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The Wood pecker - Description of Pond

What memories cluster about the old pond, lying low and well guarded by the tall fir sentinels! Reed-covered, in summer time. The little spring bubbling out its clear crystal water, what a home for the birds. Here the entire year, lives the ~~same~~ old wood pecker who has reared family after family, in the stumps about the pond's edge. He of all residents is most constant and reliable dweller.

It's always refreshing to visit this old haunt. In ~~early~~ late spring when the robins assemble from their long ~~south~~ trip from the south land they always meet in this grove. I have watched them, thousands coming together from north east south and west where they have been feeding. During the day, at evening they

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Count
by volume
Pills.

are accustomed to assemble here for ves-
pers; then two weeks later they, during
the Easter season, hundreds of marriages & the
ceremonies are performed daily, daily the
numbers of singers became less, - pair after
pair depart for their ~~own~~ hunting for
nesting sites which, when found they return
no more, to the old grove.

Here among the reeds each year dwell
a little rail, whose brown and slate colored
body one may see occasionally as it runs
about from place to place, hiding here and there.
The loud pip's little note of alarm we heard
so often. Only when we would lie still in the
shade of on the bank could we occasionally
catch sight of the ^{frizzy} jib back little
fellows sitting ~~about~~ on the ~~lily~~ lily pads.

This old pond was the ideal home of three
or four pair of red-wings. Their musical sounding
note as they flushed from the reeds near
the nest or sat ~~on~~ the tall pine limbs over-
hanging the water.

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Here in the early spring I loved to
 hear the meadow lark with its nest
 completed in the field across the road,
 scattering its full rich notes downward
 from the waving ~~grass~~ fir tops. Occasionally
 a crow or two stopped with its 'caw! caw!
 to see what was going on. Several times
 I surprised an old heron that occasionally
 hunted frogs as he waded about the water's
 edge. Rich foraging he ~~found~~ found among
 the reeds.

Rich's
 nest
 within
 100 yds

Many other birds we watched about the
 pond. Groups of skimming swallows circled
 back and forth toward evening, Waxwings,
 Snow birds, and the white-crowned and
 chipping sparrows?

But most constant of all was the old
 Flicker. One Saturday in June as I strolled
 out among the fir and larch by the water's
 edge the trees seemed deserted, up in the

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for bushes I could hear the tiny soft
twittering of a flock of Kinglets. As I
went further on through the low bushes
a fluttering almost to my feet made
me jump and the old woodpecker flung
up and lit on the tree, side to side to ask what
I was doing there.