

LOS ANGELES AUDUBON SOCIETY, INC.

PLUMMER PARK

7377 SANTA MONICA BLVD.

LOS ANGELES 46, CALIFORNIA

T H E

# Western Tanager



MRS. RAYMOND BRENNAN, EDITOR

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All bird lovers, no doubt, at some time have wished to fly. The nearest we have come to having that wish granted was last June 5th, on Friday, at 9 P. M. After friends and relatives extended to us a "Happy Landing", the T.W.A. was boarded at Burbank and the start made for the Atlantic coast, destination, Boston.

The lights of our own cities, as altitude was gained, were magnificent -- starry below -- starry above. In thirty-five minutes, the reflection of lights and trees in Lake Arrowhead were noted, then on over Victorville and the Colorado River. This country, all so familiar on various motor trips, was doubly interesting, viewing it from the air in the moonlight.

Next, the Meteor Crater attracted our attention and is a land mark plainly seen. We were too excited to think of sleep, so at midnight, our first stop, we deplaned at Winslow, Arizona, and enjoyed a brisk walk. A tasty lunch was served after the flight continued, and we arrived at Albuquerque at 2 A. M.

It was then decided it would be wise to have some sleep, so a charming hostess tucked us in our reclining chairs and a sound restful sleep was had while the plane soared over the Divide.

At 4 A. M., what an awakening! Our silver bird was flying over billowy clouds so thick nothing could be seen of the world below. Miles and miles we flew in this fairyland -- just sky above and silvery billows below -- when finally the sun appeared and tiny breaks in the clouds allowed us to peep at Amarillo, Texas, which reminded one of a toy village.

We flew over Wichita at 6 A. M., and arrived in Kansas City at 7 A. M., where friends were waiting to greet us for a few minutes and then send us on our way with best wishes. Breakfast was served above the clouds, and a splendid meal it was.

All day long we flew over, under or through the clouds. Rivers and lakes were very conspicuous and the farms reminded one of Grandma's crazy quilt -- so many colors and shapes.

After leaving Chicago, which was very hazy, a delicious chicken dinner with all the trimmings was served. We sighted Pittsburg at 3 P. M., where the hills looked mighty good after so much level country. Here the wind was rather strong and it was such a joy to see the plane fly around the various hills just as gracefully as a real bird. Next came Newark Airport at 4 P. M., where we waited an hour and then went on to Boston up the rock-bound coast. New York City was viewed from the air at Sunset and one thrill after another was experienced as various interesting and historical places were pointed out. Boston was sighted at 7 P. M., so our never-to-be-forgotten flying jaunt was ended -- about 3500 miles in 17 hours and over fifteen states, with every minute of the trip thoroughly enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon S. Griswold

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LOS ANGELES AUDUBON SOCIETY

New Officers for 1937-1938

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Press and Transportation.....Mrs. Lillian Allen  
Telephone - Blanchard 71839  
Club Editor.....Mrs. Maud Murphy  
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Telephone -- Blanchard 71812

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.

BIRTHDAY MEETING JUNE 3rd



Will be held at Fern Dell, Western Avenue entrance to Griffith Park, with Bird Walk in the morning at 9:00 o'clock. Bring pocket lunch.

A fine program has been planned by Mrs. Grace Hall, who is in charge of the entertainment. There will also be installation of officers. This will be the only meeting in June.

MOCKING BIRDS TEA-ROOM

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Beneath a small acacia  
We daily scatter crumbs;  
And watch our feathered  
neighbors  
Where a gorgeous mocker  
comes.  
All the song birds chatter  
As they see beneath the  
trees,  
A tiny tea-house poster  
For all the clan to see.  
The sign proclaims as  
they draw near,  
"Song-Bird lunches are  
served here."

Mary Ward.

IN APPRECIATION

The Los Angeles Audubon Society wishes to express its sincerest appreciation and thanks to Mrs. C. Harry Eldridge for having once more graciously given her time to be Field Leader through the past year. She is planning to give most of her time next year to her work with the Girl Scouts, but we hope to see her as often as possible.

The beauty of a thing well done often hides the painstaking efforts that go into its preparation. Mrs. Eldridge scouted tirelessly about the countryside to find "birdy" places and to get permission to use them. She was always on the job very early on Field Day with direction-signs set up, tables beautifully arranged for luncheon and the trip planned to start on schedule.

Her infallible knowledge of the birds both practical and scientific, as to their appearance, song, habits and structure, together with her patience in teaching others, makes her place a hard one to fill.

We wish to express appreciation to Miss Betty Keim for her untiring efforts in mimeographing the WESTERN TANAGER and for her cheerful co-operation.

MAY FIELD DAY

Woodland Park in the Spring is everything the name implies - a fairyland of flowers and green with many birds providing a pageant of song and beauty.

