. If the male flew first the female immediately followed him. They showed no fear but a movement on my part generally started the male gesticulating. Their wings purred loudly in flight.

The bluejays here mocked a red-tailed hawk for the first time to my knowledge this winter. Perhaps they were publishing the arrival of the one I saw. Or maybe the sight of it started old memories of its call.

Near Seeley Creek I saw a flock of about fifty goldfinches on the wings. They must have been migrants.

March 13, 1903 - Friday.

This morning before breakfast I went down in Bonnell's woods.

Tree sparrows were quite thick in the brush-piles. They like to feed with the juncos on little slopes. As they flew up in front of me I noticed a few with red about them in flight and suspected song sparrow but they skulked so that I could not get the glass on one. At last I surprised a chimp from a brushpile and was satisfied. Later I heard them singing.

March 15, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning after breakfast it was cold and cloudy with an east wind. Started for the hemlocks. In the old pasture (Bonnell's, Maine's etc.) I saw a few tree sparrows. They skulked in the grass for a while and then flew up in the trees before I left they all straggled along over me to the brush-piles in the east and calling as they went.

One or two red-winged blackbirds flew over calling and I heard several bluebirds which I was unable to locate.

By the Alder swamp I heard a prairie horned lark singing and looked it up to make sure of its indentity. It flew off out of sight to the west

but soon other came chasing each other over the fields from the direction in which it had disappeared.

A single crow in Alder swamp, (Voeck's pasture, Dahlke's pasture, etc.) sat in the top of an elm. I went through the swamp towards him. Suddenly he gave a vociferous caw caw and I thought it was calling to some others. A few steps farther on I heard a sudden rush of wings and another crow flew up from the bushes in front of me where it had been feeding around a pool of water. The first one was evidently a sentinel and gave a signal to the other.

Both flew over and lit in a tree towards Rob Dickie's and staid there for some time.

I got mixed up while going around some water and found myself going north instead of east. Started toward the track along the fence and as I neared I saw a small bird sitting in a bush ahead of me. The glass showed that it was a male redpoll the first I have seen this winter. It had a dark red crown and on the breast the red showed as a sort of cross when it moved in certain positions. Altogether it was an extremely beautiful bird. It was very tastefully colored and had a quiet beauty about it entirely different from that of some birds as the scarlet tanager. It seemed ill at ease and continually twitched its tail. It was silent although I tried to startle into giving a note. Soon it flew down to a dead branch on the ground and from thence to the earth itself where it hopped around and fed. If I made a slight movement it would hop on to the branch and watch me restlessly for a few minutes. Its back showed very light colored but its breast was too heavily streaked for the mealy redpoll for which I at first took it.

Went on across the bridge and towards the hemlocks. From the hidden trail I watched and listened to song and tree sparrows across the river. The song of the latter seemed to fit in well with

the place especially upon a background of junco notes. It had a wild ringing quality which marked it from the other.

Juncoes sputtered and fought through the woods on either side of me.

Suddenly a small bird flew to the ground about six feet away. I saw it was a red-breasted nuthatch and during the next three quarters of an hour I gained my first real sight of the bird's life. The others recorded at various times meant only a voice or an short sight of the bird itself. It was an ideal place for the bird. I should imagine that it would choose it summer home in just such a situation. The ground was covered with pine needles and logs and was dotted thickly with bushy hemlocks some of which claimed the dignity of tree and the birches which naturally seem to accompany them.

The bird itself seemed absolutely without fear and I followed within a short distance all the time. It seemed to prefer logs and the ground to tree trunks although occasionally it mounted one to the distance of five or six feet. Everything which looked eatable was picked up and if it was not some sort of food was flipped to one side with a quick motion of the bill to the distance of a foot or more. The objects tried were in every case that I saw white. If they were good they were immediately jammed into a crevice and pounded up and then eaten. If it was on the ground it flew to the nearest tree or log for the purpose of eating its find. It kept up a continual soft ick ick and once or twice gave the yank yank yank. It seemed to be a very beautiful bird not a handsome one. The reddish of its underparts blended so well with the pine needles and its grayish back seemed so smooth and glossy. Once I got behind a tree and came up to within a couple of feet of it as it sat on the ends of the log. It did not seem to realize my presence at all. Every white object was pulled from the crevices of the bark and I thought to myself that I would hate to have to make a meal after it.

Occasionally when it reached more open portions it would fly back to the cliff above the river but I found it again easily each time. Once when it was on a patch of pine needles a bluejay gave an alarm note and it staid still watching above it for two or three minutes. This seemed to be where it looked for danager, above. The last I saw of it it was peering around a tree trunk at me calling in its thin nasal tone yank yank yank yank. It seemed to me to be about half as big as a white-breasted. It's ick was exactly like that of its cousin.

March 18, 1903 - Wednesday.

This morning when I got up I heard a familiar tseet and following it up found my first fox sparrow of the year. It must have stopped over during the night. A few English sparrows were gathered around it curiously and at last it flew away.

Went down in the old pasture. Birds were thick as usual. I saw a pair of song sparrows mating. The female seemed very indignant at the attentions paid to her and chased the male with continual tseets. They flew low along the ground and through the brushpiles with a straight flitting entirely different than usually seen. At every pause he would sing and then she would take to chasing him again.

In Seeley's marsh were half a dozen male red-wings in full song. I heard a hurried sparrowlike tsit tsit-it tsit-it tsit-it coming from the marsh. It sounded exactly like a young bird. There was nothing in sight but a red-wing in a box-elder tree. Who sang and between times examined his toes in an embarrassed manner. Soon I noticed that a tsit preceded his song nearly always and that I never heard the note while he sang. Soon I caught in the act and was satisfied. He gave three songs h'war ker ee and Co (wh) er lee and ha were kwa.

After breakfast I went over to the hemlocks to work on the cabin.

By the railroad bridge was a male English sparrow. I can see that they will be spread out worse than ever this year.

Heard a Song sparrow give a loud clear song like he hur he hay tsip tsip tsip-i-ti several times.

Birds were very thick around the hemlocks. Heard a flicker calling from across the river. Song, fox and tree sparrows, juncos and blue-birds were singing incessantly while purple finches roamed around giving their strange calls and occasionally singing.

Two Canada geese flew over calling occasionally. They seemed bewildered and had probably been lost from a flock during the night. They came as close as any geese I have seen yet. They tried to make headway against the wind and finally did so going off toward the mill pond. A winter wren bobbed up onto a stump and chimped at me. During the day I heard them continually and I think that there were several. It is an ideal place for them.

About ten o'clock two phoebes circled down into the woods and began to call and one gave the flight song for about five minutes. I think they must have been migrating by day as they soon relapsed into silence as if tired, only rousing occasionally to call.

Heard three or four brown creepers calling. They were evidently migrants.

About noon heavy clouds blew and it seemed about to rain. Three red-tailed hawk's came circling over and began to scream. They were two females and a male. The male was the smallest. The prospect of a storm seemed to make them more lively. The red squirrels kept very quiet only occasionally scolding from the shelter of the pines. The hawk's gave notes like e tsuck shreck tserk ke-e-e-ye-r-r and a squaling tsea. Occasionally they mounted high in the air and descended in great bounds. Once the male dashed down toward one female and they extended and clasped

one foot falling nearly to the ground before loosing each other. Then they came over near where I was and sat around in the trees. When the male perched near one of the females she would immediately take another perch farther away. He flew into the tops of the pines and sat there awhile as though looking for a place for a nest. The small birds did not seem to mind them much. When the clouds became blackest, They soared to high that I could hardly see them.

March 22, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning before breakfast I started for the fields. By Herman Smith's I saw two song sparrows down by the ditch apparently mating.

I went down they to watch them. Soon I discovered that both were males for each one sang. One always chased the other. They flew with the trembling mating flight. If the head one sang the other immediately took after it again. They did not pay much attention to me but lit close by sometimes. Occasionally they stopped to rest but soon were at it again. Once in a while one gave a low chimp. They kept close to the ground only rising to cross a fence or get over a hummock. They kept going from one end of the ditch to the other weaving in and out through and over the weeds.

The woodpeckers and chickadees do not come to feed much now except when it turns a little colder. This morning only a single hairy came. He was feeding in the big maple and caught his foot in a string. Instead of fluttering or becoming frightened he simply twisted his foot until it came loose and then went on feeding.

After breakfast I started for the hemlocks. Song and tree sparrows were as usual thick in the old pasture.

Heard a mourning dove coo across the river but could not locate it. Farther on I heard another and saw two. The note had a curious ventrioquial effect seeming not to come from the tree above me

and now from one or the other of several across the river.

A white-rumped shrike flew over calling gzt, like a young vesper sparrow. I saw my first one last year on the same day.

Across the river from the hemlocks I sat down to watch the birds. Saw some crows sitting around in the pines. They seemed very quiet and I could not see what they were doing.

Heard a great commotion over beyond the rocks but thought it was made by chickens at some farm which the wind had brought clearly to me. As I started to go on the clamor broke out afresh and over the bluffs came a flock of 16 snow white birds with dark wingtips and their heads seemed a little darker than the rest of the body. They were greater snow geese and flew about 200 feet up. Their notes were loud and sonorous and seemed as I could make out to resemble the notes cow-cow-cow.

At first sight I exclaimed swans, but a second look showed that they were geese and when I got home I learned the species.

Across the river I heard a field sparrow sing twice, but could not see it.

A hairy woodpecker flew by giving a note like cu-tuck took and I heard others drumming.

Fox sparrows were thick in the hemlocks especially along the hidden trail. They sang from the trees and sometimes from the ground.

Juncoes were quite thick along the east bluff. They kept up a running undertone of songs and scolding notes from which the songs of the fox sparrows who occasionally sang in concert stood out in bold relief. The juncoes gave a hissing note like ss.

I lay down in the sun by Phoebe Creek and soon noticed the crows sitting around in the hemlocks near the cabin again. I suspected at once that there was an owl there but lay still for a while in an endeavor to locate it. Then I heard a low remonstrating whoo-hoo whoo hoo which established

its identity as a barred owl. I was not the only one interested however. Two, three chickadees scolded and whistled around but kept well under cover as some bluejays who were as quiet as the crows. A red-bellied woodpecker sat on a dead stub and called angrily at the owl. Suddenly the small birds scattered and the crows flew off swiftly in sharp zigzags. They were frightened at a red-tailed hawk which slanted swiftly down and lit in the tree, with a subdued note. His curiosity however was soon satisfied and he flew off letting his feet hang until he was well under way. Then I must needs take a look but the owl flew off towards the west lookout.

The crows came flying back through the tree below me and were saluted with two shots from across the river one of which struck near me. Hearing some bluejays scream in the direction which the owl had taken I went over there. I looked for it in a large tree but it was in a small one and flying down through the hemlocks it disappeared.

March 28, 1903 - Saturday.

This afternoon I was piling wood. Several meadowlarks flew over calling whiss. The males were chasing the females.

A bronzed grackle lit in Mrs. Russell's trees and seemed formally to take possession. He flew off and came back several times. This was the first one I had seen here in these trees this year.

March 29, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning before breakfast I went down in the fields. A flock of quail flew across the river and lit in a brushpile close by. I stood still but one perceived and flew off calling excitedly. Others followed and soon the main flock went, the last one in its hurry bursting out through a mass of twigs.

The song are beginning to slightly dominate the tree sparrows while a small flock of juncos was as exclusive as ever.

Meadowlarks were in full song and were spread all through the fields.

Flickers were also abundant. They were shouting in all directions.

After breakfast I started for the hemlocks as usual. Below Fullmer's I started up two song sparrows and had to follow quite a distance before I could see their breasts and thus make sure that they not swamp sparrows. Their backs looked light colored in the glimpse of them that I got of them and then they skulked through the bushes and grass and were hard to find at all.

Another one across the river chimped at me in a queer deprecatory manner.

A junco sang, scolded and sang again, keeping up the rotation. It is in this way that the flock medley is produced. There are always a number of them singing in the trees along the hidden path.

A hairy woodpecker began to nod and give the love note and drum without apparent cause, although another sat in a tree about 200 feet off. Both were males.

Fox sparrows were thick. They nearly always sang from the trees occasionally giving choruses of twenty-five or thirty. A male followed a female around giving a very sweet love song but she would have nothing to do with him.

Some crows along hidden path were very inquisitive. They had been feeding on the ground but at my approach flew up and circled around over me calling. I remained quiet under the shelter of the hemlocks and they lit in the trees just above me, seeming very curious. Even when I came out into sight they did not seem to fear me but came out and perched around within 40 or 50 feet of me.

At the end of the path I saw my first golden crowned kinglets of the year. They hunted around with chickadee like notes and occasionally sang.

The whole west slope of the East Bluff was covered with juncos. They made a fairly loud rustling noise as they fed among the leaves and their notes and song made a rippling undertone like

that of running water to the songs of the other birds.

Several Phoebes were calling and flycatching. They were in the tops of the tallest trees which struck me as a little strange.

Two crows flew over about five hundred feet up cawing loudly.

Two tree sparrows flew into the thornapples near Phoebe Creek where I was lying I could hear other singing across the river. These two flew down into the long sodden grass at the edge of the creek and began to feed on what they could pick up. I thought at first that they came to bathe.

When I started the winter wren started up in front of me and I followed it around for awhile. There seems to be only the one here. It chimped at me and scolded harshly on the wing as it flew short distances. Occasionally it came up on top of a log or stone to look at me. It bowed and bobbed, jerked as if it was a bit of mechanism instead of a bird. It stood up very high on its legs. Once it came around a log, saw me, crept silently back and then began to scold. It crawled up the sides of logs and into all sorts of holes rarely using its wings except to fly a short distance to fresh cover, scolding as it went. It was about as restless a little as I have seen for quite a while. It must take a lot of food to run it for twenty-four hours.

A hairy woodpecker was busy picking a log to pieces and I stopped to watch him. He was prying off the bark for the angleworms underneath it. It was a rotten log and was full of them. When I scared him off to examine it he lit on a tree and waited for me to leave. I stood by hoping that he would come back but it showed no disposition to do so. He rubbed his head one the tree and then looked intently at some object in the middle distance. My patience gave in first and I went on.

MARCH, 1903 - BIRD LIST.

Crow
Bluejay
English Sparrow
Downy Woodpecker
Chicadee
Pine Siskin
White-breasted Nuthatch
Bobwhite
Hairy Woodpecker
Prairie Horned Lark
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Red-tailed Hawk
Rusty Blackbird
American Goldfinch
Junco
Brown-Creeper
Bluebird
Evening Grosbeak
Ruffed Grouse
Great Horned Owl
Robin
Meadowlark
Junco
Tree Sparrow
Purple Finch
Killdeer
Song Sparrow
Red-winged Blackbird
Redpoll
Red-breasted Nuthatch
Bronzed Grackle
Canada Goose
Fox Sparrow
Flicker
Winter Wren
Phoebe
Brown Creeper
White-rumped Shrike
Mourning Dove
Greater Snow Goose

Field Sparrow
Barred Owl
Golden-Crowned Kinglet
Kingfisher

Then a fox sparrow gave a duet with a song sparrow to the latter's detriment in my opinion.

Two killdeer flew around high overhead all the morning calling vigorously and wandering over quite a stretch of country.

March 30, 1903 - Monday.

This morning before breakfast I went up to the railroad bridge. I was looking for a kingfisher but was disappointed. Juncos were scattered all along feeding on the embankment and picking up gravel to aid their digestions. I followed one song up from the lumber sheds to George Kanpp's house thinking it might be a chipping sparrow. It was almost the first bird I heard. One started to fly through a culvert but changed its mind just as it reached and went over.

A fox sparrow across the bridge in a brushpile gave his love song until I frightened him out.

A flicker drummed on a loose stick with a loud rattling noise and then called. Another came over towards it.

Tonight after supper I went down in the fields. The kingfisher looked for in the morning flew out of some grapevines in the old pasture. I might have known it would be there if anywhere.

The song sparrows here were very thick and had a great divergence in the pitch and tone of their songs.

APRIL

April 1, 1903 - Wednesday.

This morning after breakfast I started for the Hemlock Bluffs to work on the cabin. By Alder Swamp a flock of about a dozen quail picking up gravel on the railroad track. In town near the warehouse I picked a ruffed grouse that had been evidently run over by a train while doing the same thing. One of the quail flew across a ditch and

ran so fast without pausing that it still seemed flying.

By the bridge a bluejay flew past giving a note like pe-lert-a-kul. It flew in a very peculiar manner with the body held nearly upright.

Heard a white-rumped shrike calling across the fields.

Caught the last end of a vesper sparrows song coming from Rob Dickies cornfield. This is the first one of the year.

Golden-crowned kinglet were common all along the river from the railroad bridge to the hemlocks. They are good deal and were as restless as usual. They sang see see see chitty chitty chitty.

Purple finches also were singing. I did not recognize the song at first not having heard it in so long. It is rather different from the song given in the fall. Some parts of it were rather flute like and reminded me of the Wilson's thrush somewhat.

A Phoebe fluttered through the cabin giving the flight song and acting in a very possessive manner. Later he came back bringing his mate and was nearby all day undisturbed by my sawing and hammering. They seemed to be examining a shelf in the rock a few feet from the door with an eye to building.

As I stepped out of the hidden trail a crow came flying over the bluff with some nesting material in its mouth. It saw me and warned its mate similarly laden and they swerved to one side. They were very secretive all day and I think they are repairing the old hawks nest.

The winter wren sang twice in the middle of the day when all the other birds were quiet. It was a very sweet rippling song and I wished for more of it.

Vesper sparrows sang some during the day from across the river. I found a few hepaticas below the cave.

I thought that the main body of the juncos had passed but on starting for home I saw my mistake for they were scattered along the river bank and I

drove them along in front of me in hundreds bearing a few fox sparrows with it seemed by mere force of numbers. The air was filled with the flash of their white tail feathers.

April 2, 1903 - Thursday.

This morning before breakfast I went down in the old pasture.

A flicker flew past me with a peculiar wing beat. Afterwards I heard it several times. It was louder and clearer than that of the downy woodpecker.

Saw a single vesper. It was very wild and had probably come during the night.

Song and tree sparrows were in full song.

A flock of juncos kept by themselves near the Coules.

1903.

A P R I L.

April 2, 1903 - Thursday.

This morning after breakfast I went up the railroad track. Near the bridge I heard a vesper sparrow give the same song as in 1900. It sat on a post just the width of the track from where I heard the other. The song I have heard before were all different in some way. I wonder it could happen that this is the same one.

A field sparrow lit on the embankment a foot away and I started to watch it. It was feeding on various seeds and looked quickly from one side to the other keeping watch.

A song sparrow sitting about thirty feet away flew over and struck it savagely in the back without any provocation whatever. The field sparrow lit in the bushes for an instant and then went back to its feeding as unconcerned as ever. The song sparrow sang as though proud of himself and I went on.

A male cowbird lit in the tops of several tall trees and then flew down to the ground to feed. He gave a note like e-e-e-fts. It walked around with a nervous active manner.

A dull looking woodpecker lit on a tree in front of me and the glass showed him to be a most gorgeous bird with striking colors. It was the first one of the year.

Ruby-crowned kinglets were hunting through the woods near the Half Moon with golden crowns. Both species sang and the rubys of course had the best of it.

Heard an American sparrow calling over towards Udell's.

A great horned owl flew up and I followed it. It came flying back with a low who who and a long whoooo to see what I was doing. It lit for an instant and then flew on over to the woods and began to hoot.

