

Massachusetts Penny - 1776

OUR NATIONAL BIRD IN PERIL



First Appearance of
 Eagle on an American
 Coin

Citing the strange circumstance that Uncle Sam has never extended legal protection to the emblem of his own National Independence, and at the same time, launching a campaign to secure such protection, the National Association of Audubon Societies says: "It is a strange and unaccountable fact that federal protection has never been accorded the American or Bald Eagle, which was adopted as our National Emblem by Act of the Continental Congress on June 20, 1782, and has been used throughout our history as our national seal, on coins, coats of arms, stamps and various emblems. If the question be raised, 'Why protect the Bald Eagle?' as well ask, 'Why protect our flag?' Both are symbolic of our sovereignty and our independence as a nation."

"The popular notion that the food habits of the Bald Eagle render it inimical to man's interest is abundantly refuted by the investigations of the United States Bureau of Biological Survey in its publication 'The North American Eagles and their Economic Relations.' The Bureau's conclusions are summed up in the following statement: 'All things considered, the Bald Eagle is rather more beneficial than otherwise, as much of its food is of little or no direct economic value, while the good it does more than compensates for its obnoxious deeds.' Stories of its attacks on children are without foundation in fact."

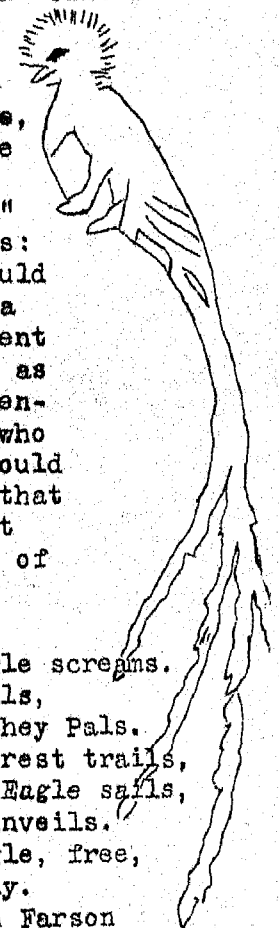
Concluding, the National Association of Audubon Societies says: "For sentimental or esthetic reasons alone, the American Eagle should be preserved for posterity. This magnificent bird not only seems a fitting symbol of valor and of power, and as such serves to represent the spirit of our national independence, but it also impresses one as the very embodiment of the primeval wilderness and is a source of enjoyment and inspiration to that ever increasing number of persons who enjoy wildlife for its own sake. To all such, its extermination would represent an irreparable loss. It is with these thoughts in mind that the Audubon Association has recently launched a campaign to protect the Bald Eagle, and is backing House Bill #HR 5271, to the support of which all patriotic citizens should rally."

SYMBOLS

Our great Eagle has a Pal,
 Guatemala's own Quetzal,
 Tell you of him that I shall.
 Aztecs, Mayans, bent the knee,
 Knelt to him adoringly.
 Chosen Emblem, now, for he
 Can't endure captivity.
 Gay Quetzal from jungle, gleams,
 Brilliant, beautiful as dreams;

From the crag the Eagle screams.
 Noted not for Madrigals,
 But as Emblems, are they Pals.
 Glows Quetzal from Forest trails,
 O'er the heights the Eagle sails,
 The blue deep to us unveils.
 Free Quetzal, and Eagle, free,
 Symbolize High Destiny.

M. Elizabeth Farson



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LOS ANGELES AUDUBON SOCIETY

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The Los Angeles Audubon Society has regular meetings on the first and third Thursday of each month--the first being a field trip, and the next a program meeting which is held in the State Building at Exposition Park at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Dues for annual membership in the Society are \$1 per year, with life membership \$10, and Patron \$100.

If you are interested in studying and protecting your feathered friends, won't you identify yourself with us?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Does the Monarch butterfly migrate?

A. Yes, the Monarch butterfly migrates southward each fall by thousands. The individuals that go South do not come back, but their descendants have several broods the next summer, and each brood works northward part way. Thus the species reoccupies the territory.

Q. Does the following statement sound true? The Painted Lady butterfly is the most widely distributed butterfly in the world! In 1879 great flocks of these frail creatures flew from Africa to Europe.

QUOTING GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
Contributed by Mrs. Eva Gross
Niece of Mrs. J. M. Brennan

"This cult of making a sport of the slaughter of birds may have something to do with 'the sport of Kings'--the slaying of men. If we really could protect birds, make the whole earth a sanctuary, that might be one of the most important

steps toward turning this world into a sanctuary for human beings."