The Russet-backed Thrush met you at every turn of the path or called from the shrubs. The Long-tailed Chat demonstrated his ability as a ventriloquist and acrobat. The Red-wing black bird loudly proclaimed the joy in black-bird land, lifting his red epaulets to give a flash of red so lovely that we were almost prepared for the Cardinal, which flew through the trees, leaving us quite breathless for a moment.

The Tree Swallow showed us her nesting place, while nearby a California Brown Thrasher sat quietly on her nest. A Song Sparrow's nest with three eggs was discovered under a sheltering tuft of grass. A Black Phoebe darting under a bridge proclaimed another house-keeping event.

Approximately fifty birds were listed, including the Black-Crowned Night Heron, Anthony Green Heron, Black Headed Grosbeak, Arizona Hooded and Bullock Oriole, Nuttall and Willow Woodpeckers. And what day is complete without the Meadow Lark's familiar song?

Mrs. Mary Barnes Salmon presided in the absence of our President, Miss Charlotte Hamilton.

Mrs. Edwards talked on the Bottle brush; Mrs. Daugherty's subject was the Ginkgo or Maiden hair tree.

Miss Marian Faddis was appointed Field Leader for the day by Mrs. Eldridge.

O.M.S.

INDOOR MEETING - MAY 20th

In a fine talk given for the Federation of Natural Sciences, Mrs. Ben Clary presented new and interesting facts about thirty or more marsh and shore birds found near the Salton Sea.--Also showing mounted specimens of each bird mentioned in the lecture.

ANNUAL AUDUBON MEETING

JUNE 4th

Mrs. Harriet W. Myers, President of the California Audubon Society extends a cordial invitation to members of the Los Angeles Audubon Society to attend a meeting at her home, 311 North Avenue 66. The Bird Walk starts at 8:30. Bring lunch as usual.

Dr. Adele Lewis Grant will speak on "Conservation of Birds."

NEW MEMBERS

Mr. Otto A. Steiert  
Miss Laura Greely

Mrs. Ivy Silvey  
Mrs. Mary Scantland

Mr. Richard E. Kistler  
(Mrs. Griswold's Nephew)

We are very happy to report that Mrs. E. E. Cobb became a Life Member on May 6th, 1937.

WPA AIDS BIRD LOVERS IN HONORING AUDUBON'S MEMORY

Honoring the memory of John James Audubon, famed American artist and ornithologist, a museum is being erected by Works Progress Administration workmen in the Audubon Memorial Park, a mile north of Henderson, Kentucky. High on a hill overlooking a majestic stretch of the Ohio River, the gray stone two-story building is surrounded by the 400-acre Park with its rolling land and thick woods.

The Federal Government, the State of Kentucky, the city of Henderson, the Henderson Historical Society and the Transylvania Society are sponsoring the undertaking. In addition, Audubon enthusiasts from all over the nation have agreed to send in valuable prints, papers, portraits and other mementoes of the great naturalist, it is announced.

A complete collection of Audubon prints will be exhibited in a double frieze in the main gallery on the first floor of the museum. The second floor will have space for stuffed birds, books, portraits and other Auduboniana. There will also be a Kentucky room, which will contain the relics of Daniel Boone, who was a close friend of Audubon, and mementoes of other contemporaries. A Transylvania room will honor the notables of this society of early settlers.

The Norman style of architecture has been employed in the museum structure because of Audubon's ancestry. This allowed the construction of a round tower in the museum with pigeon holes so the birds can nest in the masonry. A formal garden will be laid out in front of the building with the wheel from the stream grist - and lumber mill that Audubon built at Henderson, and which ended so disastrously for him, in the center. Near the museum will be a French gatchouse.

The decade that Audubon spent in Henderson included the happiest and the saddest years of his life. Kentucky was practically a wilderness when Audubon, unsuccessful in the mercantile business in Louisville, arrived at Henderson on a flatboat in 1810, at the age of 25. With him was Lucy Bakewell Audubon, whom he had married two years before. Their daughter, Lucy, died and was buried there while still a child.

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ALLUREMENT

Grant me another sunlit hour,  
Dear God, I humbly ask;  
The ones bequeathed to me for dower  
Failed to complete my task.  
Perhaps I wasted them; forgive!  
But lanes were edged with bloom,  
A redbreast was imperative  
I view its nesting room.  
The moments fled, and I with them,  
Toward hills that called to us --



For who wear trees for diadem  
May be imperious.  
And when I started home, alas!  
My feet were unaware  
How dandelions in the grass  
Would be like magnets there,  
Tomorrow I will work all day --  
This is my solemn pledge --  
Unless the first unbudded spray  
Calls from the lilac hedge.

By - Gertie Stewart Phillips

Editor's Note: And so, Dear Audubonites, until October, Adios!