

EL PASO BIRD STUDY CLUB

THE ROADRUNNER

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LENA MCBEE, CHAIRMAN

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THE WILD GEESE COME OVER NO MORE

The wild geese come over no more
As when I was a boy
With their high, sweet honking
That lifts the heart with joy.

Their chill aery paths are changed,
The lake awaits in vain
For a tired wing to drop to it
And rise at dawn again.

The wild thoughts of my high youth
Have left my heart too--
Driven away by the hard huntsmen,
Memory, care and rue.

--Cale Young Rice

AUDUBON SCREEN TOURS

The Audubon Screen Tours are coming again. As before, they are sponsored by the Bird Club and the city schools, together with the National Audubon Society. Meetings will be held in the Austin High School auditorium at 7:30 P.M. Tickets are \$1.50 for adults and 76 cents for students.

OUR LIVING EARTH (Let's keep it that way!) will be shown by Alexander Sprunt, Jr., October 14. FUN WITH BIRDS, delightful experiences enjoyed by Laurel Reynolds while developing a hobby in self-defense, should make November 13 a red-letter day. Roger Tory Peterson, author of your "A Field Guide to Western Birds", will explain THE RIDDLE OF MIGRATION, January 8. Tom and Arlene Hadley's HAPPY VALLEY should scatter sunshine generally on February 24. Dr. Telford H. Work's revealing film, LAND ALONG THE COAST, will be shown on April 16.

THE APRIL MEETING

A bird walk to Ascarate Park was enjoyed by twenty people or more on April 19, 1947. Pfc. Nick Short and Mary Belle Keefer were leaders. Thirty species were seen, among them eight species of ducks in a flock of 150 on the lake. A small flock of Wilson's phalaropes and another of (nine) horned grebes with two cormorants were also seen on the lake. Warblers noted were Audubon's, Virginia's, and pileolated. High point of interest was a road-runner sitting on the nest fifteen feet up in a fork of a Chinese elm. When inspected by one of the club members eight days later, the nest had three young road-runners of varying sizes.

THE NEXT MEETING

The regular October meeting will give way to the first Audubon Screen Tour of the season. It is an all-color film, to be presented by Alexander Sprunt, Jr., who is said to be a forceful and entertaining speaker. All phases of nature will be brought into the program. Birds mentioned will include egrets, Ward's heron, and ibises. Come with your friends to the Austin Junior High School auditorium at 7:30 P.M., October 14, Byron at Savannah Street.

NEW OFFICERS

Mrs. George W. Young has been named Vice-Chairman and Mary Belle Keefer, Membership Chairman of the Bird Club, to succeed Sarah Durkee. A highly valuable member was lost to us when Miss Durkee decided to return to the East to reside.

NEW MEMBERS

Tommy Curry is the latest addition to the Club. Other members not reported already are A. H. McClellan, J. E. McClellan, and Alice Beebe.

ATTEND AUDUBON NATURE CAMP

Four of our members were enrolled this summer in the Muscongus Bay Audubon Camp in Maine: Mary Harper, Anne Wilmarth, Mary Belle Keefer, and Mrs. Louise Wilmarth. An account of the camp appears on page 3.

WITH OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Mrs. Velma J. Bowie, Y Day Camp Director, writes a thank-you to those who helped last summer in the camp program. She mentions especially the Contest in Bird Coloring, the motion picture slides of local birds, and the field trips conducted for the girls.

Mrs. Jack Whittaker describes a blackbird roost in Falls City, Nebraska, August 10, with a comment on the value of screech owls: "Now blackbirds have begun to congregate in the very large trees along the street. Each evening resounds with the cackles and wheezes of these birds. Starlings and cowbirds are commonest; then come grackles and redwings, the females and immature. Local folk say that the birds roost in town to escape the owls in the groves along the river; that if people had not killed the screech owls in the city, there would be no roosting nuisance here."

Mrs. Caroline Bartlett, La Mesa member, writes to declare that in her heart she is with the Tours program, and sends along a guarantor's check "in case".

Nicholas Short writes from St. Louis to ask that his name be put on the mailing list for THE ROADRUNNER, along with that of Dr. A. R. Phillips of 113 Olive Road, Tucson, Arizona.

