

PATH
Lake Forest, Ill.
DAY 2 to 3 check 20c
Dec. 24—One Day Only
"BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD"
Dec. 25-26
"TOO MUCH HARMONY"
Dec. 27—One Day Only
CHARLIE CHAN'S CHEAPEST CASE"
Dec. 28-29
Rod La Rocque
"TLE PIGS"
Dec. 30-31
"THE WOMEN" - PRIVATE
BERKELY SQUARE"

The Chicka D. D. Speaks

by Ellie K. Werner
The NRA has really been a great blessing for the feathered folk living in this country. It has given people time to think about their homes, yards and gardens. Those of them who see with a seeing eye and hear with an inner ear know that homes without gardens are but houses and that gardens lose much of their charm and appeal without birds.
With extra time on their hands and less money to spend on frivolous things they have turned their attention and activities homeward. I am happy to say that a large percentage have wisely concentrated on us birds.
Gratifying, indeed, to see the rapid progress that has been made in our behalf. I invite you to take a trip about and see what is being done, not only in this locality but wherever the blue eagle soars. This report is brought to us by many of the migrating birds.

Bird homes have been built; trees, especially protective evergreens, have been planted; berry-bearing shrubs, attractive to many of us, are being set out. Many people are making an exhaustive study of their bird friends giving particular attention to our food. In nearly every yard some provision has been made for feeding us during the cold weather.

Being relieved of providing our own meals has given us more leisure time; how to spend it wisely is a question. We have given serious thought to this and I have concluded I would do my part by writing a biography of the birds who spend the winter here. It will be a surprise to many of you to know there are so many of us.

I have looked the list over carefully and find I am best qualified to do this, if titles mean a thing. I am the only one with a degree. In "Who's Who in the Bird World" this is the way I am rated or recorded. Chickadee dee—what could be more obvious than this Chicka D. D. Looking over our record I find that from time immemorial we have carried the honor with dignity and respect. Of course, we have not acquired this title in any man-made institution, yet, I defy any biped, feathered or otherwise, to expound more eloquently or frequently.

We are modest in our attire; our colors are simple; a white vest, coat of black and white, a black cap and tie completes our uniform. "We have proven beyond a doubt that "Perfect love casteth out fear." Because of our fearlessness and friendliness we are more generally loved than any other bird. A little patience, a little encouragement from any well meaning citizen will bring us directly to your heart and hand.

Our needs are few; we want but little here below but we would like that administered with human affection. Last week, in this paper, the Downy Woodpecker, gave you a general idea of what the winter birds require in the way of food. This is what the D. D.'s like and the way we like to have it served. A little suet, worked up into a ball with a few peanuts added, or a coconut shell or even a tin can filled with the same delicious mixture, suspended from the branch of a tree where it is safe from English sparrows and where it can be seen from your living room windows because we D. D.'s do like an audience; this method of feeding is simple and inexpensive and suits us to a T.

When the weather is fine we like the suet ball lunch counter very much but on icy mornings our suet balls would be covered with ice and it would be rather hard for us to hang on with our little toes and we could not break through the ice with our small bills. The tin can and coconut restaurants, where the food is protected from ice and snow would be very popular with us such weather as we are now experiencing. Here is another simple way to feed us and we like this cafe very much. Take a good sized piece of wire with about half inch mesh, make a basket of it, and fill it with the above mixture but for a little variety in vitamins, oatmeal, bread crumbs, melon, pumpkin or sunflower seed and pieces of meat may be added. Fasten this to a tree where we may be observed, you will be entertained and we will be happy. This is your invitation to us.

After we have carefully looked your place over to see if it is safe from cats and other bird enemies and if we have been looked upon with the eyes of friendship, your invitation has been accepted. If you would like to experience the thrill of a tiny bit of wild, like partaking of your hospitality, a peanut on a bit of meat from your hand or lips then you will need to move about quietly and patiently until we become acquainted with you and recognize you as a real bird lover. You can never know the joy of intimate companionship with birds, wild and free, until you have made this contact your own. We are eagerly anticipating such an invitation. Try us and be convinced.

