

1

If you would to learn something of our birds, their ways and habits, I would first of all say go to the fields and woods, not to books and the school room; ~~if I could I would take you on a dozen long tramps~~ My talk this after

*If I could I would take you*  
noon is to the boys and girls, and I want you to go with Bohlman and ~~I~~ <sup>etc</sup> on a dozen different camera hunts. I want you to learn to watch for the birds, to see their interesting habits, to learn to love them as we love them and then best of all help to protect them from others who do not care whether the birds live and sing or not.

\* I would take you first of all to the old reed-covered pond out by Sunnyside, a place you probably all know as well as I, but perhaps you have not picked out as many different birds about here as I. In one season I counted over thirty different kinds of birds about this old watering place

\* This old pond is the favorite haunt of a band of red-winged blackbirds. All summer long they make this their home and they furnish the concert music for the world about the pond. Here in the reeds just above the water the red wing builds its nest, tying it carefully to the long blades of grass.

\* A week later when we visited the pond and waded out through the water, all was quiet. Slowly pushing aside the tall reeds, the eggs had disappeared. Instead, four gaping mouths were extended up to meet us. The little fellows

were in the habit of welcoming visitors with a vim.

Ten feet away we found another nest in the middle of a bunch of swamp grass, and two fuzzy youngsters were squated on the nest edge as if doubled up with the dumps.

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I tell you where the black birds build because I want every one to know and to help protect them from boys who would rob the nests.

Early in the season I had seen the song sparrows at work. They dug out a hollow in the center of a tussock a few feet up from the water's edge, lined it with dry leaves and twined the grass stems around, the mother shaping them with her breast. Every one should know the song sparrow, because he wears a plain brown-colored coat, and has a black spot hung right in the center of his breast as a mark of identity. But clothes do not make the bird. He has a repertoire of song rolled up in his tiny brain that wins the affection of any audience. He sings for the sake of the music. When I found the brown bantlings cuddled down in the nest, his song had lost a trifle in quality, for it was his business to hunt food first and pleasure afterward.

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One of the picturesque sights about the pond used to be a pair of kingfishers that kept vigil on a dead limb. But I haven't seen them there now for quite a while. This wild-eyed fisher is not very sociable and there are generally too many boys playing about the pond.

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The pair of kingfishers dug a nest in the bank of

an old railroad cut about half a mile away. We found it by watching them take the overland route from the pond after fishing hours. One of the pair generally brooded the eggs while the other kept the watch-tower at the pond. We knew just as well when the young kings were born as if we had crawled back through the underground passage for four feet and struck a match to look. Both birds took to fishing and they kept the air-line trail hot between the pond and the bank.

We watched the nest pretty closely and were on hand when the young fishers made their debut. Pictures of this kind are not so hard to get as one might suppose for they are taken of the young birds just when they are ready to leave the nest and before they have mastered the art of flying.

We should all feel the interest and value of watching birds, both old and young, at this stage of life. Their are many amusing lessons to be learned. There are some boys who are led to rob the birds of their eggs, but I can speak as a boy to boys, and will say that when you grow older you will find there is untold more benefit in every way, in trying to study the birds as they are in their wild state, and not trying to collect a lot of nests and eggs. I know a boy likes the sport of hunting in out-door life, I love it myself, but let us put out cunning to a good test. Any body can shoot a bird with a gun, the bird has no show, for most of them are comparatively tame. That is not real sport. But

out

few boys have the patience and cunning to sneak up and catch a bird with a camera. Yet this is the truest kind of sport, and any one with the patience can get results of great value.

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Well, that hole in the bank contained one of the frowiest feathered tribes I ever saw. We put the whole family on an old limb and caught a picture of them all attention watching their parents as they were coming over with food.

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Of course their are other birds that live about the pond but none are more ardent singers than the nightingale.

Yes, there is a big flock of nightingales about the pond, and the beauty of it is they do not migrate with the other birds.

*but stay all year*

You can find them there any day of the year and hear them at their best about midnight. ~~I hope none of the boys will rob their nests.~~ If you must rob nests, try the nightingale instead of the red-wings.

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On the slope of the hill above the pond a lark always builds her nest. It is placed in a regular cave under the grasses, and the young birds look so much like the dry brown grass you will seldom see them. Let me tell you how the lark keeps her secret. When she wants to go to her nest she always lights way out in the grass and takes a good look to see if any body is watching, if not, then she sneaks along under cover to her nest. When she leaves she does not fly up from the nest but she sneaks way off in the other direction and then flys up.

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 One of the rarer birds in the firs about the pond is the Crimson-headed tanager, only the closest observer will see this bird for it builds and stays well up in the tops of the firs. Picturing such birds as this is the hardest work the bird photographer has. This is a picture taken of the photographers trying to picture a tanagers nest eighty three feet up, but it is always difficult to do the best work in the tree top.

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 There are two woodpeckers about the pond. The large black woodpecker with a red breast that flies like a crow is the Lewis Woodpecker, named in honor of Lewis and Clarke because they first discovered it. This is one of a family that lived in an old stump up the hill.

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 And this is the whole family of five. Occasionally of course we find birds just as people who are contrary or refuse to pose before a camera. Such an individual was the youngest of this family. Little Louie sat on the top of the stump and the minute he saw the camera he began to back off then fearing lest he fall, he clutched tightly with both hands, his feathers ruffled up in anger and he wanted to fight every thing in reach.