

Ride a Hobby and Defy "Depressions"

By R. A. SELLE

Hobby riders are happy people. Hobbies, like salvation, are free—free for everybody. The thrill of youth, gay, care-free, light-hearted; the elixir of an object in life—there is grandeur in a rugged landscape. Every man, woman or child needs at least one hobby.

The sooner you learn to ride one, the sooner your eyes will be opened; you will wake up to the profound secret of worldly happiness and contentment. Without a hobby, you miss the real zest of life. When the hobby fits, it is more than a form of recreation; it is a kind of mind-urance, a safe and effective antidote for world-weariness, sadness of heart or loneliness of spirit; it gives you courage to face difficulties; no time for doubts or misgivings, no question as to whether life is worth living, no loss of confidence in men, or women; your best girl is not going to be taken by some other man; all things will turn out right.

Prescription for nervousness, sleeplessness, loneliness, homesickness, any attack of "nerves": Get astride a good hobby and canter down the road to happiness, hearts as light as moonbeams. No dull days, no worries, no mooning over mistakes or lost opportunities. All is well. Everything is for the best.

Riding a hobby, "sitting on top of the world!" You are astride the universe. A hobby can give you a melody that can put color and romance in a sandy waste, turn a scorching desert into a paradise. Select your mount. Start today. Cultivate a keen and abiding interest in some other activity than your regular calling. You have something to live for, something to work for. Your outlook bears the rose-tinge of optimism, hope and faith. Your step is firm; you walk erect, chin up, eyes sparkling with keen interest; you are an important part in the scheme of things.

Blessed is the comradeship of a well-groomed hobby.

The Call of the South

By FRANCES POINDEXTER

There's a charm all its own in the Southland;

There's a message that speaks without words

In the gentle caress of the sunbeams
And the pure, lilting notes of the birds;
In the flowers that bloom so profusely,
And the moonlight, so witchingly bright,

That wooes with a sweetness insistent,
And lulls with a sense of delight.

There is friendship and trust in the Southland;

There are hearts that beat loyal and true,

With a sympathy helpful and human
That is ready to reach out to you.
All the hours are not wasted in striving
After glittering baubles and toys;
But a broader conception is given
To life and its limitless joys.

There's a vastness and breadth in the Southland

That allures with its promises wide.
There are memories, hallowed and tender,
That awaken the patriot's pride.

There's a something elusive, yet potent,
That inspires to the heights yet un-scaled,
And that whispers a message of courage
To the brother who thinks he has failed.

Yes, a wonderful charm has the Southland,

With her murmuring, moss-laden trees,
Where the fragrant magnolia and jasmine

Lend their perfume to each passing breeze;

Where the broad fields of grain and of cotton,

And the calm browsing herds, as they roam,

All unite in a summons compelling
To the land of contentment—and home.

—From "All the Year 'Round."

To a "Mocker"

By THE VOICE OF THE VOICELESS

Theo. D. Meyer

"God's in His heaven; all's right with the world," sang Pippa in Browning's poem.

It was Sunday, 4:30 p. m., March, 1934.

In tune with nature, a mocking bird was singing his roundelay, as he sat on a slender branch of a green shrub at the

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Texas-Panhandle Birds

By MARILE LOCKHART
Canyon, Texas

Among the birds of the Texas Panhandle, none are more beautiful than the "tsipping" cardinal. In the very scenic Palo Duro Canyon he "tsips" with all his might. The lady cardinal seems to do the nest-building here, and Mr. Redbird assists by eagerly watching—a very charming and vivid flame amid the dark greenery reminds one of a blackish red rose. To his rather drab-colored mate he must be a sublime wonder as he sits on a twig singing gloriously a chorus of varied notes, his sweetest song.

"In the dark foliage of the cedar tree
Shone out and sang for me."

Mr. Cardinal is a devoted father. How he cherishes his fledglings! Recently I had a lovely picture of him as he and his two youngsters played about the old well in the grounds of the Sam Houston old home at Huntsville. This was about the first of July, as I returned by automobile from a winter spent on Galveston Island, to my home in Canyon. Papa Cardinal was very excited over his two children. How grand he seemed to feel as he taught them the first rudiments of the sweet symphony of life. His blackish, flaming red coat contrasted noticeably with the softer tone-color of his offspring, who were for all the world trying to imitate the parent bird. Mrs. Redbird was nowhere in sight, though I'm sure she was finding food for them, and I could not wait for her return. It was a gorgeous picture, that portrayed a wonderful symbol I'll never forget.