April 5, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning there was a junco out by the barn. It sang and between trills gave call notes. There were several scattered males around feeding in the lane and in front of the barn.

Those song sparrows were still trying to run each other out of the ditch but they did not seem to take offense as easily at each other now. They fed in between flights. Two females were feeding in the weeds and I think that the males will soon become reconciled to each other.

Watched a flicker feeding on the ground for a while.

A sparrow hawk chased a marsh hawk swiftly across the sky.

April 7, 1903 - Tuesday.

This morning in Baraboo the mourning doves were mating. The males flew around with a slow labored flapping flight with loudly whistling wings. Several cooed at once. Occasionally one sailed along with wings set and swooped down through the trees like one of the smaller hawks.

The flickers were looking at the old hole over in Langdons where they nested last year. The male danced up and down the limb before the female with spread wings and drooping tail. He held his head as high as possible and jerked it back and forth rapidly giving a note like rick-ah rick-ah.

April 8, 1903 - Wednesday.

This morning I was awakened by the song of the house wren. It sang twice before I got up.

The kinglets of both species came about 7:45 and hunted all through the trees.

The downy woodpecker is still drumming. I wish he would not begin so early as he always drums just outside my window.

Then a robin came to bathe. It seemed rather afraid of the water and stepped in and out but finally put its head under and splattered. Then it flew into the oak to dry itself. It wagged its tail rapidly from side to side and flapped its wings against to shake the water out of the feathers.

It gesticulated with wings with the motion of a Jew moving his hands.

A yellow-bellied woodpecker has tapped a maple in the corner of the yard and sits there nearly all day drinking the sap and catching a few of the flies and other insects that it attracts.

The English sparrows were much interested in watching it. Some of them went down to bathe but a robin chased them away.

A bluejay came and drank out of the pan keeping good watch all the while. He flew up in the oak and dried his bill. Some others flew over and after watching them a minute flew after them quickly.

Two tree sparrows lit in the top of the oak and sang the full song. It was the most finished and beautiful song I have heard from them. It was given in a wild ringing tone like whuts a whuts a whew sweet sweet and then a trill at the end.

Saw a robin in True's yard picking up nesting material.

Bronzed grackles were walking around nervously on various lawns. They flew at the slightest motion towards them.

At last I have discovered what the sparrows want around the yellow-bellied woodpecker's drinking fountain. There were eight or ten of them and they

sat in little crotches or fluttered against the tree to drink the sap that ran down.

The woodpecker made short sallies after insects.

April 9, 1903 - Thursday.

This morning it was raining. I went over to the hemlocks after some flowers. A Cooper's hawk flew around scolding kek kek kek kek-kek. It was near its last years nest and never left the small patch of woods.

April 16, 1903 - Thursday.

This morning before I got up I heard a ruby-crowned kinglet give a song like tur her tur tur week see. When I got up I could not find it.

Watched a bronzed grackle feeding in the road. It dragged three or four angleworms out of a puddle and laid them in a hollow after it had collected a big bunch it took them up on the grass and ate them. It did not seem to like to pick them up very well. It did not seem to see me but flew at a slight motion. It looked at the ground and not at its surroundings, like a robin. One took a big bunch of worms into a pine where I could not see him to eat them. One was gathering straw for a nest.

They are a few male juncos around feeding on the lawns.

Two robins by Ringlings are very tame. They hardly get out of my way as I go past. One bathed out in a mudpuddle trying three or four before it found one deep enough to suit.

April 18, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning after breakfast I started for the hemlocks. It was warm though the sky was cloudy. In the old pasture the gooseberry bushes were just beginning to leaf out and ruby-crowned kinglets hunted through them in sparing numbers.

Heard an excited note like tsit tsit tsit-it and on following it up saw a male cowbird examining an old catbird's nest. He gave the note as long as I was in sight.

Song sparrows were numerous. Occasionally one would fly out, give a sharp tsit note several times, chimp and then sing on the wing. They generally did this while crossing the river and sometimes sang after they lit in the willows.

Kingfishers were fairly common. They were seen flying high in the air or perched along in the trees along the riverbank. Heard one rattle when I was back in Elliott's woods. It was probably flying over.

I was standing by a stump in Sumach pasture listening to the chickadees at the hemlocks and wondering if I could find a nest, when one flew over towards me. It lit by what looked like a slit in the stump but examination revealed the fact that it was a nesting hole dug to a depth of about three inches. I did not stay long as I was afraid they would abandon it.

By Skunk Rocks I lay on a slope for a while. A pair of song sparrows were hunting for a place for a nest a short distance away. The female went into a little hole with a low buzzing note and arranged a few odds and ends of grass and roots in it. Then they went away and I did not see them again.

A flicker was just starting its nest in the top of a dead tree nearby. Occasionally it paused work to give a loud wick wick wick and was answered by its mate from over the hill.

By the Hidden Trail was a flock of about a dozen myrtle warblers. They were handsome fellows and carried their wings drooped jauntily and looked at me with sleepy eyes which were entirely beleid by their actions. They sang occasionally a rather weak song.

April 19, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning after breakfast I went over in T. Hackett's woods. About the first thing I heard was the ringing song of the water-thrush coming from a pond about forty rods off. I went over there and

saw it walking around on sticks that lay in the water. I could never see it when it sang. A song sparrow was also feeding among the mossy top and it also sang. It was in plain sight however.

A pair of Sayornis phoebe caught insects near the surface of the water with emphatic jerks of their tails.

Across the track were a number of kinglets and myrtle warblers in a little valley in the woods. They were all singing but they could hardly be heard for the clamor of the crows who had found a luckless barred owl. The crows kept coming in until forty or fifty were gathered and at every move of the owl the chorus of caws broke out with redoubled force. The owl answered with a low hoo-e-o. Finally three chased it out of sight over the tops of trees dashing past it but never quite touching it.

Then it began to rain and a small flock of tree, cliff and barn swallows appeared circling and sailing around over the trees by the Half Moon. The tree swallows gave a liquid chr-r-ring note that I had never heard before.

Heard a single chewink calling and singing by the railroad bridge as I returned.

April 21, 1903 - Tuesday.

Tonight as I was coming from True's I saw the bronzed grackles gathered in the top of a bare tree, before going to roost. There were fourteen of them. Once in so often one would sing and then all the other males would join and add to the medley of songs. One or two others kept flying in at intervals and joined them.

April 25, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning after breakfast I went down in the fields. By Fiske's marsh I paused to look for Wilson's snipe. As I looked directly at one patch of mud about twenty feet off two rose from it and I could not distinguish them until they started to fly. They seemed large and their backs were very striking. They circled off and lit somewhere in

Dohertys.

White-throated sparrows were common. They fed in brushpiles and weed patches. Occasionally one would break into song and then half a dozen would sing at once.

Saw a single bank swallow.

About 10:30 Art Rudy and I went over by the Half Moon. Water-thrushes were singing in all directions.

Saw one Louisiana water-thrush. It fed along the shores of the Half Moon and sang a loud brilliant song.

A pair of the rare rough-winged swallows were circling over the water. They lit occasionally in the trees. One started to light directly in front of me but a sudden sneeze startled it and it flew off.

A red-bellied woodpecker gave a peculiar note as he hitched up a tree ahead of us seeming tamer than usual. It was ke-yuk ke-yuk ke-yuk ke yuk ke yuk.

The yellow bellied woodpeckers were very noisy. Even their ke seemed very loud and they shouted their love notes in all directions.

April 26, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning I started for the hemlocks but only got as far as Dickie's pasture as I was sick. A line of Great Blue Heron tracks extended along through the mud for quite a distance in front of the hemlocks on the north side of the river.

A hairy woodpecker was making a nest across the river.

The chickadees nest appeared to have been abandoned.

April 28, 1903 - Tuesday.

Today I kept a list of the birds seen or heard around the house.

1. Killdeer.
2. Mourning Dove.
3. Yellow-bellied woodpecker

4. Chimney swift
5. Phoebe
6. Bluejay
7. Crow
8. Cowbird
9. Red-winged blackbird
10. Meadowlark
11. Baltimore Oriole
12. Bronzed Grackle
13. English sparrow
14. American goldfinch
15. Vesper sparrow
16. White-throated sparrow
17. Chipping Sparrow
18. Field sparrow
19. Song sparrow
20. Purple martin
21. Robin
22. Bluebird.

April 29, 1903 - Wednesday.

This morning I heard a brown thrasher sing and a spotted sandpiper flew over.

After dinner I went over into the river woods.

Saw a single white-crowned sparrow, white-throats were plentiful.

Water-thrushes of both species were singing.

By the railroad bridge I was just leaving the woods, so dead sick that I could hardly walk when I heard a harsh mewing peet giving in the tone of a cat-bird's mew. I placed the bird in a brushpile and I knew at once for a blue-gray gnatcatcher my first specimen. It kept its wings drooped and sometimes cocked its tail above its back giving it a very mocking birdlike look. It made sallies after insects straight up into the air, caught them with a loud snap of the bill and then pitched down again. Then it flew into a tree and I lost it although I heard its note once or twice afterwards.

APRIL, 1903, BIRD LIST.

Phoebe
Golden-crowned Kinglet
Flicker
Junco
Tree Sparrow
English Sparrow
Purple Finch
Crow
Bluejay
Song Sparrow
Vesper Sparrow
White-rumped Shrike
Hairy Woodpecker
Bluebird
Robin
Chicadee
White-breasted Nuthatch
Mourning Dove
Field Sparrow
Meadowlark
Red-winged Blackbird
Killdeer
Bobwhite
Rusty Blackbird
Kingfisher
Fox Sparrow
American Goldfinch
Prairie Horned Lark
Brown Creeper
Bronzed Grackle
Cowbird
Ruby-crowned Kinglet
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker
American Sparrow Hawk
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Great Horned Owl
Downy Woodpecker
Sharp-shinned Hawk
Marsh Hawk
Ruffed Grouse
Winter Wren

Barred Owl
House Wren
Red-tailed Hawk
Cooper Hawk
Chipping Sparrow
Hermit Thrush
Great Blue Heron
Pigeon Hawk
Horned Lark
Grasshopper Sparrow
Purple Martin
Myrtle Warbler
Water-thrush
Barn Swallow
Cliff Swallow
Tree Swallow
Chewink
White-throated Sparrow
Pine Siskin
Wilson's Snipe
Bank Swallow
Rough-winged Swallow
Louisiana Water-Thrush
Baltimore Oriole
Chimney Swift
Brown Thrasher
Spotted Sandpiper
White-crowned Sparrow
Blue-gray Gnatcatcher
Nashville Warbler
Palm Warber

April 30, 1903 - Thursday.

This afternoon about four o'clock Art Rudy and I went up in the River Woods. It had been cold all day with snow but was quite warm then.

Myrtle warblers flew along through the bushes ahead and I saw two handsome Nashville warblers hopping around on the ground. The way in which they clung to the side of a nearly perpendicular mud bank seemed almost marvelous.

White-throated sparrows were very thick and I saw half a dozen juncos and some tree sparrows. A pair of hermit thrushes flew up ahead and then one of them went to feeding. It ran quickly along a log and caught a miller and then stood looking at me in that position, ~~but~~ over almost to the ground and with its tail thrown over its back in a perfectly ludicrous manner, more like a catbird than a thrush.

Saw two bobwhites, a pair in a brushpile. They have begun mating already.

Five palm warblers were hopping around on the ground wagging their tails and calling chit sharply. They sang somewhat in the manner of myrtle warblers in a weak trilling tone. The was low that it was hard to catch. I copied down two varieties of it as best I could. Chee wee see chit te chit te chit ti chit it and chis-s-sy chis-s-sy chis-s-sy chissit. They chased each other around on the ground. They must have come last night in the storm.

Heard a house wren in Leiders addition on the way back. It sat on the top of post singing and looked like a chipping sparrow. When I tried to approach closer it flew over a woodpile and disappeared.

MAY

May 1, 1903 - Friday.

This morning after breakfast I went over in the river woods. A ruby-crowned kinglet fed in front showing no fear whatever. I came to within

a pace of it before I saw it. It was feeding on the little insects that were just being warmed into life by the sun. It was quick and alert in its motions and kept its feathers well puffed out because of the cold.

Followed the song of a palm warbler across a pasture and saw the bird sitting quiet in a tree singing. When it saw me it flew down and then as I followed it went across the river.

In the woods I scared up half a dozen juncos. They were all females and went up into the tops of the trees in the sun.

Heard the song of a rose-breasted grosbeak and afterwards I saw it feeding in the top of an elm.

There were several chewinks in the brushpiles by the railroad bridge. They called and sang for quite a while and did not seem as timid as usual.

Louisiana water thrushes flew up and sat in the trees to sing about thirty feet from the ground. One started to sing before it lit. After singing a dozen times or so they went back to their feeding.

Watched a water-thrush feeding in a ditch for a time. It waded along in the shallow water and tipped its tail so that occasionally it touched the water when it flirted it and shook the drops off that clung to it. It found a small angle-worm and held it in its bill and walked around with it as though it did not know what to do with it. Then it shook it sideways and broke it up into small pieces which it ate.

I saw myrtle warblers ahead clinging to the sides of trees, head down or fluttering up them for a short distance and searching for insects in the cracks. These birds were very thick.

Then I saw two black-burnian warblers and followed them in hopes they would sing, but they did not. They gave a queer call note like tzit and the second time I heard it I recognized the bird by it. They hunted around on the ground or through the lower branches. It was so cold that the insects were not up high. It also lit on the sides

of trees. Its flight tipping and once it made a queer zig zag before it lit.

Heard the blue-gray gnatcatcher again but could not find it although I hunted. It was about five rods from where I saw it first.

Then a black-throated blue warbler sang. It gave to slightly different songs. It ended something like virens does. It kept its wings hanging at its sides and did not travel as much as the rest of them, although it was restless. I did not see it on the ground but frequently it lit on the bark of the trees. Its song were wee see wee see wee see wee see ee zt, ending in a harsh trill and wee si ty wee si ty wee si ty wee s-s-ity with a note after the trill.

Palm warblers were quite thick. They hunted on the ground almost entirely. Occasionally hopping onto the trunk of a tree or flying up to about twenty feet to sing a few times before going on with their feeding. They were rather quarrelsome. Copied down a new song. Others were sometimes mingled with it. Keup te keup te keup te keup te keupe keupe. Two tree sparrows were hopping around feeding in the water of a little ditch.

A male Louisisana water-thrush came chasing another one, both calling angrily and lit close by. They flew immediately on seeing me.

A male black and white warbler came next. He sang and called. His wings seemed to have a slight tint of brown near the tips.

A myrtle warbler chased a moth and it hid in the bark of tree. The bird clung to the bark and looked around keenly for it. The moth becoming frightened dashed out and was immediately captured.

Then I heard the song of the black-throated green warbler and followed it up. Although I knew the song I did not recognize the bird at once. The song was like er tze er hert tse to my ear. It was a woodsy buzzing trill not beautiful but pleasing to the ear. He was very restless and had a curious habit of flitting his wings like a ruby-crowned kinglet. For a call note he gave tsit and when alarmed at my following him a sharp

tsuk varied to tik. He was more active than any of the others and covered more territory. He also clung to the trees and hunted in the crevice of the bark.

Louisiana water-thrushes were singing from the trees all around me. I could hear three or four at once sometimes, While following up one of these I started a thrush and saw it was a hermit and watched it a little. It ran along a log, went on the ground and then was back in an instant scratching its head with its foot over its wings. Then it sat still and looked at me until my patience gave out and I went on.

Saw three or four Nashville warblers feeding in a patch of gooseberry bushes. They called tsit but did not sing. They were very brilliant birds.

Found place where the chewinks and white-throats had been scratching that looked as if it had been gone over with a rake.

Saw a palm warbler flycatching, flirting its tail like a phoebe. Two others were wading around in the water in a little gully. They were very tame.

In going around a brush pile I got a momentary glimpse of a chestnut-sided warbler. I followed it around trying to get a closer glimpse of it but it kept well hidden in the brushpile. It kept its wings hanging and looked very handsome. It was restless that I could follow its movements easily.

Saw a number of brown thrashers by the railroad bridge. One gave a low song and another answered with a perfect imitation of a Baltimore Oriole song.

May 3, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning before breakfast I went down in the fields. It was quite warm, although there was ice in the puddles.

A spotted sandpiper was feeding in Fiske's marsh. It raised its wings in a nervous hesitating

manner and as I approached flew over to a pond farther on. A red-winged blackbird flew up about twenty rods off and sang on the wing. His epaulettes showed a brilliant patch of red even at that distance.

A mixed flock of bronzed grackle and cowbirds lit in a tree ahead of me. Rather curious to see these two together. The grackles were all females.

Across the river a single male rusty blackbird gurgled and bubbled his song and then flew on to the West.

White-throated sparrows were extremely abundant. They flew up in front of me in flocks of about twenty-five and lit in the bushes and trees where they sunned themselves or straggled along in front of me through the willows and brushpiles. They were more peaceable than the trees and did not quarrel so much. The song of the males was much in evidence but I think that the female predominated.

White-crowned sparrows were distinguishable by their larger size and louder flight. I took one for a female chewink when it first flew up.

Saw a red-headed woodpecker on a tree. It called to me in its usual manner.

A catbird flew over and lit in the brush. This is the first I have seen this year.

Palm warblers were feeding along the river bank. They easily distinguishable by their note and the habit they have of wagging the tail.

After breakfast I went over in the River woods.

A barred owl flew out of a tree and perched only a short distance off. The birds paid no attention to it.

Saw a few juncos again. They fed on the ground among the leaves and were very wild.

A parula warbler fed along the bank of the river on trees overhanging the water and finally went across. Occasionally it gave a note like tsee. It did not sing while I watched it. It was very active. The upper parts were grayish blue; patch in the middle of the back greenish

yellow, throat and breast yellow with a duller darker band across breast; belly white, two broad joined patches of white on the wing. This was the first one I had seen in two years, so at first I was not sure of its identification. In its actions it resembled blackburnian somewhat.

Black-throated green warblers were common. I could hear their pleasant woodsy song coming from all directions. They gave continual variations from the song heard May 1 in the shape of additional syllables. A common form was er-e-tze er-e-whert-ta. It was easily recognisable however much varied. Once I saw two in the same tree. I watched one for quite a while. Generally they would hunt along one or two branches and they fly maybe six or eight rods to another tree to repeat the performance. This made them hard to watch as the ground was in places covered with water to get around which I had to make long detours. This one however kept to a group of three or four trees for a considerable time. It would stretch up raising its crown to look into a bunch of half opened leaves and then perhaps catch some passing insect on wing. Once it got a green measuring worm and shook it and beat it on the limb before swallowing it. It was very alert and handsome.

Saw my blue-gray gnatcatcher again. It was singing and would it up for five minutes at a stretch. This however did not interfere with its movement, for it was hardly still an instant. The song was very low but was a pretty warble. It reminded me of the catbird greatly with a slight touch of the brown thrasher. Once it gave a low jay jay exactly like a bluejay. It gave a note like pe a or simply pe a variation of the put and also a kissing tuck. It kept hopping restlessly from branch to branch with its tail thrown over its back while singing.

Saw half a dozen yellow-throated vireo's.

They sang a little but stopped immediately upon my approach.

Caught a few broken notes of the song of the white-eyed vireo and following it up caught a short glimpse of the bird itself.

Myrtle warblers in flying through the trees sometimes gave a note like sweets.

Heard and saw several redstarts. It was rather hard to find them by their songs.

