

EL PASO BIRD STUDY CLUB

THE ROADRUNNER

PUBLISHED BY THE EL PASO BIRD STUDY CLUB

RUBY ALLEN, CHAIRMAN

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OVERTONES

I heard a bird at break of day
Sing from the autumn trees
A song so mystical and calm,
So full of certainties,

No man, I think, could listen long
Except upon his knees.
Yet this was but a simple bird
Alone, among dead trees.

--William Alexander Percy.

RECENT MEETINGS

Regular meetings of the Bird Study Club have been suspended during October and November, in favor of the two Audubon Screen Tours brought by Alexander Sprunt, Jr. and Laurel Reynolds. However, there has been no suspension of club activities. Call meetings to promote the Tours were held at the College of Mines Museum, in late August, and at the home of Mrs. Louise Wilmarth, October 10. A meeting was held, October 30, at the Public Library for prospective Junior Bird Club members, of which an account appears later in this issue. Miss Keefer and Mrs. Wilmarth assisted the Junior Club advisors in a field trip at Ascarate Lake, November 2. A meeting for election of officers and other matters of business was called by the Chairman at the Museum of the College of Mines, December 3. The next meeting will be a field trip, in which the annual Christmas Bird Count will be taken.

AUDUBON SCREEN TOURS

The first two of a series of Audubon Tours have been given at the Austin Junior High School Auditorium and enjoyed by capacity audiences. On October 14, Alexander Sprunt, Jr., presented his conservation film, "Our Living Earth". More than ever we realize that it behooves all westerners to think ere their land is stripped of its sturdy but slow-growing plant life.

Laurel Reynolds showed her exquisitely colored film, "Fun with Birds", on November 13. Children and adults were intrigued by the intimacy with which the Reynolds family live with the birds in her garden.

El Pasoans look forward to seeing Roger Tory Peterson in "The Riddle of Migration" on January 8. He is the author of our well-thumbed favorite, A FIELD GUIDE TO WESTERN BIRDS.

NEW CLUB OFFICERS

Chairman: Mrs. J. Owen Allen, 4319 Hueco Street
Vice-Chairman: Mrs. George W. Young, 1215 Travis Street
Corresponding Secretary: Mrs. Louise Wilmarth, 600 Upson Avenue
Recording Secretary: Miss Mary Elizabeth Harper, 1311 East Rio Grande Street
Treasurer: Mary Belle Keefer, 3027 Federal Street

NEW MEMBERS

Latest additions to the club are George Curry and Rickey Miles.

*Due to mimeograph difficulties, this issue is unavoidably late.

THE CHRISTMAS BIRD COUNT

The club will follow its annual custom of participating in the National Audubon Society's Christmas Bird Count this year. The date has been set tentatively as Dec. 21. Members wishing to assist in the count should call Miss Keefer, 5-2583.

JUNIOR AUDUBON CLUB ORGANIZED

Our dream of a Junior Audubon Club in El Paso has at last become a reality. Forty-two children attended the organization meeting at the El Paso Public Library, October 30. Co-sponsors are the El Paso Bird Study Club and the National Audubon Society. Misses Grace Rose and Jennie Camp are the Junior Club advisors. Assistant advisors are Diane Quigley of El Paso High School and Ernest Melancon of Austin High. Meetings will be held at 4:00 p.m. on the fourth Friday of each month, in the El Paso Public Library. Bird walks will be taken from time to time. The first of these, November 2, netted fifteen birds, including a western grebe and a cormorant.

Miss Elizabeth Kelly, Children's Librarian, merged her series of planned stories about birds into the Junior Audubon Club programs. As a member of the Bird Study Club and the El Paso Story Tellers, Miss Kelly is especially equipped to inspire and entertain the young members.

ROSTER OF JUNIOR AUDUBON MEMBERS

J. Owen Allen, III; Arturo Alvarez, Tony Alvarez, Roberto Carreon, Fernando Castillo, Miquel Chacon, George Curry, Tommy Curry, Guillermo Duran, Allen Ellis, Ana Felix, Norma Frambley, Ignacio Gardea, Juanita Gomez, Petra Gomez, Emma Gonzales, Elisa Lightbourn, Marta Martinez, Judith Maxwell, Patricia Maxwell, Hilda Minjares, Avelina Orona, Yolanda Orona, Robert Saenz, Michael Shipman, Georgia Smith, Katherine Waugh, Karin Waugh, Wayne Wood, Richard Grant, Ernest Hill and Miles Rickey.

