



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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By the same author

Richard Headstrom

BIRDS' NESTS: A Field Guide

The established guide to the nests of over three hundred birds east of the Rocky Mountains.

"It is a very complete, carefully prepared compilation."

—*Iowa Bird Life*

"A pioneer job. Not a single other publication with the same scope."

—Robert Cushman Murphy, Chairman, Department of Birds,
American Museum of Natural History

Illustrated, \$2.75

Jes, Washburn & Co. [7]

THE LIVING YEAR

by Richard Headstrom

The Living Year sets down in print the variety of the world of nature. Mr. Headstrom sees and vividly explains the habits and habitats of many insects, birds, and animals. And he is no less appealing as he tells when and where various plants, flowers, and trees can be found in bloom. He retells the beauties of color that the flowers bring, the beauty of form inherent in all works of nature; he evokes our wonder at the constant variety of the life around us. At once informative and imaginative, *The Living Year* is indeed "twelve nature walks in print."

Mr. Headstrom is a practicing naturalist, a teacher of science, a member of the staff of two museums, and a writer of three books and well over four hundred published articles on various facets of nature. His next book, to be published in 1951, will be a field guide to Birds' Nests of the West.

The book contains twelve chapters, one for each month. For each chapter there is also a calendar—a quick summation of what to expect to find in any given month. Anne Marie Jauss has contributed exquisite pen-and-ink drawings that increase the appeal of this delightful gift book.

September 20

Illustrated, \$3.00

Discarded bits:

The smell of syringa on a June evening.

The world which seemed to be enclosed in a split opal.

Remember the light in a garden....clear golden just before
dusk.

Merian wanted golden rod used for money; jewel weed for jewels;
Queen Anne's lace for carrots; J in the P turrips.

Bell flowers,

tobacco, pipes from flowers?

The sky was full of small fat clouds. They looked like marsh-
mallows.

He decided to drift down now and pick up a crumb or two to
munch on his homeward flight. Casting a last contemplative glance
around the world, which seemed to be enclosed in a split opal,
he flew out over the garden.....

not used -
excellent

As for the cedar waxings:

If you've ever seen them you remember them, for they are unforgettable...cedar waxwings, sitting in a row along a branch facing all the same way, squeezed as close to each other as they can get, and occasionally kissing. (For if touching bills isn't kissing, what is it?) They are as handsome as they are delightful, piquant crested birds, red-brown in color with yellow edged tails. They feed partly on fruit, but it's worth a peck of cherries just to watch a row of them sitting on a limb. They stay around all winter, but they break out of flocks into pairs in June. They nest in cedars unless they are near our homes and then they prefer...fruit trees. They are smaller in size and much more common than the romantic Bohemian waxwings, but the cedar waxwings are plenty romantic enough. They take their name from a waxy substance on their wings, but they might well be named the kissing birds."

And as for the scarlet tanager:

The scarlet tanager is the Adolph Menjou of the bird world. He not only has substantial claims to being the

Sooner than they had expected they were joined by the senior Thrushes.

"We've made excellent progress on the nest," said Mrs Thrush, fluttering down. "I found some stuff to put in it, and that saved pulling grass."

"I'm glad I got here in time for a swim," remarked Mr Thrush, wading in.

The children scurried about looking for seeds, beetles, caterpillars and ants to go with the food they had brought in a basket for their guest. Annie Jo helped Mrs Thrush spread a blue cloth on the grass.

When they had eaten they rested a while and the Brook ~~xxxxxxx~~ told them a story. Then they made up stories for themselves out of the ~~xxxxx~~ clouds hanging in the sky. Annie Jo thought that they looked like ^{white} sheets hung out to dry ~~on a line~~. But all too soon they had turned peachy pink in the rays of the ~~setting~~ sun. Mrs Thrush packed up the basket, ~~then~~, and her husband led the way toward home.

"Now I will mend that dress," thought Annie Jo as they neared Number Ten Linden. But Mrs Thrush called out:

the other.

Sitting as near as that Annie Jo could see that the cedar waxwings weren't kissing, really. They were passing a wild strawberry up and down the line. One bird passed on to the next and he to the next and he to the next, and so on.

"How very polite they are!" thought Annie Jo. "They're politer than humans."

When the strawberry reached her she accepted it in her tiny mouth, then gave it back to the bill which had given it to her and it passed on from bill to bill up the line. Annie Jo remembered how long they had seemed to be kissing each other when she was sitting on the rock watching and she thought

"My goodness! Don't they ever eat it."

But the bird next to her passed it on to the next next bird and he to the next and so on, up the line.

When Annie Jo thought that it might not be eaten, however, she had recked without Junior. He accepted it, and gulped it down.

"What!" "What!" "Look what he did!" "Such manners!" The cedar waxwings rose from their branch in great excitement, and without even saying goodbye or see you later they flew off into the air.

"I'm afraid you were rude," Annie Jo said to Junior.

Junior laughed his cushiony laugh. "Stale old strawberry. I'll bet they picked it a week ago and have been passing it back and forth ever since waiting for someone to have nerve enough to eat it."

~~As they neared the scarlet tanager's Annie Jo questioned Junior about the reason why they were going to him to get the dress.~~

"Don't say 'eating' don't really. I thought of course she was a new kind of frog."

"New kind of frog indeed," shouted the Thrushes.

"It's all right, really," said Annie Jo. "I know that I am a queer kind of little girl. I understand perfectly that you didn't understand."

"Do you?" asked the Great Blue Heron eagerly. "You wouldn't like to go fishing would you? I'll walk you up and down the stream as gentle as a dove."

"Why I'd love it!" cried Annie Jo and flew onto his back and he stepped in stately fashion up and down the water, until he found some fishes for his young and flew off, calling apologies as he went.

By this time it was time for the picnic. Do and Re had been scurrying up and down looking for looking for seeds, beetles, caterpillars and ants to go with the food they had brought in a basket. ~~Theyxxnaxkxund~~ for Annie Jo. To the delight of them all Mr and Mrs Thrush joined them in time to eat.

"We've made excellent progress on the nest," Mrs Thrush said fluttering down. "I found some stuff to put in it and that saved pulling grass."

"I'm glad I got here in time for a swim," Father Thrush said, wading in.

Of course they had to hear all about Annie Jo's adventure, and they ate with much excitement and merriment, below a sky scattered with clouds which looked like marsh-mallows. Annie Jo had half a notion to fly up and bite one.

They got back at last to the new nest, large, and as untidy as the old one with grasses spilling out in all direction. The walls and bottom had been built stoutly of mud and woven in.....

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B

If you've ever seen them you can never forget them.

cedar waxwings sitting in a row along a branch, facing all the same way, squeezed as close as they can get. They were as handsome as they were delightful, piquant crested birds red-brown in color, with yellow edged tails. Occasionally they seemed to kiss each other and this interested Annie Jo for she hadn't seen birds kiss before. She flew up and sat beside them.

Sitting that near she could see that they weren't kissing, really. They were passing a wild strawberry up and down the line. One bird passed it to the next and he to the next and so on.

"How very polite they are," thought Annie Jo. "They're politer than humans."

She noticed then that a robin had flown up and taken his place at the other end of the line.

Wax at the Bee

→ Wax at the Bee

"You will need a great deal of practise. When shall we begin."

"I won't need any practise," answered Sol. "When I begin to sing I'll sing as well as I ever will." And that will ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ magnificently, superbly, gloriously."

But he went on hunting beetles. He didn't offer to sing.

ORPHEUS.

Orpheus went with Jason to get the golden fleece,

During the voyage a storm arose and Orpheus prayed to the Samothracian gods and played on his harp, whereupon the storm ceased and stars appeared on the heads of the brothers.

Orpheus was the son of Apollo and the muse Calliope. He was presented by his father with a lyre and taught to play upon it, which he did to such perfection that nothing could withstand the charm of his music. Not only his fellow mortals but wild beasts were softened by his strains and, gathering around him, laid by their fierceness and stood entranced with his lay. Nay, the very trees and rocks were sensible to the charm. The former crowded round him, and the latter relaxed somewhat of their hardness, softened by his notes.

Marries Euridice, she dies, and he seeks his wife in ^{regions} ~~XXXXXX~~ of dead / Descended by a cave situated on the side of the promontory of Taenarus and arrived at the Stygian realm. Passed thru crowds of ghosts and presented self before throne of Pluto and Proserpine, Accompanied his words with the lyre, He is given permission to take her away but looks behind and loses her. Melts hearts of tigers, moves oaks. Thracian maidens kill him. Muses buried his lyre and fragments of himself at Libethra where the nightingale is said to sing over his grave more sweetly than in any other part of Greece. His lyre was placed by Jupiter among the stars,

"The Sibyl now warned Aeneas that it was time to turn from these melancholy regions and seek the city of the blessed. They passed thru a middle tract of darkness and came upon the Elysian fields, the groves where the happy reside. They breathed a freer air and saw all objects clothed in a purple light.

The region has a sun and stars of its own. The inhabitants were enjoying themselves in various ways - some in sports on the grassy turf, in games of strength or skill; others dancing or singing. Orpheus struck the sounds of his lyre and called for ravishing sounds.

His shade passed a second time to Tartarus where he sought out his Eurydice and embraced her with eager arms. They roam the happy fields together now, sometimes he leading, sometimes she; and Orpheus gazes upon her as much as he will.

Pope:

Let even in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Lowell

The tremulous leaves repeat to me,
Eurydice! Eurydice!"

The Prince Imperial. By Katherine John,
G.P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

Major

Sources for material on the Second Empire, on the social life of the court of Napoleon the Third, on the family life of Napoleon, Eugenie and the Prince Imperial, in their day of glory and in their day of exile, are probably all available now. Most of them have been for some time. The contemporary journals have been pretty well scanned, private letters and papers have been given to the world,

2

Poetic Introduction.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert-
That from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The deep blue thou wingest
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.....

Sir Walter Scott

O Brignall banks are wild and fair
And Greta woods are green....

Robert Browning.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven-
All's right with the world,

The rain set early in tonight,
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-trees down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake.

Hark tis the sparrows goodnight twitter
About your cottage eaves.

3
Poetic Introduction.

William Shakespeare.

Hark hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On Chaliced flower that lies;
And winking Marybugs begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet arise.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do ~~fly~~ cry.
On the bat's back do I fly
Aftersummer merrily:
Merrily merrily I shall live now.
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Emily Dickinson.

At half past three a single bird
Unto a silent sky
Propounded but a single term
Of cautious melody.

~~A~~ At half past four experiment
Had subjugated test,
And lo! her silver principle
Supplanted all the rest,

At half past seven, element
Nor implement was seen,
And place was where the presence was,
Circumference between.

The day came slow. till five o'clock,
Then sprang before the hills
Like hindered rubies, or the light
A sudden musket spills.

The purple could not keep the east,
The sunrise shook from fold,
Like breadths of topaz, packed a night
The lady just unrolled.

The happy wings their tumbrels shook;
The birds in docile rows,
Arranged themselves around their prince
(The wind is prince of those.)

The orchard sparkled like a Jew...etc

He had been invited to sing in a church choir. He had a baritone voice and loved to sing. ~~The small upright piano which had been his mother's was the center of their home.~~ A fellow member of a glee club he belonged to had given him this chance to join a chorus choir. He would receive two dollars a Sunday.

It was ~~twenty~~ six weeks exactly, ~~xxxx~~ at that time, until his vacation arrived. Two dollars a week for ~~xxx~~ twenty six weeks amounted to fifty two dollars. Fifty two dollars would pay the rent on a cabin and buy ~~their tickets~~ ^{gas for the} ~~on a bus.~~ ^{flivver.} The grocery money need be no more than they would spend at home.

~~Frank~~
Jattopy

But after this plan had been worked out, Bob's shining face had dimmed.

"Say, what about ^{your} the dental work ^{you need?} We ought to be saving for that, ~~instead of for my vacation.~~"

"No, sir," Ruth had answered. "I want ^{the} that vacation ~~as much as you do.~~ I haven't stepped out since Booster was born and he's practically grown up."

And with his first Sunday's pay she had opened a savings account. ~~Week after week, for a month or so, she had made the trip to the bank and put in Bob's two dollars.~~

In a few weeks

At first Bob had reminded her, "You're not forgetting the vacation fund?"

"Not I. You're forgetting to practise up on your cooking, though. How about getting supper tonight, just to keep your hand in?"

The account had grown and grown.

K -
Poetic Introduction,

The robin is the one
That interrupts the morn
With hurried, few, express reports
When March is scarcely on.

The robin is the one
That overflows the noon
With her cherubic quantity,
An April but begun.

The robin is the one
That speechless from her nest
Submits that home and certainty
And sanctity are best.

To hear an oriole sing
May be a common thing
Or only a divine.

It is not of the bird
Who sings the same unheard
As unto crowd.

The fashion of the ear
Attireth that it hear
In dun or fair.

So whether it be rune,
Or whether it be none,
Is of within.

The "tune is in the tree",
The sceptic showeth me;
"No, sir! In thee."

A bird came down the walk;
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angle worm in halves
And ate the fellow raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad,-
They looked like frightened beads, I thought
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger; cautious
I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home

Than oar s divide the ocean
Too silver for a seam,
Or butterflyes, off banks of noon,
Leap, splashless, as they swim.

No brigadier throughout the year
So civic as the jay,
A neighbor and a warrior too
With shrill felicity.

Pursuing winds that censure us
A February day
The brother of the universe
Was ~~be~~er blown away.

The snow and he are intimate
I've often seen them play
When heaven looked upon us all
With such severity.

....

The pillow of this daring head
Is pungent evergreens;
His larder - terse and militant-
Unknown, refreshing things;

His character a tonic,
His future a dispute;
Unfair an immortality
That leaves this neighbor out.

The grass so little has to do,
A sphere of simple green
With only butterflyes to brood
And bees to entertain

And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything,

His bill an augur is,
His head, a cap and frill
He laboreth at every tree,-
A worm his utmost goal

Ether Sea...Astonished Boughs... Old measure in the boughs...

Phraseless melody....Houses unperceived....

↑
from volume.

old boy?"

~~Booster had answered only "Bye-bye", with a cereal-encircled grin, but Joan had run around the table to praise beside her father's chair.~~

~~"Oh daddy, daddy, it will be so nice! Almost as nice as the farm."~~

A farm had been their first choice, when they planned the vacation last winter. Bob, as a boy, had worked on his ^{uncle's} ~~Uncle Milton's~~ farm; and he put Joan to bed on Sunday nights with stories of the cows, pigs and chickens, which ~~she had never seen~~. But going to a farm meant paying board. At the beach they could get a cabin and do the house work themselves.

I'll do the work for you!
"Only you're not going to do it, Ruthie. Not a lick of it. It will be fun for me, a change, to take charge of a cookstove."

"How do you think you'll like daddy's cooking, Joan?" Ruth had teased.

Make a pig
"Can you ~~bake cake~~?" Joan had asked him.

"I can make flapjacks. Cover them with syrup until they swim, and they taste ^{better than} ~~as good as~~ ^{Pie} ~~cake~~."

They had been happy last winter, planning their vacation.

It had seemed miraculous that they could plan one. Bob's salary as a book keeper ~~fed and clothed and housed them but it did not permit of travelling, not since the babies had come~~. Vacations were spent loafing at home which was well enough when it was all they could afford. But now Bob had been given a chance to earn some extra money.

Poems by
Emily Dickinson.

This is the land the sunset washes,
These are the banks of the Yellow Sea;
Where it rose, or whither it rushes,
These are the western mystery!

Night after night, her purple traffic
Strews the landing with opal bales;
Merchantmen poise upon horizons,
Dip, and vanish with fairy sails.

She sweeps with many-colored brooms,
And leaves the shreds behind;
Oh, housewife in the evening west,
Come back, and dust the pond!

You dropped a purple raveling in,
You dropped an amber thread;
And now you've littered all the East
With duds of emerald!

And still she plies her spotted brooms,
And still the aprons fly,
Till brooms fade softly into stars—
And then I come away.

I'll tell you how the sun rose,—
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The boblinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself
"That must have been the sun."

.....

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ evening bars,
And led the flock away.

for Mr Grey,
from Maud Hart Lovelace.

The story, concerned
the somewhat able chief of a
artificial
step over
well enough
a —
channel
for it

Young Doctor Galahad. By Elizabeth Seifert.
Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2.50.

This Dodd, Mead prize novel tells the story of a doctor, but it is not an American "Citadel." No doubt that would be too much to expect. For although a \$10,000 prize winner, "Young Doctor Galahad" is also...by the terms of the contest...a first novel, and it not unnaturally lacks the full bodied character, the interpretive warmth, the mature artistic solidity of Dr Cronin's study of the medical profession in England. However, this study of the medical profession in an American small town, (a town which purports to be typical, in many ways, of the whole American scene), is sincere, interesting and packed with ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ obviously authentic detail. And since it indicts the modern medical set-up with considerable acerbity, it is worth looking into by all the careworn hordes who struggle with doctors' bills.

Its story while ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ somewhat forced and artificial serves to frame the picture the author wishes to paint,

Dr Galahad, so-called, is Dr Anthony Evelyn McNeill,

lishing problems began after that. The publisher, he was convinced, should not try to get the writer to fit the book to the conditions of the trade; it should be the other way round. The counsel he offered to authors on his list is equally good for anyone engaged in literary work. He spotted unusual talent before beginners knew they had it. His rare gift of editorial imagination makes this a most worth-while volume.

I SELL WHAT I WRITE by Jules Archer (Frederick Fell, \$2.50). Here a free lance writer analyzes his own stories and why they have sold to magazines ranging all the way from *Personal Romances* to *Collier's*. He doesn't believe in aiming alone at the quality magazines and thinks many a writer has been lost by aspiring too high. He admits he has attempted very little slick fiction. His is a workaday book on how to make a living out of what he calls the "medium markets."

WRITING TO SELL by Scott Meredith (Harper & Brothers, \$2.75). This is a discussion of the ordinary technical knowledge a writer should have. The author, president of one of the country's largest literary agencies, divides his material into four sections. He takes up writing fields, story types, publishing houses, working habits, pen names and taboos, then moves on to the story-planning. The third section has detailed advice on actual writing, and the last chapters deal with contracts, agents, trade organization and authors' rights. Meredith backs up his statements with much behind-the-scenes information direct from his contacts with the writing and publishing business.

THE LOUD LITERARY LAMAS OF NEW YORK by Jack Woodford (Vantage Press). Jack Woodford has written books for other writers and has had years of experience as a novelist. In this volume he tells why he doesn't like editors and publishers. He thinks they err in turning down unknown but promising young authors, by editing manuscripts into mediocrity and by starving them out of productivity by taking too large a share of the profits.

News editor of the *Oakridge* (Ore.) *Telegram* is the new job of Dorothy Erickson.

suddenly found that available newspaper jobs were not always available to women.

Classified ads with candor flaunted "Men only." Others just took it for granted that no self-respecting female would apply and ignored it as an issue.

Psychologists have written books about it, even today there are reverberations along with anti-discrimination talk in general, but the female who thought to alter this case in point of humankind was promptly tagged "feminist" and filed away by many of her own sex as well as the opposite.

Accordingly, you had one recourse—good old rugged American individualism. You either were the girl who dared to apply for the job anyway, or, much as the girl who wanted to be a movie star, you sometimes

1941, we were *asking* for jobs and feeling mighty lucky if we got one in our chosen field."

Jean started out in the publicity department of an advertising agency, but the department folded after six months because of unsettled business conditions. While looking for another job, a friend suggested and even arranged an interview at CBS.

"I can recall no confusion in my mind between Radio and the Holy Grail. I needed to work. Much to my surprise the CBS publicity department not only had an opening but was willing to hire a woman."

Tops by Any Count

Jean became assistant to the publicity chief of CBS's Western division and continued in that capacity until 1948 when she accepted her present position, considered tops in that particular branch of radio journalism.

But, says Jean, the "tops" is determined by your own particular aim. "Each individual job has its top . . . which is the biggest job within its confines. And there may be hundreds of individual challenges within one organization."

Suffice it to say that both Eleanor and Jean are tops by any count and have jobs that are the envy of many a journalist, both experienced and not so experienced.

Often, no doubt, they wish they could leave the 'phone on its hook, but they come smilin' through every time.

Books for the Journalist

WRITING: ADVICE AND DEVICES
by Walter S. Campbell (Doubleday).

