As a fitting introduction to my personal reminiscences of nature study and bird work at The Ledges I wish to quote the words of Edgar A.Guest in his poem entitled Service. All of our greatest poets have received their greatest inspiration from Nature and in this poem he learns his lesson from the robin our best known feathered friend.

SERVICE.

You never hear the robins brag about the sweetness of their song,
Nor do they stop their music gay whene'er a poor man comes along
God taught them how to sing an' when they'd learned the art He sent them here
To use their talents day by day the dreary lives o' men to cheer.
An' rich or poor an' sad or gay, the ugly an' the fair to see,
Can stop most any time in June an' hear the robin's melody.

I stand and watch them in the sun, usin' their gifts from day to day,
Swellin' their little throats with song, regardless of man's praise or pay;
Jes' bein' robins, nothing else, nor claiming greatness for their deeds,
But jes' content to gratify one of the big world's many needs,
Singin' a lesson to us us all to be ourselves and scatter cheer
By usin' every day the gifts God gave us when He sent us here

Why should we keep our talents hid, or think we favor men because
We use the gifts that God has given ? The robins never ask applause
Nor count themselves remarkable, nor strut in a superior way,
Because their music sweeter is than that God gave unto the jay.

Only a man conceited grows as he makes use of
talents fine,
Forgetting that he merely does the working of
the Will Divine.

Lord, as the robins, let me serve! Teach me to
do the best I can
To make this world a better place, an' happier
for my fellow man,
If gift o' mine can cheer his soul an' hearten him
along his way
Let me not keep that talent hid; I would make
use of it to day.
An' since the robins ask no praise or pay for all
their songs o' cheer,
Let me in humbleness rejoice to do my bit o'
service here.

Going to The Ledges before the days of the auto and the "16 to 1" bridge. Note the old rail fence in the background. This print was made from one of my oldest kodak negatives which was made at that time.

THE LEDGES.

One of the beautiful spots of Iowa and one which is known not nearly as well as it should be is the Ledges State Park or what was known to us since boyhood days as "The Ledges".

When but a boy I considered a trip to The Ledges as the great event of the year.

Being before the days of the automobile we would drive a team of horses, starting early in the morning, with our lunch baskets well filled we would drive through the little old village of Moingona continuing on down the west bank of the Des Moines River past the railroad bridge of Kate Shelley fame, past the old home of Jonathan Boles who was one of the first County Commissioners of Boone County and down through the dense woods until we came to the ford.

Of course we did not even attempt a trip to The Ledges unless the river was low enough to enable us to ford as there was no bridge there at that time.

One of the thrilling events of the trip was fording the river and well I remember how we watched the swirling waters gradually rise until they almost came up to our feet in the bottom of the buggy or "hack" in which we rode.

Our time there had to be cut short on account of the long drive home over rough and hilly roads but those trips will always remain in my memory as among the most

pleasant and interesting of my boyhood as they served as a sort of introduction to my interest in bird life and the love of the great out-of-doors.

A number of years later the bridge known as the "16 to 1" was built and we could drive to The Ledges from Ogden without fording the river and our trips were more frequent and now since the auto has come upon the scene it is still better and The Ledges do not seem to be so far off after all.

The best time to photograph the rocks to advantage is in the winter when there is no foliage on the trees to obstruct the view so accordingly I took a winter trip one Sunday afternoon (Feb 19 1922) accompanied by my daughter Thyra and my son Walter Jr. and secured two pictures but what was of greatest interest was our bird observations.

Near the present home of Mr Henning the custodian we saw several Redpolls which was my first observation of these northern friends in feathers who only come down out of the frozen north to visit us during the middle of the winter.

Our list of birds observed that day included the following:- 1 Prarie Horned Lark, 1 Downy Woodpecker, 2 White Breasted Nuthatches, about 50 Crows, 8 or 10 Chicadees, 3 Cardinals and 3 Redpolls.

After getting the car stuck in a mud hole we were obliged to use our mud hooks to get out but we finally succeeded and arrived home hungry and tired and ready for supper but feeling well repaid for our efforts as we now knew how the Redpolls looked at The Ledges in the winter.

About two months later the famous lecturer and imitator of bird songs, Chas B.Hutchins came to Boone for a series of bird lectures and he also delivered one lecture in Ogden at which time I arranged for a trip to The Ledges with him the following Saturday (Apr 15 1922)

In company with my two children and Miss Ruth Clark we called for Mr Hutchins at his hotel in Boone in the morning and as the roads were in poor condition we drove to the top of the hill at the Upper Ledges and left our car in the yard of Mr Harry Myers.

From there we walked down through the entire length of The Ledges and down below Katina Falls at the Lower Ledges making a hike of at least five or six miles and with such an interesting and entertaining man as Hutchins the day was full of pleasures and we forgot our tired muscles.

We observed a number of birds but nothing new and our list for the day follows:-

3 Cardinals, 3 Towhees, 6 Fox Sparrows, 1 Field Sparrow, 1 Song Sparrow, 1 Barred Owl, 1 Horned Owl, Crows, 3 Golden Crowned Kinglets, 25 Juncos, 3 Flickers, 2 Hairy Woodpeckers, 1 Wood Pewee, Robins, Grackles, Chicadees, 6 Bluebirds, 1 Red Tail Hawk, 1 Eastern Meadowlark, 1 Yellow Throated Vireo, English Sparrows.

At this time of the year the buds were just swelling on the trees and with the music of the birds mingling with the sound of the waters of Pease Creek dashing over the

rocks on its way to the river as we walked on a carpet of Hepatica and Bloodroot it made a day long to be remembered by any true lover of God's great out-of-doors.

As Mr Hutchins must leave Boone on an early evening train we left The Ledges at 5 P.M. but left there as I always do with the thoughts of soon coming again.

This opportunity came on May 31st of the same year and was the greatest trip for bird observation that I have made and one which could well be classed as a "Bird Lovers Dream". Having had considerable correspondence with Mr Chas J.Spiker of New Hampton, Iowa a very enthusiastic bird lover I invited him to spend a few days camping with me at The Ledges and on May 31st he came to Ogden in his car and I immediate--ly dropped all work and started to pack for the trip.

We were soon on our way I driving my car and Mr Spiker following in his car. We were accompanied by my daughter Thyra and her friend Ruth Clark who were to be our camp cooks.

We arrived at The Ledges at about 5 P.M. and my old friend the genial custodian of The Ledges State Park, Mr Carl Fritz Henning was on hand to welcome us and he very kindly placed at our disposal his lodge which he had equipped with bed, stove, table, chairs, telephone and what was best of all a library of at least 100 volumes of the best known books on birds and nature study, Mr Henning being an authority himself on ornithology.

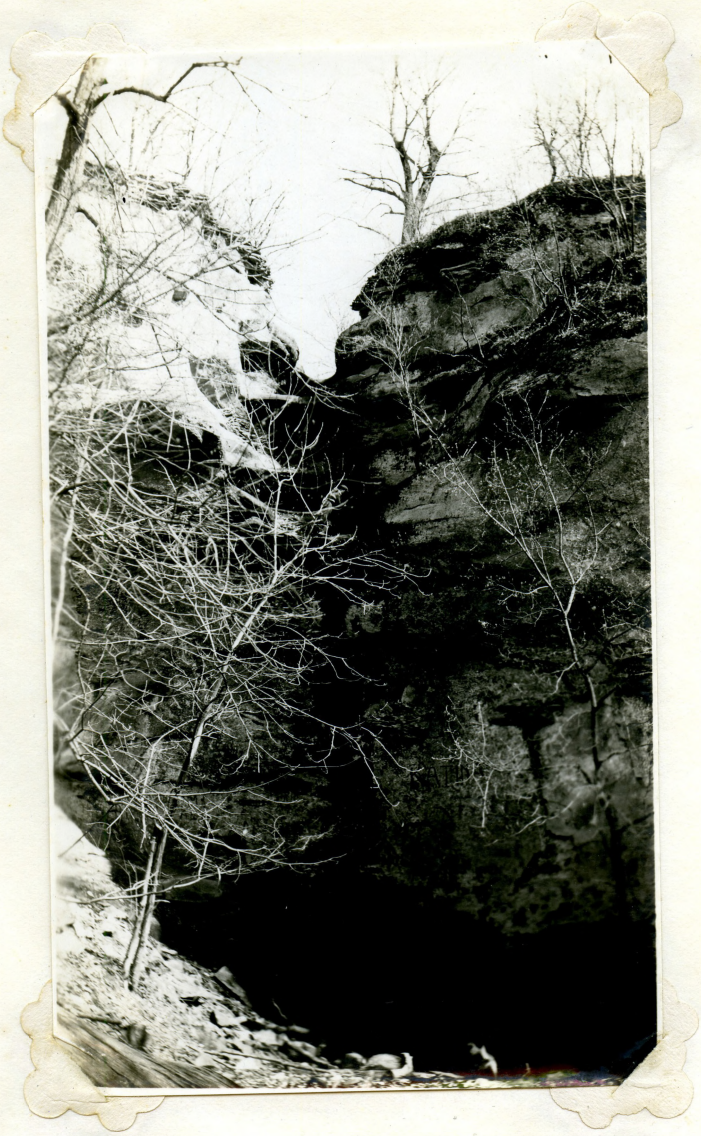
Table Rock in winter.

Sentinel Rock
standing guard over the frozen waters
of Pease Creek.

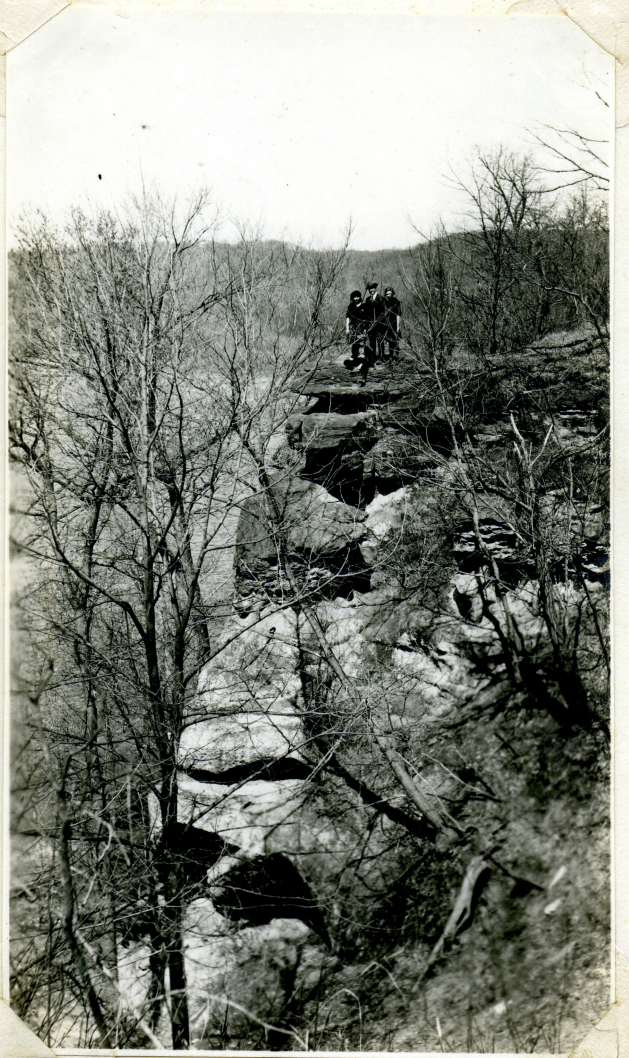
Our party
near Red Wing Rock.

View showing the
rough face of Table Rock.

Looking up Pease Creek
from the summit of Table Rock.



Katina Falls.
During the days of the Red Man this was a very beautiful falls but its source was destroyed by mans modern invention the tile drain and now very little water goes over the falls.

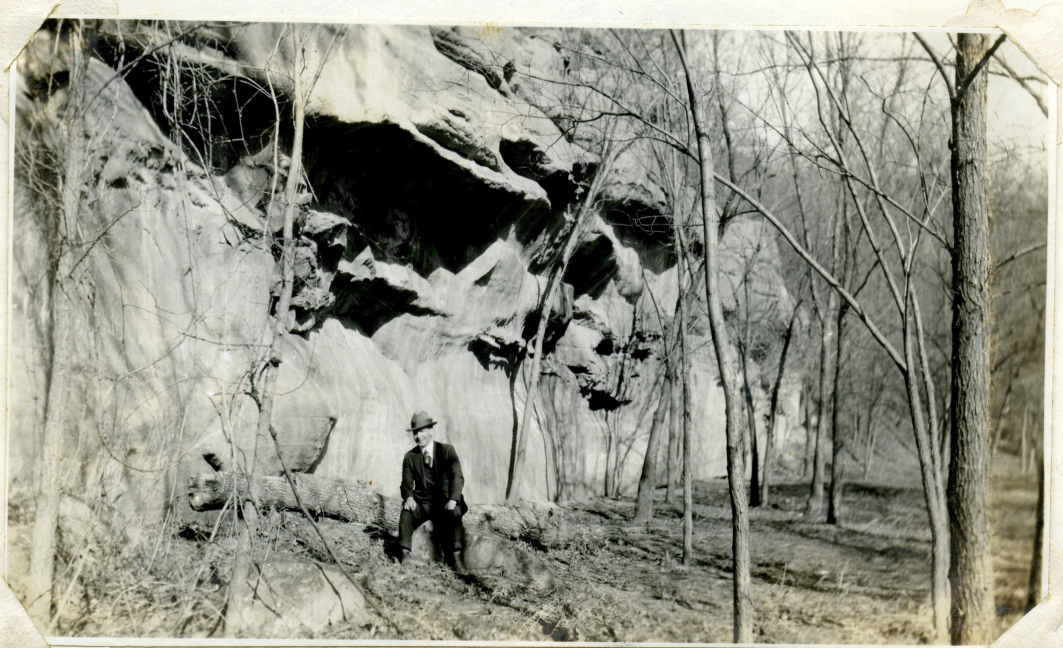


Mr Hutchins and the girls
on the summit overlooking the river
just below Katina Falls.

Not taken in Colorado but in Iowa
at the Ledges State Park.

View taken at the foot of the rocks shown on the opposite page.

Watching a flock of crows tormenting a Horned Owl in a tree across the river.



Mr Hutchins resting.

This huge cottonwood tree had fallen across the creek forming a natural bridge.

The Hutchins party exploring the old deserted farm house.

Another view of Katina Falls.
An excellent spring where we always quenched our thirst is located near the foot of the tree at the left.

We immediately got ourselves snugly settled in our camp and eagerly awaited the morrow when we could use every minute of the daylight for nature and bird study, a privilege that I had never before enjoyed.

The whip-poor-wills began calling early in the evening and we were being lulled to sleep by their calls resounding through the Ledges valley but the final call before falling to sleep was that of the Great Horned Owl who loudly proclaimed that he was the supreme ruler of the Ledges until day dawned.

We slept comfortably under wool blankets as the night was cold and at about four the next morning as the whip-poor-wills were giving their last calls for the night and as the darkness of night was giving way to the gray of the dawn we awoke just as the first gay songsters were starting their morning chorous.

Those who desire to hear and appreciate one of the greatest gifts given to us by the Great Creator should awaken with the birds on a June morning and hear the grand chorous.

Right back of our camp the Phoebe was plaintively calling "Phoebe" "Phoebe" "Phoebe" near her nest which was plastered on the face of the Ledges rocks while across the road in a small field the beautiful Indigo Bunting perched on an old cornstalk and sang his wonderful song. Deep in the recesses of the woods back of our camp the Wood Thrush was caroling and high overhead

in a tree top sat the Rose Breasted Grosbeak filling out his part of the chorous with his beautiful warbling song. It certainly was inspiring and one who could not receive an inspiration from a grand bird chorous of this kind must have no appreciation for anything which is beautiful and harmonious. God pity that man.

