

# Louisiana: Birds, Bayous & Beignets

## April 17-23, 2025 | Trip Report by Vernie Aikins



**NJ guide Vernie Aikins with local guide Ken Eyster. Our clients included Kathleen, Eileen, Paul, Jon, Louise, Analice, Deke, Lois, Holly, and Tom.**



### **Thurs., Apr. 17: Palmetto State Park | Lake Martin**

We started our Louisiana journey with some bonus birding on the first day. Nine of our ten adventurous birders arrived a day early, prompting us to throw together a little extra outing. Our second guide and local Louisianian, Ken Eyster, knew of a state park only about 45 minutes away that was home to the only endemic plant of Louisiana—the Abbeville Red Iris. We gathered that morning and made our trek southward to Palmetto Island State Park. As we arrived at the park, we were greeted by the largest gator sculpture I had ever seen, and perfectly manicured trails and camping facilities. Here, we explored the grounds, visiting a small cypress bog that





housed these special irises. Only found on one property in the entire world, and only described to scientists in the 1960s, the Parks Department began to transplant some into the state park for the public to view. This small boardwalk bog housing these unique flowers also presented the group with our first views of Prothonotary Warbler and Northern Parula. A real treat to start the tour off.

After a few hours at Palmetto, we headed back to town to a local burger spot claiming to have the best burgers in Lafayette. While the group ate lunch, I headed to the airport to retrieve our final guest of the tour and, thus, kicked off the official tour. With the entire group now intact, we headed just outside of Lafayette to Lake Martin. This lake would also be the setting for our boat outing in a few days. For the evening, we took a stroll along the levees that keep the lake in place, looking for warblers and other species. This lake is also known to be one of the most alligator-filled lakes in all of Louisiana, which is estimated to be over 2 million strong. During our walk, we had more looks at Prothonotary Warbler, Yellowed-rumped Warbler, our first Orchard Oriole, and even an Indigo Bunting, all while walking along the levy with alligators floating by. We also had some spectacular looks at Little Blue Herons perched in trees, but it was hard to top starting the trip off with so many floating swamp puppies; they just steal the show. It was the perfect mix to set the tone for what would be a truly wonderful tour.

### **Fri., Apr. 18: Avery Island | Bird City | Tabasco Tour**

Today was the day I was personally looking forward to the most on the trip. Sure, we would see some birds, but day two was the trip to Avery Island and the Tabasco Factory. I am fascinated by Edmund McIlhenny and how he helped protect and save Snowy Egrets in the late 1800's with his Bird City rookery. Picturing this hot sauce baron swimming out to catch 8 egret chicks, building them a sanctuary, and releasing them to migrate, never knowing if they would come back, just intrigues me so much. Knowing that this world-famous hot sauce helped protect over 200,000 acres of land that, to this day, is still protected, and was once called the greatest conservation effort FDR had ever seen, filled me with excitement to see it. When I first learned about it, I knew that it absolutely must be included in the tour.

After breakfast in Lafayette, we headed south to Avery Island and upon arrival, as we pulled up to the bridge crossing onto the platform, we were greeted by none other than a Snowy Egret working the river. This species may not even exist today without this place, and it was there to greet us as we arrived. With a Cajun welcome at the gates, we were on Avery Island and headed to the Jungle Gardens. This drivable loop takes you through the curated gardens of the McIlhenny's and leads you to Bird City. I mean, what respectable bird watching tour can skip a place called Bird City? As we parked the vans and began to gear up, we could already hear the colony of Great Egrets calling in the distance. As we approached the rookery and made our way up the stairs to the viewing platform, over 900 nesting Great Egrets came into view. As we stood there in bewilderment at this man-



made rookery, Roseate Spoonbills flew overhead, and Purple Gallinule worked the swamp. We also were treated to a nesting pair of Tri-colored Herons and a view of their blue eggs. It's one of the places where you could just sit all day, watching with wonder, as this living bird city just exists, never seeing the same thing twice as they go about their day and their lives. As much as we didn't want to leave, we knew we needed to head to our next stop.