From Mary Alice (Mrs. George McClellan) Bradt comes a vivacious account of their travel into the mountains of western Chihuahua, Mexico, and Durango:

"Two days after the close of school we departed on our first junket, and except for one or two trips back to develop film, take hot baths and renew supplies, we have been out in the bush all summer. While camped at a spring in June, we watched a veritable parade of birds that came in to water: band-tailed pigeons, bridled titmice, painted redstarts, acorn woodpeckers, a prairie falcon, and Steller's jays. Then on our last trip, into Durango, we finally saw the Audubon's caracaras. Actually, however, we spent the summer in pursuit of bugs. We had been collecting all winter from this area for the men at the Museum of Natural History; then lo and behold, the men themselves appeared and we joined their expedition for about three weeks. They were a most stimulating group, each a specialist in certain insects, and from them we learned much about collecting and even a few rather imposing names.

"With them we went quite far into Durango in our convoy of jeeps, passed through forests of ocotillo, ferried across a river along the banks of which grew swamp cypresses, thence into 9000-foot mountains where the tall pines grew and tiny orchids mingled with the pine needles on the ground. But at about that point the rains began in earnest, and since we had forded a river deep enough to come into the front of the jeep, we decided it was time to come home to roost....

"George is busily working on his notes, trying to produce an article or two on the Indians we found living in caves, weaving fine blankets, and doing rain dances in their corn fields.... We can hardly wait for next summer to get out again into this amazing country.

"Our house has been devoid of birds, and I quite miss the little creatures. In June we brought a baby vulture home to stay for about three days; then he traveled with us for a week or two and boarded with friends. He was completely covered with down, but even then he was anything but beautiful; in fact, several people found him quite repulsive. But he was an easy creature to care for, since we could find a bit of lunch for him anywhere along the road. A burrowing owl, too, joined our wanderings, but after a week of his nocturnal habits, we drove him up to his nest and put him back with a sigh of relief and the hope of one good night's sleep...."

THE SUMMER'S BIRDING IN RETROSPECT

Late spring field trips met generally with inhospitable weather. A group that went to the Chiricahuas, April 2-5, encountered rain, sleet, snow. Only obvious avian residents like the Arizona jay, California woodpecker, and western robin were noted at the Monument. Near Bowie, where hackberry growth fringed a dry stream bed, a crissal thrasher was guarding four blue eggs in a nest built in a cholla. But at a wooded pool near Artesia there was much song. Arizona cardinal, Abert's towhees, a pair of Bendire's thrashers, a western yellow-throat and a yellow warbler were among the singers.

Trips to Cloudcroft were taken May 11 to 13 and August 23-24, both timed in rainy weather. The first sufficed to show that spring migrants were late up there (indeed, we had passed several species between La Luz and Mountain Park); the second trip proved that fall migrants had mostly left Cloudcroft, for our largest count was in the canyons leading downward a thousand or two feet--James', Dripping Springs, and La Luz Canyons. On neither trip did we see the violet-green swallows or the martins, common nesters at the mountaintop.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AUDUBON NATURE CAMP

Four members of the El Paso Bird Study Club attended the Audubon Nature Camp from July 11 to 24, 1947. The National Audubon Society conducts a camp in five sessions of two weeks each throughout the summer on Hog Island in Muscongus Bay off the coast of Maine. Here on a spruce-covered island which is itself a wildlife sanctuary, a very able faculty gives courses in various branches of nature study--birds, plants, insects, marine life, etc. The head bird instructor is Mr. Allan D. Cruickshank, who was one of the Audubon lecturers in El Paso last spring and showed the colored film SOUTH ALONG THE SUWANNEE.

Some fifty-three persons attended the session, the majority of them teachers and youth leaders; and in most courses stress was laid on ways of presenting nature study and making it interesting to children. All campers were required to take the course in birds and in nature study, so-called, consisting of a number of things from weather prediction to making spatter-ink copies of leaves, from a study of rocks along the shore to how to conduct a treasure hunt. In addition, each person took one elective course, plants, insects, or marine life.

Reveille was at 6:30, breakfast at 7:00. At 8:30 lectures and field trips began and continued all day, and often there was a lecture at night. The Society has two launches, The Puffin and The Osprey; and when the material on the island had been exhausted, the campers were taken to the mainland to continue their studies. These trips across and down the bay were among the most enjoyable features of camp life, and one in particular stands out--a trip to Wreck Island. Many of the small islands where the birds nest are mere rocky ledges; but Wreck Island is wooded and in addition to the ever-present spruce, there were other trees and plants that we saw nowhere else on our trips, such as swamp maple, American yew, American shield fern, etc. A large colony of great blue herons greeted us, and here also we saw for the first time baby herring gulls scrambling about on the rocky shore, little fluffy balls of tan with brown spots. On another occasion we were taken to the mainland to see a rare luminous moss. When the sunlight reached it or a flashlight was thrown on it, it shone like gold.

