

To enjoy such an outing it is necessary to have a dependable car and plenty of time, and run without any special schedule, but be prepared to stop and observe, study and photograph at any place, or no place in particular. Hotels and other conveniences are not taken into account - one must go prepared to rough it, and be able to roll up in his blanket and sleep at the camp fire, or under a shelter tent.

2 - Rear view of auto Aside from the delights of finding new birds - there is an indescribable pleasure in the open road your sense of exploration is ever on the alert your eye takes in the beauties of mountain, lake, and meadow; - the next curve in the road will always reveal a new vista and if you have an artist's eye and

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a mania for photographing you will find it impossible to reach the next town in time to get a good dinner at the best hotel. - It is not how fast you can travel, how many miles you can rip out in a day - but, to really enjoy this outing - ramble along slowly with companion of a kindred spirit, and forget the machine and the speedometer there are only a means to an end.

3. car speeding When you find uninteresting country - and there are many such stretches wherever you go - you can "step on her" till you feel the wind stinging your face and enjoy the exhilaration of speed - but where the trees grow, and the birds sing, and the wild things are at home - therefore park your car by the roadside and explore silently and patiently, for it is only after you have learned the art of silence and motionlessness that you can succeed

3A. car in town

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in catching a glimpse of many of
the wild things, particularly in the animal
line.

4. Landscape & old
house.

I passed an old

^{one} ~~old~~

deserted farm by the roadside, the buildings
were falling down, the roof was partly
open, the windows and doors had long
since disappeared - I was about to pass
it up with a glance - when suddenly a
bird shot out of the open window - it
glided over the meadow with such grace
as only a swallow possesses - Evening
shadows were beginning to fall and I
was hitting the road off a pretty good cliff
as I had intended to try the hotel up
in the next town for variety - but that
graceful skimming bird brought the break
on with a screech & the broken down gate
stood open, and on the spur of the moment
the car was swung into the farm yard
and brought up for the night under a
tree beside the deserted house.

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just then the swallow skinned fast
and into the open window I stepped
to the door and scanned the darkening
interior. over on the south wall beside
a door the farmer had driven a heavy
 nail to hang his coat and hat.

this the swallow had selected for a foundation
post and skillfully glued the nail and wall
with soft mud the framework of her nest
then placed a lining of grass and feathers
and deposited her trodden trove.

5 nest & eggs of
Barn Swallow.

The next room had two open window
spaces and an open doorway and a
split board floor with wide cracks, and
wind and weather had cleansed the place,
so here we decided to sleep. while supper
was cooking I took a long sharp knife and
cut handfuls of fragrant meadow grass
which helped to sift the rough hewn
floor boards. One of the party suggested
that the house might be planted!

All the better I answered - we might have a chance to "lay the ghost"; dusk was rapidly falling as we stowed away the bacon & eggs and sat about the camp fire recounting the day's experience.

During a quiet moment a chorus of small ~~tequakes~~ became audible, and on going around the house a bat was seen to emerge from somewhere and flit out into the evening air, it was followed by another and another - they were pouring out in a moment by twos and threes then a steady stream emerged from behind a loose board near the roof. He thought the house deserted - yet here were the tenants and they paid their rent regularly - by the countless thousands of gnats & mosquitoes that they devoured by day & by night.

He now put out our fire with a bucket of water from the creek and turned to our bed of meadow grass in the corner room.

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We were soon away to Slumber land - for tired bodies, and fair overabundance of fresh air can produce sleep if nothing else will. It was toward morning - the darkest period, just before dawn - when two of us suddenly sat bolt upright in bed and listened - there were huddled noises, groans and grunts and tappings our hair began to rise up as we thought of dead men's ghosts - I reached out and seized my heavy boot, and came down on the floor with a crash which brought the rest of the party bolt upright. — the silence after the crash was as intense as the night was dark - then there floated upward through the floor cracks the frost of the disturbance —

for the morning I pulled up a board in the floor and with a deaf movement I had him! The house had 6. Skunk in ~~hand~~ ^{hand} The house had tenants in parlor, attic and cellar. I have met the skunk on the open road

and I knew him ⁽⁹⁾ of old - he has
absolutely no fear - no hurry - no worry.
he walks the path through the wood and
he takes it - if you meet him on the high-
way he takes the whole road - and you
are careful to let him have it - He
has a lordly air of owning the earth!

[7 Skunk on road] for downright destruction,
a knowing old skunk discounts even
a fox - I have known of a skunk to
dig into a chicken coop and in a
single night kill a dozen chickens
however this happens rarely - he usually
contents himself with robbing an egg
or two or nibbling at the sweet corn
where the ears hang low. like most
predatory creatures the skunk more than
balances his debt for corn & chicken
by his credit for the destruction of obnoxious
vermin - he feeds upon insects &
mice and is constantly digging

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out the nests, and eating the young.
The skunk loves water and is always
found around marshes - I remember
meeting a family of seven one evening
coming down the ^{Mallow} road towards me -
they were hungry and bound for the
marsh - I stepped aside and watched
the company pass in military order
there was no jostling or crowding among
the youngsters - the old mother was leading
and the Kittens followed in a double
compact row - they paid absolutely no
attention to me but were intent on their
destination with banners floating on
high.

Taken all together the old house was
a prize; and furnished us with rest,
entertainment and excitement and
while eating breakfast still another
tenant popped out from beneath the
foundation stones and sniffed with
an inquiring air.

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Johnnie Cottontail

Johnnie Cottontail is perhaps the most inoffensive of all the animals - she preys on none of them, but she has many enemies; Johnnie is no fighter, but a magnificent runner his life depends on his heels - his hind legs are like a set of steel springs that propel him through the air with the speed of the wind - before he is able to walk he understands the meaning of Hatch! look! listen! his scent is keen and long before he can see you he knows you are coming the scat has been borne to him on the wind. The rabbit, depending as he must, on his heels and his wits has become an expert road builder - enter a meadow or a patch of briars and brambles, and observe closely;