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Summer Resident Warblers of Arizona.

BY D. W. HOWARD, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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LUCY'S WARBLER.

LUCY'S WARBLER is fairly common along the river bottoms throughout Southern Arizona, especially in the mesquite and willow thickets. The birds appear early in April and I found them breeding early in May, and took my first set on May 8, 1897, near Tucson. The nest was placed in a deserted woodpecker's excavation in a dead limb of a hack-berry tree, about fifteen feet from the ground. The nest was composed of fine straws, horse-hair and feathers and contained four fresh eggs. The eggs are pure white, with fine specks of red and brown over the entire shell, but thicker at the larger end.

Another nest found May 9, 1897, was placed in a deserted Verdin's nest in a thorny bush about six feet up. The nest was destroyed by my enlarging the entrance and I was obliged to take the three fresh eggs which were probably an incomplete set. Other nests were placed in crevices along river

banks where roots of trees were sticking out and one or two were found in natural cavities of the Giant Cactus, or in woodpecker's holes therein. But most of the nests were in mesquite trees, in natural cavities or behind pieces of loose bark, ranging in height from two to twenty feet from the ground, but as a rule they are within easy reach.

The nests are very frail affairs and are made of fine straws, vegetable fibres and leaves, with a lining of feathers and hair. The usual clutch of eggs consists of four or five, but quite often only three are laid and I have found two sets of seven each. The birds are rather wild and as a rule fly from the nest unobserved. Many nests are destroyed by wood-rats and snakes. I found several nests with incomplete sets and when I returned for them later, I found the nests entirely destroyed.

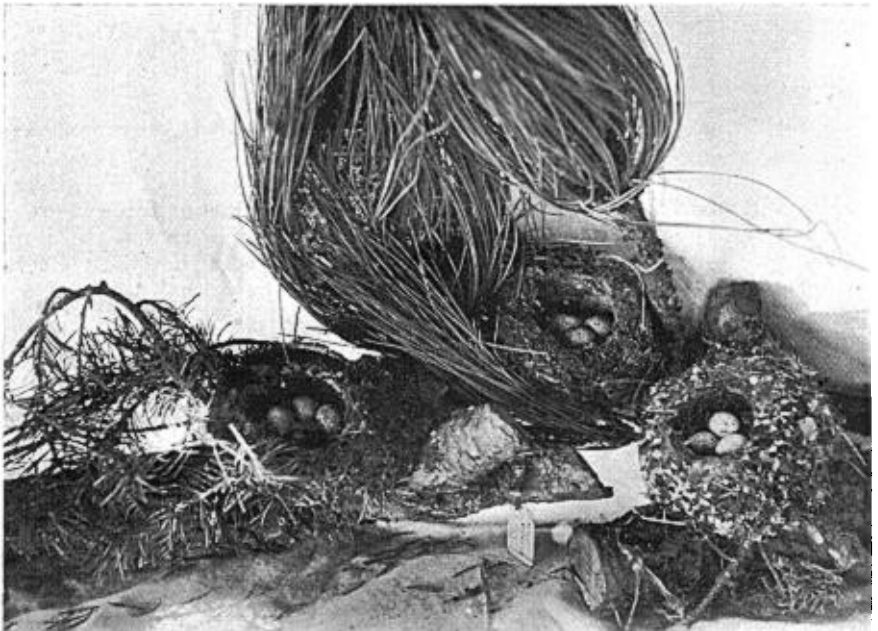
OLIVE WARBLER.

The Olive Warblers are not at all common and as they keep well up in the thick foliage of pines and firs comparatively few of them are seen. They can more readily be located by their note which is hardly describable, but when once heard is easily detected. The nests are very beautiful affairs and

are built very much like those of the Blue-gray Gnatcatcher and are composed of bits of moss, lichens, fur blossoms and spider webs, with a lining of fine rootlets. The eggs are easily distinguished from any other warblers; the shell is olive-gray thickly covered with fine black specks, sometimes al-

most obscuring the ground color. I found my first nest June 12, 1897, in the Huachuca Mountains at an elevation of about 9400 feet. The nest was placed in a red fir tree in the fork of a large limb, about thirty feet up and was well hidden by the surrounding foliage. The bird was away from the nest when I found it and did not make her appearance until I had three of her well incubated eggs in my mouth and was reaching for the fourth. I cut off a portion of the limb with the nest and made my way to the ground. After

the male and the female are very much alike. Another nest found June 18, 1898, was placed near the extremity of a long slender limb in a yellow pine about fifty feet up. I watched the bird for fully half an hour before finding the nest and it was only with great difficulty and risk that I secured the set of three slightly incubated eggs. The nest was surrounded by pine needles and it could not be seen even from the tree in which it was situated until I was within three or four feet of it. The bird sat very close and did not leave



NESTS OF THE OLIVE WARBLER.

Collected by O. W. Howard.

packing my treasures, which I was more than delighted over, I secured the female with a charge of dust shot and made haste for camp.

On June 15, 1898, I found a nest with young almost ready to fly. The nest was placed in a sugar pine near the extremity of a limb and about thirty feet from the ground; elevation about 9000 feet. The female was on the nest and as soon as I climbed the tree she uttered a note of distress which soon brought the male to the scene, where he joined her complaint. The notes of

the nest until I had cut off the limb on which it was placed and then she hopped about within four or five feet of me. The male was also near by and both birds kept up the usual note of alarm. The nest is a beauty, being covered with a wide brown material supposed to be bits of fur blossoms and is lined with fine rootlets.