Conservation and the wise use of all our natural resources was the main doctrine of the camp and all the campers were expected to go forth and spread this gospel.

We were told that the Audubon Society plans to open a similar camp on the Gulf Coast of Texas, if a suitable location can be found.

--Mary Belle Keefer

HUMMINGBIRDS BY THE HUNDREDS

It has been a wonderful summer! Day after day we sat on our front porch and watched the birds. It was a great show.

After twenty-one years of patient waiting on our part, our giant century plant sent up a great stalk like an enormous asparagus shoot, branched into a beautiful head, and burst into bloom. And that is when the show really started.

The hummingbirds soon found it. First it was the little black chins. One came, and then another, and another till one day--July 12th, to be exact--there were seven of those quarrelsome birds working over the huge bloom stalk at the same time.

And fight? How they did make the feathers fly! I learned, watching them--as if I did not know it before--that hummingbirds just cannot get along together. It was a fight from morning till night.

One day a rather old looking, but fast black-chin dived from away up high on a little fellow who was snatching a drop of honey. The attacker struck so hard he knocked the poor creature clear out of the sky. The little bird fell to the ground and stretched out his wings as though he were done for. I walked out to pick him up, but before I reached him, the wounded bird wobbled up and took off like a torn kite. He made it into the foliage of a nearby tree. We never saw him again.

Broad-tails came, and other varieties. And then about the 15th of July there came one of the most beautiful rufous hummers that I have ever seen. I shall not try to describe his coat. You know its colors, he was just simply beautiful.

He, too, was a fighter. He drove off all other feeders, including the bumblebees. He snapped at a big butterfly, but decided there was no use to waste energy on that. Then he settled down for some real feeding. I say "settled down" for he actually perched on one of the blossoms, stuck his tongue down into it, and stayed there for almost a minute. We got a good look at him. It was thrilling.

He and one other rufous came back several times, and the other birds kept coming. They worked and fought over the top of that century plant like a hive of bees, and the hot summer passed for us.

Then, about the last day of July, the blossoms were gone. The rain came and the hot days faded. The huge plant had done its work well. It, too, passed on. The quarrelsome hummingbirds moved on to greener pastures. But their visit with us this summer will always be a happy memory.

They helped to make this a most wonderful summer, and we love them.

--Fred Cornelius

BIRD WALK IN NEW GUINEA (Continued)

I am always conscious of a certain tension as I enter the jungle. In its vast depths there is held so much of fascination, of excitement, of pure beauty. Always one encounters surprises--something new. Perhaps I would see an ostrichlike cassowary, a bird nearly five feet tall with a horny casque on its head and a razor-sharp five-inch toenail that can disembowel a man. I might find the grass playhouse of a bowerbird, ornamented with small beds of flowers and fruits, or the eggs of a megapode left to be incubated by the heat of decaying vegetable matter heaped round them. Of the thirty-eight known species of bird of paradise, thirty-three are found only in New Guinea. I might see any of the other groups which developed in this section of the Pacific such as the wood-swallows, whistlers, bell-magpies or frog-mouths. There are 509 different land birds on this 1,400 mile long island. What a place for a bird-lover!

Promptly I came upon a flock of rufous-brown pheasant doves acrobatically feeding on small fruits that were growing among the drooping branches and vines in the substage of the forest. Most of them were uniform brown, but some were in the dark gray phase. Their general shape was that of a pigeon except for a prodigious heavy tail like a magpie's which opened occasionally for balance. They cooed softly as I approached but did not fly, giving me an excellent view. As I watched I had the peculiar impression that this was a troop of monkeys swinging about. Strangely enough there are no monkeys in New Guinea.

"Do you suppose it is true what they say about fig trees?" I wondered, as I studied a forest giant ahead of me. It seemed to be made up of a bundle of big, interlacing, intergrowing pillars. I have been told that at the start the fig climbs like a vine up the side of another tree. More and more clinging shoots spring up soon to envelop the tree completely. The entwining fig saplings become massive; they adhere to one another and eventually choke their supporter, which decays leaving the new and larger tree in its place. It could be true.

