

If I were the owner of the Oregon firs about the reed-covered pond and were drawing rental from the bird residents, I'd favor the flickers as soon as any family of the feathered flocks. They're not always a-moving south and leaving your trees without a tenant as soon as the first frost nips. When the thermometer drops low and the kinglets are twittering too softly to be heard more than a few yards away, ^{"High-hole"} ~~the flicker~~ can be relied upon to send his full share of bird cheer up and down the scattering woods. Nor is he half as particular as some of the bird tenants, ~~there are not many stumps left but he~~ ^{of the few remaining stumps} ~~He~~ takes the best, and seems satisfied. Once he pounded out a wooden home just below his last year's house. His wife didn't like it very much (~~from her actions~~) but they settled it in some way and reared a thriving family.

One January day, I was wading through the wet grass and low bushes near Ladd's farm when a flicker flapped up ~~fairly~~ ~~in my face~~ from the foot of a fir sapling fairly in my face. His mate followed. I found several holes, where they had been driving into the ground for food. ~~I suppose~~ ~~the~~ bug supply under the bark was low, or, maybe it was purely a voluntary change of diet. ~~"High-hole"~~ ~~of the west, like his~~ ~~eastern cousin,~~ is a fellow that readily adapts himself to circumstances. I ^{think he is} ~~have found him~~ rather a ^{curious} ~~funny~~ combination of woodpecker and robin. The Picus family in general takes its food from the bark of a tree but ^{Colaptes} ~~High-hole~~ often flourishes on berries, grain or earth-worms. According to woodpecker taste a bird should cling to the side of a tree clutching two

♣
Red-hammer
of the west,
like yellow-hammer,
his eastern
cousin

Nature plays some curious pranks.

toes above and two below with body propped by ^{his} ~~its~~ tail, but ^{High-hole} ~~Colaptes~~ is independent and often sits on a limb like an ordinary percher. ^{She} Nature has ~~even~~ given ^{The flicker} him a bill

somewhat curved, instead of straight and chisel-shaped. This ^{may be explained.} ~~is not out of the ordinary.~~ But why has she lined the gar-

But why the odd change in parts of the plumage of the same species

ments ~~of~~ of this westener ⁿ ^{with} ^{she has clothed} ⁱⁿ while his eastern cousin wears a gold-lined suit?

XXXX

~~I have found~~ ^{is} the flicker somewhat of a barbarian among ^{about the pond.} Romans. There is a lack of refinement and culture in his home life. He knows nothing ^{about} nor does he care ^{for} about the finer arts of architecture and music. A dark den suits him as well as a mansion. Perhaps he's more like a boisterous, uncultured fellow of the farm. He has a good-natured voice, like the "holler" of a lusty-lunged, whole-souled country lad. He shouts Yar-up! Yar-up! from the barn-top, or I have often

Picture I

^{I have} seen him hitch slowly up the stump to his favorite trysting-place, occasionally breaking the ^{woody} silence with a prolonged, jovial Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! ~~I have often heard this~~ ~~But~~ ^{Sometimes this fellow} ~~fellow~~ shows a softer chord in his nature. In the spring,

he swings from stump to stump, his wings flashing red like a beacon light, and calls Zwick-a! Zwick-a! passionately to his mate.

~~I have noticed~~ ^{I had watched} with a tinge of regret the gradual thinning out and clearing away of some of my favorite patches of bird interest. This does not effect ^{High-hole} ~~Red-hammer~~ in the least. He does not care a snap as long as you leave a few shade trees around town or use wood for building material. He can bore a hole in a church steeple as easily as an oak snag. The moral influence of the environment on his family is about the same in one place as the other. For two seasons, I watched a red-shafted flicker rear his family in the steeple of Calvary Presbyterian church in the heart of the city. I was always a little afraid lest the straight-laced divine ~~should~~ discover the brood of squabbling youngsters sheltered under the sacred roof, and ~~he~~, like the Master of old, seize a scourge and drive them from the temple, ~~because they seemed to~~ ^{ed} work harder

on the Sabbath than any other day of the week. Another flicker tried one of the maples that border the walk about a large grammar school in the midst of the city. I must confess the poor hen suffered a few inconveniences but she was ^{successful} successful in increasing the flicker population to four lusty shouters. Another Red-hammer bored three different holes in the tower of a school in the southern part of the city. Since the ~~the~~ ^{original owner} flickers moved out, two or three broods of bluebirds have always been successfully launched from this tower each season.

W. W. Jones

I have watched ~~what is probably the same~~ flicker in the vicinity of the pond for years. (I have an idea he knows who I am by the way he sidles around the tree, always keeping an eye on me like a bashful child.) He's punctured every old stump in the neighborhood with doors and windows. These old stumps are dead to the deepest roots, yet I generally find ^{them} ~~one~~ throbbing with inward life far more than the greenest neighbor in the clump.

