



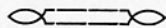
D.V.O.C.

1890



1910

The
D. V. O. C.
Twenty Year Souvenir



INCLUDING

A Personal History of the Club

A Chronological List of Members and their Achievements

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE

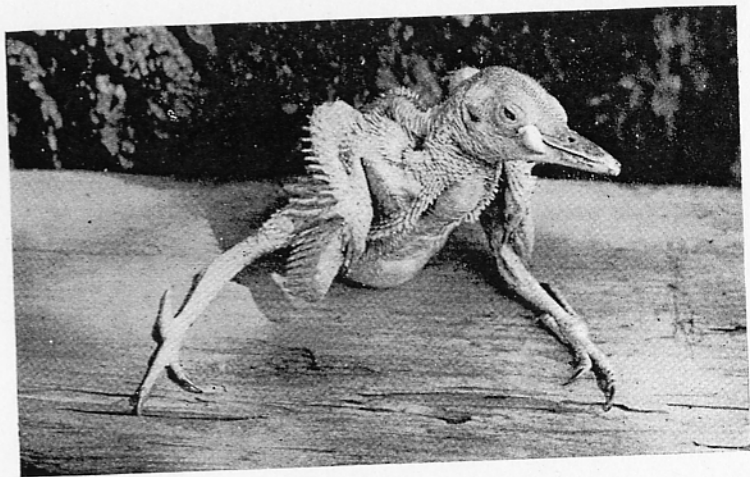
IT'S ALL HERE AND IT'S ALL TRUE

"The founding of the D. V. O. C. was a spark that, kindled in a kindly environment, and glowing into flame, has given zest and enthusiasm to the lives of so many."—*S. N. Rhoads, The D. V. O. C., Bird Lore, 1902.*

"It is the happy province of Ornithology to have in its subject matter a group of beings at once engaging, appealing to the imagination, and varied in the charm evoked. No matter how far we may pursue the attractive though devious ways of nomenclature, of generic and specific distinctions, there will always be some bird that hovers in the back ground of memory—some song, some nest, some flock of elusive migrants, each blending with some never-to-be-forgotten scene. Perchance an old garden, a windy autumn sky, a delectable woodland spot, a wide stretch of shore. In some such scene we come under the spell of bird-life, with an abounding zeal to know more and yet more of its fascinating problems."—*Spencer Trotter, The Background of Ornithology, 1908.*

Issued at the Twentieth Anniversary Meeting of the D. V. O. C.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 6, 1910



The D. V. O. C. makes its debut



FROM BIRDLÖRE 1902

The D. V. O. C. at the age of Eight Years

- | | | | | | | |
|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------|---------------|-------------|--------------|
| 1. FOWLER | 6. MEYERS | 11. COPE | 16. FREEMAN | 21. SEISS | 25. VOELKER | 29. BAILY |
| 2. HUTCHINSON | 7. EMLÉN | 12. J. W. EVANS | 17. PENNOCK | 22. FELLOWS | 26. TROTTER | 30. REED |
| 3. W. WHITAKER | 8. SERRILL | 13. CLARK | 18. FOX | 23. S. RHOADS | 27. DEHAVEN | 31. SHRYOCK |
| 4. GITHENS | 9. SHEPPARD | 14. TATEM | 19. WRIGHT | 24. MORRIS | 28. STONE | 32. McCADDEN |
| 5. C. RHOADS | 10. A. WHITAKER | 15. S. BROWN | 20. KESTER | | | |

A Personal History of the D. V. O. C.



RHOADS

VOELKER
R-ED

MORRIS
1891

On February 3rd, 1890, after one or two informal conferences, there was organized the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club.

The object of this organization was the study of birds—the bird in the field was to be considered quite as much as the bird in the cabinet and neither the field nor the cabinet were to be overlooked. Methods of killing birds as well as of protecting them were to come within the scope of the Club's work and the contents of an egg were to be considered as well as the shell from which they were blown. In fact all phases of bird study were to be covered and any respectable male bird student was eligible to membership no matter whether he handled the subject with the gun, the opera-glass, the slapjack, the pen, the scalpel, the paint-brush or the drill—the camera was later added to the list of legitimate weapons.