Before we were to take the group on a Tabasco tour, we had one more place we needed to stop. Just a short distance away was the Rip Van Winkle Gardens. Sitting on the banks of Lake Peigneur, this Victorian-era home and its sprawling gardens were our setting for a wonderful lunch. Afterwards, we were strolling through the peacock-filled gardens when I spotted a pair of Inca Doves that were exciting enough to steal everyone's attention away from the male peacocks strutting around. As we left Rip Van Winkle Gardens, we had one more stop before we headed back for the Tabasco tour: Rip's Rookery. As we pulled up, we were treated to dozens of Roseate Spoonbills (maybe even upwards of 50!), along with our first Boat-tailed Grackles, and more gators. This was by far the most Roseate Spoonbills we saw on the trip; and looking off just a short distance into the rookery, seeing it just filled with huge pink balls of cotton candy was a true treat. A few spoonbills battled for position and some put on a glorious show for us; it was hard to find just one to focus our attention on. Here, Tom thought he found his lifer, the American Bittern, but it was actually just a grass clump; and his wife, Holly, never let him live it down the entire trip. We left the alligator-lined rookery behind and headed to our final destination of the day. We saved the non-birding activity for last. As the day warmed and our eyes tired from searching for birds all day, it was time to turn our attention to the hot sauce that rules Louisiana. We had booked a self-guided tour of the Tabasco factory, and it did not disappoint. The moment you walk in you are greeted by the spicy aroma of Tabasco-filled air. The tour takes you from the greenhouse showing the Tabasco pepper being grown, to a replica of the salt mines used, to everyone's favorite room – the barrel aging warehouse. Just the one warehouse that we viewed had thousands of salt-topped barrels sitting there, aging for 3 years, using the same recipe they have been using on this property since 1868. I don't know if it was the hot sauce-filled air, or the impressive size of the warehouse, or the fact that this helped fund one of the largest conservation efforts of the early 1900s, but it was an absolute crowd favorite. We just stood in awe, our senses being overwhelmed by pepper in the air, and hot sauce barrels as far as the eye could see. It was the perfect cap to a special day.

## **Sat., Apr. 19: Lake Martin Boat Tour | Vermilionville**

As much as I wanted day two and the Tabasco tour to be the star of the show, day three was really the true winner thus far. We had booked a double swamp tour of Lake Martin, one of the most gator-rich lakes in all of Louisiana, which is saying something, as there are more American Alligators in Louisiana than there are people.

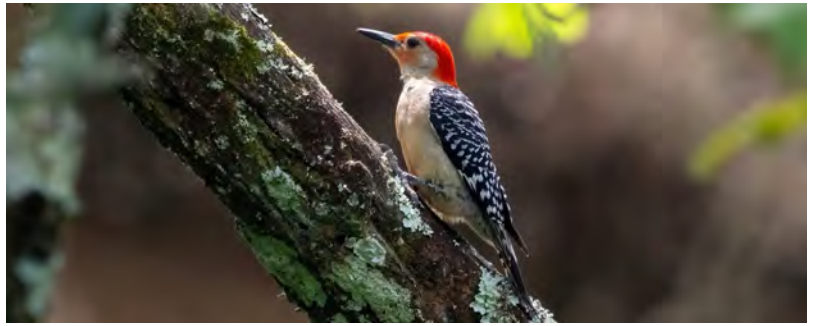




Our boat captain and swamp expert, Brett, was waiting for us when we arrived, ready to take us out on a tour of both ends of the lake. We started with a tour of the north end of the lake first, starting right off with a slow stroll through the Giant Cypress trees. As we slowly floated through the cypress, ducking to avoid the Spanish Moss hanging from the trees, Ken spotted a Barred Owl perched just feet above the water on a low-hanging branch. Hidden low in the shade of the cypress canopy hunting for crawfish, it paid no attention to us and gave everyone a great opportunity for wonderful views, finally flying off after it realized there were no good snacks in that patch of water. As Brett navigated us back out into the open water of the lake, we could see hundreds of Tree Swallows up ahead of the boat, swarming the cypress and skimming the water like a swarm of bees. Our captain was able to get us right in among the flock so we could all just sit in the middle of this Tree Swallow tornado. This ended up being Deke's favorite moment of the entire trip.

After the Tree Swallow bonanza, we kept working our way to the north end of the lake. Along the way, we were treated to so many wonderful birds. But seeing Black-bellied Whistling-Ducks high up in the cypress, perched on bare branches with Spanish Moss draping down, was a sight you could never tire of seeing. It was a picture-perfect setting; if someone told me to paint a picture of just one moment to sum up the entire trip, it would be that for me. I could sit and admire the setting until the sun vanished from the sky. The north end of the lake also treated us to singing Prothonotary Warblers, our first Caspian Terns of the trip, and a Hooded Merganser way up in a cypress, as well. The birds were not the only stars of the show though. Again, we were in gator country and they did not disappoint. Almost every time we raised our binoculars, we were treated with an American Alligator of every variety: tiny lizard-sized gators on logs, to medium sized four-footers, and the big'uns – the ten-footers lurking in the distance or just feet from the boat. These prehistoric wonders are reminders of how special Louisiana is.