Crossed the track and found a red-bellied woodpecker at work on its nest. It acted very anxious and followed me up for a ways.

Saw a number of white-breasted nuthatches and hunted for their nests without success. The males sang a little.

By Patterson's I looked in a hollow post and there was a bluebird on its nest. She looked straight up at me for a minute and then I went on without disturbing her. A pair are thinking of building in one of my bird boxes. The female gave a note like chut.

A red-breasted nuthatch came hunting through our back yard as I was writing. The light was in my eyes but it looked so small that I knew it and the glass showed up the colors. It found a grub in the maple and settled down with its head straight out for a minute and then flying to an elm jammed it in a crevice and ate it. It was female. It kept up a low ick ick all the time.

A male downy woodpecker still comes to the suet in the maple. He looked rather ragged and is very quiet although he is not frightened by any one going by. I hardly knew when he came or went.

A chestnut-sided warbler gave a song like sweet sweet sweet sweet swee-swee shur the last three notes being given quickly with a rising inflection.

The first part was something like a yellow warbler. After dinner I started for the hemlock bluffs.

It was warm and looked like rain.

Noticed that the male purple martin has a single small white feather at the bend of his left wing.

Some bronzed grackles were feeding in Fiske's marsh and farther on several were with some red-winged blackbirds in an oatfield. A single female of the later species was sitting in the willows along the river. She gave a note like quit and jerked her tail nervously but did not seem much afraid.

Several myrtle warblers of both sexes were in the old pasture. They were very active. One flew out and got an insect just above the surface of the water. They gave their call notes continually. Insects were caught with a snap of the bill. The song was pleasing, rippling warbler of rather an uncertain character.

In the hackberry pasture I saw a single sparrow hawk flying. It set its wings and sailing to the top of a tree alighted gracefully and pumped its tail several times. The nesting tree was cut down last winter but I hope they will stay here.

Two female cowbirds came flying towards a tree in a male was sitting. He flew out to meet them and circling around came back in graceful sailing curve. Two males came by chasing two females. They wheeled and turned around and one male passing close to the others mate fell to chasing her while the other took after the bird the first had abandoned. This goes to show the weakness of the conjugal instinct.

The palm warblers became much excited at the passing of a mink through the grass and several worked up closer to me. They fed along in the grass now jumping up in the air after an insect and now flying a short distance taking a bug from a stick maybe on the way. They were not so active as the other Dendroica.

Frequently they sat still looking around for a minute until they saw an insect and then getting it. If a moth was captured, I would see a quick dive and then the bird would draw back. The moths wings would show an instant as it was worked back

in the mouth and then it would be swallowed. Although the birds sat still their tails were continually wagging and I could tell what they were in a glance because of this. They kept in hedgerows and bushy places. For instance they were very common on the river bank from the old pasture to plum orchard on the north side of the river.

In Seeley's pasture were six or eight female cowbirds feeding around the cows. They would get within six inches of their noses as they fed and go in between their feet and stand by their hoofs without any fear whatever. They had the regular nervous blackbird walk with jerking tails and preoccupied looks.

In Seeley's marsh I saw a single sora. It walked along with jerking head and tail in water that in places was nearly up to its body. When it got behind cover it ran swiftly and finally hid. It lifted its feet high and took long steps.

A single male tree sparrow skulked in a tangle of tag alder and brush. He was very retiring. I could hardly tell what he was.

A Virginia rail jumped up and flew a short distance with hanging feet. When it lit it ran quickly into the grass and hid.

Song sparrows flew up out of little patches of dried grass. They were hard to catch sight of after they lit as they skulked so across from the hemlocks. I heard a nasal nack nack nack and looking up saw a red-breasted nuthatch in the top of an elm. There must be quite a movement among them as I have seen two today and only one other all the spring.

Saw a female palm warbler but did not recognize it at first. They was a flock of about twenty-five or thirty feeding in the short-grass here. They are more common this year than ever before. They occasionally gave notes like tsee and tsit besides the sharper note.

A kingfisher flew by with something dark held lengthwise in his bill. By the time I got the glass up it was past. It went straight down to

Skunk Rocks.

That chicadees nest in Dickie's pasture was deserted for it was full of cobwebs.

Saw a dozen or more juncos across the river. There were one or two males with them. I drove them all the way from Skunk Rocks to the hemlocks. They would fly a short distance, wait until I was upon them and then fly again. If I had not kept close watch I might have thought that juncos were spread along the whole distance, whereas there were only about a dozen of them.

At the hemlocks about the first thing I saw was another bluegray gnatcatcher. It acted much like the one seen in the forenoon but had a habit of tumbling head over heels down through the branches after insects. While watching it I heard the now familiar put up the hill and saw another. By their actions they were mated. They kept rather close together and one called once in a while. They kept pretty well up in the branches and continually cleaned their bills on the limbs.

Two male blackburnian warblers were seen. They kept up in the tops of the trees as the insects were flying high. They made sallies after insects into the air and descended to the tree tops again with all the grace of the phoebes and other flycatchers. Sometimes they tumbled down through the branches of the trees chasing some elusive insect. One had the orange on the more extended than any other I have seen this year.

Several black-throated green warblers were seen. They also fed in the tops of the trees but contented themselves with the insects nearby without making sallies after those in the air. As I jumped over a log the winter wren came out from under a piece of bark and flew into a dense tangle where I lost him. I thought that perhaps there was a nest there, but could find no sign of one.

A single tree swallow flew over about 150 feet up going due south. To the naked eye its under parts looked black.

Several black and white warblers were hunting around. They kept high up but hunted along the tree trunks and larger branches. Frequently they were upside down but they never remained long in one position. They were all males.

Saw a single golden-crowned kinglet. I just looked at it by chance. It was the only one I have seen so far this month. It was in with the ruby-crowned species. These were very thick. They were all over high and low down. Their scolding chatter came from all sides and occasionally one sang. The greater part of them were females.

By Partridge Creek a flock of about twenty-five birds flew silently over my head and lit in the trees beyond. They sat there silently for a minute craning their necks to look at me and looking much like English sparrows. Then they all broke in subdued tinkles or scraps of song and I knew them for purple finches. Perhaps it was the same flock seen last winter. Anyway they were just as curious and after looking at me for a few minutes went stringing back over the rocks from whence they had come.

At the top of the ridge of Hackberry pasture I saw a male hairy woodpecker. I came closer and saw that he was rounding out a nesting hole. He did not mind me but kept at work while I approached. At last he went up the tree picking at the bark as he went. I came upon the nest in about two weeks probably.

By the little marsh a tree sparrow flew up from under my feet and joined her mate. They acted queer and I hunted for a nest but found nothing.

May 4, 1903 - Monday.

This morning after breakfast I went over in the river woods. It threatened rain but the sun shone occasionally. By Leider's bridge I saw a male yellow warbler. It was so restless that I could not tell what it was at first. It hunted

around over the water a great deal and was never still except when it sang. It gave two songs swee swee swee swee swis say o and swee swee swee swee swee swee. The first went along smoothly sudden speed in the last three notes and then raised with a falling inflection.

Across the river a wood thrush sang a little but I could not get sight of it. It was the first of the year.

Black and white warblers were common. They called swit and sang a fine wee see wee see wee see wee see wees sometimes leaving off the last note. Generally they crept along but when they wished to capture an insect quickly they fluttered their wings to help them along. They did not get down to feed on the ground at all as the other warblers did. They could probably find enough insects in the crevices of the bark.

The yellow-bellied woodpeckers were common. Saw one picking holes in the smaller branches of a poplar and another at work near the roots of a basswood. I guess it is hard to get sap. In town they feed on the Norway spruces. Black-throated green warblers were common. Near the Half Moon I watched one for some time. It was creeping and fluttering up the trunks of the trees and making short flights out for insects. It seemed to make as good headway at it as the black and white warblers. It came so close that there was no need of the glass.

Then I saw a bird which I identified as a female parula warbler. It was quite slow and methodical in its movements. Then I heard a new song and following it up found a male parula and later on half a dozen others which I watched for some time. They gave low call notes like tsee and tsip when together but when separated were silent. The song was considerably varied but was easily recognized by the tone in which it was given, and the change in the notes at the end. I copied down three songs. Wit ter wit ter wilt see wit ter vit ter wee see wit ter wit ter wie see e-e-e-e- swit. They did not sing as much as I

could have wished and seemed to sing only when I was not close by. Frequently a fragment of song was given when they sprang into the air after an insect but always in so low a tone that I could scarcely hear it. They allowed me to come very close and I was careful not to frighten them. They were of course the northern parula. They hunted low down through the gooseberry bushes and on the ground along logs. Sometimes they turned over the leaves to get insects or made a sally into the air. I thought at last that I would leave them and went to looking at other birds but still they came around following me up as I had them.

Downy woodpeckers were very common here. When two came together they gave a chuckling chuck-a-chuck-a.

A single rough-winged swallow was sailing around over the Half Moon with several banks. They made sweeping circles now high in the air and now barely missing the water. The rough-wing was silent but the banks called continually.

Heard a harsh note like tth tth tth occasionally varied by oo e so coming the bushes at one side. It had a queer ventriloquial quality that made it hard to place. I went softly along peering into every bush and finally looking up saw - a male cowbird sitting on a limb giving the notes about thirty feet off! I wonder whatever possessed them to give the strange notes. He flew off fairly laughing at having outwitted me.

Then a strange bird flew up ahead of me and lit in a bush for an instant. At first glance I took it for *D. Pensylvanica* but then I noticed some black on its head and followed it up until I obtained the following description. Crown yellow; chin and cheeks black; back grayish blue; yellow patch on wing, rest of underparts white. When I got home I learned that it was a male golden-winged warbler. It was very secretive and hunted about the bases of the gooseberry

bushes. When startled it flew from one cover to another without alighting in sight for an instant. Once or twice when it came out of its own accord it lit in a small tree for an instant before going to the next feeding ground. Frequently I saw it hanging head down from a twig getting insects from among the leaves which had caught among the stems of the bushes. Then it hunted around on the ground. It was quite restless. It allowed me to approach quite close so long as I was quiet but it was difficult to keep track of it as the leaves were out on the bushes. Once or twice it slipped away without my seeing it and at last I lost it entirely.

May 5, 1903 - Tuesday.

Tonight after school I went up in the crow woods across from the graveyard and stopped on the way at the gravel pit. Near Hoags I heard a thin rapid nasal eck-a eck-a eck-a eck-a and saw a red-breasted nuthatch running around on the top limbs of tree and scolding like S. carolinensis. Another was hunting silently through another tree not far off. It was silent but active. It twisted and zigzagged over and under the branches probing the bark in the usual nuthatch manner. I think that the one seen March 15 was a straggler and that the true migration is taking place now.

Baltimore Orioles are very common now. I can at nearly any time hear a musical callnote like tick-eater. Occasionally one sings wheety wheur whee wheur wheur or wheety wheuru wheuru whoit whoit. They hunt through the half opened foliage and keep rather high up. I hear them oftener than I see them.

By the gravel pit I startled a very handsome warbler which I did not recognize at first but finally made it out to be a magnolia warbler. I took the following description. Broad-white patch on wing and much white on tail; underparts yellow streaked with black forming a necklace on breast; cheeks black bordered by white; rump yellow; crown

and neck gray; back black. The white on the tail showed conspicuously in flight. It was a very restless bird but once it sat still near the ground preening its feathers for some time, thus giving me a good look at it. It was silent. It hunted low down but the cold weather keeping the insects low would account for this. It would only let me get about thirty feet away when it would move on.

While watching the magnolia I heard a rapid song which ended in a low chuck bur and a strange bird came chasing another along the ground twisting and turning and singing as it came. The pursuer lit almost at my feet and remained still long enough for me to secure the following description. Upper parts dull olive green; crown with dull orange patch; underparts dull yellow, indistinctly streaked. At first sight I took it for an ovenbird by then I knew it for the orange-crowned warbler. My first specimen. Almost immediately it flew a short distance dropped into the brush to disappear completely. I could not find the other one either.

There were a number of brown thrashers here. Frequently when I approached them, they would hop swiftly along to the next brushpile and then stand in plain sight. The speed they made surprised me. They sang a little in a low tone from near the ground and called occasionally.

A bluejay flew out and dropped slowly down with down curved wings to the top of a tree calling pat pat in a loud tone.

In the crow woods were several male chestnut-sided warblers. They sang sometimes loudly and sometimes in a low tone. They kept low down in the brambles and bushes. One came up into a tree and sat there singing and preening his feathers for sometime.

An ovenbird flew down towards me and lit under a brushpile where it walked around feeding with wagging tail. It was the first of the year.

White-throated sparrows were very abundant and very tamer than usual too. They fed in among the dried leaves on the ground and flew up into the

bushes as I passed.

Chewinks also were common. They were singing. I wrote their song as hrila he la la la with a queer steely sound in the notes. They called whink and hril.

May 6, 1903 - Wednesday.

Tonight after school I went up by the gravel pit. Saw a strange flycatcher that I did not know. It was the Acadian flycatcher. The upper parts were greenish; under parts white; sides a little darker; eye-ring and two wing bars white. It jerked its tail quickly and nervously in an entirely different manner from the phoebe. It chose rather low perches and sat still for quite long periods between sallies after insects. Later I saw another in Tuttle's orchard. It sat in the top of an apple tree jerking its tail and calling whit-whit.

Heard the quail whistling bob-white for the first time this spring. The males were spread out through the fields but I saw a flock of about eight females in a raspberry bush. One male was feeding in a plowed field.

Went over by a little pond. Sparrows, white-throats, song and English were in the brushpiles but were hard to flush.

On a little farther I saw the reason for it. A small hawk flew up and lit a short ways off. It was the sharp-shinned hawk. Back slate color, chin white, tail darker than back nearly square and banded with black; the underparts were barred with reddish brown and there was a small white spot on the tip of a secondary. It sat low down and when I pressed it too close flew a short distance to another perch. It kept close watch but all the birds were quiet. It always perched in among the limbs and sat there perfectly still watching. It was almost invisible looking at it from behind. A catbird sat within ten feet of it never moving a

muscle with its head turned a little towards. Finally the hawk disappeared over a line of Norway spruces.

The bluejays were much exercised. One sat on a limb calling loudly with its crest raised to the fullest extent. At every noise it crouched ready to fly in an instant. It worked its body up and down with the notes. (clay-colored)

In some currant bushes I saw two or three grasshopper sparrows, and others were singing in all directions. They sat around quietly enough but always tried to keep a very leaves between us. They called a low tsit. The song was four notes tha tha tha tha with the th strong as in the.

Two Nashville warblers came down into the currant bushes from nowhere and began to hunt around. They jerked their tails sideways and were very restless. One went up into a tree and sat there scratching his head by bringing his foot over his wing and looking around.

Heard a queer chitting note, following it up saw a cowbird hidden in the lower branches. It flew to another low perch when I frightened it and kept on with its notes.

May 8, 1903 - Friday.

This morning I heard a strange song and following it up saw a male Nashville warbler. It was sweet a sweet a sweet a see tick-a-ty or ticky. It was given rapidly and could be heard for quite a distance.

Heard a warbling vireo singing the first of the year. A male scarlet tanager lit for an instant in the top of a tree and sang and then went on. Nearby the song sounded harsh and loud but at a distance sounded well - something like a brass band.

There are a pair of mourning doves around and another comes flying down to fight with the male. When he sees them together. They chase each other around with whistling and loud tapping wings and not much damage to either.

After school I walked home up the railroad track. Near Kirkwood I picked up a killdeer which had been run over by a train. Strange that so wary a bird should be killed so.

A red-tailed hawk circled down and lit in a dead tree and sat there as long as I could see it. Perhaps it was one of those seen at the hemlocks in the spring.

Took a set of phoebe's eggs about half a mile east of Rock Cut on the track. The nest was about 8 feet from the level near the overhanging top of the bank. The nest contained five eggs two of which were slightly spotted with brown and black (set no. 1).

Took a set of four bluebirds eggs from a post in front of Patterson's. I could barely get my hand in to the eggs the opening was so small. The female refused to leave the nest and I had to lift her out in my hand. The nest was composed of a few grasses (Set no. 2).

Another pair were looking at the gasoline can of the street lamp by Trumble's with an eye to building.

May 9, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning I went over in the River woods. Took a set of four fresh robins eggs from a crotch on a big red-elm near Leider's bridge. It was about 12 feet from the water and the nest was hard to detach. One egg became broken in my cap while coming down the tree.

Goldfinches were very abundant. They fed on the ground along the roads. The males were in summer plumage.

Near the Half Moon the crows were bothering the barred owls. I went over there and saw a young one sitting on a limb. Sticks had no effect on him but he watched me closely looking rather ridiculous.

Red-eyed vireos were very common. Their songs came from all directions from the tops of the trees mingled with that of the yellow-throats.

White-breasted nuthatches were in full song

I think that they are first beginning to nest. The males sat on the tip top of some dead trees high above the ground and sang making up in persistence what they lacked in music. I have never found one of their nests.

Heard two Maryland yellow-throats singing but did not see either as they were across the river.

Least flycatchers were thick. I heard them calling chebec and another single note in all directions.

Heard one song that puzzled me but finally I made the bird out to be the cerulean warbler. The song was a distinctive one something like that of *Compsothlypis Americana usneae*. It was zee zee zee zee zee zee e-e-es. The last two notes trilled. The birds kept to the tops of the trees and were very restless, a distinction mark was a dark line across the white breast. The light shone so in my eyes that it was hard to see colors. I saw two or three. They were persistent singers. Two fought and chased each other through the branches. One lit close to me and sang. They kept their wings drooped. They hunted through the delicate sprays of half opened leaves rarely going among the larger branches although restless they hunted one tree through thoroughly before going to another. The song could be heard for quite a distance.

Saw a magnolia warbler. It kept well hidden in a maple that was fully leaved out making it hard to watch it. The song was a low warble like wiss wiss wiss wiss we sa. Heard a Wilson thrush sing but did not see it.

Crossed the river on some flood trash. A male song sparrow became much excited and I went along carefully looking for a nest. About 30 feet from where I began to look the female flew up and I found the nest in a little hollow near the top of the river bank. It was hidden by nettles and other plant growths. It contained four song sparrow and two cowbird eggs. I collected it for Molothrus ater.

Further on a mourning dove tumbled off from

her nest in a little hollow on an oak stump. It was near the top of a high bank about three feet from the ground. The hollow was lined with a few grasses and rootlets on which were two eggs. (Set no. 5).

After dinner I went down in the fields. Bobolinks were very thick and Mr. Fiske said that it was time to plant corn when they came. They were singing and sailing in all directions. The song began with bob-o-lin and then became rapid and estatic that it was almost impossible to copy it. Frequently six or eight sang at once when the medley of musical notes was impossible to describe. Others flew over singing high up on their way north. Quail were whistling in all directions and frequently a pair would whirr up out of the grass in front of me to the accompaniment of low alarm notes by the male, and then swiftly sail off to a safe distance. The call note quoi-hee was given frequently. A killdeer began to call from Vail's field and suspecting a nest I went up there. The male immediately ran off and I followed him. Then the female appeared from near him but a careful search revealed nothing and as they did not seem very anxious I concluded that they were just feeding there.

Found a song sparrows nest under the bank by the swimming hole. It contained one cowbird's egg and two of its own. The nest was in a little hollow and was covered except for a small hole by the long dead grass. I broke the cowbird's egg.

A pair of kingbirds were flying and calling around the fallen tree down the river.