The pioneers in the movement were seven, Baily, Morris and Reed were insipient architects still in the juvenal or draughtsman plumage; Rhoads was a Jersey farmer, Voelker a taxidermist, Trotter a brand new M. D. just established as Professor of Biology at Swarthmore College and Stone a Jessup student at the Academy of Natural Sciences.

Some of these founders had an ornithological past which must be taken into account when we look for the source of the inspiration which promoted the formation of the Club.

Trotter had been a Jessup student at the Academy in 1876 and helped to transfer the ornithological collections from the old building on Broad street. He was also a relative of George N. Lawrence and at his home had made an early acquaintance with several ornithologists. He had already recorded his capture of a hybrid swallow in the Nuttall Bulletin and other local records obtained from Chris. Wood, whose taxidermist shop he used to patronize when in search of inspiration and specimens. Trotter, Rhoads and Morris owed much of their early enthusiasm to another local bird student, Wm. L. Collins, who would certainly have joined in the organization of the D. V. O. C. had not his untimely death cut off a promising career just before the Club was started.

Collins and Trotter as school boys, collected with slapjacks even in the sacred confines of Fairmount Park, and converted their recently acquired technical nomenclature to practical use by inventing a code of signals for

mutual protection on such expeditions. '*Ceryle*' meant someone in sight, probably a harmless individual, '*alcyon*' indicated a park guard on the horizon, and '*Ceryle alcyon*' denoted the close proximity of the latter individual and the need of extreme caution.

Rhoads and Collins had opened up correspondence with Dr. Coues early in their career, and through him had both figured in the Nuttall Bulletin. They had also purchased a collector's firearm advertised in this journal and known as the Expert—a weapon of fearful but erratic execution

Rhoads and Reed had been fellow students at Westtown Boarding School where natural history was fostered but collecting decried. As a result sundry precious collections of eggs and skins were confiscated. Morris benefitted from an association with Rhoads, Collins and Trotter and also from a relationship to Edward Harris, friend and patron of Audubon, to which, no doubt, is to be attributed his undying enthusiasm for the latter.

Stone who had no acquaintance with any of the others or with other ornithologists, was brought up on a copy of Wilson and consequently worshipped a different ornithological god from Morris, and long years of amicable discussion has failed to shake their allegiance.

Stone's *Amicus Achates* was Brown who figures later on and together they attacked the ornithologists of Germantown, with no later authority than the volume of Baird Cassin and Lawrence and with rather hazy notions of the existence of any subsequent ornithologists.

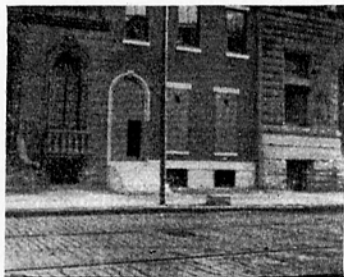
Baily claimed ornithological ancestry in an uncle who was a colleague of John Cassin and author of 'Our Own Birds,' one of the first popular works on American ornithology.

Voelker the son of a German forester, had long been stuffing birds at Krider's historic shop, which was inspiration enough for any ornithological movement.

The organization meeting was held at Baily's city residence, 1624 Arch street, then unoccupied, and was noteworthy from the fact that the members had to creep like burglars through a little hole in the wood-work which boarded up the front door, and that Reed provided a cake which satisfied the appetite of the Club for five years—at least no further refreshment appeared at meetings from that time until Baily launched the idea of the annual collation which has proved so successful. Later the meeting place changed to 16 North Seventh street, where a room was placed at our disposal.

The first year of the Club's history was largely occupied with recording observations. Each member was supposed to record the number of individual birds of each and every species seen each day. There were individual and combined lists, daily, monthly and yearly, ranging from a postal card to a broadside that had to be wrapped up on a curtain roller.

Many and long were the discussions as to what should be admitted to record. The majority stood out against Reed's Cerulean Warbler seen but not slain, and the identity of Mid-Jersey Chickadees always precipitated trouble.



