

T H E

## Western Tanager

Mrs. RAYMOND BRENNAN, *Editor*

VOL. II

OCTOBER 1935

No. 1

304 Subway Terminal Building  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Audubonites,

Well, folks, here we are starting our season again.

My, isn't this paper a pretty shade of green! That is what we ordered, you know. Guess printers must be human too. Say, how do you like the western tanager? Try as we would last year, by the time we had that bird traced it always looked like a parrot.

Well, folks, it is good to see you all again. What with having spent one month of the last twelve in and around the hospital, five in Sacramento learning about politics, and two touring these United States, we hardly feel as if we know you. How about us all getting acquainted this year? You send us lots of news, and we'll type it up. If there is plenty of room, we'll even add your name for good measure.

It seems to us that a bunch of letters have been arriving the last few weeks asking about The Western Tanager. Wish Bird-Lore had known that Sacramento was only our temporary address. Don't know how many letters got mixed up and never reached us. (Could you fix that up for us, editor of Bird-Lore? Just tell them they will find us as above.)

But about these letters. Mr. Guion, you did not mean to call us an eccentric old lady, did you? Will have you know that we are not over a quarter of a century. We wish we could have seen you down there in New Orleans this summer, but the closest we could get was Tennessee. Anyway, we are glad to have you with us and wish you would hurry up and write that article. Mr. Oberholzer, we are still trying to get together a complete file of back copies for you. Don't think your dollar has been misappropriated, but these other folks seem to like to keep their Tanagers, though why we have never been able to see. We'll have them for you yet though, and we'll send them straight through to Washington, D. C. As for you, Senor Gonzalo A. Moreno, Calle Rocafuerte No. 98, Quito, Ecuador, South America, your English is better than our Spanish. So, if it's the same to you, we'll just keep on in that. Once while working in a dental supply house we were called upon to interpret a letter from your country in which the writer was asking for a number of teeth. He still can not figure out why he was sent bicuspid when, as he says, he distinctly asked for laterals. Oh, well, some friends just came in from Santiago and she admits having ordered her cook to "pone un gato en la sopa." Which to you, my American friends, simply means that she wished a cat placed in the soup. Personally, we should prefer ours under the stove. Anyway, we are glad to hear from all of you and to have you with us each month.

It seems to us that there were a lot of you gallivanting around this summer. Mrs. Fargo, you admit being 83. How did you get way over into Wisconsin? And Mother and Father Brennan! Sleeping with the bears all over the Pacific Coast!! And here is President Salmon flying off to the midwest just when we were depending upon her for all of the news for this paper. We were going to write up where everyone had been, but now we are just not going to do it. If you want to know, you come to the program meeting on the 17th. Each one has two or three minutes to tell his summer experiences, and there ought to be some tall



(See page 4)

THE WESTERN Tanager

Published by the Los Angeles Audubon Society Free to members. Outside subscriptions 50¢ per year

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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 \$1.25 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?

October 3 -

Field Meeting at Playa Del Rey under the leadership of our new field Chairman, Mrs. E. E. Eldridge. We are to meet at the pier --near the lagoon--at nine in the morning. Don't forget to bring your lunch --and, of course, your field glasses and a notebook, because we are going to learn a lot about our water birds. A special feature of the day will be an illustrated talk on the Tanager.

Calendar for October with dates 3, 10, and 17 circled.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Do Hawks migrate?
Do young Hawks look like their parents?
What Hawk is most commonly used by Falconers?
What Hawk feeds exclusively on snails?
What kind of Hawks are on the road to extinction as nesting species in the United States?
Which Hawks does your State protect?
What is our National Bird?

If you would like to know the answers to these questions, and many more, by all means you should read "The Hawks of North America," which was written by Dr. John B. May, illustrated by Allan Brooks, and published by the National Association of Audubon Societies. This would be an excellent book to have in your own personal library (\$1.25), or you may borrow the Society's copy from our Librarian, Miss Jennie Winchester.

MANY, MANY THANKS

Audubonite Mrs. Elsie Humphreys has just presented the Los Angeles Audubon Society with 43 plates of flowers which she and her son Wendel collected this summer in Lassen Volcanic National Park, and which Mrs. Oliver C. Edwards mounted and classified. This valuable collection has been placed in our library.

October 10 -

The regular monthly board meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. George L. Veatch at the beach.

October 17 -

Program Meeting in the State Building at Exposition Park, at two in the afternoon.

Mrs. James M. Brennan will give a talk on Audubon, after which each of us will have two or three minutes to tell our summer experiences. Miss Charlotte Hamilton will preside.

THE MOCKINGBIRD

He didn't know much music  
When first he came along;  
An' all the birds went wonderin'  
Why he didn't sing a song.

But one night when them songsters  
Was tired out an' still,  
An' the wind sighed down the valley  
An' went creepin' up the hill;

They primped their feathers in the sun,  
An' sung their sweetest notes;  
An' music just come on the run  
From all their purty throats!

