

## NOTES FROM THE EDITOR

Please, if you want future issues of EBBA news to contain any information other than that supplied by the Editor, submit some manuscript for publication!

Unless there is loud wailing and gnashing of teeth and an official cease and desist from the officers and/or council, the Editor plans to issue EBBA NEWS bimonthly rather than monthly. We still plan to have ten pages of material in each bimonthly issue which compares not too unfavorably with the twelve pages which would appear on a monthly basis. Furthermore, from time to time, we plan to include additional pages in each bimonthly issue. This may well be pure heresy to so determine policy in connection with EBBA NEWS, for the Editor has not consulted with the officers, but since his time is very much limited by professional responsibilities, he sees no other alternative to going on a semimonthly basis. The Editor is very much gratified by the many expressions of appreciation which he receives from the members, but at the same time he would like to remind members of EBBA that EBBA NEWS is their publication and that its success or failure depends almost entirely upon the quality of the material with which he has to work, and that the Editor plays a relatively unimportant role in the production of EBBA NEWS.

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## MEMORY IN A CATBIRD

The following note from Dr. Edward E. Wildman is from one who, upon retirement from formal employment (in the Philadelphia School System) seems to be even busier than ever before. He writes, "Work on type plant specimens at the Academy of Natural Sciences for the years since my retirement, and now preparing the letters of John Bartram for publication by the American Philosophical Society (somebody else does the typing) and revising my little Nature Calendar-THIS WEE OUT OF DOORS-ready for its 4th printing, and having daily work in Nature Study for guests and cottagers at Pocono Manor for the past twenty summers, I've been rather busy!" And now, the Catbird note:

"Mr. George Smith, a guest at Pocono Manor Inn, a good putter

and bird lover, had an interesting experience with a certain Catbird. Her nest was built in the rhododendron bushes that surround the porch of the Halfway House at the putting green. I had banded the young birds before Mr. Smith arrived in June, and on his first day there, told him of the fact. 'I'll have some fun with her', said Mr. Smith, and, next day, took some fresh grapes to the putting green. He dropped one about three feet from the nest bush, another three feet farther from it, and a third beside his feet about three feet farther away. Soon the Catbird left the nest, saw the first grape, got it, then the next, and finally got up enough courage to get the one by his feet.

"The next day, Mr. Smith took three more grapes, and dropped them as before, except that the third he held at one end of his putter, holding the putter parallel with and about three feet above the ground. The bird took the first two grapes as before, then hopped up on the putter and went over and got the third grape.

"The next day, the two grapes were dropped as before, but the third was held in his hand, with the little finger extended. The bird flew to the finger and again got the third grape. The next day, and for all the remaining days until mid-September when Mr. Smith left for the season, all he had to do was to lift his hand up and down a few times at any point on the putting green, and the Catbird would fly to his extended little finger and get her grape. This performance occurred many times each day, and it was always of interest to Mr. Smith's fellow putters and to the rocking chair gallery on the porch.

"The next summer, on his first day at the Manor Inn, Mr. Smith took some grapes to the putting green, and moved his hand as before. A Catbird flew about one hundred yards to his hand and got the grape!

"Here we have strong evidence of a precise return and also, of even greater interest, a memory span of nine months over the long migratory flight, both ways, perhaps to Honduras.

"No such response was found during the past season, 1953, although Catbirds built in the same rhododendron bushes. Mr. Smith taught another to come to his hand. We'll see if it returns and remembers next summer." New address, 409 East Second Street,  
Moorestown, New Jersey