Then there were questions of nomenclature, some used one name, some another. "What do you mean by an 'Irishman'?" said Baily, "Why, a Shoveler, of course!" replied Reed, and the Club shouted its acquiescence.

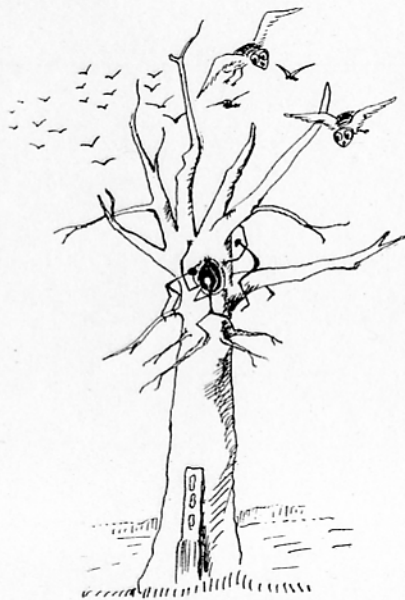
There were field trips to the Barn Owl's nest at Tinicum, amid great enthusiasm, and in November, Baily and Stone went to Washington to introduce the D. V. O. C. to the A. O. U. Stone took one of the broadsides and Baily took a silk hat, and they no doubt made a profound impression.

For some years the names of the founders naturally figured extensively in the activities of the Club. Reed and Voelker aided by Wilde who had early joined the organization, had a meteoric career in South Jersey discovering nests of the Hooded, Prairie and Parula Warblers, and forming the nucleus of the D. V. O. C. Collection at the Academy, but soon after they dropped out of active Club work.

Rhoads deserted the farm almost immediately and every year left us for some remote section of the country to return with added stores of that field knowledge which has ever proven a source of instruction to the Club, and has constituted him a sort of balance wheel to the over enthusiastic observer. Florida, Texas, Arizona, Washington, British Columbia, Tennessee, Mexico and Lower California successively claimed Sam's attention, not to mention the wilds of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The main trouble with him was that he ran to rats and there was some fear that he would never again look a bird in the face, but after serving as mammalogist and chief mouser at the Academy and Carnegie Museum, he has, under the tempering influence of the Franklin Book Shop come back to a realization that there is still much to be learned about the

New Jersey Ornis. His most important recent discovery was the fact that there had been lurking in the state a painting of the Black Cock, by Audubon, and the judicious acquirement and disposal of this work of art, provided the wind which blew the breath of life into the Book Shop.

Trips with Rhoads were enlightening. It is probable that Morris and J. W. Evans, who accompanied him to Puget Sound learned more about bird collecting, and other things, on that trip than they ever dreamed of. About home no bird chirped that he did not recognize it for an old friend or a novelty. He knew where to find birds and was familiar with their every action, and when returned from the hunt with a goodly number of specimens few could equal him in making corn meal, arsenic and feathers fly as they were converted into skins. Sam's presence on a trip always kept one in a pleasant state of



TINICUM OWL TREE
FROM SKETCH BY MORRIS



SAM RHOADS
ARIZONA, 1901

suspense, for it was impossible to tell what was going to happen next. The literature of science contains the results of Rhoads' labors and one new bird and a large array of North American quadrupeds, have been named and described by him, while not a few have likewise been named in his honor.



MORRIS 1897

Morris has looked upon Ornithology from another point of view. The light and shadow that appeal to the artist have a prominent part in bird life as he sees it. He takes in all the natural surroundings—the aesthetic and poetic sides—and the purple grass, yellow sky and the blue tree trunks for which the uninitiated look in vain. His researches are conducted with the good old fowling piece just as were those of Audubon and the opera glass is rather out of place in his conception of the ornithologist. One wonders what would Audubon's remarks have been had *he* left De Haven's boat on the Atlantic City meadows, one warm afternoon and stalked a flock of Least Sandpipers through the salt grass where mosquitoes lurked in grand array, only to find that the white breasts resting so quietly on yonder sand spit were oyster shells that some one had stuck up for decoys. Morris' pictures of bird life at Cape Charles, Puget Sound and Eaglesmere are classics among the Club's unpublished literature, while his later contributions to *Cassinia* speak for themselves. He spent the winter of 1889 and 1890 in studying the birds of the Gulf coast of Florida; while at a still earlier date he had visited Bermuda on a

similar errand.