Once we finished our tour of the north end of the lake, it was time to stop for a quick break before heading to the south end. At the loading dock, we were treated to very good looks at a Green Heron that kept the group busy before heading back out on the water. At this point in the day, we were on high alert for the reported Swallow-tailed Kites that had recently been seen in the area. But it was hard to keep our focus on the sky above when every cove we cruised into had Prothonotary Warblers zipping back and forth around the boat from cypress to cypress, or Northern Parulas buzzing in the trees. As we sat in a small cove watching a Little Blue Heron work the bank, someone called out, "KITE!" We looked to the sky and some of us were treated with a brief glimpse as a Swallow-tailed Kite sped across the opening in the cypress canopy. It would not be our only sighting of the trip, but it was the first, and that made it that much more exciting. We finished the south end of the lake with Eastern Kingbirds, endless amounts of American Alligators, and Anhingas drying their feathers up



in the tall cypress. We even got a quick visit with Grande Dame, the oldest cypress in Lake Martin, thought to be over 300 years old.

We did not want to leave Lake Martin behind, or Brett, our boat captain, but it was time for lunch. So, we headed back to Lafayette. Here, we visited Vermilionville and had a great buffet lunch at this historical park. Afterwards, we had time to walk the grounds and see a wonderful selection of Acadian-style homes that were preserved and moved to this park in the city. In the preserved schoolhouse, we were also treated to some Cajun accordion music. It was like taking a stroll back through time; a few of us even got to try our hands at working a rope-driven bayou ferry. Tom took the first shift, followed by myself, ushering the group across the small pond at the park, all while a pair of small alligators looked on, finding our antics not nearly as amusing as we were. Due to the early start for the boat outing, we headed back to the hotel so everyone had some down time before dinner and to pack up. Day four was a travel day, and we had a big day planned while we worked our way to Lake Charles.

## **Sun., Apr. 20:      Crawfish & Rice Fields | Lacassine NWR**

Travel days are always a day of excitement on every tour – a chance at new habitats, new birds, and a change of scenery. As the Fish Crow flies, Lake Charles is only about an hour away from Lafayette, but we had other plans today - to explore the acres and acres of endless rice and crawfish fields. This excited the group because it brought the promise of fun birds like Upland Sandpipers and Black-bellied Plovers. We had breakfast in Lafayette and the great crew at Toasted Yolk also packed up some sandwiches for us, as we would be in the field all day. Only about 45 minutes after we left, we found our first crawfish field teeming with bird life. Egrets, ibis, herons, and gulls had all descended on this active field, providing us with great views of many species. We had a long day and many miles to explore, so we were quickly on our way. Ken knew some fields that had been favored recently by plovers, so away we went. As soon as we arrived at the next field, we could instantly see the chonky Black-bellied Plovers in the wet field. We also saw Long-billed Dowitchers, Greater and Lesser Yellowlegs, and Dunlins in breeding plumage. For a lot of us, seeing them in their breeding plumage before they head to the Arctic was a special treat. Once we had our fill there, it was time to hit the road again. We had Uppies on our mind! Along the way, it was so neat to see field after field chocked full of feeding Great Egrets and Little Blue Herons; it was hard to fight the urge to not stop at these long-legged wader wonderlands. Soon enough, we were at the rice field experiment area and turning onto the dirt road that cuts through the fields. No sooner had we turned on the road when Ken was already on the radio saying “Uppie!” An Upland Sandpiper was the





greeting party sitting atop a dirt mound at the entrance to the property. As we searched for more Uppies, we came across our first Semipalmated Sandpipers and even got our first micro shower of the trip. We ended up being extremely lucky with the weather during the whole trip and managed to only have a few small showers that lasted only minutes.

The Upland Sandpiper party was over and it was time to head south. Along the way, we stopped for lunch at Lorrain Bridge and Park; the perfect little bayou stopover with picnic tables, gators, and even our first Apple Snail. We had seen many signs of them early in the trip, with their bright pink bubble gum egg sacks, but had not yet seen an actual Apple Snail. We passed on it for lunch and put it back for the local Limpkins to snack on later. It was time to head to Lacassine NWR, a truly amazing refuge.