On June 24, 1898, accompanied by a young assistant, I left camp before sunrise as I had several nests to examine four or five miles distant, and being anxious to reach my destination we just

hit the high places along the way. It was a beautiful, clear morning and we had a magnificent view of the country as our trail led along the summits of the mountains for some distance. We could see one hundred miles in any direction, with Mexico on one side of us and the United States on the other. Mountain ranges seventy five miles away did not seem more than twenty-five. After walking for an hour or so we came to my first nest, a Grace's Warbler, together with which I secured a fine set of three slightly incubated eggs and the parent bird. After packing the eggs and the bird we went on until I found a nest of Coues' Flycatcher from which we secured a fine set of four eggs. Next came an Audubon's Warbler's nest which I had found building the week before. It was situated near the end of a long branch in the top of a red fir tree about sixty feet up. While trying to secure this nest I heard an Olive Warbler not far off and soon after I observed a fine male in the branches above my head.

While watching him the female made her appearance and soon after went to

her nest which was placed on a large limb of the same tree and not far from the trunk. It was quite a temptation to examine this nest first, but as I had already tied the rope from the limb which held the Audubon's nest to the main trunk above, I thought I had better finish the job, so I crawled out on the limb and with one hand on the rope I reached out for the eggs with the other, but just as my fingers touched the nest the limb broke off short between myself and the trunk and left me hanging by the rope. I lost the set of Audubon's Warbler and came near losing my life with them, but I managed to get back to the trunk of the tree all right and a few minutes later I had forgotten all about it, as I reached out and took the four perfectly fresh Olive Warbler's eggs from the nest above, one by one. I also secured the female and the nest with a large piece of the limb. I know of only one other set, besides those taken by myself, which was taken, I believe, by Mr. Price of Stanford University some years ago and which is now in the Smithsonian Institution.

SONORA YELLOW WARBLER.

I found this variety, or rather subspecies, along the San Pedro River, near the Mexican Line and also near Tucson, but had a better chance to observe them along the San Pedro, where I found several nests placed in willow

and mesquite trees, generally in upright forks from ten to twenty-five feet up. The nests are very much like those of the Yellow Warbler, likewise the eggs. All the nests I found contained two eggs of the Dwarf Cowbird

GRACE'S WARBLER.

Grace's Warbler is equally as rare, if not more so, than the Olive. During three seasons' collecting in the mountains of Southern Arizona I have seen only four or five of these birds, two of which had nests. They are very shy and, like the Olive, keep well up in the pines in the thick foliage, except when they have a nest and then they become quite bold. While walking along the summit of a ridge one morning about the middle of June, I came to a likely looking pine and began to look through it for general results. After stretching my neck for several minutes I spied a single straw protruding from a thick bunch of pine needles. This aroused

quite a little suspicion in my mind so I laid down my climbers, collecting-box and gun and tried to look into the bunch of needles, looking from all directions, but could not see any other signs of a nest. I could have easily climbed up and made sure, but it was soon after breakfast, and I knew that I would have a great amount of climbing to do later on that day, so I picked up my traps and moved on, but had only gone a short distance when I noticed a Grace's Warbler hopping about in a bush. While I stood watching, it flew to the ground and picked up some fine straws and carried them to the bunch of pine-needles, out of which I had

seen the straw protruding. Needless to say, I was much pleased with my find. I did not go near this nest again for fear the birds might leave, but called around again on the 27th of the same month, and after a little trouble, secured the nest with a good sized piece of the limb, and a fine set of three eggs and the parent bird.

straws and vegetable fibres, and was lined with a few hairs. The eggs are pure white, lightly speckled with reddish brown. I found another nest building in a red fir tree. It was placed in a thick bunch of leaves, at the extremity of a limb about fifty feet from the ground. I watched the bird building for at least a half hour and do



NESTS OF AUDUBON'S AND GRACE'S WARBLER.

(GRACE'S WARBLER TO THE RIGHT.)

The nest was placed deep down in the middle of a large bunch of pine needles and was entirely hidden from view. I handed the limb to my assistant, who examined it closely for a minute or two, and then asked me where the nest was. He was much surprised when I told him that he held it in his hand. The nest was composed of fine

not remember of ever having seen a bird work more rapidly. She carried material to the nest at least once a minute and kept this up from the time that I began to watch her until I left. I was obliged to leave the nest, being out on a vacation and my time nearly up, so consequently I had to return.

(To be continued.)



SEVERAL Cooper Club members will spend a portion of June in the high Sierra of El Dorado Co., Cal., where they will hope to make some interesting takes in the line of Hermit Warblers, Western Evening Grosbeak, Calaveras Warbler etc. The personnel of the party as at present arranged will

consist of Lyman Belding of Stockton, Henry W. Carriger of Sonoma, John M. Welch of Copperopolis, H. R. Taylor of Alameda, C. Barlow of Santa Clara and Loren E. Taylor of Fyffe. Work will be done about Pyramid Peak and operations confined chiefly to the higher altitudes.