Baily has been our recorder *par excellence*. It was he who devised the various lists, etc. that figured in our earliest meetings and probably no bird has crossed Baily's path in all these twenty years that he has not put it down on his list. His volumes of note books make the rest of us green with envy, when we think of the thousands of observations that we have made—now lost and forgotten. Baily has but to turn to his index and he can tell when and where the first Chippy trilled each year and he can tell at a glance if he saw twenty-three species of birds on April 1st, 1895, or only thirteen. He was always a lucky fellow and every time he comes in smiling to a meeting we look for some piece of ornithological experience that would not fall to the lot of the rest of us in a life time. A Ruffed Grouse intent on suicide picks out his window to fly against; a migrant Brown Creeper calmly flies into his city office and starts up his trouser leg. All the rarest nests manage to get built right in front of his feet and one spring when he had ninety-nine species observed during May, a Mourning Warbler came to him to be recorded on May 31st, and so completed his century.

Then once a year, Baily delights us all with the wondrous products of his camera—a field in which he stands alone.

Trotter, who stood higher than any of us on the ornithological ladder at the inception of the club, entered heartily into the spirit of the thing for two meetings. He named the



BAILY 1901



TROTTER 1909

Club and suggested some beautifully rounded titles for papers and discourses, but they failed to materialize and we soon lost sight of him except at annual meetings. Once indeed he appeared unexpectedly, full of the descent of man and language and gave us a paper on bird names from the time of Aelfric down, which would have put the A. O. U. Nomenclature Committee out of business, had it ever appeared in print. But after ten years Trotter came regularly back into the fold and nearly every meeting has profited thereby. He is full of ideas and suggestions; a fact, a name, an observation starts in him a train of thought that would occur to no one else. What in another's hands would be prosaic, Trotter presents in a way that makes it a memorable communication. His "Impressions of English Bird Life," was one of the most charming papers to which the club has listened, brimful of the enthusiasm of one seeing all these birds of literature for the first time.

Stone deserted the Club a few days after its inception and spent some months in Yucatan and the Mexican mountains, but thereafter limited his field work to Pennsylvania and New Jersey, while in the ornithological rooms at the Academy, he finds it easier to study birds that others have collected than to collect them himself. When well away from that Ornithological Sarcophagus he has actually posed as an advocate of bird protection. He has been responsible for most of the troubles of the Club, not only inflicting

it with various officers through judicious wire pulling, but inveigling it into assuming the publication of "The Birds of Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey," which he wrote and *Cassinia* which he edits, both of them obviously wild cat schemes, which even Sam. Wright cannot put on a paying basis.

The first recruit to the ranks of the Club was Chas. J. Rhoads, who later rendered valuable service as Secretary and Pre-ident but whose ornithological activity of late years has been limited to the study and propogation of Golden Eagles of the famous St. Gaudens variety—*Aquila pantallata*—Rhoads' position as treasurer of the Girard Trust Company being peculiarly favorable for this pursuit.

The year 1891 was noteworthy from the fact that on March 3rd, the meeting place changed to the Academy of Natural Sciences which has ever since been the home of the Club. It was noteworthy, too, for the important list of recruits whose names were added to the roll.

There was Weygandt, now Professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania, then a student in the same institution, a man who never used a gun in the pursuit of bird lore, but whose facile pen makes us see again the birds, the woods, and the fields of which he loves to write. Weygandt's first period of activity was short-lived and after a brilliant start he



STONE IN MEXICO
1890



C. RHOADS 1898

deserted the D. V. O. C. for some ten years. It has been suggested that he was driven away by a highly seasoned discourse by Charley Voelker, on the structure of Woodpeckers, illustrated by cadavers, of none too recent vintage. However that may be, unable to longer resist the call or seeing in *Cassinia* a good chance to publish his writings, he returned again to the fold and became one of our mainstays.



