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Western Tanager

MRS. RAYMOND BRENNAN, *Editor*

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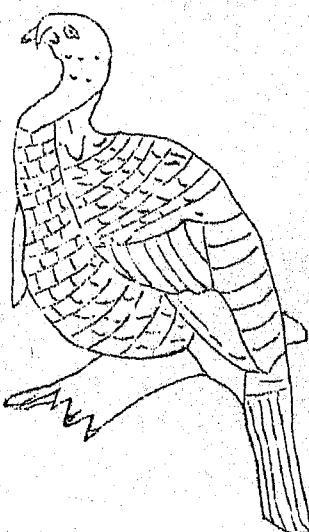
No. 3

THE WILD TURKEY

If at early dawn on some spring morning an ambitious bird student should visit some almost inaccessible mountain spot in northeastern Mexico, or if he should journey to the swampy bottom lands of Florida, he might be fortunate enough to hear a shrill, clear love song--the call of the male wild turkey to his mate. Then suddenly one might see his lordship sail to the ground and, with wide-spread tail, drooping wings, and with dewlap and warty neck charged with bright red blood, display every charm he possesses to some hen which he has attracted to his breakfast ground. Very much of a dandy, overwhelmingly conceited, and ruffled up with self-importance, he will suck air into his windbag, and discharge it with a pulmonic puff that evidently he considers fascinating. Thus he will strut and puff until an infuriated rival rushes at him in ready battle. Spurs, claws and beaks will make feathers and blood fly until one retires defeated, leaving the other master of the harem.

Once abundant as far north as Maine, Ontario and the Dakotas, this noble game bird has had its range so restricted by the advance of civilization that it can now be found only in the most unapproachable of places. Originally no more suspicious or wild than a prairie hen, persecution, which has almost brought it to the extinction point, has finally made it the most cunning and wary, the most elusive bird to be found.

It is the Mexican turkey, introduced into Europe early in the sixteenth century, that still abundantly flourishes in our poultry yards and furnishes our Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. Another bird of the southwest, the Rio Grande turkey, and a smaller variety, confined to southern Florida, show constant, if slight variations in plumage, but little in nature. If American bird lovers would introduce the southern races where the present species has been killed off, this grand old bird might indefinitely be preserved. If this is not done, it can not be long, at the present rate of shrinkage, before the turkey, in spite of its marvellous cleverness, will follow the great auk to extinction.



BIRDS IN ADVERTISING

A more or less objective analysis by The Editor

One evening when turning the pages of a rather popular magazine I chanced upon our good friend, old man Crow. Rather, perhaps, I should say I viewed with delightful astonishment the suave, sophisticated and highly distinguished rascalion, Mr. Crow. He had on a top hat, a monocle and a full dress suit. Nor had he forgotten his walking stick and spats. Friends, I can truthfully say he was "going to town." Underneath him were some words which said, "Three and one-half years in the wood." The product he represented was Old Crow Straight Whiskey. His occupation led me to wonder-- How are our birds used in advertising.

THE WESTERN TANAGER

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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?

DEC. 5. BIRD FESTIVAL.

This is the one meeting of the year which we set aside especially for the birds. We haunt their homes, probe into their family life, criticize their manners and dress, but once a year we have them as our guests. That is at the CHRISTMAN BIRD FESTIVAL. This year the party is to be held at Echo Park, where we are to meet at the northeast corner at 9 o'clock in the morning. Naturally, you will want

DECEMBER						
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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	31				

to bring your own lunch, but, in addition, be SURE TO BRING PLENTY OF FOOD FOR THE BIRDS. THEY ARE OUR GUESTS. They like nuts, crumbs, grain, raisins, and innumerable other little tidbits. Let's make this a party they can sing about for weeks. Mrs. Leon S. Griswold is in charge.

Dec. 12. Board Meeting. At the home of the Hamiltons, 3950 Fredonia St., Hollywood. We are due about eleven.

THERE WILL BE NO PROGRAM MEETING THIS MONTH DUE TO THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. INSTEAD, LET US TURN OUT 100% FOR THE BIRD FESTIVAL AT ECHO PARK ON DECEMBER 5.

THINGS OF INTEREST

At the November board meeting of the Los Angeles Audubon Society Mrs. Rebecca Farson McKay, sister of our dear departed poet laureate, M. Elizabeth Farson, was elected to hold that honorary position.

We are so glad to have her with us. Here is one of her poems:

I am glad you like the robin,
The mocking bird and such!
To Nature's sounding symphony
They add a gladsome touch.
But oh! I loved that humming
bird That came and sang to me
His song so fairy-soft and sweet
As he swung on our green-wood
tree!

Apologies are due to Mrs. Jennie Bremermann. In the October Western Tanager it was announced that Mrs. James Brennan would talk on Audubon. Instead Mrs. Bremermann was the one who gave us the very interesting and delightful book review of this man's life.

The Japanese say that when a butterfly flies into your house it is bringing a message from a departed friend. Audubonites Charlotte and Mrs. Hamilton report having had two recently--one of them one of the beautiful Blues. If it did have a message, what a lovely messenger to carry it.

BIRD NOTES

Common birds in unusual locations, and unusual birds in familiar haunts, were reported during November as follows:

Mrs. Fargo reports a California woodpecker near her home on Kingsley Drive in Hollywood.

On November 8, on June Street, Hollywood, a flock of about seventy-five cedar waxwings remained an hour on a sycamore tree, taking occasional side trips to the cotoneaster bushes.

At Playa del Rey a pectoral sandpiper was recognized among a flock of western sandpipers on November 2.

Mrs. Eldridge says the collection of water birds at Point Mugu is amazing.