PLANT-BOOK EXHIBIT

In connection with the Plant-Book exhibit put on in November at the El Paso Public Library, the Bird Study Club had a niche, arranged by Louise Wilmarth. Peterson's "A Field Guide to Western Birds" was the center of interest. It was surrounded by typical western plants, among which was a bird house and a mounted Arizona scaled quail posed as if feeding among sunflower stalks.

AMONG OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Mrs. Tom M. Kirksey, who is now teaching in Fresno State College at Fresno, California, writes that she is sending some old copies of National Geographic Magazines -- about 1915 -- that had been Tom's. "There are lovely cuts of birds, and the books themselves are interesting, just because of their age," adds Jane, who hopes to be here for Christmas.

Mrs. Caroline McKee Bartlett, a La Mesa member, has carried out a bright idea, in muzzling her white angora. The beautiful cat appears to like her head-dress, possibly associating the donning of it with getting outside. It is a dog's muzzle, the smallest obtainable at Grant's, and is adjusted to fit and further secured by the addition of grosgrain bands under the chin. Needless to add, the Bartlett garden is full of birds. November 8, we counted long-crested jay, siskins, three sparrows (chipping, Brewer's, and Gambel's), three juncos (Schufeldt's pink-sided and grey-headed), kinglet (ruby-crowned) and Audubon's warblers -- a bird population of seventy. On November 28, a flock of seven western crows were in the tall pecan trees, and most of the birds listed there on the earlier date were still to be seen: either around the fountain or in the salt cedar hedge.

Mrs. Harriet MacGuire, another La Mesa member, says that she has an unusual number of red-naped sapsuckers and white-breasted nuthatches this fall around her house. Two of us stopped by to see them, November 28. The former did not appear for us, but there were several nuthatches at work in the cottonwoods and one brown creeper. Two olive-sided flycatchers were there, too, one of them an immature bird. Several more kinds were found on the premises, including western mourning dove, Woodhouse's jay, chestnut-backed bluebirds, ruby-crowned kinglets, Audubon's warblers, a pair of phainopeplas, siskins, spurred towhee, and three species of juncos. Besides putting out food for her bird visitors, Mrs. MacGuire leaves a tangle of weeds around the borders for additional shelter and food supply. That the place is favored by birds in summer also is attested by nests now in evidence in her trees. We noted one each of dove, mockingbird, tanager and least vireo.

Mrs. E. W. Miner of the Houston Nature Club wrote so interestingly of a visit last summer to the Itasca State Park in Dakota that a bit of her account is here quoted: "The park is 30,000 acres in area and has the flora and fauna of the Canadian Zone. Kenneth Morrison is conducting half-day Audubon Tours through the wilderness. He advertises Roger Tory Peterson's new edition of 'Birds of Eastern North America' (It's wonderful!) and shows the Audubon Magazine and gets subscribers, too. You would love this trip some time." Mrs. Miner mentions, among the attractions of the Park, bald eagles, ospreys, a heron rookery, Indian mounds, buffalo, deer, raccoon, and porcupine.

THE SUMMER'S BIRDING IN RETROSPECT -- CONTINUED

On April 30, Fred Andresen, of Sunrise Acres, El Paso, submitted this list of birds seen: Grinnell's waterthrush, Arkansas kingbird, lead-colored bushtit; warblers, yellow, Audubon's, yellow-throat, orange-crowned, Virginia's, chat; Bullock's oriole, mockingbird, yellow-headed blackbird; common and green-backed goldfinches; black-headed grosbeak; sparrows, Gambel's, grasshopper, and lark; pink-sided junco, blue-throated hummingbird, pipit, lark bunting. Of these, the warblers, except Audubon's, were new spring arrivals; as were the waterthrush (also a warbler), kingbird, grosbeak, and hummingbird. All the others had been here through a part or all of the winter. July 6, Fred reported oriole and mockingbirds with young; a female broad-chinned hummer, horned larks, killdeer, a Cooper's tanager; and nine adult burrowing owls in the prairie dog village above his house. He called again at mid-August to report one or more Calaveras warblers (it was a *ruficapilla*, either Calaveras or Nashville). About the same time, (Aug. 15, he had a black-and-white warbler. Both had been recorded here once before. In addition to these, there were some pileolated warblers at Sunrise Acres, a few flycatchers (wood pewee and empidonaxes), a flock of chipping sparrows, three lazuli buntings, three western solitary sandpipers; obviously an early wave of migrants passing through.