DEHAVEN OUT FOR DUCKS

and even an occasional Great Blue Heron. "Norry's" culinary skill did not stop there, however, for in winter time there were wondrous preparations which filled the whole cabin with fried onions, and the tears streamed down our cheeks until we were to be consoled only by a milk punch from condensed milk or a Wilkesbarre egg nog.



SKIPPER DEHAVEN
1898

Montgomery, now Professor of Zoology at the University, was also one of our 1891 members and an ardent collector, so ardent in fact that he shot off one of his toes in the pursuit of Swamp Sparrows. The German universities are to be blamed for diverting his attention from birds to much more lowly forms of life.

And DeHaven, what an acquisition was he before the golf ball lured him away, and he gave up his catboat at Atlantic City. Those who enjoyed his hospitality on board the "Widgeon" and explored the shores of Great Bay and Breeches Thoroughfare will long remember this period of the Club's history. Oh! what a slaughter of Sharp-tailed Sparrows there was in pursuit of Nelsons and Acadians, and who shall forget the savory stews in which Mud-hens and Least Sandpipers figured

Then at one famous meeting in the same year, were elected Brown, Ridenour and Hughes, a trio indeed. Brown the accomplice of Stone in the reduction of the bird population of German-town, champion Warbler shot with a twenty-two rifle and a dust cartridge; ever ready for any proposition and cheerfully optimistic of everything including the weather. While one eye may be permanently focussed upon the plant world, we must remember that it is as a botanist that he has achieved fame, and should be content that he is willing to allow the other eye to be diverted by a passing bird. Of late years 'Stew' has developed into quite a globe trotter and has reaped rich harvests among the plants of the Florida Keys, Bermuda and the Canadian Rockies, returning with interesting narratives and side lights on the birds of these regions with which to regale the Club. The first expedition, doubtless due in part to the



BROWN ON A BOTANICAL TRIP
1901

presence of Fowler, was mistaken for a smuggling outfit, and was duly exploited in the public press with the result that 'Stew' was more careful in selecting companions for his Canadian journey.

Ridenour though long a deserter from our ranks, left his name permanently emblazoned in the Club's history by the famous exhibition of his educated owl.

And Hughes; probably no one man did more to make the Club a success than he. Ever ready to take part in or further field work far and near, so long as there was some ultimate prospect of eggs; and once in the field no one could equal his tireless energy or his zeal to promote the interests of other members of the party. As president at a critical period in the Club's history, he added dignity to the conduct of the meetings and at the same time placed everyone at his ease, while the record of attendance at meetings when he described his hunts for big game in Mexico, Idaho and New Brunswick, bears witness to his droll humor. It is with regret that we have seen the increasing duties of a great physician encroach upon the time formerly available for ornithological pursuits, and those who were fortunate enough to have been his companions in the field look back upon those trips as red letter days. The visit to the Great Blue Heron rookery in the pouring rain stands out with particular clearness; the discussion as to which vehicle at the livery stable would be most suitable for the trip, and Hughes' bland suggestion that in view of the weather conditions he thought the hearse would best accord with the feelings of the members. And then his valiant efforts to scale the



HUGHES IN GREENLAND, 1891

slippery tree trunks with the aid of climbers and the reins from our team; the ignominious return to mother earth from a height of some ten feet and the appropriate comments on the same.

Shryock too came to us in 1891, long-time secretary and more recently president, bringing into each office his characteristic system which resulted in printed notices of meetings, type-written minutes and other hitherto unheard of delicacies. But Shryock has persistence as well as system. His companion on one trip awoke at 1 A. M. to find Billy still working over a Tree Swallow that he had begun to skin



"EGGS!"



SHRYOCK IN TROUBLE, 1898

some three hours before—but as he said, he certainly made a good specimen of it. He also distinguished himself by collecting a Chimney Swift's nest by descending an old chimney even if he did pull most of the chimney top in after him ; while his famous paper on the 'Hind Limb of a Bird' entailed a trip to Europe to study the exhibit at the British Museum and months of dissection and masceration of defunct pullets said to have been purchased at a nearby meat market. As a lawyer Shryock has always stood ready to defend D. V. O. C. members who have unwittingly run foul of the bird laws, but as the Club has always proven fleet of foot, his services have not been required in this direction.