As we pulled in, we were instantly greeted by our first Limpkin of the trip; possibly smelling the Apple Snail on my hands. As Ken pulled away, I saw something flush from right beside his van and yelled, “Sora!” and slammed on the breaks. I saw roughly where it landed, so we all disembarked the van and I was able to find it in the scope. It was very accommodating and allowed everyone to get views of it. We were only 50 yards into the refuge and spirits were already high. We had a Limpkin and a Sora within minutes, but the real show was about to start.

The refuge has a gravel road around the marshes that extends beyond view and, as we were soon to learn, is the best place I have ever seen for Purple Gallinules. The drive provided us with our first looks at Fulvous Whistling-Duck, Mottled Duck, and Pied-billed Grebe. This all paled in comparison to the gallinules though. Every 10 feet, there was either a Common or Purple Gallinule. If you looked through your binoculars to look at a bird there was going to also be a Purple Gallinule in your view. If you turned your head to one side or the other you would see a Purple Gallinule. If you closed your eyes, you would see a Purple Gallinule on the back of your eyelids. I even joked about wishing I had brought my raptor migration count clicker to count them all. For me, this was worth the trip alone. Seeing this gallinule-rich habitat was one of my favorite moments of the entire tour. At a certain point, we had to just say pencils down and start heading to Lake Charles. Pulling ourselves away from the gallinule highway was a very hard thing to do, but we needed food and a comfy bed to rest up. We still had more days of exploration left.

## **Mon., Apr. 21: Cameron NWR | Rutherford Beach | Peveto Woods**

Today, we headed to the coast and into even more new habitats. This was to be one of the longest and biggest days of the trip. The plan was to see everything from shorebirds along the beach to migrating warblers. First, we had to make our way south towards the coast. After about an hour of driving, we needed to take a nature break at a local market. As the crew headed inside, I decided to scan the nearby cell towers for some aerial predators



and, sure enough, I found a pair of Peregrine Falcons way up at the top of one. It was a nice surprise and it was great to greet each client with a scope view of the falcons as they shuffled out and back into the van.

In short order, we were back on the road and heading south into the brackish marshes. Cameron NWR was our first official stop of the morning. This short, 3-mile loop was just meant as a quick stop to break up the drive, but turned into a very productive loop. Aside from the gators lining the road, we had our first really exciting sighting of the day. As we slowly crept along the road, mimicking the speed of the hunting Green Herons, Analice shouts, "Limpkin!" As I looked over to see it, I realized this is not a Limpkin, but an American Bittern – one of the top birds everyone was hoping to see. We called the front van back and everyone had spectacular views as we watched it lurk around hunting. As we pulled away, the big van, which we had dubbed "Great Egret," informed the small van we called "Snowy Egret" that since we had found the American Bittern, they had to now find the Least Bittern. Just as Ken, the pilot of "Snowy Egret," informed us we probably wouldn't see a Least Bittern at this refuge, I looked into the reeds and saw the tiny golden alien-bird balancing on a reed blade intently watching the water. Excitement exploded from the van as we all got amazing views of the Least Bittern. We called up to the "Snowy Egret" and they were able to come get views, as well. We were able to watch it hunt and snake its way along the reeds for several minutes. At one point while watching it, we even saw its partner flying up and across the road. We hadn't even made it to the primary destinations yet and spirits were off the charts.

Leaving Cameron NWR, we headed up and over the highest point we had seen in days – the Creole Bridge over the Intercoastal Waterway. From this vantage point in both directions were marshes as far as the eyes could see. It was one of the most spectacular views of the trip and really made me appreciate what a true wonder Louisiana was. Before we knew it, we were at Rockefeller WR. As we signed in at the park, we got to watch a Scissor-tailed Flycatcher working the area from the powerlines. We did a quick drive through the refuge before heading out and further west down the coast. We had already seen so much, yet still had a huge day ahead of us.

Before lunch, we stopped at Rutherford Beach. Here, we were able to drive right on the beach and within yards of a huge group of terns and other shorebirds. Royal Terns dominated the space and danced in the air as a kid ran towards them. After asking him if he could go the other way, we were able to scope the rest of the birds. Among the Royals, we had Sandwich, Caspian, and Common Terns. We also had the adorable Least Terns darting around us in the air. Rutherford also provided perfect looks at a Common Turnstone and the always fun Sanderling.





