

August 28 ground hog hair, pieces of flesh
 August 28 ground hog hair, pieces of flesh
 August 28 3 Japanese Beetles, 2 June Bugs
 August 29 3 June Bugs, 1 grasshopper, 1 Japanese Beetle
 August 29 2 Japanese Beetles, other insects
 August 29 pieces of plums, 2 Japanese Beetles
 August 29 1 Japanese Beetle, other insect remains
 September 2 insect remains (N.I.)
 September 4 pieces of apples, 1 grasshopper
 September 4 pieces of apple

ITEM OF INTEREST

Dr. J. D. Copeland, of Erskine College, Due West, S. C. banded the record number of 345 Cardinals in his half-acre yard in 1971. The publicity department of Erskine College took a picture of Dr. Copeland banding a Cardinal and sent the picture with an article of his 1971 bandings of 50 species of 2311 birds to the newspapers. The article was picked up by one of the news services and published throughout the South in at least four states. Most articles were two or three columns wide.

In two years of banding at Due West, S. C., Dr. Copeland banded 529 Cardinals. At no time did he ever see more than 40 at one time. Where do they all come from? They do not seem to fear traps and return repeatedly. About 9 percent returned within 3 days; about 13 percent returned within 10 days, and 24 percent returned within 30 days.

While Cardinals do not seem to be migratory birds, they do seem to have a "circulating" pattern. The ones that are being trapped as returns this month are usually not the ones that return a few months later. About 9 percent return to the traps a year later.

BENNIE

In 1972, a friend of mine called to let me know that he was raising a sparrow hawk which he really didn't want. A limb blew off a tree in his yard and the limb contained five small sparrow hawks. All except one male were killed.

I took the bird and raised him in a small wire cage in the post office. The cage was about three feet in diameter. He had a tremendous appetite and was calling for food fairly often. He was about 2½ weeks old when I got him and kept him in the post office about three weeks longer. He loved steak, liver and an occasional earth worm. Each day at 10:30 A.M., he would sit down at the bottom of the cage, tuck his head under his wing and take a nap. His little sides would heave in and out as he slept and even while mail sorting was going on, he wouldn't wake up.

As he grew older, I constructed a cage in the back of the yard and started to let him out for flying lessons. He first flew to the neighbors to sit on their porch and for three days I had to chase after him to get him back. I called him "Bennie" and when I called him that, he would answer. Finally, Bennie always came home when he became hungry. He had a favorite perch on my corn feeder and when hunger pains persisted, he'd cry there for his food.

One morning I drove down to my mother's house, one quarter mile away, for coffee, and Bennie followed, landing on her antenna. He called and pleaded for food, so I dug him some worms. When I called him, he flew down to the picnic table but he wasn't in the mood for worms. I drank my coffee and got into the car and started up the road. Rolling down the window, I called him. I saw a shadow go across the road and there was Bennie headed for home. He landed on his favorite perch and I cut up some stew beef and he was quite happy again.

On another occasion, a lady called me, rather unfriendly, to ask me if I had a sparrow hawk, that was banded. When I replied in the affirmative, she said there was such a hawk in her pheasant's pen and she was hopping mad. I told her I would be right over. She said "Never mind" I'll ask my husband to bring him down (one advantage of living in a small town). I could hear Bennie calling and as I looked out the window, the husband with Bennie in his hand were on the way. Bennie was complaining bitterly every step of the way. Perhaps he thought he was a pheasant.

Besides eating, Bennie loved to bathe. Standing in the water, he would drink and then take a daily bath.

Bennie finally flew off for good, and I sure miss that bird. On last sight, he still had a tail feather missing and wore band number 1093-31322.

Contributed by: Gerald Church, Eaton, New York 13334.

+
+ +
+

MS. MARSH HAWK CATCHES HER DINNER

By Dorothy Briggs

An hour before sunset on February 18, 1974 found my husband and me parked in the fields behind the Massachusetts Correctional Institute in Bridgewater. Soon two pairs of Marsh Hawks appeared and began harrying. One hovered low, then pounced upon some prey, perhaps a vole. This I've witnessed many times. What followed was new to me.

The other three hawks flew into a different section, where they put up about forty Meadowlarks. Most of these escaped by sailing low under the hawks, but one pair of the hawks worked together and cut off about eight Meadowlarks, who were then forced to fly back and forth between the harriers, who then narrowed the distance between themselves. The female singled out one bird, and in a matter of seconds she twisted and turned, extended her wings out like arms, batted the Meadowlark back and forth between them, and enwrapped it in her wings at about the same time she hit the ground and grabbed it with her talons. Madam Circus cyaneus had her dinner. We drove home and took two steaks out of the freezer.

--11 Carpenter Street, Middleboro, Mass. 02346

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

In the preparation for my duties as President, I have been "thumbing" through a bound volume of EBBA correspondence dated 1923-1937. This was placed in my care by the late Eleanor Dater.

First in order, is a much pencilled "work copy" of our Constitution and By-Laws. This is followed by letters of hopes and concerns "over" such signatures as Arthur Allen, Rudyard Boulton, Prentis Baldwin, Beecher Bowdish, A.K. Fisher, John Gillespie, Munsell Crosby, Charles White, William Pepper, Ray Middleton, Gilbert Pierson and Frederick Lincoln, just to name a few, the real Who's Who of the Bird Banding movement in the United States. It reads as an exciting account of the concerned citizens' effort...the endless meetings and correspondence, the tireless work that went toward building the ethics and the national banding program which was later integrated as part of the Bureau of Biological Survey. A light moment is shared in a letter from a young lawyer to Munsell Crosby of the Linnaean Society....Franklin D. Roosevelt, later President of the United States, expressed that he and his son Elliot, age 12, "would be interested in learning 'trapping'." Most of the historical correspondence deals with the serious concern for improved COMMUNICATION, membership and finances.

As I write, I'm looking over the mirror surface of the lake in front of our summer cottage....it's a beautiful reflection of early fall colors mixed with the sounds of a "bossy" nut-hatch and "hot" Cicadas, punctuated by the "popping" of Blue Gills as they come to the surface. This is Nature's prelude to the passing of summer, a proper "accompaniment" to the concerns I have for EBBA. As of this hour we are still faced with the historical concerns of our FOUNDERS! Especially improved communication with our membership.

Please take some time to CORRESPOND with your Officers and Committees...let's start things happening! What are some of your banding activities? What are you doing with your data? What are you doing with your backyard banding data? Do you have articles "tucked away inside" that you need help with getting on paper? Do you have articles you want reviewed? The Publication Committee is standing by to help you! Do you have a project idea you want help in developing? The Education Committee is ready to help! Do you have a site that the Conservation Committee can help you clear for a banding location or a permanent EBBA Research Center?

When was the last time you wrote the EBBA President? The future direction of EBBA is our MUTUAL CONCERN! Please SHARE your THOUGHTS!

--Christopher N. Rose, Sr., President
98 Lopez Road, Cedar Grove, New Jersey 07009