Walter S. Campbell, director of professional writing courses at the University of Oklahoma and author of 21 books (he writes also under the name of Stanley Vestal), in his newest one offers advice to young writers who have a love of words, a real interest in the subjects they write about, and ability to understand thoughts and feelings of the reader. He says other qualifications include delight in a witty phrase and ability to pun, an ability to take the reader into the heart and mind of the characters, an earnest desire to write well and a willingness to keep trying. He illustrates his practical advice by means

of sentence-by-sentence analysis of several pieces of writings, showing how desired effects are achieved.

EDITOR TO AUTHOR. The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins edited by John Hall Wheelock (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3.75). Maxwell E. Perkins, the late famed Scribner's editor, corresponded with many authors, among them F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings and Ernest Hemingway, all of whom were devoted to him because of his unhurried and detailed criticism and advice. He believed that a book must be done according to the writer's conception of it, as nearly perfectly as possible, and that the pub-



On the ponds and marshes of the inland side of Nauset Beach, and in the river estuaries in the neighborhood of Ipswich, DR. WYMAN RICHARDSON has observed the bird life as he has paddled, fished for stripers, or with his son Fred watched in concealment, with his glasses rather than his gun at hand. Dr. Richardson has long been aware that birds communicate, for reasons he explains in this, the sixth of his series of Atlantic essays.

BIRD LANGUAGE

by WYMAN RICHARDSON, M.D.

THE subject of bird language has been much discussed, frequently with a good deal of heat. At one time it was fashionable to deride the notion that birds might have a language of their own. The thought that most bird song, as distinguished from call notes, was strictly a courtship performance long held sway; but recently it has been more and more realized that song may also be used to establish the boundaries of a breeding territory. From my observations, I believe that bird notes can be divided into these several categories:—

1. Just chatter, such as humans indulge in at teas or cocktail parties.
2. Discussion of plans, such as might occur at a board meeting.
3. Maintenance of contact, such as the whistling of one partridge hunter to another in order that the proper position may be kept and that accidents may be avoided.
4. Warning of impending danger.
5. Courtship, including a "No Trespassing" sign.
6. Simple enjoyment, as one might play the piano for the fun of it.

At the risk of being called an "anthropomorphist," I should like to illustrate and comment on these observations.

Chatter

The best example of simple chatter among birds, in my experience, is that of a flock of feeding peep—least or semipalmated sandpipers. Hidden in some near-by grass, I have often watched such a flock of peep scurrying hither and yon over freshly exposed mud flats. They keep up a constant little twittering and calling, sometimes interspersed with a louder, higher-pitched complaint as one, lazier and greedier than the others, tries to steal some tidbit from his neighbor. Occasionally, one

of them will make a queer, trilling note, like the bouncing of a xylophone hammer. The whole effect always reminds me of those times when, as a boy, I was sick in an upstairs bed, while a tea party was going on below. Chatter, chatter, chatter.

I don't think they do it simply to keep contact, although this may be so. Certainly, as all at once they take wing, the chattering ceases. I rather think they do it as a sort of comfort to themselves. It makes each individual feel that he is part of a large flock, where there is safety in numbers—or at least where the mathematical chances of sudden disaster are much reduced. It is the single, fast-flying peep which utters the characteristic shrill peep note.

There are many other birds that have a tendency to chatter. Offhand, I think of crossbills, siskins, cedar waxwings, and English sparrows. They are, of course, all birds which gather in flocks. In fact, I have an idea that all those birds which habitually feed in flocks have the chattering tendency.

Discussion of plans

There comes a day in the fall when the beetle-head (black-bellied plover) seem very restless. The wind is very likely fresh from the northwest and the air carries a distinct suggestion of winter. On such a day, the plaintive, musical call of these plover fills the marsh. Flocks of them, whistling loudly, will for no apparent reason rise up from a juicy-looking flat, and then quickly settle down again.

"Going to move on," you say.

And you are quite right. Next morning, hardly is there one left. Plenty of yellowlegs are about, and other shore birds, but no black-bellied plover.

Canada geese, I am pretty certain, communicate by voice. If one watches the actions of a flock, led by a big, white, old gander, especially if they are investigating what appears to be unknown

territory, one can hardly escape the conclusion that the leader is giving orders. There is, of course, no way of telling whether the honking which goes back and forth between them is actually a discussion of plans. Certain it is, however, that the old gander may hold the flock high in the air, while he himself goes to investigate. I have seen this happen many times; and it seems inescapable that, when he is thoroughly satisfied, he calls them down by means of his voice.

Then again, it is interesting to watch a flock of geese, bound perhaps for the Carolinas, pass high above a flock feeding along our Cape Cod shores. Such a gabbling and a honking as then goes on!

"Don't be foolish," the migrating flock seems to say. "Come on south where it's warm."

"Mighty good celgrass here," is the reply. "Why don't you come down and stay awhile? Go south later, if you want to."

Sometimes the high flock will waver, turn, and pitch down in. Sometimes the feeding flock will suddenly rise and follow along. More often, each flock will go its own way, and the noise will gradually subside.

But, of all the birds, crows appear to have the most complete system of communication, although I must admit that I am far from being able to understand it. My son Fred and I have spent many hours trying to learn their language, without too much success. There is one series of rather soft "caws" which we feel sure is a gather call—that is, a call for the gathering of a small group or unit, not the mobilization call for the entire crow population. It is usually uttered from some prominent place, like the roof of a house. Here eight or ten crows will convene. After a considerable period of cawing back and forth, one or two scouts are sent out to see where the best foraging for that day is to be had. Generally, in about fifteen minutes or so, the scouts come back to report. Then there is a great to-do, with all the crows talking at once. Apparently, however, they finally reach a decision, and one by one they fly off, always in the same direction and usually, if they can be followed through the glasses, to the same spot. One day it will be the Skiff Hill pastures; the next, the Beach Marsh; and so on.

All this may sound rather fanciful; but if one spends any considerable amount of time with them, one can hardly escape the conclusion that some birds, at least, have a very elaborate system of communication.

Maintenance of contact

Here again, crows are perhaps the best example. They appear to have definite outposts scattered over the countryside, one within hearing distance of the other. Let the big owl be found roosting in a pine tree and the call goes out. Crows can be seen flying toward the spot from every direction

until there is a black mob of them, calling, pitching, badgering. At last the big gray bird becomes sick of the din and glides silently off to some more secure hiding place.

Another interesting fact is that there seem to be degrees of mobilization. A stray cat may call up only ten or fifteen crows; a red-tailed hawk, maybe twenty-five; while a big owl or a fox may bring literally hundreds down on himself. Surely the outposts, or liaison agents, must be able to indicate the severity of the emergency and whether local or general mobilization is indicated.

Of course, the commonest example of the use of bird voices for contact is the constant calling during migration. If one lies under the stars on the night of a big flight of small birds, he will find the air filled with a continuous series of chips and chirps as the tiny folk traverse the dark heavens.

In the fall one may see two or three bluebirds sitting on the peak of the barn roof. All around them, in the cedars, on the ground, on the south platform of the house, are hundreds of chipping sparrows and pine warblers, with perhaps a prairie or two, or some other warbler, in addition. Suddenly, the bluebirds begin their soft warble and, after a few moments, fly off. Then there starts up a tremendous chipping and chirping. Soon the pine warblers take wing, in ones and twos, followed more slowly by the sparrows, until the last straggler has gone and not a bird remains.

Obviously, this great loose flock, which may take many minutes to get under way, keeps itself together by means of constant calling. And the flock seems to be led by bluebirds, sometimes aided by a robin or two.

Danger

There can be no doubt that certain birds have calls which mean "Look out!" The scream of the blue jay, sometimes much to the annoyance of the hunter, is familiar to anyone who travels the woods. Nor is the significance of these calls limited to the species which make them. The blue jay's scream, for instance, will alert not only all other birds within its range, but also all animals.

Not so well known is the alarm note of shore birds. I have never been quite able to attach any specific note to any specific species. I think the note, if heard by itself without all the attendant excitement, would readily identify the species. But as soon as it is uttered, there is a general turmoil. All the shore birds within hearing take wing. Large flocks of red-backed sandpipers will hurtle into the air and sweep off in a body, twisting this way and that with perfect precision, now gleaming white, now suddenly turning dark.

Sometimes, one may pick out with the glasses the cause of all this disturbance. Perhaps it is the peregrine, or duck hawk, whose lightning twists and turns always seem to be just a hair too late;

or perhaps it is his smaller cousin, the merlin, or pigeon hawk; or possibly it is one of those round-winged Accipiters, the sharp-shinned or the Cooper's hawk.

For all of these the shore bird's cry is the same. The note is shrill, very high pitched, and insistent. Once you have heard it, there is no mistaking it. Not always, however, can you find the marauder. The sharpness of vision of these shore birds is unbelievable, and their ability to identify their enemies almost more astonishing. I have heard a red-backed sandpiper give the warning cry when the dangerous falcon, to mere human eyes, was only a tiny speck in the sky.

Very different is the effect produced by our friend the marsh hawk. When the call goes out, it is much less emphatic. Only those shore birds which have chosen tide holes or shut-in creeks take wing. Those on the open flats merely suspend their search for food for a moment and cock a wary eye.

Occasionally, instead of flying when the alarm is given, a shore bird will "freeze." I have seen a beetlehead, when the cry came, lie on his belly on the mud and draw in his neck so that he looked like nothing more than a hunk of seaweed. Only his sharp eye, tilted up toward the sky, could give him away.

There are many other birds, possibly all, which have a certain call that means "Watch out! Danger!" Whether one calls it bird language or not makes very little difference. There can be no question that when the call comes, most birds, and often some animals, pay heed. And usually it is well for them that they do!

Courtship

The theory that song is used by many birds to establish territorial boundaries during the nesting season seems very reasonable and tends to be borne out by what I have observed. It is, however, quite impossible to tell how much of the song can be attributed to this purpose and how much to a courtship performance. Certainly, in many species, the males arrive first and are followed at some later date by the females. For instance, this is particularly true of robins. If one discounts flocks of wintering robins, so often seen in February, the very red breasted, dark headed males arrive some two weeks before the females. The male immediately starts trying to sing. His first attempts are often rather feeble, but after a few days he gets oiled up, and his joyous song from the near-by oak every morning ushers in the sunrise.

This early song appears to be chiefly territorial in purpose, for let another male come too close and a fight will ensue. Or if the robin should catch sight of his reflection in a windowpane, there may be a great to-do. But, when his lady arrives, who shall say that his song is not aimed at her? Certainly, a robin in full song would melt a heart of stone.

Other bird performances seem to me much more definitely a courtship act. The scream of the red-shouldered hawk coming from high out of the air may represent a warning to other hawks; but his sudden, vertical plunge down to within a few feet of the treetops surely is done to impress his mate. The zooming boom of the nighthawk, the flight performance of the woodcock, the drumming of the partridge, and the crow of the pheasant may serve both purposes, although I like to think of them as courtship activities.

To watch a pheasant crowing is quite an experience. He makes a mighty effort and produces a horrible squawk. This is accompanied and followed by a brief but rapid drumming of his wings. If you listen closely, on a still day, you can hear the drumming sound coming immediately after the crow.

Another courtship act which fascinates me is that of the bittern. One must admit that he is a funny-looking bird. He appears at his most ludicrous when, in attempting to hide, he stands thin and straight, with bill pointing toward the zenith. The light and dark stripes of his neck blend with the grass in which he is standing, and it takes a sharp eye to pick him out. Most people are familiar with his "song," likened by some to the noise of the driving of a stake or the sucking of a pump. But it is much more than that. It has a rich, full-bodied quality as it comes booming out of a fresh-water marsh.

The bittern is so retiring that relatively few people ever see him perform. He goes through terrific contortions, as if he were becoming deathly ill, and then suddenly out comes the boom. Meanwhile, from somewhere at the base of his neck where they usually remain safely hidden, appear two long, white plumes. For some time, the bittern keeps up his pumping. Finally, perhaps from pure fatigue, he stops; and the white feathers vanish as mysteriously as they came.

Of recent years, we have had near the Farm House several pairs of nesting prairie horned larks. This tiny bird has a very insignificant song which I gather is not nearly as musical as his English cousin's. However, he does his best by it. Up, up he flies, squeaking for all his might; higher and yet higher, until the eye, even with the aid of binoculars, can no longer follow, unless there should be handy a white cloud. For a long while, the squeaking goes on until all at once the little bird plunges down to the earth and lights close by the nest where his mate is sitting. Surely this, too, is a courtship performance.

Of all the bird songs, perhaps the crow's song is the most definitely an act of wooing. So shy is he, however, that few people have ever heard him perform. I have talked with experienced field ornithologists who had never heard the crow's song, and who, when I have spoken of it, have

looked at me with disbelieving eyes. I myself have heard it only twice; and others who have told me of it have heard it only very rarely.

One day, my cousin and I were lazily paddling down the Ipswich River. There came from downstream of us that curious, staccato note of the crow — the one which resembles the rapid plucking of a taut string. Over and over, he repeated it.

"Keep quiet," my cousin whispered. "Maybe he'll sing for us."

We drifted slowly downstream, making no motion and no sound. And then, just as we came around a bend, the crow began to sing. He and his lady-love were sitting near the top of a high pine and from his wide-open beak was coming a series of clear, bell-like notes. To me, they sounded both musical and sweet; and they certainly were as different from the crow's normal voice as anything could be. Suddenly, the singer caught sight of us; and, with a series of protesting caws which to my imaginative ear contained a definite element of reproach, both crows flew off out of sight. Since then, only once have I heard the crow's love song.

As a practical matter, I suppose it makes little difference whether bird song is mostly territorial in nature or is definitely directed toward obtaining and holding a mate. Certain it is that bird song reaches its peak during the nesting season. Here in Massachusetts, this occurs in late May, after which the singing gradually peters out. Early July may bring a slight recrudescence, but by the end of the month it has largely disappeared. Except for the indefatigable vireo, only an occasional whistle from an oriole or a halfhearted attempt by a robin interrupts the sleepy buzz of August locusts.

Simple enjoyment

It seems to be unfashionable to suppose that birds, or animals for that matter, do anything just for the fun of it. I am sure, however, that frequently they do.

The hill and cedar bank which separate the Farm House from the Nauset Marsh face south. Come, then, when there is a good fresh southwester blowing and watch the herring gulls. They will start at the east end of the cedar bank, meet the up-draft, and with not a single wing-beat slide up along the brow of the hill, headed due west. However, when they come to where the hill drops down to the Salt Pond Creek, instead of scaling off across the Salt Pond and over to the Great Pond or perhaps the West Shore, as is often their custom, they make an abrupt turn to the east, coast off down to leeward, luff up over the east edge of the cedar

bank, and slide by again. I have watched a single gull repeat this performance eight or ten times, and I cannot escape the notion that, like so many humans, gulls enjoy the feeling of effortless travel.

As for singing for the fun of it, I can't help thinking of the red-eyed vireo. He doesn't have what could be called a beautiful song. In fact, it is so indefinite that one can listen to it for an hour or more without actually hearing it. Day in, day out, the incessantly repeated trio of notes goes on and on. It does not matter how hot or sultry the day, there is no minute of it when one cannot hear the vireo's song. And he keeps it up way through the summer when other birds have become silent. I cannot believe the vireos do it for any other reason than that they like to. They remind me of a young lad, strolling aimlessly down the street, loudly whistling. Whatever the facts, I am quite sure the boy and the bird are doing it for the same reason. And I think that reason is that they just plain like the sound of it.

Of all the Farm House birds, the meadow larks seem to me the most representative. With us, they are permanent residents; and, in those rare years when there is long-standing snow on Outer Cape Cod, many of them die. About ten years ago, for instance, the Cape had one snowstorm after another, and the meadow larks practically disappeared. Now, however, they are more numerous than I have ever seen them. Last November we saw eighteen flying in a loose flock — more than I have ever before seen together.

But it was of the meadow lark's song that I particularly wished to speak. One may hear those clear, sweetly whistled notes in any month of the year — not so often in winter, perhaps, as in spring, but often enough to brighten the winter sky. Here is no question of maintaining territorial boundaries. Here is no question of nuptial activity. Surely, the meadow lark is singing for the simple joy of it, and because he is, no doubt, proud of his achievement.

As I lie in bed on a cold, still December day and wonder if I shall ever have the courage to leave it, suddenly from the top of a near-by cedar come those few clear notes. They make me feel ashamed of my laziness and I get up with a zest I would not otherwise have had. Perhaps, while the bacon is frying, even I break out into "song." And this I do, I can assure one and all, neither to keep off trespassers — a method which, incidentally, might prove very effective — nor in order to impress my wife. I do it simply because I feel like it.

My guess is that birds sing for the same reason.

In

GOOD WRITING is good writing, wherever one finds it: in advertising, journalism or daily correspondence. But the chief problem of the creative writer is not the acquiring of the ability to write well. To be sure, he must learn eventually to be a craftsman; but he has a more basic requirement upon him, which is not laid upon other writers, and it is of that requirement that I propose to speak.

Before I begin, I had better define the term "creative writer," for "creative" is a big word and often too lightly used. A creative writer, then, is someone who makes something out of nothing. That is to say, he creates people out of paper and ink and causes them to live on a printed page. In a short story he must confine himself to a bare glimpse of his people's lives; in a play, he portrays a few of the high climactic moments; and, in a novel, he can very often show you an entire life, or even several generations of life. But always, and with only little black marks on a white page, he causes to walk the earth people who were never born and he implants in the mind of the world details of lives that were never lived. For is not Hamlet a real man, and John Silver, and Rhett Butler? And Alice in Wonderland is real, and Shylock and David Copperfield. We talk about them as if we knew them. We refer to them often, as if they were actual acquaintances of ours.

The Artist's Function

Now there are good creative writers and there are bad ones, just as there are good and bad singers and painters, and to judge the good from the bad we must look into the standards of all art. What does any artist try to do? What is his general function? Let us take, for our example, a painter; and let us say that he makes a painting of a tree. There is no one in the world who would confuse the



Defense of Character

by MELBA MARLETT

real tree with the painting. One is made of bark and sap and leaves; the other is merely canvas and color. Then why is it that you may pass a tree daily for years and not notice it, and yet, when a good painter has painted a picture of that tree, you stop and look at it and remember it? What, in a word, has the artist done to make his painted tree more real to you than the genuine tree? So that, sometimes, when you think of the word "tree," there flashes before your mind's eye not an elm that stood on a street in your home town or the maple by your front door, but the image of a tree that van Gogh painted, or Grant Wood, or a thousand dead artists who fashioned trees you never saw, in years before you were even born.

Writer Must Study Man

The answer is two-fold. The good painter, in the first place, saw that tree better than you did or could; lights, shadows, mass and movement, he saw them all clearly and unerringly. And, in the second place, he had the techniques for communicating to you what he had seen. In those two things lies the purpose of all artists: to see better than other people; and then to be able to set down that better vision for the enjoyment of his less perceptive brothers.

I am not going to deal here with the second part of the writer's job: the ability to communicate skillfully. Words are tricky and complex and fascinating things and, heaven knows, one cannot learn too much about them, but as far as the creative writer is concerned, they constitute the lesser of his two jobs. (I cannot resist, however, pointing out one of the most powerful and least regarded aspects of words: the emotional freight they carry without seeming to. It makes all the difference in the world whether a woman is described as "fat" or "stout" or "plump" or "Junoesque." "Fat" has a most unpleasant impact

on a reader; "stout" is not pleasant, but it has some dignity; "plump" is ingratiating and very nearly lovable; whereas "Junoesque" is queenly and altogether desirable. Yet all these words have a common meaning, which is that the woman is larger than ordinary. Next time you have an overweight man to describe, choose carefully between "roly-poly," "rotund," "stocky," and "massive." If you want your readers to think of him as a hero, make it "massive.")

Well, to get to the point, the chief study of the creative writer must be man; for it is obvious that one cannot create a thing without knowing of what it is made. And there are no stories and novels without people in them, nor any plots which do not spring from character. New or would-be writers invariably get this backwards. They always begin with plot. They "know a story," and they sketch it for you this way: "A boy meets a girl, see, and she doesn't think much of him, but he—" And if you stop them and say "What kind of boy? What's he like? Where did he come from and what has he been doing up till now?" they look at you as if you were bereft. Why, any boy will do. Any boy at all, and they intend to make this particular event happen to him. In short, they propose to superimpose the plot upon the characters, rather than have the plot spring from the characters, which is the only way for plot to appear right or significant.