Fred Cornelius reported the first returning rufous hummer on July 12. It was feeding at his century plant on Nashville Street. Mrs. J. Owen Allen reported a considerable flock of these hummingbirds near Glenwood, New Mexico, August 3.

On this trip to the vicinity of Alpine, Arizona, which Mrs. Allen took with her family from August 3 to 10, she found an abundance of chestnut-backed bluebirds, black-headed grosbeaks, western robins, and Audubon's warblers. She saw California and Lewis's woodpeckers, and was delighted to see several flocks of wild turkey, most of them with young, and Gambel's quail with young brood. She saw her first Calliope hummingbird near Alpine. Spotted sandpipers were in evidence at Luna Lake, and several horned larks were seen at Big Lake.

The Wilmarths discovered the Vermillion flycatchers at the golf club, June 3, together with robins and phainopeplas. The flycatchers were still there, June 20, but could not be seen afterward. The phainopeplas were there until August. An Inca dove was nesting near the golf course, April 26. Mourning doves nested through June in Ascarate Park, as did mockingbird and blue grosbeak. Painted buntings were heard, but no nests found. Lark sparrows and California cuckoo were musical in the park through June. An osprey was feeding over the lake, July 5. A pair of Gambel's quails crossed the road at Randel's Pool, July 16, followed by 17 newly-hatched young.

August 28, the wires above the Country Club bridge supported 300 swallows, mostly barn and cliff; Bank swallows were still on the wing above the honey-combed cliff in which a colony nests yearly along the Rio Grande. Most of the summer birds were gone; but a black-chinned hummingbird, an Arkansas kingbird, a Traill's flycatcher, and a wood pewee tarried still. Some fall migrants tarried, too, like the female western tanager and a black-headed grosbeak and two or three pileolated warblers. The rest that we saw would be with us all winter: quail, dove, hawk, duck, flicker, kill-deer, shrike, verdin, blackbirds, pyrrhuloxia, and Brewer's sparrows. The summer's birding was over.

-- Lena McBee.

A TRIP TO THE BIG BEND

Do you want a few day's vacation? The Big Bend National Park is the place! Wild animals, birds, pines, oak, shrubs, grasses, hills, and then the Chisos -- mountains with bright lichen painted wall, easy to travel trails to the lost mines, difficult climb to mountain tops with no trails at all, mountains with groups of stone giants standing on thin slopes, mountains where the holy grail could have been reverently hidden and where Greek gods could have lived in the grandure and beauty which they always sought, and down these mountains just now flows the russett yellow of oaks, the red of maples, and sumac, the green of pines and the glory of heaven.

To go to this country, El Pasoans take the lower valley road through the cotton plantations on to the ranch lands -- Fort Hancock, Van Horn, Valentine, Marfa, and Alpine -- with the serenity of easy driving and the warm sunshine on your shoulder. At Marathon the excitement begins as you turn off the highway to start on the 60-mile road to the Basin. For 30 miles the state road is like

a bowling alley, but then the government roads begin and slow down out of respect for your tires for the surface is gravel with some viciously sharp-edged stones. The cactus, thorny bushes, hard-leaved plants are so thick on both sides there is hardly space to spread a tablecloth. As the road begins to rise, deer cross the path; birds fly in flocks. Finally, the Ranger station with various buildings, a school, road equipment, and then the National Park Concessions come into sight. A very modern filling station, an office with a store, a "chuckwagon" eating place, a camp ground and cabins scattered through the trees end the day's journey. The birds have moved in knowing a national park is a good place and without any hunting you can see wrens, jays, phosbies, towhees, pyrrhuloxia, and other upper Senoran zone citizens. Deer in groups and in pairs are frequently appearing.

