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A BIRD SANCTUARY ON RECLAIMED LAND

BY FRANK M. WOODRUFF

Standing in the beautiful Bird Sanctuary in Lincoln Park, as wild a looking spot as you would find in the far west, it is hard to realize that fifteen years ago the waves of Lake Michigan rolled over this spot.

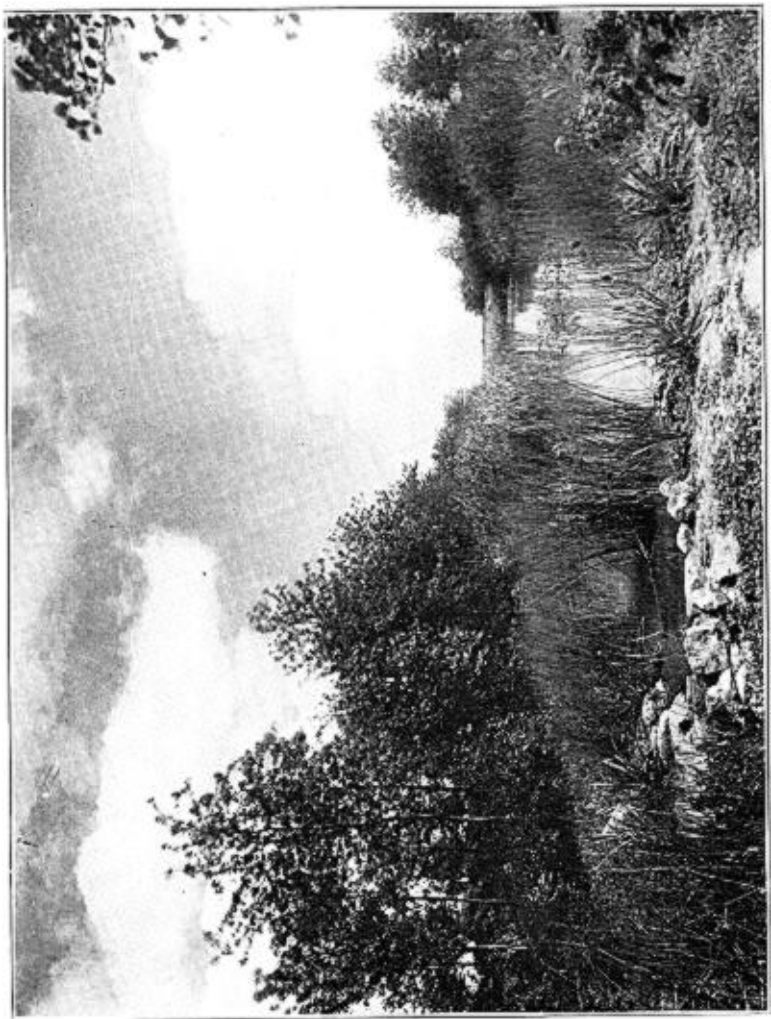
Three hundred acres of land have been reclaimed from the lake by first driving the outer piling, then filling this space with sand. A farm was purchased at Lemont on the Canal, and the rich swamp muck and loam brought on flat boats to form the surface of this newly made land. Ten acres of this forms the Bird Sanctuary.

The enclosure is fenced in, and the Commissioners of Lincoln Park are trying to devise some way of admitting the bird lovers. It is almost impossible to prevent stepping on a sandpiper's nest and frightening away the water birds. It has been suggested that a reservation be made one or two miles long and extending from the Lake to Sheridan Road, containing artificial lakes which could be planted with wild rice and vallisneria for the water birds, and hills and woods for the Passerine birds. We should all use every effort to bring about this conservation, or the space will probably be used for an eighteen hole golf course.

Mr. Poppe, the landscape gardner and tree expert of Lincoln Park, is planting many of our native fruit-bearing plants—huckleberry, strawberry, the crataegus trees, red and black haw. He has surrounded the ponds with swamp arum, vallisneria, wild rice, and even the American lotus.

It is really pathetic to see the attempts of the visiting water birds, rails, coots, bitterns and many other species, to find a nesting place here, as all of our nesting grounds for water birds have been destroyed in Cook County.

Twelve pairs of Spotted Sandpipers raised their young in this ten-acre spot in 1925, as well as two pairs of Killdeers, Green Herons, Soras, and King Rails. Catbirds, Robins and Yellow Warblers occupy almost every bush, and we are anxiously awaiting new surprises this year.



A VIEW IN THE BIRD SANCTUARY ON RECLAIMED LAND.

Great numbers of Black-bellied Plovers, Ruddy Turnstones, Least and Semipalmated Sandpipers, Pectoral Sandpipers, and in fact, all of our migrating shorebirds may be observed here. The Snowflakes and the Snowy Owl have been observed. A Golden Eagle was found dead on the shore.

While taking a walk last fall with Mr. Samuel Harper, we noticed a flock of small gulls in the upper end of Belmont Harbor. As it was too late for the Bonaparte Gulls we were curious to know what they were, and I had the pleasure of seeing my first flock of Franklin Gulls. As we stood on the high bank, a short stocky gull left the flock, and as it slowly sailed under us we noticed a V-shaped patch on the back—our second record of the Kittiwake Gull, the first record being one that I shot twenty years ago.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FRANKLIN LORENZO BURNS

My life and ornithological experiences have been so far from the spectacular that I have little of general interest to communicate, though some incidents of my life-long and for the most part solitary novitiate, representing a supposititious investment of one hundred thousand dollars in energy and an actual expenditure of ten thousand dollars in cash, may not be devoid of novelty, especially as I have retained the status of a bona fide amateur, never having sold an egg, skin, manuscript or derived material benefit in the way of business.

My earliest remembrance is that of a frightful childhood dream which still clings vividly to my mind. I thought that I ran in a panic through my dear old Quaker grandmother's herb and flower garden to the yard only to encounter a number of gigantic pachyderms, swart and sextuped, and though they paid not the slightest attention to the terrified boy in the Dolly Varden dress as he dashed through the herd and pattered over the flagstones to the Dutch door, he expected any moment to be caught up in the curling proboscis of one of the monster Bulljacks, which became in my imagination the symbol of publicity.

My ancestors were mostly of Anglo-Saxon origin with an infusion of Welsh, Scotch-Irish and a dash of Gallic blood. Bern or Burn was the original surname, probably derived from the Norman Bjorn—a bear; of North England, transplanted in Wicklow, Ireland, about the time of James II as adherents of the Established Church, and South-eastern Pennsylvania in the Colonial period. My father's mother, an