Mr Spiker and I started up the steep trail leading over Reindeer Ridge and as we climbed there resounded down through the Ledges Valley the clear loud whistling call of the Cardinal - "Wet Year". "Wet Year" Wet Year" and deep in the forest came the sharp call of the Ovenbird calling "Teacher" "Teacher "Teacher" and from away in the distance came the well known call of the Tufted Titmouse calling "Peter" "Peter" "Peter".

The jolly little Chicadee called to us as we passed and although always very busy he always has time to sing his merry "Chicadee-dee-dee"

As we neared the top of our steep climb we heard the soft whistling of what we thought to be the Cedar Waxwings. After passing a Juneberry tree we noticed a number of the berries on the ground and knew they must be near. We soon located them and a fine sight it was. About 35 or 40 of them with their sleek gray coats and their jaunty crest with the yellow band across the tip of the tail.

I listed 44 varieties of birds during the day but this was the most interesting sight of all.

Eseniwige Lodge.
Directly back of the lodge on the ledges wall is the old stone face which is shown on the next page. The Indian name for stone face is "Eseniwige" hence the name Eseniwige Lodge.

Three friends with the same hobby.
Guess what we are talking about. Birds of course.

The old stone face.

We got back to camp after a climb of over three hours and we were hungry as bears. After a good breakfast of hot coffee, bacon and eggs etc. we were soon again "hitting the trail" and kept it up all day.

Bird life was everywhere and all one has to do is to use his eyes and ears and observe the great world which is about us.

Along the side of the road in a little thistle bush sat a Field Sparrow on her nest covering her four eggs and in a thick wild gooseberry bush was a family of three young Brown Thrashers nearly large enough to leave their nest and go out into the big world and sing as their brown coated father had done for them the grandest song of any of our Iowa birds.

On the side of a wall of rock over the creek was another Phoebe's nest with three youngsters nearly too large to find room in their plastered home.

On the morrow perhaps they would leave home. Would they fall into the dashing stream just below and be drowned ? Leave that to Mother Nature. She provides and cares for all her children.

As the birds sang their evening song we gathered in our camp, tired but happy in the thought that we had spent one complete day with the birds and we had learned to know them better and to love them more.

On account of rain during the night and the early

morning we did not start on our hike until about 8 oclock the next day and during the middle of the day we were obliged to go to Boone for supplies however I listed 50 varieties anyway and we made a discovery that fairly filled the heart of our genial custodian with joy when we told him in the evening.

We were following a Yellow Bellied Sapsucker through the woods and he disappeared in his hole in a large butternut tree about 20 feet from the ground.

As we wanted to get another good look at the Sapsucker I struck the tree below with my walking stick and Mr Sapsucker immediately emerged and flew away quite excited and at the same time from another hole about 18 inches below came a flying squirrel who sat blinking sleepily at us wanting to know what right we had to disturb his nap. That the Sapsucker family and the Flying Squirrel family could live so close together speaks quite well for both of them.

Of the many "friends in fur" at The Ledges the Flying Squirrels are the most beautiful and Mr Henning was especially glad to know that they were still here as he had seen none for ten years or more.

The Chipmunks sharp call is heard many times a day, the Fox Squirrel is quite common, Rabbits are plentiful and the fat old Ground Hog would tumble into his big hole as you suddenly came upon him and look up at you as you passed by as if to say "Get away from here, I don't want you around"

Amid the waters of Pease Creek
near our camp.

One of the most familiar spots at The Ledges.

Some of the young Red Foxes captured by
Mr Henning.

There are some Red Foxes here also as Mr Henning had captured a den of four young which he had in a cage at his home.

The morning of the third day was very cold the temperature being 38 degrees and there was a very heavy fog or mist in the valley and all vegetation was dripping with moisture. We were on the trail south however at 4.15 as we could not sleep and miss the opening number of the grand chorous. As we climbed the hill we seemed to pass through the cloud of mist and as we came to the top of the hill the sun was just peeping over the eastern horizon and we turned and beheld the grandest sight it had been our privilege to see at The Ledges. There spread out before us as far as the eye could reach was the Des Moines River valley which was filled with mist like great fleecy clouds and behind us hearlding the birth of a new day came the golden sun shining down on the mists in the valley making it look like great masses of snow.

This reminded me of when I stood on the summit of Mount Wilson in Southern California looking down on the clouds at sunrise. Little did I think then that I could get a similar view in our own County.

We turned aside to a patch of woodland along the road and observed the White Eyed Vireo and while doing so a beautiful specimen of the Broad Wing Hawk perched in a near by tree and looked us over carefully.

Taking the trail down below Katina Falls we came to the river where the Spotted Sandpipers, Kingfishers and Rough Wing Swallows were busy each in their own way hunting food. We waded through the tall weeds and through the heavy underbrush and were rewarded by finding the nest of a Red Eyed Vireo in a low branch of a Box Alder about four feet from the ground. It contained two of their own eggs and three Cow Birds eggs. We of course destroyed the Cow Birds eggs. The pair of Vireos were around us and did not realize that we were doing them a great favor by ridding their nest of these eggs which if hatched would no doubt have meant death to their own young.

A little farther along I found a new nest made by a pair of Redstarts in a small willow crotch about 10 feet high. It was a masterpiece as it was made of the cotton of the cottonwood seeds and the willow seeds so that from the outside it seemed like a ball of cotton. It contained no eggs but the pair of birds were very excited, not knowing that we were their friends.

Our next surprise was on getting back to camp for breakfast. Seven large Turkey Vultures came in just over the tree tops and one alighted on an old dead tree for a moment. This was my closest observation of these big birds who are Nature's scavengers.

During the day we climbed over the top of Reindeer Trail and hearing what we thought was the call of the Louisiana

Is there a man with soul
so dead that he cannot enjoy a scene
like this.

Looking for the Blue Winged Warbler.

Motoring under difficulties.

Water Thrush we descended to a heavily wooded ravine through which a very small stream was flowing and while both of us were watching for the bird and spent at least an hour or more in the stillness of the forest we could not see him. This was the most difficult bird to locate during our entire four days of observation.

While sitting perfectly motionless in the very thick forest watching for the Water Thrush I observed a family of several White Breasted Nuthatches just starting out into the big world with their parents along with them giving plenty of good advice as they hung head downward away up in the tree tops and as I was watching this interesting family group a jaunty Tufted Titmouse flew down and tilted on the end of a branch in search of a choice morsel directly before me. I had heard his call of "Peter" "Peter" "Peter" many times during the day but now he was exhibiting himself just a few feet before me and glad I was to see him with his beautiful crest and his Chicadee manners.

This was the best day of our trip as I listed 55 varieties of birds during the day and Mr Spiker had a few more than I. As he had to leave at noon the following day we were up and on the trail at 4.20 the following morning and we were welcomed by the same grand chorous as usual. Mr Henning had told us that earlier in the spring he had observed the Blue Winged Warbler and wondered if it was still here. We had been on the lookout

for him but had been unable to see or hear him.

As we were returning to camp at noon on the last day we were rewarded for there he was in the willow thicket near the creek busily engaged in the usual warblers job of hunting insects. We were indeed happy to place his name last on our list of Ledges birds although it took four days of searching to find him.

My total list of birds observed during the four days at The Ledges is as follows:-

Rose Breasted Grosbeak
Bobolink
Bronzed Grackle
House Wren
Crested Flycatcher
Goldfinch
Yellow Warbler
Indigo Bunting
Crow
Red Eyed Vireo
Redstart
Catbird
Ruby Throated Hummingbird
Bank Swallow
Quail
Spotted Sandpiper
Yellow Billed Cuckoo
Rough Winged Swallow
Bluebird
Tufted Titmouse
Yellow Throated Vireo
White Breasted Nuthatch
Wood Thrush
Chimney Swift
Brown Thrasher
Red Headed Woodpecker
Maryland Yellowthroat
Kingbird
Mourning Dove
Dickcissel
Cardinal
Field Sparrow
Chicadee
Towhee
Kingfisher
Whip-Poor-Will
Eastern Meadowlark
Horned Owl

Cowbird	Hairy Woodpecker
Phoebe	Flicker
Yellow Bellied Sapsucker	Wood Pewee
Downy Woodpecker	Blue Jay
Ovenbird	Robin
Red Bellied Woodpecker	Cedar Waxwing
Song Sparrow	Least Flycatcher
Lark Sparrow	Scarlet Tanager
Chipping Sparrow	Red Wing Blackbird
Loggerhead Shrike	Broad Wing Hawk
Prarie Horned Lark	White Eyed Vireo
Western Meadowlark	Solitary Vireo
Black Billed Cuckoo	Turkey Vulture
Red Tailed Hawk	Warbling Vireo
Nighthawk	Vesper Sparrow
Blue Winged Warbler	English Sparrow

I am sure that a much larger list could have been obtained had we spent four days during the migration season about a month earlier however we felt well repaid for the time spent and were especially delighted in becoming acquainted with the White Eyed Vireo and the Blue Winged Warbler neither of which had been observed before by either Mr Spiker or myself.

Mr Spiker loaded up his Ford at noon and as he dashed through the waters of Pease Creek, up the bank and around

the turn in the road he waved farewell as he disappeared behind the rocks bound for New Hampton one hundred sixty miles away.

We broke camp and went home the same evening feeling much better after having spent these four days in God's great out-of-doors and trying to be young again like the beautiful sentiment expressed by Edgar A.Guest in his poem entitled "Care free youth".

The skies are blue and the sun is out and the
grass is green and soft
And the old charm's back in the apple tree
and it calls a boy aloft;
And the same low voice that the old don't hear,
but the care-free youngsters do,
Is calling them to the fields and streams and
the joys that once I knew
And if youth be wild desire for play and care
is the mark of men
Beneath the skin that Time has tanned I'm
a madcap youngster then.

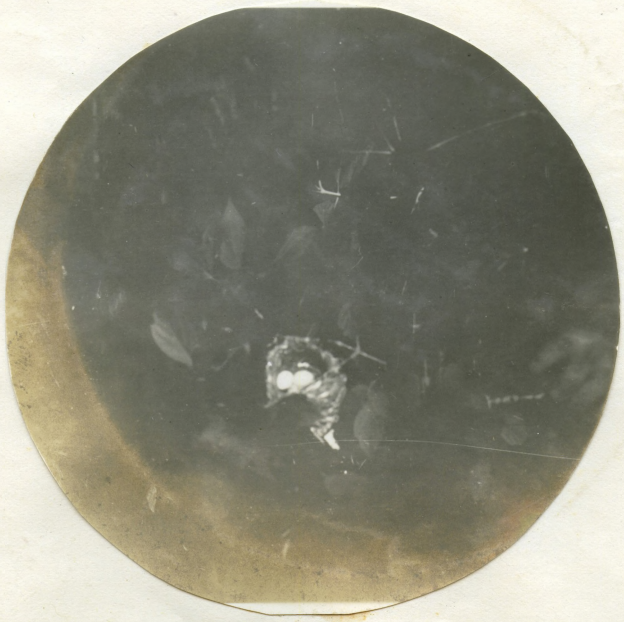
Far richer than king with his crown of gold
and his heavy weight of care
Is the sunburned boy with his stonebruised
feet and his tousled shock of hair;
For the king can hear but the cry of hate or the
sickly sound of praise
And lost to him are the voices sweet that called
in his boyhood days.
Far better than ruler, with pomp and power
and riches, it is to be
The urchin gay in his tattered clothes that is
climbing the apple tree

Oh,once I heard all the calls that come to the
quick, glad ears of boys,
And a certain spot on the river bank told me of
its many joys,
And certain fields and certain trees were loyal
friends to me,

And I knew the birds, and I owned a dog, and
we both could hear and see
Oh, never from tongues of men have dropped
such messages wholly glad
As the things that live in the great outdoors
once told to a little lad.

And I'm sorry for him who cannot hear what
the tall trees have to say,
Who is deaf to the call of the running stream
and the lanes that lead to play,
The boy that shins up the faithful elm or
sprawls on a river bank
Is more richly blessed with the joys of life than
any old man of rank,
For youth is the golden time of life, and this
battered old heart of mine
Beats fast to the march of the old time joys,
when the sun begins to shine.

The crossing of the highways of God and man.
One of the many places where the road crosses Pease Creek.



Nest of the Red Eyed Vireo showing the
Cow Bird's eggs. This picture was taken in
the very thick timber.

An old hollow fence post but it was the
happy home of seven merry little chicadees.

One of the seven which alighted on
the wire fence after his first flight from
the old fence post home.

The tall old cottonwood.

See story on opposite page.

The story of the tall cottonwood.

When the nature lover roams through the woods and along the streams there are object lessons for him everywhere. The Bible tells us to "consider the lilies of the field" and I think that by this is meant the birds, flowers and trees as well.

Our naturalist friend standing before this cottonwood, the tallest of them all, ponders over its past history and thinks of how much like our own lives the story of this tall old monarch really is.

The cottonwood is a fast growing tree and it started as a young sapling no doubt about the time the Red Men left the Ledges Valley. The other hardwood trees which are of much slower growth, standing around it were then large and in order to live the cottonwood must get its head up to the sunlight above.

It shot upward in a perfectly straight line, struggling to get its head above the other trees, growing year after year and gaining on the other trees until finally when it had become an old tree it had managed to get its head above them all. Being so prominent it was buffeted by the four winds which lashed it with storms of rain and hail in summer and snow and sleet in winter and once it was struck by a bolt of lightning which destroyed its largest limb and made an ugly wound in its side.

Still the old tree struggled upward using its last remaining strength until one after another of its branches had died and now there remains but one live branch which waves above the entire surrounding forest. The tree is very old and will soon go the way of the world. The last remaining branch will wither and die and when a strong wind comes roaring down through the forest it will go crashing to earth there to lie a fallen monarch to crumble and decay thus enriching the earth so that the Hapatica, Bloodroot and Spring Beauties which for long years had looked up from the ground into its tall branches could now amid the ferns and mosses grow over its remains until it had finally returned to earth from whence it came thus competing another chapter in the never ending cycle of Nature.

How much like our lives this is when we stop to consider. We spend our entire lives struggling upward, trying to get our heads above those of our fellow man, striving to be the greatest of them all but when we finally do reach the sunlight in our old age we are buffeted by the four winds of jealousy, criticism, hate and envy and wounded by the loss of those who are nearest and dearest to us until we are battered and dying.

Let us hope that we may so live that our lives may be straight as this tree grew straight, looking always up to Him who is the light and after we have fallen in the last great storm and our mortal remains crumble and decay in the

bosom of old Mother Earth while the beautiful flowers of each succeeding spring smile and nod over us at the future generations, may our lives have been such that they will be an inspiration to those who follow us in the never ending struggle of life.

Again I repeat "consider the lilies of the field" as we should learn from every living thing some lesson which will be of some benefit to us as that is what they were created for.

Joyce Kilmer the young American poet who was killed in the front lines in France has expressed a most beautiful sentiment in his verses which he has entitled "Trees".

I think that I shall never see
A poem as lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

The old cottonwood
now but a dead stump.

6/23/26

The Goldfinch.

Who is it that in early spring
Knows every bird that's on the wing
And recognizes every call,
And bids them welcome, one and all ?

A little yellow-coated bird
My oft repeated query heard
And as he flew by overhead
With gentle "dips" he sweetly said,
"We-eks, We-eks, We-eks.

And in the glorious summer time,
Who is it that can write a rhyme
About the mother bird and young ?
No other bard like him has sung.

The Goldfinch sat and sang for hours
Upon a branch among the flowers.
He answered well my question here
While calling to his mate so dear,
"We-eks, We-eks, We-eks.

When autumn's scarlet days are here
And northern birds have come to cheer,
Who is it haunts the woods and hills
And their soft calls his nature thrills ?