In Seeley's marsh I heard the loud rolling whinny of the sora. I went over there. As I walked along the edge of the wet portion one flew up and with hanging feet and flapping wings flew a few feet to hide in the grass. Another ran through the water like a streak to safety as soon as they reached a sufficiently distant spot they staid still well hidden by the grass to watch me.

In a field near by were a family of prairie horned larks. The young were fully fledged but still had the wide bill. Their underparts were noticeably whiter than those of their parents and the notes were softer. They flew around a great deal but allowed me to approach closely. The parents did not seem alarmed at all. There were five or six of the young.

May 10, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning after breakfast I went over to the hemlocks. Bobolinks were mating. The male chased the females through the air twisting and twining this way and that. The male singing constantly. Then the female would alight and the male would sail off singing.

A robin was feeding its young out of the nest by H. Smith's. I could hear the soft note of nestlings. Another one chased a red-wing out of one of the pasture oaks and followed it for a ways, when it turned to go back the red-wing followed and lit in the tree again without molestation.

In the Peninsula woods redstarts were very abundant. They flashed through the trees with spread tail and drooping wings singing constantly.

Yellow-throated vireos were also very thick. Their songs formed a volume of sound in which others came in as secondary. These last two species formed the bulk of the birds seen here.

Little parties of a dozen goldfinches were feeding here and there on the ground; at my approach they all flew up into the trees. Frequently it seemed as if a patch of yellow dandelions had taken wing so inconspicuous were the birds among the flowers.

Frequently now I see a female cowbird on the ground hunting most likely for nests were scared up they fly a few feet and then skulk along through the grass. The males are seen flying around or sitting in the tops of the trees, generally along the more open places. They call

and sing nearly all the time. They are often seen in pursuit of the females, sometimes two males after a single female. They twist and turn in all directions in regular bobolink fashion. At the hemlocks I saw a pair of crested fly-catchers. They kept low down or in the tops of the trees indifferently. They gave a loud wheep and other notes. Frequently they came low down and sat still looking around. They seemed to like to keep a screen between themselves and me.

Saw several blackburnian warblers and heard their song. It was tsee tsee tsee tsee tsee tsick a-s-s-s. It could always be recognized by the thin hissing sound at the end.

A ♀ yellow warbler puzzled me for a minute but I soon recognized her. She was feeding in a tangle of wild currants and gave a note like tsut. She was a good deal duller in color than the males.

This afternoon I went up Hawk Creek. A robin had built on a flat iron crosspiece in the top of the bridge. The English sparrows were now engaged in building a nest of their own on top of it.

The white-rumped shrikes had built again in the tangle of bittersweet in the bush along the road. It was about eight feet up. The nest was large and was composed of grass and weeds built deep and lined with chicken feathers. It contained six eggs one of which had the wreath around the small end. I collected both nest and eggs. One of the birds sat a few feet away and came almost within reach giving a loud steely note. The eggs were fresh.

In front of Donaghey's were a pair of chipping sparrows. The male chased his mate with petulant twittering notes into the grass and then puffing out his breast feathers to twice their usual size sang.

When I first came to the Creek I heard the hooting of a barred owl and went carefully over towards it. As I came up over a hill I saw it in a tree; not far away was a large hole in which its nest was. It flew on and its mate joined it.

It seemed very anxious and gave a low whining tsee-e-e-ack. They were very tame and sat around watching me closely. Then they flew down the hill and I went on.

Heard a strange song and following it up saw that it was a golden-winged warbler. I kept in the thick undergrowth ranging to the tops of the smaller trees. It was very restless and it was some time before I caught sight of it. It would sing once or twice, fly maybe ten rods and then sing again and it always kept in the thick growth which made a silent approach impossible. Later on I heard three or four. I heard the song oftener than I saw the bird as it was very secretive. The song was tzee-e-tzee-tzee. The first note drawn out and the last two given more rapidly like ----- --- ---.

Continuing along the hillside I startled a ruffed grouse. A female I think from where it had been scratching in a decayed log. The wood was almost as soft as the earth and the bird had scooped out a hollow about the size of its body.

There were two or three cerulean warblers here. They were singing and I copied the song as che che che che che z z z z. They kept well up in the trees as those on May 9 did. I could always identify them by the band on the breast. The song resembled that of Comsothypis americana usneae.

Heard the whit of the Acadian flycatcher but did not see it. This species or any of those that I have seen prefer small woods thickly grown with underbrush.

Wood thrushes were common along the sides of the valley. I could hear their kissing whit whit whit frequently. Others sang. I wrote the song as kwee er lee kwee er lee kwer lee.

A bluejay lit in a thorn bush with material for her nest. They gave the scolding kek kek kek of the Cooper hawk perfectly. Then she flew away. The nest was about finished.

It rained and then several black and white warblers came. One seized with sudden ardor sailed in a circle from one tree to another calling tchee tchee.

A ruffed grouse throbbing drum came pulsing from the woods as I started for home. It was the only one I heard though I listened for them all the afternoon.

A killdeer in a pasture by Donagheys seemed much excited and as I approached a field his mate joined him. A careful search of three quarters of an hour revealed nothing although the birds seemed very anxious.

May 11, 1903 - Monday.

This morning in Baraboo rose-breasted grosbeaks were common. They fed on Hoags lawn on the seeds of the catalpa tree. The male chased the females swiftly through the trees singing beautifully and revealing sudden flashes of color as they turned. Frequently two males pursued one of the opposite sex and then the air was filled with color and music. They uttered a scolding note at times.

Robins are hatching. I picked up several half shell on the lawn.

Those mourning doves written about May 8 are still quarreling. They are building a nest over in Gattikers yard. The males flap their wings loud but do not do each other much harm I fancy.

A yellow warbler was hunting in front of the house. I copied its song as sweet a sweet a sweet a sweet see wery. Sometimes the last two notes were tsu tsu.

May 12, 1903 - Tuesday.

This morning in Pfannstiehl's yard I saw a strange sparrow and identified it as a Lincoln sparrow, my first specimen. The breast was finely streaked with black with a buffy band across it just as the books describe it. I have

been looking for it all the spring. It hopped around in a little tree keeping pretty well hidden, and then disappeared into the hedge and I lost it. It seemed rather leisurely in its movements and once or twice came out when I could see it plainly.

After school I went down toward the water-works dam. On the river bank I found bluejays nest about ten feet up in a thornapple. It was in all little hollow in the branches and I could not see the old one at all until I climbed up getting sharply pricked on the way where she flew off went away. The nest was made of twigs, paper, cloth and weed stems lined with rootlets. It contained four eggs very dark and so heavy that I thought they were nearly hatched but incubation was just begun. I hesitated before taking them and if it had been anything but a bluejay I probably would not have touched them. Afterwards I heard the pair screaming about the spot as they discovered their loss.

Saw a single palm warbler near the river. It was hunting quietly and systematically through the roots of a tree.

Saw several spotted sandpipers. One lit on a large stone in the middle of the water and up and down.

As I passed a little poplar stub a male downy hitched up it and then flew to another tree. On the side away from the open was his nesting-hole evidently nearly finished.

Saw a female cowbird sneaking around in the grass. She skulked off as a song sparrow does in leaving its nest. I thought she might have been laying an egg but could find no nest.

Then a female song sparrow flew up and a found her nest concealed under some long grass. It contained five young covered with dark grey fuzz.

Across the river I saw a bird move in a willow and stopped to look at it. It was only a few feet off but I went up to about six feet and then it came out of leaves. It was a Cape May

Warbler, a male. It was very leisurely in its movement and was silent. The cheeks in certain lights showed red but in others seemed an uncertain yellow that would attract attention however. The bird was very tame and paid no attention to me whatever.

May 13, 1903 - Wednesday.

This morning I heard a strange song coming from many of the trees and on looking it up found Nashville Warblers to be very common. The song was ke tsuck ke tsuck ke tsuck see see see see-e-e-e. This type was infinitely varied sometimes one or two notes being given, then a trill and more notes. Then the notes were much varied in sound.

It had rained during the night and I walked up and down watching the great crowd of warblers that had come. Saw several black poll warblers. They gave a sharp song like tsink tsink tsink tsink tsink. They seemed rather pugnacious. I saw one chasing a robin and another a mourning dove. Frequently just as I got my glass on one another came along and they chased each other off through the trees their small size and twisting flight making them hard to follow through the young foliage.

Among the rest was a single Indigo Bunting. He sat in the trees looking bedraggled but cheerful and later I heard him singing.

I saw a warbler in a little pine and on looking at it closely was surprised to see a bay breast. Then I saw others, five in all. They sang wee see see see see or wee see see a. They were very active and chased the other birds considerable.

An olive-backed thrush lit in a tree and ran down an almost horizontal limb. Then it went to feeding on the ground. It ran around sometimes helping itself with its wings in a half hop and half fly when after an insect. It was rather shy and watched me closely. Finally it disappeared in Gattiker's yard.

Saw one chestnut sided warbler and although not so rare he seemed fully as handsome as any of the others.

May 14, 1903 - Thursday.

This morning magnolia warblers were fairly common. The first one I saw was singing in the top of an elm in front of Gattiker's and I could not distinguish the colors at first. Then others appeared and at last I could hear them singing all over. One strongly marked song was rit rit ree si ty rit. Occasionally the last note was omitted. The song had a guttural r sound about it that was very distinctive.

Black poll warblers were singing all over. Sometimes the song did not sound so sharp as that heard yesterday.

American goldfinches very common. They were hard to find as they sat quiet in the tops of the trees among the leaves. Frequently a hundred or more sang at once giving one of those choruses so common among the Fringillidae, that go in flocks a musical jumble of songs and call notes that seemed to pervade the whole air. It would be impossible to estimate the number that were gathered between Oak and Ash on Seventh Street, but certainly it must have been over two hundred. Never but once have I seen so large a gathering. They fed in the top of the trees and on the ground males and females mixed although the males were predominant. They were inconspicuous on the ground, the males because of the yellow dandelions growing everywhere and the females because of their dull color.

Rose-breasted grosbeaks were rather thick.

Heard one give a note like whoi whoi whoi.

I heard a new song coming from the top of an oak and to my surprise saw a Cape May Warbler. The song was swee see swee see swee see or swee see swee see see see see see. The last notes were faster. Later I saw three more making four in all. They were all males. They seemed rather

leisurely in their movements. One was rather low down in a pine. The cheeks of all seemed an undecided yellow like the one seen May 12.

Tonight after school I went out to the fair grounds. Saw a male robin with the tertials white. When at rest it showed as narrow streak but in flight it looked like a white band. In other ways it seemed just like other robins.

Saw a single Acadian flycatcher. It gave a note like pe.

A vesper sparrow chased a red-headed woodpecker whenever it flew.

In the grand stand there were several robins nests on the plates. They were all up out of reach.

A pair of barn swallows were evidently thinking of building here to as they flew through it continually. One lit near the edge of the roof to take a sun bath.

Two crows flew over rather high up. One gave a note like kah. It is rather unusual to see them flying far during the nesting season.

Found a bluebirds nest in a stub about four feet up. It was in an old woodpeckers hole that had been broken out and was entirely open to the weather. It contained five young scantily covered with a dark grey fuzz. They gave a low peep when it tapped on the wood. The old ones seemed very anxious.

May 15, 1903 - Friday.

Tonight after school I rode home to North Freedom with mother. About half a mile east of Secker's bridge. I heard queer harsh drawn out note that I did not recognize. I thought that it might be a shrike but got out to see. Then I saw the bird sitting on a fence post. It looked queer around the head and I went closer. It was a female, Yellow-headed blackbird. It seemed quite a little larger than the red-wings.

around it. The breast and throat were dingy yellow and the rest of the plumage a rusty black. The harsh drawn out note was given frequently and may have been an imitation of the song of the male. Then it flew to the ground with a characteristic chuck and then flew out of sight.

May 16, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning after breakfast I went over in the River woods. Heard a wood pewee calling from across the river it was the first one of the spring.

Wood thrushes were quite common. The males sat singing high up against the sky in dead trees. They were generally so far up that they paid no attention to me and did not cease singing.

The Wilson thrush sang also from a lower perch and I saw one or two olive backed thrushes. The last were very shy and keep well hidden in the goose-berry bushes. When flushed they flew up to a low perch, then quickly to another and then most always a longer flight through the woods.

Heard a song that puzzled me for awhile but soon saw that it was a black-throated blue warbler. The bird saw in the top of a maple hidden by the leaves and did not move around at all. Finally I caught sight of it.

Redstarts were very common. I heard them give three songs.

This afternoon I went down in the fields. In the old pasture a small bird skulked through the bushes but I finally made it out a dickcissel. When once it gained a cover it was very hard to see and finally it went into a brush pile and I could not find it again.

Found several catbirds nests. One had two eggs in it, another one, and others were in all stages of construction. The males sang all the time and frequently I saw a pair on the ground hunting for material.

A yellow warbler was building her nest along the edge of the river in a hazel bush. It was made of weed strippings and other soft materials. She scolded sharply if any one came near. Some children called her a wild canary.

A male meadowlark acted rather anxious and going over there I flushed his mate but could not find a nest.

Red-winged blackbirds were thick around the marsh. They called excitedly all the time. Occasionally both males and females circled up to about fifty feet above the marsh and then sailed down again.

Bank swallows were building in Seeley's sand bank. Some nests were just begun, while others were being lined. Some men came for sand and the whole flock of about twenty-five swept off down along the river in a body.

Saw a Maryland yellow-throat give the flight song. Some parts of it were like the ordinary song, while others were different. Saw two soras. They came up out of the marsh and flew a short distance with hanging feet.

May 17, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning before breakfast I went up on the hill.

About the first thing I heard was a golden-winged warbler. It kept up in the tops of the trees and as the leaves on the oaks were not fully out I had a good look at it. It seemed to be singing more than feeding and sometimes sat still for quite a while preening its feathers. It seems queer that I never saw them before this year. Maybe there are an unusual number this season. They seem to prefer brushy country without thick high trees. I find them in oak thickets and dry side hills.

Then a Cape May Warbler lit for a minute in a tree top. It gave a faint tsit and was gone flying with a quick up and down flight.

A Cheewink came up into the dead top of an oak and began to sing. I wrote the song as hert hert tsee e-e-e-e-e-. They seem to be coming nearer home or perhaps I am ranging farther now.

One field sparrow seemed to have the whole hill to himself and accordingly moved around to different perches.

After breakfast I went over to the hemlock bluffs.

The bluebirds are building in the gasoline can of an unused street lamp in front of Trumble's. They go in and out so quickly that I can hardly see them. An English sparrow came down to see what they were doing.

Another pair were carrying material into a bird house on top of the barn. The female seemed to do all the work. The male went with and sat on top of the house while she was inside. A sparrow was driven away and even a robin who lit on the house was forced to take flight.

Found a song sparrows nest in the ditch by the old pasture and collected it. It was in a little hollow and was well concealed by grass. The female flew out as I came along.

Heard a number of black poll warblers. They sang tsink a tsink a tsinka tsink a. They kept pretty well in the trees and did not hunt through the bushes as some warblers do.

I tried to watch the yellow warbler build but she refused to do anything but scold. The nest is in plain sight of any one that passes and will most likely be gone before next week.

Heard a catbird singing and noticed that it mocked the notes or songs of the spotted sandpiper. Meadowlarks and Baltimore orioles all in the space of the minute or two in which I listened to it.

At the Hemlock Bluffs as soon as I came I heard an entirely new song like zee-e-e-e-e-zip and followed it for quite a while before I identified the bird as a parula warbler. It kept

high up in the trees and was so small that I rarely got a glimpse of it. Finally it went into a giant hemlock on top of the rocks. It made short trips to other trees but always returned to the big one. Finally it lit on a low dead limb in plain sight and sat there looking around. I worked around until I could see it and watched it for a while.

Heard the song of the golden winged warbler and a male white-throated sparrow flew up from the ground. Yellow-billed cuckoos were heard calling and I saw one. At home as I sat on the porch resting I heard a great commotion among the English sparrows and looking around saw a Cooper Hawk about 200 feet up it came from the hill above town and went over to Hackett's grove where it dropped straight as a plummet onto an unfortunate chicken and carried it off through the trees.

This afternoon I went over to the Hawk Creek Valley. Found a catbirds nest with four eggs in it and started to collect it but broke one, a fresh one and put the others back.

Saw the flight song of the Maryland yellow throat once and that of the ovenbird several times. The latter gave fragments of the common song with its more inspired note.

Two chicadees full grown were feeding from the brush and fallen trees. One fluttered its wings as if begging for food and gave the notes of the young whenever the other came near. I am sure that it was the female and that they were mated.

In a fallen tree top I had a momentary glimpse of a Canadian and a hooden warbler. They both vanished when I tried to come near.

Indigo buntings were thick and I Scared up a ruffed grouse from a decayed log which had nearly mingled with the soil. It had scratched out a hole about as big as the body and had evidently been lying in it when I frightened it up. Several I have scared them out of like situations and have found the holes.

Saw a pair of white-throated sparrows in a brush-filled water course. They were very secretive and for a moment I began to think that they were nesting but a careful search revealed nothing.

As I went farther back the hills receded and the ground was covered with stones above which grew a rather dense oak, maple and hickory second growth. Chewinks were fairly abundant and seemed to be established for the summer. The males sat generally in a commanding position on a tree or sapling which was bare of leaves near their perches and sang at regular intervals.

Scarlet tanagers of the male denomination and very abundant I saw thirty or forty during the afternoon.

This seemed to be the chosen ground of golden winged warblers and I saw and heard a number. Sometimes an extra note was added to the song making it tzee tzee tzee tzee.

In Schenkett's Lane on my way home I saw a long straw protruding from a bush and going up to it saw a nest about 1-1/2 feet from the ground in a raspberry bush. It was much like a chipping sparrows nest but a number of long straws protruded all around the foundation. It contained two eggs greenish in color, spotted with rufous brown. They were very handsome and I left them for nextweek. They belonged I think to the tree sparrow.

Saw a black-billed cuckoo on Brilllott's hill. It was hunting through the tops of the second growth along the road.

May 19, 1903 - Tuesday.

This morning as I sat on Hoag's porch I was startled by a loud caw er caw er repeated six or eight times and followed by couk couk couk. It came from a large oak and going around there saw a pair of black-billed cuckoos. The notes were loud and sonorous and reminded me slightly of the tone of the great blue heron. I was much surprised to see this bird here in town.

Heard black poll warblers frequently in the trees. I wrote the song like zee zee zee zee. One gave the call note tsit and chit like those of a yellow warbler. It stretched its neck out and up to examine the leaves for insects and looked very long because of the V-shaped stripe on the throat.

In a squirrel house I found a pile of English sparrow feathers placed neatly in a corner and a number of pellets containing bills, thighs and other bones. Evidently a screech owl had been here.

May 21, 1903

Robin young, flight strong, out of nest about week, fly nearly straight up, robin call note - robin hop.

Robin - bathe - chased away. Pfannstiehl's yard - chased again.

Yellow-billed cuckoo.

Bronzed grackle - young.

Nashville Warbler and Black Polls and black-burnian. Last not common in town. Wilson thrush.

May 22, 1903.

Bronzed grackle.

Cedar waxwing.

Green heron.

Bluebird nest grass.

Baltimore oriole, tur lip te barr.

Ruby-throated humming bird, ke tsuck a tsuck.

Phoebe - nest moss and mud lined with weed and bark strippings.

Crow - young.

May 23, 1903.

Barn swallow nest ten feet up, mud lined with feathers, also W. Barns.