The year 1892 saw the advent of Sam. Wright, Dave McCadden and Bob Young. Wright fresh from Westtown Boarding School, had not acquired that knowledge of the world which later characterized him. He spent one year at the Academy in company with McCadden, then as now the only taxidermist, and was shocked out of ornithology as a profession. In the manufacture of medical supplies, however, he has made so much money that the Club has elected him treasurer, and the wisdom of our choice has been proven by the fact that he has devised a scheme whereby a balance appears on his books at the annual meeting, while at other times, as everybody knows, we are bankrupt.

McCadden has always been in demand when anything had to be killed and he responds nobly. When called upon to secure some molting Redwings to settle a question of plumage change, he went down to Tinicum and killed seventy-four with one shot and retired. He has mounted nearly everything, and having recently attained the acme of the profession by mounting an



CLARK AND WRIGHT

elephant, he proposes to rest until some one discovers a live Mammouth.

Bob Young, now Professor of Natural History in the University of North Dakota, was the only man to put Hughes to shame in climbing for eggs. He first gained fame by scaling the Heron trees already referred to and later went to Spain and elsewhere trapping rats for the Department of Agriculture. In Nova Scotia his egging



STONE AND SHRYOCK IN THE HERON SWAMP
1896

In the manufacture



DAVE McCADDEN
1896

proclivities attracted newspaper notoriety as shown by the following clipping from a local paper:

"A tall, slim, not very graceful young gentleman, with corduroy breeks has been seen wandering, not perhaps aimlessly, under the trees of an apple orchard to the south of our town. Remember that humanity first fell by injudicious tasting of fruit, young man."

Billy Whitaker joined us in 1893 and then indeed, we needed a censor. His first communication dealt with a King Rail, killed in midwinter, whose stomach contained a turtle that swam about when liberated and placed in water. We choked him off before he brought the Rail to life again and thereafter the chairman did his best to ignore him, but he was not to be ignored and starting on a new tack showed us our first lantern slides of bird nests and wild birds, leaving the field to Baily later on when he left for the Klondike.

Justice came at this time, too—the youngest member yet to be enrolled but he developed at such a rate that he soon looked down upon us all. His energy was first devoted to eggs and later to game birds, but whatever the line he was always full of an enthusiasm that was contagious.

Fowler was our 1894 acquisition. Like Wright he joined the Ornithological force at the Academy, but far from being terrified by McCadden he stuck to the job and even acquired some of his peculiarities, notably the thirst for gore. He nearly exterminated the Purple Grackles and Yellow billed Cuckoos at Holmesburg, in his zeal to secure a good series of skins and was visited by a committee of ministers and other outraged citizens to protest against the further activity of his ten-bore. Accord-

ing to Trotter, whose knowledge of limericks is unsurpassed, one of these gentlemen expressed himself after the interview somewhat as follows:

He looks like a saint,
But my goodnes he aint;
He's a blood thirsty wretch,
'Pon my soul.

It is true that Fowler had originally intended studying for the ministry and among the biblical quotations that he was accustomed to indulge in, the parable of the loaves and small fishes so engrossed his mind that he eventually degenerated to the study of the finny tribe in which he has achieved much fame. It is more to his



WHITAKER IN ALASKA, 1899



FOWLER IN THE OCEAN, 1900

taste since it is possible to secure a thousand minnows at a single swoop of the net, whereas, even McCadden could not obtain more than seventy-five birds at one discharge of the gun. Fowler has made overtures to almost all the D. V. O. C. members to join him on fishing escapades, but they rarely go more than once. It always falls to their lot to manipulate a sein against the current while he sits by making notes on the colors of the last catch.

The Club book on the "Birds of Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey," appeared December 20, 1894 and early in 1895, ornithologists from more remote parts of these states, who had furnished notes for this work were elected corresponding members.