I have known High hole for years. ~~Every~~
~~old stump~~ in the neighborhood of the pond
~~has been punctured~~ He has punctured every
 old stump about the pond with doors and
 windows. Every one of these old ^{holes} ~~stumps~~ are
 dead to the deepest root, yet I generally find
 a ~~second crop that~~ ^{these things at the heart} ~~at the heart they~~ ~~thrust~~
 more vitally than the greenest neighbor in
 the clump. Calaptis is not ~~entirely~~ altogether
 idle during the months of rain and snow.
 when he does work he goes
 He works like an automatic toy wound
 to the limit. By the time the first Spring
 like looking day ~~comes~~ ^{as soon as} ~~after~~ the weather
 brightens into the first warm spring-
 like day, he and his wife have a wooden
 house well near its completion.

In the hollowed heart of the junco
fir on a bed of fine wood bits, lay
seven glassy eggs, inanimate, but
full of promise. They all had the
vital flesh tinge of pink. Each enshrined
a precious spark of life, to be kindled
by the magic brooding of the mother's
breast.

Maybe it was imagination, but I think Highhole grew tame

Some of our later visits were certainly a little tiresome.
and ~~more trustful every day I visited her home. But I think~~
for the brooding mother.

~~some of our visits were a little tiresome.~~ A knock at the foot

of the tree was generally followed by an impatient eye and a

dangerous-looking long bill at the threshold. It was the angry

expression of the busy house-wife ^{at the appearance of} ~~who~~ a persistent peddler.

With a bored look, she flipped across the way and sat ~~with a~~

~~nonchalant air~~ while the visitors nosed ^{about} and prowled in her

household. What a ~~proceeding!~~ ^{bird} Necessary evil of life,

~~she thought.~~

From the mere observer's point of view
there was little ~~difficulty~~ trouble in studying
the flicker family. Difficultly soon vanished,
however, when we tried to picture the
home life ~~of the birds~~ of Red-hammer.

Indeed, how could one ~~try~~ aim a camera
and focus a camera down into the dark recess
down into such a dark recess and picture
the hidden treasures? ^{Start up at the top of a 25 foot tree}

As the time went
on devotion for the eggs grew stronger
in the mother's heart, she also became
more trustful on account of our ever-
increasing visits. When acquaintance had
risen to friendship, ~~we~~ had a well-laid plan
were well laid.

The mere bird observer had little trouble
in studying this woodpecker family,

High-hole never made a fuss like some
birds, but accepted our interference ~~the~~
~~thing~~ as one endures a necessary
evil.

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Baby flickers are ugly little brats; not likely they'd
ever get the premium in a baby bird show, that's sure. However,

Neither mother nor father flicker seemed to exactly understand ^{this} ~~our~~ self constituted privilege of thus making free with their home. The former nervously returned to her nest each time we descended the tree, ^{she} climbing ^{ed} ~~ing~~ in the front door, ~~and out~~

will no apparent effort at imitation
but accepted it stolidly as one involves
some necessary measures.

Butter an odd choice for her to compare.
~~in amongst the modern course.~~

although somewhat uneasy at this modernized
dwelling

It was easy enough to ^{recognize} see that ~~that~~
~~her~~ ^{own} eyes but ~~that~~ ^{back door.} she came
to the ~~new~~ ^{so she} ~~door~~ she couldn't exactly
comprehend. ~~it~~ ^{it} was necessary to
begin again.

She looked in the ~~front~~ door. It was
easy enough to recognize her own
eyes, but that new door was a puzzle.
She had to slip out at ~~examine~~ ^{it}
half a dozen times, returning always by
the round ~~front~~ ^{above.} door. This modernized
dwelling made ~~her~~ her a little uneasy
but she finally

(8)

It was a little like hanging on by the teeth
It was ~~all we could do~~ to get the camera
in position ~~and mostly guess~~ ~~until~~ ~~to get~~ ~~it~~
~~the tree~~ ~~to~~ ~~get~~ ~~retain~~ ~~a~~ ~~position~~
Considerable guess-work
when to press the bulb.

It was a little like hanging on by the
teeth to get the camera in position and more
guess than anything else to hold the instrument
steady ~~and know just where~~ ~~to~~ ~~press~~ ~~the~~ ~~bulb~~. But one
always feels satisfied if success comes
after after several trials

It ~~was~~ ~~felt~~ a little like ~~hanging~~ ~~on~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~
teeth to ~~get~~ ~~the~~ camera ~~into~~ ~~the~~ position. There
was more guess work than anything else
in holding it steady and ~~knowing just~~ ~~pressing~~
the bulb at the proper moment, but
there is a degree of satisfaction in
getting a good plate after several
trials.

