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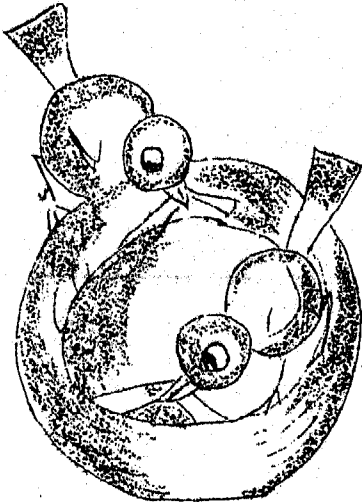
## Western Tanager



VOL. III

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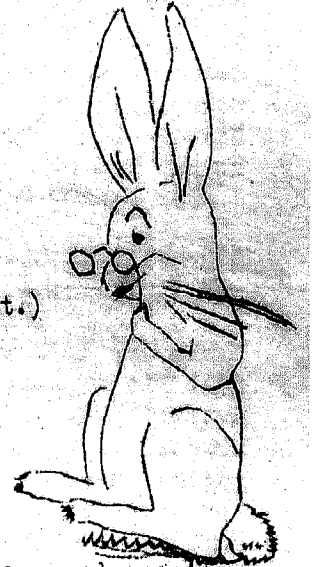
No. 6

SPRING IS HERE!

Lost, Strayed or Stolen:

Milady's Easter Bonnet.

(Suggestion for that new nest.)

REMEMBRANCE

By - Blanche L. Anderson

The Arizona orioles had arrived. A warble of golden notes, clear and sweet, broke the stillness of a sunny morning. A flash of orange-yellow flitted through the green of the tall eucalyptus trees. An answering song came from the garden. Yes, the orioles had arrived, and with them the summer.

How glad we were to see them; for with their coming the danger of frost to budding fruit trees and tender young plants was past. They've never made a mistake in the time yet.

For days there is such a twittering and chirping while they prepare to set up housekeeping. I can just imagine what they are saying. -- "I shall build in the orchard so as to be close to our food supply. There are fat bugs in the orchard. Where will you live, Mrs. Yellow Breast?" "I'm going to build in that umbrella tree at the edge of the garden. The roses are full of slugs." "And I", chatters another, "like the swaying branch of this great eucalyptus tree. I'll have nice neighbors too. The mocking birds live in the branch above me, and down below, Mrs. Humming-bird is building." When they have settled upon a location, Mr. Oriole pitches in to help build the nest.

I often take my sewing out to the garden where I could watch them. One morning I heard a plaintive cheep-cheep. Then suddenly all the bird-songs were stilled. Again, I heard that peculiar cry, like a bird in distress. I ran to the window and saw an oriole fluttering about at the edge of the lawn. He seemed to be trying to fly and couldn't. Across the yard a gray cat was creeping - creeping up on him. I rushed out but too late. The cat had pounced upon him and started off. I caught him at the fence and rescued the bird. Then I discovered why he could not fly away. He was entangled with thread. His feet and wings were bound round and round with it. He had found the spool in my work basket, left out on the garden stand, and started up to the nest with the loose end. The more he struggled, the worse became his plight. The cat had bitten through one wing. Poor birdie! When I cut away the threads, I found that in his struggles he'd drawn the thread so tightly about his feet and legs that they were cut. One little claw, the second on the left foot, was almost severed. In spite of all we could do, it came off two days later. We fixed a box for him on a shelf in the screened porch. For days he lay drooping sadly. We fed him hard-boiled egg

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The regular schedule will be followed for Field Day instead of the breakfast program which had been planned. Mrs. Eldridge will be at the Bird Sanctuary at Griffith Park - Vermont Entrance at 9 A. M. At the suggestion of our President, Miss Charlotte Hamilton, a treasure hunt is to be a feature of the bird walk -- treasures such as a lovely vista, an interesting plant, or a neatly hidden bird's nest, all to be shared as we gather at luncheon. Bring a guest.