Character Over Plot

And when I tell them the truth, which is that there are less than 40 original or possible plots in the world as compared to the millions of variations in people, they are ready to close up shop and go home. They don't know any people, they know a story. And they will write that story over and over again, amid a growing welter of rejection slips, until they finally succumb to the delusion that one needs a good agent to sell a story, or that edi-

tors are only interested in big names.

What a creative writer creates, then, is character, which is the sum of the strengths and weaknesses with which a certain individual meets life. And when one considers that a character can never be static, but is always, as in real life, changing imperceptibly but definitely from day to day; that the impact of outside circumstance is always present to jolt him into new action; and that each man lives his life on three different mental levels, all of which must be known and indicated; then the portraying of character shows itself as the complex job that it is.

Learn Your Psychology

A thorough knowledge of psychology is imperative for the creative writer. He can never get enough of it. Indeed, his chief reading project should be psychology books, all of them he can lay hands on. But, after his reading, he needs to apply what he has read, to study the reactions of people about him to certain situations, to ponder what must be going on inside those people to make them behave as they do. He must realize that solicitude may be another name for tyranny; that arrogance and incivility spring from a great insecurity; that plain jealousy may disguise itself as moral righteousness; and that love is often confused with possession. With an intuition as skillful as a psychiatrist's, he must sense what is going on in the sub-conscious, that tremendous, dark storehouse of the brain where emotions push and surge. He must listen to what people say and then watch what they do, for somewhere between the saying and the doing will lie the truth about what they are thinking and feeling. (Ordinarily, a creative writer is not himself a talkative person, and the reason why is now apparent. He is primarily a listener and observer, by the demands of his calling, and much too busy to make any conversation of his

about the author . . .

Melba Marlett is a friendly, unaffected person who speaks as well as she writes and who is as beloved by the Theta Sigma Phi sisters of her hometown, Detroit, as by the readers who know her only through the fiction she has written.

Born in Alliance, Ohio, she has a bachelor's degree from the University of Michigan, a master's degree from Wayne University. A high school teacher of creative writing and speech until 1941, she still teaches occasional classes in those subjects for students or adults. In 1937 she was married to Norval W. Marlett Jr. and has one son, 7, "who is the best of my published works, being the biggest, the smartest, the . . ."

Her writings have included a number of mysteries published by the Doubleday Crime Club and translated in several languages; "Tomorrow Will Be Monday," a novel banned in Spain by Franco for its advanced opinions on the status of women; "The Garden Path," a three-act play written in collaboration with Schuyler Watts of New York, "which threatens momentarily to be produced"; "Runaway Clown," a children's play, last year's winner of the Seattle Junior Play Contest, bought by Children's Theatre Press; "Death Is In the Garden," a mystery to be published by Doubleday this fall; and a long straight novel to be out by the end of next year "if I live so long," which is half done and under contract.

own. This is probably what Gertrude Stein had in mind when she defined genius as the ability to talk and listen at the same time.)

Two words of warning and I am through. They are words of personal opinion and must not be confused with fact, but you will do well to debate them until you arrive at your own answer.

Man Can Choose

First, I am quite sure that it is a misconception that man is a product merely of heredity and environment. That he is strongly limited or influenced by them, I do not doubt. But it seems to me that there another element, which has been slighted by a good many present writers, and that is the element of choice. A man may choose. Even in the field which is bounded by what he is and how he has lived, he still has room to change and grow. All of us know people who, by choosing in small ways and gingerly at first, have gained strength to change in bigger ways, until—heredity and environment to the contrary notwithstanding—they have turned themselves into the opposites of what they were. It is one of the most interesting qualities of humankind that this is possible to them, a quality that lifts them above the status of animals, and, hence, a quality that should concern a writer greatly. The novel that deals with a man wriggling helplessly under the hand of Fate (poverty, an insane father, social injustice, unreturned love or what you will) is simply not realistic. The man will fight in his own way, he will grow better or

worse, but he will choose to do *something*. Man is never merely acted upon; he insists on doing some of the acting himself. (I believe that, within the original boundaries of the personality, which may in time be extended and are hardly ever crowded, it is possible for each of us to choose the amount of education we want, the volume of reading, the kind of diet, good company, and even the way we shall die. In the last analysis, everyone seems to be his own judge and executioner.) The exception that must be made is with the neurotic. He seldom chooses, preferring to bounce back and forth between extremes, and he is never happy with his choices after he thinks he has made them. But he is a study all by himself.

The second warning is that there are a good many distortions of truth about character abroad in the land and some of them have had such a vogue that one is likely to believe them without thinking. Here are a few of them. *Poverty develops stamina and strength of will*. Only to a point. After that, poverty crushes stamina and strength of will, and the individual grows weaker and more hopeless under it.

Truth Much Distorted

A child is always happier with a brother and sister. Not in childhood. The time that brothers and sisters come in handy is after one is grown and it is pleasant to know that here are people who have lived through the same experiences and have a world of memories in common. But it has

been my observation that children are doing well if they can just barely stand their siblings, who, are, in their juvenile eyes, the playmates who don't go home when the game is over. As evidence, I offer the difficulty of breaking the news of a prospective boy to one already in residence, the eternal quarreling, the torments of the older against the younger, the wrangling over friends, toys, et al. If this sort of behaviour disguises a great love, I have missed seeing it.

Do Your Own Thinking

A wife should always confess her misdemeanours to her husband (or vice versa). Both feel better afterwards. About this one, I can only say that I hope my husband never confesses anything to me. In the first place, if he has done something which lies heavily on his conscience, his punishment should be to live with his own sense of guilt. He has no right to unload the miserable knowledge on me and make me unhappy, too. In the second place, confessing often is a substitute for bragging ("I am sorry that I have been so terribly attractive to someone else") and I refuse to be present at such an airing of the ego. The truth is that confession of that kind makes no one happy but the confessee, and he's the very one who has lost the right to be happy about the incident.

I could go on, ad infinitum, with these distorted fables which have had so great a number of followers, but I will content myself by advising you to do your own thinking and *not* to believe whatever you see in print.

The Public Will Tell

How does one know when one has created a character successfully? The public will tell you. People will argue with each other about your book or your play; they will refer to your character by name, as if he were alive; and they will sit down and write to you, through your publishers. My most successful characters so far have been Norma and Mark, from a novelette called *In Name Only*, which the *Woman's Home Companion* published some years ago. The resulting mail deluged the *Companion* office and seeped onto my desk. All the letters were from women, and they all began the same way: "Dear Mrs. Marlett, my husband is just like Mark. What shall I do?"

I'm proud of that.

last week... this wk

~~Kill deer,~~

~~to wheel~~

~~red eyed junc~~

~~of [unclear]~~

~~water [unclear]~~

~~[unclear]~~

~~[unclear]~~

~~[unclear]~~

~~[unclear] PR~~

~~Grade named out~~

~~[unclear]~~

~~red eyed~~
~~bird~~

2 water

3 brown thrasher

4 gold finch

~~5 [unclear]~~

~~[unclear]~~
5 hawk

2 vols.
Ent. "Birds of NY"

Bureau
of
Biological
Survey

Nat'l Ass'n of
Audubon Soc.

Am.
Ornithological
Union.

Birds of New York.
The Starling....Central Park's Baby.

New York City has a peculiar claim upon the starling, for from one hundred starlings imported from Europe and loosed in Central Park in 1890 have sprung the vast armies of these birds which have now swept our country as far west as Minnesota, ~~and north and south as well.~~ They have thrived; and no wonder. They make their loose untidy nests anywhere at all ~~the~~ ^{and} eave of a sky scraper suits them as well as ~~the~~ a hole in a tree. If they have to fight off English sparrows, so much the better, ^{worse for the sparrows.} They have two or three ~~broods~~ ^{broods} a year; and after the young are raised they form in great ~~marauding~~ ^{airborne} companies. In Europe the sturnus vulgaris, with his iridescent green and purple feathers, his long pointed wings and short square tail is well esteemed. Here he has his detractors as well as his admirers. It is true that ~~the~~ ^{his} nests are large and dirty, ~~the~~ ^{he} habits of the bird untidy, that he has been known to kill wantonly the young of other species. On the ~~other hand~~ ^{he} he gives variety to the bird life of cities; he flies in formation ~~like~~ better than an airplane squadron; he ~~is~~ ^{is} a mimic as well as a whistler and can imitate the bluebird and even the gentle pewee, best of all he wars upon grubworms and other pests. When you see the quick sig sag of a starling army over your lawn,

They are
strong
aggressive
acts much
retained
in Eu.

you should always recall

cut worms

Keats on Fancy

Ever let the fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage door,
She'll dart forth and cloudward soar/

Thurlow's May

May! queen of ~~flowers~~ blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire;
Thou hast the golden bee
Ripen'd with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame and free livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers,
And the whole plummy flight
Warbling the day and night -
Up, at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers.

Keats again....
Fancy, high commission'd send her,
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray.

look.
Send to Emma next birthday.

High from the earth I heard a bird;
He trod upon the trees
As he esteemed them trifles,
And then he spied a breeze,
And situated softly
Upon a pile of wind
Which in a perturbation
Nature had left behind.
A joyous going fellow
I gathered from his talk,
Which both of benediction
And badinage partook,
Without apparent burden,
I learned in leafy wood
He was the faithful father
Of a dependent brood;
And this untoward transport
His remedy for care,-
A contrast to our respites.
How different we are!

Painted. They wise cracked while the coffee brewed and talked art while they drank it. And Roger, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Sue thought, probably would not suspect the Chris who was slight of build and had a cadaverous face had charm//.a charm, ^{she} Sue admitted, to which no woman could be insensible. She she admitted also that Roger had no need to worry. She was thinking that, line between her brows again ~~the/xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ when Chris suddenly dropped his brushes and approached her.

"ue," he said, "this has gone far enough."

Sue blushed. "What's gone far enough."

"This skull duggery about a husband."

"How do you know it isn't true."

"Don't you ever tune in on a radio?"

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ "The radio!" she faced him aghast/

~~xxxx~~ A man named Winchell told me all about you

and your Roger, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ s. Last night."

Sue went from red to white. "What did he say?"

Oh he told all ab out that famous quarrel of yours.

"That you and your Roger had quarreled. That you Said that you had ^{And} had run away down here. That he was betting on a reunion, ~~and~~

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ that's where I'm laying my money, too." ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ by the way."

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ "You are?" She was astonished.

"I am," ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ "I think too well of ~~xxxx~~ Roger - I don't know him, but after all we're of the same sex - I think far too well of him to believe tha he would give you up for such a silly reason. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ he'll c me round."

"Do you reall y think so?" Sue ~~xxxxxxx~~ asked faäntly.

"Sure of it. Just stick it out."

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

swinging in the breeze.

Nest marvellous piece of bird architecture built entirely by female though male keeps close company and may gather some of the materials. Close weaving, Constricted top to keep contents from falling out. Often lashed in summer gales.

Pieces of string, tape and colored yarn. ANNIE JO MAY FIND ONE OF HER OWN DRESSES.

Purse of Baltimore oriole is a masterpiece.

loud clear flute like notes as bird moves among the treetops. Series of whistled phrases rather than a complete song, sometimes sev; phrases in succession, sometimes only a single modulated beautiful call. Much variation. Some notes peculiar to individual birds. One heard incessantly to utter Chewink call. Peter peter peter. Nestlings are crybabies of bird world Daybreak to dusk monotonous wearisome incessant tee-dee-dee tee-dee-dee. Male a second song period.

Like gorsbeak, fond of green peas

Box for Mr Grey,
from Maud Hart Lovelace/

I Wanted to be an Actress. The Autobiography
of Katharine Cornell. Random House. \$3.00.

Ruth Woodbury Sedgwick, to whom Katharine Cornell
told this story, "I Wanted to be an Actress", says in her
introduction that Miss Cornell's career was planned "as
fine architecture is planned."

Her statement is both apt and true. The book
reveals a life so ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ordered,
so purposeful, so intelligently motivated that it stands
as a marvel in this ^{muddled} ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ world. It shows...to change
the analogy...that our great lady of the theatre has moved
down one road from the beginning, steadfastly, serenely,
refusing to be beguiled; ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ gratefully
accepting help along the way and fortunate enough to find
love and happiness on the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ same thoroughfare.
A progress planned.

She did not plan, perhaps, to be born into a family
which was devoted to the theatre. (Her grandfather and father
were both amateur actors, her father a theatre manager.)

The Wood Thrushes.....

Happy Boughs

89

Abundant SR in deciduous woodlands.

Nest (as is suitable to a post) rather large untidy structure usually with grass and weed stems hanging loosely from sides and bottom; 5 to 20 feet up in a crotch of a small tree or sometimes out on limb of a large tree. walls and bottom built of mud, grasses, weed ~~leaves~~ stems, leaves and string or rags if available. (ANNIE JO MIGHT FIND ONE OF HER MOTHERS DRESSES THERE.)

Lined with fine grasses. Eggs 3-5, pale greenish blue, unspotted. FREQUENT VICTIM OF THE COWBIRD. Nests may contain 3-6 eggs of the latter. Incubation period 14 days.

Food about 2/5 vegetable matter. fruits and berries, rose hips, seeds. 3/5 animal matter. Beetles, mostly harmful; inc, May beetles, weevils, wood borers, potato beetles; waterpillars, ant, flies. Much fruit is wild.

Somewhat smaller than a robin. A plumper fuller looking bird.

NOTE TO SELF. SO MANY OTHER BOOKS HAVE FAKED BIRD MATTERS HAVING REAL HOUSES FOODS AND SO FORTH CLOTHES AND SO FORTH WHY NOT HAVE YOUR BIRDS LIVE JUST AS BIRDS :LEAVE THE NEST AFTER FLYING ETC.

ANNIE JO COULD LIVE IN IT.

A plumper fuller looking bird than other thrushes. Bright rufous above, lightest and brightest on head and hind neck; darkest on rump and tail. Below white, conspicuous round dark ~~spots~~ spots eye dark br rown. May be told from the veery, the only other russet backed thrush, by larger size brighter upper parts esp on the head, and by the round spot s below. From the thrasher or brown thrush by smaller size shorter tail spotted instead of striped underparts, dark insetad of yellow eye.

A bird of hardwood timber. Hermit Harust in evergreens. Songs

so sadly suggestive of sore eyes in winter, her fair reddish hair tucked over her ears, her hands folded in her lap. About three minutes more of this and she would rebel. She would jump to her feet and kick over the traces. She would get George away, if she had to make a scene. Just about three minutes more....

But at two and a half minutes a young man approached the ladder back chair, a slightly plump young man with curly hair, glasses and a cherubic smile. He was not seeking vainly for a place to leave a glass. He was ^{not} passing canapés. Not did he look a forlorn fellow exile. He had a flower in his coat and the sang froid which comes from the consciousness of admiring approval. In fact, Karn had noted him earlier, the center of a ~~noisy~~ ^{shree-winded} group. What was she doing here, she wondered, as she answered his cherubic smile coldly, with a stare.

"Mind," he asked, "if I join you?"

"No," answered Karn, and to herself she said: "Another theory shot full of holes! Chairs can guarantee nothing. Even ladder back ^{ed} chairs..." She was silent, however. Let him find a conversational opening if he could!

He was not a young man to be at a loss for conversational openings.

"I'm wondering," he said in a kindly tone, "Why you chose a chair so far away from ~~everyone~~ ^{the party?}"

Karn looked at him sharply.

"I see you are a smart young man," she said. She still hissed her 's's, ^{as George had told her to.} although her English was almost perfect now, and she prided herself on her slang. ^{It once had kinky charm.}

similar. Hermit only spring and fall.

The songs of the five small woodland thrushes most beautiful of the whole avian choir. Clear-toned, flute-like, low-pitched, ethereal ringing quality, pervade still shadowy woodlands. Evenings and mornings principal song periods; in dull or cool weather may sing throughout the day.

Woodthrush and hermit much alike, their performances consisting of several distinct phrases of one or more notes each, uttered slowly at brief intervals, now higher now lower in pitch. Singer sits quietly, usually at some height from ground, and pours out each liquid glorious note without any seeming effort and without any definite ending to the song. May sit for half an hour or more and leisurely repeat the several phrases.

song of woodthrush begins ee-o-lee.

Also a short explosive call note quoi-quoit and also a pip pippip. Full song period lasts until middle of July and gradually ceases. Over by first of August.

T H E L A D D E R B A C K E D C H A I R

By Maud Hart Lovelace.

There is one chair at every party, Karn thought grimly, which virtually guarantees its occupant unmitigated privacy ..and George had parked her in it! The ladder-backed chair, placed austerely against the wall, was removed from every eddy of the gayety which swirled in noisy currents through the crowded room. People were standing mostly, in jabbering groups; or strolling, glasses in hand, in search of acquaintances or food and drink. But some chairs were sociably placed. Over by the fire and around the davenport, even chair arms were occupied. ~~The~~ ladder backed chair had no arms to offer. It had not even an adjacent table where some-one might leave a glass or seek an ash tray.

She wished George would hurry. It had been an insane idea anyway, dragging her here. But George was still deep in talk, with the paunchy man, over by the fire. He couldn't have forgotten her, sitting stiff in the ladder backed chair, wearing the dark glasses which looked so chic in summer and

R.B.Robin.

Civilization agrees with him. Man has destroyed many of his enemies and provided him with bountiful supply of fruits and lawns where worms are at his mercy. Mid-April to July, family cares. March 4-Oct.30. A few winter.

II2. Eastern Robin.

Found from limit of trees on north to Gulf of Mexico. In winter to Guatamala.

Nest. Usually in a tree but may be in or about structures. Foundation and walls of nest, mud; binding together with weed stalks, coarse grasses; straw, rags; twine etc in a solid deeply cupped structure, which when dry is lined with fine grasses.

Eggs 3-5; greenish blue. Unspotted or rarely with few spots.

Incubation period about 14 days.

Sev broods in season. Female ^{may} begin building second nest before first brood has flown.

Eats noxious insects; earthworms; and fruit wild and tame. Angle worms a large part pf food. Familiar sight on city lawns, standing an instant with head cocked on side and then with a quick dart seizing and drawing out the resistant worm.

A plump bird some 10 inches in length, dark unmarked back, nearly black head, yellow bill, bright reddish brown below, chin streaked with black and white, white eye ring, white tips outer tail feathers. Spotted breast of young reveals relationship with spotted breasted thrushes. Technically, migratory thrush. Comes middle of March. Male precedes female by several days. Vigorous and varied carol; joyous, loud, full-throated, hearty. Leader in early morning chorus. PERSONALITY. IS HE WEIGHED DOWN WITH DOMESTIC CARES AND DUTIES. SO MANY BROODS. THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WDT US.

with
concern a structure
feel

at all feel
 doubt, that they think as she has them think. It is their
 thoughts and their hearts which she interprets in their
 singing speech. Dena tells Journeyman what it ^{was} like when
 first she fell in love with Langtry. Journeyman tells
 Dena how it will be when the spring comes. again.
~~Perhaps~~
~~they would have said~~ Whether or not they could have
 said, what they said, they could have felt what they
 felt there. *humanly*

The novel does not have the big canvas of Miss
 Roberts "Great Meadow" or her "Time of Man." Yet few stories
 she has told have been better suited to her talents, ^{rather}
 the ~~poetry~~ prose poetry which is her medium. No author
 could have told better the ~~story~~ ballad of Dena Janes

RBRobin cont.

Song period throughout nesting season and again in the fall.

Male robin may choose site for nest, female makes bulky structure alone. Grass weed stalks, rags, string. Much mud carried in bill deposited in nest worked down with feet and bill. Towards last great mouthfuls of mud, sits down and squirms around, kept to dry a day or two.

Built May 5, 7 and 8 empty, first egg May 9, two May 10, Three May 11, Four May 12. May 14-23 bird on.

Herbert Randall in Outlook.

"I hear a worm" said he.

He cocked his head and listened then,
Looked sad, then skipped and hopped
A little way on through the grass
And then on one leg stopped.
Stood tiptoe, looking cross eyes,
As funny as a clown,
Then forward bent, pulled out a worm, and
And slowly gulped him down.

