

Gillespie Creek Journal



A Covey of Gambel's Quail

Quail Literature

My favorite is

That Quail, Robert

By Margaret A. Stanger

It's an old book probably available second hand. If you are tempted to save a baby quail, this is the book for you!

Quincy the Quail and the Mysterious Egg

by Barbard Renner

Quail Facts

There are 130 species of quail alive today. They are divided into two groups: Old World and New World.

(Old World quail are around in Australia, Africa, Asia, Europe and New Zealand and are categorized as "Phasianidae" this includes pheasants.)

American, New World Quail are a family called "Odontophoridae." Quail are shy. We are more likely to hear them than to see them. Gambel's Quail feed on the ground twice a day, early morning and late afternoon. Quail don't fly much but can reach 40 mph... they really prefer to run. Quail have a relatively small territory and fly only to escape predators.

They nest in a shallow depression in the ground (or in a flower pot or bed.)

Most clutches contain 12-16 eggs. An adult pair can produce two broods each year. Their average live span is 1.5 years.

Predators of Gambel's Quail are coyotes, snakes and ground squirrels.



**Dad
Gambel's Quail**

Photo by Buddy Walker



**Mom
Gambel's Quail**

Photo by Buddy Walker

It appears that Gambel's Quail are not all that good to eat. The Bobwhite Quail however is considered one of the 10 most delicious game birds... you won't find them in your Sun City back yard,

Gambel's Quail, the ground feeding bird with brown coloring and a beautiful top knot is the species that live in Sun City, Arizona neighborhoods. The birds are named after the American naturalist William Gambel.

The female Gambel's Quail lays her eggs over a period of 30 days or more. The young begin hatching between March and April and are fed by adults until they are about three months old.. Typically "coveys" are formed in late August. Each family will travel and feed together on insects and berries all winter long. Come spring, they disperse.

Gone

Now, the cloud-wandering
Of the winter night
Before the moon
Will write
Her comments
Across the pale
Rock
Invoking
Those untraveled moments
Yet to be, when soon
The silver, ambling feet
Of quail
Will flock
To greet
The shy-winged
Innocence of dawn
(From "Echoes in the Mist")