When the stars was all a-tremble  
In the dreamin' fields o' blue,  
An' the daisy in the darkness--  
Felt the fallin' o' the dew,--

But still that bird was silent  
In summer time and fall;  
He just set still and listened  
An' he wouldn't sing at all!

There came a sound o' melody  
No mortal ever heard,  
An' all the birds seemed singin'  
From the throat o' one sweet bird!

Then the other birds went Mayin'  
In a land too fur to call;  
For there warn't no use in stayin'  
When one bird could sing for all!

Frank L. Stanton

THE ROBIN

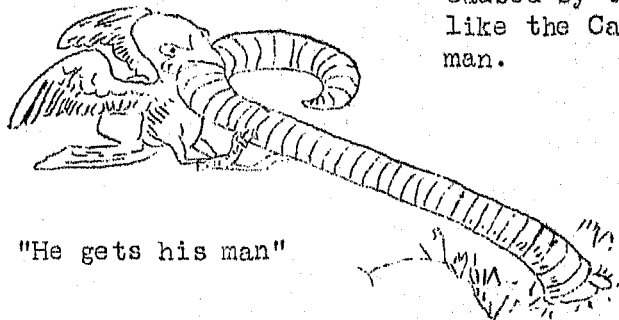
As Observed by J. M. Brennan in General Grant's National Park

Having always heard that the Robin obtains his worm by the sense of hearing and not being fully satisfied with this theory, I decided to investigate upon the first opportunity chance might offer. This came to me while camped beneath a tall pine tree where nested a Robin and her young to the number of four.

Now four baby Robins, which are, say, but ten days away from flight, consume, I am told, at least one half their weight in worms. So it is but little wonder both parents are ever from morn to last of day diligently searching the surrounding ground for worms, and it is worms and only worms the young are fed. All else caught in the way of food is gulped down by the parent birds to support their own hard worked bodies.

Now, if you bird lovers will observe the Robin in the act of locating his worm, you will notice during the time he makes his little run the entire body is thoroughly relaxed, the head is dropped back within the shoulders, and the feathers are all loose. He suddenly stops, and now he becomes all attention--rigid, taut, his head erect, all feathers flat, stiffened legs and tail always touching, as does both his limbs, the ground. Now, my theory is that while the Red Breast is standing thus his faculty of feeling and not of hearing is brought into full and complete play. Observer, please note his head is raised from the ground and not lowered as would be natural if he was making use of hearing the earth movements of the worm beneath his feet.

The position he takes gives strength to my theory that the worm is located by "Bone Induction," induced by earth vibrations caused by the moving worm. The Robin drills, and, like the Canadian Mounty, rarely fails to get his man.



"He gets his man"

NEW IDEAS

Do you have any pet ideas about the ways in which our feathered friends react to nature? How they communicate with one another, how they secure their food, etc? Let us tell others about these ideas.

### HE KEPT ON

Reprint from The Christian Science Monitor

An artist came over the hillside carrying a canvas very gently. It was the last of a series of bird pictures for his great work, "The Birds of America." Now after years of toil, sacrifice, and untold hardships, the great work was completed; and soon he would sail for London to attend the publishing of his book.

Few realized what this man had been doing; many had criticized, but still he had kept on painting birds--always birds. In his efforts to make these paintings more natural, he had gone to the woods to sketch as he saw them, knew them, and loved them.

Now the work was finished, and a smile of triumph shone on his face. He felt he had done his best.

Thoughtfully he ate his simple supper, then taking a candle he climbed to the loft where, stored in an old trunk, he kept his other paintings. Carefully he placed the candle on a shelf near by and knelt before the trunk. Brushing away the dust, he slowly lifted the lid. There they lay, those precious paintings that meant years of work, hours of waiting in bush or swamp, daring not to move lest he scare away the little bird he so eagerly sought to portray.

There they lay; but right through the center of that mass of canvases a rat had gnawed its way. They were utterly ruined!

Down went his head as sobs shook his form--but not for long. He raised his head and once more the smile of triumph shone from his face. "I will do them again. I will begin tomorrow. And these new ones will be even better, more perfect, more lifelike."

He did. It took 10 years to do it. But he gave to the world his "Birds of America," that won for him the title of the world's greatest painter of birds--John James Audubon.

### AUDUBON HONORS ITS PRESIDENT EMERITUS

The June meeting of the Audubon Society, which was held at the delightful mountain retreat of Audubonites Mr. and Mrs. Leon S. Griswold, was in commemoration of two birthdays of outstanding importance and interest. One was the 25th birthday of our Los Angeles Audubon Society, and the other, the 83rd birthday of our beloved President Emeritus, Mrs. Robert Fargo. After many beautiful expressions of sentiment, a flowering peach tree was planted and dedicated to Mrs. Fargo.

DEAR AUDUBONITES, Cont.

yarns.

Well, folks, here we have gone and filled more than a page, when our husband tells us that articles should never be so long. It spoils the effect, he says. Well, maybe he's right. So now you just remember to write to us about the middle of every month and tell us what you have been doing so that we can get some news into this paper.

Yours,

*Lois White Brennan*