Louisiana water thrush singing from tree.

Scarlet tanager pe ur whe er.

Cerulean warbler.

Indigo bunting.

Black-billed cuckoo
Yellow-billed cuckoo
Chipping sparrow nest in gooseberry bush.
Cowbird eggs 2 of own.
Mourning warbler which I ty which I tu which it
tu which it tu which (Whisht).
Scarlet tanager, male fought (pre)
Chipping sparrow nest - cowbird egg.
Wilson's thrush nest about 18 in. up in goose-
berry bush.
White-throated sparrow.
Louisiana water-thrush flight song.
Virginia rail - nest in clump of grass.
Sora, nest inclump of grass
Redwinged blackbird.
Marsh wren.
Song Sparrow.

May 24, 1903.

Bobolink mating.
Red-wings in Fiske's marsh.
Vesper sparrow mating chuck pe pe pe pe.
Song sparrow tailless.
Bank swallow nest in hole.
Catbird mocked song of bluebird.
Golden-winged warbler.
Cooper Hawk nest, sticks lined with pieces of
maple, bark an inch square and 1/8 inch thick,
male very savage, kek kek kek.
Rose-breasted grosbeak nest 8 feet up in maple
sapling. Deeper than usual.
Redstart colored like female, singing.
Red-eyed vireo. Mating.
Scarlet tanager.
White-breasted nuthatch, sudden drop at end of
song.
Flicker nest in top of maple, 2 feet up.
Ruffed grouse, drum three or four beats, then
slow and thin drums.
Redstart sang like yellow warbler sa sa sa sa sa
sa sa.
White-throated sparrow.

MAY, 1903 - BIRD LIST

Chipping Sparrow
English Sparrow
Purple Martin
White-throated Sparrow
Red-winged Blackbird
Bronzed Grackle
Meadowlark
Song Sparrow
Robin
Field Sparrow
Cowbird
Bluejay
Bank Swallow
Myrtle Warbler
Bluebird
Water-Thrush
Ruby-crowned Kinglet
Crow
Downy Woodpecker
American Goldfinch
Palm Warbler
Spotted Sandpiper
Phoebe
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Louisiana Water-thrush
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker
Hairy Woodpecker
Junco
Rose-breasted Grosbeak
White-breasted Nuthatch
Purple Finch
Chewink
Blackburnian Warbler
Black-throated Blue Warbler
Black and White Warbler
Mourning Dove
Chicadee
Tree Sparrow
Black-throated Green Warbler
Hermit Thrush
Nashville Warbler

Prairie Horned Lark
Tree Swallow
Chestnut-sided Warbler
Brown Thrasher
Flicker
House-Wren
Vesper Sparrow
Baltimore Oriole
Rusty Blackbird
Red-headed Woodpecker
Catbird
Chimney Swift
Parula Warbler
Redstart
White-eyed Vireo
Yellow-throated Vireo
American Sparrowhawk
Barred Owl
Bobwhite
Kingfisher
Golden-crowned Kinglet
Cliff Swallow
Sora
Tree-Swallow
Virginia Rail
Barn Swallow
Winter Wren
Killdeer
Yellow Warbler
Wood Thrush
Golden-winged Warbler
Ovenbird
Magnolia Warbler
Orange-crowned Warbler
Scarlet Tanager
Acadian Flycatcher
Warbling Vireo
Bobolink
Red-eyed Vireo
Maryland Yellowthroat
Least Flycatcher
Wilson Thrush

Kingbird
Whippoorwill
Cerulean Warbler
Crested Flycatcher
Night-hawk
Cape May Warbler
Ruffed Grouse
Great Horned Owl
Red-tailed Hawk
White-rumped Shrike
Great Blue Heron
Sharp-shinned Hawk
Grasshopper Sparrow
Lincoln Sparrow
Black-Poll Warbler
Indigo Bunting
Bay-breasted Warbler
Olive-backed Thrush
Wilson Snipe
Wood Pewee
Dickcissel
Yellow-billed Cuckoo
Hooded Warbler
Canadian Warbler
Black-billed Cuckoo
Cedar Waxwing
Green Heron
Ruby-throated Hummingbird
Connecticut Warbler
Short-billed Marsh Wren
Red-shouldered Hawk.

Spring Migration - 1903

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Remarks
Prairie Horned lark	Feb. 1	12	Feb. 3	Feb. 20	-	Abundant	Yes	
Rusty Blackbird	Mar. 7	53	Mar. 8	Mar. 18	May 3	"	No	
Bluebird	8	12	9	12	-	Common	Yes	
Red-tailed Hawk	8	1	18	-	-	Tol.Com.	Yes	
American goldfinch	8	50	9	Mar. 8	-	Abundant	Yes	
Robin	9	1	10	12	-	"	Yes	
Meadowlark	10	1	13	18	-	Common	Yes	
Junco	12	25	13	12	May 3	Abundant	No	
Tree sparrow	12	30	13	12	3	"	No	
Purple finch	12	2	18	18	3	"	No	
Killdeer	12	1	15	18	-	Common	Yes	
Red-winged blackbird	13	3	18	18	-	Abundant	Yes	
Song sparrow	13	8	14	15	-	"	Yes	
Red-breasted nut- hatch	15	1	3	-	May 5	Tol.Com.	No	More common in fall than spring

Spring 1903
2.

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Remarks
Bronzed grackle	Mar.16	1	Mar.22	Mar.22	-	Abundant	Yes	
Canada Goose	17	21	18	-	Mar.24	Tol.Com.	No	
Fox Sparrow	18	4	22	Mar.22	Apr.19	Abundant	No	
Northern flicker	18	2	22	22	-	Common	Yes	
Winter wren	18	6	22	18	May 3	Common	No	Found at
Phoebe	18	2	21	22	-			Devil's Lake in summer.
Brown Creeper	18	3	22	22	Apr.20	Common	Yes	
White-rumped shrike	22	1	Apr.1	Apr. 1	-	Common	Yes	
Mourning Dove	22	3	Mar.23	Mar.26	-	Abundant	Yes	
Greater Snow Geese	22	16	-	-	-	Rare	No	A new species to me
Field sparrow	22	5	Mar.25	Apr.2	-	Abundant	Yes	
Golden-crowned kinglet	29	25	Apr.1	Apr.1	May 3	Abundant	No	
Kingfisher	30	1	1	2	-	Common	Yes	
Vesper sparrow	1	2	2	2	-	Abundant	Yes	
Cowbird	Apr. 2	1	4	19	-	Common	Yes	

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Spring 1903 3.	Remarks.
Ruby-crowned kinglet	Apr. 2	15	Apr. 4	Apr. 2	May 7	Abundant	No		
American sparrow hawk	2	2	5	5	-	Common	Yes		
Yellow-bellied woodpecker	2	3	5	5	-	Common	Yes		
Sharp-shinned hawk	4	1	8	-	-	Tol. Com.	Yes		
Marsh hawk	6	1	10	-	-	Tol. Com.	Yes		
House wren	8	1	9	-	-	Tol. Com.	Yes		
Cooper Hawk	11	2	15	Apr. 15	-	Common	Yes		
Chipping sparrow	11	5	12	12	-	Abundant	Yes		
Hermit thrush	11	2	25	-	May. 3	Tol. Com.	No		
Great Blue Heron	11	1	26	-	-	Tol. Com.	Yes		
Pigeon hawk	11	1	19	-	Apr. 25	Tol. Com.	No		One nest found last year but I do not think it breeds here regularly.
Horned lark	11	2	18	Apr. 19	Apr. 29	Common	No		
Grasshopper sparrow	16	1	23	23	-	Abundant	Yes		
Purple martin	16	1	17	18	-	Common	Yes		

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Remarks
Myrtle warbler	Apr. 18	12	Apr. 19	Apr. 19	May 21	Abundant	No	
Water thrush	19	5	25	25	23	"	No	
Barn Swallow	19	4	26	29	-	"	Yes	
Cliff Swallow	19	1	29	29	-	"	"	
Tree Swallow	19	6	May 1	-	May 3	Rare	No	
Chewink	19	1	Apr. 26	Apr. 29	-	Abundant	Yes	
White-throated sparrow	20	5	21	29	May 24	"	No	
Wilson Snipe	25	2	May 1	May 3	" 5	Common	No	
Bank Swallow	25	1	Apr. 26	Apr. 29	-	Abundant	Yes	
Rough-winged swallow	25	2	26	-	-	Rare	Yes	
Louisiana Water- thrush	25	1	26	Apr. 29	-	Common	Yes	
Baltimore Oriole	28	1	29	May 3	-	Common	Yes	
Chimney Swift	28	2	29	4	-	Abundant	Yes	
Brown thrasher	29	1	May 1	May 1	-	"	Yes	
Spotted sandpiper	29	2	Apr. 30	1	-	"	Yes	
White-crowned sparrow	29	1	Apr. 30	May 1	May 3	"	No	

Spring 1903
5.

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Remarks
Blue-gray gnat- catcher Nashville	Apr. 29	1	May 1	-	May 3	Rare	No	My first record of it here.
warbler	30	2	1	May 1	25	Abundant	No	
Palm Warbler	30	5	1	1	9	Common	No	
Rose-breasted grosbeak	May 1	1	3	3	-	Abundant	Yes	
Blackburnian Warbler	1	3	3	-	May 21	Tol. Com.	No	
Black-throated blue warbler	1	1	4	-	14	Tol. Com.	No	
Black & White warbler	1	2	3	May 3	-	Common	Yes	
Black-throated green warbler	1	1	3	3	May 5	Common	No	One breeding record
Chestnut-sided warbler	1	1	3	5	-	Common	Yes	
Red-headed wood- pecker	3	3	4	9	-	Abundant	Yes	

Spring 1903
6.

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Remarks
Catbird	May 3	1	May 5	May 10	-	Abundant	Yes	
Parula warbler	3	1	4	-	-	Tol.Com.	Yes	
Yellow-throated vireo	3	6	4	May 4	-	Common	Yes	
Redstart	3	2	4	10	-	Abundant	Yes	
White-eyed Vireo	3	1	-	-	May 3	Rare	No	
Sora	3	1	May 9	May 9	-	Common	Yes	
Virginia rail	3	1	9	-	-	Tol.Com.	Yes	
Yellow warbler	4	3	5	May 5	-	Abundant	Yes	
Wood thrush	4	1	9	9	-	"	Yes	
Golden-winged warbler	4	1	10	-	-	Tol.Com.	Yes	My first record for this state
Magnolia warbler	5	1	9	May 9	May 18	Common	No	
Ovenbird	5	1	9	9	-	Abundant	Yes	
Orange-crowned warbler	5	2	-	-	May 5	Rare	No	The first ones I ever saw
Scarlet tanager	6	1	May 7	May 9	-	Common	Yes	
Acadian flycatcher	6	2	10	-	May 10	Tol.Com.	No	The first I ever saw.

Spring 1903
7.

Name of bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Remarks
Warbling vireo	May 8	3	May 9	May 9	-	Abundant	Yes	
Bobolink	9	12	10	9	-	"	"	
Red-eyed Vireo	9	1	10	10	-	"	"	
Maryland yellow- throat	9	2	16	16	-	"	"	
Least Flycatcher	9	8	10	9	-	"	"	
Wilson thrush	9	1	16	16	-	"	"	
Kingbird	9	3	10	10	-	"	"	
Whippoorwill	9	1	15	16	-	Common	"	
Cerulean warbler	9	4	10	-	-	Tol.Com.	"	
Crested flycatcher	10	2	16	May 16	-	Common	"	
Nighthawk	11	1	16	21	-	Abundant	"	
Cape May Warbler	12	1	14	-	May 14	Tol.Com.	No	
Lincoln Sparrow	12	1	-	-	12	Rare	No	The first I ever saw
Black-Poll Warbler	13	15	May 14	May 16	25	Common	No	
Indigo Bunting	13	2	15	16	-	Abundant	Yes	
Bay-breasted Warbler	13	8	14	-	May 15	Tol.Com.	No	
Olive-backed thrush	13	2	14	May 16	29	Abundant	No	

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Spring 1903 8.	Remarks
Wood Pewee	May 16	3	May 17	May 17	-	Common	Yes		
Dickcissel	16	1	21	25	-	Abundant	"		
Yellow-billed cuckoo	17	1	19	22	-	Common	"		
Hooded warbler	17	1	-	-	May 17	Rare	No		
Canadian warbler	17	1	May 23	-	23	Tol.Com.	No		
Black-billed cuckoo	17	1	18	May 22	-	Common	Yes		
Cedar waxwing	22	2	24	24	-	Common	"		
Green heron	22	1	24	24	-	Tol.Com.	"		
Ruby-throated hummingbird	22	2	3	24	-	Common	"		
Connecticut warbler	23	1	29	-	May 30	Tol.Com.	No		
Short-billed marsh wren	23	1	June 10	-	June 10	Tol.Com.	No		

Ovenbird preened feathers, sang.
Cerulean warbler high up, mosquitoes.
Whoits a whoits a whoits -s-zzz (s-s-s-s-z-z-z)
Bluejays on tall dead tree.
Wood-thrush air o hil (Kwu-er-ler).
Field sparrow tchip.
Chewink song, pause whink alone e-e-er)
Golden-winged warbler.
Field sparrow-nest in raspberry bush one foot up.
Chipping sparrow old nest torn out for new.
Least flycatcher flight song che bee.
Wings thrown back with each note, descended
short distance that way.
Barn swallow
Chipping Sparrow nest in thornapple bush.
Black-billed cuckoo nest in grapevine in oak
sapling.
Scarlet tanager nest.
Ovenbird. su su su su .
Cerulean warbler on limb, cher cher cher cher
e-e-e-z-z.
Red-eyed vireo - on limb. Breast buffy streaked
with brown, top white,
Red-shouldered hawk.

June 6, 1903.

Robin
Barred Owl
Yellow-billed cuckoo
Redstart
Robin
Redstart ♀ sang.
Barred owl answered whistle.
Cerulean Warbler.
Yellow-billed cuckoo nest in maple.
Field sparrow
Red-eyed vireo
Black and white warbler.
Chestnut-sided warbler
Ruffed grouse
Yellow-throated vireo.
Ruby-throated hummer.
Scarlet tanager
Indigo bunting.

June 7, 1903.

Cliff swallow nest.

Robins nest

Chipping sparrow nest, 3 eggs.

Catbird nest, 2 young, egg, 1 last Sunday.

Black-billed cuckoo nest, 3 eggs, cried like
child.

Golden-winged warbler

Ovenbird nest

Black and white warbler

Song sparrows nest.

Phoebes nest, 4 young, young out.

JUNE, 1903 - BIRD LIST.

House Wren
English Sparrow
Chimney Swift
Chipping Sparrow
Purple Martin
Red-winged Blackbird
Bronzed Grackle
Meadowlark
Song Sparrow
Robin
Woodcock
Field Sparrow
Cowbird
Bluejay
Bank Swallow
Bluebird
Crow
Downy Woodpecker
American Goldfinch
Spotted Sandpiper
Phoebe
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Louisiana Water Thrush
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker
Hairy Woodpecker
Rose-breasted Grosbeak
White-breasted Nuthatch
Chewink
Black and White Warbler
Mourning Dove
Chicadee
Prairie Horned Lark
Chestnut-sided Warbler
Brown Thrasher
Flicker
Vesper Sparrow
Baltimore Oriole
Red-headed Woodpecker
Catbird
Parula Warbler

Rough-winged Swallow
Flicker

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July 26, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning before breakfast I saw fourteen great blue herons fly over. They flew in a west, south-westerly direction about three hundred feet up. They flew in line and were silent. Above the slough they circled and went down behind the woods.

After breakfast I went over there to see if I could find them. The kingfishers kept flying along in front, and finally the herons flew at them their warning rattle from the slimy pond at the end of the slough. They gave low honks as they came up and seemed tired. They lit at first in some trees but flew before I got where I could watch them. Two did not come up until this second flight and then followed the others. They passed out of sight over a hill still going in the same direction.

Heard a robin and a red-headed woodpecker scold and going over there a great horned owl flew off from a rail fence. It kept near the ground and flew very fast always perching low down.

Saw a red-bellied woodpecker. Another gave a rattling call and this one answered it. It flew over there and I saw two, an old and a young one like the first. They began to beg for food with trembling

JULY, 1903 BIRD LIST

Black Duck
Woodcock
Spotted Sandpiper
Bobwhite
Killdeer
Mourning Dove
Sharp-shinned Hawk
Cooper Hawk
Red-tailed Hawk
Red-shouldered Hawk
Barred Owl
Yellow-billed Cuckoo
Belted Kingfisher
Hairy Woodpecker
Downy Woodpecker
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker
Red-headed Woodpecker
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Flicker
Whippoorwill
Nighthawk
Chimney Swift
Ruby-throated Hummingbird
Kingbird
Phoebe
Wood Pewee
Least Flycatcher
Prairie Horned Lark
Bluejay
Crow
Bobolink
Cowbird
Red-winged Blackbird
Meadowlark
Baltimore Oriole
English Sparrow
American Goldfinch
Vesper Sparrow
Chipping Sparrow
Field Sparrow

Song Sparrow
Towhee
Rose-breasted Grosbeak
Indigo Bunting
Scarlet Tanager
Purple Martin
Cliff Swallow
Barn Swallow
Bank Swallow
Cedar Waxwing
White-rumped Shrike
Red-eyed Vireo
Warbling Vireo
Yellow-throated Vireo
Black and White Warbler
Yellow Warbler
Chestnut-sided Warbler
Ovenbird
Louisiana Water-Thrush
Maryland Yellow-throat
American Redstart
Catbird
Brown Thrasher
White-breasted Nuthatch
Chicadee
Wood Thrush
Wilson Thrush
American Robin
Bluebird
~~Prothonotary~~-Warbler
Great Horned Owl
Yellowlegs
Crested Flycatcher
Great Blue Heron
Bronzed Grackle
Cerulean Warbler
Virginia Rail
Short-billed Marsh Wren.

1903

AUGUST.

August 16, 1903 - Sunday.

Have been away for a week and this morning I went down in the fields. Saw some English sparrows feeding in a patch of weeds in a meadow. They came up, hovered a minute, and then dove down for insects. They also caught them on the wing and continually changed their positions. I did not recognize them at first.

Here in Fiske's pasture I just realized that fall has begun. The grain is cut and some of the leaves are turning already. The only true bird songs to be heard are the song sparrow and the wood pewee with occasionally a few notes from the barn swallow and field sparrows. Indigo buntings are also singing and crows can be heard in the distance. The cliff swallows have left for some large marsh. Bobolinks fly over to feeding grounds in the fields. Some white-breasted nuthatches call in a queer harsh tone. Taking it all together, however, the birds are rather quiet. Those seen are usually in poor plumage and they skulk so that it is hard to find them.

The old pasture was full of song sparrows. They chimped at me and occasionally one sang. The young ones called tseet and sang in a low tone an endless warbling twittering song with occasional bursts of music in it. One flew out of some bushes and lit on a stump and stood there now standing up and now crouched down flirting its wings and tail with its crest raised to its highest extent, the very picture of bold timidity until it dove headlong into the bushes again. One female was still feeding her young and was very anxious.

Bluejays called jay jay in a tone expressing anxiety, entreaty and command or else chatter-

AUGUST, 1903 - BIRD LIST.