Something was moving among the clinging vines. A tiny green parrot not four inches long was, of all things, hitching about on the vertical tree trunk foraging among the leaves with all the proficiency of a nuthatch. It used its stubby tail for a prop at least part of the time, but unlike a woodpecker, would walk headfirst across the trunk or even down it. Farther on I discovered a gathering of several of those pigmy parrots very high in a spreading tree. They had a habit of hovering motionless here and there before alighting. One was poised with blurred wings before a five-inch cavity on the underside of a forty-five-degree limb where a branch had once grown. Then it did an amazing thing. It alighted on the upper lip of the hole and entered upside down. It could just as well have landed on the lower edge and gone in like any ordinary bird. It appeared that perhaps all those little fellows used that same cavity as a roosting place for the night.

Walking on down a glen comparatively free of underbrush I saw perched about fifteen feet from the ground ahead of me a slim black bird which except for its long narrow tail was about the size of a Brewer's blackbird. At the extremity the tail flared into two graceful, rounded prongs. Although in the deep shade of the forest I did not see the glossy spots on upper back and throat which give it its name, I knew that this was the spangled drongo. The drongo family comes from India and Africa. Its closest relative is not known; some believe it to be the jay; others, the bird of paradise.

Suddenly, there was a loud wish, wish, wish, wish above the trees. I started. It sounded like a heavy Jap mortar shell tumbling through the air. Then I heard that ridiculous cry, like some gremlin riding the projectile and gleefully squeezing the rubber bulb of a toy French horn, "honk, honk, honk"; its voice would break, jumping an octave, "ho-onk, ho-onk", then back again, "honk, honk". I was hearing only the powerful wishing wing beat and silly call of a Papuan hornbill, clown of the jungle. Boys feeling the strain of combat had other less flattering names for it. When they heard the sound of its great wings, someone would shout "Hit the dirt!" Instantly all would fall prone to escape the flying shell fragments they expected. While wiping the mud off your face after the fourth false alarm, it becomes a little difficult to see the joke.

The hornbill is made up to suit its part. The stubby white tail accentuates the length of its scraggly neck and enormous bill. At the base, the ivory-yellow beak is as thick as the head, slightly reddish and has folds along the top. In shape it is a drooping curve. The female is all black, but the male has a chestnut head and neck. In some, perhaps the immature, the head and neck are white. Around the eye is a big, comical, pale blue ring. There is little question who is boss in the hornbill family. During the serious business of incubation the bird's sense of humor takes a very practical bent. The female is sealed in the hollow of a tree behind a wall of dried mud, and is fed by her mate through a small hole. Old "Pa" hornbill feels that the woman's place is in the home and will tolerate no gallivanting. (TO BE CONCLUDED)

--George Burroughs

SWALLOWS

The room was filled with boys and girls of the Bird Club. Many old faces and several new ones turned to the speaker. Carlos smiled as he looked at the bright eyes and eager faces before him.

"I am happy to welcome every one of you to the first meeting of the fall term," he said. "I hope that each of you has learned something of interest to tell us. I have been asked to talk about swallows.

"There are several kinds of swallows to be seen here during the summer. They usually arrive in April.

"All swallows have short, flat bills and very large mouths. This is because they catch their food while flying, just as you catch a butterfly with a net. Their tails are forked, or notched.

"All swallows have long wings, because they fly more than most birds. When they sit on a wire or the edge of a nest, you can see that the folded wings are as long as their tails or longer. They have short legs and weak feet, used only for perching or to cling to the nest.

KINDS OF SWALLOWS FOUND IN OR NEAR EL PASO

"One swallow we sometimes see here is the beautiful violet-green swallow. The under parts are a pure white and the upper parts a shining violet-green. They nest in old woodpecker holes, or knot holes in old buildings. Sometimes they nest in birdhouses. You may find their nests at Cloudcroft and Ruidoso.

"We have two brown-backed swallows. They are the bank swallow, which has a necklace on his white under parts, and the rough-wing, which does not have a necklace. The brown-backed swallows build their nests in holes dug back in a sandbank. These holes are about as high as your head. Sometimes swallows and kingfishers will have nest holes in the same sandbank.

"Another beautiful swallow is the cliff swallow. He has a pale buff forehead and a buff-colored rump patch. Cliff swallows' nests are made of mud fastened to the side of a rocky cliff. They are shaped like gourds with a round opening for a doorway.

