

August 28 ground hog hair, pieces of flesh  
 August 28 ground hog hair, pieces of flesh  
 August 28 3 Japanese Beetles, 2 June Bugs  
 August 29 3 June Bugs, 1 grasshopper, 1 Japanese Beetle  
 August 29 2 Japanese Beetles, other insects  
 August 29 pieces of plums, 2 Japanese Beetles  
 August 29 1 Japanese Beetle, other insect remains  
 September 2 insect remains (N.I.)  
 September 4 pieces of apples, 1 grasshopper  
 September 4 pieces of apple

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#### ITEM OF INTEREST

Dr. J. D. Copeland, of Erskine College, Due West, S. C. banded the record number of 345 Cardinals in his half-acre yard in 1971. The publicity department of Erskine College took a picture of Dr. Copeland banding a Cardinal and sent the picture with an article of his 1971 bandings of 50 species of 2311 birds to the newspapers. The article was picked up by one of the news services and published throughout the South in at least four states. Most articles were two or three columns wide.

In two years of banding at Due West, S. C., Dr. Copeland banded 529 Cardinals. At no time did he ever see more than 40 at one time. Where do they all come from? They do not seem to fear traps and return repeatedly. About 9 percent returned within 3 days; about 13 percent returned within 10 days, and 24 percent returned within 30 days.

While Cardinals do not seem to be migratory birds, they do seem to have a "circulating" pattern. The ones that are being trapped as returns this month are usually not the ones that return a few months later. About 9 percent return to the traps a year later.

#### BENNIE

In 1972, a friend of mine called to let me know that he was raising a sparrow hawk which he really didn't want. A limb blew off a tree in his yard and the limb contained five small sparrow hawks. All except one male were killed.

I took the bird and raised him in a small wire cage in the post office. The cage was about three feet in diameter. He had a tremendous appetite and was calling for food fairly often. He was about 2½ weeks old when I got him and kept him in the post office about three weeks longer. He loved steak, liver and an occasional earth worm. Each day at 10:30 A.M., he would sit down at the bottom of the cage, tuck his head under his wing and take a nap. His little sides would heave in and out as he slept and even while mail sorting was going on, he wouldn't wake up.

As he grew older, I constructed a cage in the back of the yard and started to let him out for flying lessons. He first flew to the neighbors to sit on their porch and for three days I had to chase after him to get him back. I called him "Bennie" and when I called him that, he would answer. Finally, Bennie always came home when he became hungry. He had a favorite perch on my corn feeder and when hunger pains persisted, he'd cry there for his food.

One morning I drove down to my mother's house, one quarter mile away, for coffee, and Bennie followed, landing on her antenna. He called and pleaded for food, so I dug him some worms. When I called him, he flew down to the picnic table but he wasn't in the mood for worms. I drank my coffee and got into the car and started up the road. Rolling down the window, I called him. I saw a shadow go across the road and there was Bennie headed for home. He landed on his favorite perch and I cut up some stew beef and he was quite happy again.

On another occasion, a lady called me, rather unfriendly, to ask me if I had a sparrow hawk, that was banded. When I replied in the affirmative, she said there was such a hawk in her pheasant's pen and she was hopping mad. I told her I would be right over. She said "Never mind" I'll ask my husband to bring him down (one advantage of living in a small town). I could hear Bennie calling and as I looked out the window, the husband with Bennie in his hand were on the way. Bennie was complaining bitterly every step of the way. Perhaps he thought he was a pheasant.