



EL PASO BIRD STUDY CLUB

THE ROADRUNNER

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RUBY ALLEN, CHAIRMAN

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IN MEMORIAM	
ROGERS	BARCUS
<p>Maude Zilm Rogers, member of the El Paso Bird Study Club and esteemed teacher in the city schools, died January 7, 1948, at Iowa City, Iowa. We who knew Mrs. Rogers were inspired by her courage and her keen interest in many activities and by her unflagging love of the out-of-doors.</p>	<p>Mrs. Thomas S. Barcus was taken by death February 4, 1948, at Fort Worth, Texas. Most of us remember Mrs. Barcus as our Ruidoso member, though recently she had resided in El Paso. Our club records are richer because of her interest in the birds around her mountain cottage and her zest for correspondence.</p>

THE LAST MEETING

A Bird Walk in Ascarate Park was conducted by the El Paso Bird Study Club, February 7, 1948. Some fifteen members participated, under the leadership of Mrs. Louise Wilmarth, Miss Mary Belle Keefer, and Miss Diane Quigley. In a flock of 300 ducks on the lake, ten kinds were counted: mallard, gadwall, baldpate, pintail, green-winged teal, cinnamon teal, shoveller, red-head, ring-necked, and scaup. On the lake were also coot and pied-billed grebe. Treganza's heron, killdeer, marsh hawk, red-shafted flicker, white-necked raven, Gambel's sparrow, chestnut-backed bluebird, and kingfisher were seen. There were good-sized flocks of redwings, scaled quail, starlings and western robins. Several songs were heard.

ROGER TORY PETERSON

Roger Tory Peterson, famous author, artist, and ornithologist, presented the third Audubon Screen Tour, "The Riddle of Migration", January 8, 1948. This revealing film was taken by five of the nation's leading photographers. Interest in it was enhanced by the considerable number of western birds that appeared on the screen; but it was the Pittsburg "black" cardinals that aroused a general laugh of appreciation. Mr. Peterson's latest book, "Birds over America", will be released by Dodd, Mead and Company in September.

COMING SCREEN TOURS

Thrill to the joys of a canoe trek through the land of Hiawatha with Tom and Arlene Hadley February 24. Make their "Happy Valley" your own. The Hadleys are leaders in Detroit's powerful out-of-doors movement.

Share in the exciting and unusual experience of Dr. Telford H. Work as he explores "Bits of Land Along the Coast" in the final Screen Tour of the season, April 16, 1948.

NEW MEMBERS

New club members are Mrs. Edna Fox, Mrs. L. S. Porter, Miss Nancy Willbank, and Mrs. Harry R. Conway of El Paso and Dr. Clayton Rudd and Mrs. George S. Titus of Minneapolis.

New Junior Audubon Club members are Rogelio Couder, Edmundo Couder, and Lucille Hannon.

WITH OUR CORRESPONDENTS

"I'm enclosing my check to renew membership in the El Paso Bird Study Club. I've appreciated very much receiving THE ROADRUNNER," writes George Burrows of Exeter, N. H. George says he is driving an Audubon station wagon in Florida now. Roger Tory Peterson told us, on the occasion of his lecture here, that he had recently enjoyed meeting George Burrows and breakfasting with him in Houston, Texas.

Mrs. Jack Hagar writes from Rockport, Texas, that she has added to her life list the desert sparrow; presumably, it is the one we saw feeding in a tangle beside the gulf at Christmas, since she found it in the same tangle shortly afterward.

Nick Short of St. Louis writes that he expects to serve as Boy Scout Counselor next summer in Frank Kehoe's camp at Kingston, N. M.

The Al Eynoris send a Christmas greeting from Verona, N. J. "We have a new car now," writes Emma, "and enjoy going to places we could not reach by bus." When they were here, the Eynors demonstrated to us just how much valuable information about El Paso birds can be gathered on foot and by bus.

From her fairyland of snow at Wobun, Mass., Sarah Durkee writes about her feeding shelf. She still wonders why the white-throated sparrow and the song sparrow did not go south.

Some kindred wonder moves Mrs. Jack Whittaker to write from Syracuse, New York, after seeing a flock of cedar waxwings in the snow-heaped cemetery: "I can't see why any creature with wings would stay here except during the summer."

The Bradts send a Christmas card photograph of the "family", which was snapped last summer after one of their excursions into the mountains of Chihuahua, Mexico. Mary Alice and George, with a baby vulture and two young owls, comprise the family group.