Woodcock
Spotted Sandpiper
Bobwhite
Ruffed Grouse
Song Sparrow
Maryland Yellowthroat
Red-tailed Hawk
Short-billed Marsh Wren
Purple Finch
Vesper Sparrow
Wood Pewee
Redstart
Red-winged Blackbird
Scarlet Tanager
Black-billed Cuckoo
Red-headed Woodpecker
White-breasted Nuthatch
Flicker
Bluejay
English Sparrow
Crow
Phoebe
Kingbird
Cowbird
Mourning Dove
Louisiana Water Thrush
Chipping Sparrow
Purple Martin
Barn Swallow
Bank Swallow
Kingfisher
Indigo Bunting
Catbird
Yellow-throated Vireo
Red-eyed Vireo
Warbling Vireo
Killdeer Spott
Spotted-Sandpiper
Chicadee
Rose-breasted Grosbeak
American Goldfinch

Downy Woodpecker
Prairie Horned Lark
Bobolink
Meadowlark
Baltimore Oriole
Robin
Bluebird
Cedar Waxwing
Ruby-throated Hummingbird
Red-tailed Hawk
Whippoorwill
Chimney Swift
Nighthawk
Crested Flycatcher
Bronzed Grackle
Water Thrush
Cooper Hawk
Great Blue Heron
Black and White Warbler
Hairy Woodpecker
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker
Cliff Swallow
Least Flycatcher
Field Sparrow
Prothonotary Warbler
Marsh Hawk
Night-hawk
Nashville Warbler
Red-breasted Nuthatch
Chestnut-sided Warbler
Yellow-billed Cuckoo
Sparrow Hawk.

ed querulously among themselves. The mothers are leaving their broods to shift for themselves now and they object. Their loud calls of jay will be heard for the next two months as they call for their parents to come and feed them again.

Black cherries are not quite ripe yet. Nothing but catbirds are eating them. Saw several brown thrashers and catbirds eating choke cherries; all that I saw were immature. The thrashers had very short bills. Near Seeley's plum orchard 8 or 10 song sparrows whirled up and flew one at a time with absurdly tilting tails into the bushes.

SEPTEMBER

September 5, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning after breakfast I went over to the millpond. As I came to the dam a pied-billed grebe swam out and following it came another. I raised the gun slowly and both dove. The first did not show itself until across the pond but the second came nearly in the same place. I shot immediately with a charge of No. 6 shot and when the smoke rolled away it lay on the water. Later I saw two others but they were so quick that at about 15 rods I could not hit one before it dove. The stomach of the first was filled with water weeds.

September 13, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning I went down by Leiders bridge. A flock of 15 or 20 rose-breasted grosbeaks, mostly males were feeding on the seeds of a tall weed that grew along the river. Its name was iron weed. The birds were silent except for an occasional low pe re pe re: The usual call of the young bird. The seeds were pretty well cleaned out. They were tame and so quiet that they would hardly be noticed. One or two were generally in sight but the rest kept down in the thicker growth. The males chased the young ones away with open beaks when they came too near.

September 14, 1903 - Monday.

This noon as I started for dinner a mixed flock of white-breasted nuthatches, red-eyed vireos, redstarts and Nashville warblers came hunting southward through the tree tops. They were very quick and hard to identify. I saw one or two that I did not know at such short glimpses. One came low down and hunted through some bushes and I saw that it was a female Canadian warbler. It caught insects on the wing and was not as restless as the others.

In a few minutes they were gone and I went on.

After school I went over to Toole's with Mr. Stout. In the greenhouse I heard a quick flutter of wings and saw a winter wren that had come in through one of the ventilators and had been shut in. It skulked around through the flowers and I got several good looks at it. It flew a short distance occasionally with a loud whirring flight, a ventilator was opened and it went outdoors.

September 15, 1903 - Tuesday.

Tonight it was cloudy and turned colder, an incredible number of birds were flying, all going due south. I heard between 25 and 50 a minute from 7:30 to 9:30 when I went to bed and they were still flying. I heard olive-backed thrushes and Nashville warblers and from the notes I judged that the greater part were warblers.

September 17, 1903 - Thursday.

This morning the sun shone although it was quite cold, almost a frost. There were a great many birds around but they kept in small scattered flocks which passed through the trees rapidly. They did not seem to move in any particular direction, so that I took them to be feeding and not migrating. I saw one bird for an instant that looked exactly like a female, D. castanea and came near putting it down but later I saw a redstart with the same tinge of red on its breast and recognized my mistake. The red-

starts were quite common, several brilliant males being seen. I had thought that they adopted the dress of the female in winter. Frequently they fell and fluttered quite a distance through the limbs after insects.

Saw a single immature scarlet tanager. It flew out of a tree after an insect and then went in a clump of trees. I followed but could not find it although I heard a low pe re that convinced me of its identity. Finally it followed a flock of other species around to where I was and I got a good look at it. The belly seemed white. As I watched it a small bug flew by its head and it turned to catch with open bill but it was gone. A warbler would have captured it but the tanager was slow and methodical in its movements and did not seem to be accustomed to rapid moves.

I heard a thin seety seety seety seety and saw six ruby-crowned kinglets. They seemed like old friends. One male, a handsome fellow expanded his fiery crest to its fullest extent when another came too close. They were soon gone and I did not see them again.

The redstarts gave a thin loud tseet sharper than that of the Nashvilles.

The birds of the flocks were five or six red-breasted nuthatches. I have always had a peculiar affection for these tiny birds ever since I first knew them and watch them with interest whenever I see them. They were calling ank ank ank to each other all the time and I heard five at once. That call is enough to start the migration fever in anything. One sat on a telephone wire or stick catching insects on the wing. When he called he lifted his wings in exaggerated bluebird fashion. Sometimes this was done while silent. They ran restlessly up and down the limbs pecking first on one side of a bit of bark and then on the other until it came loose when they got sometimes a white grub and sometimes I could see nothing.

A white-breaasted nuthatch lit in a broken

window of a barn near Hoags. He looked in and I thought from his motions that he was going to enter but finally he turned around and flew off. Two red-eyed vireos were restless but stayed around closer than the others. I scared them up from some tomato vines.

Saw two brown creepers and a yellow-throated vireo but did not watch them.

After school Mr. Stout and I went over south of town. Saw several bluejays and robins and found a flock of 40 or 50 chipping sparrows in a field and orchard. They were probably feeding on the weed seeds to be found everywhere. At first I thought they must be tree sparrows because there were so many of them. I never saw them in a large flock before.

September 18, 1903 - Friday.

This morning not many birds were stirring. I saw two Nashville warblers and one or two white-breasted nuthatches. Heard the note of Sitta canadensis. It loses its vibrant stirring quality when heard at a distance.

In Gattiker's yard I heard a couple of white-throated sparrows.

After school Mr. Stout and I were out south. Saw a great many grasshopper sparrows on the flat rocks above a stone quarry. They chased each other around much like juncos. They sat around on the stones or a building in little groups. I had never before seen them in flocks. They gave a low note like toisp.

September 19, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning Mr. Stout and I went over to the east narrow^s. Birds were thick all along the road. Saw several white-crowned sparrows and white-throats were numerous. Song, grasshopper, vesper and the two preceding species were feeding along the road in thickets and weed patches. Goldfinches were with them but kept more in sight. Saw one palm warbler on a wire fence. Ate dinner on Pine Hill. Saw no birds there but a bluejay which flew over.

Several hawks were seen. Red-tails and a sharp-shin. In some bushes we saw a few olive backed thrushes but they were not common. Saw a few Nashville warblers.

After dark, about 9:30 I heard the high thin song of Certhia familiaris coming from the trees several times.

September 23, 1903 - Wednesday.

This morning I heard a single wood pewee calling in Gattiker's yard. It called pee ree with a queer rising inflection on the last note. It was high up in the trees and looked very spirited. Perhaps it was born somewhere far to the north in an entirely different country.

September 27, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning after breakfast I went over on the Island. By the river three juncos flew out with their characteristic note. I made sure of their identity.

A mixed flock of golden and ruby crowned kinglets, myrtle, Nashville and palm warblers, were hunting low through the thornapple trees. They were very quick and alert and seemed to pay no attention to the thorns. When they flew in from another tree especially the kinglets they zig-zagged about to get a suitable perch however. The Nashville's were few in number. The myrtle warblers had a note almost exactly like theirs.

Bluebirds were very common. They flew around high overhead calling or fed along the fences. Robins flew up in all directions. They sat around in the sun a good deal high up on bare limbs. Saw a few that were quite tame. They ran around in the shade as they do in summer.

Went down in the old pasture. American goldfinches were abundant wherever there were suitable feeding grounds.

Great numbers of song, white-throated and white-crowned sparrows were found here.

SEPTEMBER, 1903 - BIRD LIST.

English Sparrow
Bluejay
Sharp-shinned Hawk
Nashville Warbler
Song Sparrow
Cedar Waxwing
American Goldfinch
Bobolink
Bluebird
Crow
Spotted Sandpiper
Water-thrush
Maryland Yellow-throat
Purple Finch
Cooper Hawk
Louisiana Water-Thrush
Black-crowned Night Heron
Redstart
Wood Pewee
Indigo Bunting
Least Flycatcher
Downy Woodpecker
Phoebe
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Red-headed Woodpecker
Kingfisher
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker
White-breasted Nuthatch
Bobwhite
Chicadee
Night-Hawk
Yellow-throated Vireo
Warbling Vireo
Red-eyed Vireo
Vesper Sparrow
Catbird
Robin
Flicker
Red-winged Blackbird

Bronzed Grackle
Yellow-billed Cuckoo
Scarlet Tanager
Mourning Dove
Chipping Sparrow
Cliff Swallow
Rose-breasted Grosbeak
Prairie Horned Lark
Ruby-throated Hummingbird
Chimney Swift
Pigeon Hawk
Red-breasted Nuthatch
Hairy Woodpecker
Kingbird
Olive-backed Thrush
Field Sparrow
Barred Owl
Pine Siskin
Pied-billed Grebe
Sora
Magnolia Warbler
Winter Wren
Canadian Warbler
Brown Creeper
Ruby-crowned Kinglet
Wood Thrush
Red-tailed Hawk
Chestnut-sided Warbler
Ruffed Grouse
White-throated Sparrow
Grasshopper Sparrow
White-crowned Sparrow
Palm Warbler
Myrtle Warbler
Acadian Flycatcher
Golden-crowned Kinglet
Junco
Swamp Sparrow
Fox Sparrow
Chewink.

Identification was a matter of difficulty as they flew as soon as seen and hid in the brushpiles. I sat down and they came up close. The white-throats gave low songs much like the fall song of the song sparrows and called tsink sharply.

One young song sparrow came out on a stick and sang for two or three minutes.

Heard several chewinks.

Seeley's marsh was teeming with swamp sparrows. I must have overlooked them in previous years. Their note tsink was like that of the white-throat but not so loud. They flew from under my feet and sat on a reed scolding at me or dropped back into cover. They were smaller than the song sparrows.

A few soras flew as I followed the edge of the marsh. One I cut off from the weeds and it flew towards the river. I followed it and it flew across. I could imagine it skulking around through the berry bushes until near night when it would be courageous enough to return. Saw where either a cat or a mink had eaten a sora.

OCTOBER

October 3, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning Art Rudy and I went down in the fields.

By Dan Fullmer's I saw a strange bird in company with a number of sparrows in a thicket and fired but missed. It was as large as a fox sparrow and had a queerly marked head. I followed along carefully and saw it again and with it another one. I shot one and identified it as Zonotrichia querula, Harris sparrow. They were very secretive but one flushed lit on a hidden branch and sat there looking around. When I shot the other one disappeared.

October 4, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning I went down in the fields determined to find another Harris sparrow and

watch it. I had hardly reached the river when I saw one's head in a bush with a number of white-throated and song sparrows. It flew with the others towards the old pasture. I followed carefully identifying every bird I saw which was rendered difficult by the sun. Finally it (or another one) flew into a bush and sat there looking around. When it saw me it changed its position until it was hidden by the leaves. After remaining quiet for a minute or two it flew into a clump of prickly ash and hopped rapidly through it. It hopped at a song sparrow sitting below it and the latter flew away. The bird was silent. Not seeing it for some time I walked on carefully but it flew to a brushpile on a pool of water where the other birds were bathing. When I came it seemed to be frightened and after skulking awhile in insufficient cover it flew into an elm in the middle of a field and I lost track of it. During this time it was silent. It seemed to prefer the thickest cover and as near as I could tell fed as the other sparrows do. Its head marked from all the other sparrows present.

When I first reached the meadows I frightened up a flock of meadowlarks. They lit in the trees and soon began to sing. The young were rather poor songsters but one, an adult male probably sang at times as well as in the spring. They sang for two periods of about 5 minutes each almost incessantly. The interval was of about 10 minutes. Each time they seemed to affect the other birds so that it almost seemed like spring.

The white-throats are tamer than they were when they first came. Frequently they fed only a few feet off. They scratched the leaves aside by hopping forward and then jumping back raking their claws. They crouched down while feeding.

Song sparrows also were very tame. Their notes made up most of the undertone to the general volume of song. I heard one well executed

song among the others.

The white-throats jumbled their notes much like the song sparrows but the wild notes kept breaking through to the surface.

There were a number of chewinks here. They fed on the ground more openly than any of the other birds. Frequently one would crouch behind a stick or some grass and watch me for a minute or two. They did not venture far into the open but fed in the short grass near clumps of bushes or scrated among the leaves under the large round clumps of prickly ash. They called whink occasionally at a distance. The west end of the pasture was filled with sparrows and the east wooded end was equal devoted to the myrtle warblers and the kinglets. Although of course they intergraded.

I heard one ruby-crown give a fair song but it was interrupted by scolding wren like notes of chit-it chit-it.

Golden-crowns also sang a little. They seemed perpetually in a hurry.

I threw an apple core into Seeley's marsh and a sora gave a single sharp note. Two weeks ago the same action would have caused a clatter throughout the entire marsh. Farther on one flew up from the edge and dropped into the grass and water with a splash.

Below Fullmer's about a dozen myrtle warblers were collected in a small willow overhanging the water. They were feeding on the little whirligigs which were collected there in enormous numbers.

Here was a large flock of juncos. The other sparrows flock together but junco hyemalis stays by himself generally. This place shows their usual haunts too. A small, shady, damp hillside from which come a number of springs forming a bog. A thick growth of weeds and bushes along a ditch was fairly over-crowded with birds. Dozens took flight at every step. White-throated, white-crowned, song swamp, field and vesper sparrows, goldfinches, robins, red-

winged blackbirds, fox sparrows and myrtle warblers were seen. The sparrows were feeding on stick tights. I saw 25 or 30 field sparrows. They with the other sparrows spread out among the shocks of corn in a field. The redwings and robins were found in the thickest places and also in some trees. The robins went west and the red-wings east. I was surprised to find the latter here. They were very tame and allowed a close approach.

Heard a loud whishing sound and looking up saw a flock of about 25 teal of some sort passing with great rapidity overhead. They made an abrupt turn and dropped nearly straight down into Alder swamp. I went over there but could not find them. On the way over I scared up a Wilson's snipe and looking down saw where it had walked in the mud. It flew around in a circle of about half a mile, and finally lit near a brushy fence row about 25 rods away. Alder swamp was full of myrtle warblers. There must have been two or three hundred there. I heard and saw them constantly. They seemed to find plenty of food in the low willows. Occasionally when I stood still half hidden by the bushes a dozen or more would cluster together about a hundred feet off and chip at me until I moved into sight. I heard none singing.

Saw a flock of about fifteen rusty grackles feeding on the ground. They flew a short distance and took low perches in the willows when I approached. I saw the white eye and the brownish black plainly.

Robins and cedar waxwings were feeding in one place on the higher ground on Black Haws. All the waxwings that I saw were immature. They were very tame and lit almost within reach. I began to think that maybe I could catch one. The Haws were swallowed whole and they seemed very voracious after them.

Saw a crow sitting in a tree and a number of others were feeding on the ground. The sentinel

would caw an alarm and then with great effort quack like a duck. This amused me very much. They were very tame and I looked at them from a distance of 6 or 8 rods for awhile and then moved up slowly to about 100 feet distant, all flew but one and it followed when I leveled my opera glass. One I took to be the parent flew over about 60 feet up cawing loudly several times on this they all flew.

Saw a Cooper Hawk flying. It has been around here all fall. Some bluebirds rose up above it and at first I thought it was going after one but after two or three ineffectual attempts to get above them it desisted.

October 5, 1903 - Monday.

This morning 9 ducks flew over going east about 6:20. The heads were black and the underparts white. Mr. Stout said from my description that they were the mallard. They were larger and flew slower than the teal. Their wings were silent.

October 10, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning after breakfast I took the gun and went down in the fields. The sparrows were mostly gone from the old pasture. Their place was taken by the juncos. A few song, white-throated and field sparrows were all that I saw. The tree sparrows had come. I saw five or six and heard their wild ringing song. In Seeley's marsh there were still a number of swamp sparrows and a red-wing sang. I stood on top of muskrat house and looked around, a splash told me that its inmates were watching me. I gave a sudden jump and out flew a sora which I shot.

In Fullmer's cornfield I found numerous probings of the Wilson snipe, but saw none. Went over in Alder swamp looking for ducks. I scared up one mallard from the thick brush but could not get a shot at it. Followed along in the direction it flew. A large bird flew up behind the brush. I fired and went after it. It was

an American bittern. Then a flock of 8 or 10 mallards flew over high up and were followed by about 25 more. The last ones changed their formation from a V to a line. For a moment all was confusion and then they formed a line. I fired twice with no effect.

Then three more mallards came over and after a good deal of circling in the farther end I followed along carefully and up flew the single mallard again. I fired at long range but missed. A few steps farther another American bittern rose up with harsh squoks. It had been hiding in a clump of grass in about 8 inches of water.

Next I saw a sora but did not fire. It lit with splash among the bushes. Then with a few squoks out flew a least bittern from my feet. I did not pay much attention to it for the three ducks flew up just then. I shot twice and got one as they strung past. It was a young male and was very handsome. This was my first duck. The ducks all left and I went home.

In the afternoon I went over to Jack Dickies and he and I went out after ducks. He had a mallard which he called a gray duck, two coots which he called rice hens and a blue-winged teal hung up. This was the first time I had ever seen the last two.

I stood in a corner while he went down through to scare up the ducks. He saw nothing but a handsome little green-winged teal which he shot.

The water varied from 6 in. to two or three feet in depth and covered a large area. The ducks were not flying and we did not get any after this.

Rusty blackbirds were very thick here and in the Big Marsh. They fed on the soft ground and in cornfields flying up in clouds before. They bathed considerable and made a great deal of racket. There were a few bronzed grackles and cowbirds with them.

Myrtle warblers and kinglets were fairly common in the marsh and were very tame.

Saw several hawks both Cooper and red-shouldered. In one place where a little creek ran through a cornfield and the ground was soft Wilson snipe were very abundant; more so than I have ever seen them. The ground was filled with their borings. Their twisting flight made them hard to shoot but I got two, one of which I did not find. They matched the ground so well that I did not see them at times until out of range unless they called. They flew around in flocks when they were scared up but soon lit.

A great blue heron flew over and Jack shot it. One shot entered the brain and seemed to destroy all sense of pain and fear. It lit in the middle of Seeley Creek and stood there until I waded out and caught it. It was very tenacious of life.

Went back in to Will Dickie's marsh before dark.