THE BARN SWALLOW

"The most common of these birds is the barn swallow," Carlos went on. "How many of you know this very helpful bird?" More than half of the Club members held up their hands.

"Good!" exclaimed Carlos. "Who can tell us what the barn swallow looks like? Anita?"

"His under parts are a pink-buff color. The rest of him is a shiny blue-black. He has two long outer tail feathers. The people who made the first 'swallow-tail' coats must have known this bird well. The barn swallow has a row of pretty white dots on his tail that looks like lace trimming."

"That is a very good word picture, Anita. John, can you tell us why this bird is called a barn swallow?"

"We call them barn swallows because they like to build their nests in barns," John answered. "Before white men came to America, these swallows built in caves or under rocky ledges. Now most of the old barns and sheds have been torn down. Farmers have built fine tight barns. The swallows cannot fly in and out, so they have had to change their habits again. Some have gone back to the caves and ledges. Some build under the bridges that men have built over streams and rivers."

"Thank you, John. I am glad that our members are reading about the birds. Rosita, can you tell us about the barn swallow's nest?"

Rosita stood and faced her schoolmates. It was the first time she had been asked to tell what she had seen, and she felt happy and proud as she began:

"I spent the summer with my grandmother down the Valley. Near her house is an old bridge where barn swallows nest. Every day I went to the river bank to watch them. I do not know if Mr. Barn Swallow or his wife builds the nest, as I cannot tell them apart. The bird flies up under the bridge with a little ball of mud which it plasters to the side of a beam. Then it brings another and another, twittering as it flies back for more. Bits of grass are mixed with the mud to make it strong,

just as our adobe makers do. The bird builds only a little each day, and lets it dry. Mud is heavy, you know, and sometimes a half-built bowl will break away and fall into the water below, but the barn swallow starts all over again right away. When it has the 'wall pocket' finished, the bird lines it with feathers. All the nests under the bridge and one under Grandmother's cow shed had white chicken feathers in them, though no one nearby had any white hens."

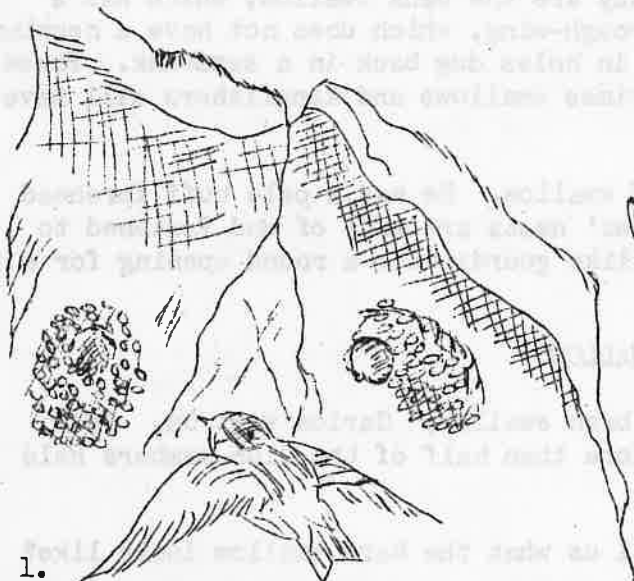
"What a lot you learned by using those two black eyes!" Carlos exclaimed. "I believe Jay Owen has something to tell us."

"I have seen hundreds of swallows up at the Country Club bridge," Jay Owen said. "When they perch on the telephone wires, they look like rows of people in the balcony of a show. Always some are on the wing, twittering as they fly. They dip and glide and dart and wheel as they catch insects for themselves or their babies, and play tag with their friends."