THE CHRISTMAS BIRD CENSUS

When December 27th came (the date set for the census) the ranks of bird counters were considerably diminished by illness and out-of-town trips. Three undaunted club members in two parties spent eleven and one-half hours in the field, covering seventeen miles on foot and seventy-one miles by car. Areas visited were the Mesilla National Wildlife Refuge, Randell's Pool, McKelligon's Canyon, Memorial and Ascarate Parks, and the Rio Grande levee and valley.

Comparison with previous census records shows that coot, gadwall, baldpate, canvas-back, and red-shafted woodpecker were more numerous than usual; and that no shoveller, American merganser, or chipping sparrow was found. Few western mourning doves were noted, but a flock of forty starlings was sighted.

Participants in the count were Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wimberly and Mrs. J. Owen Allen, who report forty-six species of birds, as follows: 4 pied-billed grebe, 4 Treganza's heron; 30 mallard, 150 gadwall, 15 pintail, 37 green-winged teal, 7 canvas-back, 1 sharp-shinned hawk, 6 marsh hawk, 1 red-tailed hawk, 2 Swainson's hawk, 6 sparrow hawk, 22 Gambel's quail, 70 coot, 5 killdeer, 1 ring-billed gull, 2 mourning dove, 4 horned owl, 1 belted kingfisher, 29 red-shafted woodpecker, 1 Say's phoebe, 5 Stellar's jay, 3 Woodhouse's jay, 1 white-necked raven, 3 mountain chickadee, 2 marsh wren, 3 sage thrasher, 50 robin, 10 western bluebird, 2 mountain bluebird, 11 white-rumped shrike, 40 starlings, 5 Audubon's warbler, 23 English sparrow, 8 western meadowlark, 60 yellow-headed blackbird, 1050 common red-wing, 1004 Brewer's blackbird, 275 common cowbird, 1004 Brewer's blackbird, 4 pyrrhuloxia, 115 house finch, 2 spotted towhee, 1 desert sparrow, 4 Oregon junco, 1 grey-headed junco, 151 Gambel's sparrow. Total, 46 species, 3231 individuals.

LIST OF PAID-UP MEMBERS*

Mrs. J. Owen Allen, J. Owen Allen III, Mrs. Hannah Anderson, Fred Andresen, Mrs. Charles Tyler Bartlett, Alice Beebe, Dr. Anton Berkman, George McClellan Bradt, Mrs. George McClellan Bradt, George H. Burrows, Mrs. James A. Perry, Mrs. Mabel Burge, Fred Cornelius, George Curry, Tommy Curry, Mrs. Edna Fox, Gail Grose, Mary Harper, Royal Jackman, Mary Belle Keefer, Elizabeth Kelly, Charles Loomis, Mrs. Lena McBee, A. H. McClellan, J. E. McClellan, Mrs. Stella McClure, Mrs. Harriet McGuire, Ernest Melancon, Gen. G. Ralph Meyer, Rickey Miles, Mrs. Glen E. Moore, Mary Orr, Dr. A. R. Phillips, Diane Quigley, Grace Rose, Mrs. John K. Rose, Dr. Clayton Rudd, Nick Short, W. S. Strain, Mrs. George S. Titus, Nancy Ann Willbanks, Mrs. J. C. Wilmarth, Anne Wilmarth, Mrs. Marguerite Wright, Mrs. George W. Young.

*Notice to Club Members: If your name is not included in this list, please send your dues of one dollar to Miss Mary Belle Keefer, Treasurer, 3029 Federal Street, El Paso.

NEED OF MOUNTAINS

There are times when my mind
needs mountains
As a dolphin needs the sea,
As a rainbow clamors for fountains,
Or days for eternity.

There are times when my mind
must go climbing
As an eagle must use its wings,
As words invoke music in rhyming
Or the thrush of necessity sings.

*BIRDS

Maybe if you had lived six million years ago, you would have been one of those birds that lived in water and had teeth. That was the fashion among birds of that early age, which produced strange animals like the American Comanchian dinosaurs. Birds are specialized descendants of these great animals, which sometimes reached a weight of sixty tons.

The first known bird was the Archaeopteryx macrura. His head was shaped like a snake's and he had teeth. His tail was about as long as his body. Probably next was the Pterosaur, or "dragon of the air". His fore feet became joints for the wings, and a tight skin grew from his body to his wing tips. He was a carnivorous animal with a wing-span of three feet. Bats are his descendants of today.