As I came into the open I saw two teal which I took to be green-winged out in the open. I shot but did not get them because of the distance. They flew into the willow and I followed them. I heard their thin quacks once in a while but could not find them. They were very restless. A single mallard flew over and afterwards three flocks numbering in all about 25 lit in various parts. We went back but although they came up only a short distance away it was too dark to shoot. They gave loud quacks like those of the domestic duck.

The rusty blackbirds were roosting in the willow bushes by the hundreds. Their songs and notes filled the air with a loud but not unpleasant clatter. They were very restless and flew around a good deal from place to place. Even after dark I could hear their wings rustle as they changed perches. There were a few robins with them. I noticed that the ducks did not seem to join flocks but kept separate. In the forenoon the single mallard flew east and the two west after I had shot one.

October 15, 1903 - Thursday.

Tonight it was cloudy and rather cold and damp. Birds were flying quite thick. I heard olive-backed thrushes, myrtle warblers, fox and field sparrows and several ducks. The ducks wings made an audible whish whish whish and I took them for teal. Sometimes it was possible to trace the course of the birds by their notes. The smaller birds must have been flying in loose formation because they answered each other from considerable distances. apart generally. All were going straight south.

October 17, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning after breakfast I went down in the fields. Saw a Harris sparrow in the old pasture. It gave a low musical note. I shot it but it was in such poor condition that I did not keep it.

In the afternoon I went over to Jack Dickie's. Saw two more Harris sparrows. They flew up from the roadside and lit in the bare bushes. They went quickly through as we passed.

Petzke's cornfield was flooded and the ground was very soft. It was literally alive with Wilson snipe. A half dozen or more flew up at every step. I shot ten and then quit. They had filled the ground with their borings, sometimes so close together that they almost touched. Their flight puzzled me a good deal at first. Frequently 25 or 30 would flock in the air and after flying around in large circles settle back. Never have I seen them as thick as they are this year.

Occasionally I heard a few whistled notes overhead and looking up would see a greater yellowlegs going over. They flew high and very fast. I tried to whistle them down but they would not come. They were going due south.

The Wilson snipe seemed to occupy a very limited for I only saw a few outside of that one cornfield.

October 18, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning before daylight a flock of Canada geese went over calling loudly.

After breakfast I went down in the fields. The meadowlarks were flying around and lighting in the trees to sing. They gave a note like whiss on the wing. They sailed around in circles before lighting showing off.

The old pasture was almost deserted. I saw scarcely a sparrow in the whole length of it.

A few myrtle warblers are still present. They kept in the willows and where it was sunny. Also heard both kinglets.

Swamp and song sparrows still lingered in Seeley's marsh. Goldfinches were fading in small groups. In the plum was an animated flock of tree sparrows. They were very lively and chased each other their usual musical notes.

The ravine on Fullmer's was filled with juncos. I heard a low musical note and following it up saw a Harris sparrow. It gave a low tseet thinner in quality than the white-throats and flew into some trees.

Here 25 or 30 meadowlarks were feeding on the seeds of a wild buckwheat in company with three mourning doves and about 18 bobwhites. The doves fed entirely in the open. The meadowlarks in the fringe of weeds and the quail were in the thickest part so that I could not see them. All came up with a great whirr of wings as I approached.

Heard another greater yellowlegs flying over but did not see it. In a grassfield I scared up a longbilled marsh wren. The first one I have seen for some time.

Saw a single Wilson snipe in Alder swamp and two crossbills.

October 19, 1903 - Monday .

This morning as I was coming to Baraboo I saw a flock of 25 Canada geese flying. They seemed afraid to pass over it and so flew along beside keeping up with seemed ease. At last they flew over and out of my sight. The geese must have been going at terrific speed.

October 20, 1903 - Tuesday.

Tonight after school I went out to Claudes at the Lake. Juncoes were thick around the house and I heard a myrtle warbler sing for the first time this fall.

On the Lake were three grebes which I identified as Holboel's. They were feeding and stayed under water generally about 30 seconds. They kept out about 40 rods from shore and seemed to have a regular beat. Frequently they swam for a short distance with only the bill or head sticking out and sometimes with about half the body protruding. Occasionally they would splash around in play, dipping the head quickly into the water. They were larger and darker than Podylymbus podiceps.

A pied-billed grebe swam from one patch of weeds to another while I watched about 5 rods away. It jerked its head back with a dove-like motion every little ways. There were a number of them but they kept in the weeds where I could hear them splashing about. This one gave a low chuckling note and a low whistle.

A flock of about 80 Canada geese flew over calling honk honk wee honk in two tones.

October 24, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning after breakfast I went over to the Millpond. It was windy and the birds were not moving much. Saw a crossbill drinking at the edge of the water. It flew up and lit in a tree at my approach with a wild note.

A large flock of bluebirds flew over high up calling loudly. They must have been migrating.

A pied-billed grebe was feeding in a sheltered bay. When I came up it dove about 8 rods through the shallow water and then came up. I could see the ripple it made plainly.

A greater-yellowlegs flew from one sand or mud bar to another but when I got there I could not find it. Three Wilson snipe also flew up from the muddy shore.

Juncos and tree sparrows fed along in the bushes and flew up ahead of me.

Saw one or two kingfishers. They were silent and seemed rather wild. They did not like to fly out into the cold wind.

Goldfinches were thick in the thistle patches and one bird that I took to be a female chewink. It flew up several times and lit in the trees. On the ground it skulked.

Crows were flying around considerable and made a lot of racket.

In the afternoon I went hunting out at Jack Dickie's. Saw a great horned owl laying by the road that somebody had killed.

In one marsh two mallards flew up a long ways off. I fired twice and hit one of them slightly. They flew in an immense circle and then went off north.

Tree sparrows have mostly taken the place of the rusty blackbirds although a few of the latter lingered with some robins. The sparrows were everywhere. They seemed to delight in the water and would fly along its surface so closely that their wings or tails occasionally dipped into it. They also lit on weed stems that went under with their weight and waded around feeding in the little shadows. They were very tame paying almost no attention to me whatever. They sang and called a great deal. I imagine that brushy swamps like this one form their homes in the north.

Wilson or Jack snipe were very thick but were wild. I shot twenty-one and then quit. They flew around in the air a good deal when I first came making hard shooting. At nightfall they began to

come in in great numbers singly and in small flocks. I could hear their notes everywhere. They had been feeding on angleworms and a small ringed worm something like those found in wood and also pigeon grass seeds and the seeds of wild buckwheat. Probably the seeds were eaten as an aid in digestion. I saw one running on the ground for the first time in my life. It ran about six feet rapidly and then flew. They were mostly young birds today and were not as fat as the old ones.

American pipits flew around over my head scared up probably by the shooting.

Flocks of rusty and red-winged blackbirds flew over and lit in the cornfields to feed. The rusty sang a great deal and the red-wings occasionally.

Saw a number of crossbills. Some were feeding in the pines in town but when I got the gun to shoot one they had disappeared.

The mallard seen made a great noise when they left the water, both by splashing and with their wings. They were large and flew very fast.

One Wilson snipe nearly struck me in the face as it circled around to light. I was hidden by the cornstalks and it did not see me. Before alighting they circled around several times lower and lower until finally they dropped straight without abating their speed until almost at the ground.

OCTOBER

October 25, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning after breakfast I went down in the fields. The old pasture seemed almost deserted. It is indeed fall. One or two song sparrows were seen in a brushpile and a little farther some juncos. Nearly all of the great host seen here a few weeks ago has departed.

Crossbills were flying overhead in various sized flocks, sometimes they were so high up that I could not see them at all, and again I would only see the light parts of the wings as the sun struck them. Once I thought that a small flock were going to light but they circled away again.

A flock of quail were feeding along the ditch. They ran into the weeds and I could see their heads as I approached. They blundered up singly or by twos through the weeds and flew off with low notes. There were a number of swamp and a few song sparrows in Seeley's marsh yet, and tree sparrows were thick as were juncos in some localities.

Bluebirds were rather common. I saw them in the air and also flycatching near the ground, presumably on an insect which much resembled the mosquito but had longer legs and no bill and was a little larger. I mistook one for a phoebe. One male sang and examined attentively the woodpecker holes in an old tree. He drove the tree sparrows away.

Two red-tailed hawks were seen. One screamed from the top of the hemlocks at my approach and finally flew away.

Bluejays were quite noticeable. They fed in the cornfields and on acorns and could be seen apparently crossing the valley from one bluff to another. An oak tree when it is covered with acorns is the center to which many return. Certain trees seem more attractive than others of the same variety and are visited year after year.

OCTOBER, 1903 - BIRD LIST.

Robin
Bluebird
Junco
Golden-crowned Kinglet
Ruby-crowned Kinglet
Myrtle Warbler
English Sparrow
Bluejay
Purple Finch
Bronzed Grackle
Downy Woodpecker
Kingfisher
White-breasted Nuthatch
Chicadee
Killdeer
White-crowned Sparrow
White-throated Sparrow
Olive-backed Thrush
Winter Wren
Brown Creeper
Barred Owl
Crow
Chewink
Field Sparrow
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker
Song Sparrow
American Goldfinch
Vester Sparrow
Prairie Horned Lark
Mourning Dove
Phoebe
Quail
Rusty Blackbird
Fox Sparrow
Pine Siskin
Meadowlark
Cooper Hawk
Hairy Woodpecker
Red-bellied Woodpecker

Hermit Thrush
Flicker
Red-tailed Hawk
Red-winged Blackbird
Swamp Sparrow
Harris Sparrow
American Pipit
Red-shouldered Hawk
Wilson Snipe
Great Horned Owl
Ruffed Grouse
Tree Sparrow
Evening Grosbeak
Mallard
Blue-winged Teal
Green-winged Teal
American Coot
American Bittern
Least Bittern
Great Blue Heron
Canada Goose
Long-billed Marsh Wren
Greater Yellowlegs
Holboell Grebe
Crossbill
Horned Lark
Northern Shrike
Palm Warbler
Grasshopper Sparrow

Two mallards flew by me at the hemlocks and lit in the river somewhere but I could not find them. They were just above the trees and finally dropped down through an opening to the water.

Saw a few myrtle warblers but they are getting scarce and keep in the most sheltered situations.

Saw two bluejays eating wild cucumber seeds.

NOVEMBER

November 7, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning the sun shone but it was cold and windy. Went down in the fields. Saw no birds at all until I reached Seeley's marsh. Here were a few tree sparrows. The first one was alone and seemed wild. It flew up into a bush and finally after hopping to the top went farther.

The marsh was covered by about a quarter of an inch of ice. Farther on I saw two more and shot one. At the report a number flew up out of the weeds in the field where they had been feeding and lit in the marsh. The one shot had long, soft, fluffy feathers and was in fine fresh plumage.

Along the hemlocks were a number of juncos and two or three came across the river. They went back across when I scared them up.

A single horned lark flew over me by the railroad bridge but I was unable to secure it.

In Alder Swamp I was astonished to find the Wilson snipe or as I generally call it the jack-snipe common. I shot a number and preserved two for specimens. They were so fat that it was considerable work to skin them without soiling the feathers. Along the river I scared up a mallard but as I was loaded with light loads it got away. It lay in behind a small log until I was nearly up to it. It circled back but did not come near enough for a shot. I scared up probably the same

one in Alder Swamp as I do not think it would have passed the night there because of the ice, although it might have slept on land. More birds were out near noon.

November 8, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning after breakfast Art Rudy and I went down the railroad track. Wilson snipe were still seen in Alder Swamp. They will probably not stay much longer, though this morning it is warm and the ground is soft. The food supply here must be inexhaustible to bring them here in such great numbers. Perhaps the rains have flooded their usual feeding grounds. Art saw one light and shot at the exact place but it came up a little to one side. They probably always run before hiding. When circling around in the air they did not twist so much, but only occasionally. If not shot at they flew a short distance and lit again. In the other case, however, they circled around in twos or threes or larger numbers and flying swiftly lower and lower finally dropped nearly straight down to the ground.

A number of evening grosbeaks, purple finches and crossbills were seen or heard, and once I heard the clear notes and saw a single pine grosbeak. Prairie horned and horned larks were also seen. All flew nearly due south about 150 to 300 feet up. We looked for a woodcock over by Metzske's but saw nothing except fresh tracks and borings. Ed Dummer saw them here yesterday.

Heard a flicker once and saw a red-tailed hawk. At the hemlocks we scared up a barred owl. It flew into the west end and vanished completely. I have had this happen many times. They always go into the dense hemlocks where it would be pure chance if I saw them. I found or rather Art did an old nest however that they may use. It looked rather solid and was in a small hemlock in the thickest part.

November 14, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning after breakfast I went down in the fields hunting. Some one had killed two cattle on Doherty's and I thought the crows would be around. One flew over and I hid in the ditch. I heard several caw at a distance. Finally one came closer by the sound soon was very close. I crouched down as low as I could get. At the instant that I saw it I straightened up and fired. It was long range and I gave it both barrels without much effect however. It wavered for a moment as though going to fall and a number of feathers fell. Then it flew slowly in a long slant to ground near Seeley's marsh behind some trees but I could not find it. A crow had eaten some of the mink I shot last Saturday. By Fullmer's on looking over a hill I saw one coming for me. I lay down in a little hollow and it flew over high and to one side without seeming to see me. It was so far off that I could not hit it.

Numbers of goldfinches were flying over and occasionally a few pine siskins alone or with the former. In Alder Swamp they were feeding together on some poplar buds I think. They were very wild. Scared up a flock of quail twice here in the thick bushes.

Wilson snipe were still present in small numbers. About twenty were seen I think. They were collected around a little opening and when once flushed spread out all over and were extremely wild. The ice was thick and walking or wading hard work. After two hours of tramping I had five and a rabbit which I got while going from one pond to another. I saw a snipe running on the ice for a few feet it seemed very erect.

Tree sparrows were very thick and I heard a meadowlark sing brokenly and afterward scared it up from a little opening or "prairie". A northern shrike up to look at me but on being treated to

a charge of shot at long range retreated hastily caused consternation among the tree sparrows as he went. Saw 2 golden-crowned kinglets.

Chicadees were fearless as usual. A flock of six were getting tiny worms dexterously from the willow buds. I watched a few feet away.

November 27, 1903 - Friday.

Last night I went up to Sullivan's for the deer hunting. This morning Bernie, George and I went over Stabinaw's and got Paul. Then we hunted the hills around south of Pagals and Shiras' and around to Pine Hollow, over the Big Hill through the Flat and back home. On Stabinaw's eighty above Sullivan's ruffed grouse were more common than anywhere else. They generally seemed to roost in the brushpiles but I saw one place where one had roosted on the ground. They were very wild. Saw a flock of quail above Sullivan's also. It contained about 20, a large flock.

Saw a number of hairy woodpeckers. Some seemed larger and whiter than others. Specimens would probably show the subspecies Dryobates villosus leucomelas. While going along a road two pine grosbeaks flew out of a field and hovered along now dipping to light and now rising to fly a little farther, all the while they kept up low musical notes hard to describe. I thought in a hasty glance that one was a male. Certainly it showed more color on the head. Later I saw others flying and while standing on a runway three came flying through the trees, calling musically. It soon clouded up and I thought they preceded a snowstorm. Crows were seen several times. Once above the entrails of a deer.

A goshawk flew over alternately flapping and sailing until out of sight.

Bluejays were thick and gave the alarm note at any move in the woods.

NOVEMBER, 1903 - BIRD LIST

Evening Grosbeak
Junco
English Sparrow
Tree Sparrow
Song Sparrow
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Hairy Woodpecker
Chicadee
White-breasted Nuthatch
Bluejay
Downy Woodpecker
Crow
American Goldfinch
Prairie Horned Lark
Purple Finch
Bobwhite
Rusty Blackbird
Red-winged Blackbird
Ruffed Grouse
Pine Siskin
Great Horned Owl
Barred Owl
Sora
American Pipit
Crossbill
Fox Sparrow
Horned Lark
Wilson Snipe
Swamp Sparrow
Flicker
Meadowlark
Kingfisher
Robin
Bluebird
Mallard
Pine Grosbeak
Red-tailed Hawk
Cooper Hawk
Northern Shrike
Mourning Dove

Fall Migration - 1903.

Name of Bird	When was it first seen?	About how many were seen?	When was it next seen?	When did it be- come common?	When was it last seen?	Is it common or rare?	Does it breed near your sta.?	Remarks
Water thrush	Aug. 14	1	Aug. 20	Sept. 1	Sept. 25	Common	No	
Purple finch	16	2	17	2	Nov. 22	"	"	
Marsh hawk	16	1	18	-	Aug. 18	Tol. Com.	"	
Nighthawk	17	26	18	Aug. 18	Sept. 15	Abundant	Yes	
Nashville Warbler	18	2	19	30	Oct. 4	"	No	
Red-breasted nut- hatch	20	1	Sept. 5	Sept. 5	Oct. 10	Common	"	
Chestnut-sided warbler	20	2	Aug. 30	Aug. 30	Sept. 25	Common	Yes	
Pigeon Hawk	Sept. 2	1	Sept. 14	-	Oct. 10	Tol. Com.	No	One breeding record but was probably accidental.
Sora	Sept. 3	25	Sept. 5	Sept. 3	Nov. 2	Abundant	Yes	
Magnolia Warbler	4	1	13	13	Sept. 15	Common	No	
Olive-backed thrush	4	1	14	17	Oct. 4	Common	No	
Black-crowned night heron	4	2	10	-	Sept. 10	Tol. Com.	"	

Name of Bird	When	About	When	When	When	Is	Does	Fall -1903
	was it first seen?	how many were seen?	was it next seen?	did it be- come common?	was it last seen?	it common or rare?	it breed near your sta.?	2.
Pine siskin	Sept.5	1	Sept.25	Oct. 4	-	Abundant	No	
Pied-billed grebe	5	3	Oct. 19	-	Oct.20	Tol.Com.	No	
Winter wren	14	1	Sept.17	Sept.19	31	Common	No	
Canadian warbler	14	1	-	-	Sept.14	Rare	No	
Brown creeper	17	2	Sept.18	Sept.18	-	Common	No	
Ruby-crowned kinglet	17	6	18	20	Oct.17	Abundant	No	
White-throated sparrow	18	3	19	20	18	"	No	
Grasshopper sparrow	18	75	19	18	4	Common	Yes	
White-crowned sparrow	19	2	20	25	4	"	No	
Palm Warbler	19	1	24	25	3	Abundant	No	
Prairie horned lark	19	20	20	20	Nov.14	"	Yes	
Myrtle warbler	21	3	22	27	Oct.25	"	No	
Acadian flycatcher	21	1	-	-	Sept.21	Tol.Com.	No	

Name of Bird	When	About	When	When	When	Is	Does	Fall 1903	Remarks
	was it first seen?	how many were seen?	was it next seen?	did it be- come common?	was it last seen?	it common or rare?	it breed near your sta.?	3.	
Junco	Sept. 25	3	Sept. 27	Oct. 4	-	Abundant	No		
Golden-crowned kinglet	27	6	Oct. 3	4	-	Common	"		
Swamp sparrow	27	35	3	Sept. 27	Nov. 2	"	"		
Fox sparrow	27	1	3	Oct. 4	1	"	"		
Chewink	27	3	3	4	Oct. 31	"	Yes		
Harris sparrow	Oct. 3	2	4	-	18	Tol. Com.	No		A new species to me
Hermit thrush	3	2	18	-	18	Tol. Com.	No		
Wilson Snipe	4	1	10	Oct. 10	Nov. 14	Common	No		Extra ordinari- ly abundant
Rusty blackbird	4	15	10	-	14	Abundant	No		
Mallard	4	9	10	Oct. 4	Nov. 7	Tol. Com.	No		The wet fall has brought

these water-birds into the
flooded marshes for the first
time in at least ten years.