We have the distinction of being the most cheerful of all birds. Many birds sing only when nature has set the world in tune. We have the happy faculty of knowing the world is always in tune. We wait not for the blossoming of the spring flowers, the coming of soft balmy days, or even love days. "Rejoice and be glad" is the text of all the D. D.'s. We preach it and practice it.

We are very quiet and reserved during the nesting period but if you are one with us in spirit you will find our quiet nook and listen to the bedtime lullabys as sung in love and gratitude to our children. "Day by day the manna fell" is the lesson that we have taught our children. Listen carefully when feeding us and after each mouthful you will hear a sweet dee dee just a word of thanks for our daily bread.

Summer and winter, sunshine or shade, we rejoice and express it in our song. Our chickadee dee song I am sure you are familiar with. Did you know that we change our song in the early spring? Our theme song then is a long drawn out phoe-see phoe-see, sweet and pensive; coming through the frosty air in

some deep forest, early in the morning just as the days of the sun is bathing all the woods in a silver light it is worth going miles to hear, so we are told.

To the woodsmen of the far north we are the harbingers of spring. As soon as they hear this song they know a thaw is inevitable and they prepare to break camp. The long cold winter months when food has been scarce and during sleet storms when we have been reduced to almost starvation the generous hearted lumberjacks have shared their rations with us and we are happy to be the first to announce the glad tidings that Miss Spring is on her way from the tropics where summer spends the winter.

We are not only cheerful, confident, popular but the services we render to man are beneficial. Our diet consists of injurious insects and being on the job 365 days in the year you can imagine the quantities of bugs, etc., that we consume. How we make the insects disappear when our children arrive—it's almost perpetual motion to keep from five to ten hungry mouths quiet. Their stomachs work at high speed. Those infant days are anxious days, too.

We sometimes get a little worried when feeding the young ones so fast and furiously, fearing that the black and white pigment, for their feathers, might not be placed right and the traditional uniform might get mixed up or some other color might get worked in. Think for a moment what it would mean if some of our children should try and enter the profession with a red feather in his cap or with blue or orange spattered over him. We breathe a sigh of relief when we see them fully clothed, color and design traditionally correct. We rejoice that "The thing we feared did not come upon us." We are slowly learning that the creator does not make mistakes.

If our actions, when we are at home, are even casually observed our dignity and reserve might be questioned. To see a D. D. doing acrobatic tricks with the greatest skill and hanging upside down on the tip of a branch or standing on his head with perfect ease, while eating his dinner, might seem a bit unprofessional but it is an act of foresight on our part.

If for any reason our profession should become overcrowded our

services displaced by the radio or the NRA we are prepared to step right into any high class circus and "do our stuff" with the best of them. So far as we have been able to learn acrobatic work has not been tried over the radio, yet. (I do hope that the chief performer of the Flea Circus are not jobless this cold weather, now that the Century of Progress is a thing of the past. It is wise during these uncertain days to be prepared for sudden changes.)

I think I have given you a modest idea of myself and our family. True to our profession I have a "lastly" it is this—if you do nothing else this winter go to the Greer Library and look me up in "Birds and Trees" by Rex Brasher. There are seventeen volumes in this set. I will mention the price, I know you are much influenced by that, \$250.00 per volume. Mr. Brasher has painted our pictures with skill and I think we are the most outstanding in the set and am sure you will be of the same opinion when you see us. Next week our text will be the Blue Jays.

Reverently yours,
Chicka D. D.

Sponsor Singing of Carols Sunday Night

The Deerfield Womens Club will sponsor the singing of carols around the lighted Christmas tree in front of the Masonic Temple, Sunday evening, Dec. 24 at 8:15. All are urged to attend this happy and quaint gathering and lift their voices to the sky in Yuletide song.

The Deerfield Womens Club will sponsor the twilight song service every Christmas Eve thus establishing a new custom in the vicinity that is as old as time.

Christmas Party Is Planned for Dec. 23

Children of Legionnaires and Auxiliary members will be entertained at a Christmas party to be held at the Deerfield Masonic Temple on Saturday evening, Dec. 23, at 7:30 o'clock.

A short program has been arranged by members of the Junior Auxiliary group. Santa Claus will be there with candy and an assortment of toys for the kiddies. Refreshments will be served by members of the Auxiliary.

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