The cabins are large, square rooms with a substantial stove in the middle, a supply of coal and wood, two comfortable beds, a few chairs, and a switchman's kerosene lantern hanging from a hook. You decide that, after an excellent dinner in the chuckwagon cafe and a little conversation, following a day in the open, the best thing to do is to go to bed early.

Two government roads lead from the Basin. One goes to Santa Helena Canyon and the other to Hot Springs. These are both half-day excursions; but it is more fun to take a lunch, bird along the way, and spend the whole day in the open.

A ranger will show you around the mountains, but we did not discover him until we were leaving. A group of scientists from Houston were camping in the grounds for their Thanksgiving holiday. Mr. Vines, the head of the natural history museum in Houston, identified many of the plants for us and told of the success of the Audubon Screen Tours in his city where they are shown to audiences of a thousand or more.

One must write ahead for accommodations for the twenty-five cabins are always in demand. The park has just started to be developed; but if the Congressmen are written to by enough people to urge them to give more money for the project, it can be made a most desirable vacation area.

-- Louise Wilmarth

BIRD WALK IN NEW GUINEA (concluded)

The treetops seemed far away. Up there somewhere I could hear the cooing of doves. By moving about I was able to get an occasional glimpse through the foliage of a bird in shape much like our common Homing-pigeon, even to the short fan tail. It was some species of fruit dove, but I could not tell the colors with any certainty. Several kinds are beautifully marked with green backs and crimson crowns. By the scattered flutterings I judged there was a sizable flock. This treetop feeding is characteristic of the fruit doves.

As the name implies, ground doves, unlike the fruit doves, spend much of their time on the forest floor. Later in the day I got a fleeting view of one before it flew. It was a good sized gray pigeon with reddish feet and legs, walking along, head bobbing exactly like its city cousin. Apparently they are becoming shy near the coast where they are hunted for food.

High beneath the jungle ceiling a large, noble gray parrot was quietly toying with a twig containing a few dead leaves. It held the stick in one foot, then took it in its powerful beak, turned, and walked slowly up through the branches, then dropped it. Unlike most of its family, this parrot had no green, and the only red was a round patch on the side of its head. The rest was battleship gray. These large nongregarious birds do not have brush-tongues and are called parakeets.

I had not gone far before I heard near at hand the harsh "squawk, squawk, squawk" of a lovely white cockatoo. Nature distributes her benefits with equity. To the homely cuckoo she gave a voice full of melody, to the handsome cockatoo, a cry like a dying hen's. Ah, but he is a distinguished fellow. Like a pompous old squire protesting my intrusion he assailed me, his showy crest rising with the excitement. Then, with stiff dignity and no small effort, he flopped off on short, quick wing-beats to a better perch. The snow-white plumage glistened as he passed through flecks of sunlight among the dark towering trees. It made me think of white doves fluttering about a steeple -- here was one of the outstanding sights of the jungle. The cockatoo was the first bird I saw, a white speck against the dark forest, when we put in at Morobe. Even while traveling by aeroplane I saw it conspicuously flying above the jungle. Sometimes it is cursed good-naturedly for its noisy haranguing, particularly in the early hours of the morning, but everybody knows and loves the self-important cockatoo.

I scrambled down the side of a deep gully to look at a little waterfall. Strange shiny-leaved plants and ferns were growing in the cracks of the rough coral rockwall and dropped toward the water. Snails with a spiral pointed shell, like the horn of a unicorn, were clinging point down among the wet moss. Trickle of water were making tinkling music as they dropped into the crystal pool below. The compound frond of a giant fern curved over my head. This garden spot was a veritable fairyland. I was watching a strange crawfish with its two slender arms longer than its body walk haughtily along the sandy bottom. Its lesser brothers darted backward from its path with great respect; crawfish are cannibalistic.

A dwarf forest kingfisher came flying down the narrow gorge, weaving among the dark rhododendrons and ten-foot ferns, passing unafraid close by me. There was no white collar to break the deep rich blue of its back. This large-headed little fellow was indeed a dwarf in an enchanted land. Few people have seen him.