BOARD MEETING

April 8th - 1937 - 10 A. M.  
Mrs. George L. Veatch has invited the Board to hold their meeting at her home, 3107 Strand Avenue, Hermosa Beach. Those going by the Electric Car will get off at Longfellow Station. Take a lunch. Mrs. Veatch will supply hot coffee.

The Los Angeles Audubon Society holds two regular meetings each month -- the first Thursday being Field Day, the third Thursday, a program meeting held in the State Building at Exposition Park at 2 P. M.  
The annual dues are \$1.25; Life Membership \$10.00 and Patron \$100.00.

CALENDAR

APRIL						
S	M	T	W	Th	F	S
				(1)	2	3
4	5	6	7	(8)	9	10
11	12	13	14	(15)	16	17*
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	



INDOOR MEETING -- APRIL 15th, 1937:--2 P. M.--State Building--EXPOSITION PARK.

Spring is in the air and with it the urge to get at gardening. Be sure to be on hand to benefit by a talk on "Patio Gardens" to be given by Mr. John Vosburg, of Germain's Van Nuys Nursery. Mrs. Oliver C. Edwards is in charge of the program and promises a delightful and profitable afternoon. Friends invited.

MARCH INDOOR MEETING

Mr. C. F. Bauder, Fish and Game Commissioner of California gave an enlightening talk on the work of his department, relative to conservation. He told of the State Game Farm being developed at Chino, which the Audubon Society is to visit sometime in the near future. Mr. Bauder stressed the need for the proper planting of native shrubs and grain to improve the habitat of quail and birds. He assured us of the fine cooperation of judges and officials through enforcement of the laws that protect wild life. One instance given was the jail sentence imposed upon a hunter for shooting at a meadow lark.

WHEN, THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF THE AUDUBON AND NATURE SOCIETIES, CHILDREN AND ADULTS ARE EDUCATED TO A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE GREAT GOOD THAT BIRDS DO, THEN ONLY WILL THE DANGER OF THEIR BECOMING EXTINCT BE LESSENERED TO ANY DEGREE!

## WHY NOT GO TO MEXICO?

By - Mrs. Mary B. Salmon

For a winter trip the dry season in Mexico makes it perfect for traveling. One of our dollars is worth \$3.60 there. A lovely basket is shown you, priced four pesos (each peso about one of our dollars) and after struggling fifteen minutes with the problem, you find it really costs a fraction over a dollar. We bought and bought, but spent so little.

Bird trips were impossible for me, but from the car window and automobile, I saw a few interesting birds and many more in the Museum of Natural History at Mexico City. The Cactus Wren, Woodpecker, Audubon Caracara, Raven, Vulture and many Mexican Black birds (which look exactly like the Purple Gamble) were abundant. Over Cocconut Island, at Mazatlan, I saw a Man-o'-War Bird. In Alameda Park, across from the Hotel, I found our California Towhee, Audubon Warblers, English Sparrows, Linnets and what I thought to be a San Diego Wren. It was a surprise to me that there were so comparatively few birds to be seen. I thought if I had no railroad ticket to buy, no baggage to check, and could go South as easily as a bird, I should certainly migrate to Mexico - at least for the winter.

The holiday season perhaps brought out more poor people than usual. We were saddened and depressed at the sight of the apparently homeless and unhappy people, but they seem to be patiently waiting for a better day -- and that day is dawning when the burro, the present beast of burden, will be replaced by trucks; when the fields are plowed by tractor; when the use of electric washing machines make it unnecessary for the women to use the streams and pools for washing; when the delivery wagons relieve the man on the bicycle carrying a large tray of food on his head; and all the sights that make Mexico what it is today, are taken away, much that is unique and picturesque will be gone.

One of the highlights of our trip, was a visit to the floating gardens of Xochimilco, where we were poled along the canals by Indians in a flower decked canoe, and escorted by other smaller boats containing orchestras, refreshments and flowers, all to be sold to the travelers. Our laps were full of pansies, violets, tube roses and gladiolias while the shores were covered with blossoming beds of flowers -- Fairyland before our very eyes!