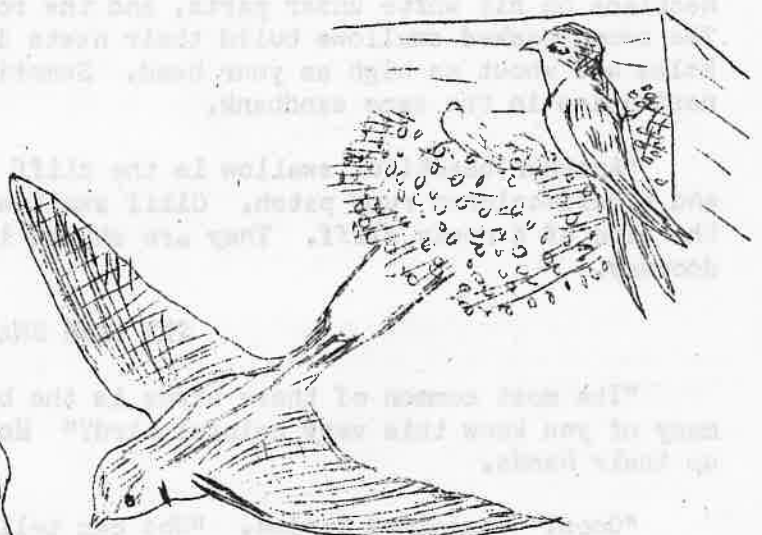
Carlos thanked Jay Owen, then went on. "I am sorry that the swallows have flown away. They began collecting in large flocks the last of August. Those at the bridge left last week. I am sure they are already in South America. But perhaps you would like to examine the old nests. If you care to plan a picnic, my father has promised to get one of the big company trucks and take you up there next Saturday afternoon."

His words were greeted with a joyful clapping of hands. Carlos smiled at Miss Day. "Mother will take you and Miss Smith in the car," he said. "That big truck does not ride as smoothly as our swallows fly."

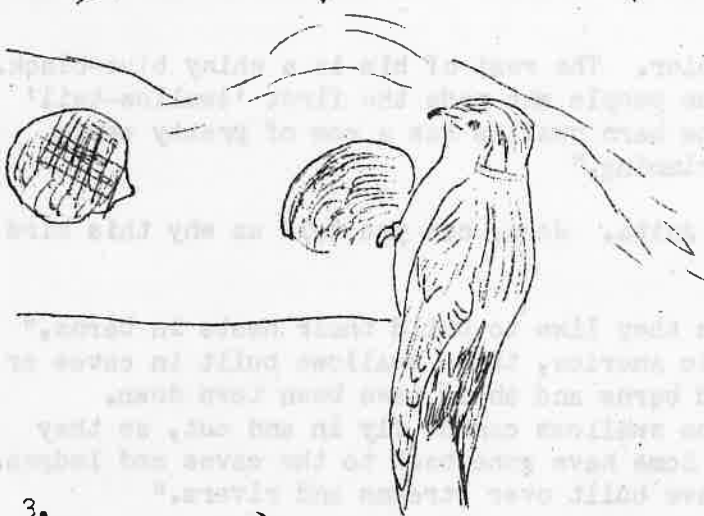
CAN YOU NAME THESE SWALLOWS?



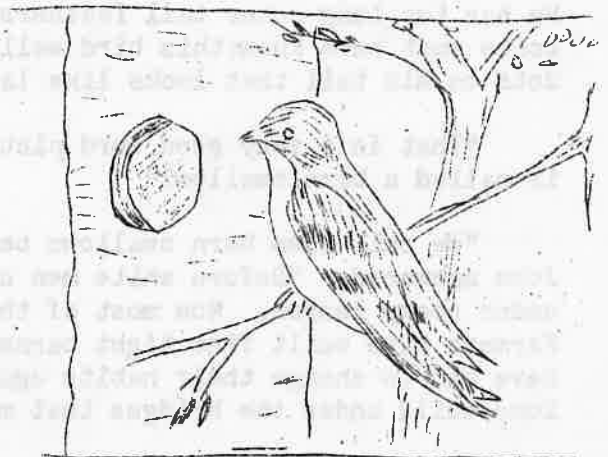
1.



2.



3.



4.

YES or NO

1. Swallows catch flying insects.
2. Swallows eat at night.
3. Swallows build their nests in treetops.
4. The tails of swallows are forked, or notched.
5. Barn swallows and cliff swallows make their nests of mud.
6. Swallows open their mouths very wide to catch their food.
7. Swallows live near El Paso all winter.
8. Swallows have long wings and short legs.
9. The brown-backed swallows nest in holes in a sandbank.
10. Swallows are beautiful when they fly.

TEXAS NIGHTHAWK

A large truck, carrying the boys and girls of the Bird Club, rolled up a country road which ran beside the Rio Grande. Carlos rapped on the cab, and Mr. Lamar stopped.

"Now look, kids," he said. "See that sandbank on the other side of the river? Do you see all those holes in it? What do you suppose made them?"