Whip poor will

outer wing quills barred with rusty breast band white in the male, buff in the female

Ossining common SR

shadow by day prominent by night

whip etc calls with a soap and a swinging rhythm that makes the twilight ring with oft repeated notes

2 eggs laid on ground in woods in May. Dull white with obscure lilac markings and a few brownish gray spots

belong to family of goat suckers really took insects from goats small weak feet strong wings

twilight fly about sweeping insects from air

male has white breast band female a buff colored one

Does not make a nest lays 2 eggs on ground

disappearing in thickly settled regions.

eggs are laid on bare ground or on dead leaves; no semblance of a nest; usually in woods or among bushes in clearings; feeds upon night flying insects largely moths mosquitoes June bugs

rests on ground or low perch during day...flies silently like

small owl...colors those of dead leaves and wood; long rounded tail, outer feathers tipped with white; or buff. white or buffy patch low on throat.

in early days hills echoed to their cry

Apr 19 Oct 17 are Ossining dates

lasts often till 4 in morning

48 songs a minute from each performer

come near to porches. Utter cries without intention without tiring

cat birds imitate it Bird stays on nest.

The dolls were not only cut from magazines; they lived in magazines. Betsy and Tacy each had a family of dolls, ^{which lived} kept in a magazine. The servant dolls were kept ~~all in~~ ^{a pile} together between two pages; a few pages on was the pile of father dolls; then came the mother dolls; and then the sixteen year olds, the ten year olds, the eight year olds; the ^{five} ~~six~~ year olds and the babies. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Since ~~the~~ boy dolls were so hard to ~~find~~, there ~~XXXX~~ were always more ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ girls than boys in these paper doll families.

~~When~~ Betsy and Tacy ^{stopped in at his house, after} had come in from school, and ~~Betsy~~ had kissed her mamma, and ~~XXXXXX~~ both of them had ~~put~~ ^{put} their wraps in the closet off the back parlor, Betsy and Tacy ~~XXXXXX~~ brought out ^{the} their magazines in which their ^{he} paper doll families lived. ^{and they began to play}

"May we play here beside the stove, mamma?"
 "Yes, that's a good place to play."

It was too ^{at Betsy's house} for it was nice and warm. The stove stood in the back parlor, ~~the stove that heated the house. The~~ ^{it was a big had coal heater with shining nickel trimmings} kitchen range heated the kitchen, of course. But the stove in the back parlor heated the front parlor which was in front of it, and the downstairs bedroom which was behind it, and the dining room which was just beside it. ^{It even heated} ~~XXXXXX~~ the bedrooms upstairs by a chimney which ran up thru the floor. away from tje stove you got the colder you were, and the nearer to it you sat the cosier you were. So Betsy and Tacy were very cosy sitting right beside it.

It sat on a metal plate designed to keep the carpet clean. And the shining nickel of the stove showed horses with wild manes flying. There were ~~xxx~~ isinglass windows thro

Chapter 4-

Handwritten notes: *Must be same as new version*

Material on meadows and Meadow Larks.

Eastern meadow lark's song not quite so thrillingly flutelike.

We find our meadow lark oftenest in open prairie like country. He is a large bird, brown, with a distinct black crescent on his yellow breast. If you can see him in flight you will note his white tail feathers. He often runs along the ground and makes his nest there, covering it well so that it isn't easily found. He comes to us early, stays late (sometimes all winter long); he eats grass hoppers and crickets and his clear whistling song on a spring morning makes you glad you are alive.

A large quail like bird which shows white outer tail-feathers when it flies; if one can obtain a front view, the yellow under parts and black breast crescent are conspicuous. Tolerably common SR; a few winter.

The meadowlark is the fifer of the fields, whose high clear whistle is one of the most welcome bird songs of early spring. In May when nesting it often sings an ecstatic twittering warble on the wing. The alarm calls are an unmusical dzit or yert and a string of beady metallic notes.

The nest is placed on the ground. The 4-6 eggs are white, speckled with brown,

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13. Margaret is Born
14. Mrs Jarvis comes to call.

The Meadow lark. What adventure, now, can happen at her house?
Nest. On the ground, well concealed, usually arched over and
approached by a runway; built of grasses. Eggs 4-6 white,
spotted and speckled all over with shades of brown and purplish.
Incubation period, 15-17 days.

Food about 75% animal matter - grasshoppers, locusts, crickets
etc ranking first. Beetles including may beetles, weevils,
caterpillars, ants bugs spiders, etc. Also seeds of injurious
weeds and waste grain. Has not been found to disturb sprouting
grain. Valuable esp for grasshopper record.

Fields Marks. Walks or runs when on the ground. Male, brilliant
yellow below with a deep black crescent on the breast, running
up onto the sides of the neck; sides tawny white, striped.

Above striped and spotted with black chestnut and dull white
a medium crown stripe. Outer tail feathers largely white. cheeks
grayish white, and the yellow confined to the throat. Female
smaller, similar, but the yellow paler and the black on the
breast restricted or broken into spots and streaks, as on the
young.

In all but voice and certain details identical with western. Song
shorter, thinner, weaker and less musical. Spring o the year,
spring most here. Call notes quite diff. from western, being sharper
and more like a rapid twitter.

Western. "wild pure clear whistling of the meadow lark"
eastern clean cut piping. Western bubbling flite like.

common roadside bird; fences and telegraph poles ;

the nest is a pretty affair, well concealed in a dense tuft of
dead grass, arched over and approached by a runway often a foot
or more in length. Both birds assist in incubation. Two broods
a season.

TOO MUCH LIKE OVEN BIRD?

30

--- Chapter Four ---

They are going to see the meadow lark in order to inquire about aviators.

Early the next morning R.B. and Mrs R.B., Junioe, the twins, Cozy and Annie Jo started out on their visit to the Meadowlarks.

The dew was still on the world when they left the shelter of the maple behind them and struck out over the plain. In the eastern sky the sun was struggling with scattered clouds into its full brilliance. The air was full of the smell of flowering trees and shrubs. On the prairie....flowers.

This was Annie Jo's first long flight and she enormously enjoyed it. The air about her seemed to have a heady sparkled. It was like "rowing a boat" through a sparkling lake. Now and then they passed other birds ~~whom~~ some of whom flung out a greeting.

They were taking a picnic. R.b. and Mrs R.B. swung the basket between them and the children as they flew dipped down to smell and sniff.

At last they dropped down to the flowery carpeted meadow. Violets, strawberry blossoms, dandelions, red clover, star of bethlehem, corn cockle.

~~Staxx~~ Flowers looked very different to Annie Jo when down amongst them, Almost lost in a thicket which proved to be one violet plant. Violet nodded above her. Perfume overpoweringly sweet.

48

That spring Betsy's father built a room on their house. He said, "What if our family should grow bigger? There's a bedroom for mother and me, and one for Julia and ~~and~~ Katie. But what about Robert Ray Junior, when he comes along?"

So he hired a mason and a carpenter, and they built another bedroom. It was downstairs, tucked into the corner between the back ~~xxxxxxx~~ parlor and the kitchen. It was going to belong to Betsy's father and mother after all. Robert Junior could have one of the upstairs rooms, Betsy's father said.

Betsy and Tacy thought it was exciting to have a room built on. They played see-saw on the clean good-smelling planks. They made curls for their dolls out of the fresh yellow shavings. They dug in the sandpile which the mason had left.

That sand was what started the sand store.

Betsy and Tacy had played store lots of times, ~~the~~ ~~summer before~~. The piano box had been first one kind of store and then another, ~~the summer before~~. It had been a millinery store, full of hats made from beech leaves, and it had been a lemonade store, where they sold lemonade. But no other store they ever had had was half so much fun as the sand store.

This is how they happened to have it.

It was Saturday morning. ~~The snow was gone except~~

Meadow larks were circling in the air with their thrilling
carol, or on wire. Sought new/perch for more thrilling
higher
song.

"Dont expect to be asked into the nest," Mrs
R.B. whispered to Annie Jo. "~~xxxx~~ They aren't very
hospitable."

"I'm enjoying myself out here in the open," Annie
Jo replied, hopping into a flower.

The Meadow larks approached and Mrs R.B. introduced
Annie Jo.

"She's come to stay with us a while."

"A very sweet child," said the Meadwolarks. "Such
a nice size too."

"How did she happen to - er. She wasn't born that
way?"

"No," answered Mrs R.B. "It's Miss R uby."

"Oh, she." Whom ~~did~~ the child used to be?"

"Annie Jo, the little girl of the cottage."

"I still am," Annie Jo protested. But sh obvious;y
was not.

"And that brings us to the reason for our visit."
Mrs Robin put in kindly. "Annie Jo is visiting us because she
has lost her parents. Oh just temporarily."

"I've only mislaid them," Annie Jo explained.

"Her father is the aviator, you know, that big
clumsy bird he flies...."

"Oh yes."

"We wondered," continued Mrs Robin, "whether you
had seen him."

"Why yes," said Mrs Meadowlark. "We did see that

fellow."

"Oh where? Where?" cried Annie Jo.

"He circled three times over the field."

"And then?" cried Annie Jo.

"Why then nothing. He went away."

"Annie Jo could not conceal her disappointment.

"That is his signal for departure," she said, "and if he dips his wings too that means he's coming down."

"Well, he didn't come down." He went away.

While they were talking, a great flurry of birds came flying.

Mrs Yellow Warbler got her new nest made. Went away for a little rest before laying her eggs and came home to find.....They knew what she had found.

Silently they all flew home.

Grimly determinedly Mrs Yellow Warbler was building another layer on her nest.

-----all this frightfully poor.

-----X-----

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Material on Cat Birds.

Both sexes wear same costume at all seasons.

Winters in tropics.

Common SR

Lives in shrubbery; eats a few small fruits. such music as but few birds can produce. Nests in bushes and thickets.

3-5 greenish blue eggs in May.

Nest. Foundation and outer walls of sticks and weed stems, neatly lined with rootlets, inner bark fibre and leaves. In a tangle of thick vines or bushes, thorn bushes preferred, usually near the ground, but may be 10 or 15 feet up in a small tree. Eggs 3-5; glossy greenish blue, unspotted. Incubation period 10 to 14 days.

One egg laid daily May 23-7, inc. May 28 began incubating. June 8 three eggs hatched. June 9 a.m. 4 hatched. noon all hatched. Animal matter 44 per cent; vegetable 56 per cent. Ant, beetles caterpillars, grasshoppers, bugs, etc Berries and fruit both wild and cultivated.

A ~~is~~ slate gray bird with a black cap and rufous ~~underparts~~ under tail coverts. No white anywhere.

No more genteelly dressed or smarter appearing bird in all our woodlands. Sombre and plain but "tailor made." Ever alert and active.

Returns from south in early days of May.

Catbird received its unfortunate name from unpleasant mewing notes, many think these its principal utterance. One of our finest songsters. 2 months or more, during nesting season, male delivers a forceful, varied richly musical medley. morning

and evening.

As a vocalist ranked with mocking bird and thrasher, an unconscious mimic; phrases of other birds calls. "His voice is rich and full, his execution and phrasing faultless."

Sometimes low and restrained, a whisper song. This is heard especially at brief autumn revival.

One of the few night singers.

Catbird usually chooses to sing from some lowly perch in the thicket where he dwells but may at times mount to an overhanging branch or the lower limb of a neighboring tree. thorn bushes very commonly.

hawthorn? shining often lobed leaves, white or pink fragrant flowers, and small red fruit often called "haws."

~~George stirred uneasily and came toward her.~~

"I don't know what you're talking about," said the first young man excitedly. "But I know you're a wench. I came over here to work out a theory."

~~"Yes, and I sat here to work out a theory. George, George, will you come and rescue me from young men with theories. I knew it couldn't be done? I know you couldn't park me at this cocktail party even if you did have to talk business for five minutes with some fat gentlemen and very important and had to be done. You can't put dark glasses on me and put me in a wing chair at the back of the room and nobody recognize Jane Rivers." She threw off the colored glasses, sprang to her feet, a slim dark electric figure, stuck out a ~~sharp~~ red tongue at the first young man.~~

~~"Good God!" said he.~~

~~He ran his hand over his brow.~~

~~The group by the door came over as she departed and opening wallets, as they came.~~

"Here's your money, but did you run a whizzer on us. Testing out theories, indeed. Betting five to one that you could turn a wall flower into a belle in five minutes by giving her a grand rush, and then picking out Jane Rivers."

The young man pocketed his winnings idly, his eye on the door through which had vanished Broadway's newest rave.

TWAS IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.....

FROM MY OWN NOTES.

1939

May 8 crimson azalea in bloom; May 9 apple trees in bloom; tulips, grape hyacinths, virginia bells; May 10 pink and white dogwood in bloom, how beautiful they are against dark cedars; daffs are gone but tulips in full glory, lilacs are beginning to bud, saw catbirds, chickadees; May 11, lilacs, our honeysuckle bush is showing small pink flowers, Merian's painted daisies budding; May 12. azaleas in bloom everywhere, tulips, dogwood, sunsets; May 13, tulips, creamy white, red, pink, gold. Virginia bells. The early phlox, grape hyacinths, pansies. May 20. Lilies of the valley. May 27. Bridal wreath in bloom, May 28. Very warm. May 29. Little perc bubbling and perfuming the air. Mornin sky a deep blue with win rows of cloud and the sun breaking thru. Bouquet of blue lupin and pink painted daisies, Rhododendron budded. Azalea gone.

Sunset, a great wing of grey, deep blue grey, beneath which outspreading rays of sun, and much color below, a flow of gold.

Such a sunset. Sky an average pearly grey, light clouds, and sun a blaze of gold going down. But after sun disappeared, sky became turquoise blue, the clouds pure peach color and in the east pastel pink. In west, among the peachy clouds, an almost invisible moon, like a wire drawn into a half circle.

How I enjoy our breakfasts. Grass drenched with dew. Sun just warming things up,.

This evening after sun went down that same effect of pale pink clouds against the turquoise blue sky and a new moon, gold, shrouded in clouds.

1932

Another May.

May 1.

For the first time this season, I heard the thrushes. Their sweet plaintive 4-divisioned call. Sternes woods in all stages from tight buds to thin leaf to full leaf. Dogwood gleaming white. Violet sm trillium, in bloom along their brook.

May 2. Wistaria. The purple wistfulness of wistaria.

May 3. Maple trees in full luxuriant leaf.

May 4. It was a perfect day, cool, sunny, the dogwood and the lilacs in bloom. The woods not landscaped. I saw violets and jack-in-the-pulpits. We passed the orchard and the vegetable garden which had paths of greensward. On one border a hedge of lilacs, all in bloom. A beautiful symmetrical copper beech tree. And beyond was what looked like a niagara of wistaria. Roses. I will see them bloom later. Two great trees, one an oak and one a tulip.

May 7. Pansies, lilies of the valley. Bridal wreath is coming into bloom.

May 8. Wprld radiant with pink and white dogwood, lilacs, wistaria, bridal wreath just budding,

NOTES ON WARBLERS AS A FAMILY TO
DESC. YELLOW WARBLERS AND POINT DIFF.
WITH OVEN BIRD.

Wood warblers...family name is Compsothypidae

56 regular species in N.A.

Only found in America, called Wood or American warblers.

Surprisingly long journeys to tropics

The Warblers are all small birds; the Chat is the largest and he is only seven and a half inches long. Birds of delicate and graceful form, many species of exquisite plumage.

The typical warbler bill is a slender, sharp pointed, awl like instrument for picking insects out of crevices and crannies, but a no of species have flattened bills, broad at the base and provided with well developed bristles like fly catchers. These secure much of their food on the wing and formerly called warbling flycatchers. Red start and wilsons black cap for ex.

Some on ground, others open brush covered spaces etc etc.

Comm in vast hordes, occupying every conceivable place during their migratory movements spring and fall. Spring migration rapid and direct; waves pass swiftly by; but in autumn in large aggregations work slowly southward. Woods may be alive with birds one moment and deserted the next.

In spite of their name, but few warblers singers of any consequence. Weak high pitched little songs of inferior musical quality. Oven bird, water thrushes and chat exceptions.

Great value, as they eat insects.

35

Quite often, after school, Betsy and Tacy went to Betsy's house and played paper dolls.

Betsy and Tacy liked paper dolls better than real dolls. They wanted real dolls too, of course. The most important thing to see on Christmas morning, poking out of a stocking or sitting under a tree, was a big china doll... with yellow curls and a blue silk dress and bonnet, or with black curls and a pink silk dress and bonnet...it didn't matter which. But after Christmas they put those dolls away and played with their paper dolls.

They cut the paper dolls from fashion magazines. They could hardly wait for their mothers' magazines to grow old. Mrs Benson didn't have any children, so she saved her fashion magazines for Betsy and Tacy. And when Miss Weade, the sewing woman, came to Betsy's house, she could be depended upon to leave a magazine or two behind.

The chief trouble Betsy and Tacy had was ⁱⁿ finding pictures of men and boys. There had to be father dolls and brother dolls ^{of course.} The tailor shops had men's fashion sheets, ~~stiff papers with colored pictures of unnaturally neat men and boys.~~ But those fashion sheets were hard to get. ~~Tacy~~ But Tacy's brother George worked next door to a tailor shop. He told Mr Baumgarten, the tailor, that his little sister Tacy liked these ^{fashion} sheets. After that Mr Baumgarten saved all his

Miss Hummingbird.

Glean much of their food ~~xxx~~ by probing flowers while hovering in the air.

Ruby throat only humming bird in e US

Mites of the brd world courageous and not only fight viciously among themselves but do not hesitate to attack intruders many times their size. Weak squeaking or twittering notes usually, when excited, delicate sweet songs from high perch or during aerial e voltu ions when mating,

Mistaken for hawk or sphinx moths.

" gems of the bird world" "glittering fragments of the rainbow"
Swift flight, yfly backwards and sidewise as well as forwrds, poise in mid air on humming wings visible only as a faint haze above their quivering bodies.

Common SR....Nest a tiny ~~vaup~~ built of plant down, held together and bound to the support by threads of tenacious saliva and spider web, and covered externally with b its of grey or greenish grey lichen. 2 white unmarked eggs.

Aside from flower nectar, the princial part, animal food of small species, spiders, plant lice, small bees, tiny wasps and flies gnaps leaf hoppers. Plain green upper parts.

Wings produce a humming sound.

Wings move so fast "seems to be suspended in a circle of radiating sunbeams" wings make a complete circle of luminous rays.

Pendulum act for courtship and to startle intruders.

Curve like a pendulum attached to a cord 15 or 18 feet long

Fringed extremity of tongue aids in securing insects.

Jewelweed and fire weed attract them, late summer

Nest sad led on a limb, often a dead one, from a few feet to

40 or 50 feet up.

August gatherings among fireweed or jewel weed,

Female ruby throat an accomplished architect for it is she who builds the marvellous and exquisite little nest, without the least assistance from her mate. The structure so dainty and delicate; it seems impossible that it should weather the storms so securely woven and anchored with spider webs and threads of tenacious saliva. Over 2 weeks to hatch the eggs, 3 weeks before birds leave nest, young born naked and for a week or 10 days very puny with short undeveloped bills. Nectar and minute insects at first in squirted into their throats but later pumped into them parents needle like bill thrust far down into throat of infant. Mate does valiant guard duty near by, Female has plain white throat.

Above iridescent metallic green, including middle pair of tail feathers; chin lores and cheeks black; a small white spot back of eye; throat brilliant iridescent ruby red when viewed from in front, black when viewed from the side. A broad white collar just back of gorget, extending up on sides of neck. A white stripe thru center of breast. abdomen and under tail coverts white. sides of body green mixed with dusky. wings brown with purple reflections. The bill of the young bird is lengthening during late summer and fall.

white of the waves and at rocks which gleamed black when the lightning illumined them, Sue softly said Atiel's speech:

"I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
'Now in the waist, the neck, in every cabin,
'I flamed amazement...'"

Chris's arm came around her, but only with a ~~light~~ brotherly pressure. Sue was astounded at the tremor which shook her at his touch. And presently he snapped the lights on again.

"Better go to bed," he said. "I'll bunk ~~here~~, beside the fire. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Then if Linda comes in, I can run along."

"Goodnight," said Sue. "And thank you."

Warm under her blankets, she listened to the wind and rain. How differently they sounded with Chris under the roof! She woke with a start to bright sunlight streaming in and a cardinal asking, "Why worry?" Why worry, indeed!

Someone knocked ^{at her} on the door.

"Linda?"

"No. It's Chris. Coffee on the gallery?"

"~~You've made coffee? Good boy. With you in a jiff.~~"

To her striped pajamas, she added a striped robe. They were trousseau garments. "And very chic," said Chris, when she came out on the gallery. It was flooded with hot sunshine. The sea spread a fan of cerulean blue. The smell of flowers was overwhelmingly sweet...the smell of coffee inviting.