I looked up the steep earthen bank of the draw. It was not eroded. Rain could not reach us here, only broken drops that would fall from leaf to leaf, endlessly, or run down a tree trunk, to be absorbed by the matted roots below. Sixty or eighty feet up at the top of the bank, giant trees rose for nearly three hundred feet or more, with branches loosely interlocking overhead. There was no sunshine, only filtered green light. As I looked and saw no sky, I had the strange feeling that I was in another world, a verdant world of lush vegetation which extended upward forever. The very air had green substance. It was like the bottom of a coral sea, full of marine plants. At Siki Cove I have seen tropical fish flash blue among the sea fans just as that little bird did.

I threw back my head as I walked, and breathed deeply of the warm moist fragrance of the rain forest. I was caught by the lure of the jungle. The lower leafy terraces became sparser. Curious plants were growing along dead limbs and in tree cavities like hanging gardens. An orchid trailed a mass of creamy blossoms. Smooth trees, pillars in a cathedral, curved together in Gothic arches. Then, I saw a sight I shall never forget. A shaft of sunlight, as through a slim church window, slanting down, spotlighted a garland of red blossoms into flaming scarlet. It was the celebrated D'Albertis Creeper. The delicate sweetpea-like flowers hanging high and free amid the dark green shadows were a blaze of glorious color. Light played among the translucent petals. The radiance swayed easily embodying a great serenity, harmony, glory -- truths of beauty, I mused.

Relaxed, content, I drank deeply of the beauty of this unreal world of endless strange colorful birds and flowers. There seemed such peace in this place where no men were -- such peace . . . I swallowed hard and turned for camp.

-- George Burrows

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Page 6 is blank.

Editor's note: Marguerite Wright was unable to write the children's section of this issue of "The Roadrunner" because of illness. Fred Cornelius, another club member, has kindly consented to let us use his wren stories. The first two stories have been published in "The Sentinel", and the last one has appeared in "The Pilot." Lack of space makes it necessary to abridge them slightly.

You can see the three wrens that Mr. Cornelius tells about, all year round in El Paso. Rock wrens can be seen "bouncing" about in almost any rocky desert spot. Cactus wrens are seen only by sharp-eyed people. There are many of them, but when they see you they hide. Almost anytime that you go up into a canyon you should see canyon wrens. Watching wrens is fun! Try it!

TASA, THE CACTUS WREN

With folded wings, Tasa, the cactus wren, shot like a brown rocket straight through the narrow opening between the branches of the cholla cactus plant. Tasa knew just how to fly through such an opening without getting stuck, and what is more he could do it at full speed and stop at his nest which was just on the inside of the spiny cactus top.

No cat could crawl up that wicked plant to get to the nest and devour the six young wrens nestled snugly in it. No hawk could fly through the thorny opening to carry one away in his sharp claws. So the young birds were quite safe while Tasa and his mate were out in search of food for them.

Tasa was proud of himself; for was he not the largest of the wren family? Of course, he did not have the sweetest song in the world, as did the canyon wren, but he was a big bird for a wren, and he was beautiful. He really did not resemble a wren at all, for there were more specks on his broad breast and his tail did not flirt up so many times as did that of the little house wren. Just the same he was a wren and he was proud of himself.

He was also proud of his mate and of his six little babies, any one of which could eat as much as its father and mother. So all day long Tasa and his mate brought their young ones good things to eat. The young ones seemed never to get enough, and what they liked best of all was the soft parts of grasshoppers. Tasa could catch a grasshopper and after tearing off its tough wings and saw-like legs, he would take it to the babies.

Tasa's nest had to be made strong and with plenty of room in it, for it never would do for a baby bird to roll out of it. If one did, it would surely be struck to death by the sharp cactus spines. So the nest was built with sticks and straw and lined with feathers and horse hair, with only a small opening in one side of it.

OUR BETTY BOUNCER

No one in our little neighborhood will ever forget the fifteenth of May, for that was the day we found the rock wren's nest. Now you may think that there is nothing about finding a bird's nest to cause one to remember the date always; but then perhaps you have never seen a rock wren's nest.

What is so grand and outstanding about a rock wren's nest? Well, to start with, it is made almost entirely of stones some of which are more than half the weight of the bird itself. Some of the stones that our bird's nest is made of are as large as a big marble or a plum. And what is more there is almost a peck of these stones in this one nest alone. And stranger still, this nest is in a smooth stone wall at least three feet above ground. There is a hole in this wall which goes back two feet or more. A stone had been placed in front of it, leaving only a small opening. And what a fine, safe place for a bird's nest it is!

