

possibility of insufficient food. The manakin's diet includes fruit, and the woodcreeper eats insects living on tree trunks and branches. Fragmentation does not reduce either type of food.

In fact, fragmentation may not even affect feather growth directly. Rather, less robust birds may be more likely to end up in undesirable habitats like fragments. "We suggest that these birds are social subordinates that are wandering about the landscape," said Stratford.

Birds in fragmented habitats elsewhere may be

even more stressed because the fragmentation in this study was relatively mild. For instance, the forest fragments were separated by pasture and regenerating forest rather than by parking lots and houses.

For more information, contact: Jeff Stratford (334-844-1659, stratja@auburn.edu) or Philip Stouffer (504-549-2191, stouffer@selu.edu)

Stratford, Stouffer, Norris, and Stutchbury's studies were detailed in the June 2001 issue of *Conservation Biology*.

A Bird By Any Other Name

by Jim Landing

I saw my first Wamp when it was so cold that I could hardly hold binoculars. Clouds of rising vapor rose off Lake Michigan like fog over the Cascades. I was happy to show it to visiting birders, but the cold and steam took off so much of the edge I doubt few even remember it. Many came from South Bend, and Charles T. Clark of Chicago even got a splotchy photograph. Those birders of a grumpy nature claimed the bird in his photo was not identifiable! What did they know? They had never even seen a real one!

My first recollection of a High-holer was quite different. It was a warm spring day and the call of the bird is one of those that, once heard, is never forgotten. Large and showy, these birds patrol the woodlands of the Chicago area like airplane sentries. I remember this incident so vividly because the bird was tapping the eaves trough along the edge of the roof. I even came out of the house to see what was making the noise.

Many birders have never seen the North American Titlark, but as an old Prison Farm birder in LaPorte County I have seen them scurrying across the furrows in the company of Snowbirds and Spurs. In large flocks they frequently have a lookout perched on a sprig high enough to survey the feeding area and issue forth a soft murmuring alert sound to their companions. Before paved parking lots, these birds were common in the sandy and pebbly areas, and many wintered. Were those the good old days so many talk about? Remember, there was not a McDonald's every linear mile back then.

My first sighting of a Wavy was a strange one. I was walking a farm field when I came across several tons of feathers spread across about an acre. I realized that several hundred birds had bedded there the night before, and to confirm it several of them were still present foraging in the field stubble. Practically the entire North American population can be seen staging in North Dakota when they begin their southbound migration.

I have never been fortunate enough to have seen a Dough-bird. Few living birders have! There is but a single record for Lincoln Park, Chicago, and there may never be another. Some say they are still around, but top ABA birders will not tell anyone but closest friends where they are under secrecy secured by pain of death. Some believe that 1 million acres of Canada has been set aside for their protection, but only elder mute Indians know where the location is and they guard it

with razor sharp tomahawks as sacred ground.

The Titlark and the Blue Peter are seldom found together, but the Blue Peter is one of the most common migrants in the Chicago area, and a common nesting bird. Its numbers vary, and the 1985-1995 period was one of decline, but some evidence is now available indicating recovery. They have a beautiful swamp song, which only about 00.0005% of local birders can identify. In some geographic areas they are known as the Fool Bird, because shoddy hunters are frequently fooled into thinking they are ducks.

The Krieker is one of the most common migrant birds passing through Chicagoland. Some bird guides illustrate the plumage differences between males, females, and juvenile birds, but it still takes a very good eye to really tell the differences when the birds are in molt. Since the fall migrants commonly linger for long periods in good feeding and resting areas, the opportunity to study them closely is readily available.

To me, the male Sprig is among the most delicately and beautifully colored birds of all those found in North America. The shading of the head and wings are among the great delicacies of Mother Nature. In flight their elegance instantly commands attention and, while feeding, their motions are both subtle and superbly handsome. The name Sprig is an insult to their grace and beauty.

The Rice Bird, named after the son of a President of the United States, is not only plumage-attractive but has one of the prettiest songs of all the birds. Given this combination it is hard to believe that this bird was once hunted to near extinction, and then barely survived the pesticide era. In the Chicago area the rice association is not one of common knowledge, but pastures and meadows, as well as prairies, if you can find a real one, are the areas in which birders will find them, although they are frequently heard long before they are seen.

To the skeptics about these bird names, each one is fully described in the first (1934) edition of the Roger Tory Peterson field guide.

Jim Landing, Department of Geography, The University of Illinois, 1007 West Harrison St., Chicago, IL 60607-7138, jlanding@uiuc.edu