On November 3 Mrs. Humphries and friends listed fifty species of birds on a trip to Victorville. It was most thrilling to see such a collection of water birds on the desert. On a large pond between Adelanto and Victorville there were ring-necked ducks, canvas-back ducks, red-heads, ruddy ducks, shovellers, pied billed and eared grebes, coots, and a kingfisher and a blue heron. Many pinon jays were feasting on the berries of the juniper and squaw-bush (*Rhus trilobata*) on the desert side of Cajon Pass, where an immature phainopepla and a crissal thrasher were also seen.

The outstanding birds among the list of 46 seen on the Field Day at Whittier Woodlands were the cardinal, mountain chickadee, belted kingfisher, long-tailed chat, black-throated grey warbler, Townsend warbler, sharp-shinned hawk, cabanis woodpecker, western robin, western bluebird, American raven, winter wren, willow goldfinch, ruby crowned kinglet, lutescent warbler and the dusky warbler.

The Hamiltons were delighted hostesses to a California Towhee, which walked into the house, viewed all the furniture in the living room, and then departed by the front door. Another visitor to the Hamilton home was a long-tailed chat, which Mrs. Hamilton saw in her garden on November 14.

THE CARDINAL IS SEEN

The beautiful, brilliantly colored cardinals which we saw in Woodland Park in Whittier--incidentally, the only place in California where these birds can be seen--reminds us of the note which we received from our beloved President Emeritus concerning her trip to the midwest this summer.

Mrs. Fargo wrote us thus: "I think I had my greatest thrill while I was visiting in a suburb of St. Louis, when one morning I was awakened by the emphatic call of the cardinal, this 'aristocrat of the birds.' I sprang from my bed and from the window I could see his brilliant red plumage as he darted from branch to branch in the top of a cherry tree. My good friend gladly let him have the cherries as meager payment for his daily song. During my stay I spent hours trying 'to get a good look at him,' but he never came low in the tree. Once he appeared in the sunshine against the background of green foliage and his red plumage was a marvel of brilliancy. I held my breath and listened to his song, and gave thanks for that rapturous moment."

ATTENTION, YOU ORNITHOLOGISTS

If you want to see something clever that has been especially designed for your birds, visit our good friend and Audubonite, Mrs. J. F. Kanst, at her Art Gallery on Mulholland Drive in Hollywoodland. She has some of the duckiest bird baths which are just the things to assist the fellows at their toilet.

VERSES BY DR. HENRY JAMES ANDREWS
Officer of Nature Club of So. Calif., and Chairman of Program of Federation of
Natural Science
- by permission -

My love for the flowers and birds and trees If I only knew how to read it well
And the joy I get from all of these, What a wonderful story the rocks could
And the store of pleasure they are giving, tell.
Help to make life more worth living. The thrill to comprehend and see
And interpret the things that come to me.

How much better to go thru life So much of interest all around
Living on beauty than sordid strife, Things in the air, and sea and ground.
And take a moment as we pass along I should never be lonely or stale or blue
To admire a flower, or hear a song. With so much around that is fine and true.

To turn away from care, to dream-- So never let me forget to look--
To hear the music of a stream,-- To interpret nature as a sacred book,
To look away from the city's crowd To find from the stress of life release,
To the glory of a sunset,--or the clouds. To find contentment and joy and peace.

Birds in Advertising, Cont.

I looked through 25 newspapers, in which practically every product imaginable was advertised. Out of 1019 advertisements (omitting movie ads) I found only 8 in which birds were used as illustrations. Of these 8 the wise old owl shared high honors with the duck, there being two instances in which each appeared. In one a big sleepy fellow, with saucer-like eyes, sat winking at two younger. The caption said, "Be Oil-Wise." The product advertised was Pennzoil. In the second case our friend was again represented as a knowing rascal, who, with one eye closed, profoundly remarked: "The wise man asks for Gordon's Gin." Poor thing, I wonder if he would look so wise if his eyes were not located in the front of his head. Maybe he would just look sleepy, and then what about their gin?

Undoubtedly the fact that our rainy season is almost here accounts for the high rating of the waddling duck. In one case he was all dolled up in a rain coat and hat, occupying himself by jumping puddles. In the other he carried an umbrella, looking perfectly contented in spite of a drenching rain. Rainwear was, of course, the reason he was there. But, folks, he likes to get wet.

"What's the sauce-pan for the goose may not be the sauce-pan for the gander" was the hint given as the latter proudly displayed a roaster. A hen remarked that "Homes are like hen's teeth--they are mighty hard to find." She suggested a Want Ad.

The illustration in which the penguin appeared reminded me of the child in the zoo, who remarked: "But, mother, he doesn't have a cigarette!" In his formal black and white attire this immaculate bird was shown as the judge with his jury. He has been a king, a master of the figure eight on ice,--but always he smokes a Kool.

As usual, the robin was the early bird. He represented Calvert Whiskey.

A review of magazine advertising shows the percentage of ads in which birds appear to be about the same as in the newspapers--about 8/10 of one per cent, or about one bird to every 165 advertisements. No particular bird seems to be unusually outstanding as a choice over others. All have traits we could do well to emulate.

In addition to those previously mentioned, ads were found which portrayed the rooster (popular for shoes), the swan (snowy white clothes), the eagle (favorite with insurance companies), the baby chick (he hasn't scratched yet).

The favorite characteristic described is probably "happiness." Perhaps the cheerfulness of the little birds in their happy song and carefree ways accounts for the fact that they are most popular with the liquor companies. "Put Eastside Inside," is a slogan of a particular company, and we have all seen the little bluebirds singing their hearts away. Dear little fellows, they don't have to have a Horse's Neck to make them happy.

I wonder what they would think about it all -- if they