Once we departed Rutherford Beach, it was time to make our way west again; we had a lunch reservation that we could not miss. Just after placing our lunch order at the newly constructed restaurant, Lighthouse Bend, overlooking the Calcasieu Pass waterway, some Bottlenose Dolphins were spotted and put on a small lunchtime show for us. Lunch was great as usual and Ken and others really did a stand-up job selecting all of our meal choices.

Now that our stomachs were full, it was time for the back nine of our big day - the ferry for Cameron. Before that, though, we had a slight side quest that needed completing. Seaside and Nelson's Sparrows are known to frequent the marshes next to the channel in Cameron, so we thought we could pop in there for a quick look and then be on to the ferry in a jiffy, but the day had other plans for us. Although we were able to get brief views of both sparrows rather quickly and hop back into the van, I managed to get the van securely stuck on some rather comically large bags of oyster shells left on the side of the road in a mud puddle. Even after all the comments about their presence, in the excitement of the sparrows and the haste to catch the ferry, I made a tight turn and drove into the mud hole and lodged 3 of the bags squarely under the van. With a few attempts to get the van free, it was clear we needed some assistance. Ken headed back towards the tiny town of Cameron to look for help as all the clients plotted how to get us unstuck. That's when our knight in shining armor, a passing truck, appeared in the distance. As it approached, I flagged him down and asked for his assistance. I proclaimed we were stuck and had no chain, ropes, or any means to pull us out. He told me he had just the thing and we walked to the back of his pickup truck; there, I realized we were in good hands. Not only was he a Good Samaritan helping a group of birders stuck in the mud, but he proudly displayed a very large-print sign on the back window of his truck that said, "Shrimp Pimp"! As the "Shrimp Pimp" hooked us up to his truck, the local sheriff showed up to watch as this local hero saved 12 strangers from the side of the road. Just as fast as the Shrimp Pimp drove into our lives, he was gone again and we were back on the road again. We are eternally grateful to this local legend whom we will not soon forget. When we look back on this day years from now, will it all seem like a heat-and-humidity-induced fever dream, or was the Shrimp Pimp real?! Only those who were there that day will ever really know for sure.

Back on the road, stronger as a group more than ever now, we pressed on to the ferry. The prime target of the day was still in our sights - Peveto Woods. Purchased in 1984 by the Baton Rouge Audubon Society, this stand of oaks provides a safe stopover for migrating birds. After flying 600 miles over the Gulf of Mexico for 20+ hours, this small stand of what's left of the coastal oak woodlands provides the perfect respite for hungry and exhausted birds. We arrived at Peveto Woods in high spirits, cheeks sore from laughing about the experience we had to get here, and ready to hit the trails in search of its hidden wonders.





We walked the series of trails around the preserve, stopping to scan the trees and water features for flying gems. Right out of the van, we started noticing large numbers of Gray Catbirds, which we would soon learn were at Peveto in the dozens. Every tree or bush we would scan would have at least 10 catbirds in it. Trying not to be distracted by all the movement of Gray Catbirds in every direction we looked, we were able to pick out multiple new birds for the trip: Black-and-white, Tennessee, Nashville, Yellow, and Cape May Warbler - all new for the trip. Despite wanting to stay there until the sun went down, we knew we needed to get back on the road. We still had to make the trek back to Lake Charles. With 45 new species for the trip, making new friends, and getting a glimpse at the brave little birds that made the 600-mile trek over the gulf, we deserved a nice treat. Our reservations for dinner were at a local favorite called Nina P's and it was the perfect cap to a huge day in the field. Nina P's offered both powdered sugar and cinnamon roll beignets and they did not disappoint. The chef's kiss on an epic day in Louisiana!

## **Tues., Apr. 22:                   Kisatchie N.F. | Cooter's Bog**

We awoke feeling rested and fulfilled from the previous day's adventures for our last full day of the tour. Today, we headed north of Lake Charles into the Longleaf Pines of the Kisatchie National Forest. Billed as the opposite of the previous day, this foray was going to be low on new species totals, but high on quality. Longleaf Pine is the home of the endangered Red-cockaded Woodpecker and the stunning Bachman's Sparrow - two of our targets for the day. We arrived in the Kisatchie NF after about an hour-and-a-half drive. We first headed to a nearby campground before heading into more remote woods. Shortly after turning into the campground, I spotted the first Red-headed Woodpecker - a very accommodating one allowing for scope views for the entire group. What a wonderful way to start the morning! The campground also had a nest-building Mississippi Kite, breaking small sticks from a favored tree and flying off into the distance to a nest just out of sight. Once finished there, it was time to start our search for the Red-cockaded Woodpecker. Ken and I had had a very successful scouting trip here just a few days prior, so we were feeling confident. Along the way, we stopped at a spot where we had a singing Bachman's Sparrow that perched on a bare branch to sing so all could see and hear him; he was quite the showman.

