

# Western Tanager

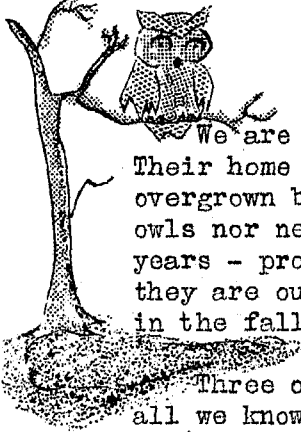


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## OUR OWLS



We are the proud possessors of some (I don't know how many) barn owls. Their home consists of a couple of black acacia trees which are completely overgrown by a wistaria vine, forming a mass of foliage so dense that neither owls nor nests can be seen within. They have lived here for at least five years - probably ten. They have been noted every month, so we feel that they are our permanent gopher traps, though they are rarely seen or heard in the fall; during the other seasons they are very much in evidence.

Three owls have been seen leaving the home trees at dusk, and that's all we know about the size of the family. We think we have heard sounds made by baby owls early in the spring, so we are wondering what they do with their offspring, since the family seems to remain so small.

Once we discovered one of them in a pepper tree across the yard from the home trees. It was sitting on a large branch, backed up against the main trunk. We and our neighbors made many attempts to gain its friendship, but all our advances were met with only a stony, unblinking stare -- he just "perched and sat and nothing more." After a few days it was gone. Had it been cast out of the family home?

In addition to their call, which someone describes as a hissing snore, they have a sort of conversation -- all "clicket, clicket, clicket, click, click, click" -- which they animatedly discuss just before starting out to "bring home the bacon." And plentiful proof that they do bring it is found upon the lawn the next morning, the shape of interesting, but untidy, pellets. These pellets are often nearly two inches in diameter, and they often contain at least one gopher skull.

You see, Mr. Owl, like many human beings, thinks he can get away with anything; so he swallows his gophers, mice and what-not, whole. Later on, he feels as I do when on board a boat in a rolling sea. He no longer wants hide, hair or bones, so he rolls them into a ball and like the dog in the story, "up chucks" it.

Somewhere, I read a verse about an owl. I'm sure you will enjoy its rare poetic charm:

"A wise old owl sat on an oak -  
The more he saw, the less he spoke.  
The less he spoke, the more he heard,-  
Why can't we be like that old bird?"

Miss Isabel Ames

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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.

The last serving pigeon of the A.E.F. named "Mocker", aged 20 years, and wounded under fire in 1918, while carrying messages, died in June at Fort Monmouth, in New Jersey.

Numerous ducks die from picking up shot on the marshes. Sportsmen are now interested enough to ask the ammunition manufacturers to make a shot which will disintegrate when coming in contact with moisture.

The Krivi, a flightless bird of New Zealand, often leans on its long bill to rest.

The African Crocodile has a Bird Dentist, the black-backed courser or plover, which plucks annoying and ravenous leeches from the crocodile's gums.

Tune in over KEHE from 12:15 to 12:30 P. M., every Saturday for fine program on Birds.

NOVEMBER						
S	M	T	W	Th	Fri	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				

MEETING NOTICES

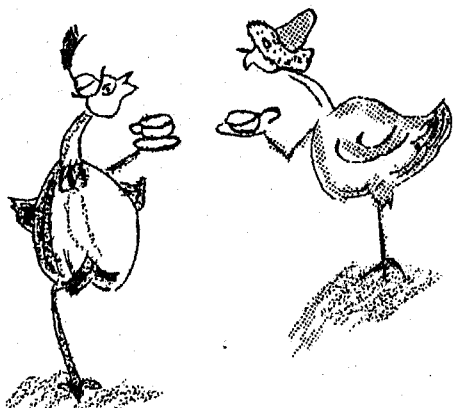
**FIELD DAY**- November 4th. Place: Whittier, Woodland Park. Drive out to Whittier Boulevard to Durfee, then north to Lexington. Many birds are to be seen, including the lovely Cardinals; guests welcome. Bring a pocket lunch as usual. Bus leaves at 8:00 A. M., from 544 South Hill Street. Fare - 75¢ round trip. Telephone Mrs. Grace Hall, Richmond 7078, or Mrs. Lillian Allen, Blanchard 71839, for reservations not later than November 2nd. Bus will leave Woodland Park at 12:45 P. M., reaching Los Angeles at 1:30 P. M.

We wish to provide transportation for all members and friends but will have to ask their cooperation. The Society stands the full price for all seats. When having reservations, be sure to give plenty of notice if you cannot come. Bus will be cancelled if it rains hard.

**BOARD MEETING -- FRIDAY\* -- NOVEMBER 12th**- The members of the Board of the Los Angeles Audubon Society are invited as guests of Mrs. George L. Veatch, at luncheon, and board meeting at her home, 3107 Strand Avenue, Hermosa Beach. Those going by

\*Change due to Armistice Day falling on Thursday, Nov. 11th. (Continued on Page 7)

OVER THE TEACUPS



electric car will get off at Longfellow Station. There will be an early bird walk.

Telephone Mrs. Veatch, at Parkway 6127, whether or not you will be present

INDOOR MEETING - November 18th. A rare treat is in store for all nature lovers. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Michael will show their wonderful motion pictures of Yosemite and the Shore birds at La Jolla. Mrs. Enid Michael, the Ranger Naturalist of Yosemite, is well known and beloved of all nature enthusiasts. Be sure to invite your friends.

STUDY GROUPS TO MEET - NOVEMBER 26th. How many birds do we really know? Study groups are being formed to meet on the 4th Friday of each month from 10 A. M. to 12 A. M. at Plummer Park, 7377 Santa Monica Boulevard, under the direction of Mrs. Grace Hall. She will have bird skins of the principal birds to be found at the next Field meeting. First class is on November 26th. There are picnic tables if you care to take a lunch.

