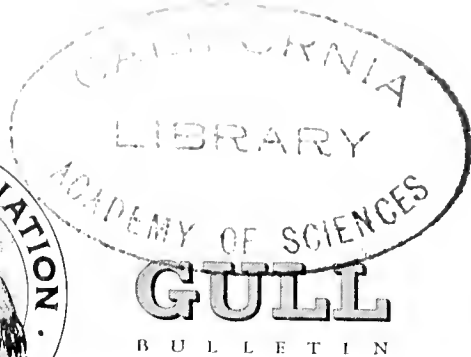


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**THE**  
MONTHLY



**GULL**  
BULLETIN

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**OCTOBER MEETING:** The next regular meeting of the Association will be held on Thursday evening, 9th inst., at eight o'clock, in the Assembly Hall of the Public Library, corner of McAllister and Larkin Sts. Take elevator to third floor. Car lines No. 5 or No. 19.

The feature of the meeting will consist of an address by Mrs. G. Earle Kelly on "Birding Experiences in Humboldt and Del Norte Counties." After traversing these counties, Mrs. Kelly visited Crater and Klamath Lakes, and she will have interesting data from these places as well. Visitors will be made welcome.



**OCTOBER FIELD TRIP** will be taken on Sunday, October 12th, to Lake Merced. East Bay members should take ferry boat reaching San Francisco about 8:40 a. m., and go thence by Mission Street car, line No. 12, with "Ocean" sign. San Francisco members take Ingleside car, line No. 17, and transfer to car line No. 12, westbound, at Nineteenth Ave. Leave car at Fortieth Ave. and Sloat Boulevard. Bring canteen or cup.

Party will form at entrance to nurseries of MacRorie and McLaren on Sloat Boulevard near the point where Fortieth Ave. intersects same. The trip usually extends all the way around the lake, reaching the cars again at Daly City, but individuals may curtail it by returning from the lake to Sloat Boulevard.



**PROCEEDINGS OF THE SEPTEMBER MEETING:** The ninety-second regular meeting of the Association was held on September 11th, in the Assembly Hall of the San Francisco Public Library, with President Kibbe in the chair; Mrs. Carl R. Smith, Secretary; thirteen members and three guests in attendance.

The feature of the evening consisted of an address by Past Honorary President Dr. Harold C. Bryant on "Current Conservational Measures in California," with references as well to other movements of like character and of national concern.

The speaker reported that the Du Pont anti-crow campaign aroused little or no interest in California and met with no apparent success here. The Hornaday campaign for congressional action on game bird bag limit reduction met with no success but aroused a great deal of interest. The Nature Guide Service in the Yosemite has demonstrated its value and has been enthusiastically received and a \$70,000 museum is in course of construction in that valley.

Questions of stream pollution arise perennially. In the early 70's the problem of sawdust gave much concern, as the redwood sawdust killed the fish. Then hydraulic mining destroyed the salmon run in the Sacramento river and now we have the menace of oil.

Ill-advised drainage operations have wrought much havoc and even Wisconsin and Minnesota are disturbed. Many lakes have been reclaimed and the water table lowered to an alarming extent. Anti-drainage organizations are checking the reclamation madness. Lower Klamath Lake is a distressing barren, ravaged by tule fires which burned out pits from which the wind has blown the ashes. Farmers and conservationists are all for restoration and Dr. Mead, head of the reclamation service appears to be favorably inclined toward this proposition.

The status of California as a salmon breeding area is threatened by the present tendency to erect dams in the lower reaches of its rivers, notably the Eel and Klamath rivers. Thirty feet is the limit of height for workable fish ladders or runways. At Eel river dam, the water is now forty feet below the top, so that there is none in the fishway. All salmon eggs used in the State hatcheries are now taken from the Klamath river, because of diminution of eggs in other streams. We cannot have both fish and power on these streams, and the largest initiative petition ever handled in the state was recently filed for putting this question before the voters on the next ballot.

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### MY MOCKINGBIRD

There came to me one morning in early spring, one of the sweetest songsters I have ever heard. It was at the dawn of the morning, when many of the birds sing their sweetest. I called him mine, but I did not own him,—he seemed to own me. Whenever I would go out into the garden, he would come to me, and begin to talk in his bird language. I studied his notes and tried to learn some of them. Then he began to study mine, and he learned a great many words.

He was a born flirt, fascinating, and very dramatic. He was determined to engage in social relationship, and made many human sounds. I would hurt his feelings at times, and he would go away, as it were, to sulk. I would go out and call him, but he would not answer me. I would spy him up in the pepper tree, hiding away from me. All of a sudden he would dart out from underneath and sing his sweet song and forgive me.

He was jealous, too. One morning I was out looking at the ferns when a little brown thrush came to me. This little songster was so very near I could have put my hand on him. I said, "Oh, you pretty—" I had not said the word "thing," when I felt a flash by my head and my mocker darted at the little thrush, who went under the trellis and back of the rocks,—the last time I ever saw him,—but my mocker scolded me for about one half-hour. I had called that bird pretty, and that was *his* name.

Every morning at 6:30 he came to my window and called me Girlie, Girlie, just as plainly as a human voice. I would visit with him about ten minutes, and then he would fly up into the pepper tree and eat the berries, his favorite breakfast. He cared little for the food that I would give him, but now and then he would eat a raisin.