The bonnie bluebird—"Little Boy Blue"—comes for a while each spring in his flight to the south. He lingers long enough to form blue clouds in the white atmosphere of the plains.

Woodland doves in their smoke-gray beauty are here for always. I have watched them among the elm and hackberry trees, which are so thickly entwined with wild grape vine in the Can-

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THE OUTDOOR NATURE CLUB OF HOUSTON, TEXAS

Organized 1923

Affiliated with

National Association of Audubon Societies
Associated Outdoor Clubs of America

OUTDOOR NATURE CLUB OFFICERS FOR 1935

DR. KENNETH HARTLEYPresident
ROBERT A. VINESVice-President
DR. A. J. JAMESVice-President
J. M. HEISER, JR.Corresponding Secretary
MRS. EDELE HARRISON....Recording Secretary
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Anyone interested in the objects of the Club may become a member upon presentation of signed application card, endorsed by two members and accompanied by membership fee for the current calendar year.

MEMBERSHIP FEES

Annual Member\$ 1.00
Associate Member 5.00
Life Member 50.00

Correspondence regarding this bulletin may be addressed to

J. M. HEISER, JR.

1724 Kipling Street Houston, Texas

Regular meetings of the Club are held on the third Thursday of the month at 8 p. m. in the Public Library, and it is the occasion for an educational lecture, an exhibition of nature films, or some other formal feature intended to interest the general public.

General Club outings are open to all members and to visitors who are willing to follow the few simple rules observed by all similar clubs. Arrangements depend upon such factors as available transportation, seasonal attractions at accessible points, and the wishes of Club members as developed at meetings. Special field trips are planned by groups engaged in research and conservation work, and the results of these expeditions are noted in the Club's records and given due publicity.

OBJECTS OF THE CLUB

To make stronger the bond of friendly understanding that exists among all lovers of Nature. To study our local flora and fauna and work for the preservation of all useful and interesting forms.

To co-operate with other societies throughout the land in the work of conservation and observation.

To encourage Nature study, tree planting, and appreciation and protection of wild life among children and adults.

To encourage hiking and interest in the outdoors as a source of health and inspiration.

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN FOR 1935

Conservation: J. M. Heiser, Jr., H-8654.

Art: Miss Tillie Schmidt; H-6915.

Program: Mrs. Edna Miner; L-4482.

Notification: Mrs. Ada Reeves; W-3535.

Nature Study: Miss Ruth Beasley; H-6915.

Outing: Robert Vines; W-3578.

Texas-Panhandle Birds

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yon Country Club. I admire the meek, gentle manner of them, and although 'tis said they are a dainty treat to grace a dinner, I've never tasted this dear delicacy. Their wing formation, which makes a whistling noise in their short, quick flight of alarm, is very noticeable. And to their very mournful, pitying coo, some one should write a fitting symphony or tender lullaby. I wish one was never killed by a hunter. The woodland dove's four notes heard nearby are richly mellow, but farther away sound gently meek. They have red toes, and their feathers are as glossy and smooth as satin. These doves are seen but scarcely heard after wooing and nesting time, so quietly do they exist. Maybe they pass the word among themselves that now that nesting time is past—and they rear two families in succession each springtime—they are to become targets of man!

The meadow lark—dear bird of the West—builds its nest in a scraggly mesa and fills the atmosphere with wonderful song. He flies before an intruder, alighting on a wire fence or the fence post, and sings a rapturous peal of melody—a song of wonderland! His breast is pale yellow and the other coloring a mottled brownish yellow. His quick note of alarm truly makes the welkin ring.

The Western wood pewee has a loud, peculiar voice of rather weird power and plaintively rhythmic.

The towhee, or chewink, has a light, trembling accent. He sings only for his own pleasure—a soul-song of fiery flame. About the size of a robin, with shiny black back and white specks. His breast is white with orange on either side of the white front. His head is black and the eyes red and sparkle like two rubies.