PENNOCK CLEARED FOR ACTION
1904

It has always been supposed that Pennock entered the Club in this way but while the minutes say he was proposed, there is no evidence that he was elected. However, as he has twice attained the office of Chief Burgess of Kennett, there is no doubt but that he knew enough politics to get into the D. V. O. C., whether elected or not and his subsequent career proves it. At a meeting some time later the By laws were amended to permit the electing of active members direct from correspondents. At the following meeting Pennock was elected an active and at the next he was chosen Vice-President and after that held office continuously for five years. But no one had a word to say—the wonder was how we had gotten along without him. Already a full fledged ornithologist and egg swapper of the old school, he had corresponded far and wide and contributed articles over the signature "Ortyx" to many of the bird journals and he went into the Club work with a will, seldom missing a meeting, although it meant a thirty-five mile journey every time. His chief field of activity has been Delaware and he soon knew more of its birds than all the natives put together, so they had to appoint him State Ornithologist in spite of themselves. Pennock was always strong on "deals"—a direct result of his early egg trades. One Delaware trip found him with two club companions preparing to pass the night in the attic of a farm house which was divided into two rooms, each with one bed. The coin was tossed to see who should sleep alone and of course Pennock won, but five minutes after the lights were out, up came the "farm hand," who got in with Pennock without the formality of removing his boots, and snored melodiously till early morn.



'CURLY' COGGINS

On December 17, 1897, a young man by the name of Coggins applied for membership and knowing little of his possibilities, the Club elected him. Coggins was versatile, he had the gift of looking at a thing from all sides and he generally took his final stand on the comical side and the worst of it was, things that others looked

upon as serious looked comical to him and it was often hard to prove that he was wrong. No amount of rain could dim the sunshine if he was one of a field party and the only trouble was to keep the minutes within bounds during his Secretaryship. "The eggs that Stone had just laid on the table" may have been good English but there was something uncanny about it when it appeared on the records. Had Coggins' extemporaneous discourse under the respectable title of "Contemporary Ornithologists" been preserved there would have been no call for the present history. His enforced removal to California in search of health has been the Club's loss in more ways than one.

In 1898, came William B. Evans, who served long and faithfully as Secretary, ever a model of accuracy and sincerity and a man who never took bird life, but acquired by self-control and patience a knowledge as thorough as the more impetuous have attained by other means.

Next year came James Abram Garfield Rehn, a young man with leanings in many directions, more especially toward bats and grasshoppers, as was later proven, but at the time of his annexation, ornithologically inclined. Induced to join Stone and Coggins on a wagon trip over the Jersey barrens, he developed

great geographical propensities and has since been largely engaged in planning expeditions to remote corners of the country in pursuit of Katydid, walking sticks and Cockroaches. The first expedition was planned to cover the collecting of mammals as well, but was disastrous at the outset. According to the sworn testimony of a Mexican citizen, at Isleta, Texas, he caught Rehn stalking his horse with a twenty-bore gun and a load of dust shot with the intention of making a skin of it. At the subsequent legal proceedings, however, the testimony of the Greaser was in some way discredited and Rehn escaped the impending clutches of the law. The Club was preparing to send out Shryock and McCadden as a relief expedition. Shryock proposed to try his recently acquired Italian upon the Greaser. Despite his many other interests Rehn is always up on the latest developments in ornithology, while among the grasshoppers his fame is international.



MORE OF COGGINS, 1901



REHN

STONE

COGGINS

UNWASHED AND UNCOMBED, 1901



WM' B. EVANS, 1901

The genial Dr. Prendergast began to attend meetings at this time and could always be counted upon to voice the opinion of the Club when others were chary about taking the initiative. His observations on the identification of flying shore birds at long range which he in spite of normal vision could scarcely distinguish, were wholesome, and on one occasion when a well-meaning gentleman, oblivious to the flight of time, addressed the Club for two hours on the merits of Gilbert White and Richard Jefferies and then left the room for some of his manuscript that had been left in his overcoat pocket, Prendergast spoke the words that were in everyone's mind, when he shouted, "shut the door, for goodness sake don't let him get back!"



