

NOTES AND NEWS

The Sixtieth Annual Meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union was held at the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, October 12 to 16, 1942, with a registered attendance of 192. Twenty-seven scientific papers were read—many illustrated by color slides or films. Officers for the new year are: President, James L. Peters; Vice-presidents, George Willett and Hoyes Lloyd; Secretary, Lawrence E. Hicks; Treasurer, J. Fletcher Street; Editor, John T. Zimmer; new members of the Council: Arthur A. Allen, Rudolphe M. De Schauensee, Robert C. Murphy and Ruder B. Boulton. The Brewster Medal Award was made to Margaret M. Nice of Chicago for her publication on the "Life History of the Song Sparrow." Fellows elected were: Clarence Cottam, Rudolphe M. De Schauensee, and Harrison F. Lewis. Members named were: Earle R. Greene, Harry W. Hann, Robert C. Miller, Earle L. Poole, and S. Dillon Ripley. The 1943 meeting, if conditions permit, will be held in New York City, in October.—LAWRENCE E. HICKS.

Mr. N. B. Kinnear, Secretary of the British Ornithologists' Club, has invited members of the Cooper Club who are serving with the United States or Canadian armies in England to write to him. He will endeavor to put them in touch with local ornithologists and advise them concerning books. Mr. Kinnear's address is the British Museum (Natural History), Cromwell Road, London, S. W. 7.

Publication of the extensive article by Albert Wolfson in this issue of the Condor was made possible by gifts which contributed part of the expense of printing.

The editors of the Condor take occasion to thank several people who have assisted in the work of issuing volume 44 of the magazine. Mr. E. L. Sumner, Sr., has prepared the copy for the index and Hilda W. Grinnell, Janet Failla, Virginia D. Miller, Harvey I. Fisher and Frank A. Pitelka have aided with proof and manuscript.—A.H.M.

COMMUNICATION TO THE EDITOR

In its main outlines, a man's character is sketched early; time but deepens the etching. How "the child is father of the man" is further impressed upon me every time I read the charming biography of Charles Wallace Richmond in Gregory M. Mathews' great work on "The Birds of Australia" (Suppl. No. 4, 1925: iv-viii). Though unsigned, it is clearly identifiable by its whimsical humor as self-written.

From conversations with Richmond, the writer is able to describe one incident and to give details of two others, additional to the account cited and he has long had an urge to do something of the kind as a tribute to a lovable friend.

In his early collecting forays in what is now Rock Creek Park of the District of Columbia, Richmond was harassed by a certain policeman. From time to time the officer halted him but found no contraband. After a good deal of this hide and seek, Richmond was finally caught with the goods—a screech owl—and taken to court. The judge asked, "Don't you know you can't collect birds in the District of Columbia without a permit?" "Yes," replied Charlie, who had never mentioned permit to the officer, "here it is." Thereafter that particular policeman could no longer see him. The way in which this episode developed depended upon Richmond's personality and exemplifies the patiently humorous view of life that he held to the end.

One of the varied employments of Richmond's youth was as a page in Congress. In that period, opportunity threw in his way a quantity of passes to an exhibition in the Patent Office. The number being larger in his estimation than anyone could conceivably use, Charlie distributed a good many of them to acquaintances and the place of the exhibit was soon flooded with children. Investigation brought retribution, but who shall deny but that in the not wholly formed ethic of youth he felt fully justified in doing something for his friends. So regarded, this largess was an early example of an activity—helping others—of which he never wearied.

Many boys then indulged in bird-nesting but this was one boy with whom it was more than a passing fad. Nevertheless, he was surprised when he learned that there were grown men in the Smithsonian Institution who studied birds. Of course, he wanted to know them and he thought he might be better received if he came with a present. So bundling in a paper parcel some of his treasures—nests and eggs—he climbed the spiral stairs to the old dim and dusty Bird Gallery of the Smithsonian. At their head, he gave a shy knock on the first door, which was answered by a hearty, "come in." There sat a sandy-haired man with an impressive mustache that did nothing to decrease Richmond's awe. But the man, Robert Ridgway, saying, "Let's see what you have there sonny," helped to unwrap the package. Richmond was prepared to identify the contents but soon found that this was unnecessary, as Ridgway said, "So you've got a catbird's; and a cuckoo's, they're not so easy to find." On he went, commenting on