Birds gradually lost their teeth and slowly changed to the form we know. In warmer climates they took on bright plumage and sang beautiful songs. Probably the plentiful food made them carefree and happy. In cold climates they were camouflaged in somber hues and often sang but one note of song. They became wary and hard to find.

In the last two thousand years or so, man has made birds look for places to live in where human beings are not found. He has killed so recklessly that some species have become extinct. Yet the value of birds to man is inestimable. They play an important part in keeping insects under control. They are enjoyed too for their pretty songs and their bright color.

Men have come along and upset the balance of nature without paying any attention to it. Mr. John James Audubon realized this a century ago and tried to get people not to kill heedlessly. The National Audubon Society, a group named for him, has brought about many measures for the protection of birds. More people should join in this good cause.

I may be backward, but I still like birds. In El Paso we have a senior Bird Study Club and another for juniors. We join in the annual bird count at Christmas and try to catalogue the birds within a circle of seven miles' radius. About ninety-six species winter in and around El Paso.

--Ernest Melancon

*Ernest Melancon, Austin High School junior, wrote his term theme on BIRDS. With his consent, we have culled a few ideas from the paper.

*MEXICO BIRDS AT CHRISTMAS

A Christmas bird census was taken this year by Diane and Jim Quigley. The count was made on horseback and covered about fifty miles. It was made in four days, starting December 26. This is a longer time than is usually needed for such a count, because the country was very mountainous and rocky. There was little shelter for birds, the few trees being quite bare of leaves. The weather was perfect, except for part of one day, which was a little windy.

The most interesting find was a golden eagle, which was seen in a canyon quite far from the ranch house. An unusual sight for this time of year was a flock of about twenty-five geese that passed far over our heads, flying south. Few ducks were seen, since there are only two waterholes on the ranch with any water in them. These ducks were so shy that it was impossible to identify them with certainty, but we thought them cinnamon or green-winged teal. In contrast to previous winters, no owls or roadrunners were seen and no desert sparrows were counted. Eighteen species were found, not counting the ducks or geese. The list follows:

Eagle, 1; turkey vulture, 3; Gambel's quail, 150 (est.); red-tailed hawk, 2; sparrow hawk, 2; raven, 5; western kingbird, 4; white-rumped shrike, 4; red-shafted flicker, 2; western mourning dove, 7; winter wren, 2; horned lark, 170 (est.); sage sparrow, 125 (est.); Gambel's sparrow, 1; mountain bluebird, 2; total, 518 birds.

--Diane Quigley

*Diane Quigley lives on a ranch in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, some seventy-five miles south of Columbus, N. M., that is, when she is not attending a high school in El Paso. How the brother and sister must have enjoyed the riding involved in counting the birds on the ranch and in its vicinity!

"Bird watching embraces individual enterprise on the one hand, collective effort on the other. Above all else, it is marked by a ready exchange of experience, by a high regard for truth, and by a conviction that wild birds express the most spectacular development of nature."

--From "A Guide to Bird Watching" by Hickey

BIRDING IN ROCKPORT, TEXAS

Just before the holidays, came a letter from Ethel Wolf Miner of Houston. "Meet me in Rockport Christmas," she wrote. Jack and Connie Hagar are there, as you know. We can take one of their cottages. The birding should be good."

It is likely to be good birding, along with Mrs. Miner, as I had previously discovered. Mary Belle Keefer agreed to go along. The three of us enjoyed a week at Rockport, beginning December 26, 1947. Weather being propitious, we spent the most of every day in the field, sometimes with Mrs. Hagar as guide.

We might pause to say something here about Connie Hagar and her work with the birds of her region; but Eleanor Anthony King has said them already in her AUDUBON MAGAZINE of July-August, 1947. That article we endorse, merely adding that Connie was our greatest find at Rockport.

We worked mostly on the Aransas Refuge, where birds are invited to keep on living. Perhaps that is why we saw them in such large aggregations, especially the waterbirds. There was a raft of pintail duck offshore, numbering about 5,000; another of redhead, which we estimated at 2,000. Concentrations of shorebirds especially large, included willets, marbled godwits, dowitchers, various plover (killdeer, piping, semi-palmated, black-bellied), yellow-legs, red-backed and other sandpipers, and long-billed curlew. Flocks of marsh birds included herons, egrets, and glossy ibis, most common of these being reddish egret and the Louisiana heron. Additional birds, to name a few, were the white and the brown pelicans, cormorants, four kinds of gulls and as many terns, black skimmer and an occasional oyster-catcher.