And the birds? Well, we call them the Bouncers, and I'll tell you why. They bounce up and down all the time they are not flying. The mother is Betty Bouncer. She stands on a rock early every morning and bounces away while she sends out her sweet, thrilling call so loud that she wakes us up. She seems to be the first bird up in the morning and the last to go to rest at night. And all of that time she and her mate are feeding their six young ones.

Now let me tell you about these youngsters. They do a lot of chirping when their father or mother feeds them. And how they can eat! We tried to estimate how many insects they were fed in one day and decided that the number was at least three hundred.

When they were very young the baby birds stayed far back in the dark hole, but for the last few days all six of them have come out to the mouth of the hole and seemed to look longingly out into the wide open spaces. They, as well as mother and father birds, have become very tame. We were able to get near enough to Betty yesterday to take her picture just as she was going into the nest with a grasshopper.

And what do you think about this! Early this morning one of the little ones tried its wings, fell out of the nest, and hopped away to a rock pile nearby. His mother cried and scolded so loudly that we knew something was wrong and went to investigate. We found the little adventurer sitting on a rock. We took his picture just at the highest point of a bounce, then put him back into the nest. Betty seemed happy to have him safe at home, and right away went and found him a hopper.

But I do not think these little fellows will be with us long. Almost any day now they will be out on the desert rustling their own living and the mother and father birds will be preparing to raise another large family. And how we hope they will remain right here with us where we can protect them in return for the great pleasure they have given us.

CHITO, THE CANYON WREN

The sun had dipped down the other side of the tall, blue mountain, and a cool, fresh breeze was driving away the hot air of the afternoon. Far up in the canyon it was beginning to get dark, and most of the denizens of the desert mountain were hunting a safe place to spend the night.

A clear, silvery call came from high up on the canyon wall. It was Chito, the little canyon wren. Not for another full hour would Chito settle down for the night. That was just the time of day that Chito liked best.

Always, long after the other birds have gone to roost, the little canyon wren is active. And as Chito feeds he sings. Not a long song, to be sure; just a note or two. But how sweet it sounds! How far it carries! From canyon top to lowland it rings out, and everything that hears it is still a while, to enjoy its beauty.

On this day Chito had had fine luck. He had found at least a half hundred tiny rock spiders, and those spiders are just what Chito liked best to eat. He would fly to an overhanging rock and go as far back under it as he could, for back under these rocks is where the spiders spin their webs. He looked in every dark little corner and in every crevice.

He found a few small, tender, white, crickets too and several wood ants. All these things Chito liked very much and it seemed he could never get enough of them to eat.

Now it was almost dark, but Chito was still hungry. He flew to a big flat rock and went around and around it. He saw a nice juicy spider and captured it. Then he settled on top of the rock and sent forth his happy song. It echoed and re-echoed from one side of the canyon to the other. It was a song of thanksgiving, a song of peace.

From the other side of the canyon the song was answered by a single chirp. The answer was from Chito's mate. It told him that the day had come to an end. He must now fly to his mate and together they would find a safe roosting place.

Soon spring would be at hand, and then Chito would sing more sweetly than ever. He would sing to his mate while she sat on four speckled eggs. He would sing to the baby birds when they came from the shells. He would sing as he searched far and near to find enough food for them.

He and his mate would have to work hard to provide food enough for four babies and for themselves as well. But Chito likes to work. He likes to take care of his little family.

THINGS TO DO

Find the "Editor's Note." It will help you to choose the right word.

1. The rock, cactus and canyon wrens spend all of the _____ in El Paso. (summer, winter, year)
2. The _____ wren is very, very hard to see. (cactus, canyon, rock)
3. You should see _____ wrens in almost any rocky spot. (Cactus, canyon, rock)
4. There are _____ cactus wrens in El Paso. (few, many, no)
5. In almost any _____ you should see a canyon wren. (canyon, valley, tree)

MARKS

Every bird has his own mark. This makes him different from other birds. When you see a bird try to find his mark before he flies away. Unscramble these sentences. They will help you to know wrens.