Mrs. E. E. Cobb, Travel Chairman for the Women's Club of Hollywood, extends an invitation to all Audubon members to her section, November 9th, at 1:00 o'clock, at the Hollywood Woman's Club House, 7078 Hollywood Boulevard, near La Brea. The pictures to be shown are Great Forces of Nature, and Mt. Lassen Volcanic Park.

Our grateful thanks are extended to Mrs. Elia W. Hamilton, Mrs. Roy L. Sergeant, Mrs. George Veatch, Mrs. Grace Brown and Mrs. O. L. Wait, for the gift of Dr. Comstock's fine book on Butterflies, an addition to our Library of exceptional value.

We regretfully accept the resignation of Rebecca Farson McKay as our poet laureate. To quote from her letter, "Wishing the Audubon Society constantly increasing success in conserving the beautiful Bird Life of the State, Nation, and even the world outside, and hereafter, please consider me as a private only in your ranks!"

Mrs. Robert Fargo had a picture of Captain Plummer framed for the Audubon Room-- another thoughtful gift from our President Emeritus.

Our former field leader, Mrs. Munson Deuprey, has become a life member. She has not been able to attend our meetings for some time due to absence from the city. It is welcome news that she will be with us for life, regardless of her residence.

We are happy to welcome also the following new members: Mrs. Margaret Bell, Miss Sara Pepple, Mrs. Ted Huntington, Mrs. E. C. Potter, Mrs. Thomas R. Shearer and Mrs. Vaughn C. Viets.

The wonderful Geographic Bird Books in two volumes have been presented to the Los Angeles Audubon Society by Rebecca Farson McKay, to whom we extend our grateful thanks.

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A LAUGH

A laugh is just like sunshine -  
It freshens all the day.  
It tips the peaks of life with light,  
And drives the clouds away.  
The soul grows glad that hears it,  
And feels its courage strong;  
A laugh is just like sunshine  
For cheering folks along.

--Sent in by May E. Wait.

Sixty-four guests and members of the Los Angeles Audubon Society enjoyed a two-hour board trip around the harbor and Terminal Island at San Pedro and Long Beach on October 7th. Mr. Roberts, of the Harbor Department, gave a lecture which was interesting and educational. A short business meeting followed. Mrs. Elsie Humphrey gave a talk on the lovely marine butterflies. A bird walk on the breakwater then followed. The gulls were present in all their glory, the Forsters Tern and Black Turnstone, but the thrill of the day was a fine study of the Parasitic Jaeger.

Mrs. O. L. Wait.

Celia Thaxter's description of the Burgomaster, or great glaucous gull. It applies as well to the glaucous winged as we saw him:

"High over your head the white gull soars, gathering the sunshine in the snowy hollows of his wing. As you look up to them floating in the fathomless blue, there is something awful in the purity of that arch beneath their wings, in light or shade, as the broad pinions move with stately grace. There is no bird so white, nor swan nor dove nor mystic ibis about the ocean marge, there is no dust to soil their perfect snow and no stormy wind can ruffle their delicate plumes -- the beautifully happy creatures."

Mrs. Frances Schneider.

STATES WHICH HAVE SELECTED THEIR STATE BIRDS

Alabama	Flicker	Montana	Western Meadow Lark
Arizona	Cactus Wren	Nebraska	Western Meadow Lark
Arkansas	Mocking Bird	Nevada	Mountain Blue Bird
California	Valley Quail	New Hampshire	Purple Finch
Colorado	Lark Bunting	New Mexico	Road Runner
Delaware	Cardinal	New York	Eastern Blue Bird
Dist. of Columbia	Wood Thrush	North Carolina	Carolina Chickadee
Florida	Mocking Bird	North Dakota	Western Meadow Lark
Georgia	Brown Thrasher	Ohio	Cardinal
Idaho	Mountain Blue Bird	Oklahoma	Bob White
Illinois	Cardinal	Oregon	Western Meadow Lark
Indiana	Cardinal	Pennsylvania	Ruffed Grouse
Kansas	Western Mocking Bird	Rhode Island	Bob White
Kentucky	Cardinal	South Carolina	Carolina Wren
Louisiana	Brown Pelican	Tennessee	Mocking Bird
Maine	Chickadee	Texas	Western Mocking Bird
Maryland	Baltimore Oriole	Utah	California Gull
Michigan	Robin	Vermont	Hermit Thrush
Minnesota	Gold Finch	Washington	Willow Goldfinch
Mississippi	Mocking Bird	West Virginia	Tufted Titmouse
Missouri	Eastern Blue Bird	Wisconsin	Robin
		Wyoming	Western Meadow Lark

States not having selected their State birds according to my list, are, Connecticut, Massachusetts, South Dakota, Iowa, New Jersey, and Virginia.

Mrs. Alma Stultz.

BEHAVIOR OF THE CARDINAL

(Continued from the October, issue, Page 4, of THE WESTERN Tanager)

At the head of a family, the Cardinal is admirable not only in his attentions to his lovely dove-colored mate, but in singing to her by the hour, and in protecting her from intrusion or danger. To the young in the nest, he is an untiring provider of worms and grubs and thus most useful in the garden. Nothing can be more comical than when he first conducts his young family out into the world, while his mate is engaged with her second setting. He is as fussy as any young mother, hopping about in great excitement and appearing to think the whole world is thirsting for the life of his pretty little ones. The Cardinal mother shows the restless manners and anxious spirit of her mate, taking one's intrusion upon her domestic affairs greatly to heart and being so much disturbed that there is more pain than pleasure in making acquaintance with her nestlings.

(Olive Thorne Miller).