Who loves them all and knows them all,
In spring and summer and in the fall ?
The Goldfinch swayed on thistle head
In answer to my question said -
"We-eks, We-eks, We-eks.

Who is it tramps the snow clad hill
When all the world seems cold and still,
And Nature dressed in robes of white,
With real short days and long, long nights ?

Who studies birds throughout the year,
To cheer the world with rhymes so dear ?
Then from the weed patch by the way,
I heard the Goldfinch softly say,
"We-eks, We-eks, We-eks.

W.M.Rosen.

Dedicated to my old friend
Le Roy Titus Weeks of
Emmetsberg, Iowa.
Christmas 1923

(If the word Weeks is pronounced with a sharp rising inflection on the last syllable it will give the call of the Goldfinch)

THE BLUE JAY.

In years gone by when but a lad I always
liked to throw,
I threw at trees and dogs and cats, a habit
bad I know,
With pockets always full of stones like David
long before,
I threw at everything in sight and then I
looked for more.

Now bird and beast were fairly safe no matter
how I threw,
Although I tried, my aim was poor and this
the creatures knew.
I practised though until one day - alas O
cruel fate !
My aim was perfect, sure and true but then
it was too late.

A shade tree grew near our back door and in
the summer days,
The birds would come and sing for us their
little songs of praise.
One day I stood beneath that tree when there
alighted there,
A bird more noisy than the rest, it seemed
he did'nt care.

He loudly scolded with a voice that sure
could "wake the dead",
He called me thief, the saucy thing, and then
he twirked his head.
I took good aim and threw real hard and down
the rascal came,
He lay stone dead before my feet - good gracious
what a shame !

A great big lump came in my throat, I knew not
what to do,
The first bird I had ever killed had a pretty
coat of blue.
I stood there sadly and resolved that never
would I throw,
At any bird, no matter where, not even
at a crow.

I'm older now and know some things, 'bout men
as well as birds,
I've learned there's not much difference though they
cannot speak in words,
I'm mighty glad the bird I killed was just an old
blue jay,
The woods are still as full of them as ever,
so they say.

The blue jay storms down through the woods with
voice so harsh and loud,
Till wrens and bluebirds all must flee. He scares
the"smaller crowd".
The wise old owl knows he's a "bluff", the hawks
despise him too,
I've seen the kingbird fight him hard until the
feathers flew.

Can you recall a man like this ? In every town
they're found,
Who make more noise than all the rest when they
come blust'ring 'round.
He always calls his neighbor thief when he's the
guilty one,
And like the blue jay, gets in fights and often
has to run.

The blue jay wears a handsome suit, a "dandy"
so to speak,
He's all dressed up in feathers fine from claws
clear up to beak,
But what you see is all there is, his disposition 's
wrong,
And as to habits, they're real bad and he's no good
for song.

In your home town perhaps you'll find some folks
that are like jays,
With everything that they possess exposed to
public gaze,
They swagger up and down the street all dressed in
greatest care,
If you deduct the gaudy clothes there's really
nothing there.

The wise old "owls" around the town all recognize
the"jays".
And all the "hawks" with piercing eyes, they
understand their ways,
But then you know the Good Lord made all kinds
of birds and men,
The jay was made for looks, I guess, and not to
sing like wrens.

So when we go down through the woods let's
study all the birds,
Their actions and their music fine speak more
to me than words,
And when I'm old and bent with age and when my
hair is gray,
I'll watch them yet, but ne'er forget, the time
I killed that jay.

W.M.R.
2/11/24

(Personal experience)

OCTOBER.

I love to roam the hillsides on a bright
October morn,
An' see the frost a sparklin' on the yellow
shocks of corn,
The Meadowlark on yonder post is now so
strangely still,
But he is plump an' round an' fat 'cause
he has had his fill.

I like to tramp down through the woods when
leaves are red an' gold,
Those scenes are greater far to me than
masterpieces old,
The bright red haw shines in the sun, a chipmunk
scampers by,
An' high o'erhead a Red Tail soars serenely
in the sky

A smell of autumn 's in the air, the leaves go
dancin' by,
The wind plays hide an' seek with them, I often
wonder why,
The sly brown mink sneaks 'long the "crick" just
down below the reeds,
An' in the tree just overhead a tiny Kinglet
feeds.

I like the smell of autumn woods for it always
brings to me,
The thoughts of days long past an' gone when I
was young and free.
A care free boy with cheeks of tan spendin' my
leisure hours,
Studyin' in Gods great text book - this out-door
world of ours.

The walnuts lie upon the ground among the old
dry weeds,
Where flocks of "White Throats" hunt around in search
of ripened seeds.
A flock of noisy Grackles sit an' sing in
joyful glee,
Among the topmost branches of the old soft
maple tree.

The Good Lord knows just how to paint, if you'll
but use you're eyes,
You'll see that summer, spring or fall his
colors harmonize.
He dipped his paint brush only once an' made
the Gentian blue,
An' then he made a Bluebirds wing the shade
of Heaven too.

No longer from the woodland there the song
of Wood Thrush comes,
But now instead I think I hear the sound of
muffled drums,
Then 'way aloft in an old dead tree some
downy forms I see,
They are the drummers who rattle away workin'
for you an' me.

An' while I sit an' ponder there an' watch
the red leaves fall,
I see again the Master Hand who wrote upon the
wall,
Our lives are like the passin' year now drawin'
to a close,
This Master Hand controls us all an' everything
that grows.

When autumn leaves fall to the earth an' their
life's work is done,
It sets me thinkin' 'bout our lives whose course
is quickly run.
Some day we'll all drift slowly down an' settle
down to rest,
While life's pale autumn sunset glow is fadin'
in the west.

So even if I could'nt read a line in man made
books,
God whispers lessons to me here from trees an'
ripplin' brooks,
An' I can learn more every day among the birds
an' flowers,
Readin' in that grand old book -
this out-door world of ours.

W.M.R.
10/11/24

THE "IOWAY" PICNIC.

I've been to the Ioway picnic, Jane and I've mixed with
the pick of the land,
Sixty five acres of whiskers and faces, not countin' the
fife and drum band
And we chewed slip'ry ellum and talked of blue jeans and
the days of the old county fair
Till the shades of Kate Shelley and old Stormy Jordan
appeared to be hovering there.

Old Aunt Jennie Smith from Ottumwa was there with an old
fashioned gown and a locket
And Uncle Ben Wilson from Alamakee with a long ear of corn
in his pocket
And a whole slough of people from Marshalltown too, Mount
Pleasant and old Muscatine
And we told how we paid off the mortgage last fall, then we
all took a chew of long green.

An old corn-fed feller approached me and said, "Do you know
why them folks is all married?"
'Cause they all came from Marion County, Haw, Haw",That's a
joke that I thought had been buried.
Says I to him, "Neighbor, don't get fresh with me or I'll sue
you 'cause I'm from Sioux City,
Haw, Haw" Then the both of us stood and laughed, Us Ioway folks
is durned witty.

There was ten thousand baskets filled up with real chow - no
napkins nor no demmy tasses;
But pickles and doughnuts and onions and greens and corn bread
and sorghum molasses.
And we flopped on the grass in the old fashioned way, right
down with the bugs and the ants;
Then we all picked our teeth, I mean some of us did; some just
wiped their teeth on their pants.

I could see the Des Moines River all rippling and blue, with
its sand bars and white bleaching logs;
I walked through the dog fennel laden with dew to the chorous
of locusts and frogs;
And I saw the old swimmin' hole, scummy and green, and the
Black haws that hung out of reach;
And the smartweeds and cuckleburrs-tings we've forgot since the
capital moved to Long Beach.

I wonder why Ioway stays way back east when her sons have
departed and gone,
Like an old haunted house that stands silent and lone, deserted
but lingering on,
You folks that come next better bring it along, for the rest of
us solemnly warn you,
We'll get Luther Burbank to chop that State loose and graft it
upon California.

Major Stew.

Published in Sunday Register Sept 24 1921
See following pages for reply by W.M.R.

IOWA.

Us folks back in Ioway read the papers each year, 'bout
the picnic of old folks out west,
How they act and "cut up" so different than here, they
seem like they're really possesed.
We wonder what caused such a change in the ways of the
old folks as soon as they left us,
Do you think they've forgot the old State that still pays
for their dinner and supper and breakfast?

They wonder why Ioway stays way back east when her sons
have departed and gone,
Their sons are still here,'tis our dads we've released and
we're workin' to pay their coupons.
They're so durned forgetful still I hardly kin see why they
remember the burrs and the weeds,
The scummy old swimmin' hole and the thorny haw tree and
such things that nobody needs.

They don't say a word 'bout our hogs and our corn, nor our
cattle that roam in our fields,
And our horses, the best in the world, sure's yer born, and
all good things that Ioway yields,
It reminds me so much of old Deacon Strong and his wife the
good Mary Jane
They'd lived long together not doing a wrong, in happiness,
joy and in pain.

She washed all the dishes, sewed all the clothes and raised
all their girls and their boys,
She darned all his socks and nobody knows how she toiled in
the midst of their noise,
She fried all his bacon, baked all his bread, made butter and
cheese and the like,
Till the Deacon grew fat from being well fed, as the "feeds"
were his daily delight.

When the children were grown and they were alone, Mary Jane
was then tired and gray,
But the Deacon would go where the bright lights now shone for
he was still happy and gay.
He went to the city just to have a good turn but there he sure
met his fate,
He did'nt return though the light she left burn in the window
both early and late.

Mary Jane was distracted, they searched high and low till at
last they located him,
He'd eloped with a movie star who belonged to a show, she wanted
the Deacon to "trim".
Now Mary Jane mourned as only she could while the Deacon was
just wakin' up,
To find that his "swap" was not very good and bitterness sure
filled his cup.

For behind all the bright lights, glitter and glare
was nothing substantial for him,
'Twas nothing but emptiness after the "tear", poor Deacon
had now lost his vim.
He longed for his bacon and butter and bread and all the
good things there "back home",
That he had enjoyed since the days they were wed, before
he was coaxed out to roam.

So he hied himself back, repentant and meek, Mary Jane in
the door saw him come,
He vowed that for happiness nowhere he'd seek, except in
his home sweet home.
Now folks, let me tell ye, old Ioway's like Mary Jane the
Deacons good wife,
She stays on the job never thinking to strike but works
every day of her life,

Makin' the butter, countin' the eggs and bakin' the bread
for ye all,
The folks that are hungry they come here and beg and she
always responds to their call,
Des Moines is still capital and always will be. We can't be
chopped loose, goodness knows,
We like our old State - none better than she for here's
where the tall corn grows.

You can't graft a cornstalk to a lemon, you know. The hog
and the ostrich won't mix,
So we'll feed the world, you furnish the show, with Burbank
performin' his tricks.
Just one final word to the "exiles" out west, speak kindly
of Ioway there,
For like Mary Jane you will find her the best, there's no
better State anywhere.

W.M.Rosen.
Oct 1921

SPRING.

The almanac says spring is here,
An' everyone agrees,
Though we might think 'tis winter yet,
As north winds stir the trees,
We should believe the almanac,
'Cause figures cannot lie;
But I've another way to tell;
It's sure to satisfy.

I strolled down through the woods to day,--
'Cause that's my almanac
An' took from pages of that book
Some knowledge that I lack,
On every hand I read the signs--
They're plainer than the map;
Old Mother Nature's wakin' up
From her long winter nap.

You might think she has been asleep;
But no--'twas just a rest,--
A beauty nap, I call it, too,
So she can look her best.
The blanket warm of dry oak leaves
Is fairly raisin' up
With spotted-leaved hepatica
Beside the acorn cup.

The bluebird of that heavenly hue
Is warblin' sweet an' clear,
An' from a post beside the bridge
A phoebe's call I hear.
The pussy willow by the path
Demurely bows an' nods,
While bittersweet an' old milkweed
Bear only empty pods.

A clarion call rings out o'erhead,--
I know no clearer sound;
I stand an' watch the V-shaped wedge
Pass over northward bound,
Their long-necked leader's bugler there,
An' when I hear his call,
It stirs me like the reveille,
Though it be spring or fall.

The willow twigs are blushin' pink
Beside the river deep,
An' maple buds are redder still
Below the hillside steep,
The kildeer's call is heard again;
The frogs begin to sing;
While noisy red-wings hurry by
On ever restless wing.

There's still some ice along the crick
But water's cuttin' through,
With shouts of joy--'tis free again;
I feel like shoutin' too.
The horned owl's weird and mournful call
Comes from the big elm tree,
Where in their nest her downy chicks
Are hungry as can be.

The sap is runnin'; can't you see
How all the flies an' bees
Are gathered round the broken limbs
Of yonder maple trees?
An' from the weed patch just beyond
There comes a sound so grand,
It makes you think that angels fair
Have come to our own land.

Song Sparrow gayly sings an' sways
Upon some old dry weed;
His voice of praise goes heavenward--
A lesson grand indeed;
An' when I hear his pretty song,
I know without a doubt
That spring has surely come to stay--
Old Winter has moved out.

So put away your almanac,
An' come right out with me;
Just listen how the great God speaks
Through flower, bird an' tree,
He whispers softly,"Spring is here"
His word can't be denied;
I know it's so: I heard the voice,--
An' I am satisfied.

W.M.R.
3/21/25

THANKSGIVING.

Of all the days we celebrate, Thanksgiving
Day is best,
Its not because you eat so much you loosen
up your vest,
Its just because we harken back across the
year that's done,
And think of all the joys we've had and count
them one by one.

We always go to Grandma's house for dinner
on that day,
This custom we will always keep though she
is old and gray,
And after dinner Grandpa tells about his
boyhood drear,
And how we should be thankful now for all
the good things here.

We've learned that lesson most by heart, we've
heard it every year,
And we will always think of it when Grandpa
is not here,
A thankful person is a joy, a whiner we
all shun,
Because we know his mournful tune don't chord
with anyone.

Imagine if you can, a day that's set aside
to whine,
To "kick" and grumble all day long, O would'nt
that be fine?
I know some folks who sure could swell the
chorous long and clear,
They've kept in practice every day throughout
the whole long year.

Now when the storm clouds pile up high and it
begins to rain,
Or when the wintry winds blow cold, don't start
in to complain,
And when the wind blows really hard our joys
to interrupt,
Just bear in mind it's God's great broom - He's
simply cleaning up.

The flowers have bloomed all summer long in colors
bright and gay,
Although you've seen just weeds perhaps that grew
along your way,
God sent the flowers to cheer us up and drive
away the gloom,
They're on the hillside, in the trees and everywhere
there's room.

Along the roadside, on the rocks and on
the water too,
A part of God's great tapestry of many
colored hue,
We've had our eyes and ears to use and brain
to think and read,
These gifts you cannot buy with coin, they
priceless are indeed.

When proclamation comes again from White House
way down east,
Let's gather 'round the festive board and don't
just simply feast,
But let's be thankful for it all and every
day that goes,
You'll find the sunshine brighter - more beauty
to the rose.

The birds will all sing sweeter still and when
the clouds are gray,
You'll find you cannot help but shout - "Oh what
a real fine day",
It don't cost much to thankful be, It's cheap
but always pays,
And helps you over life's rough road in many
different ways.

So now I think that you'll agree - Thanksgiving
Day is good,
It's sacred purpose we must try to make
well understood,
By being thankful every day as on and
up we pull,
I know you'll find your credit page in God's
great book clear full.

W.M.R. 11/27/24

WORRY.

My wife has gone to visit with her mother far away,
In sunny California to rest, relax and play,
So Junior and his Dad and "Shep" keep house while she is gone,
They also make the garden till it's time the coffee's on.

The house when mother left was just as clean as it could be,
But now it's different, just come in and this is what you'll see.
The cobwebs hang in long festoons from ceilings soiled and gray,
And dust lies thick upon the chairs and on the old buffet.