But before Sue could accept its fragrant invitation, carriage wheels sounded on the soft sand of the terrace. A florid young man took the gallery stairs, two steps at a time. He looked at her with stupefaction imprinted on his face.

"Chris," cried Sue. "This is Roger!"

YELLOW WARBLER

A small yellow bird streaked below with brownish; inner webs of tail feathers yellow.

Ossining...common SR

Show me willows over water any day in May or June and I'll show you a yellow warbler. THEN THIS CAN BE THE INCIDENT FOR THE VISIT TO THE POND.

Shade and fruit trees also attract him and he may build his cotton-padded nest in their branches or in the shrubbery below. The song is a simple we-chee, chee, chee, chee, cher-wee, resembling that of the Chestnut-side, but has its own distinctive tone which permits of ready identification, once it has been learned. The bluish white eggs, thickly marked with shades of brown, are laid the latter half of May.

Winters in Central and S. America.

Abundant SR

Nest. Usually 18 inches to 2 feet or 3 from the ground in bushes, but may be much higher; compactly built of fine grasses, bark fiber, plant fiber and silky seed-pappus from various plants. The whole well woven into a neat cupped nest and lined with soft pappus, wool, feathers and hair. Eggs 4-5 faint bluish white, more or less thickly speckled with brown frequently forming wreath around larger end.

Food Larvae of gipsy and brown tail moths, tent and other caterpillars, spiders, moths, flies, etc very beneficial.

Field marks. A small yellow bird, the male distinctly striped with chestnut below. female duller, a few indistinct chestnut stripes or none. Young duller, plain below, etc.

THIS WARBLER IS SOMETIMES CONFUSED UNDER THE NAME OF WILD CANARY WITH THE GOLD FINCH WHICH DIFFERS IN HAVING BLACK WINGS AND TAIL, A SMALL BLACK CAP, and the stout conical bill of a sparrow.

T H E L A D D E R B A C K E D C H A I R

By Maud Hart Lovelace.

There is one chair at every party, Jane thought grimly, which ~~almost~~ ^{virtually} guarantees its occupant the most austere ~~situation~~ ^{privacy}; and George had parked her in it. Although most people were standing rather than sitting, strolling glasses in hand, ~~in and around~~ seeking acquaintances or a center of talk into which they might plunge or more food and drink, some chairs were strategically placed, near the davenport or the fire where gay garrulous groups were gathered. But it would take a charmer indeed to attract a fellow guest to this ladder back chair, placed all alone against the wall not even near a table where someone might seek to ~~xxxxxxxixxx~~ leave a glass or find an ash tray. She wished George would hurry. It had been an insane idea, anyway, dragging her here.

But George was still deep in talk over by the fire where the conversation was hottest. He must have forgotten her

-2-

A sparse little thicket of wild rose or hazel beside some tiny lakelet far out on the prairie ocean is all the invitation it requires to tarry a while and establish its summer home. Everywhere adapts itself readily and cheerfully to its environment. ROBIN ALTHOUGH DOMESTIC IS A STRONG CHARACTER. PERHAPS A MRS ALCOTT SORT OF BIRD. THE YELLOW WARBLER IS A MIDGE BIRD. CHEERFUL BRAVE PRETTY A LITTLE STUPID.

~~DR ELLIOTT~~ Dr Elliott Coues.

Arrives May 4-15. A few days afterwards its happy little song is heard from every copse and hillside.

As soon as leaves put forth concealment, nest,

An upright fork, one to three feet from the ground, frequently in a hazel bush, though it may be in a small shrub is location commonly selected. Sometimes lower horizontal limbs of large trees. Sometimes wind switches frail bushes about. Left nest startled by female grosbeak. Youngster remained in bush all day and was fed by parents. At 11 at end of branch under nest asleep, head under wing; in deserted nest mother bird, head under wing. Yellow warbler is one of the birds most frequently imposed upon by the cowbird and not infrequently disposes of intruders ~~eggs~~ eggs by building a second inner nest thus burying them too deeply to hatch. Nests of 3 and even 4 stories found.

Its song as above. Piercing and penetrating quality. During all the turmoil and din of a ^{wild} summer storm the song of this courageous singer may be heard rising shrill and clear above the tumult. Voluble untiring. Male utters his song at least 3240 times daily. Passes thru state southward in August or early September. USE THE YELLOW WARBLER FOR MIGRATION CHAPTER IF YOU WISH?

T H E L A D D E R B A C K E D C H A I R

By Maud Hart Lovelace.

There is one chair at every party, Jane thought grimly, which virtually guarantees its occupant ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ unmitigated privacy...and George had parked her in it! This ladder back chair, placed so austere-ly against the wall, was removed from every current ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ and eddy of the ~~gayety~~ which filled the ~~xxxxxxxx~~ low-ceiled ~~xxxxxxx~~ crowded room. ~~xxxx~~ more people were standing ^{gaily...} than sitting, strolling, glasses in hand, seeking acquaintances ^{more food and drink or} or a center of talk into which they might plunge. Some chairs, however, were strategically placed: near the davenport, near the fire, chattering groups were gathered. ^{Richardson says the ladder back chair} But it would take a charmer indeed to attract a fellow guest to this ladder back chair, placed all alone against the wall, not even near a table where someone might seek to leave a glass or find an ash tray. She wished George would hurry. It had been an insane idea, anyway, dragging her here.

But George was still deep in talk over by the fire where the conversation was hottest. He must have forgotten her

OVENBIRD.

Other names Golden crowned thrush, golden crowned accentor, "teacher bird."

Chapman says. An olive brownish bird, white streaked with black below, with an orange black bordered crown and no white on wings or in tail. Common SR Ap 27- Novv. IO.

The Oven bird and its near relative the Water Thrushes, bear so little resemblance tñn color and habits to the true Wood Warblers, that one might well think they were ~~relatives~~ members of another family. Their plumage lacks the bright colorsm white wing bars and tail patches possessed by most warblers and instead of hoppin and flitting from twig to twig they spend their time chiefly walking on the ground where they find their food.

It is not so much its abundance as its song which makes the Ovenbird well known. Years ago Mr Burroughs wrote it Teacher, (repeat 5 times) and no one has improved on this description. The ovenbird also sings an ecstatic warbling on the wing; a thrilling performance. The nest is built on the ground and, like a Dutch oven, is roofed over with the entrance at one side. The eggs, laid in May, are white marked chiefly with brown at the larger end. Water thrushes and oven bird are walking warblers. The water thruses also tēeter.

And Dr Roberts says:

Nest: On the ground, well concealed; arched over, with the entrance on one side. Buolt of leaves, grasses and fine ~~weeds~~ weed stalks, and lined with fine grasses; sometimes constructed of dead leaves, mostly, and sometim es largely of fine grasses and weed stalks. Eggs, 506, white, speckled and spotted with shades of brown, chiefly at the larger end.

blood himself and could make a pretty tune when he chose. But he had almost given up his music since his marriage.

R.B. dropped his dreamy gaze to The Cottage. He was fond of The Cottage and its occupants, whose names from what he heard about her garden were Annie, Jo and Annie Jo. Annie was the mother, ~~and a tender, busy, practical mother, not like~~ unlike Mrs R.B. ~~Jo was an aviator, one of those clumsy half birds which had puzzled the real birds so when they first appeared,~~ ^{the birds} Annie Jo was their child, ~~and a very nice child too, who put out crumbs to the birds.~~

~~In fact~~ The Cottage although enclosed within white palings seemed to welcome all the near by wild creatures. Many a time had R.B. filched a cherry from the trees which were weighted now with the fragrant snow of May. Many a time had he watched the bees feast ~~unreproved~~ ^{unreproved} on the purple cascades of wistara and on the ^{ladder} roses which followed them on the white plastered blue shuttered wall. Butterflies and humming birds were forever seeking ~~honey~~ ^{honey} in the garden which showed a carpet of bloom all summer long. Annie and Jo and Annie Jo ate out in the garden in fair weather. He had seen them throw tid bits to the squirrels. They furnished a clean bird bath, ~~R.B.~~ despised a messy one, and a bird feeding ledge where Annie Jo put out ~~those~~ crumbs, and suet too in winter time, so R.B. had heard from the chickadees.

R.B. decided to etc

Food. Caterpillars (including those of gipsy moth.) canker worms, earth worms, small seeds.

Field Marks: Broad stripe of golden brown or pale rufous on the crown, bordered on either side by a narrow stripe of black, is best field mark. Olive green above. White below, striped on chest and sides with black. No wing bars, no tail patches. Walks instead of hops. Teacher song is unmistakable. Juvenile desc. if needed.

"Prettily striped head and dainty mincing walk" "carefully it went over the soft new fallen leaves, availing itself now and then of a half buried log or branch as a convenient pathway, until, believing itself concealed behind a little tuft of faded ferns and twigs, it paused, never eyeing the intruder intently through the netlike interstices of tangled growth that intervened. Without the glasses it was entirely invisible, but with their aid the anxious little eye, with its lighter setting, revealed the whereabouts of its much worried owner. Stood silently studying each other. Golden crown tired first, or becoming reassured, resumed his pretty walk, this time more openly and rapidly; took wing at last; and by short flights from bush to bush passed out of sight." "His crown was bright and plumage fresh, suggestive of springtime, but the fall woods with their eddying leaves and odor of decay were silent and, despite his presence in their midst, no longer reverberated with his ringing crescendo or knew his wonderful song of love. Plain modest little bird...shy and suspicious in presence of man; a lover of the deep woods from the protecting shade of which it seldom ventures; often heard; seldom seen; a graceful walker instead of a hopper; voice and exuberance of spirit during courting time marks it. phantom bird of woodland

T H E T U N E I S I N T H E T R E E

By Maud Hart Lovelace.

Chapter One.

The evening sky was a pale sea into which the last tide of sunset color had ebbed when R.B. Robin flew from his home, Number One, Sugar Maple, Woodland, to the ^{low} ~~fat~~ red chimney of The Cottage.

He made this pilgrimage every evening. R.B. was frightfully busy during the day. He and Mrs Robin raised several broods in a season; they sometimes began a second nest before the first was emptied. And if he didn't watch out he became absolutely immersed in the cares and duties of fatherhood. He made it a point --- it was a vow he had pledged with his soul --- to fly every evening to The Cottage chimney and bathe in the immensity of sky.

Sitting there in quiet contemplation he could see The Woodland as a dark green blur and The Meadow as a light green map, marked by the meanderings of The Brook. The Pond was hidden by its embowering trees but far to the east he could catch the silvery gleam of Ocean. Birds were still singing madly...the Thrushes called to each other as though, thought R.B., they were tossing a golden ball back and forth among the treetops. R.B. listened ^{pensively} ~~completely~~, for he had some Thrush

depths."

"Teacher song ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ commonly comes from the budding spring woods just as they are thickening sufficiently to cast their first faint shade upon the newly opened bellworts, wood anemones and yellow violets below..about time of Rose breasted grosbeak, Baltimore Oriole, House wren. Main warbler wave still a little way behind.

Courting season as brief as it is ardent. Mating, nests built eggs deposited by third week in May.

Nest always on ground, more or less buried beneath fallen leaves and withered grasses, and is usually in a little opening in the forest or along a trail or abandoned wood road.

"Daintily the leaves he tiptoes,
Underneath them builds his oven,
Arched and framed with last years oak leaves,
Roofed and walled against the raindrops."

Nest of deadleaves, dry grasses and slender weed stalks; lining fine grass, rootlets and hair; it is completely roofed over, spherical or short cylindrical in outline; and is entered by an opening in one side, thus resembling a miniature Dutch oven. Forms only a slight and inconspicuous mound above the general leaf bed so almost impossible of detection unless bird is flushed from the nest. Mother bird, a very close sitter. Will not fly unless almost stepped on. Then if the eggs are near hatching or there are young in the nest, she will flutter out and run away over the ground with trailing wings and complaining note, feigning injury in the hope of enticing intruder from her treasures in a vain pursuit after herself.

COWBIRD USES OVEN BIRDS NEST ALSO.

Ordinary song of the oven bird, which commonly announces his presence in the woods, is an emphatic ringing series of notes beginning low and deliberately increasing in volume, intensity

round and blue in a tear-wet face, stared at him in surprise.

"Why, I can understand you!"

"I should hope so," R.B. answered.

"You never talked to me before."

"We only do it in emergencies," R.B. explained.

"This is an emergency, I take it?"

"Oh, yes!" said the little girl. "Oh, yes!" Those sobs began to try again to force their way out. "I'm all alone here. ^{and} I'm not supposed to be. It's ~~just~~ a mistake."

"Where are Annie and Jo?" asked R.B. looking at her anxiously.

"Oh, you know my mother and father? ~~You know my father is an aviator?"~~

"Jo is?"

"Why yes. He's a very good one too. They call him The Bird Man. That's why I'm sure he's all right, but he and my mother have been gone a very long time, and she never came to look after me this Mrs Thurston."

"Why, yes."

Here, my father is an aviator, He's a very good one too, they call him Bird Man.

"Why so, eh?" asked R.B.

But his plane was missing. and mother was

and rapidity of utterance until it ends with a ~~laxxxxx~~ vigor that sends its last notes echoing among the treetops.

Mr Burroughs happy rendering of this song long ago in Wake Robin gave name Teacher bird. READ WAKE ROBIN. Song hard to locate, has elusive quality, perhaps caused by great increase in intensity as it proceeds.

Strange ventriloquous his music
Far away when close beside one;
Near at hand when seeming distant;
Wierd his plaintive accrescendo.

Another and very different utterance, his love or passion song.. Usually at night and above treetops. Not quite true for in height of the love season it may be heard in the deep damp woods at any hour of the day, poured out by the impetuous lover in snatches of variable length as he goes dashing about like mad beneath the forest canopy. Often preceded or followed by teacher call. Usually given alone though. Usually a flight song, on soaring wing over treetops. Desc. 250, Hermit thrushes in great pines.

When the whop poor will is clucking
When the bats unfurl their canvas
When dim twilight rules the forest
Soaring toward the high stars' radiance
Far above the highest treetop
Singing goes this sweet Accentor.

Middle of July closes song season. Monstly leave during September. Winer home in Mexico, Central America, West Indies, s. Florida.

M.H.L. Warblers as family tropical winters.

Eerie elusive cry of "teacher, teacher, teacher not very hospitable.

They heard the cry but could not seem to find it; at last saw its owner walking daintily instead of flying like other warblers. This was Mr Ovebird.

blood himself and could make a pretty tune when he chose. But he had almost given up his music since his marriage.

R.B. dropped his dreamy gaze to The Cottage. He was fond of The Cottage and its occupants.

"Annie, Jo and Annie Jo," he said aloud, ^{humming} repeating with a whimsical affection the names which so often floated upward from the garden. Annie, Jo and Annie Jo loved their garden. They lived in it almost as much as they lived in the white-washed, blue-shuttered, rose-cloaked cottage. They even ate their meals at a ~~white~~ table set out beneath a cherry tree.

Many a cherry had R.B. nipped from that tree, which was weighted now with the fragrant snow of May. Annie, Jo and Annie Jo shared their cherries cheerfully. They seemed, in fact, to have a special feeling for the birds. They kept a clean bird bath...R.B. despised a messy one. They had out up a bird feeding ledge which Annie Jo, the child, supplied ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ faithfully with crumbs and suet too in the winter time, so R.B. had heard from the chickadees. Their garden seemed ^{designed} planned to please the humming birds. Miss Ruby, ~~always~~ shameless, actually got her living out of ^{that carpet of bloom} the delphiniums. R.B. had often observed her, feasting shamelessly. ^{in the delphinium's yellow annie,}

R.B. wondered idly whether this fondness for the birds came from the fact that Jo, the father, was a sort of bird himself. ~~xxxxxxx~~ A clumsy noisy bird, to be sure; but still, he flew. In a great silvery plane which at first had frightened the birds of the Meadow and Woodland but now they saw in it a monstrous beauty. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Arriving and departing, Jo dipped his great silvery wings in salute to The Cottage, and the birds had come to believe that they also shared fraternally in this salute.

They are great lovers; he famous for his love song.

She is inside baking baking baking. She bakes all the cookies for all the birds. Baking in her little chesnut black bordered cap.

Cookies smelled good. A.J. hungry. Not offered one? Offered one? It had been arranged by Mrs Yellow Warbler that she would invite her cousin the Ovenbird. In a brown cap baking baking. When they approach Mrs Ovenbird could fake injury as she does when there is danger to her nest or birds. But that does not fit in with baking.

To make conversation they tell of cowbird. She is often troubled by rowbird too.

Eerie, mysterious, a cook. Leave eggs and young out, as you did with Miss Ruby. They need not be wed yet?

Why does he want the teacher? He doesnt want the teacher. He is the teacher. Scholar type? No. He is calling all nestlings to his classes.

But how can he find time to teach if he spends his time calling out teacher?

I've often wondered.

Or could he be saying "teach her" because he doesn't like her cookies?

they get here to
find that Mrs Cowbird
has laid a second
egg.

the milkman's wagon was magic. It was magic like his horse.

And beside each cup of cocoa were doughnuts. They were hot too. They smelled like Mrs Ray's doughnuts smell when she lifts them out of the lard on a fork. They smelled good. There were plenty of doughnuts for Betsy and plenty for Tacy.

"Isn't this fun?" Tacy said. "Riding along in the milkman's wagon and eating doughnuts?"

Just then the horse turned his head.

"Those doughnuts smell good," he said.

"Oh, excuse me!" said Betsy and Tacy. "We didn't know that horses ate doughnuts."

^{stet} "Well I do," said the horse. ^{stet} ~~Of course I'm a magic horse."~~

And Betsy and Tacy put three doughnuts on the whip and they held out the whip and the horse opened his mouth and the doughnuts dropped right in.

"Thank you," said the horse. "I'll take you home every day it's cold. I'll meet you right where I met you today, on the corner by the chocolate colored house."

In a minute he turned his head and said, "Of course it's a secret."

"Oh yes," said Betsy and Tacy. "We understand that."

~~They looked out ^{stet} and they happened to see Julia and~~

~~"Poor Julia and Katie," ^{stet} ~~xxxx~~ said. "It's too bad we can't give them a ride."~~

~~"Yes," Tacy said. ^{stet} "It's too bad. And we can't even~~

~~tell them~~

Nest of dead leaves, dry grasses and slender weed stalks; lining, fine grass, rootlets and hair; it is completely roofed over, spherical or short cylindrical in outline; and is entered by an opening at one side, thus resembling a miniature Dutch oven. Forms only a slight and inconspicuous mound above the general leaf bed so almost impossible of detection unless the bird is flushed.

"Ordinary song of the ovenbird, which commonly announces his presence in the woods, is emphatic ringing series of notes beginning low and deliberately increasing in volume, intensity and rapidity of utterance until it ends with a vigor that sends its last notes echoing among the treetops. READ WAKE ROBIN. Song hard to locate, has elusive quality, perhaps caused by great intensity as it proceeds.

Strangest even¹triluguous his music,
Far away when close beside one,
Near at hand when seeming distant,
Wierd his plaintive accrescendo."

His passion song, at night, above the treetops.

The warblers as a family winter in tropics.

M.H.L. eerie elusive cr of teacher .

Not very hospitable?

around the larger end."

"Will she throw the egg out of the nest?" whispered Annie Jo.

"No. She has her own way of doing. But she won't accept it."

"What will she do?"

"Watch?" whispered Mrs Thrush. At once the Warblers began to build. The others did not help, for no bird can build another's nest.

"The yellow warbler is one of the birds most frequently imposed upon by the cowbird, and not infrequently disposes of the intruders eggs by building a second inner nest, thus burying them too deeply to hatch. The bird is obliged sometimes to bury one or more of its own eggs at the same time. Nests of even 3 or 4 stories are found. Such nests are high and bulky and it is necessary, of course, to raise the sides each time. They represent a large amount of labor, much ingenuity and no little self sacrifice on the part of the builder."

1 story

"But they are covering their own egg," cried Annie Jo.

"It can't be helped," said R.B. sadly. "In all likelihood the warbler egg might never hatch anyway. The baby cowbirds egg is bigger, and moreover when the baby cowbird hatches he might as like as not smother his nest mates. Mrs Warbler has three or four eggs yet to lay. She has to think of them."

"Well, it's time we were going home."

