

woodshed to house. I studied them several times and they seemed to be studying us all the time for every head was turned on us.

When the buntings were again left without disturbance and had finished the food supplied, they became more curious of their surroundings. Not a speck was left uninvestigated. They moved out to the adjacent field a bit more and scurried around for no apparent reason. It was a bit comical when all of a sudden one would trip into the dog's footprints, which were always looked over thoroughly before vacating. (You never knew what kind of morsel might be hidden there.)

Perhaps while driving on occasions you might have noticed small undulating flocks of buntings. After a fresh snowfall they frequent roads, where a break in white vastness might indicate a food source. My husband has watched them feeding in an old field abundant in dried evening primrose, seed capsules like fountains sprayed open, offering a thimble full of seeds. Snow buntings perched on stems eating from offered cups, just as we feed on the cheer they have brought to our winter.

As spring approaches, and snow recedes to the north, so does the snow bunting. They return to their breeding territory while snow still covers the tundra. And we look forward to other species returning from further south as our harbinger-of-spring. (Surely it will come sometime.) When we spot our first robin, where and who will feel the exhilaration of seeing one?

References:

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Snow Bunting feeding in old field on Evening Primrose seeds