The pile of dust behind the door keeps growing every day,
'Cause that is where they keep the broom as that's the easy way.
Dog tracks on her clean back porch and on the kitchen floor,
While piles of bottles and old tin cans lie just outside the door.

The kitchen range is full of grease and signs of eggs are seen,
Upon the table where they eat with appetites so keen.
The dish rag smells of sour milk, the bread box smells of mold,
And in the kitchen sink are piled her dishes new and old.

Some cups are minus handles, one plate now has a crack,
And many more will meet that fate ere mother dear comes back.
The beds are all untidy - they've never once been "made"
And mice march up and down the floor as if on dress parade.

The leader of this squad of mice came running right in sight,
As Ma came in on her return - She screamed with all her might,
That was enough, it woke her up - she found 'twas all a dream.
While Grandma came all pale and white to see what made her scream.

Now worry is an awful thing, 'twill kill the strongest one,
It causes nightmares just like this and spoils a lot of fun,
You dream a lot of crazy things with not a bit of truth,
Your fine young face will soon take wings and gone indeed is youth.

So we are warning mother every letter that we write,
She must not worry about us because we're just alright,
And when she comes back home again how bright her face will beam,
She'll find 'twas not a word of truth in that old horrid dream.

W.M.R.
Apr 1926

To the"He Mans Club" of Radio Station W.O.W.

Omaha, Neb.

On Friday noon I always try to hurry home and eat,
And for dessert instead of pie we get a real good treat,
So after we have had our "grub" we tune the radio,
For Gus and all the He Mans Club, they surely are some show.

When "Gubben Noack" rolls across the ether waves to us,
We laugh until the tears roll down and gove three cheers for Gus,
The "Liten Fogel" once who sat upon a "Linde Qvist"
Is still another"classic"that we're glad he hasn't missed.

They say that laughter makes you fat and it is good for you,
We fans have have all let our our belts at least a notch or teo,
Too soon his programs always end and Omaha "sounds off"
We feel as though we've lost a friend-we even like his cough.

We hardly know how we can wait till Friday comes once more,
And also hope you'll not be late as you have been before,
Webhope that Omaha will feed you "lutfisk" every day,
So you can sing and play and read and drive our cares away.

Read by Gus Swanson of the He Mans Club
over the air Dec 10th 1926.

OUR LAWYER.

Who is it that we always like?
Our lawyer.
Who shares our joys and griefs alike?
Our lawyer.
Who listens unto all our woes ?
To him the country bamker goes
Who tries to "thaw" that note which "froze"?
Our lawyer.

Who is it shares with us our cares?
Our lawyer.
Who with us weighty problems shares?
Our lawyer.
Who gets us out when we get in?
Then calls us down for all our sin
Who scolds us while he wears a grin?
Our lawyer.

Who helps us almost every week?
Our lawyer.
When troubles come, whom do we seek?
Our lawyer.
When we have finally run our race.
And old Saint Peter we must face,
Who shall we call to plead our case?
Our lawyer.

W.M.R.

To my old friend Frank Porter
Christmas 1926.

THE STEER MAN.

The city banker loans his cash,
On buildings in the air,
His borrowers with cane and spats,
Have perfume in their hair,
And diamonds sparkle on their rings
Their shirt fronts sparkle too,
That helps their credit, don't you know,
And really shows "Who's who".

The city banker then will "float",
Some bonds that look real good,
And try to "float" them on to us,
But no - We've understood,
Through years of living with the "rubes"
That they are staunch and true,
And when we have some cash to loan,
They always get it too.

The country banker loans his cash,
On cattle, hogs and corn,
His borrowers wear overshoes,
Their overalls are torn,
The perfume that he bears with him,
I just want you to know
Is of that kind that makes grass green,
And makes the tall corn grow.

He has the perfume on his boots,
Instead of in his hair,
A little drop upon his shirt,
Serves as his diamond there,
But when he wants to feed some steers,
And wants to borrow too,
This helps his credit, don't you know
And really shows "Who's who".

The man who fattens "white face" steers,
Is not the sort of "guy"
The country banker mostly fears -
You know the reason why.
Those flashy clothes don't make a man,
Nor make his credit good,
A man 's a man for what he does -
For what he's always stood.

The man who from a "scrawny" calf,
Can make a nice fat steer,
Is just as big a man to us,
As they who buildings rear,
And when he "tops the market" and,
The check comes rolling back,
We're just as happy as is he,
And slap him on the back.

So here's to all our steer men,
We wish them best of health,
With lots of gain and little shrink,
They're on their way to wealth,
The man who makes those juicy steaks,
To feed those city "guys"
Will always find his credit good,
From now until he dies.

W.M.Rosen
Mar 10 1927.

IN MINOR KEY.

I have heard it said by critics
who know music bad and good,
That comes to us through man made horns
of silver, brass and wood,
Who claim to know real harmony
and tone and pitch and key,
And all that goes to make us glad
in modern symphony,
Who laud the modern jazz which stirs
their syncopated souls,
Ans shudder with a dreadful fear
whene'er the thunder rolls,
They claim our pretty song birds
that we have in every tree,
Sing nothing else but minor tones
and all in minor key.

Now really I can't understand
a man who thinks like this,
I pity him for all the things
in Nature he will miss,
I'd like to take him out with me
some day in May or June,
The birds I hear who sing for me
don't sing a minor tune.
The chorous that I hear at dawn
of some bright day in May,
Has not a single minor chord
to usher in the day,
The artists never went to school
nor studied out of books,
But learned their art from Him above
who tunes the babbling brooks.

Soprano is the leading part -
Brown Thrasher leads them all,
While swaying on the highest branch
of stately maples tall,
The Oriole sings alto with his
suit of gorgeous hue,
Assisted by the Bluebird with his
wings of heavenly blue,
For tenor there's the Grosbeak with his
breast of red and white,
Assisted by the Martins in their
ever circling flight,
The Horned Owl takes the bass part,
he's never out of tune,
And always sings the low notes
in January or June.

The Flicker plays the snare drums
and traps and all the rest,
While Bob Whites and Cardinals
are whistling their best,
The south wind murmurs through the trees
like organ music grand,
To help complete the symphony
some folks don't understand,
Of course our birds will utter
screams of terror and of fear,
When enemies approach their homes
and danger 's really near,
But never once have birds been heard
to whine or to complain,
Not even Robins who will sing
real happy in the rain.

So once again I will repeat
there is no minor key,
In all the glorious out of doors-
in Nature's symphony,
There's harmony in every chord
on land and sea and sky,
The only part that's out of tune
is surely you and I.
This glorious harmony all around
about us every day,
Will lighten all our load of cares
and cheer us on our way,
So let us get our heart strings tuned
with flower, bird and tree,
And banish all our own dischords,
and live in harmony.

W.M.Rosen.
Feb 13 1928

REFLECTIONS.

While roamin' thro the big out doors,
I turn each page an' look,
At pictures that unfold by scores,
In good ol' Nature's book.
There is no printin' in that book,
Just pictures - that is all;
The words just come like trees that's shook
For apples in the fall.

While lookin' at the pictures
As I turn the page each year,
A gentle voice just whispers,
An' all I do is hear.
There's those who cannot hear so well,
An' others cannot see,
Those gifts you cannot buy nor sell,
They're absolutely free.

Our engineers build bridges,
Suspended in the air,
But Nature's engineer has made,
A bridge with greater care.
He understands his business,
An' knows it thro an' thro;
I hear a voice now asking -
Can this be said of you?

The blushin' bride is dressed with care,
In veil of purest white,
Too delicate an' fine to wear,
But pleasin' to the sight.
The bride that dear ol' Nature kissed,
Is fairer than them all,
No veil more delicate than mist,
Around the waterfall.

No matter how our artists try,
To imitate the shade,
Of one of Nature's blossoms shy,
Those colors can't be made.
When Nature decorates the scene,
With flowers an' with birds,
She paints a picture when 'tis seen-
Too wonderful for words.

No tapestry can we devise -
No canvas - nothin' new,
More pleasin' to our human eye,
Than Nature gives to you.
The flowers are the purest gems,
In dear ol' Nature's crown,
We'll always watch an' care for them,
Wherever they abound.

Among her colors where you stand,
There's lacework filled with dew,
Too delicate for human hands,
But all made up for you,
Like pearls an' diamonds in the sun,
The dewdrops glisten there,
'Tis one of Nature's diadems,
Sparklin' in her hair.

No greater thing in all our sphere,
Than home an' mother love,
We find a lot to learn right here,
From mother Mourning Dove,
She guards her loved ones carefully,
An' when they go to rest,
She coos for them so tenderly,
Away up in their nest.

Nature's children love their home,
An' love their family dear,
From paths of virtue never roam -
No evil enters here.
Their hungry famlies must be fed,
An' cared for every day,
An' while they gather daily bread,
They always sing an' play.

While workin' at your daily tasks,
From morn till close of day,
Do you, my friend, pray may I ask,
Go singin' on your way?
Just look around an' watch the birds,
There's not a grumble there;
Their songs are sweet, tho without words;
They banish every care.

A mirror by the mountain peaks,
Reflects the azure blue,
An' there the face of Him who speaks,
Is lookin' up to you,
He shows us pictures from the clouds,
Clear down to humble clod,
Some good folks call it Nature,
I like to call it God.

The richest hue of sunset glows,
As every passin' day,
Reminds us well of Him who knows,
How well we work an' play,
The light reflects upon the waves,
That ripple on the sea,
As we reflect upon our lives,
I wonder what we see?

In the great out doors when each day is done,
An' the sun sinks low in the west,
Our golden dreams like the golden sun,
Soon carries us off to rest,
May we leave a path when our course is run,
That is clean an' pure an' white,
A path that is straight as the path to the sun,
As we say to the world - Good Night.

W.M.Rosen

Oct 14 1929.

OUR DOCTOR.

Who cares for us through thick and thin?
Our doctor
And rarely scolds us for our sin
Our doctor
Who feels your pulse and shakes his head
And promptly tells you "Go to bed"
The same old words he's always said
Our doctor

Who wearies with his heavy load?
Our doctor
But staggers still along the road
Our doctor
Through storm or sunshine, rain or snow
To aid us mortals here below
What faithful friend will always go?
Our doctor

Who is it all our troubles shares?
Our doctor
Who soothes our pains and for us cares?
Our doctor
Who listens to our tale of woe
While we our many symptoms show
Who tunes us up so we can go?
Our doctor

We never thought he could be ill
Our doctor
Bot lo, one day he had a chill
Our doctor
But patients well from far and near
Whom he had helped, did not appear
None came with smiles of joy to cheer
Our doctor

Who greets us all when we are born?
Our doctor
For shildhood's dangers who does warn?
Our doctor
Who read your mind before you spoke
Then gives you bitters till you choke
And chuckles like it were a joke
Our doctor

Who cares for you from time of birth?
Our doctor
Who smooths your path on this old earth?
Our doctor
And when we leave this earthly sphere
And former friends all disappear
One faithful friend is still real near
Our doctor.

To my old friend Dr J.O.Ganoe
Dec 1931

THE VALUE OF A SMILE.

When you're down and out and helpless
And your body's full of pain
When your future looks the darkest
And there's nothing left to gain
When your surgeon and your doctor
Do their best to no avail
And your face among the pillows
Grows thin and worn and pale

When you think your friends have left you
And betrayed you - every one
And the world seems filled with darkness
Without a cheerful sun
When the hospital seems cheerless
And there's groans on every hand
Then you wonder why you're living
This you cannot understand

Then your door it softly opens
And your night nurse steps inside
With a smile that's worth a million
Then you're glad you hadn't died
Now there's tonic for your liver
And there's tonic for your bile
But they're absolutely worthless
When compared to one good smile

Your doses may be bitter
But she gives them with a smile
Till they taste like sugar candy
Of the very latest style
For she smiles when you are happy
And she smiles when you are blue
So you really must get better
Why it's simply up to you

There are blondes and there are redheads
Some are large and some are small
Some are right in life's sweet springtime
Others bord'ring on the fall
All are good and faithful servants
Giving you that "extra mile"
But the one that goes the farthest
Wears that million dollar smile

Now a smile, it doesn't cost much
Just an effort - to be sure
But its value can't be counted
In the things that make a cure
It does more good than tonics
For they seldom reach the heart
You have got to cure the spirit
Ere the body makes a start

So here's to all my nurses
With their kind and tender care
They will always be remembered
Though I travel here or there
They were kind and always patient
But the one that was worth while
Was the one who scattered sunshine
With her million dollar smile.

W.M.Rosene
March 1935

(Written after returning from 7½ weeks in the Boone Hospital after the auto accident)

SATISFACTION.

There's a certain satisfaction when you've
finished up a job,
That no one dared to tackle for fear
their heart would throb,
They thought it was impossible - "it simply
can't be done",
They all preferred the easy way where they
could have some fun.

The easy things in this old world are never
worth your while,
They are never worth your effort, not even
worth a trial,
They don't build up your muscle nor sharpen
up your wit,
For it's only honest effort that will keep you
really fit.

The man who idly sits and waits for easy
jobs to do,
Will have but flabby muscles in mind and
body too,
But he who firmly grits his teeth and does
the hardest things,
Is hard as steel and has no fear whate'er
the future brings.

The man who sails on down through life with
weaklings to compete,
May win the medal in the race and hold the
victors seat,
But he who battles long and hard with
competition strong,
Will bear the scars of life's hard fight which
lasted fierce and long.

And when you come before the Judge and life's
last fight is won,
He'll look you over for those scars and count
them one by one,
Those earthly medals count for naught, how gaudy
they appear,
It's how you suffered, how you fought, that really
matters here.

There's a certain satisfaction when you've
finished up some work,
That no one else would tackle and everyone
would shirk,
Your scars will be your medals when the last
great fight is won,
It's <u>how</u> you suffered, <u>how</u> you fought, that
really counts, my son.

W.M.Rosen, Ogden, Iowa.

June 29 1936

DOWN WHERE THE SOUTH BEGINS.

Down where the mockingbird so sweetly sings,
Where your troubles flee and cares take wings,
That's where the South begins.
Where whites are white and darkies black,
Ans stately pines guard every shack,
Where worries flee and ne'er come back,
That's where the South begins.

Down where the mistletoe is green,
Where Bob White coveys dust and preen,
That's where the South begins.
Where grand magnolias rear their heads,
Above the holly berries red,
While soaring vultures wheel o'erhead,
That's where the South begins.

Down where the cotton fields are white,
Where banjoes strum on moonlit nights,
That's where the South begins.
Where the soil is red and the skies are blue,
Where the cypress fill the big bayou,
And your idle dreams will all come true,
That's where the South begins.

Down where the sweet potato 's king,
And turkeys gobble in the spring,
That's where the South begins.
Where water turns the old mill wheel,
To grind the corn to make the meal,
And biscuits steam at every meal,
That's where the South begins.

Down where they "tote" instead of carry,
Where they sun themselves in January,
That's where the South begins.
Where they sing their words quite like a bird,
And polish every single word,
For the letter "r" is never heard,
That's where the South begins.

Down where the sun shines a little brighter,
Where the cares of life are a little lighter,
That's where the South begins.
Where Spanish moss drapes stately oaks,
And Nature quiet peace invokes,
Where rich or poor are friendly folks,
That's where the South begins.

Published in "The Coal Bin" of
the Birmingham News.

W.M.Rosen
Jan 14 1939

I gave this over Radio Station WAPI
Birmingham, Ala. Apr 1 1940 at 12.20 P.M.

Grandpa.

Life is like a mighty ball game
Where you have to fight to win,
And it takes concerted effort
From the time that you begin.

As the pitcher puts them over,
First a foul and then a strike,
But you wait until he serves you
With the very one you like.

My childhood sweetheart smiled her best,
While I seemed at my worst,
Right then I knew I'd made a hit
And I was safe at first.

