

very interesting, and people sometimes find your presence near their property disturbing - so a bit of caution is helpful.

(See Bird-Banding, Jan. 1959, pp. 18-26, and EBBA NEWS Sept-Oct 1960, pp. 104, for more information on this trap. Photographs for this article are by the author, with the assistance of M. Fenno. -Ed.)

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Jordan, New York

HIGHWAY GOING THROUGH  
By Mabel Warburton

Am I old-fashioned? Outdated?  
Almost ready for the shelf?  
Unprogressive? Unrealistic?  
Thinking only of myself?  
'Cause I want that marsh and meadow  
Where the Redwings dip and sway  
And the powers-that-be have stated  
That it's only in the way.

Would I stop the wheel of progress?  
Would I stay the hand of time?  
So that I could keep the marshland  
For those many friends of mine?  
Yes. It's here the steel-grey marsh hawk  
Gives my eyes a wondrous thrill  
And it's here the long-billed marsh wren  
Sings her gurgling little trill.

Looking out upon the meadow  
With it's little meadow folk  
I know all these trusting creatures  
Have a Lord that they invoke.  
One who knows what they have need of,  
Such as food and nesting place,  
But are slowly being pushed back  
By the thoughtless human race.

So I'll take a stand to save it  
And I'll have my speech and say  
Though the powers-that-be have stated  
That it's in the right-of-way.  
No, I may not win the battle,  
But I'd rather try than not,  
Lest the grinding wheels of "progress"  
Rip away this heavenly spot.

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