For the sun had set and changed quite an ordinary sky to a bright penetrating blue. Clouds which had been white were peach colored, now, and in the east they were pink. It

2 story

was a lovely twilight

This is to be a piece on transient birds...what birds
to be watching out for.

Fox sparrow...when does he return? Ossining, toler-
ably common TV March 4-April 20; Oct. 14- Nov 28.

White throated sparrow. Oss. common TV April 10-May
21. Sept 20-Oct 30; a few winter.

Fall songs do not compare with those of sprnf.

Fish hawk. Osprey. Oss Common TV rare SR. April 3-May
26. Sept 29p Oct 20.

Betsy and Tacy looked at each other.

"What's her name?" asked Betsy.

"Her name is Tib." "It's short for Thelma." Julia and Katie explained.

Betsy and Tacy didn't say a word. ~~xxx~~ They started down End Street. "Do you spose we'll like her?" they asked... but silently. Down in their hearts they thought they wouldn't.

They took hold of hands when they reached the vacant lot. They walked as though they were walking into danger. The tall trees and the bushes and the brush seemed to wait in breathless excitement as Betsy and Tacy ~~walked through the vacant lot~~ ~~walked through the vacant lot~~ and approached the chocolate colored house.

THE SUN'S RAYS

About a Bird That Lives in an Oven

That's His Nest and It Has a Door and All—There Are Other Winged Marvels.

That giraffe the farmer saw at the circus isn't any more incredible than birds are. Since this department took to bird hunting, it has run across the oddest specimens you ever saw or heard of. Some are visible from suburban porches, some must be hunted in the deep woods, and others—so far as we are concerned—exist only in the public library. But they may be found in good authentic volumes.

One of the birds we've got our telescope out for is the oven bird. No doubt you've heard of the old woman who lived in a shoe; but did you ever hear about the bird who lives in an oven? He is a small dainty bird who walks gracefully on the ground and wears a bright cap which has given him his second name of golden-crowned thrush. His first and official name, of course, is oven bird. Other birds have caps of various hues but only the oven bird nests in a dome-shaped structure which looks for all the world like an old-fashioned Dutch oven. It has a door at the side, as neat as you please.

Built skilfully of grass and leaves, and hidden among old leaves on the ground in the woods, the oven bird's nest isn't easily found. Its hoard of four to six white-spotted eggs isn't easily discovered. The oven bird himself isn't often seen, but he's frequently heard. He calls "teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher," with vehemence. He is known too for one of the most thrilling love songs in the whole bird world. He sings it by night as well as by day and usually on the wing.

If you have ever heard him, so we are told, you're not likely to forget him. And if you have even seen cedar waxwings, you're not likely to forget them either. That we can vouch for ourselves. They make an unforgettable picture, sitting in a row along a branch, facing all the same way, squeezed as close to one another as they can get and occasionally kissing. For if touching bills isn't kissing, what is it?

They are as handsome as they are delightful, piquant crested birds, red-brown with yellow-edged tails. They feed partly on fruit, but it's worth a peck of anybody's cherries just to watch a row of them sitting on a limb. They stay around all winter, but they break out of flocks into pairs in June. They nest in cedars unless they are near homes and then they often prefer fruit trees. Is it to be near those cherries? They take their name from a waxy substance on their wings, but they might well be named Kissing Birds.

And the scarlet tanager might well be named the Adolph Menjou of the Bird World. He not only has substantial claims to being the best dressed, but he also changes his costume with fashionable frequency. As a nestling he is brownish green, with a streaked breast. As summer advances he changes to yellowish green and adds brown wings and tail. Next spring he ap-

pears in bright red with brown wings and black tail. Before the summer is over, however, he is discarding that suit for a yellowish green costume, still with brownish wings. Next year he is red again, but now with the black wings and tail which form his handsomest outfit.

And through it all his wife stays plain green and brown! But although her husband is such a natty dresser he is a good provider. He brings her plenty of moths, flies, ants and caterpillars while she sits on her three or four greenish brown-marked eggs. The nest is made on the limb of a tree somewhere in the woods, where the tanagers usually live while they are with us, from May to October. It's a carelessly made nest, too. Oh well, you can't furnish a home if you put all you make on your back! And the tanager is certainly easy on the eyes.

Storm King's Beauty Saved for \$6.00

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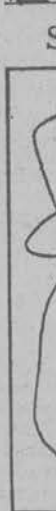
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Life of a Social Reformer Who Once Ran for Mayor

Albert Jay Nock Calls Henry George 'the Forgotten Man of Anglo-American Civilization.'

HENRY GEORGE: AN ESSAY. By Albert Jay Nock. William Morrow & Co. \$2.50.

One of the qualities that always make attractive the writing of Albert Jay Nock is his ability to put down truths in simple but startling fashion. Others have thought of the same ideas, but Nock knows how to make them sharp. He is usually pretty strongly against popular taste in almost anything, and this has tended to make him out to the unknowing as somewhat of a radical. In truth he is a thorough-going individualist, a man of considerable learning and impeccable tastes. His individualism in such times as these makes him a different sort of a radical.

His opinions on Henry George are not startling, however. His essay is chiefly about the path George followed through the world as journalist and social reformer on the platform rather than about the doctrine he preached. But the point of it all is that Mr. Nock feels the world lost a greater philosopher when Henry George decided at 41 to devote his life to propaganda for the principles so beautifully expressed in "Progress and Poverty." He had but seventeen years more, and should have let the masses alone.

This lamentation for the waste of energy and time in Henry George's life is reasonable enough, and Mr. Nock does not let it crowd out more interesting opinions and facts in the essay. The author's aim in writing was not to expound George's philosophy, nor to praise him, but "the humblest of all things, to give certain things a chance to be heard and to be read." It has been said that the author's style is sufficient to make his writing...

Recent Authors



Elgin Groseclose, author of "Ara-rat" (Carrick & Evans).



Geoffrey Household, author of "Rogue Male" (Little, Brown).

With Piz...

THE SUN'S RAYS

Bird Baths, Bird Houses, Bird Feeding

Suburbanites Take Up All Three Now That They Fully Appreciate Singing Beauties.

Suburbanites are becoming more and more bird conscious. That is the observation of this department which has noted how many bird houses, bird baths and bird feeding stations have appeared in the trees and on the lawns of various pleasant towns in Westchester, Long Island and New Jersey.

This department has questioned suburbanites as to which birds favor them. Their list does not end with robins, English sparrows, doves and starlings. They have other feathered friends about which they are curious.

Closest rival to the robin in the affection of suburbanites is probably the song sparrow. His melodic outburst, two or three long notes followed by a canary-like trill, rivals the robin's song as a harbinger of spring. That seems odd, for it does not denote a return of the bird from the South. The familiar and beloved little sparrow usually stays here all winter. Nevertheless, his song epitomizes spring, both because of its beauty and because of the moment he elects to sing it. It comes right along with the crocuses, before the snow is off the ground. He doesn't stop singing, either, when spring is over. Except when moulting, he sings all summer long.

He is easily identified by that dark spot in the middle of his breast. He nests on the ground, or near it in low bushes, and is often seen flitting in and out of dooryard shrubs. His bluish white eggs, marked with brown, may be found in late April. He eats injurious insects, and the seeds of weeds, and is therefore twice our benefactor. Thrice, for surely your suburbanite counts as a precious gift that song which continues the summer through.

Another sweet singer . . . but he's quiet just now . . . is the wood thrush. The very spirit of a summer twilight is expressed by the golden songs with which he fills the tree tops. The beautiful musical phrases are repeated again and again, first high, then low, in a never ending song which often seems to be answered by another thrush in another tree, so perfectly are the intervals attuned. It is a cause for thankfulness that this cousin of the hermit does not confine himself to woodlands but lives and sings as well in shady towns. And while his song is heard at its best in the evening he sings also in the early morning and throughout the day. He is a rich red brown in color with a white black-spotted breast which makes him easily recognizable. He builds a large grassy nest in a tree and three to six plain green-blue eggs are laid in May. A second family is often raised in June. Good! There can't be too many thrushes.

And there can't be too many blue birds. So this department would like to point out that the

blue bird has a housing problem. English sparrows are all too apt to utilize the nestling places suitable for blue birds; especially our bird houses, which is a pity, for the bluebird seems to enjoy living near man. Put out a bluebird house next spring, you suburbanite! And put it out early, for the bluebird goes about the business of nesting around the middle of March. You will be well repaid for your money and trouble, as you know; the bluebird is a charming neighbor. He is very pretty with his sky blue coat and rosy red breast. His soft, mellow warble is sweet. His disposition is sweet, too; maybe that's why the sparrows impose upon him. And he raises at least two broods a year, which offers good entertainment.

Speaking of entertainment you can't beat the catbird! As his name indicates, he knows how to imitate pussy. But he also knows how to imitate other birds. You may often hear the calls and songs of his feathered companions interspersed with his own melody. For the catbird—although not everybody knows it—is a very fine singer in his own right. He pours forth a richly melodious flood, and sometimes sings at night as well as in the daytime. It is a pleasant experience, so we are told, to hear a catbird sing on a moonlight night in your own mock orange bush. He often nests in bushes and shrubs near our dwellings, and the nest is often low enough so that you may have a look at the three, four, or five greenish blue eggs which are laid in May. If you grow berries you may resent the catbird's fondness for small fruit, but remember that he eats many harmful insects. And he really prefers wild fruit to tame.

Most beginners in bird study like the catbird, for he is gratifyingly easy to identify. For one thing he isn't forever changing his dress. Male and female, young and old, the catbird is always outfitted the same in a handsome sober suit of gray topped off with a black cap and relieved by a whisk of red behind.

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THE SUN'S RAYS

Birds That Stay Here All Winter

Among Them Are the Snowbird, the Chickadee, the Blue Jay and the Nuthatch.

Many of the birds who summer hereabouts have left for the South. Others will be leaving soon. Every day are sighted great flocks of birds winging away toward milder climes, and other flocks sitting on the telephone wires planning out their trips, or waiting for the leader to say, "One, two, three, go!"

But this observer has discovered that quite a few birds stay around all winter. And he doesn't mean just sparrows. He means a variety of birds. Suburbanites should not lose interest in their feathered friends just because the leaves are turning and will soon be falling. Don't take in bird baths or stop throwing out crumbs. Read on and discover what beauty, charm and skill you may attract to your garden.

We'll start with the junco. He deserves it. For he doesn't merely linger on here through the winter. He actually comes on purpose to enjoy our winter season. He gives Florida the laugh and picks this as his ideal winter resort. He arrives toward the last of September and stays until early in May, wearing a gray and white costume which matches overcast skies and snowy landscape. Fittingly we call him the snowbird.

We may repay the compliment he pays us and our climate by giving a thought to his diet. Weed seeds, bugs and caterpillars must be hard to find beneath the snow. Throw out crumbs and seeds for him, and if you throw them on the ground he will be especially grateful, for it is natural for him to feed on the ground. He nests on the ground too, but he nests to the north of us. And Mrs. Junco, by the way, keeps one of the cleanest nests in bird-dom.

The chickadee is with us summer and winter, but we see more of him in the winter, for he avails himself freely and often of the supplies put out on bird feeding stations. He is a lively friendly little chap with whom, if we choose, we may get very well acquainted. The nest is a hole pecked out of a tree, cozily lined with soft moss and grass to receive five, six, seven eggs late in May. He eats bugs some of them so small that they escape the larger birds; bugs which are mighty handy too for the human race to have out of the way. So he deserves the suet and the seeds put out for him in winter. Black-capped chickadee is the name, sir; and his conversation consists chiefly of a vivacious "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee."

Probably it's not necessary to introduce the bluejay. One of the familiar beauties of our world is a bluejay seen against a snowy landscape. Fiercely and brilliantly handsome, with his showy blue and white costume, his blue crest and black collar, he is seen at his most dramatic against a peaceful backdrop of white snow. He is with us summer and winter, he and his wife with equal devotion attending their well-made nest and feeding

their young, then joining other bluejays to live in company until May, the nesting season, comes around again.

The bluejay looks bold and fierce; and he is bold and fierce. It must be acknowledged that he occasionally rifles the nests of gentler birds both of their eggs and of their young. He does not do this as frequently as gossips say, however, and he eats much also that is harmful to man. The bluejay has fine qualities of intelligence and industry. You should see him get to work on a nut that needs to be cracked!

When somebody asks you this winter, "What is that small gray and black and white bird which climbs down a tree trunk, head first?" you can answer without hesitation, "The white-breasted nuthatch," for the nuthatch is the only bird which has this accomplishment. He walks downward with the greatest of ease (as was once said of a certain young man on a flying trapeze.) He walks sideways and upward too, searching every cranny of the bark with his sharp pointed bill for insects, larvae and insect eggs. You will notice that he is usually accompanied by his wife. The nuthatches are extremely devoted; they stay mated all the year round. Yet when springtime comes Mr. Nuthatch changes his usual "yank yank" and woos his wife with a love song. They fill a cavity high up on some tree with soft grasses; and five to seven white spotted eggs are laid there in April. This attractive nuthatch family is one with which you may become quite well acquainted, for they come gratefully to bird feeding stations for suet, nuts and seeds.

'Cheese Potato'

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THE SUN'S RAYS

The Ways of the Gay Birds of Summer

In Vacation Days, the Visitor to the Country Can Be Instructed and Charmed.

When taking that midsummer vacation in the country you may be disappointed that you hear so few bird songs. City folks generally imagine that the glorious bird music of spring is prolonged into the summer. As a matter of fact, after the melodious mating of April and May and the vocal domesticity of June, many birds become strangely silent.

Don't ask this department how come; we just don't know. They don't go away, for we see them now and then. Also in late August they reappear, looking, it is true, a bit seedy. Perhaps they are molting during that period of absence, or perhaps they just hate the heat and so retire to their leafy homes. At any rate, they aren't much seen and are less often heard during July and August.

So you will appreciate beyond the ordinary the birds you do hear while you are taking that two weeks' rest on a farmhouse porch. And herewith is presented to you some stray facts about a few of them.

You will frequently hear the plaintive questioning song of the Pewee. "Pee-a-wee?" he asks. "Pee-a-wee?" He knows variations on this theme which he often sings, especially at twilight, but his best known song is that wistful question which the woodland never answers. He lives in the woods, arriving in May, after a luxurious winter in the tropics. The nest is cleverly constructed, being patched with lichen and built, often, on a lichen covered branch. He gets his living mostly in the air, catching and eating more varieties of flies and bugs than you could name. For the pee-wee is a fly catcher like his larger more sociable cousin, the phoebe.

You will see as well as hear the Phoebe. You will see this sociable husband and wife sitting on a wire fence, perhaps; wagging their tails (yes, they do), and making frequent darts into the air to nab an insect tidbit. You will hear them telling their names from dawn to dark, "Phoebe — phoebe — phoebe," until you probably will want to answer, "Yes, yes. I heard you the first time." But we should be friendly to the Phoebe, for he is very friendly to man. He often returns year after year to the same farm, and loves to build his bulky nests about the barns and outbuildings (although an overhanging bank or ledge will answer his purpose, too). He returns in the spring earlier than the other fly-catchers, who winter in the tropics. He winters in the southern part of our own United States and arrives promptly in March, just one jump behind his food supply, the insects. He is friendly in every way, but just about the friendliest thing he does is to confine his diet almost exclusively to harmful bugs. You don't have to say "Shoo-fly" quite so often, if the farmer says "welcome" to the Phoebe.

Like the Phoebe, the red-eyed Vireo talks a bit too much. All day and every day throughout the summer, his conversational song goes

on and on. Even through torrid mid-summer days, the red-eye keeps on singing. He is easier to hear than to see for his olive green tint blends admirably with the tinge of foliage.

Quite as loquacious as the red-eye are the baby Orioles. You probably know their handsome father. He is stunning in Lord Baltimore's colors of orange and black, and his wife, though less decorative, has reason enough for being proud, for she is certainly the world's finest woman architect. Her nest resembles a purse and is attached to the very end of a swaying branch. Woven with the greatest skill it resists all the storms of summer, although when it swings in a wind the baby Orioles must think sometimes that they are on a roller coaster. You may not see her or her husband, but you're pretty sure to hear the youngsters for they complain all day long. They like their meals on time and they like them plenty big. If it gets a bit tedious to listen to them, try to remember how beautiful and accomplished they will be when they are grown.

American crow....he does well by himself.

Suggest Scarecrow lead.

We hate to say so but if a sensible and humane way could be devised for reducing the number of crows it would be beneficial. The amateur ~~xxxxxxx~~ hunter, however, usually does more harm than good by ~~xxxxxx~~ accidental killing of other large birds which are enemies to the crow's themselves and sometimes beneficial. ~~xxxxx~~ It would be fine though if he didn't continue to thrive so abundantly around our farms. To be sure he eats many harmful things like cutworms and mice, but he does like corn and garden crops. He nests ~~thirty~~ forty feet high, and builds him a comfortable nest near some appetising looking crops and poultry. He is handsome in his shiny black suit and the very familiarity of his caw-caw-caw gives us a certain liking for it. A big long bird. 4 to half a dozen eggs, greenish white and thickly speckled. Those young crows have such an appetite. "Eat half their weight in food daily."

Make pets; are mimics.

READ UP FURTHER IN BIRDS OF NEW YORK.

Birds Around New York
Slate Colored Junco...

We mustn't let Florida hear about the junco, for he considers this part of the country a winter resort. ~~Nxxxx~~ ^{toward} ~~xxxxxxx~~ He arrives ^{the last} of September and ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{return} stays until early in May. ~~And~~ We may ~~xxxxx~~ ^{for} the compliment he pays us, by giving a thought to his diet. Weed seeds ~~and~~ bugs ^{must be} and caterpillars ~~are~~ ^{the} hard to find beneath ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{snow} ~~xxxxxxx~~. If you throw your crumbs and seeds on the ground, he will be esp. ~~Grubs and seeds thrown on the ground will be gratefully~~ ~~accepted by the junco~~ grateful, for the junco is a ground feeder.

Gray as overcast skies and white as a snowy landscape, he is a familiar object during the cold season.

American Crow. PR

Sexes alike in color.

over 19 inches long

"shining sable form and clarion call"

30 feet up a tree, nest; 4-6 eggs, green and thickly marked with brownish are laid in April.

given its names to scare crows

during winter, roost in colonies

when serene, is attractive but when aroused screams, pulls up wings, droops tail etc.

Nest compactly built of large sticks and well lined with strips of bark, rootlets etc.

Eggs 4-7 greenish or bluish white, brown spots or blotches.

Eat harmful insects, grubs, weevils, cut worms, spiders, mice, carrion. Injurious...corn. Other grains, fruit and crops. eggs and young of neetlings and wild bird and poultry.

lives in settled regions, harm ~~it~~ does outweighs good.

wholesale killing hawks and owls which ~~setroy~~ crow has caused it to increase; its extermination should be placed in hands of trained agents.

"coal black dress, familiar cawing note" crafty and wise, continues to multiply.

Numbers should be reasonably reduced.

Make pets, are mimics. Eat half their weight in food daily.

Birds Around New York.
Eastern Meadow Lark... His song makes you glad
you are alive!

Do you think that meadow larks belong only to the great open spaces? Then you are mistaken, for we have around New York the Eastern Meadow Lark whose appearance is much the same as his western brother's and whose song is almost as sweet. If it's not quite so thrillingly flute-like, remember that we have the Empire State to boot. You will find our meadow lark oftenest in open prairie-like country. He is a large bird, brown, with a distinct black crescent on his yellow breast. If you can see him in flight you will note his white tail feathers. He often runs along the ground, and makes his nest there, covering it well so that it isn't easily found. He comes to us early, stays late, (sometimes all winter long); he eats ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ grasshoppers and crickets, and his ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ clear whistling song on a spring morning makes you glad you are alive.

---X---

Yellow breasted chat — — —

A large bird, unlike true warblers, but like them in essential structure.

Common SR Strabge wayss strange notes, odd song medlet and peculiar antics.

Brush grown thickety wood borders and clearings.

White evenly speckled eggs, nest low down in some crotch, his angry "chat"

clowns of bird world, mimic

flirting of tail and twistin of head accompanies it

even jerks tail up and down while flying

yellow breast underparts white line over eye. No white on wings or tail.

Song a medley of sounds. Love song melodious falling gurgle

Bulky nest 3-5 eggs

Central America its winter home.

Eats caterpillars and other larvae, beetles, flies, insect eggs.