'Twas a long way down to second
For it took me seven years,
Some were filled with joy and gladness,
Others filled with pain and fears.

But at last she stood beside me
Sweetest bride beneath the sun,
Then I felt real safe at second
With just half the battle won.

Later when a sweet young lassie
And a chubby little lad,
Began to romp and play with me
And really call me Dad.

I was a happy father then,
As joyful as a bird,
With loving wife and children too,
And safe at last on third.

My baby now is Papa
And Grand Papa - that's me,
I crossed the plate and scored my run;
I'm happy as can be.

So when they call me Grandpa now
As I go down the road,
I strut just like a gobbler
And swell up like a toad.

My hats are really all too tight,
My vests will not reach 'round,
For I'm the proudest Grandpa
That ever has been found.

They're playing me upon the bench
Since finishing that run,
Where I am coaching younger ones
And having lots of fun.

My proudest day, all filled with joy,
I'm right here to relate,
Was when the stork brought "sonny boy",
And Grandpa crossed the plate.

June 16 1940
Upon the birth of my first grandson.

Record of bird observations in Boone County by W.M.Rosen.

For the year 1918.

1-	Feb 24	Mallard Duck
2-	Mar 4	Bluebird
3-	Mar 10	Robin
4-	Mar 11	Western Meadowlark
5-	Mar 17	Bronzed Grackle
6-	Mar 17	Red Winged Blackbird
7-	Mar 17	Flicker
8-	Mar 17	Redtailed Hawk
9-	Mar 20	Kildeer
10-	Mar 29	Mourning Dove
11-	Mar 31	Migrant Shrike
12-	Apr 19	Ruby Crowned Kinglet
13-	Apr 19	Blackcrowned Night Heron
14-	Apr 19	Duck Hawk
15-	Apr 27	Hermit Thrush
16-	May 2	Brown Thrasher
17-	May 3	Purple Martin
18-	May 5	House Wren
19-	May 5	Chimney Swift
20-	May 6	Catbird
21-	May 7	Baltimore Oriole
22-	May 7	Redheaded Woodpecker
23-	May 8	Kingbird
24-	May 11	Bobolink
25-	May 12	Bob White
26-	May 12	Towhee
27-	May 16	Goldfinch
28-	May 18	Rosebreasted Grosbeak
29-	May 29	Yellow Billed Cuckoo
30-	June 2	Indigo Bunting
31-	June 2	Field Sparrow
32-	June 5	Ruby Throated Hummingbird
33-	June 2	Chickadee
34-	June 9	Whitebreasted Nuthatch
35-	June12	Chipping Sparrow
36-	Aug 19	Cardinal

Record of bird observations in Boone County by W.M.Rosen

First observations for the year 1916

1 -	Mar	8	Western Meadowlark
2 -	Mar	11	Robin
3 -	Mar	15	Redwing Blackbird
4 -	Mar	15	Bluebird
5 -	Mar	16	Kildeer
6 -	Mar	16	Junco
7 -	Mar	19	Bronzed Grackle
8 -	Mar	22	Mallards
9 -	Mar	23	Migrant Shrike
10-	Mar	25	Canadian Geese
11-	Mar	26	Mourning Dove
12-	Apr	10	Ruby Crowned Kinglet
13-	Apr	11	Chipping Sparrow
14-	Apr	16	Hermit Thrush
15-	Apr	18	Blackburnian Warbler
16-	Apr	20	Towhee
17-	Apr	30	Brown Thrasher
18-	May	6	Chimney Swift
19-	May	7	Baltimore Oriole
20-	May	7	House Wren
21-	May	8	Kingbird
22-	May	8	Purple Martin
23-	May	9	Catbird
24-	May	9	Wilson Snipe
25-	May	10	Goldfinch
26-	May	10	Rosebreasted Grosbeak
27-	May	12	Bobolink
28-	May	14	Bob White
29-	May	14	Cowbird
30-	May	16	Crested Flycatcher
31-	May	16	Scarlet Tanager
32-	May	16	Wood Pewee
33-	May	23	Maryland Yellowthroat
34-	May	24	Yellow Billed Cuckoo
35-	May	30	Whippoorwill
36-	May	30	Ovenbird
37-	June	8	Warbling Vireo
38-	June	15	Indigo Bunting
39-	June	15	Redstart
40-	July	1	Rubythroated Hummingbird
41-	Oct	?	Woodcock

Record of bird observations for Boone County by W.M.Rosen.

First observations for the year 1920.

1 - Feb 14 Cedar Waxwing
2 - Feb 19 Junco
3 - Feb 20 Chickadee
4 - Feb 20 English Sparrow
5 - Feb 22 White Breasted Nuthatch
6 - Feb 22 Hairy Woodpecker
7 - Feb 23 Downy Woodpecker
8 - Feb 23 Crow
9 - Feb 23 Screech Owl
10- Feb 27 Blue Jay
11- Mar 3 Robin
12- Mar 13 Bluebird
13- Mar 14 Flicker
14- Mar 16 Western Meadowlark
15- Mar 17 Mallard
16- Mar 19 Canadian Geese
17- Mar 22 Killdeer
18- Mar 22 Redwing Blackbird
19- Mar 30 Bronzed Grackle
20- Mar 31 Sparrow Hawk
21- Mar 31 Migrant Shrike
22- Apr 6 Ruby Crowned Kinglet
23- Apr 8 Mourning Dove
24- Apr 9 Brown Creeper
25- Apr 19 Chipping Srarrow
26- Apr 24 Brown Thrasher
27- Apr 24 Chimney Swift
28- Apr 25 House Wren
29- Apr 30 Bob White
30- May 1 Towhee
31- May 77 Redheaded Woodpecker
32- May 7 Kingfisher
33- May 7 Kingbird
34- May 7 Purple Martin
35- May 9 Scarlet Tanager
36- May 9 Rosebreasted Grosbeak
37- May 10 Catbird
38- May 13 Wood Thrush
39- May 13 Yellow Warbler
40- May 14 Baltimore Oriole
41- May 14 Goldfinch
42- May 16 Warbling Vireo
43- May 18 Cowbird
44- May 19 Blackburnian Warbler
45- May 19 Bobolink
46- May 19 Song Sparrow
47- May 20 Black Tern
48- May 21 Whippoorwill
49- May 21 Maryland Yellowthroat
50- May 21 Ovenbird
51- May 22 Crested Flycatcher
52- May 24 Cardinal
53- May 24 Field Sparrow
54- May 30 Redstart
55- May 30 Phoebe
56- June 8 Yellow Billed Cuckoo
57- June 9 Indigo Bunting
58- July 1 Yellowhead

58- July 1 Yellowhead Blackbird
59- July 1 Ruby Throated Hummingbird
60- Nov 1 Harlan Hawk

Record of bird observations in Boone County by W.M.Rosen.

First observations for the year 1921.

1 -Jan 2 Hairy Woodpecker
2 -Jan 2 English Sparrow
3 -Jan 2 Junco
4 -Jan 2 Downy Woodpecker
5 -Jan 2 Whitebreasted Nuthatch
6 -Jan 2 Blue Jay
7 -Jan 2 Crow
8 -Jan 3 Chickadee
9 -Jan 14 Flicker
10-Feb 10 Prairie Horned Lark
11-Feb 16 Robin
12-Feb 21 Bluebird
13-Mar 4 Western Meadowlark
14-Mar 4 Redwing Blackbird
15-Mar 13 Canada Goose
16-Mar 15 Kildeer
17-Mar 17 Grackle
18-Mar 24 Migrant Shrike
19-Mar 25 Bob White
20-Apr 3 Mallard
21-Apr 3 Great Blue Heron
22-Apr 6 Chipping Sparrow
23-Apr 7 Mourning Dove
24-Apr 9 Ruby Crowned Kinglet
25-Apr 12 Towhee
26-Apr 15 Cowbird
27-Apr 18 Yellowbellied Sapsucker
28-Apr 18 Hermit Thrush
29-Apr 24 Brown Thrasher
30-Apr 24 Yellowhead Blackbird
31-Apr 24 Louisiana Water Thrush
32-Apr 24 Purple Martin
33-Apr 26 Chimney Swift
34-Apr 28 House Wren
35-Apr 28 Wilson Snipe
36-May 3 Goldfinch
37-May 3 Blackburnian Warbler
38-May 8 Maryland Yellowthroat
39-May 9 Rosebreated Grosbeak
40-May 9 White Crowned Sparrow
41-May 12 Redheaded Woodpecker
42-May 12 Baltimore Oriole
43-May 12 Kingbird
44-May 18 Rubythroated Hummingbird
45-May 18 Yellow Warbler
46-May 19 Catbird
47-May 22 Warbling Vireo
48-May 22 Scarlet Tanager
49-May 22 Indigo Bunting
50-May 22 Crested Flycatcher
51-May 22 Wood Pewee
52-May 22 Field Sparrow
53-May 22 Barn Swallow
54-May 22 Blueheaded Vireo
55-May 23 Night Hawk
56-May 28 Yellowbilled Cuckoo
57-May 29 Cardinal
58-May 29 Redstart
59-May 29 Whippoorwill
60-May 30 Black Tern
61-June 10 Dickcissel
62-June 26 Barn Owl
63-July 10 Kingfisher
64-July 14 Bobolink
65-July 28 Sparrow Hawk
66-Sept 27 Ovenbird
67-Oct 2 Harris Sparrow
68-Oct 27 Redtailed Hawk
69-Oct 23 Redbellied Woodpecker
70-Nov 2 Pigeon Hawk
71-Nov 13 Brown Creeper
72-Nov 13 Golden Crowned Kinglet
73-Nov 13 Redbreasted Nuthatch
74-Oct 3 White Throat Sparrow
75-Dec 26 Tree Sparrow

111-May 21 Wilson Warbler
112-May 23 Night Hawk
113-May 28 Bank Swallow
114-May 28 Least Bittern
115-May 28 Virginia Rail
116-May 28 Least Tern
117-May 28 Long Billed Marsh Wren
118-June 1 Arkansas Kingbird
119-June 11 Yellowbilled Cuckoo
120-Sept 14 Cliff Swallow
121-Sept 14 Sharp Shinned Hawk
122-Sept 14 Turkey Buzzard
123-Sept 28 Green Winged Teal
124-Sept 28 Black Crowned Night Heron
125-Oct 5 Golden Crowned Kinglet
126-Oct 11 Screech Owl
127-Nov 6 Hooded Merganser
128-Nov 14 Lesser Scaup
129-Dec 13 Lapland Longspur
130-Dec 30 Woodcock

In addition to the above the following observations were made during the year in North Dakota and Minnesota.

1 -June 14 Gresshopper Sparrow N.D.
2 -June 15 White Rumped Shrike N.D.
3 -June 16 Ring Billed Gull N.D.
4 -June 16 Franklin Gull N.D.
5 -June 16 Pintailed Duck N.D.
6 -June 16 Canvasback Duck N.D.
7 -June 16 Sharptailed Grouse N.D.
8 -June 16 Chestnutcollard Longspur N.D.
9 -June 17 Eared Grebe N.D.
10-June 17 Forsters Tern N.D.
11-June 17 Gadwall N.D.
12-June 17 Redhead Duck N.D.
13-June 17 Ruddy Duck N.D.
14-June 17 Shortbilled Marsh Wren N.D.
15-June 18 Doublecrested Cormorant N.D.
16-June 18 Baldpate N.D.
17-June 20 White Pelican N.D.
18-June 20 Piping Plover N.D.
19-June 21 Whitewinged Scoter N.D.
20-June 23 Western Willett N.D.
21-June 23 Blackbilled Cuckoo N.D.
22-June 24 Herring Gull N.D.
23-June 24 Avocet N.D.
24-June 24 Hudsonian Godwit N.D.
25-June 25 Burrowing Owl N.D.
26-June 26 Swainson Hawk N.D.
27-June 27 Cedar Waxwing N.D.
28-June 28 Wilson Thrush Minn.
29-Aug 3 Blackthroated Blue Warbler Minn.

A total of 159 for the year including observations made in N.D. and Minn.

Record of bird observations in Boone County by W.M.Rosen

First observations for the year 1925

1 -Jan 1 English Sparrow
2 -Jan 1 Chickadee
3 -Jan 1 Blue Jay
4 -Jan 1 Downy Woodpecker
5 -Jan 1 Hairy Woodpecker
6 -Jan 1 Junco
7 -Jan 2 Whitebreasted Nuthatch
8 -Jan 3 Screech Owl
9 -Jan 6 Tree Sparrow
10-Jan 6 Crow
11-Jan 11 Redbellied Woodpecker
12-Jan 11 Redwinged Blackbird
13-Jan 11 Cardinal
14-Jan 11 Goldfinch
15-Jan 11 Bob White
16-Jan 12 Flicker
17-Jan 14 Cedar Waxwing
18-Jan 15 Prairie Horned Lark
19-Feb 22 Great Horned Owl
20-Feb 22 Tufted Titmouse
21-Feb 22 Sparrow Hawk
22-Feb 24 Bluebird
23-Mar 6 Robin
24-Mar 12 Western Meadowlark
25-Mar 15 Canada Goose
26-Mar 15 Lesser Snow Goose
27-Mar 15 Red Tail Hawk
28-Mar 19 Kildeer
29-Mar 20 Bronzed Grackle
30-Mar 22 Phoebe
31-Mar 22 Song Sparrow
32-Mar 23 Mourning Dove
33-Mar 23 Prairie Chicken
34-Mar 26 Brown Creeper
35-Mar 28 Greater Scaup
36-Mar 28 Wilson Snipe
37-Mar 29 Migrant Shrike
38-Mar 29 Eastern Meadowlark
39-Mar 29 Field Sparrow
40-Mar 29 Towhee
41-Mar 29 Cowbird
42-Mar 29 Fox Sparrow
43-Mar 29 Kingfisher
44-Mar 29 Ruby Crowned Kinglet
45-Apr 1 Golden Crowned Kinglet
46-Apr 4 Chipping Sparrow
47-Apr 5 Hermit Thrush
48-Apr 5 Winter Wren
49-Apr 5 Mallard
50-Apr 5 Blue Winged Teal
51-Apr 6 Purple Martin
52-Apr 12 American Coot
53-Apr 12 Pied Billed Grebe
54-Apr 12 Myrtle Warbler
55-Apr 12 Lesser Scaup
56-Apr 14 Yellowhead Blackbird
57-Apr 14 Shoveller Duck
58-Apr 14 Swamp Sparrow
59-Apr 14 Pintail Duck
60-Apr 19 American Bittern
61-Apr 19 Redheaded Woodpecker
62-Apr 19 Vesper Sparrow
63-Apr 19 Louisiana Water Thrush
64-Apr 19 Purple Finch
65-Apr 19 Yellowbellied Sapsucker
66-Apr 19 Coopers Hawk
67-Apr 19 Marsh Hawk
68-Apr 19 Lesser Yellowlegs
69-Apr 21 Brown Thrasher
70-Apr 22 House Wren
71-Apr 22 Chimney Swift
72-Apr 22 White Throat Sparrow
73-Apr 24 Bartramian Sandpiper
74-Apr 24 Ovenbird
75-Apr 24 Palm Warbler
76-Apr 24 Scarlet Tanager
77-Apr 26 Turkey Vulture
78-Apr 26 Crested Flycatcher
79-Apr 26 Greater Yellowlegs
80-Apr 26 Bank Swallow
81-Apr 26 Lincoln Sparrow
82-Apr 28 Baltimore Oriole
83-May 2 Catbird
84-May 2 Rosebreasted Grosbeak
85-May 2 Lark Sparrow
86-May 2 Spotted Sandpiper
87-May 2 Harris Sparrow
88-May 2 Rough Wing Swallow
89-May 2 Green Heron
90-May 2 Sora Rail
91-May 3 Barn Swallow
92-May 3 White Crowned Sparrow
93-May 3 Blackpoll Warbler
94-May 3 Great Blue Heron
95-May 3 Pectoral Sandpiper
96-May 9 Claycolored Sparrow
97-May 10 Black Tern
98-May 10 Least Sandpiper
99-May 10 Semipalmated Sandpiper
100-May 10 Wilson Phalarope
101-May 10 Bobolink
102-May 10 Maryland Yellowthroat
103-May 10 Yellow Warbler
104-May 10 Northern Phalarope
105-May 13 Kingbird
106-May 13 Virginia Rail
107-May 13 Dickcissel
108-May 13 Baldpate

(continued)

1925 records continued.