We went to Taxco, where silver jewelery, baskets and hats were shown; to Pueblo where tiles and pottery were sold, and into small villages with their cathedrals, some of which rival any others in the world for beauty and ecclesiastical architecture. I am quite certain that if the great amount of gold leaf used as decoration could be transferred into Mexican money, it would be found sufficient to balance the budget and pay the war debts of the world.

The beautifully furnished palaces where Maxmillian and Carlotta had lived were of great interest and proved a contrast to the mode of living of the peon.

Roaming over Cortez Palace, we were intensely impressed by reading Mexico's history as portrayed by Rivers, the Indian artist, in his murals on the walls.

We climbed the pyramids of the Aztecs, said to antedate those in Egypt a thousand years. There was found the calendar stone by which they computed the days of the week, month and year.

The view from the roof gardens of the New Reforma Hotel at sunset, as the city lights appear, with the snow on the volcano growing pink, is one never-to-be-forgotten.

I heartily recommend a trip to "Old Mother Mexico"!



yolk and bird seed. We found bugs, and worms for him, and when he grew stronger we took him to the garden and let him dig out a rose slug for himself, while he clung firmly to my finger with his well foot.

His wing healed and grew stronger; and long before the summer was over he was flying about the trees with the other birds, but he always came back to his box to sleep. We made a small opening near the ceiling for him to go and come. When the other birds went away at the end of summer, he went with them.

Not until he was gone did we realize what good company he had been. We missed his gay flitting in and out; his gorgeous coloring and lilting song that brightened the days. But we were glad he was well and strong again and free to choose his own winter resort. The months passed and the days lengthened again; the orchard became a vista of pink and rose which was soon shrouded in soft green; the garden awoke to new beauty.

One fine day, a sound of liquid gold drew us to the side porch. There on a cross piece near the door was our oriole! We knew him at once by the missing claw from the left foot. He flirted his tail, fluttered his wings, and sang an ecstatic greeting. He was the first of his friends to arrive. For several days he hovered near the porch, then on the fourth day he ventured inside, through the little opening we had made for him. Straight to his shelf he flew looking for the goodies we put there for him.

In a very short time he had fallen into his old habits. He was in and out, following us to the orchard and to the garden, chirping a "Thank You" for the bug or worm we often dug for him. His gay song brightened the days for us, and each season we find ourselves looking eagerly for our bright-plumaged friend, the oriole.



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FIELD DAY -- MARCH 4th



Sunland, with its encircling mountains and warm bright days, provided enjoyment for forty-six members and guests of the Los Angeles Audubon Society. Among the thirty-three varieties of birds listed were the Red-breasted Sapsucker, \*Lewis Woodpecker, Western Bluebird, Alaska Hermit Thrush, Thurber Junco, California Thrasher, Purple Finch, Cabanis Woodpecker and Cactus Wren. From his tree top the Cactus Wren sang again and again, remaining long enough for a fine study. To make it complete, Mrs. Eldridge showed us a Cactus Wren's nest.

After lunch, under the wide-spreading oaks, Mrs. Hamilton told us about ladybugs and the Wasps that fertilize the Smyrna Fig. Mrs. Edward's subject was the California Rhus of the Sumac family, so familiar a part of our chaparral. She also brought a fine display of the various acacias. Mrs. Daugherty's paper on the Camphor Tree and one of the Bottle Trees (*Sterculia Diversifolia*) was ably read by Mrs. Stultz.

(\*Note: Lewis Woodpecker, named for Meriwether Lewis of the Lewis and Clarke Expedition of 1803-6.)

THE PINE

Waking to know the need of slumberous air	How could you know the desperate despair,
Liquid along a resin fruited bough;	The sick alarm, the dark, unhallowed vow
Waking to forest patterns and the sough	That crown with thorn the intransegert brow
Of fluent eagles rushing to the lair --	And stain with blood the coroneted hair!

For I have learned to look on growing things  
As fragile figments of a vaulted reason  
That don the guise of death but to endure,  
Your coverts whisper high imaginings  
That shrive the unregenerate heart of treason  
Like dim reluctant candles to the poor.