One day we went to San Antonio Bay near the mouth of the Guadelquiver. There we saw geese, hundreds of them: blue geese and Canada, snow geese and white-fronted; along with ducks, pelicans, and other good company. These geese were not on a refuge, and could be picked off in season, four to the hunter. With mixed emotions we returned to the highway.

Among interesting land birds that we saw are caracara, Sennett's white-tailed hawk, sandhill crane, and Atwater's prairie chicken. Black-crested titmice, cardinals and vermilion flycatchers were good to see; so were the phoebes and eastern bluebirds, and an occasional warbler.

It was pleasant to find several of our El Paso feathered friends in far-away East Texas. We saw road-runner, desert sparrow, cactus wren, verdin, and pyrrhuloxia.

Songs were few at that season. Sometimes a cardinal gave a few bars. On Mustang Island at Port Aransas a grasshopper sparrow was heard singing. And one of his listeners, I know, was borne away on that wisp of song to daisied, clover-fragrant meadows of a West Virginia summer.

—Lena McBee

NOTES FROM TUCSON

A brief jaunt of about an hour and a half on February 8, 1948, yielded fifteen species of birds. The morning was clear and warm following the previous day's rain; so the trees and shrubs of the desert arroyo were filled with song. I was unable to locate all of the songsters but heard cactus wrens, curve-billed thrashers, and numerous house finches. The gilded flicker was added to my life list. This bird greatly resembles our familiar red-shafted flicker with the exception of yellow wing and tail linings and with possibly more yellow on top of the head.

Through the courtesy of Dr. Charles T. Vorhies I received a copy of the "Field Check List of Birds—Tucson Region, Arizona" and reprints from "The Conder" of "Bird Records from the Tucson Region, Arizona".

Naturally, a great similarity exists between the species listed there and in El Paso. Club members who visit our neighboring city will be interested to know that the following birds which we do not have here may be seen there: spotted screech owl, flammulated screech owl, mountain pygmy owl, ferruginous pygmy owl, elf owl, northern nighthawk, Vaux's swift, Costa's hummingbird, Anna's hummingbird, Allen's hummingbird, Rivoli's hummingbird, white-eared hummingbird, broad-billed hummingbird, coppery-tailed trogon, gilded flicker, Gila woodpecker, yellow-bellied sapsucker, Arizona woodpecker, Xantus's becard, Mexican kingbird, sulphur-bellied flycatcher, Arizona crested flycatcher, olivaceous flycatcher, gray flycatcher, buff-breasted flycatcher, Coue's flycatcher, beardless flycatcher, Arizona jay, bridled titmouse, Vorhies' wren, Bendire's thrasher, Eastern bluebird, Hutton's vireo, gray vireo, olive warbler, hermit warbler, hooded oriole, cowbird, varied bunting, Abert's towhee, rufous-winged sparrow, slate-colored junco, McGowan's longspur, chestnut-collared longspur.

—Ruby Allen

THE MARSH HAWK

"Good morning, Mr. Hill," called Carlos, as he hurried toward the chicken yard on the Hill farm. "How are you? Let me carry that feed for you. I like to help with the chores."

"Fine, thank you, Carlos. Mrs. Hill said she hoped you could come out today. Where is Tommy?"

"He is in the house watching Mrs. Hill's tame sparrow hawk."

"That little hawk isn't so tame," laughed Mr. Hill. "He takes a nip at me every once in a while. Some day he will fly out of an open door, and then we will never see him again. Do you like our chickens?"

"What a fine flock!" exclaimed Carlos. "Is it hard to raise chickens?"

"We have very good luck. Of course, we lose one now and then."

"Chicken hawks get them?" Carlos asked.

"Chicken hawks!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Do you know that almost every kind of hawk has been nicknamed 'Chicken Hawk' or 'Hen Hawk'? I have never seen a hawk catch one of our chickens. If a hawk could not find enough of the food he likes best, he might catch a chicken now and then, especially if there were young in the nest. I should not mind, as the hawks keep our farm clean of mice, gophers, and grasshoppers. In some states these birds are protected by law. But here many hunters shoot any hawk on sight."

"How many kinds of hawks do you see around here?" Carlos inquired.