109-May 13 Semipalmated Plover
110-May 14 Tree Swallow
111-May 14 Long Billed Marsh Wren
112-May 15 Redstart
113-May 15 Cape May Warbler
114-May 15 Blackthroated Green Warbler
115-May 17 Wood Thrush
116-May 17 Blackburnian Warbler
117-May 17 Redeyed Vireo
118-May 17 Yellowthroated Vireo
119-May 17 Tennessee Warbler
120-May 17 Black and White Warbler
121-May 17 Magnolia Warbler
122-May 17 Philadelphia Vireo
123-May 17 Parula Warbler
124-May 17 Olivebacked Thrush
125-May 17 Redbacked Sandpiper
126-May 17 Least Bittern
127-May 17 Least Flycatcher
128-May 18 Wood Pewee
129-May 18 Ruby Throated Hummingbird
130-May 18 Arkansas Kingbird
131-May 18 Night Hawk
132-May 18 Whippoorwill
133-May 19 Indigo Bunting
134-May 19 Warbling Vireo
135-May 19 Leconte Sparrow
136-May 19 Stilt Sandpiper
137-May 24 Yellowbilled Cuckoo
138-May 26 Blueheaded Vireo
139-June 1 Woodcock
140-June 1 Bluewinged Warbler
141-June 16 Orchard Oriole
142-June 26 Blue Gray Gnatcatcher
143-July 12 Black Billed Cuckoo
144-Aug 28 Cliff Swallow
145-Sept 8 Nashville Warbler
146-Sept 13 Broadwinged Hawk
147-Sept 13 Sharpshinned Hawk
148-Sept 28 Black Crowned Night Heron
149-Oct 12 Ring Neck Pheasant
150-Nov 1 Carolina Wren
151-Nov 15 Bald Eagle
152-Nov 29 Redbreasted Nuthatch
153-Dec 25 Redpoll
154-Dec 30 Roughleg Hawk

Record of bird observations in Boone County by W.M.Rosen

First observations for the year 1926

1 -Jan 1 Bronzed Grackle
2 -Jan 1 Chickadee
3 -Jan 1 Whitebreasted Nuthatch
4 -Jan 1 English Sparrow
5 -Jan 1 Blue Jay
6 -Jan 1 Tree Sparrow
7 -Jan 1 Downy Woodpecker
8 -Jan 1 Hairy Woodpecker
9 -Jan 1 Bob White
10-Jan 1 Junco
11-Jan 1 Cardinal
12-Jan 1 Goldfinch
13-Jan 1 Flicker
14-Jan 1 Crow
15-Jan 6 Screech Owl
16-Feb 4 Cedar Waxwing
17-Feb 7 Prairie Horned Lark
18-Feb 7 Redbellied Woodpecker
19-Feb 7 Tufted Titmouse
20-Feb 27 Canada Goose
21-Mar 11 Western Meadowlark
22-Mar 17 Robin
23-Mar 17 Bluebird
24-Mar 17 Kildeer
25-Mar 18 Redwinged Blackbird
26-Mar 19 Eastern Meadowlark
27-Mar 19 Sparrow Hawk
28-Mar 20 Migrant Shrike
29-Mar 20 Red Tail Hawk
30-Mar 20 Prairie Chicken
31-Mar 21 Phoebe
32-Mar 21 Song Sparrow
33-Mar 21 Fox Sparrow
34-Mar 21 Mallard
35-Mar 29 Brown Creeper
36-Apr 2 Mourning Dove
37-Apr 2 Herring Gull
38-Apr 2 Broadwing Hawk
39-Apr 2 Purple Finch
40-Apr 2 Kingfisher
41-Apr 2 Barred Owl
42-Apr 2 Harris Sparrow
43-Apr 8 Cowbird
44-Apr 8 Pine Siskin
45-Apr 8 Shoveller Duck
46-Apr 8 Greater Scaup
47-Apr 10 Purple Martin
48-Apr 11 Marsh Hawk
49-Apr 11 Ring Neck Pheasant
50-Apr 11 Field Sparrow
51-Apr 11 White Throat Sparrow
52-Apr 11 Towhee
53-Apr 11 Rusty Blackbird
54-Apr 11 Golden Crowned Kinglet
55-Apr 13 Hermit Thrush
56-Apr 16 Vesper Sparrow
57-Apr 16 Blue Wing Teal
58-Apr 16 Leconte Sparrow
59-Apr 16 Lesser Yellowlegs
60-Apr 17 Redheaded Woodpecker
61-Apr 17 Turkey Vulture
62-Apr 17 Myrtle Warbler
63-Apr 17 Winter Wren
64-Apr 17 Osprey
65-Apr 18 Wilson Snipe
66-Apr 18 Savanna Sparrow
67-Apr 18 Yellowbellied Sapsucker
68-Apr 18 Ruby Crowned Kinglet
69-Apr 18 Great Blue Heron
70-Apr 18 American Coot
71-Apr 18 Louisiana Water Thrush
72-Apr 19 Great Horned Owl
73-Apr 19 Chipping Sparrow
74-Apr 19 Green Winged Teal
75-Apr 21 Sharp Shinned Hawk
76-Apr 23 Yellow Head Blackbird
77-Apr 23 Bartramian Sandpiper
78-Apr 25 Pectoral Sandpiper
79-Apr 25 American Bittern
80-Apr 25 Pied Billed Grebe
81-Apr 25 Barn Swallow
82-Apr 29 Lark Sparrow
83-Apr 29 Chimney Swift
84-May 1 House Wren
85-May 1 Brown Thrasher
86-May 1 Claycolored Sparrow
87-May 1 Whipoorwill
88-May 2 Ovenbird
89-May 2 Wood Thrush
90-May 2 Yellow Warbler
91-May 2 Least Flycatcher
92-May 2 Black and White Warbler
93-May 2 Swamp Sparrow
94-May 2 Catbird
95-May 2 Blueheaded Vireo
96-May 2 Tree Swallow
97-May 2 Greater Yellowlegs
98-May 2 Least Sandpiper
99-May 2 Western Willet
100-May 2 Semipalmated Plover
101-May 2 Virginia Rail
102-May 2 Wilson Phalarope
103-May 2 Semipalmated Sandpiper
104-May 2 Rosebreasted Grosbeak
105-May 2 Kingbird
106-May 2 Baldpate
107-May 2 Lincoln Sparrow
108-May 2 Bank Swallow
109-May 4 Baltimore Oriole
110-May 5 Spotted Sandpiper

111-May	6	Warbling Vireo	
112-May	9	Maryland Yellowthroat	
113-May	9	White Crowned Sparrow	
114-May	9	Indigo Bunting	
115-May	9	Wood Pewee	
116-May	9	Rough Wing Swallow	
117-May	9	Olive Backed Thrush	
118-May	9	Redeyed Vireo	
119-May	9	Scarlet Tanager	
120-May	9	Redstart	
121-May	9	Little Green Heron	
122-May	9	Crested Flycatcher	
123-May	11	Sora Rail	Polk Co.
124-May	11	Long Billed Marsh Wren	Polk Co.
125-May	11	Black Tern	Polk Co.
126-May	11	Tennessee Warbler.	Polk Co.
127-May	13	Philadelphia Vireo	
128-May	13	Palm Warbler	
129-May	15	Bells Vireo.	Cass Co.
130-May	16	Short Billed Marsh Wren	
131-May	16	Grasshopper Sparrow	
132-May	16	Dickcissel	
133-May	16	Bobolink	
134-May	16	Golden Plover	
135-May	16	Blackpoll Warbler	
136-May	16	Wilson Warbler	
137-May	16	Cerulian Warbler	
138-May	16	Blue Winged Warbler	
139-May	16	Ruby Throated Hummingbird	
140-May	16	Black Crowned Night Heron	
141-May	16	Franklin Gull	
142-May	18	Magnolia Warbler	
143-May	19	Gray Cheeked Thrush	
144-May	19	Cape May Warbler	
145-May	23	Canadian Warbler	
146-May	23	Blue Gray Gnatcatcher	
147-May	23	Olive Sided Flycatcher	
148-May	24	Night Hawk	
149-May	28	Black Billed Cuckoo	
150-June	4	Orchard Oriole	
151-June	29	Yellow Billed Cuckoo	
152-July	4	Woodcock	
153-Sept	9	Connecticut Warbler	
154-Sept	14	Yellow Throated Vireo	
155-Sept	14	Nashville Warbler	
156-Sept	19	Red Shouldered Hawk	
157-Sept	19	Black Throated Green Warbler	
158-Oct	24	American Rough Legged Hawk	
159-Nov	7	Lapland Longspur	
160-Nov	15	Old Squaw Duck	

95 field trips.

A total of 269 hours in the field.

115-May	6	Wood Thrush
116-May	6	Green Heron
117-May	6	Redeyed Vireo
118-May	6	Catbird
119-May	6	Tennessee Warbler
120-May	6	Least Flycatcher
121-May	7	Whippoorwill
122-May	8	Bluewinged Warbler
123-May	8	Blueheaded Vireo
124-May	8	Maryland Yellowthroat
125-May	8	Black Tern
126-May	10	Wilson Phalarope
127-May	12	Blackpoll Warbler
128-May	12	Scarlet Tanager
129-May	12	Redstart
130-May	12	Indigo Bunting
131-May	12	Arkansas Kingbird
132-May	13	Pine Warbler
133-May	13	Roughwinged Swallow
134-May	13	Magnolia Warbler
135-May	14	Dowitcher
136-May	14	Blue Gray Gnatcatcher
137-May	14	Wilson Warbler
138-May	14	Graycheeked Thrush
139-May	15	Grasshopper Sparrow
140-May	15	Longbilled Marsh Wren
141-May	15	Bartramian Sandpiper
142-May	15	Baybreasted Warbler
143-May	15	Rubythroated Hummingbird
144-May	15	Yellowthroated Vireo
145-May	15	Blackburnian Warbler
146-May	15	Dickcissel
147-May	15	Semipalmated Sandpiper
148-May	15	Duck Hawk
149-May	19	Chestnutsided Warbler
150-May	19	Mourning Warbler
151-May	19	Wood Pewee
152-May	19	Cedar Waxwing
153-May	21	Canadian Warbler
154-May	21	Olivesided Flycatcher
155-May	21	Nighthawk
156-May	26	Blackbilled Cuckoo
157-May	26	Bells Vireo
158-May	26	Sharpshinned Hawk
159-June	8	Least Bittern
160-June	15	Yellowbilled Cuckoo
161-June	15	Cerulian Warbler
162-June	15	Florida Gallinule
163-June	27	Orchard Oriole
164-June	30	Woodcock
165-July	22	Great Blue Heron
166-Sept	5	Cliff Swallow
167-Sept	5	Solitary Sandpiper
168-Sept	30	Connecticut Warbler
169-Oct	25	Redbreasted Nuthatch
170-Nov	15	Goshawk
171-Dec	6	Lapland Longspur
172-Dec	2	Western Horned Owl (Dill)
173-Aug	5	Bank Swallow (N.Dak.)
174-Sept	17	Burrowing Owl (N.Dak.)

Boone Co. records 168
Outside of County 6

Total for the year -174

112 Field trips.

267 hours in the field.

115-May 6 Semipalmated Sandpiper
116-May 6 Longbilled Marsh Wren
117-May 7 Whitecrowned Sparrow
118-May 7 Yellow Warbler
119-May 8 Warbling Vireo
120-May 9 Ringnecked Pheasant
121-May 9 Yellowheaded Blackbird
122-May 10 Barn Swallow
123-May 10 Olivebacked Thrush
124-May 10 Least Flycatcher
125-May 10 Blueheaded Vireo
126-May 10 Black and White Warbler
127-May 10 Wilson Warbler
128-May 10 Turkey Vulture
129-May 12 Bluewinged Warbler
130-May 12 Graycheeked Thrush
131-May 12 Lark Sparrow
132-May 12 Redshouldered Hawk
133-May 12 Indigo Bunting
134-May 12 Grinnell Waterthrush
135-May 12 Dickcissel
136-May 13 Blackpoll Warbler
137-May 13 Philadelphia Vireo
138-May 13 Virginia Rail
139-May 14 Rubythroated Hummingbird
140-May 14 Nighthawk
141-May 10 Magnolia Warbler
142-May 16 Canadian Warbler
143-May 17 Wood Pewee
144-May 17 Redeyed Vireo
145-May 17 Cerulian Warbler
146-May 17 Chestnutsided Warbler
147-May 17 Blackburnian Warbler
148-May 17 Blackthroated Green Warbler
149-May 17 Mourning Warbler
150-May 19 Goldenwinged Warbler
151-May 19 Black Tern
152-May 20 Gadwall
153-May 20 Least Bittern
154-May 20 Savanna Sparrow
155-May 20 Shortbilled Marsh Wren
156-May 20 Redbacked Sandpiper
157-May 20 Whiterumped Sandpiper
158-May 20 American Bittern
159-May 20 Wilson Phalarope
160-May 24 Baybreasted Warbler
161-May 30 Yellowthroated Vireo
162-June 6 Orchard Oriole
163-June 12 King Rail
164-June 12 Burrowing Owl (Greene Co.)
165-Aug 20 Yellowbilled Cuckoo
166-Sept 9 Cliff Swallow
167-Sept 9 Olivesided Flycatcher
168-Sept 30 Connecticut Warbler
169-Oct 13 Franklin Gull

Boone Co.records 168
Greene County " 1

Total for year 169

100 field trips

254 hours in the field

117-May 8 King Rail
118-May 8 Bobolink
119-May 8 Black Tern
120-May 8 Least Sandpiper
121-May 8 LeConte Sparrow
122-May 8 Savanna Sparrow
123-May 11 Pine Siskin (Sioux City)
124-May 11 Longbilled Marsh Wren
125-May 12 Spotted Sandpiper
126-May 13 Maryland Yellowthroat
127-May 13 Warbling Vireo
128-May 15 Least Flycatcher
129-May 15 Dickcissel
130-May 15 Grinnell Waterthrush
131-May 15 Blackpoll Warbler
132-May 15 Hummingbird
133-May 15 Blue Gray Gnatcatcher
134-May 15 Scarlet Tanager
135-May 15 Cerulian Warbler
136-May 15 Gray Cheeked Thrush
137-May 15 Redstart
138-May 15 Indigo Bunting
139-May 15 Wood Thrush
140-May 15 Magnolia Warbler
141-May 16 Florida Gallinule
142-May 16 Arkansas Kingbird
143-May 16 Grasshopper Sparrow
144-May 16 Hudsonian Godwit
145-May 16 Dowitcher
146-May 16 Northern Phalarope
147-May 16 Tree Swallow
148-May 16 Olivebacked Thrush
149-May 16 Semipalmated Sandpiper
150-May 18 Nashville Warbler
151-May 19 Redbacked Sandpiper
152-May 19 Orangecrowned Warbler
153-May 19 Red Eyed Vireo
154-May 19 Wilson Warbler
155-May 19 Cape May Warbler
156-May 19 Canadian Warbler
157-May 19 Mourning Warbler
158-May 19 Blackburnian Warbler
159-May 19 Baybreasted Warbler
160-May 19 Pine Warbler
161-May 19 Olivesided Flycatcher
162-May 19 Wood Pewee
163-May 21 Sharp Shin Hawk
164-May 21 Orchard Oriole
165-May 21 Cliff Swallow
166-May 21 Bank Swallow
167-May 21 Chestnutsided Warbler
168-May 23 Solitary Sandpiper
169-May 23 Night Hawk
170-May 24 Blackthroated Green Warbler
171-June 13 Alder Flycatcher
172-June 13 Yellowbilled Cuckoo
173-Aug 20 Blackbilled Cuckoo
174-Sept 18 Osprey
175-Sept 30 Redbreasted Nuthatch
176-June 6 Franklin Gull (Neb)
177-June 1 Avocet (Neb)
178-May 29 Burrowing Owl (Neb)
179-June 6 Traills Flycatcher (Neb)
180-May 29 Lark Bunting (Neb)
181-June 25 Mockingbird (Polk Co)

Boone County records		174
Sioux City	"	1
Polk Co.Ia.	"	1
Nebraska	"	5
Total for the year		181

86 Field Trips

299 hours in the field.