Name of Bird	When	About	When	When	When	Is	Does	Fall 1903	Remarks
	was it first seen?	how many were seen?	was it next seen?	did it be- come common?	was it last seen?	it common or rare?	it breed near your sta.?	4.	
Blue-winged teal	Oct.10	1	-	-	Oct.17	Tol.Com.	No		
Green-winged teal	10	1	-	-	10	Tol.Com.	"		
American Coot	10	3	-	-	10	Tol.Com.	"		
Bittern	10	2	-	-	10	Tol.Com.	"		
Least Bittern	10	1	-	-	10	Rare	"		
American Pipit	10	50	Oct.17	Oct.10	Nov.1	Abundant	"		
Tree sparrow	10	6	17	18	-	"	"		
Evening grosbeak	10	3	17	24	-	"	"		
Long-billed marsh wren	17	1	-	-	Oct.17	Tol.Com.	"		
Greater yellowlegs	17	6	Oct.18	-	Nov. 8	Tol.Com.	"		
Canada Goose	18	6	19	-	Oct.20	Tol.Com.	"		
Crossbill	18	2	24	-	-	Tol.Com.	"		
Holboell Grebe	20	3	-	-	Oct.20	Rare	"		
Horned Lark	23	1	Oct.24	Oct.25	Nov.14	Common	"		
Northern shrike	31	1	Nov.14	-	-	Tol.Com.	"		
Pine grosbeak	Nov. 8	1	27	-	-	Rare	"		

Once a great horned owl lit ahead but flew before we could get a shot.

November 28, 1903 - Saturday.

Today we hunted Pine Hollow, The Flat, the Big Hill and around Pagals in the forenoon, and in the afternoon tracked a fawn but it grew and we had to quit or stay in the woods all night. I shot twice at a running doe at about 15 rods but did not get it.

Saw two ruffed grouse in a brushpile. One flew straight out and the other ran out from under with a few low notes and then flew.

Not many birds were seen. A few chickadees, bluejays, ruffed grouse, and hairy woodpeckers were all.

DECEMBER

December 5, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning after breakfast Ed Dummer and I went around by the hemlocks and above Winke's as I came out of the door what I took to be a pine siskin flew over and as I reached the sidewalk watching for a wing shot a second one flew by and lit in a tree and across the street. I shot and picked up a redpoll. Either the two flock together or else I cannot tell the difference between their notes. This one called chitt chitt however in regulation redpoll fashion. I will have to study this out this winter if possible.

Birds seemed rather scarce. A few crows were seen and others heard. At the hemlocks two bluejays were seen several times. One I watched hopping excitedly around in the trees giving the love notes. It seemed strange that white-breasted nuthatches and chickadees should be so scarce.

Above Winke's I shot at a hairy woodpecker but did not get it. Later I shot two, a male and a female, but did not preserve the latter because the feathers came out so. She had two or three feathers in the center of the upper breast tinged a pale yellow. When I blew the feathers back to look for

shot holes the feathers came out in a great quantity. The male was only winged and clambering up a stump into a hollow endeavored to hide under a projection. The red feathers seemed to be arranged in two bunches partially separated by a strip of white.

Several pine grosbeaks had been seen flying over and in Donaghey's berry patch I saw 5 sitting in a tree calling about 40 rods off. I started carefully to approach but when about half the distance was traversed they dove down to the ground as though to feed. When I approached they had vanished. A little after I saw the five again and they pursued the same tactics as before flying low along the ground and coming up at a distance. After a while I thought I would try a long shot with a charge of No. 10. I hit one slightly and they flew over into the woods letting walk around under them as much as I pleased. I killed three, a male and two female, and the others flew off. As soon as I shot they seemed to lose all fear and sat still calling. One that was wounded fought savagely. The male was a beauty.

Hearing a bluejay I went towards it intending to kill it. There were several and suspecting an owl I put in a heavy charge. A barred owl flew out and I shot getting some feathers. I followed it and shot again without effect. Ed shot also but did not hit it. I followed for quite a ways by the screams of the bluejays but finally they left it.

Saw two ruffed grouse and shot at once.

On our way home some quails tracks crossed our path. I followed them and saw seven or eight of them running on the ground. As they flew up I shot one a male.

December 6, - 1903 Sunday.

This morning Art and I went up in the Half Moon woods. Heard several pine grosbeaks flying

over. Saw where a large hawk the goshawk presumably had been hunting mice on foot on a little marsh. Saw two brown creepers and shot one. They were singing.

Birds seem very scarce now. Went out to Seeley's Creek on the new railroad with a handcar. In Dickie's marsh were a number of pine grosbeaks hopping around on the ice and drinking in the open places. They were seemingly fearless.

December 8, 1903 - Tuesday.

Tonight after school Mr. Stout and I went up by the cemetery. Saw a junco sitting in some weeds as we went. Coming back it was by the side of the road. It could only rise about a foot above the ground and after a short flight it dropped and I caught it. It was in fine plumage and I let it go again. I could find nothing the matter with it. I let it go again in some bushes. It was a male.

December 10, 1903 - Thursday.

During the last week of August I purchased from Veo Douglas for twenty-five cents a burrowing owl. It is now about a year and a half old. They had kept it in a small box and it was tame and did not offer to bite. It was brought from Dakota while young. I put it in the cow stable, built a dirt-covered runway or hole for it, and put in a dirt floor. In a few days its character entirely changed. Tommy (its name) became cross and full of fight. When I turned to leave it always flew at my feet. It was not strong enough to break the skin but one day my brother came in with low shoes on and he had cause to regret his visit. Occasionally it let me stroke its head but every once in a while it would give my fingers a bite. It seemed to like the sensation but resented my touching it and sat still with half veiled eyes.

It did not seem to mind the light and also was active at night. A good deal of time is spent in the windows every bird that crosses the sky is seen and followed eagerly with the iris suddenly lessened in size. It can enlarge or contract the eye-opening at will. When first received it was in poor plumage but soon moulted. It eats on an average about a sparrow a day. Tough beef it cannot tear. One day I fed it a garter snake a foot long. It bit its head to kill it and then swallowed it head first. The last two inches of tail went down hard. Sometimes it ate out of my hand with a squaling note resembling that of a young dove slightly. When given anything to eat it always waited a long while if I was present before eating it. It generally sat with its feathers rumped up but when it occasionally smoothed down it was very pretty. It ran around on foot a great deal. All food that was not eaten at once was piled up in one corner of the box. If I held a sparrow in my hand it would fly up and grasp it. Sometimes several attempts were necessary before it clutched it. Then it would crouch down on it with ruffled feathers and wings spread to the fullest extent and scream harshly at me. One note was harsh and appeared to be a callnote. It was varied into the longer shriller scream when angry. Another was an odd little chuckle frequently given as it ran down into the hole. Another was a singular hollow pow generally given but once.

Anyone not knowing what it was would be frightened by the last two. It calls to everyone that comes into the barn. Frequently it sees one at a distance through the window and gives the harsh note or the chuckle. It is afraid of our dog perhaps recognising the form of the coyote. Once the dog came in while the door was ajar and the owl promptly flew out and sat on the cutter. When the dog came out it went back in. It does

not beat itself on the window at all. If I am outside it promptly flies up to watch me. All bones, feathers, etc. are regurgitated in pellets. I cannot see that it drinks any water at all but this is not strange upon further thought for it comes from Transition Zone prairies, a region of little rainfall. All together it makes an interesting pet. At first it tried to dig in one corner of its box. Frequently it retreats into the hole to where only one eye can see and it is indistinguishable from the dirt.

December 12, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning Art Rudy, Ed Dummer and I went over on the south hill. Saw quite a few juncos around town. They are more around this year than ever before. Tree sparrows also are with them. They fed around in various places where weeds are abundant. The railroad embankment which faces south is a favorite place. Up back of Rudy's were a number of them, partially intermingled with some English sparrows. Wishing to get a sparrow for Tommy I shot into a bush where I saw two or three. When I got there I found five English sparrows and a junco. I picked one sparrow up out of the snow into which it had fallen and it flew leaving its tail in my hand. It flew up and circled around above me and I shot it on the wing.

No more birds were seen until Seely Creek was reached not far from Kapelke's house. Here a flock of about 50 tree sparrows were spread feeding in a ravine and on an open field. Various weeds first protruded above the snow and they were feeding on the snow. They were very tame, and would hardly be noticed. Each one crouched low in the snow and ate of the weed seeds without

moving at all scarcely. In this position they resembled sticks and were easily overlooked. I shot at one in a tree and to my surprise got two others. The report did not startle the birds much. They then began to work down onto the flat where a little place bounded by a hill on the north and the creek on the south was covered with breast high weeds. This was an ideal place for them and here we left them. The three specimens were all good ones. I have noticed that since cold weather set in that when I blow back the feathers looking for shot holes numerous bits of feathers become detached.

Farther on we secured a male hairy woodpecker and a white breasted nuthatch. Put some suet out for the birds at home.

Art told me that he had seen a mourning dove during the first week of December near Bill Dickie's marsh. I have included this bird in my monthly list.

December 18, 1903 - Friday.

Out in front of Henry Erswell's there used to stand about 10 or 12 years ago a so-called swallow-tree to which the chimney swifts came. It was an elm and was hollow, Fifty-two feet from the ground was a hole that led to the interior and farther up the tree was broken off. The swifts used both entrances. They first came about the first of May and increased in number every night until thousands and thousands of them would be seen toward sunset whirling in the shape of a funnel with the lowest birds continually dropping into the opening. By dark all were inside. During the day they spread out to feed. By June all but a few were gone. In the fall they came in smaller numbers, generally before a storm while Henry who told me all this said that he used to lie on his back after working all day and just watch them sailing around. One evening

an owl got in the tree and the swallows had to seek new quarters. Only a few came back. Erswell followed the rest and found them in a tree back of Weinke's. He cut this down hoping they would go back. The second tree was a hollow basswood in the woods. They then moved to a tree on Hintzes which he also cut down. After this he gave it up. He told me he thought that they still occupied a tree on Hintzes yet. At any they did three or four years ago.

The tree by his place blew down and he said that for thirty-five or forty it was filled with droppings and dead swifts.

December 19, 1903 - Saturday.

This morning it was warm with a southwest wind and the snow was thawing.

English sparrows were calling quite as if it was spring. The males perched around by various holes and acted as though trying to get mates.

Went down the track to Alder Swamp. For a while I saw nothing but chicadees. Then I heard a familiar chetch, and knew the redpolls were around somewhere. The note was occasionally shortened to che che. I looked around for awhile and then ran into a flock of five feeding on the seeds of the tag-alder. They were so quiet that I did not see them until only a few feet away. They shifted their position with a few soft notes and then began to feed again. I shot but did not get one. Then they flew and I went along looking for them. Finally as I was about to leave they flew down and began to feed again. Here I shot two a male and female. The rosy feathers on the breast were narrowly tipped with white. Probably this wears off in the spring. The stomachs were crammed with the tiny seeds which were still soft. They seemed to have extracted them from between the scales. The bill was covered with a sticky substance which covers some seeds.

Over towards Knoop's I thought I heard a pine grosbeak and then an evening grosbeak. When I got closer, however, it turned out to be only the English sparrows.

At the hemlocks two pine grosbeaks flew over and I missed both of them. One would have alighted if I had not shot on the wing.

Farther up the hill I shot a chickadee and a white-breasted nuthatch.

Saw some ruffed grouse tracks and followed them up until I flushed the bird. I shot but did not get it. As I came up onto the level I saw one crouched with head held up at the base of a hemlock. It flew and I shot it. Later I saw three others, one of whom, the mother I think flew up with an excited seek seek repeated four or five times.

December 20, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning Art Rudy and I went down the railroad track to Slentz Creek. I shot a white-breasted nuthatch with the top of the head the same color as the back. This is the first one I ever saw that way to notice it. It was one of a flock of five or six that were on a side hill.

I also shot a red-bellied woodpecker. It was only wounded slightly and led us a merry chase before it was captured.

A flock of a dozen pine grosbeaks came stringing through the trees lighting for an instant to look at us and then going. They straggled along quite a ways apart and finally bunched on the top of the hill and in a few minutes were gone.

That red-bellied woodpecker had all the characteristics of his species. He lit in a tree and went up it until he reached a dead stub where he perched.

December 21, 1903 - Monday.

This morning I went over in Will Dickie's marsh. It was cold and windy. Heard one or two tree sparrows call but did not see any.

Found a flock of three pine grosbeaks in a sheltered corner. I shot all three. I hated to do it but wanted the specimens. All were immature. Two males and a female. They were very tame. I shot all three from nearly the same perch on a wire fence. The second came down to look at the first and the third at the other two. They gave a low note tur-r. Also got a male downy woodpecker.

December 25, 1903 - Thursday.

This morning I went out to take a bird census but had poor luck. It was cold and was snowing. Saw four chickadees, four white-breasted nuthatches and one each of the following tree sparrow, junco and bluejay.

Heard Tommy the burrowing owl (Speotyto cunicularia hypogea) give a note like tuck tuck tuck. It is simply a callnote.

I put in a dish of water and then watched him through a knot hole. He sat and looked at it and it was laughable to watch him. He would stretch up as high as possible and turn his head in different positions and then bow profoundly two or three times. Finally flew down and cautiously approached it with the same motions. He perched upon the edge of it and finally dipped his bill in it. He did not like it and after shaking off as much as possible cleaned the rest off from his bill on a board, and then losing all interest in it flew up into the window. He is very curious. Any new object is regarded carefully until he thinks it is harmless, and then he investigates it. When watched in this way he seems alert and runs

around freely but when I am inside he simply sits all humped up occasionally giving a harsh note. When stretched up to his full height the two bands of white on his throat give him the curious effect of having a double chin. Then I put in a large looking glass. After he decided that it was harmless he lit beside it and looked around the corner. When he saw his reflection he jumped up in the air about two feet. Then he went around and examined the other owl after testing the glass and looking over the top to see if it was there. He was much interested in looking at the looking glass, room to see how large it was. Frequently he rubbed his face across the glass tryin to get inside.

Then I put in a ball on a string but he would not touch it or go near it because it moved.

He went down in the hole and brought out a sparrow. He pulled the wing feathers but one by one before eating. Then he pulled off pieces and swallowed them until all were gone. Every squeak and rustle was listened to intently.

December 27, 1903 - Sunday.

This morning Art Rudy and I went down the track. Over towards Rob Dickies we saw a shrike light in a tree in the middle of a field. I started after it but it flew on farther and I lost sight of it.

A flock of about twenty-five red crossbills flew over to the southwest. I shot at them without effect.

Went over in Slenz Creek Valley. Shot a female white-breasted nuthatch that had the whole top of the head the same color as the back.

A red-bellied woodpecker lit in a tree. I shot it but only wounded it slightly. I chased for about twenty rods before I finally caught it. I kept it for Mr. Stout.

DECEMBER, 1903 - BIRD LIST.

Bluejay
Evening Grosbeak
Crow
White-breasted Nuthatch
Downy Woodpecker
Chicadee
English Sparrow
Junco
Tree Sparrow
Brown Creeper
Ruffed Grouse
Hairy Woodpecker
Bobwhite
American Goldfinch
Redpoll
Great Horned Owl
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Barred Owl
Pine Siskin
Pine Grosbeak
Mourning Dove
American Crossbill
Northern Shrike
Goshawk
Golden-crowned Kinglet

December 28, 1903 - Monday.

This morning I hunted all through Tones and Bill Dickie's marsh. For a long while I heard nothing but two tree sparrows. Then some red-polls flew over.

In one corner of Dickie's marsh I secured three immature pine grosbeaks, two males and a female. They were very tame. When one was shot another came down to look at it and the last one did the same with the second one. I killed all three on nearly the same perch on a wire fence.

A little farther on I secured a male downy woodpecker in the willows. Not many birds were seen although Art Rudy said that they were thick generally. It was cold and the wind was blowing however.

1904

JANUARY

January 9, 1904 - Saturday.

Today it was warm and sunny and it seemed almost like the beginning of spring. The birds felt it also and showed it in notes and actions.

The hairy and downy woodpeckers were drumming in all directions and the dry resonant rattle was enough to stir any one up. The hairy woodpecker gave the customary mating notes and were very noisy.

Art Rudy and I went down the track to Slentz Creek. The south slopes were warm and pleasant and it seemed almost impossible that spring was not coming in two or three weeks. The red squirrels were out and stirring around more than they were all vacation.

The bluejays were very noisy. While sitting on a log I saw one back of me and by good luck shot it. Another immediately lit above where

it lay and I shot it but only winged it. I found the first one easily enough but the other seemed to have disappeared. Its tracks spaced from two to four feet apart led to a fallen tree, but I could not find. Finally I stooped down and saw it in a hole in the end in a space that I could just put my hand in. We went up the valley to below Knoops farther than I had ever been before. Saw some tree sparrows and redpolls here and as we started home two goldfinches flew over.

This afternoon I was over by Old Mrs. Petty's with my collecting pistol. Two blue-jays flew into a thick Norway spruce and I shot one as it sat on a limb pounding what I took to be an acorn. The other was in a thicker part giving the love note. When I shot it flew off but returned time after time to call for the other. I think that it is possible that some of them remain together the year round going through the mating actions in spring but in reality mated. The two shot in the forenoon would point to this also. One had had a piece taken out of the side of its bill.

January 16, 1904 - Saturday.

This morning it was cold and windy but in sheltered places was quite warm.

There has been a single chickadee around all winter. It roosts above a window on Mrs. Russel's porch. It puts in a good deal of time around our place, especially around the woodpile. I can see it or hear it at any time when I go out doors. It is very tame up to a certain point.

This morning a female evening grosbeak was around for a few minutes but I did not get a shot at it.

English sparrows are beginning to show signs of mating. I saw a male in a hole coaxing a female to come in and later saw her enter. He uttered some queer trilling notes.

January 20, 1904 - Wednesday.

Today it is quite warm. A white-breasted nuthatch was singing his song near Hoags and chickadees were whistling. There are a few juncos around also. They are rather wild.

The bluejays are beginning to think of mating. I see them chasing the females in bunches of four and five and can hear them screaming loudly. Mr. Stout says there are no jays in the west part of town where he boards. In the east part however they are thick. A screech owl must use the squirrel box in front of Hoags occasionally for the jays seem much excited about it. They come and peep and peer into it and scream as if there was some inside but when I climb up it is empty. Once a few days ago I thought I heard a screech owl some distance off but was not sure. There are several other places that the jays seem excited about but I can never detect the owl. One of these is the flickers nest in front of Langdons. Perhaps they will nest there next spring.

In the last few days I have seen a few evening grosbeaks flying around but they have been surprisingly scarce this winter. Maybe it has not been cold enough to bring them down. Pine grosbeaks have been common enough.

I also see a few redpolls occasionally and a hairy or a downy woodpecker but birds are scarce here in Baraboo now.

JANUARY, 1904 - BIRD LIST

Chicadee
Hairy Woodpecker
English Sparrow
Great Horned Owl
Crow
Bluejay
Downy Woodpecker
White-breasted Nuthatch
Bobwhite
Brown Creeper
Junco
Tree Sparrow
Pine Grosbeak
American Goldfinch
Evening Grosbeak
Redpoll
Ruffed Grouse
Barred Owl
Pine Siskin
Northern Shrike
Red-bellied Woodpecker
Screech Owl