Heavy bill for a warbler

Dark grayish ol ve. above

Song an odd jumble of whistles chucks and cawss uttered from his place of concealment or while tumbling about in the air above it.

Sp irit of the tangled hickets and brushy wastes, like a spirit

Laugh s cackles whistles mocks,, part clown, largely gossip and medler

SEE CHAPMANS WARBLERS OF NORTH AM Pages 264-268.

~~The~~ Birds of New York.

~~The~~ Bob White ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~woods~~

The Bob White--He stays Put.

Even little ^{plump}
~~Almost the littlest~~ boys and girls know the/Bob White,
their parents ^{he can be found.}
although it is ~~the older ones~~ who eat him, when ~~they find him~~
He isn't the easiest bird to find. Nature has colored him decep-
tively like the ^{leafy cover} ~~rusty~~ he lives ~~close to~~ ~~a~~ ~~rusty~~ ~~hollow~~
a fellow of rusty hue shot with black and grey and chestnut. ~~His~~
throat is white and white slashes streak ^{wa} back across his eyes like
a mask. His wife is even duller in color and as they nip out from
a nest usually tucked under a log or a ~~bank~~ spreading shrub they
are ~~likely to be~~ missed ^{oftener than} ~~if~~ they are spotted by the sharpest
watcher. The wife lays up to eighteen eggs, ^{come May or June} but sometimes as few as
eight or ten, and ~~after the hatching~~ she teaches her
brood first of all to hide. Mainly they ^{live} live out their lives where
they are born, moving only small distances ~~in~~ when they ~~run~~ run short
of the seeds and berries and such that are their chief food.

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Birds of New York

The Mourning Dove.

The mourning dove says, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ "Coo-o-o--
 coo-
 ah-coo-o-o-~~xxx~~-coo-o-o," and as often as not you can't tell where
 the soft forlorn call, ^{could come} ~~came from~~. Nevertheless ^{perhaps} ~~this~~
 bird is biggish,
 slim ~~and lovely~~ ^{upwards} of 12 inches long. L.I.

Its lovely coloring is hard to paint, faithfully

New York ~~winter~~ ^{winter} will be given for the
 cold winter of south, though it flies back
 in early spring. It is one of the
 loveliest of birds, with ^{a long, graceful tail, pointed wings,}
 iridescent neck feathers, blue-grey upper
 parts & black bill & handsome red feet. It
 feeds in fields & woods, but much of its ^{Sometimes} on the ground,
 sometimes in a tree. Its nest lays two
 white eggs always in a pile. ~~and~~

Birds of New York

The Sharp-shinned Hawk.

This one is a pint-sized fellow, ~~and he~~
~~does little else.~~ ~~Other birds are his favorite prey,~~ ~~but~~
Does little else. He flies like a streak and
like a modern gunner he runs along
his victim's trail until he has poked his
beak in. ~~He~~ ~~flies~~ ~~like~~ ~~a~~ ~~streak~~ ~~and~~
~~is~~ ~~very~~ ~~fast~~ ~~and~~ ~~underfoot~~ ~~on~~
markedly colored. He comes sleek along,
the latter whitish and quite regular
streaked with red. He ~~is~~ ~~very~~ ~~fast~~ ~~and~~ ~~underfoot~~ ~~on~~
the low, is ~~very~~ ~~fast~~ ~~and~~ ~~underfoot~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~low~~
nest, now high, now low, ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~will~~
conceals trees at ~~the~~ ~~beginning~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~day~~ ~~and~~ ~~is~~ ~~very~~ ~~fast~~ ~~and~~ ~~underfoot~~ ~~on~~
than their enemies wish they would, in
3-4-5-6 eggs & These are white,
shooting between blue and green.

Red winged blackbird.

Male in spring and early summer unmistakable; in winter, feathers tipped brownish

Common SR....Feb 25-Nov 11

Red wings ko g-quer-ree means presence of water

May be only boggy marsh

Half spreads his wings, fluffs out scarlet epaulets, a singing flower.

Nest in alders, button bushes or reeds.

Birds come in March; pale blue, spotted, blotched, scrawled eggs are not laid until May. Except when nesting, live in flocks.

Sometimes called officer bird

Comes out and scolds when approach nest

Eat heads of growing grain but also many harmful insects.

Only one eighth of diet is grain; "a valuable bird in spite of its reputation"

walks or runs when on the ground at least in Minn.

Early comers followed by flocks, first males and then females.

Corn in the milk, fields of corn plundered

In mating season spreads out to show red epaulets...bows and sways....

Male has 2 or 3 mates. Female takes care of brood alone but male guards

Not so distinctly a colonising bird as the yellow head.

o-ka-lee, familiar song.

MIGHT LOOK UP BEFORE WRITING IN BIRDS OF NEW YORK.

as imm. species, different.

Lovelace...feature for Oliver.

Birds of New York.
The Screech Owl..."Screech Owl, indeed!"

"Screech owl, indeed!" the otus asio asio would probably murmur if he could understand English and should hear the name which we have given him. His mournful cry is quite unlike a screech. Hoo-hoo-hoo! ~~xxxxxx~~ More like a banshee's wail, ~~xx~~ it quivers through the evening air. If you've ever heard an owl, you've probably heard the screech owl for he is the most ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ common of his kind. He's odd to look at. Two tufts of feathers stand up like ears and give him...with his yellow eyes...a catlike appearance. Male and female have no distinctive markings, a characteristic unusual in bird life. They ~~live often in hollow trees and~~ hunt during the night but are not stone blind by daylight. ~~They eat mice which they catch neatly with their claws~~ are faithful mates, and year after year come back to the same hollow tree. There they sleep in the daytime and hunt by night, mice, mostly, but alas one can often find feathers in their untidy nests. Friends if the screech owl claims that he only eats other birds when he needs food badly for his own young. Of course, people will do most anything for their childred.

Chapter 9

Around

Birds of New York
The Fish Hawk...A Word to Hunters.

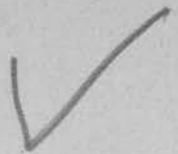
His formal name is osprey, and he arrives in April. Occasionally he spends the summer, but usually he goes on north after a couple of months and passes through again, in a leisurely way, ~~in late September~~ southward -bound ⁱⁿ October. He is a fierce looking fellow with a hooked bill, and claws which look as though they meant business. They do, too; for he ~~knows~~ knows how to catch and hold the slipperiest of fish. He can sight his prey from a great height, and you're not apt to forget...if ~~you~~ ^{you've} ever ~~seen~~ seen it...~~that~~ ^{it's} thrilling plunge he makes to catch ~~a~~ ^{a fish.} Having captured ~~a fish,~~ ^{it,} he carries it off in his claws, always, for some strange reason, with the head forward. His nests are near the water, in trees ~~and~~ or cliffs; there are often a number of them together. They are bulky untidy affairs, and he ~~adds to their bulk and also their untidiness,~~ ^{makes additions to them} from year to year. The fish hawk is often the victim of careless hunters. They should spare him, for he eats only fish, and more than earns his keep by that spectacular swoop ~~from~~ ^{the} from sky to water. Tell ~~your~~ ^{the} hunters in your family to watch out for the fish hawk and to leave him strictly alone.

Around

Birds of New York

The White-throated Sparrow...Will he sing for the Worlds Fair?

Your musical education is incomplete if you have failed to hear the white-throated sparrow sing. He uses this vicinity as a stopping place on his lieisurely migration to parts north, and if you watch out you may see (and hear) him during April and May. He arrives again toward the last of September and tarries a few weeks. He is a handsome bird with a crown of black and white stripes which slightly resembles that of his cousin, the white-crown. But his distinctive markings are the touch of yellow on his face and his easily noticed white throat. You will find him in undergrowth, often with other sparrows, hunting his food on the ground. ~~But~~ When he sings he sings from a branch, and his song will make you sit up and listen. It is even better after he arrives at his northenn destination. But en route it is plenty good enough. ~~The~~ notes form a song which you can whistle, and in Canada they have made up words for it, words complimentary to their country. Maybe we can give it our own words; tie it up with the Worlds Fair.



Around
Birds of New York.

Fox Sparrow....Try to hear a Fox Sparrow Choir.

He's a handsome bird and a fine songster, this big reddish-brown sparrow, but you'll have to look sharp if you're going to see him, for he's a transient. He summers north of us and winters south of us; we only see him as he passes through from early March to late April and again from the middle of October to the end of November. You may have glimpsed him and thought he was a Hermit Thrush, because of his reddish brown tail. But look again and you'll recognize his thick characteristic sparrow's bill. He makes it worth your while to be out in the woods early on spring mornings. Like the Hermit, he has a lovely song. Moreover he likes to sing in company and a fox sparrow choir, once heard is never forgotten. Try to see him scratching for food. He makes the withered leaves fly as he jumps back and forth, using both legs ~~xxx~~ with good purpose. When he does this, he'll remind you of the towhee. But we think the fox sparrow thought of it first.

This is a month when Nature has more pity than usual on peevish townfolks vacationing in the country. The bird songs are hushed. Come September they will rise again, as their owners fluff up a new crop of feathers and feel more like singing... who doesn't when he has a new suit? But meantime you and I will need less often to throw up a defense for owls and whip-poor-wills and such.

It is the night birds that make city critics most critical. Warbling creatures in sunlight are endurable, even pleasant. But if a man in bed isn't entitled to quiet, he certainly is entitled to kick. And this summer the kicks have been coming hard and often.

Those owls! Those triple-blasted screech owls! Poor Otus Asio Asio! If he could hear it, he would be the first to protest against that "Screech." His mournful cry is no more like a screech than your grandmother's cookies are like the stuff you got out of the self-service beanery yesterday. More like a banshee's wail quivering through the evening air. Hoo-hoo-hoo!

He sounds like a banshee but he looks catlike with his feather tufts standing up like ears and his yellow eyes. He looks pretty awful but his conduct is admirable, so far as

his wife is concerned. He is a faithful husband, who never looks toward Reno. And if his untidy nests often show feathers he never shed, blame his love of family. He will do anything under the sun to feed his sons and daughters. He would prefer to catch mice, but if the mice run short ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ sleeping birds will do nicely.

The screech owl may have no proper screech but the whip-ppor-will certainly justifies his name. Whip-poor-will, whip-ppor-will, whip-poor-will, he calls over ^{and wry.} The "will" goes up like a cracking whip. By daybreak poor will ought to have had a fine thrashing, but he never ceases asking for more. No less an authority than Dr Thomas S Roberts has observed that the whip-poor-will sings at the rate of forty eight songs a minute. One long-winded record seeker was counted delivering his call three hundred and fifty times without pause. There are Marathon maniacs in feathers too.

Whip-ppor-will is a busy codger so far as conversation goes, but he does no home-making. He sleeps all day and at night he doesn't do a lick of the work most other birds dote on. When his wife lays two dull eggs, marked with lilac and brown, she ^{uses} ~~finds~~ no nest. She deposits them on the bare ground, looking only for a sheltered depression likely to go unnoticed. Meanwhile her husband is whipping with a will, and pretty soon she is whipping with him. ~~But~~ when their young are trying their first baby calls the old folks show them how to flash off the ground for ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ mouthfuls of night flying insects. Moths are fair

game often caught, and mosquitoes aren't too small to bother over.

It isn't only night birds that may keep you awake. A day bird which sings, and beautifully, after dark is the little known Oven bird. He is also called the Teacher bird because of his crescendo cry of "Teacher! Teacher! Teacher!" which ~~John~~ Burroughs marked long ago. In addition he knows a love sing which he prefers to sing at night. But not under a balcony, as Romeo did. He sings on the wing, high above the tree tops.

---x---

and year after year come back to the same hollow tree. There they sleep by day and from thence they hunt by night....mice, mostly; but , alas! you can often find feathers in their untidy nests. Friends of the screech owl claim that he eats other birds only in very bad mousing weather, or when he needs food for his young. What people (and owls) will do for their children!

The screech owl may have no proper screech but the whip-poor-will certainly justifies his name. Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, he calls over and over, sometimes all night long. The "will" goes up like a cracking whip and we feel that by daybreak poor will has had a very thorough beating. ^{The} ~~his~~ song seems almost incessant at times. And no less an authority than Dr Thomas S. Roberts has observed that the whip-poor-will ~~he~~ sings at the rate of 48 songs a minute. Once he was ~~noted~~ noted to deliver his ~~call~~ call 350 times without pause.

He sounds energetic but he makes no nest. Two dull white eggs, marked with lilac and brown, are deposited on the ground in May. Night flying insects such as ~~moths~~ moths and mosquitoes end their lives in his mouth which is huge and bordered ~~by~~ by whisker-like bristles. He loves the woods and unless you vacationed near them you probably did not see him, sitting on the ground or near it, industriously delivering his cry. Unlike a model child, the whip-poor-will is usually heard but not seen.

You may have seen the nighthawk, however, both by sunlight and moonlight. He dozes during the day on the limb of a tree or a fence rail, and while his dull colors make him inconspicuous, he may be discovered by the sharper eyed. With twi-

light, he begins to circle in the upper air, uttering that cry which has been described as a scream. It was probably the night hawk's scream which made you long for Times Square the time you were imprudent enough to take a stroll alone in the country at night. The nighthawk, unlike the whip-poor-will, favors open country. In fact, the female may lay her eggs on a pasture knoll, or a rock, or even a rooftop.

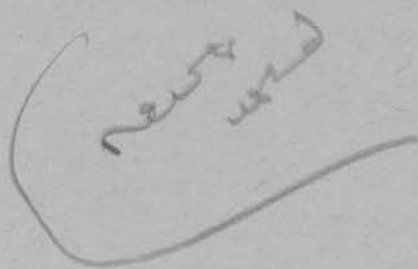
If the songs you heard in the country at night were less mournful than that of the screech owl, less menacing than that of the whip-poor-will and less eerie than that of the night hawk, perhaps they came from some birds which you know perfectly well by day. The robin, for example, will warble at night if he can't sleep; probably much as you or I pick up a detective story. ~~radio/~~ The catbird too knows a night song which is considered superior even to the heavenly melody he can pour forth by day... if he cares to.

Another day bird which sings beautifully at night is the little known oven bird. He is also called the "Teacher Bird, because of his crescendo cry for "teacher, teacher, teacher" of which Burroughs wrote long ago. In addition to his teacher song, the oven bird knows a love song which he prefers to sing at night. He sings it on the wing, usually, and high above the tree tops.

You were fortunate if you heard ~~thax~~ glorious night music of the oven bird, while this department was tuning in on the radio and probably complaining of static.

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Lovelace,
feature for Oliver.



Bird fanciers these days are keeping a sharp look-out, not only for the familiar robin and song sparrow who arrive most any time now and spend the summer, but also for less well known birds who pause here briefly on their way to more northerly haunts.

Among these is the fox sparrow. He's a handsome bird and a fine songster, this big reddish-brown sparrow, but you'll have to look sharp if you're going to see him, for he's a transient. He summers north of us and winters south of us, and we only see him as he passes through from early March until late April....and again in the autumn, of course.

You may have glimpsed him and thought he was a hermit thrush, because of his reddish-brown tail. But look again and you'll recognize his thick, characteristic sparrow's bill. He makes it worth your while to be out in the woods early on spring mornings. Like the hermit, he has a lovely song. Moreover, he likes to sing in company, and a fox sparrow choir, once heard, is never forgotten. Try to see him scratching for food. He makes the withered leaves fly as he jumps back and forth, using both legs with good purpose. When he does this he'll remind you of the towhee.

Another sparrow which uses this vicinity as a stopping

place on his leisurely migration to parts north, is the white-throated sparrow. If you watch out you may see, (and hear) him during April and May. He arrives again toward the last of September and tarries a few weeks. He also is a handsome bird with a crown of black and white stripes which slightly resemble that of his cousin, the white crown. But his distinctive markings are the touch of yellow on his face and his easily noticed white throat. ~~xxxxxxx~~

You will find him in undergrowth, often with other sparrows, hunting his food on the ground. When he sings, he sings from a branch, and his song will make you sit up and listen. It is even better after he arrives at his northern destination. But en route it is plenty good enough. The notes form a song which you can whistle, and in Canada they have made up words for it, words complimentary to their country. Maybe we can give it our own words; tie it up with the World's Fair?

You will-have-to wait until April for the ~~Fish Hawk~~. Occasionally he spends the summer, but usually he goes on north after a couple of months and passes through again, ~~xx~~ without hurrying, southward-bound in October. He is a fierce looking fellow with a hooked bill and claws which look as though they meant business. They do, too; for he knows how to catch and hold the slipperiest of fish. He can sight his prey from a great height, and you're not apt to forget...if you've ever seen it....the thrilling plunge he makes to catch a fish. Having captured it, he carries it off in his claws; always, for some strange reason, with the head forward.

~~xxxxxx~~ His nests are near the water, in trees or cliffs; there are often a number of them together. They are

bulky untidy affairs, and he makes additions to them from year to year. The fish hawk is often the victim of careless hunters. They should spare him, for he eats only fish, and more than earns his keep by that spectacular swoop from sky to water.

Tell the hunters in your family to watch out for the fish hawk and to leave him strictly alone!

---X---

Suburb. birds - 1
" " " 2

and birds -

summer singing birds -

city birds -

night birds - ~~not another~~

winter birds -

night birds - do not.

✓

Around

Birds of New York
The Wood Pewee...Who doesn't know all the answers

Hot summer afternoons in the country are associated for many of us with the plaintive questioning song of the Pewee. "Pee-a-wee?" he asks. "Pee-a-wee"? ~~He~~ knows variations on this theme, which he often sings, especially at twilight, ~~but~~ ^{his} ~~best known~~ ^{song is} ~~that~~ ^{wistful} ~~persistent~~ question which the woodland never answers. He lives in the woods, arriving in May, after a luxurious winter in the tropics. ~~His~~ ^{The} nest is ~~cleverly~~ ^{cleverly} constructed, being patched with lichen and built, often, ~~on~~ on a lichen covered branch. He gets his living mostly in the air, catching and eating more varieties of flies ~~than~~ ^{is a fly catcher,} and bugs than you or I could name. For the pewee, like his larger, more sociable cousin, the phoebe. ~~The~~ ~~peewee's~~ ~~white~~ ~~eggs~~ ~~wear~~ ~~a~~ ~~wreath~~ ~~of~~ ~~brown~~ ~~but~~ the pewee himself is a soberlooking little olive grey ^{bird.} word. Maybe he wishes he knew more of the answers.

Around

Birds of New York

The Red-eyed Vireo...He never gets through talking.

The red-eyed vireo talks too much, and that's the truth of it. All day and every day throughout the summer, his conversational song goes on and on. Even through those torrid mid-summer days when most birds haven't much to say, the ~~bird~~ ^{red-eye} keeps on singing. He is easier to hear than to see, for his olive green tint blends admirably with the tint of foliage. And he always lives in trees....in forests, ~~on~~ shady lawns, in city parks. His wife builds a marvelous nest of bark and twigs, finished off with birch bark, lichen and cocoons, shaped like a cup and hung securely in the fork of a branch. The vireo is a good citizen, eating many harmful insects and larvae. We can forgive him for being a bit of a bore. He winters in the tropics. And perhaps he is talking about his travels, when he sings on and on like that, forgetting to stop.

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Birds Around New York
The Baltimore Oriole....Meet the Mrs.

When medals are being distributed to women of importance, as they are about every so often, why doesn't someone remember Mrs Oriole? She is certainly the world's finest woman architect. Her nest resembles a purse and is attached to the very end of a swaying branch. Woven with the greatest skill it resists all the storms of summer, although when it swings in a wind the baby orioles must think sometimes that they are on a roller coaster. She builds of bark and weeds and the down of plants but will use bright bits of yarn, too, if you will put them out for her. She ought to be as well known for her architecture as her husband is for his looks. He is stunning Lord Baltimore's colors of orange and black, and his whistle is a pleasant summer sound. Speaking of ~~the~~ orioles, the babies complain so bitterly when their food isn't forthcoming, that it gets a bit tedious to listen to them. But try to remember how beautiful and accomplished they will be when they are grown.

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Around

Birds of New York.

The Eastern Robin...Did you know he was a Thrush?