117-May 13 Ovenbird
118-May 13 Wood Thrush
119-May 13 Maryland Yellowthroat
120-May 13 Rosebreasted Grosbeak
121-May 14 Golden Plover
122-May 14 Crested Flycatcher
123-May 14 Tanager
124-May 14 Black and White Warbler
125-May 14 Blackpoll Warbler
126-May 14 Least Flycatcher
127-May 14 Wilson Warbler
128-May 14 Parula Warbler
129-May 15 Catbird
130-May 15 Whitecrowned Sparrow
131-May 15 Blackthroated Green Warbler
132-May 15 Canadian Warbler
133-May 15 Redeyed Vireo
134-May 15 Redstart
135-May 15 Bluewinged Warbler
136-May 15 Cerulian Warbler
137-May 15 Graycheeked Thrush
138-May 15 Magnolia Warbler
139-May 15 Turkey Buzzard
140-May 15 Indigo Bunting
141-May 18 Hummingbird
142-May 19 Grasshopper Sparrow
143-May 22 Cooper Hawk
144-May 26 Wood Pewee
145-May 28 Night Hawk
146-May 31 Cedar Waxwing
147-June 22 Least Bittern
148-June 25 Green Heron
149-June 29 Dickcissel
150-Aug 5 Yellowbilled Cuckoo
151-Aug 8 Blackbilled Cuckoo
152-Aug 9 Great Blue Heron
153-Aug 29 Arkansas Kingbird
154-Aug 29 Cliff Swallow
155-Aug 30 Traill Flycatcher
156-Sept 7 Grinnell Waterthrush
157-Sept 7 Blueheaded Vireo
158-Sept 13 Yellowbreasted Chat
159-Sept 13 Olivesided Flycatcher
160-Oct 18 Fox Sparrow
161-Oct 25 Shoveller Duck
162-Nov 12 Shorteared Owl
163-Dec 13 Carolina Wren
164-Dec 13 Horned Lark
165-Dec 18 Starling.

In addition to the above the following observations were made at other points in Iowa.

166-Apr 20 White Pelican (Rockwell City)
167-Apr 20 Franklin Gull " "
168-Apr 20 Ringbilled Gull " "
169-Apr 20 Loon " "
170-Apr 20 Baldpate " "
171-Apr 20 Duck Hawk " "

(Cedar Rapids)
172-May 19 Prothonotary Warbler
173-Aug 13 Bald Eagle (Mc Gregor)

Local records - - - - - - - 165
Total outside records - - 8

Total records for the year 173

77 Field trips

175½ hours in the field.

117- May 4 Semipalmated Plover
118- May 4 Least Sandpiper
119- May 4 Palm Warbler
120- May 4 Warbling Vireo
121- May 4 Rosebreasted Grosbeak
122- May 4 Black and White Warbler
123- May 4 Yellow Warbler
124- May 4 Wilson Warbler
125- May 6 Goldenwinged Warbler
126- May 6 Chestnutsided Warbler
127- May 6 Catbird
128- May 6 Blackthroated Green Warbler
129- May 6 Redeyed Vireo
130- May 6 Nashville Warbler
131- May 6 Least Flycatcher
132- May 6 Dickcissel
133- May 7 Northern Yellowthroat
134- May 7 Bobolink
135- May 7 Indigo Bunting
136- May 7 Grasshopper Sparrow
137- May 7 Wood Thrush
138- May 7 Tennessee Warbler
139- May 7 Broadwing Hawk
140- May 8 Sora Rail
141- May 8 Bank Swallow
142- May 8 Semipalmated Sandpiper
143- May 8 Whiterumped Sandpiper
144- May 8 Baird Sandpiper
145- May 8 Hudsonian Godwit
146- May 8 Stilt Sandpiper
147- May 8 Cliff Swallow
148- May 8 Redstart
149- May 8 Blueheaded Vireo
150- May 8 Redbreasted Nuthatch
151- May 8 Scarlet Tanager
152- May 8 Graycheeked Thrush
153- May 8 Black Tern
154- May 9 Redbacked Sandpiper
155- May 11 Yellowthroated Vireo
156- May 11 Le Conte Sparrow
157- May 12 Cerulian Warbler
158- May 12 Blue Gray Gnatcatcher
159- May 12 Barred Owl
160- May 12 Longbilled Curlew
161- May 15 Wood Pewee
162- May 15 Hummingbird
163- May 15 Pigeon Hawk
164- May 15 Longbilled Marsh Wren
165- May 15 Blackbellied Plover
166- May 18 Blackbilled Cuckoo
167- May 18 Night Hawk
168- May 23 Orchard Oriole
169-June 3 Sharpshin Hawk
170-June 4 Traills Flycatcher
171-June 15 Black Crowned Night Heron
172-June 15 Least Bittern
173-June 15 Yellowbilled Cuckoo
174-Sept 18 Black Duck
175- Nov 6 Lapland Longspur
176- Nov 6 Harlan Hawk
177- Nov 20 Bald Eagle
178- Dec 2 Mockingbird
179- Dec 26 Pine Siskin

In addition to the above the following observations were made at other points in Iowa.

180- May 14 Philadelphia Vireo (Polk
181- May 14 Blackpoll Warbler (Polk C

Local records - - - - - - - 179
Total outside records - - - 2

Total records for year 181

65 Field Trips.

196½ hours in the field.

121- May 26 Least Sandpiper
122- May 26 Semipalmated Sandpiper
123- May 26 Wood Thrush
124- June 3 Blackbilled Cuckoo
125- June 3 Blackcrowned Night Heron
126- June 5 Cedar Waxwing
127- June 8 Dickcissel
128- Aug 12 Shortbilled Marsh Wren
129- Aug 23 Cliff Swallow
130- Aug 27 Wood Pewee
131- Sept 29 Sapsucker
132- Oct 26 Fox Sparrow
133- Oct 26 Goldencrowned Kinglet
134- Oct 26 Harlan Hawk
135- Nov 2 Golden Plover
136- Dec 24 Roughleg Hawk
137- Dec 24 Northern Shrike
138- Dec 24 Redpoll

In addition to the above the following observations were made at other points in Iowa.

139- July 30 Scarlet Tanager (Clayton Co.)
140- July 30 Yellowthroated Vireo (ClaytonCo.)
141- Aug 1 Great Blue Heron (Clayton Co.)
142- Aug 1 Green Heron (Clayton Co.)
143- Aug 1 Solitary Sandpiper (Clayton Co.)
144- Aug 1 Carolina Wren (Clayton Co.)
145- Aug 2 Bank Swallow (Clayton Co.)
146- Oct 29 Ruddy Duck (Appanoose Co.)
147- Oct 29 Le Conte Sparrow (Appanoose Co.)
148- Oct 29 Ring Neck Duck (Appanoose Co.)
149- Nov 5 Rusty Blackbird (Dallas Co.)
150- Nov 8 Prairie Chicken (Jasper Co.)
151- Nov 12 Purple Finch (Jasper Co.)
152- Dec 4 Great Horned Owl (Madison Co.)
153- Dec 4 Snow Bunting (Madison Co.)

Local records - - - - - - - - - - 138
Total outside records - - - - - - 15

Total records for year - - - 153

53 Field Trips

143½ hours in the field.

1937 records - continued.

121 - May 16 Spotted Sandpiper
122 - May 16 Franklin Gull
123 - May 16 Nighthawk
124 - May 16 Grasshopper Sparrow
125 - May 16 Sapsucker
126 - May 16 Arkansas Kingbird
127 - May 16 Wood Pewee
128 - May 16 Prairie Marsh Wren
129 - May 16 Shortbilled Marsh-Wren
130 - May 16 Blue Gray Gnatcatcher
131 - May 16 Redeyed Vireo
132 - May 16 Bluewinged Warbler
133 - May 16 Cerulian Warbler
134 - May 16 Blackburnian Warbler
135 - May 16 Baybreasted Warbler
136 - May 16 Bobolink
137 - May 16 Indigo Bunting
138 - May 16 Dickcissel
139 - May 16 Nelson Sparrow
140 - May 16 Lark Sparrow
141 - May 23 Green Heron
142 - May 25 Orangecrowned Warbler
143 - May 27 Bob White
144 - May 29 Hummingbird
145 - Aug 1 American Egret
146 - Aug 12 Blackbilled Cuckoo
147 - Sept 19 Blueheaded Vireo
148 - Sept 23 Yellowthroated Vireo
149 - Oct 3 Yellowbilled Cuckoo
150 - Oct 3 Pigeon Hawk
151 - Oct 3 Myrtle Warbler
152 - Dec 24 Brown Creeper

Total records for the year 152

45 Field trips.

91 hours in the field.

The following observations were made outside the Ogden thirty mile radius during 1938.

105 - May 4 Duck Hawk (near Lansing, Iowa)
106 - May 5 Blackthroated Green Warbler. (near Lansing,Iowa)
107 - May 5 Scarlet Tanager (near Lansing, Iowa)
108 - May 6 Barred Owl (near Lansing, Iowa)
109 - May 6 Roughwinged Swallow (near Lansing, Iowa)
110 - May 6 Tennessee Warbler (near Lansing, Iowa)
111 - May 15 American Bittern (Pocahontas Co.,Iowa)
112 - May 15 Blackcrowned Night Heron (Pocahontas Co.,Iowa)
113 - May 15 Shoveller (Pocahontas Co.,Iowa)
114 - May 15 Scaup " "
115 - May 15 Ruddy Duck " "
116 - May 15 Redshouldered Hawk " "
117 - May 15 Sora Rail " "
118 - May 15 Stilt Sandpiper " "
119 - May 15 Black Tern " "
120 - May 15 Arkansas Kingbird " "
121 - May 15 Yellowthroated Vireo (Webster County,Iowa)
122 - May 15 Goldenwinged Warbler " " "
123 - May 15 Cerulian Warbler " " "
124 - May 15 Blackpoll Warbler " " "
125 - May 15 Palm Warbler " " "
126 - May 15 Grinnells Waterthrush " " "
127 - Dec 26 Black Vulture (Dadeville, Alabama)
128 - Dec 26 Mockingbird (Dadeville, Alabama)
129 - Dec 26 Pine Warbler (Auburn, Alabama)
130 - Dec 26 Rusty Blackbird (near Dadeville, Alabama)

Local records 104
Total outside records 26

Total records for the year 130

32 field trips.

82 hours in the field.

LIFE LIST.

continued.

212-Jan 3 1928 Snowy Owl.
213-Feb 4 1929 Horned Lark.
214-Feb 17 1929 Snow Bunting.
215-Apr 6 1929 Henslow's Sparrow.
216-May 16 1929 Hudsonian Godwit.
217-May 19 1929 Orange Crowned Warbler
218-June 13 1929 Alder Flycatcher.

219-Mar 30 1930 Greater Snow Goose
220-Apr 19 1930 Bewick Wren
221-May 6 1930 Mockingbird.

222-May 3 1931 American Pipit
223-May 7 1931 Ruddy Duck
224-Aug 30 1931 Traill Flycatcher
225-Sept 13 1931 Yellowbreasted Chat
226-Dec 18 1931 Starling

227-Apr 3 1932 American Golden Eye
228-Apr 10 1932 Cinnamon Teal
229-Apr 28 1932 Horned Grebe
230-May 8 1932 Baird Sandpiper
231-May 15 1932 Long Billed Curlew
232-May 15 1932 Black Bellied Plover

233-Feb 16 1933 Hoyt's Horned Lark
234-Feb 17 1933 Saw-whet Owl
235-Apr 9 1933 Lesser Loon
236-Apr 25 1933 Long Eared Owl
237-May 10 1933 Nelson's Sparrow
238-May 11 1933 Willow Thrush

239-May 15 1934 Intermediate Sparrow

240-Apr 21 1935 Thick Billed Blackbird
241-Apr 26 1935 Brewers Blackbird.

242-Jan 30 1936 Red Shafted Flicker.
243-Mar 25 1936 Western Red Tail Hawk.
244-Apr 29 1936 Kreiders Hawk.
245-May 13 1936 Common Tern.
246-Sept 5 1927 Solitary Sandpiper (omitted previously)
247-Nov 15 1936 Magpie.
248-Aug 1 1937 American Egret
249-Apr 18 1937 Wood Duck

250-Apr 19 1939 Swainson's Hawk

251-May 19 1940 Eared Grebe
252-May 19 1940 Sanderling
253-Oct 9 1940 Hutchins Goose

Apr 28 1928 - No food found in nest. Took two photographs of young.

Apr 29 1928 - No food found in nest.

May 3rd 1928- No food found in nest.

May 6th 1928- No food found in nest. Oldest chick had left the nest. He was either 30 or 31 days old. Took three photos of the two remaining chicks.

May 7th 1928- No food found in nest. Tried for pictures of old bird but failed.

May 8th 1928- No food found in nest. Only one chick left in nest. Both others sat blinking in nearby trees. Second chick left the nest at 30 to 32 days of age.

May 10 1928 - No food found in nest. Youngest chick still in nest. He is 31 days old to day.

This nest observed over a period of 55 days and 29 trips were made to the nest. Number of miles traveled for each trip 10 miles or a total of 290 miles to obtain these records.

Tabulated list of food contents of nest.

Mole	1
White footed mouse	8
Barn mice	14
Rabbit	1
Junco	21
Robin	7
Bluebird	9
Goldfinch	2
Blackbird(?)	7
Sapsucker	5
Flicker	2
Total	77

24 mammals of four varieties.
53 birds of seven varieties .

No food found in nest after Apr 22nd when oldest chick was,17 days old. No doubt large quantities of food was devoured during the last 18 or 20 days but nothing remained to indicate what it was.

Twenty two photographs taken. No pellets found around nesting stump. Only three fresh pellets found in nest. Old birds never attacked us when we visited the nest and photographed the young.

Observers - W.M.Rosen, Robert Walker and Walter Rosen Jr.

April 17 1929 - No food in nest. I lifted one of the chicks from the nest and as I did so he snapped his bill very loudly and both old birds came flying to nearby trees and watched me carefully.
April 21 1929 - No food in nest. Did not see either of the old birds.
April 23 1929 - No food in nest. One of the old birds came real close when I took one of the chicks out of the nest.
April 27 1929 - No food in nest. Neither of the old birds seen.
April 28 1929 -Took four photographs of the young owls perched on my head and shoulders. Found no food in nest, not even any feathers nor fur. I handled the young without any trouble. Saw nothing of the old birds.
May 1 1929 - Two oldest chicks left the nest and one sat in a tree near by but the other one had disappeared. Both old birds were farther away in the woods. Youngest chick sat alone in nest. No food found.
May 3 1929 - Youngest chick still in the nest. No food found. Both old birds came near and one gave me a wicked look and hooted several times.
May 4 1929 - Last young chick left the nest and sat blinking at me in a tree on a branch about 20 ft high. He is now about 33 days old as he was hatched about April 1st.