"Rats or gophers," promptly answered Tommy.

"Oh, Tommy," laughed Carlos, "did you ever see a rat or a gopher with legs long enough to reach up to those front doors?"

"I know," said Carol. "They are the burrows the brown-backed swallows build their nests in."

"They certainly are, Carol. You may go to the head of the class."

"Let's wade the river and examine them. May we, Mr. Lamar?" Sam asked.

"Better not," the driver said. "There might be quicksand, and you might, some of you, fall into the water and then catch cold."

"Besides," John said, "the swallows make their nests so far back in the hole we couldn't see anything."

"You are right, John." Carlos added, "The Bird Lady told me these swallows come back year after year. We can watch for them next summer. Let's drive on, now, Father, please."

Before long the road crossed the highway. Mr. Lamar pulled out to the side and called, "Fall out, everybody. Here is the car with the ladies and the lunch. You kids run over to the bridge and see if you can reach any old barn swallows' nests while I help with the food."

A long honk of the horn called the boys and girls to the fire. Soon wieners were sizzling on the ends of long green sticks. Buns were split open and watermelon sliced. Lemonade disappeared like magic.

The evening sun rested for a moment on the edge of the mesa. Pedro leaned back on the grassy bank and sighed. "No, thank you, Miss Smith. I just couldn't eat another bite."

A moment later he sat up. "Look, Miss Smith," he said. "Look at the bats flying around up in the sky."

Miss Smith looked up. "Oh, Pedro," his teacher answered, "those are not bats, though some people who thought they are named them bull bats. Those are birds. They are Texas nighthawks."

Everyone began to watch the birds as they darted and wheeled through the air. Three more came from nowhere. Then two more.

"What are they doing up there?" Anita asked.

"They are catching mosquitoes or flying ants or some other flying insects," answered Miss Day.

"What is the difference between a nighthawk and a bat?" asked Jimmy.

"A bat is a mammal. It sleeps during the day in some dark place, and flies out at night to hunt its food, which it catches in the air. Of course bats do not lay eggs. A nighthawk does not make a nest, but it lays two spotted eggs on the bare ground or on the flat roof of an adobe house."

"Do nighthawks sleep all day and hunt all night?" asked Jay Owen.

"I have seen them flying about all morning up at Santa Fe," Miss Day told him. "They do most of their food-getting at dawn and at dusk. Sometimes they do fly about on bright moonlight nights."

"I don't believe he is very well named," Miss Smith said. "How can they call him a hawk? Hawks have very strong feet called talons to hold their food while they tear it with their hooked bills. But the nighthawk has short legs and weak feet, fit only for perching."

"I have never seen a nighthawk sitting in a tree," Mrs. Lamar said, "but I have read that they perch the long way of a branch, instead of across it, as other birds do."

"That is true," Miss Smith nodded. "The color is almost gone from that beautiful sunset. The birds are flying much closer to the ground. We can get a better look at them. What color would you say they are, Sam?"

"They seem to be brown, Miss Smith, but all mottled and barred. They all have a wide white bar near the tip of the wing."

"Yes. Does everyone see that bar? That is the mark of the nighthawk. He is about the size of a meadow lark, don't you think?"

"Yes, he is, but not so fat, and with much longer wings," Tommy noticed. "I cannot see his bill."

"I just did," said Rosita. One came so near I could almost touch him as he shot past. He had his mouth wide open, and it surely was big. But he had a little flat bill, just like the swallows. Why didn't they name him a fly catcher or a mosquito chaser, I wonder?"

"He is sometimes called a mosquito hawk," Mr. Lamar told her. "Ouch! That was one mosquito they didn't catch. These birds may stay up all night to hunt by the light of the moon, but boys and girls must get their sleep."

"O.K." the children called, as they started back to the truck. Overhead the Texas nighthawks wheeled and dipped and zoomed.



How are Texas nighthawks like the swallows?

Their legs are _____.

Their wings are _____.

Their food is flying _____.

Their mouths open very _____.

They have small, flat _____.

They have weak _____, fit only for perching.

They fly away south in the _____ and return here in the _____.

Key:
short
long
insects
wide
bills
feet, spring

Draw a line from the word to the bird to which it belongs.

Barn Swallow

- Does not make a nest
- Lays two eggs
- Is larger
- Is smaller
- Has a white wing bar
- Makes a nest of mud
- Perches lengthwise on a limb

Nighthawk