M(7)

~~It was rather a difficult matter to picture the interior of a wood pecker's home. For how could one get into position to aim a camera down its dark recess. But we felt well enough acquainted, and indeed we were to experiment with this bird. A ladder, ^{about} twenty feet ^{long}, ~~in length~~ almost reached up to the nest. The eggs were placed a foot and half below the entrance. On the opposite side from the entrance and on a level with the eggs, we sawed out a back door, giving a good view of the living room, and letting in ^{the} ~~a little~~ sunlight. With the camera firmly fastened to a small board, focused to a measured distance and ready to snap, we ascended the tree. ~~To retain our position in the tree top and yet handle the camera properly,~~ ^{was something like} reminded one of hanging on by the teeth. Success came after several trials.~~

~~but~~
Insert ①

(6)

The ~~camera~~ ^{bird} observer had little trouble
in discovering many interesting facts in
High hole's family affairs, but difficulties
sprang up and magnified themselves the
minute ~~we~~ ^{we} tried to portray his home life
with a camera. Indeed, how could one
~~stand~~ ^{stand} ~~up~~ hang to the top of a twenty-five
foot stump and focus a camera down
into the dark ^{needs of the} wooden house? But High-
hole was becoming more trustful, at each
visit, and we had been forming a
plan.

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it is love, not beauty that kindles in the mother's breast. We
could never see just what the mother fed these youngsters to
make them grow, because a flicker does not carry food like a
warbler in her bill, but it is swallowed and the young fed by
regurgitation. The little fellows express their hunger by a
low hissing, or a peculiar buzzing sound, when the ear is further
away. I always feel like jumping to the ground and taking to
the timber the instant that ^{that} sound strikes my ear. Its not ex-
actly cowardice, but bird curiosity once led me to pry into
the sacred precincts of a hornet's nest in a hollow log. I've
been a little skittish since. I'm not sure of Nature's reason
for providing woodpeckers with such a peculiar baby prattle,
but I know the sound has scared more than one boy into shying
away from ^a the flicker's home.

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~~The young flickers grew rapidly.~~ ^{The} Their sole amusement ^{of the callow prisoners} consisted in learning to climb the wooden wall of their home, ~~at which they soon became experts.~~ This they practiced not so much for the pure sport of the game as to get a persuasive position when the mother appeared at the doorway with food.

The sharp ears of each youngster caught the scrape of the mother's claws the instant ^{she} ~~they~~ clutched the bark of the tree and this sound always precipitated a neck-stretching scramble toward the door. Within the narrow confines of the wooden house the young woodpeckers had no chance of exercising their

wings. ~~We found them apparently full grown when we again~~ ^{they were apparently full grown,} ~~climbed the tree with the camera,~~ ^{they were} strong in climbing, but, to our advantage, rather weak in flying. (Instinct ~~taught the bantlings to crouch back in fear~~ ^{taught the bantlings to crouch back in} ~~terror, but fear~~ ^{soon gave way to indifference.}) We are not likely to forget the

day we climbed the fir stump to picture the young flickers. ^{The full significance of the task had not struck us.} ~~We hardly understood the full significance of the undertaking.~~ ^{had the enjoyment of it stand} ~~Nor did the fledglings, the enjoyment of it.~~ ^{But} They had been

PP

pent up in the wooden ~~home~~ ^{just} prison, long enough to appreciate the warm sunshine and ~~long for~~ ^{enjoy} a broader view of the green world.

Picture

Scared of us? Not much! Of course they were somewhat bashful at first. ~~Every is among strangers.~~ After we had fondled and coaxed them a little, they were as tame as pet pussies. It was a novel game ~~for them~~ to cling to our clothing. Climbing a coat sleeve was easier than a tree trunk, and it was ~~for~~ softer to penetrate with a peck. There was a streak of ambition in the soul of each flicker which discounted that in most people. They climbed continually and always

Picture

toward the top. Up our arms to our shoulders they would go, and then to our heads. ^{after} A few unexpected jabs in the cheek, ^{learned} and we ~~knew~~ they were not ^{the look} ~~at all~~ backward in testing the strength of their chisel-edged beaks. Those weapons, however useful, were something like a new toy pop-gun in the hands of a small boy, there's no telling in just which direction it

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Picture 1
"about Fall"

talk. When I set all five on a limb with the order "Company, attention! Right dress!" they were the rawest and most unruly recruits I ever ^{handled} ~~care to~~ handle. If the top guide did not keep moving he received a gouge from his impatient neighbor below. This was sure to set the whole squad in motion, without regard to the aggravated patience of the bird photographer, or it precipitated a family brawl ^{which is} not an uncommon thing in flicker affairs. But the reckless snapping of plate after plate is very likely to secure one or two good results.

During our early acquaintance the fledgling flickers resisted savagely our attempts to coax them out of their home. After a few hours in the warm sunshine, they fought every effort to put them back. They were no longer nestlings for a bit of confidence had transformed them into full-fledged birds of the world. ^{the following day} Any casual observer might have noticed that the flicker population of the fir woods had grown perceptibly. Juvenile Yar-ups echoed among the scattered trees and over the pond. Occasionally there were flashes of red as

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(Crescent)

wings opened and closed leasurly and a bird leaped through
the air in wave-like flight a good deal like a skater skims
the surface of the pond in long, smooth glides.

cheek. Each little rascal was as eager to test his chisel-
edged beak, as a small boy is a new pop-gun. One is as un-
reliable as the other.