This nest observed over a period of 55 days and 22 trips were made to the nest. Number of miles travelled for each trip 10 miles or a total of 220 miles to obtain these records.

Tabulated list of food contents of the nest.

Brown mice - - - - -	2	
White footed mice -	6	20 were headless
Meadow mice - - - -	15	13 were entire.
Shrew - - - - - - -	1	
Frog - - - - - - - -	1	
Junco - - - - - - -	6	
Chickadee - - - - -	1	
Flicker (feather) -	1	
Total - -	33	

Eight birds of three varieties, 24 rodents of four varieties and the one frog. Last year over two thirds of food was birds but this year three fourths of food was rodents. They proved a valuable pair of birds this year in comparison with last year. Last food found in nest was April 13th. For 21 days they devoured the food as soon as it was brought to the nest. Of course no record of this was obtained. I have reached the conclusion that no definite decision can be reached concerning the usefulness of any bird unless such data can be secured covering several years.

Only five photographs taken this year. Only one pellet was found and it was in the nest. Old birds never molested us and we could handle the young about as we pleased.

Observers - W.M.Rosen, Robert Walker and Walter Rosen Jr.

Apr 6 - Old bird not in the nest cavity. Food found was two headless rats also the head and neck of a male Canvasback. It may (?) have been one of those we saw Apr 4th. Took some more movies of all food found and then disposed of it.

Apr 9 - Food in the cavity was one headless rat, one headless gray squirrel, and the legs and entire hindparts of a Canvasback. Found a head of Canvasback in cavity on Apr 6th and this may be part of that same bird.

Apr 11 - Food in the cavity was rear half only of three rats also the rear half of a muskrat. One of the old birds came to the tree about 150 ft away and gave some deep throated hoots. This is the nearest an old bird has ventured to us while there.

Apr 13 - Drove to the nest at 2 P.M. with Paul Leverton the State Conservation Officer also Bob Walker. Found one rat. The old bird was not in the cavity. Photographed the one young bird in the nest swallowing a rat showing the tail gradually disappearing. Put Gov. band #662158 on him. Actual measurements showed opening of cavity to be exactly 24 ft above the ground.

Apr 16 - No food found in cavity but plenty of feathers which we could not identify.

Apr 18 - Food found was the hind parts and **both** legs of a female Pheasant and lots of Flicker feathers. Young bird well feathered now and quite well grown. Old bird was not in the cavity.

Apr 22 - Young bird still in the cavity. Only food found was the head only of a female Pheasant.

Apr 28 - Young bird gone and nest empty. Old birds not seen.

Recapitulation.

Twenty three trips to the nest @ 17 miles or a total of 391 miles by auto and at least twenty miles on foot;

FOOD.

Mammals.		Birds.
6 Meadow Voles		1 Flicker
1 Whitefooted Mouse		3 Pheasants
6 Cottontail Rabbits		2 Blackbirds.
1 Muskrat		1 Canvasback.
1 Gray Squirrel		
13 Rats		
28	28 mammals.	7
	7 birds.	

All food found was removed each time so nothing was counted twice.

1938

Nesting record of a pair of Great Horned Owls in a cavity in a large elm tree on the bank of Beaver Creek on the Chas Schell farm, SW¼ of the NE¼ of Sec 28-83-28 Boone County, Iowa. Nest first found in 1933 and they have occupied the same cavity every year since with the exception of 1936. Cavity ecactly 24 ft from the ground.

Feb 20 - Oscar Mansfield and I paid our first visit to the nest this forenoon and found her brooding two eggs. She did not flush until I struck the base of the tree

Feb 27 - Otto Braker and I at the nest. We found her brooding with her head out of the opening quite unconcerned but she flushed as soon as we started talking loudly. I took colored movies of the two eggs in the cavity also of Otto holding one egg.

Mar 6 - I drove alone to the nest and found her brooding the two eggs which had not hatched yet. I had to scare her off as she sat real close.

Mar 13 - Sam Hyde and I at the nest at 8 A.M. and found her still brooding the two eggs which are not hatched yet. It took a lot of beating on the base of the tree to get her to flush.

Mar 17 - Drove alone to the nest this morning and found two newly hatched young owls both dead in the cavity and no birds visible anywhere and no food in the cavity. Female may have been killed as both young seemed fully matured. I found no traces of violence of any sort so I do not know what happened.

Record of nesting of a pair of Great Horned Owls in a cavity in a large elm tree on the bank of Beaver Creek. S.W.¼ of N.E.¼ of Sec 28-83-28, Boone County, Iowa.

	1933	1934	1935	1936	1937	1938
Date of first observation	Feb 26	Feb 6	Mar 13	Mar 2	Feb 27	Feb 20
First egg.		All 2/6			All 2/27	All 2/20
Number of eggs.	2	3	2		2	2
First egg hatched.		Mar 5	Mar 7		Mar 13	Mar 17
Last egg hatched		Mar 9	Mar 10		infertile	Mar 17
First food found		Feb 22			Mar 17	none
Meadow Vole or mouse		1-1-1			4-1-1	
Whitefooted mouse		1-1-1-1-1-1			1	
Barn mouse		1				
Rats					2-1-1-1-2 1-3-1-1	
Muskrat					1	
Cottontail rabbit		1-3-2-	1-2-3		2-1-1-1-1	
Gray squirrel					1	
Robin			1			
Meadowlark			1-1			
Flicker					1	
Grackle			2			
Blackbird			1		1-1	
Pigeon		1				
Pheasant			1-1		1-1-1	
Canvasback Duck					1	
Age when leaving nest			34 & 37		40 + ?	
Days under observation	10	37	31		56	26
Number of trips	3	11	4	1	23	5
Mileage for season by car	51	187	68	17	391	85
Mileage for season on foot	2	6	2	1	20	4
Final result.	Abandoned Mar 6	Abandoned Mar 15	Both matured.	Did not nest.	Only one hatched and matured	Both newly hatched young dead and nest abandoned Mar 17
Final result.						
Final result.						

	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944
Date of first observation	Jan 29					
First egg	Feb 4					
Number of eggs	3					
First egg hatched	Mar 12 ?					
Last egg hatched	Mar 15 ?					
First food found	Feb 7					
Meadow Vole or mouse	1-1-1-1					
Whitefooted mouse						
Barn mouse						
Rat	1-3-4					
Muskrat						
Cottontail rabbit	1-1-1-1-1					
Gray squirrel						
Civet	1					
Robin	1					
Meadowlark						
Flicker	1					
Grackle						
Redwing Blackbird						
Pigeon	1					
Pheasant	1-1-2					
Canvasback duck						
Ringneck duck	1					
Piedbilled Grebe	1					
Domestic chicken	1					
Age when leaving the nest	44 to 47					
Days under observation	59					
Number of trips	21					
Mileage for season by car	357					
Mileage for season on foot	18					
Number of young banded	3					
Final result	All three					
Final result	young					
Final result	matured					
	100%					

CHRISTMAS BIRD CENSUS
TAKEN BY
W.M.ROSENE, NEAR OGDEN, IOWA.

	1934	1935	1936	1937	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944	1945
Red Tail Hawk		1	1									
Rough Legged Hawk	4	1	2									
Bald Eagle												
Marsh Hawk	1		1									
Prairie Hen												
Bob White	26	15										
Ring Necked Pheasant		1	2									
Mourning Dove	2	1										
Screech Owl												
Great Horned Owl	1		1									
Barred Owl												
Long Eared Owl												
Short Eared Owl	1											
Flicker	1	1	9									
Red Bellied Woodpecker	6	6	7									
Red Headed Woodpecker			2									
Hairy Woodpecker	5	4	3									
Downy Woodpecker	1	4	8									
Prairie Horned Lark		24										
Northern Horned Lark		1										
Blue Jay	4	6	7									
Crow	23	5	19									
Chickadee	29	16	53									
Tufted Titmouse	6	6	3									
White Breasted Nuthatch	18	5	12									
Brown Creeper												
Winter Wren												
Mockingbird												
Brown Thrasher												
Golden Cr. Kinglet												
Starling		29	42									
English Sparrow	100	150	87									
Western Meadowlark												
Red Wing Blackbird	11		1									
Bronzed Grackle												
Cardinal	7	6	18									
Redpoll		2										
Pine Siskin												
Goldfinch	14		8									
Towhee	1											
Slate Colored Junco	45	23	43									
Tree Sparrow	81	104	32									
Song Sparrow	1	2										
Lapland Longspur		4	7									
Northern Shrike		1	3									
Sparrow Hawk			1									
Kingfisher			1									
Magpie			2									
Purple Finch			4									
Total individuals	388	418	379									
Total species	23	25	28									
Hours afield	6	4½	7									

MARTIN COLONIES IN OGDEN, IOWA.

Owner of house.	No. of rooms.	No. of pairs in 1933	No. of pairs in 1934	No. of pairs in 1935
1-Rev.A.B.Adams	28	4	down.	down.
2-Mrs C.G.Lindholm	20	4	4	4
3-James Nolan	18	0	0	0
4-W.M.Rosen	16	7	9	4
5-Ogden Golf Course	16	5	2	2
6-Allan Hibbert	16	3	4	3
7-C.H.Anderson	14	4	4	4
8-William Dent	12	6	7	3
9-H.L.Bass	12	3	4	3
10-G.Schneider	12	2	0-owl	0
11-C.E.Cook	10	3	3	3
12-William Dohms	10	3	3	7
13-Wendell Lindholm	10	0	4	4
14-S.P.Clark	8	6	5	4
15-O.D.Braker	8	4	4	3
16-Ed Hough	8	3	2	3
17-S.Anderson	8	2	0	0
18-O.W.Clark	8	2	2	2
19-John Nolan	8	2	1	4
20-Clarence Thompson	8	1	3	2
21-Gust Dahlberg	8	0	0	0
22-Percy Clark	8	0	down	down
23-Floyd Dent	8	0	2	2
24-F.G.Lierman	6	2	2	0
25-J.D.Pauls	4	3	2	2
26-Vic. Asklund	4	3	2	1
27-William Heineman	4	3	3	0
28-Ray Morgan	4	2	3	2
29-Ed Rockwell	4	2	2	2
30-Glen Asklund	4	2	2	2
31-Mrs Hans Pauls	4	1	1	1
32-John Weber	3	1	2	2
33-Harry Asklund	2	1	down.	down.
34-Glen Asklund	1	1	1	1
35-Henry Plath	18	4	3	0
36-Josephine Dixson	4			?
Totals	332	85	86	66

1933 - 35 houses - 332 rooms - 85 pairs.
1934 - 32 houses - 294 rooms - 86 pairs.
1935 - 32 houses - 294 rooms - 66 pairs.

Publications.
W.M.Rosen, Ogden, Iowa.

1922 - Publication:- Bird Lore.
Date:-Vol.XXIV Page 275
Subject:- A night flight in Iowa.

1923 - Publication:- Bird Lore.
Date:-Jan-Feb 1923. Vol.XXV No.1 Page 37
Subject Christmas census.

1924 - Publication:- Bird Lore.
Date:- Jan-Feb 1924. Vol. XXVI. No.1 Page 42
Subject:- Christmas census.

1925 - Publication:- Wilson Bulletin.
Date:- 1925. Vol. XXXVII. Page 172
Subject:- The Arkansas Kingbird in Iowa.

1925 - Publication:- Wilson Bulletin.
Date:- 1925. Vol. XXXVII. Pages 206-208
Subject:- Notes on the shore birds of central Iowa.

1926 - Publication:- Bird Lore.
Date:- Jan-Feb 1926. Vol XXVIII. No.1 Page 46
Subject:- Christmas census.

1926 - Publication:- Wilson Bulletin.
Date:- 1926. Vol. XXXVIII. Pages 38-39
Subject:- Bob White a true and faithful father.

1926 - Publication:- Des Moines Sunday Register. Magazine Section.
Date:- June 6 1926
Subject:- "Who's Hoo" among owls. All but one variety farmers friends.

1927 - Publication:- Wilson Bulletin.
Date:- 1927. Vol.XXXIX Page 43
Subject:-Warbler records for 1925 for central Iowa.

1927 - Publication:- Bird Lore.
Date:- Jan-Feb 1927. Vol. XXIX. No.1 Pages 42-43
Subject:- Christmas census.

1928 - Publication:- Bird Lore.
Date:- Jan-Feb 1928. Vol. XXX No.1 Pages 58-59
Subject:- Christmas census.

1929 - Publication:-Bird Lore.
Date:- Jan-Feb 1929. Vol. XXXI. No.1 Page 55
Subject:- Christmas census.

1929 - Publication:- Iowa Ornithologists Bulletin.
Date:-Oct-Nov-Dec 1929. Vol.VII No.4 Page 24
Subject:- A note on geese at Ogden, Iowa.

1929 - Publication:- Better Homes and Gardens.
Date:- April 1929
Subject:- Nature's protective coloration.

Publications.

W.M.Rosen, Ogden, Iowa.

1929 - Publication:- Nature Magazine
Date:- Aug 1929. Vol XIV No. 2.
Subject:- Hunting a friend. (Whip-poor-will)

1930 - Publication:- Bird Lore.
Date:- Jan-Feb-1930 Vol. XXXII No.1 Page 55
Subject:- Christmas census.

1930 - Publication:- Iowa Ornithologists Bulletin.
Date:- Jan-Feb-Mar 1930 Vol.VII No.5 Pages 27-28
Subject:-A note on relation of snakes to nesting birds.

1930 - Publication:- Better Homes and Gardens.
Date:- April 1930
Subject:- Our friends the Martin family.

1931 - Publication:- Bird Lore/
Date:- Jan-Feb 1931 Vol.XXXIII No.1 Page 65
Subject:- Christmas cehsus.

1931 - Publication:- Iowa Bird Life.
Date:- March 1931 Vol.1 Page 13
Subject:- A timely warning.

1932 - Publication:- Bird Lore.
Date:- Jan-Feb 1932 Vol. XXXIV No.1 Page 67
Subject:- Christmas census.

1932 - Publication:- Iowa Bird Life.
Date:- March 1932. Vol II Pages 3-5
Subject:- A bit of history.

1933 - Publication:- Bird Lore.
Date:- Jan-Feb 1933. Vol XXXV No.1 Page 46
Subject:- Christmas census.

1934 - Publication:- Iowa Bird Life.
Date:- 1934 Vol. IV Pages 15-16
Subject:- My neighbor of the meadow. (Meadowlark)

1934 - Publication:- Bird Lore.
Date:- Jan-Feb 1934. Vol.XXXVI No.1 Page 51
Subject:- Christmas census.

1935 - Publication:- Bird Lore.
Date:- Jan-Feb 1935. Vol.XXXVII No.1 Page 70
Subject:- Christmas census.

1935 - Publication:- Iowa Bird Life.
Date:- Sept 1935. Vol.V Page 41
Subject:- Mourning Dove reports.

1936 - Publication:- Iowa Bird Life.
Date:- March 1936 Vol. VI Page 6
Subject:- Midsummer records of the Short-billed Marsh Wren.

1936 - Publication:- Iowa Bird Life.
Date:- Sept.1936 Vol. VI No. 3 Page 42
Subject:- A battle of the "speed demons" of the air.

Mc Gregor Wild Life School founded 1919

1921 Aug 14-20 Henning and I attended.

1922 Califprnia trip.
1923 New England trip.
1924 Aug 7-11
1925 Iowa City.
1926 Minn. and N.Dak.
1927 Iowa City.

1928 Aug 10-17 (faculty)

1929 Chicago and Canada.

1930 Aug 10-17 (faculty)
1931 Aug 12-16

1932 At home.

1933 Aug 5-11 (faculty)

1934 Washington D.C.

1935 July 29-Aug 10 (faculty.
1936 Aug 3-15 (faculty)

1937 At home
1938 Alabama

1939 Aug 4-8 (faculty)