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ADVENTURE IN FRIENDSHIP

by

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Changed
"Adventure at Home"

Sometimes one travels a long way into far fields for an adventure. Sometimes it comes to your door. It may loom large, ^{exciting} ~~noisy~~, hazardous. Then again, it may come like a thin thread across space asking to be let in.

In a roomy wire cage on our lawn under a big maple tree, a mourning dove hops up to his perch about the time dusk falls and goes to bed alone. He is such a mite ^{3x5-4x4} (even in his three by five cage) that one has to look twice to see him. But he puts on an air of bravado and contentment, shuffles his bed feathers and settles down on his small red feet as if he wasn't afraid of being alone in the dark. But if one goes close, he can see his round dark eyes peering out with the expression of a lonely child. The big, dark world must seem overwhelming, the black shadows under the nearby grape arbor, the rustling of the leaves over his head; and that mellow, rippling call of the screech owl down the hill must chill him to the bone.

Dickey Dove has not been alone long in his cage. Two days ago he had a "big brother", Peter, ^a the band-tailed pigeon. Peter, iridescent and ^{arrogant} self-complacent, was three times the size of the demurely colored dove and ^{and he was a} lived ^{bully.} up to his looks by bullying his small companion. When the little one wanted to cuddle up to him at night, he ^{reached down and pecked him, a brief saying} gave him some discouraging pecks, scolding ^{in an} irritated tone. So the dove had to sit two or three inches away and be content. ^{Dissect on blue slip.}

Both birds came to visit us from the Pittock Bird Sanctuary, that over-worked convalescent home for unfortunate feathered ones, that would be very grateful for a helping hand from its bird friends. Peter, the pigeon, was found on the ground in their grove of trees by Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Hall, of 3925 N. E. Maywood Place, and brought to the sanctuary. A wing was injured and he could not fly, so he was easy meat for a hawk or a meandering cat. Dickey, the dove, was found by Mrs. Ada Muir, of 2224 S. E. Eighth Avenue, and having no

way to transport him, the Humane Society brought him to the bird hospital. He had been shot by some careless boy with an air-gun and the little slug hit him in the breast and punctured the craw. For some time he could not eat and nearly starved. Even now he is a runt bird. The wound finally healed and Dickey is making up for lost time. He pitches into the egg and wheat-germ mash, eats till he pods out in front, his face smeared with gooey food.

One day Peter was badgering Dickey and pushing him about the cage. In his excitement, Dickey ^{slipped} pushed through a little hole in the wires made by every-day sparrow boarders, and escaped into the garden shrubs. He must have been bewildered and scared, for two days later we found him back at the door of the cage trying to get in. It was better to be heckled than hit by some blitzkrieg from the sky. Peter seemed glad to have him back, a half grudging apology. He walked around on the grassy floor talking in a nasal twang, and that night, the last one, the dove was snuggled up close to him.

The next day we took both of the birds out to get pictures. They were accustomed to being handled and took it as a sort of an outing. I held one in each hand while the cameras were being made ready. Peter paid no attention to these movements, but his eyes were turned to the trees and the river. All at once, he jerked away and sprang off in strong, straight flight, landing in the top of a tall fir.

After a few snap-shots, Dickey went back into his cage. The door was left open in the hope that Peter might return, but at last we gave it up, knowing that freedom meant more to him than anything else. Dickey is free to step out of the floor and wing away when he pleases. He has lived alone for some days, but still he lingers, pattering about and taking dust baths between meals. His door is closed at night for fear that musical owl might slip in.

*Placed
about*

The dove is the universal symbol of gentleness and peace, a familiar and friendly bird whose calm, unafraid eyes should shame a hunter into dropping his own - and his raised gun. How could one shoot a robin-sized bird that trusts man's friendship and protection to the point of wanting to stay near him instead of living his own wild, free life?

The domestic life of the dove is exemplary.

Winding in and out searching the thorny cats-claw, mesquite, bushes, and the murderous cacti of the Arizona desert, I walked close up to an old jumping cactus with a bushy top, when something alive fluttered off a limb and with a broken wing went dragging away in a devious course. The tell-tale marks were her small size, olive-brown color, and black-spotted wings, a mourning dove. Poor thing!

Behind some bushes, she got well and whistled away in a curving flight. In the nest, perched on its narrow parapet, were two pin-feathered, pudgy nestlings with round heads, black bills, and unafraid eyes. I glanced up into the lacy limbs of a mesquite and saw the mother perched on a branch watching me. She would sit there till I departed. The half melancholy "Wheew-hewh-heeeoooo", softly far but near, pulsed from the mid-day thickets. These long-drawn mourning notes are made only by the male, usually on the wing.

The nest of the mourning dove is a flimsy stick platform placed on the crotch of a limb, or flat on a limb, and sometimes in the center of a cactus. It is an indifferent affair, which upon looking up one can see the eggs through the bottom. It is easy for foes and friends alike to see, and for that reason one never does see it.

Mourning doves are very prolific and eggs may be found from February till September. In the late summer and early autumn, the doves begin to gather into small flocks. Their food, taken mostly on the ground, consists almost exclusively of weed seeds and occasionally grains. Their industry as weed destroyers is enormous. Sometimes it is the bearded foxtail, wood sorrel, and other mixed varieties, but mostly weeds. Against this wholly commendable record, think of the thousands of doves that are killed annually in regions where they are abundant. And this means almost over the whole country.