1. All wrens have ongl, lenders, eaksb.
2. All wrens are elittl, nbrow, sbird.
3. All wrens have skyfri, ilsta.
4. The sutcac nerw's mark is a heavyli, spdetto, brseat.
5. The ckar sner has fien strekas on his bretsa.
6. The cnoyna renu has a wethi thrato with rkad underparts.

- Key: 1. All wrens have long, slender beaks.
 2. All wrens are little, brown birds.
 3. All wrens have frisky tails.
 4. The cactus wren's mark is a heavily spotted breast.
 5. The rock wren has fine streaks on his breast.
 6. The canyon wren has a white throat with dark underparts.

IT'S FUN TO REMEMBER

Play a game with yourself. Try to put the right word in every blank. These birds' names will help you. (robin, red-winged blackbird, English sparrow, red-shafted flicker, house finch, shrike, meadowlark, road-runner)

If you wish to know more about any of these birds look at your old copies of "The Roadrunner."

1. If you see a friendly gray-backed bird in winter you should look at his breast. Is it the color of red bricks? It is! You have seen a _____.
2. Did someone drop a can of red paint? Did it splash above that little brown bird's tail and on his head and breast? No, he just grew that way. He is Mr. _____.
3. A white spot above the tail! Wings lined with red! You have seen a _____ flash by.
4. See that bird swinging on a cat-tail. He ought to be in the circus. His black suit with red shoulder patches is pretty enough for a costume, too. That dashing fellow is Mr. _____.
5. Speaking of costumes! That bird must think he is going to a Hallowe'en party. See his black mask! He's known as a _____.
6. This common little bird of the city streets wears a little black bib on his throat. Perhaps he is afraid he'll spill food on his suit. Who knows? But everyone knows his name. It is Mr. _____.
7. A large bird dashes out of the bushes. He runs up the road about as fast as a horse. His name tells us what he does. You guessed it! _____.
8. A sweet song from the meadow and a black "V" on a yellow breast make me think of the _____.

- Key: 1. robin; 2. house finch; 3. red-shafted flicker; 4. red-winged blackbird; 5. shrike; 6. English sparrow; 7. road-runner; 8. meadowlark.

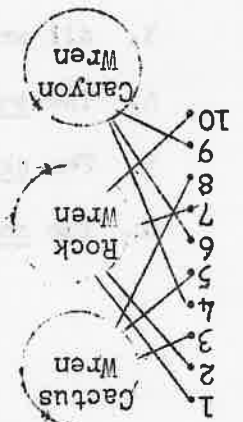
Draw a line from the word to the bird to which it belongs.

Cactus
Wren

Rock
Wren

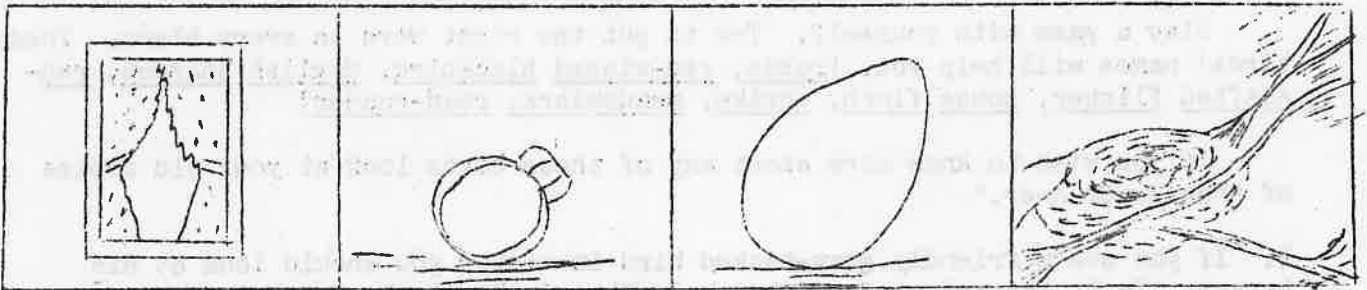
Canyon
Wren

1. Uses rocks in nest
2. Eats grasshoppers
3. Builds a nest in cactus
4. Has a clear silvery call
5. Has a spotted breast
6. Sings high up on canyon wall
7. Builds in a hole in rock wall
8. Largest wren
9. Eats spiders
10. Baby bird fell from nest



Key:

Write the first letter of the names of each of these pictures and see what it spells.



Key: W - R - E - N