CAL - N - DAR

MAY						
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12	13	14	15	(16)	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

- (2) Field Meeting in the old Botanical Gardens in Mandiville Canyon. 9:30 a. m. Bring a pocket lunch, field glasses and a notebook. This is the last field trip until October.
- (9) Board Meeting. At Mrs. Edwards'. Buffet luncheon.
- (16) Program Meeting in the State Building at Exposition Park. Mrs. Elsie Humphreys, member of Los Angeles Audubon and of Dr. Comstock's Club--the "Larquin"--will talk on the subject of "Butterflies." An exhibit will be presented. Mrs. Roy L. Sergeant is in charge of the program.

JUNE #3. THE TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY OF LOS ANGELES AUDUBON SOCIETY WILL BE CELEBRATED AT THE SIERRA MADRE CANYON HOME OF MRS. LEON S. GRISWOLD. DON'T FORGET!

LEGISLATION THREATENS ROAD RUNNER AND SAGE HEN

Assembly Bill 483, which would place the Road Runner on the list of predatory birds, and Senate Bill 1031, which would remove protection from the Sage Hen, have been introduced in the Legislature and referred to the committees on Fish and Game. These Bills should come up for hearing soon. If you have arguments against them, write to the Assemblyman or Senator from your district, or send them to Mrs. Raymond Brennan, 407 Park-Mansions Apts., Sacramento, and she will present them at the Committee hearing.

CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWER NURSERY

Snuggled high up in the hills of northern California, 160 miles north of San Francisco, and about half-way between the quaint little towns of Laytonville and Dos Rios, is a place called the California Wild Flower Nursery. Seeing a gracious sign that welcomed us to enter, Ye Editoress and Attorney Brennan accepted the invitation. We were greeted by Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Calmer, the owners of the Nursery.

"Not many of the plants are in bloom now," they said, "for we have had so many storms. Also, Nature did not intend that all should bloom at once, for, if she did, there would be times when we would not have any."

Let me hasten to tell you who have never seen a wild flower nursery that it in no way resembles one in which are grown domestic flowers. Instead, it appears more like a vast area of uncultivated territory, with each flower growing in its natural clime. Here on a rocky hillside we see the lily, and there in a damp, secluded spot, the Trillium or Wakerobin. Perhaps some plant has sprung up in the path over which the visitors walk. A few rocks placed around it will offer it protection.

"We do not believe in going out on collecting trips when orders come in," said Mr. Calmer, "but, instead, we raise the plants here, and then we know what we are shipping. Also, we can ship them at the time when they will least suffer from the change. We have agents in several other states who are always ready to fill orders."

When questioned regarding the marketability of his plants, he responded: "It is a curious thing, but over 60% of our orders come from people outside of California. We have too many wild flowers about us here to appreciate their value. Only in the last year or so has there been an increased interest shown by Californians in cultivating their wild flowers. At present, of those orders coming from within the state, Glendale, Hollywood and Oakland send the most." "It is interesting to observe," he said, "how many of our orders come from foreign countries. I am sure that a larger variety of California wild flowers are listed in the French seed catalogues than are listed by many of the nurseries here in California."

We asked Mr. Calmer if he could suggest some particularly good work on wild flowers, one that would be suitable for persons who did not want to go into the subject too scientifically but who did wish to have a fairly adequate knowledge of the subject. Among other things, he suggested an article by Edith S. Clements that appeared in the May 1927 issue of the National Geographic. (We have since secured this, and it is really excellent.)

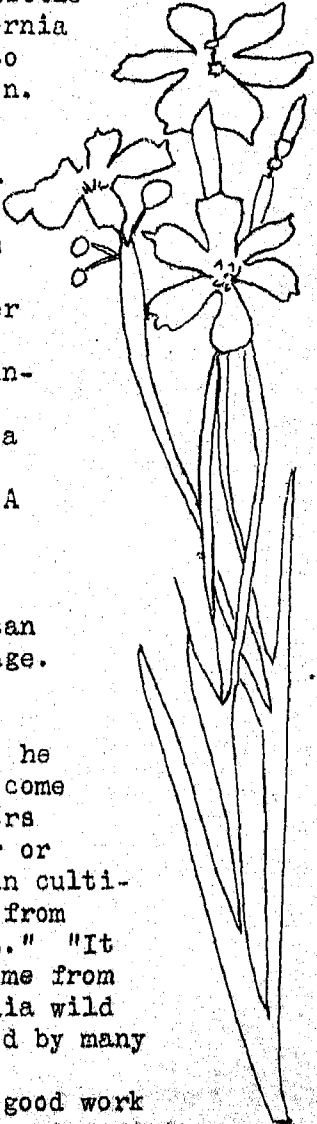
When bidding this charming couple good-bye we expressed regret at having absorbed so much of their time. Smiling, they said, "Time means nothing when one is talking about the thing he loves."