The useful little dove faces his doom on September 1 in this state, and the persecution lasts for fifteen days.

for this bird is found in every state in the Union.

and sentence

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Partly used photostats in Dove & Pigeon article

on our lawn
In a roomy wire cage under a big maple tree, two wild birds patter about picking up bits of gravel or snipping a bite of green, or they sit side by side on a perch, gazing off through the trees to the river. In a row on the grass, are a tin cup of fresh water, a little dish of mash made of wheat germ and hard boiled egg softened by a little water, and another dish of dry pablum and bird seed, and a small pan of gravel.

Peter Pigeon II, (for there was another Peter Pigeon last summer) and Dickey Dove came to live with us from the Pittock Bird Sanctuary (about ten days ago.) The convalescents ~~xxxxxxx~~ at the Sanctuary have become so numerous that they are almost crowding out their care-takers. And the task of nursing sick and injured birds, ~~xxxxxxx~~ not to mention furnishing them ~~justxxxxxxx~~ all the prescribed and different diets that will give them their proper vitamins is wearing down the staff, ~~which~~ ^{and the financial ability to} ~~consists~~ ^{meet the} almost entirely of one person, Mrs. W. A. Elliot. So we are helping out by taking over some of the orphans till they are well enough ^{to} leave ^{for the} wild.

We watched Mrs. E. carefully lift ^{helpless} a badly wounded kingfisher that was partially paralyzed, rolled over ^{Hal,} on his side, and could not swallow food. (He was a pathetic wreck.) Mrs. E. held him with one hand while she opened his bill and inserted pieces of small smelt as far down his throat as she could. He had no ~~power~~ control of his muscles and it took several tries before the food got started down. His big, pointed bill was a handicap, but his eyes shone bright and he seemed to want to help as much as he could. ^{Just} I feared that it was taps for Hal and any other bird with so slight a chance to live and wing away to his wild haunts.

So Peter and Dickey ^{the pigeon & dove} are ensconced under the big maple tree at Jennings Lodge. They get along fine except that Peter feels superior to the little gray dove when it wants to cuddle up to him at night and, scolding in a ^{half-angry} secretive voice, ~~peck~~ gives the little ball of feathers some discouraging pecks. Once when Peter was badgering Dickey and pushing him about, the little dove found a hole in the rusty wires and pushed through. He was free! He scuttled under the garden shrubs nearby and wandered bewildered away. For two days he was gone from his safe retreat, and then on the third we found him back at the door of the cage again trying to get in. Peter seemed glad to see him and ashamed of driving him away. He walked around on the grassy floor talking softly, and that night the dove was snuggled up close to him, and all was peace again.

Notes on bird Sanctuary - some used

The Pittock Bird Sanctuary on Cornell Road with its bird-like cottage nestled in greenery, bird houses at the windows, bird houses and all kinds of quick lunch counters and cafeterias hung up in the trees, has become a truly convalescent home for the unfortunate feathered ones. They have become so numerous that they are almost crowding out their care-takers. The task of nursing sick and injured birds, not to mention furnishing them all the prescribed and different diets that will give them their proper vitamins is wearing down the staff, which consists almost entirely by one person, Mrs. W. A. Eliot.

We watched Mrs. Eliot carefully lift ^{Hal,} a partially paralyzed kingfisher. He rolled over on his side and could not swallow food because ~~the throat muscles were paralyzed~~ he had no control of the throat muscles. Mrs. E. held him while she opened his bill and inserted small pieces of smelt as far down as she could. It took several tries before the food got started down. His big pointed bill was a handicap, but he was hungry and his eyes shone bright. He seemed to want to help as much as he could. He was a pathetic wreck, and I feared that it was taps for Hal, and any other bird with so slight a chance to live and wing away to the health and freedom of his wild haunts.

There's ^{Roupy,} the cheerful robin with one wing, the other a useless stub sheared off at the shoulder. He hops about busily, frequently bursting out in little ^{at} times, tries to find worms on the wooden floor, even though there are all kinds of fruit, berries, and suet in little dishes nearby. As a buddy for companionship, he has a western evening grosbeak, another one-armed soldier in the war of life. Neither will ever fly again. These little fellows appreciate the care and comforts they get and show it with unafraid gentleness and trust.

Many residents around Portland bring in injured birds and young birds fallen out of nests. They come from as far as Forest Grove, Newberg, and other towns some distance from the Sanctuary. In their zeal and human interest in birds, sometimes a young bird old enough to be out of the nest but not yet on the wing is brought in. One thrilled boy brought in a young nighthawk that he picked up on the graveled roof of a building, not knowing that nighthawks commonly nest on graveled roofs as well as on gravel bars of a river. He had only robbed the cradle.

It all goes to show that birds mean a good deal in the lives of their human friends, especially the children. Many groups of children visit the Pittock Sanctuary and chuckle with glee to see a rehabilitated robin bounce into the back door and perch on Mr. Eliot's shirt front and chummily peck at his buttons. Or hear Mrs. Eliot call, "Here Teddy, come on," and see a flicker flash down and land softly on her white hair, to jabber in her ear.

This means a great deal to our community, not only in pleasure and education, but as first place in cities of charm. Anyone helping the Sanctuary with a donation to ~~help~~ carry on this most important and willing work will be doing his city and himself a great good. It should make his heart turn over with a thrill of satisfaction and partnership, especially in times like these when human amenities might be forgotten in the noise of greater causes.

"Don't crowd so, you
little snip. You dis-
turb my meditations
on how I'm going to
escape from this in-
terment camp."