MCCADDEN PRENDERGAST HUGHES
AN APRIL DAY IN THE RAIN, 1901

many different calls do they have? etc — and before he dropped the problem he generally solved it. He saw twice as much as any one else on a trip and his quiet narratives and imitations of bird calls are always instructive. Those who have been with him in the field know what a splendid woodsman he is and how he can make the fire burn and the frying pan sizzle, even though the elements seem to combine to drown out both him and his camp. If a bird is to be identified, the same care is taken in a deluge of rain as in the bright sunshine.

In this year, too, Dr. Woodhouse, who none of us had known was still living, was unearthed and made an honorary member, and the last years of his life were, we feel sure, brightened by his association with the D. V. O. C., while we felt that through him we were brought in a measure into touch with the generation of great ornithologists, who had formerly made Philadelphia famous.

John Carter joined us in 1900 with his copy of 'Chapman' under his arm and immediately the field of discussion at the meetings broadened. Carter was not content with what the books said, he always wanted light on what they left unsaid. He propounded such questions as, How do different birds carry their legs in flight? How do they hold their legs when they perch? How



DR. WOODHOUSE IN WESTERN COSTUME

In 1902 came Hunt, our recent Secretary, one of those true nature lovers, who cares not for the technicalities, but who goes to the very heart of the matter and revels in the changing aspects of nature from season to season, and who sits up all night on the marshes in order to see what is doing at the hours when most of us leave nature to herself. At his "*Domus palustris*" on the Pensauken, he has probably acquired a more intimate knowledge of a limited area than has any one of us.



HUNT ON A HIKE, 1907

Keim, too, was a 1902 find. He gained immediate fame by purchasing ten copies of *Cassinia* each year. At what price he retailed them we never discovered but the venture was evidently, not a success, as his purchases ceased, just when we had come to rely upon them. Through the influence of Fowler, Keim is now Secretary of the New York Aquarium Society and is doubtless initiating Gotham into the ways of the D. V. O. C.

Harlow stands forth as our most notable accession of recent years. When not engaged in breaking his limbs in the pursuit of foot ball fame, he is risking his neck in the pursuit of eggs. The depths of the morass where Gallinules lurk, the precipice where nests the Duck Hawk, or the majesty of the law in the shape of the game warden have no terrors for him. On one occasion, during a personal interview, he calmly suggested to the latter gentleman, so report has it, that he "beat it," and he did.

We have had other members in the twenty years of our history, whose work good, though it was, has been of short duration or intermittent, such as Cope, Emlen, Githens, Hannum, Kester, Meyers, Palmer, Roberts Rotzell, Seiss, Serrill, Smith, Spaeth, Tatum, Warrington, Al. Whitaker, Wilde and others also to whom we look for much in the future: Moore, Pearson, Redfield, Street, etc. Then there are many who come to meeting after meeting to hear what the rest have to say and who shall say that their loyalty is not more praiseworthy than that of those who flaunt their names on the postal card? They swell the list of attendance and come bravely forward when the treasurer announces a deficit in the *Cassinia* account and when opportunity presents itself, they too become contributors to the proceedings—without them there would be no D. V. O. C.

Then there are our correspondents, who now and then contribute notes and papers or specimens and through whom we reach out and spread our influence beyond the immediate limits of the Delaware Valley. Our losses in twenty years have been few, but all of them comrades we could ill afford to lose. John Farnum Brown and William W. Smith, Gilbert H. Moore and Frederick N. Owen all took an active part in the Club's work, during the short time they were with us, while Edwin Sheppard, the veteran bird artist, acquaintance of John Cassin, and J. W. Audubon was for years a regular attendant at our meetings until advancing age and failing health deprived us of his companionship. Dr. Woodhouse, our honary member and correspondents, Bush, Detwiler, Holmes, Hoopes, Koch and Patterson complete the list. When we, too, have joined the great majority, let us hope that the spirit of good-fellowship that has contributed so much to the Club's development may continue and the D. V. O. C. be preserved for future generations.