Those big plump brilliantly-breasted robins which early in March announce the arrival of spring are all males. The male robin makes the northern journey several days ahead of the female. When the female arrives, however, she repays the male for his preliminary scouting by building alone and unaided, that nest which you may find almost anywhere around your lawn...in a tree or under your eaves or out in the garage. She carries the mud in her bill, combines it with leaves, grass, twine or what-have-you, stamps it all into place and even sits down and squirms around to make the nest just right. Then she leaves it to dry before lining it with grass and laying the three or four greenish-blue eggs. Nothing can equal the rich joyful ^{song} ~~melody~~ of the robin's song on a chill April morning or evening. You know it, of course. But do you know that his membership in the thrush family accounts for it? Migratory thrush is one name for your old friend Robin.

Around
Birds of New York.
The Starling...Central Park's Baby.

New York City has a peculiar claim upon the starling, for from 100 starlings imported from Europe and loosed in Central Park in 1890 have sprung the vast armies of these iridescent, long-winged short-tailed birds which have swept our country as far west as Minnesota. They have thrived, and no wonder! They make their loose nests anywhere. The eave of a skyscraper suits them as well as ^a hole in a tree; if they have to fight off English sparrows or a flicker, all the better. They have two or three broods a year. And after the young are raised they move in great companies, strong, adaptable, aggressive. The starling has his detractors, who say that his nests are untidy, that he raids orchards and has been known to kill the young of other species. He has his claims to our admiration, however. He gives variety to the bird life of our cities, he flies with spectacular skill in formation, he is a mimic as well as a whistler, and he wars on many insect pests. Homeowners who see a starling army zigzagging over their lawns should be glad that Central Park welcomed this immigrant.

Birds Around New York
English Sparrow...Brooklyn's Baby.

Just as the starling is New York's Baby, the English Sparrow is Brooklyn's Baby. Strange as it may seem, there weren't any of these now ubiquitous birds in the United States until 1850 when some well-intentioned Brooklynites imported eight pairs. Other towns and cities followed the example set by Brooklyn and secured and released small groups of sparrows with much public rejoicing. That rejoicing is now considered ironic, for the sparrow is dirty, greedy, noisy and quarrelsome. Probably, though, he has to be that way to thrive on City Streets. We can't expect to have bluebirds and orioles at Times Square, and the lively little sparrow is certainly better than no bird at all. To describe him seems a bit like describing your own grandmother to you, but just for the record...he's reddish grey and black above, grayish white beneath. As to his habits of courting, fighting, nest building, family rearing and food searching, just look out any window, any time of day.



Birds Around New York
The Oven Bird...The bird that lives in an oven.

We all know about the old woman who lived in a shoe, but not enough of us know about the bird who lives in an oven. He is a small dainty bird who walks gracefully on the ground and wears a bright cap which has given him his second name of golden-crowned thrush. His first and official name, of course, is oven bird. Other birds have caps of various hues but only the oven bird nests in an oven. He makes it himself, a dome-shaped structure which seems to be patterned ~~like~~^{on} the old-fashioned Dutch ovens. It has a door at one side, as neat as you please. Built skilfully of grass and roots, and hidden among old leaves on the ground in the deep woods, it isn't easily found; its hoard of four to six white spotted eggs isn't easily discovered. The oven bird himself isn't often seen, but he's frequently heard. He calls "teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher" in a rising crescendo which makes you think that someone wants the teacher mighty bad. He is known too for one of the most thrilling love songs in the whole bird world. He sings it by night as well as by day and usuall on the wing.

in shady places. The lilac bush by the kitchen door was budded, and Julia and Katie had gone up on the hill to pick may flowers and blood roots. Betsy and Tacy had stayed to play in the sand.

The sand was so white and pretty that Betsy and Tacy got an idea.

"Let's put it in bottles and sell it," Betsy said.

"Where will we get the bottles?" asked Tacy.

"Oh, we'll ask our mamas and Mrs Benson," said Betsy.

So she and Tacy ran to get the bottles.

Betsy's mother gave them an olive bottle and a pickle bottle and a catsup bottle. And Tacy's mother gave ^{them} ~~her~~ a pickle bottle and a catsup bottle and a big fat jar. And Mrs Benson gave them a catsup bottle and a pickle bottle and a perfume bottle with a blue colored stopper. Betsy and Tacy washed all the bottles and took them to the sand pile.

"Now we'll fill them ~~with sand~~ ^{putting the sand with a spoon} said Betsy, and they began on the pickle bottles, but the sand didn't look so pretty, shut away from the sun.

"~~It doesn't~~ ^{It doesn't} these bottles don't look very pretty," said Betsy.

"~~No, they don't,~~ ^{It doesn't}" said Tacy. "I wish that sand was colored like our Easter eggs."

Then Betsy jumped up, and began to jump up and down.

"Tacy!" she cried. "I saved those Easter egg dyes.

~~Don't you remember? Mama was going to throw them out, and I~~
~~teased.~~ They're put away in bottles in our piano box."

And sure enough, they were! They were hidden in a

Birds Around New York
Slate Colored Junco.....He gives Florida the laugh.

We mustn't let Florida hear about the junco. He considers this part of the country a winter resort. He arrives toward the last of September and stays until early in May, wearing a grey and white costume which matches our over-cast skies and snowy landscape. ~~Very~~ **F**ittingly we call him the snow bird. We may return the compliment he pays us and our climate by giving a thought to his diet. Weed seeds, bugs and caterpillars must be hard to find beneath the snow. Throw out crumbs and seeds for him, and if you throw them on the ground he will be especially grateful, for it is natural for him to feed on the ground. He nests on the ground too, but he nests to the north of us. When you see a flock of juncos in earnest consultation, you may know that they are planning a journey and that you won't be paying oil bills much longer. Mrs Junco, by the way, keeps one of the cleanest nests in Bird-dom.

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Birds Around New York
Black-Capped Chickadee...He earns his suet.

Although a chickadee is almost a synonym for cheerfulness, maintaining a constantly jaunty bearing even in the midst of winter's snows and storms, he must get low in his mind now and then. For in addition to the vivacious "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee" by which all of us know him, he sometimes sings a deceptively plaintive "Pee-wee" "Pee-wee". Maybe, of course, he just likes to fool us. It does cause a lot of excitement~~x~~, his giving the pewee's call, at a time when the pewee is luxuriating in tropical sunshine. The chickadee himself is with us summer and winter. We see more of him in the winter, ~~when~~^{for} he avails himself freely and often of the supplies we put out on our bird feeding stations. He is a lively friendly little chap with whom, if we choose, we may get very well acquainted. The nest is a hole pecked out of the side of a tree, cosily lined with soft moss and grass to receive five, six, seven eggs late in May. He eats bugs, some of them so small that they escape the larger birds; bugs which are mighty handy for the human race to have out of the way. So he deserves the suet and the seeds we put out for him in winter.



Birds Around New York
The Bluejay...You'll find him worth watching.

One of the familiar beauties of the world, is a bluejay seen against a snowy landscape. Fiercely and brilliantly handsome, with his showy blue and white costume, his blue crest and black collar, he is seen at his most dramatic against a peaceful backdrop of white snow. He is with us summer and winter, he and his wife with equal devotion tending their well made nest and feeding their young, then joining other bluejays to live in company until May, the nesting season, comes around again. The bluejay looks bold and fierce; and he is bold and fierce. It must be acknowledged that he occasionally rifles the nests of gentler birds both ~~for~~ of their eggs and of their young. He does not do this as frequently as gossips say, however, and he eats much also that is harmful to man. The bluejay has fine qualities of intelligence and industry. (You should see him get to work on a nut that needs to be cracked.) ^{And} You will find him worth watching if he decides to settle down in those evergreens in your dooryard.

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Birds Around New York
 White Breasted Nut hatch...
 He has a unique accomplishment.

When somebody asks you, "What is that small grey and black and white bird which climbs down a tree trunk, head first?" you can answer without hesitation, "The White-breasted Nut hatch", for the nuthatch is the only bird which has this accomplishment. He walks downward, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ with the greatest of ease (as was once said of ~~xxx~~ a certain young man on a flying trapeze.) He walks sideways and upward too, searching with his sharp pointed bill every cranny of the bark/for insects, larvae and insect eggs. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ You will notice ~~xxx~~ that he is usually accompanied by his wife. The nuthatches are extremely devoted; ~~xxx~~ they stay mated all the year round. Yet when spring time comes Mr Nuthatch changes his usual "yank yank" and woos his ^{wife} ~~his~~ anew with a love song. They fill a cavity high up on some tree with soft grasses and five to seven spotted white eggs are laid there in April. This attractive nuthatch family is one with which you may ~~xxx~~ become quite well acquainted for they stay with us winter and summer and come gratefully to ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ bird feeding stations for ~~xxxxxx~~ suet, nuts and seeds.

Birds Around New York
The Catbird....Beginners Delight.

Most beginners in bird study like the cat bird
for he is gratifyingly easy to identify. For one thing, he isn't forever
changing his dress. Male and female, young and old, the catbird
is always outfitted ~~xxxxxx~~ the same in a handsome sober suit of grey
topped off with a black ~~cap~~ and relieved by a whisk of red
behind. You can't fail to recognise him, and you can't fail
either to recognise his call, for...as his name indicates...
he knows how to imitate pussy. But he also knows how to sing
in his own right, and he often pours forth a richly melodious
flood in which you may hear the calls and songs of other birds.
He sometimes sings at night as well as in the daytime and it
is a pleasant experience to hear a cat bird singing on a moonlit
night in your own mock orange bush. He often nests in bushes
and shrubs near our dwellings, and the nest is ~~xxxxxxx~~ often
low enough so that you may have a look at the 3, 4 or 5 ~~xxxx~~
greenish blue eggs which are laid in May. If you grow berries,
you may resent the catbird's fondness for small fruit, but
remember that he also eats many harmful insects. And he really
prefers wild fruit to tame. *He arrives in April & leaves*



Birds Around New York
The Wood Thrush... There can't be too many of them!

The very spirit of a summer ^{twilight} ~~evening~~ is expressed by the song of the wood thrush tossed from tree top to shady tree top like a golden ball. The beautiful musical phrases are repeated again and again, ^{first} ~~xxx~~ high, ^{then} ~~xxx~~ low, in a never ending song which often seems to be answered by another thrush in another tree, so perfectly are the intervals attuned. It is a cause for thankfulness that the woodthrush does not confine himself to woodlands but lives and sings in shady towns and villages; and while his song is heard at its fullest and best in the evening he sings ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ also in the early morning and often through the day. He is a rich red brown in color with a white black-spotted breast which makes him easily recognisable. He ^{builds a large grassy nest} ~~builds a large grassy nest~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ in a tree and the three to six plain green blue eggs are laid in May. A second family is often raised ~~again~~ in June. Good! There can't be too many thrushes.

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Around

Birds of New York.

The Bluebird...Help him with his housing problem!

The Bluebird has a housing problem. English sparrows are all too apt to utilize the nesting places suitable for bluebirds; especially our bird houses, which is a pity, for the bluebird seems to enjoy living near man. Put out a bluebird house, you suburbanite! And put it out early, for the bluebird goes about the business of nesting ~~around~~ around the middle of March. You will be well repaid for your money and trouble; the bluebird is a charming neighbor.

~~He is very pretty with his sky blue coat and rosy red breast. His~~ He is very pretty with his sky blue coat and rosy red breast. ~~His~~ His soft mellow warble is sweet. His disposition is sweet too; maybe that's why the ~~sparrows~~ sparrows impose upon him. ^{And} he raises at least two broods a year, ~~which offers good entertainment.~~ which offers good entertainment. ~~It is carrying~~ ~~to say the least, to watch the papa bluebird supplying the~~ ~~needs of his young.~~ In addition to helping the bluebird with his home in the spring, you can help him in the winter by ~~maintaining a bird feeding station.~~ maintaining a bird feeding station.

He usually winters here and sometimes wishes he hadn't.

Around
Birds of New York.

The Song Sparrow...Harbinger of Spring.

The melodic outburst of the song sparrow, two or three long notes followed by a canarylike trill, rivals the robin's song as a harbinger of spring. This seems odd, for it does not denote a return of the bird from the south. The familiar and beloved little sparrow usually stays with us all winter. Nevertheless his song epitomizes spring, both because of its beauty and because of the moment he elects to sing it. It comes right along with the crocuses, before the snow is off the ground. The song sparrow is easily identified by that dark spot in the middle of his breast. He nests on the ground, or near it in low bushes, and is often seen flitting in and out of bushes in our door-yards. His bluish white eggs, ~~xxx~~ marked with brown, may be found in late April. He eats injurious insects, and the seeds of weeds, and is therefore twice our benefactor. Thrice, ~~x~~ for surely we may count as a precious gift that song which wakens us early on March mornings with its assurance that spring is here. He doesn't stop singing when spring is over, either. Except when molting, he sings all summer long.

Around
Birds ~~of~~ New York.

The Northern Flicker...Excellent Alarm Clock.

Common on suburban lawns as well as in open country, from March until October, and occasionally seen about even in the winter, is the large handsome Northern Flicker; his family name is woodpecker. Although he may wake you ~~too~~ early, by the noisy drumming with which he loves to welcome the dawn, you should be glad to have him around. He has a good appetite for undesirable insects. When you think he is posing, with bent head, on your lawn, he ~~is~~ really ^{is} sending his long tongue down on a search for ants. In addition to being thus useful, he is amusing, at courting season, going through all kinds of antics to attract his lady. Male and female are both handsome with black crescents on their breasts and dashes of red on the backs of their heads. The ~~male~~ ^{male,} quite suitably, boasts a small black mustache. From five to nine white eggs, in a hole in a tree on your lawn, may mean five to nine alarm clocks, bye and bye.



Birds Around New York
 Eastern House Wren...A bundle of contradictions.

We all like the folks we are popular with. Perhaps that's why we all like the wren. ~~He~~^S he has a flattering fondness for human society and builds near us if ~~he~~^S he can. Suburbanites well know that if they put up a wren house they are apt to have wren neighbors, and they know also that if they forget to put up a wren house they are apt to have wren neighbors anyhow. For the wren contentedly fills an empty mail box, an old shoe, or what~~have~~-you with the untidy mess of sticks and grass which is his idea of a nest. Strange that the wrens should be poor housekeepers, neat and perky, all for they look so/tidily brown and grey, with ~~xxxxx~~ upthrust tail. Mrs Wren with her fussy ways reminds you continually of that auntie of your childhood who ~~xxxxx~~ made you wipe your feet, to be sure, but always rewarded the action with a cookie. The wren is ~~deceptivexixix~~ deceptive in more ways than one. What could be more innocently disarming than his song? Yet that hooked beak of his is used sometimes to peck the eggs of ~~xxxxx~~ other species. It's probably just that he wants to keep us and our society (and our bird houses) all to himself.

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Birds Around New York
The gold finch...a blond charmer.

You may call him wild canary, yellow bird or thistle bird, but by any name he is a charmer. He is beautiful, he is gay, he has a lovely song, he stays with us both winter and summer, and he includes in his diet many harmful items (such as ragweed seeds and the eggs of plant lice!) If you wish to attract this highly desirable beauty to your garden, plant sun flowers and thistles, and lettuce which you allow to go to seed. The gold finch nests late; it is almost June before the well made downy nest is constructed in a willow or low shrub to hold the three to six plain bluish white eggs. Except for the brief period when family life engages him, the gold finch moves in companies. It is easy to be poetical about these flocks of sunshiny singers. If you have seen eight or ten about your bird bath or at work on a thistle patch, you will understand. In spring and summer, the adult male wears a suit of yellow, with black and white wings and tail and a stunning black beret. The rest of the year he dresses like his mate, in duller hues, and doffs the cap entirely.

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Around

Birds of New York

The Ruby-throated humming bird...A Mount for Thumbelisa

You can't believe your eyes when you catch your first glimpse of this unbelievably dainty little bird. As a matter of fact, your eyes often do deceive you, for when you think you are seeing a humming bird it may be only a sphinx moth. Both hover about flowers in the same ethereal way. Granted that you are seeing a humming bird, ~~however~~, the male will be more brilliant than the female. His green feathers have a brighter sheen and he wears a ruby necklace. The wings of the tiny birds hum and their bodies shimmer in the sunshine as their long bills search the flowers for nectar; they eat many sorts of ~~tiny~~ insects too. The male may be the ~~more~~ handsome of the two but ~~the female~~ ^{his mate} is more industrious. She sticks together with her own saliva the tiny cupshaped nest, which is ^{probably} ~~one~~ of the most enchanting in all the bird world. And after the two white eggs are hatched, she takes all the care of the infants, who are born naked and with short bills and are quite a care. The only reason Hans Christian Anderson didn't give his Thumbelisa a ride on a humming bird is that these charmers are all Americans. The old world does not know the species.

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Around
Birds of New York
The Phoebe...You heard him the first time.

Even if your repertoire of birds is limited, you probably know the Phoebe. You both saw and heard ^{this} sociable fellow ~~and his equally sociable~~ ^{husband and} wife while you were taking that vacation in the country. You saw them sitting on a wire fence, perhaps, wagging their tails (yes, they do), and making frequent darts into the air to nab an insect-tidbit. You certainly heard them telling you their names from dawn to dusk, "Phoebe...phoebe...phoebe", until you probably wanted to answer, "Yes, yes, I heard you the first time." But you must be friendly to the Phoebe, for he is very friendly to man. He often returns year after year to the same farm; he loves to build his bulky ~~xxxxxxx~~/nests about our ~~xxxxx~~ barns and outbuildings, although an overhanging bank or ledge of rock will serve him. He returns in the spring earlier than the other flycatchers who winter in the tropics. He winters in the southern part of our own United States and arrives promptly in March, just one jump ^{behind} ~~xxxxxxx~~ the insects. He is friendly in every way, but just about the friendliest thing he does is to confine his diet almost exclusively to harmful bugs. You don't have to say "Shoo-fly" quite so often, if you say "welcome" to the Phoebe.



Birds Around New York
Cedar Waxwing....

If you've ever seen them, you remember them, for they are unforgettable...cedar waxwings, sitting in a row along a branch, facing all the same way, squeezed as close to each other as they can get, and occasionally kissing. (For if touching bills isn't kissing, what is it?) They are as handsome as they are delightful, piquant crested birds, red-brown in color with yellow-edged tails. They feed partly on fruit, but it's worth a peck of cherries just to watch ^{a row of} them sitting on a limb. They stay ^{around} ~~xxxx~~ all winter, but they break out of flocks into pairs ~~xxxxx at nesting time~~ in June. They nest in cedars unless they are near our homes and then they prefer fruit trees. (To be near those cherries?) They are smaller in size and much more common than the romantic Bohemian waxwings, but the cedar waxwings are ^{plenty} ~~romantic~~ enough. They take their name from a waxy substance on their wings, but ~~xxxxx~~ they might well be named Kissing Birds.

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Birds Around New York
The Scarlet Tanager...Adolph Menjou of the Bird
World.

The scarlet tanager is the Adolph Menjou of the bird world. He not only has substantial claims to being the Best Dressed but he also changes his costume with fashionable frequency. As a nestling he is brownish green, with a streaked breast. As summer advances he changes to yellowish green and adds brown wings and tail. Next spring he appears in bright red with brown wings and black tail. Before the summer is over, however, he is discarding that suit for a yellowish green costume, still with brownish wings. Next year he is red again, but now with the black wings and tail which form his handsomest outfit. And through it all, his wife stays plain green! But although her husband is such a natty dresser, he is a good provider. He brings her plenty of moths, ~~and~~ flies, ants, and caterpillars while she sits on her three or four greenish brown-marked eggs, ~~in a nest~~. The nest is carelessly made on the limb of a tree somewhere in the woods where the Tanagers usually live while they are with us, from May to October.

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Around

Birds of New York
The Screech Owl... "Screech owl, indeed!"

"Screech owl, indeed!" the *otus asio asio* would probably murmur resentfully, if he could understand the name which we have given him. His mournful cry is quite unlike a screech. Hoo-hoo-hoo! More like a band~~bee~~'s wail, it quivers through the evening air. If you've ever heard an owl, it's probably the screech owl for he is the most common of his kind. He's odd to look at. Two tufts of feathers stand up like ears and give him...with his yellow eyes...a catlike appearance. Male and female have no distinctive markings, a characteristic unusual in bird life. They are faithful mates, and year after year come back to the same hollow tree. There they sleep by daytime and hunt by night; mice, mostly; but alas you can often find feathers in their untidy nests! Friends of the screech owl claim that he eats other birds only in ~~very~~ bad ~~weather~~ mousing-weather, or when he needs food badly for his young. What people (and owls) will do for their children!