FROM "SPRING IN CALIFORNIA"

By Gladys Newberry Bent

Contributed by Jessie W. Mabb

Languid brodiaea and mustard high,
Baby-blue eyes, with the blue of the sky.
Shooting stars dainty amidst the green,
Poppies audacious--with golden sheen!



Winsome gallitos, graceful and sleek,
Warm glossy buttercups, lowly and meek.
A silver stream threading its way through
the dell-
Can we doubt, dear one, that all is well!

AFIELD WITH BIRDS AND FLOWERS

--By the Ramblers--

"Come, let us to the woods away," and we shall tell you what we see and hear there.

In an inviting little ravine in Placerita Canyon, bird calls, from tree and chaparral, keep us for a while. Among the branches of a live-oak that little dramatist of the Titmouse family is joyously entertaining with his twists, turns, topsyturvy feeding movements, and his variation of calls. One of the observers, wishing to experiment, whistles a strain from some folk-song -- in previous experiments it had been proved that the sweetest songsters responded well to such strains. Perching on a nearby twig Plain Titmouse warbles a series of three notes, "sweet-er-rea." The human whistler attempts to imitate. What is happening -- grace notes, triplets, -- ? Some of you Audubon musicians tell us, please. Now watch that little, gray-feathered, high-crested performer. Ceasing his burst of "symphonic" melody, he is looking at us in a roguish way as if to say, "Imitate that if you can," and off he flies to another tree.

Alaska Hermit Thrush, too, stops his scratching, scratching under the live-oak and flies to a shrub near to us. Is he really singing that song of soft notes we hear? "No," quietly said, "that is not the wonderful song of the thrush" (Alaska Hermit). Then with field glasses adjusted we see Alaska Hermit Thrush, and he is singing. We gratefully remember Mrs. Leon Griswold having told us, some time ago, about the little, early spring-songs of those thrushes in her Sierra Madre gardens. We wonder what "the great tone artist" will do if one whistles. There he comes to the very twig closest to the whistler, probably not over six feet away, still singing, and some of us shall always wonder for how long if a returning observer had kept farther away.

We ramble on among the scattered wild flowers -- blue brodiaeas, patches of baeria or sunshine flowers, tidy-tips, western thistles, fiddle-necks, popcorn flowers, tansy phacelias, and, as if planted, some little plots of pansy violets -- to the end of the ravine, where chaparral covered hills close in, and there listen to the calls of California Thrashers, and to the song of one from the top of a chamise.

The day being on the wane, back we go to the car, but pause, look and listen. Beyond, in a clump of Golden Currant bushes filled with bloom, we hear and see: San Diego Towhees, Gambel Sparrows, California Jays, and Thrashers again.

Butterflies we hunt for, hoping we shall find, but knowing that even though a day of bird songs, sunshine and flowers, the heavy rains and cold breezes from snow capped peaks mean a retarded butterfly season. Only one, of the early Acmon blues, is seen -- trying to get away from damp surroundings and, with feeble efforts, alighting on the tip of a grass blade. Does it not look like a little flower as we carry it atop the grass blade to a sunshiny place? Leaving it to creep away under the flowers where it flew, we reluctantly go from this bit of woodland -- a favored Nature retreat.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

The Birthday Party on June 3 will be a double celebration? In addition to commemorating the 25th anniversary of our Los Angeles Audubon Society, we shall honor the 83rd birthday of Mrs. Robert Fargo, the first president of our society, and now our President Emeritus. Let's all be present 100%!

The University of Southern California will have our collection of bird nests on display in Science Room 256, on May 4, 1935?

About the middle of March, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Brennan saw a Common Mynah (sometimes called a House Mynah), on their front porch at 1965 Isabel Street, Los Angeles and two days later, not ten feet away from them, on the top of their garage? A very destructive and undesirable bird, it is native to the entire Indian region, having been introduced into other parts of the world, notably into the Hawaiian Islands.

This is the last issue of THE WESTERN Tanager until October! We wish you good luck, good health and a happy summer!