The Red-cockaded Woodpecker, though, proved to be much tougher, as well as the very vocal Prairie Warblers calling all through the woods. During one of my searches for what seemed like a very close singing Prairie Warbler, I flushed a Northern Bobwhite that had been hiding somewhere just inches in front of me - very reminiscent of the Montezuma Quail back in my home state of Arizona. What we did find here, where Ken and I had previously had such good luck with the Red-cockaded, were Red-headed Woodpeckers - everywhere. Exciting, but just not what we were looking for. As the sun began to peek through the clouds, we exhausted our search area and the group was getting warm and hungry - time for lunch in Oakdale. Lunch was at the most



charming café called Café on 10th. Home-cooked meals, small town friendliness and ice-cold tea was just what the doctor ordered.

Rejuvenated, Ken and I still had one more trick up our sleeves - Cooter's Bog. While scouting before the tour, we had also had luck here with the Red-cockaded; plus, it had a very special grove of pitcher plants. As we drove down the road to Cooter's Bog, I held my head out the window listening for the squeak of the Red-cockaded with no luck; but I remembered exactly where I had heard them just days before. So, I got out of the van to listen more carefully when a flash out of the corner of my eye caught my attention. "There it is!" I hollered, and everyone got out of the van. It flew way up high into a Longleaf Pine and I struggled to angle the scope high enough for it. But I managed it for everyone. Then, after all that work, it swooped right down near the van, revealing its nest cavity...what a treat! It stayed hidden in its cavity, so we left it alone and headed over to the pitcher plants. After viewing Pale Pitcher Plant, Sundew, Horned Bladderwort, and Sand-swamp Whitetop Sedge, we decided to head back over to the nest cavity. Now knowing where it was, we were able to park the van further away and set up the scope further back, giving the Red-cockaded a comfortable buffer from the group. As we waited to see whether the woodpeckers would show, we were finally treated to some great looks at a Prairie Warbler after hearing them singing all day. It was nice to finally put a face to the voice. Giving the woodpeckers space was exactly what they needed and they finally came out and put on a show as they worked the Longleaf Pines around their cavity. One of them paused at the entrance for a good 30 seconds and posed for the entire group to get spectacular views. It was the perfect ending to our last full day of the tour.

## **Wed., Apr.23: Departures**

Departure day is always tough in my opinion. After spending a week enjoying a beautiful location, getting to know everyone, and having such a great time, you are never ready for it to end. We had such a fun group that was always excited to see even the most common bird over and over, constantly joking and having a good time. But the tour had to end, so we departed for Lafayette after a later-than-normal start to the day. Luckily, we all had late evening flights, which meant Ken could take us to his secret, members-only, egret rookery. And, WOW, did he save the best for last! This rookery, set on a private property, was spectacular. Even before we arrived at the rookery, on the road, a few of us were treated to a quick glimpse of Swallow-tailed Kites. And as we drove further in, we could already hear the buzz of egret chatter in the distance. As we approached, we could see cypress trees chock-full of Great Egrets nesting, Anhinga tucked in nests trying to keep a low profile, and Roseate Spoonbills on nests or actively building nests. As we stood in awe taking in the visual delights and our ears overwhelmed by the multitudes of egrets having endless conversations, we knew this was the perfect place to end this tour. As Great Blue and Little Blue Herons flew overhead, we knew our tour was at an end and it was time for us to fly off into the distance, as well.



*Photos: Group (Kenneth Eyster - KE), Alligator (Vernie Aikins - VA), Roseate Spoonbill (VA), Prothonotary Warbler (VA), Anhinga (VA), Tree (VA), Black-bellied Whistling-Duck (VA), Birding by boat (VA), Alligator (VA), Red-bellied Woodpecker (VA), Western Cattle-Egret (VA), Fulvous Whistling-Duck (VA), Least Bittern (VA), Sandwich & Royal Tern (VA), Black-bellied Plover (VA), Yellow-billed Cuckoo (VA), Group Birding (VA), Pitcher plants (VA), Great Egret (VA), Spoonbills & Egrets (VA), Group (KE)*