"I have seen four or five kinds this past year," answered Mr. Hill. "One of the most common is the marsh hawk. Call Tommy, and I will show you where a pair nested last spring."

Soon the three were walking toward the grove of cottonwood and mesquite near the river. Tommy stopped, his hand on a fence post.

"Look," he said, "isn't that a marsh hawk flying toward us now?"

The three sat on the ditch bank to watch. The large bird sailed over the meadow, the alfalfa field, and the cotton. It banked and flew back toward the river, watching the ground below.

"He is gray above and white on the under side," stated Carlos. "Tommy, did you see the large white rump patch? That is the mark of the marsh hawk."

"Now he is turning back," said Mr. Hill. "He will cover every yard of this farm. Mrs. Marsh Hawk is coming to hunt with him."

Carlos proudly took his new binoculars from their case. He watched the birds for a moment, then handed them to Tommy.

"She is brown above, and a dirty white in the underside," he said. "She has a rump patch too. She seems to be larger than her mate."

"All female hawks are larger than the males. She is about 21 inches long with a wing spread of about 50 inches," Mr. Hill told the boys.

At that moment the brown hawk stopped suddenly, hovered a moment, and dropped like a rock into the alfalfa field. When she did not rise again, Mr. Hill said, "She was lucky this time. She will stay on the spot until she has eaten her prey. Shall we walk again?"

The hawk's nest had been built on the ground, at the foot of a mesquite bush. It was made of a few twigs, dried weed stems, and grass.

"I used to slip down here almost every day, after I found the nest," Mr. Hill said. "There were five greenish-white eggs in it. Mr. Hawk was very good about bringing food to his mate while she sat on the eggs. She always left the nest to eat. The babies were covered with fuzzy white down. They looked like teddy bears. I am sure their parents brought them a thousand field mice before they were big enough to hunt for themselves. The babies wandered about near the nest for two or three weeks before they were strong enough to fly."

"I wish I could have seen them," Tommy said. "Do all hawks nest on the ground, Mr. Hill?"

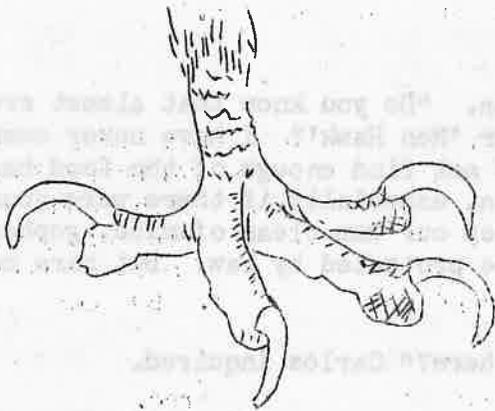
"Other hawks nest high in tall trees. But I have seen the nests of the red-tailed hawk in the top of tall cacti."

"Can you tell us which hawks are useful friends to the farmers, and which are harmful?" Carlos wanted to know.

"Let us go back to the house. I will show you a chart that will show you better than I can tell you," Mr. Hill answered. "Can't you almost smell the fried chicken Mrs. Hill must have in the pan right now?"

This is the chart Mr. Hill showed the boys:

These belong to the hawk family. Do you know what they are called? Draw a line from the correct word to the picture.



wing

talon

rump

beak

tail



A HAWK PUZZLE

- M A white rump patch is his _____.
- A A small insect.
- R He sometimes nests in a tall cactus.
- S He was Mrs. Hill's pet.
- H What this pet liked for dinner.
- H Who often shoot hawks?
- A Gophers are small _____.
- W Something to fly with.
- K What hawks do to mice.

True—False

- | | | |
|---|------|-------|
| 1. All hawks nest on the ground. | True | False |
| 2. They have hooked beaks to tear their prey. | True | False |
| 3. They hold their prey with their talons | True | False |
| 4. All hawks catch our chickens. | True | False |
| 5. Hawks have very sharp eyes. | True | False |
| 6. Most hawks are helpful. | True | False |

- 3... False, True, True, False, True, True.
 Hunters, Animals, Wings, Kill
 2... Mark, Ant, Red-tail, Sparrow Hawk, Hamburger,
 1... talon .. . beak

KEY:

HANK, THE SPARROW HAWK

The Valley Bus rolled north on the highway. Two boys sat near the front. One was tall and red-headed. The other was short and fat and fair. Both had freckles sprinkled over their noses and cheeks.

The driver turned his head. "Do you boys want me to stop at the next corner?" he asked.