The American goldfinch utters sweet notes from cottonwood trees that grow abundantly on the Palo Duro and Terra Blanca creeks. He is also known as the thistle bird or wild canary. He is about five inches long, of bright golden yellow, with a black-crowned head, wings and tail. The song is very like the tamed, caged canaries. On a green shrub it looks colorfully beautiful and is a joy to watch and hear. Only today I watched one cheerily playing and searching about in my tall lilacs.

The Texas wren announces himself afar in song, while his mate listens to the notes that woo her in coaxing invitation. His individualistic, simple melody floats in unstinted joy as he sings "Dear-r-r-r!" almost constantly. His low call

To a "Mocker"

(Continued from page 1)

corner of the Houston Museum of Fine Arts, Main Boulevard.

The audience emerging from a Sunday afternoon musicale stopped, listened and was held spellbound.

"Another concert." The throng lingered and was thrilled!

Society, "on parade," rushed past; but those on foot paused.

Here was a picture no artist painted, a song no musician wrote, but the invisible touch of a master hand used the palette, brush and pen.

Unconcerned, the feathered songster's exquisite melodies and intricate cadenzas soared to unknown realms.

The poet of the air, this wandering minstrel, the mocker, continued his song, a song without words; but, like Pippa, he, too, conveyed the message:

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

(All rights reserved)

is softly sweet and soothing, then swells out to full joy.

The robin, with his flaming orange breast and cheery song, is loved by everyone. He doesn't build his nest here, but comes and lingers. His morning hymn ushers in a glorious day and dares the listener to say life is not full of cheer.

The veery is about seven inches long and a lovely cinnamon brown with black markings on his throat and breast. He is usually seen in the shade of shrubbery; his very bright eyes fairly sparkle, and he likes damp places.

The catbird is large built and quarrelsome, and though quite temperamental, has a marvelous aria, singing softly from clumps of undergrowth of dense bushes. He is the same variety that I've often watched among the mesquites of my ranch home in Southwest Texas. His catlike mew is familiar to everyone.

The scissortail here is also identical with that one of down state. A lovely pinkish white breast and long, gray, white-tipped and deeply forked tail which he opens and shuts at will. He is the farmer's friend, for he is a regular tyrant when warring on the ever watchful and treacherous chicken hawk. Many times I've watched the slowly retreating form of a hawk high in midair as the scissortails, fighting perhaps in trios, stabbed him with their arrow-sharp bills. Always they won their battles, returning triumphantly to sing over the victory. How like men these warriors are!

"Romance and Texas"

By R. A. SELLE

Carroll Publishing Publishing Company,
Houston

Reviewed by Bess W. Scott

It has been said that the native of South Texas has been saturated and steeped in the history of his native state until he is first a glamorous curiosity and then an amusing bore to visitors. Be that as it may, there is no denying that the Texan is one of the most deeply sincere persons on earth when talking or writing of his native state. And also that his is a "big" subject in every sense of the word.

Thus not only Texans, but lovers of beauty and bigness and vivid word painting, will welcome "Romance and Texas," the newest of a series of volumes on the state, by R. A. Selle, Houston author, traveler and naturalist. "Romance and Texas," subtitled "A Century of Progress," was issued late in December, and will prove a practical aid to the Texas Centennial in listing "what Texas can offer in romantic history" as well as delightful reading to all interested in this "giant of American states."

With sure strokes, Mr. Selle paints in vivid canvas or in delicate limnings, highlights of Texas—a wilderness, empire of Tejas, cave dwellers and sun worshippers, haven of adventurers, a republic, state, and present vast empire of beauty and wealth and industry. From "the blue haze of the Guadalupe, across the liquid fires of the desert, through great trees with long gray whiskers, and over staked plains and boundless seas of grasslands," the author's brush of words splashes brilliant colors that form the familiar outlines that bound Texas from the Panhandle to far-flung wings on east and west and down to the slender tip that balances on the azure blue of the Gulf of Mexico.