I taught him to call me Pretty Girl. He would follow me from the back of the house to the front veranda, where there was a large awning dropped

to keep out the heat. The bird would stick his head under and call Pretty Girl. No matter where I was or what I might be doing, I would always go to his call. He was a most irresistible bird.

I would play I was hurt, and he would tilt his head to one side and look down at me, as much as to say, "Do you really mean it?" Then he would fly up on the telephone pole and sing at the top of his voice, calling me Pretty Girl, over and over again.

I went away on a visit, and was gone for some time, and my family said that my bird left as soon as I did, and was never seen or heard during all the while I was gone. But on my return he came back inside of a day, and I never had another such welcome. He would come up to the door and call me, over and over again, and sing and dance on the wire. Words could not express the delight this little feathered friend tried to show me. He would come to my bedroom window and call me, then hop into the tree and sing his prettiest song of welcome. I told him how I loved him, and how glad I was to get back to him and I know he understood every word.

He adored flattery, the proudest thing you ever saw. But when I tried to show him off he was like some children. We had a flagpole on the top of the observation roof, and one of his favorite stunts was to sit on the ball and play peek-a-boo with me. He would call, "Here I am, here I am!" as plainly as you or I could say it. I would have loved to have his picture, but that was one thing he would not permit.

I would stand out on the veranda and sing the scale with him, and he would rise from the wire straight up in the air, singing his chromatic scale and cadence as a spirit of song would seize him and he would launch forth in a torrent of music, such as few have ever heard. A friend of his said that he towered above Caruso in the world of song as the peaks of the Sierra Madre mountains towered above the plains; that even Alma Gluck and Galli-Curci would forget their own sweet notes in wonder and admiration at the versatility and technique of this master of song.

He would come every day, almost to the minute, and give this concert. His feathered admirers would come by the score—I have counted sixteen to twenty on the wires at one time, linnets, English sparrows, strawberry birds and grackles. They were all but hypnotized while this concert lasted. I wondered how such musical power and sweetness could come from the throat of a little bird. In the twilight hour he would sing a new note, soft and low, of infinite sweetness and tenderness. This was all for his little faithful brooding mate who was on her nest, not far away, and to mortals who listened to this song of tenderness, it would stir the echoes of recollections like the refrain of some long-forgotten love-song.

His memory was wonderful. We could hardly believe it of a bird. I left my home in January, 1920, and was gone until May, 1922. When I returned to Sierra Madre I stayed with a friend who lived about a half-mile from my old home. I had been there only a few days when I located my bird. I heard his voice away over near the hills. I gave him his call two or three times, and at last he answered me, and oh, how happy I was!

He came nearer and nearer, but was not quite sure that it was his old-time friend. I kept on with my call. At last he came and lit on the roof across the street. Then I began to talk to him in our own way, and oh, how happy he was! but not any more so than I. He took his favorite seat on the top of the telephone pole, and there he called to me and sang to me. No

## THE GULL

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serenader ever played sweeter music for his sweetheart than my mockingbird did for me. Many times he called me from my bed at twelve o'clock at night. Then he would sing his sweetest song, lasting from ten to fifteen minutes.

Often when I would go down the street, he would follow me along the fences or up in the trees, talking to me as we would go along. I never felt so badly to leave a friend behind me, as I did to leave this little feathered friend, My Mockingbird.

ALICE S. JACKSON.



SEPTEMBER FIELD TRIP was taken on Sunday, the 14th to Baumberg and vicinity. The fresh-water pumping had been started a week later than usual at the gun club ponds and they were not yet in prime condition to attract the objects of our search. Fortunately the ponds to the north were in good condition, and the party enjoyed perhaps the most fruitful of the many trips made to this area. The day was windy, but bright and fine.

For the first time, the stilts were absent, but for this there was ample compensation afforded by a flock of white-fronted geese. The very special feature of the day was what was doubtless a family of four white-tailed kites, loitering near the spot where the party took lunch, and affording opportunity of observation for an indefinite time. A large flock of white pelicans delighted us by their evolutions and some thirty or forty avocets were loafing in extended formation. Pintails were spread about in myriads, with here and there one that had acquired its normal plumage.

Passing the salt works along the easterly side of the large canal, the party proceeded to Mt. Eden station and returned on the 4:35 p. m. train.

Birds encountered were: California, ring-billed and Bonaparte gulls; white pelican, mallard, pintail and ruddy duck; white-fronted goose, bittern, great blue heron, coot and northern phalarope; avocet, dowitcher, sandpiper, (western?), marbled godwit, lesser yellow-legs and willet; Hudsonian curlew, black-bellied plover and kildeer; turkey vulture, white-tailed kite, marsh, sharp-shinned, red-tailed and sparrow hawks; barn owl, kingfisher, Anna hummer, black phoebe and western flycatcher; meadowlark, Brewer blackbird, linnets, willow and green-backed goldfinches; Bryant marsh sparrow and Nuttall sparrow; California towhee, barn and northern violet green swallows; California shrike and lutescent warbler. Forty-four species.

Members in attendance: Mesdemoiselles Ayer, Olive Burroughs, Cohen, Rhine and Shroder; Mesdames Baylor, Kelly, Kibbe, Mexia and Witt; Messrs. Kibbe and Myers. As guests: Miss Wann, Miss Phyllis Bastian, Dr. Goodman, Mr. D. A. Paddock, David Levy and Nathan Varney. Twelve members and six guests.

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## AUDUBON ASSOCIATION OF THE PACIFIC

FOR THE STUDY AND THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS

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