"No sir," answered the older brother. "Let us off at the second crossroad, please. We are going to visit Mr. and Mrs. Hill. They live in the white adobe house on the left."

"Here we are," the driver called a few minutes later, as he stopped the bus. The boys jumped off and started toward the white house. A plump, gray-haired lady stood by the open door.

"Tommy Lamar and Carlos!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad you could come. I have some hot chocolate on the stove. Come right in the kitchen. How are all the family?"

They chatted a few moments. Then Tommy brushed the cookie crumbs from his mouth and said, "Oh, please, Mrs. Hill, what is the surprise you wrote about?"

"Shut your eyes," she laughed, as she stepped out on the glassed porch. She returned with a bird perched on her finger. "Now look," she said. "How do you like my new pet? Don't come too close until Hank has time to get acquainted."

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Tommy. "Is it an owl?"

"No, Tommy. Owls have shorter tails, and flat faces. This is a baby sparrow hawk. Mr. Hill brought him in, hurt, and wet to the skin. He named him 'Hank, the Hawk'."

"Where did Mr. Hill find him?" Carlos wanted to know.

"The wind blew a great limb off the old cottonwood tree in the back yard. The other babies were killed. This one clawed and bit and tried to fly. That was about two months ago. Now he seems quite fond of us."

"Do you know what kind of a nest he came from?" Carlos asked.

"It was in a big hollow where the limbs forked. It was about twenty feet above the ground. The old birds have nested in that tree for three or four years. Often I saw them bring food to the tree, but they would not go to the nest while I was watching."

"How do you know it is a 'he'?" Tommy wanted to know.

Mrs. Hill stroked the smooth head with her finger. "By these black marks," she answered. "One under the eye, one at the side, and two spots on the back of the head. The female has the same markings, but they are gray and do not show up like the black lines."

"I have never seen any hawk this close before," Carlos remarked. "Can you tell us how large he will be when he is grown?"

"A bit larger than a robin. The sparrow hawk is the smallest of the hawk family. Do you remember the color of the robin's breast? Hank's back and tail and the crown of his head will be the same color."

Carlos looked at the sharp, curved beak and talons. "I am surprised that Mr. Hill let you keep him," he said. "I thought farmers kill every hawk they see."

"Oh, gracious me!" Mrs. Hill exclaimed. "Mr. Hill would never think of killing a hawk. Most hawks are helpful. The sparrow hawk is one of the most useful birds we have. He eats crickets and grasshoppers and mice. Like all hawks, he has wonderful eyes."

"I have seen this baby's father dart from his tree and return with a mouse before I could say 'Scat'. He would perch on a dead limb and pull the meat off the bones with his sharp beak. All the time he held the mouse fast with his sharp talons."

"Sometimes he would fly over the grass and hover in one spot, watching the ground below. He looked like he was hanging from the sky by a thread. Suddenly he would drop like a stone, then fly up with a mouse or lizard or an insect."

*If healthy wild birds are kept as pets, after they are grown, a permit must be secured from the United States Department of the Interior.

Tommy grinned. "Do you catch mice for Hank, Mrs. Hill?" he asked.

Mrs. Hill laughed. "You get me that saucer of raw hamburger out of the refrigerator. I will let you feed him. Make a little ball of the meat. Now see if he will take it from you."

Tommy held the ball in front of the hooked beak. The bird took the meat, swallowed it, and bobbed his head.

"Look! He is saying 'Thank you'. May I give him some more?" Tommy asked. Three more meat balls followed the first. Then Hank spread his wings and flew to his perch on the sun porch. His tail pumped up and down two or three times. He lowered his head to look at the floor. Perhaps a mouse would come frisking along. A fellow must keep his eye peeled these days.

A Crossword Puzzle

Can you find four four-letter words for the four squares?

1	2	3	4
2			
3			
4			

1. Mrs. Hill's pet
2. A pain
3. What Miss Muffett ate
4. You unlock doors with them.

Old Friends and New

Can you name these birds?

1. RED



2.



CH

3. SP



H



4.



L



1. Cinnamon red
2. Buffy white
3. Gray

5. MOCK



6. KILL



7. F



K	E	I	S
W	H	E	Y
A	C	H	E
H	A	M	K

- KEYS:
1. Redwing
 2. Housefinch
 3. Sparrow Hawk
 4. Meadowlark
 5. Mockingbird
 6. Killdeer
 7. Flicker

SPARROW HAWK