With equal verve the author writes of the vanished buffalo herds; the bluebonnets that make "turquoise seas, cobalt lakes" and their aura of legend; the mockingbird, state bird of Texas, whose songs of youth, of love, of adoration and ecstasy cast a spell of rapture; the shrine of San Jacinto; old Houston; the spell of Indian summer in Texas, and other impressionistic sketches. Other subjects, treated in the same informal vein, are Texas curiosities of nature, including the horned frog; the Magic Valley at its best, "when winter comes to the Valley of Summer"; grand old historic trees of the state and more prosaic subjects, such

as the "flowing wealth" of the East Texas oil fields.

Tucked between chapters and divisions of the volume like treasured newspaper clippings are brief news stories of Texas events such as the Tyler rose festival, the grapefruit fiesta of the Rio Grande, and the Houston Chamber of Commerce fete of December 21 honoring Jesse H. Jones. It is this charming informality of tone and novel format that give the volume added zest.

"In Texas: Places to Go and Things to See" is a chapter of practical guidance to the visitor in the state that should prove a godsend to chambers of commerce and Centennial committees. The final chapter of the book is a brief listing of writers and near-writers of the Southwest—the "near" being the reviewer's comment and not the author's. The Texas Centennial commission members and committee are also named in full.—The Houston Post, January 13.

Reading Nature

It is fine to return and on a familiar landscape look,

If alone—or with a friend like you.

Each day I find a new scenic view:
Beauties of hills, trees and a leaf-filled,
flowing brook.

And how like nature study is the selection of a book,

For one may be read and no real meaning or significance found,

If the listless reader hath not with zeal
An appreciation of the moral of the story unwound.

An artful, unlistless soul would find or search for a clue

In the unwinding thread of phantasy's cue;

Or turn silently down a well-beaten path, and treasures see

Of familiar story-style—sad, or gay and free.

Wants too easy supplied one often hath, to live interestedly.

But to read, first-hand, restful books of nature for me,

Then read the pictured-style to remind me of the earthy lea.

Keen living, new insight, a brighter view—

These—oh, could I teach, beloved—I'd teach you!

—Marile Lockhart.

Music of singing winds! Soft sleep-music of the tall pines.

A vacation land! Trout, perch, black bass, gleaming lakes, tranquil rivers, laughing brooks, flowering prairies, sighing cypress swamps, quarries of ageless granite, out-of-the-way places in Texas.

It is yet possible to keep some of the wild wonderlands in their natural and

primitive condition; they should never be landscaped and boulevarded, gridironed, manicured and whitewashed, and ruthlessly cheapened to attract de luxe tourists who are not in the frame of mind to meditate and appreciate profound truths of nature.

Leave the house, that is more thoroughly covered with mortgages than paint, and bask in "God's green tent"; luxury, and no rent or taxes.

Nothing is given for nothing in this world. With a consuming interest, time becomes a moment, and labor a delight. Natural objects have curiosity, new truths, first pleasure to communicate, the thrill of the discoverer. Constructing a grapevine swing may give as much pleasure as erecting a skyscraper, when it calls out unused primitive instincts.

Climbing around Mount McKinley—we did not go to the top—we encountered the strangely unreal phenomenon of purple snow. Altitude, distance and a particular angle of the source of light must be the explanation. Weird, strange, the spell of a new experience! Modern invention takes some of the novelty as well as the fierceness out of travel in wild localities; aviators say that we can expect to get a glimpse of purple snow on the Rocky Mountains whenever the light is just right.

Boundless as the ocean, the great plains spread out in all directions. Hour after hour, as you travel, it is the same landscape, the same prairie hawk, wheeling, careening, looking for a victim, and the same long-eared jack rabbit just getting ready to run.

Genius is intensity. A yellow-jacket is a genius.

Committees for 1935, as announced by the president at the February 7 business meeting, include the following:

Nature Study: Ruth Beasley, chairman. Field committees: J. M. Heiser, birds; Miss Laura Anderson, insects; Miss Margaret Fitzgerald, plants; Robert Vines, grasses.

Program: Mrs. Edna Minor, Miss Margaret Fitzgerald and J. M. Heiser, Jr.

Coastal Bird Colonies: Alston Clapp, Sr., and J. M. Heiser, Jr.

Art: Miss Tillie Schmidt, chairman; Jack I. Pullen and Miss Erna Giesecke.

Outing: Robert Vines, chairman, who will announce the names of his committee.

While the program of outings for the year is being considered, Mr. Vines announces that the first trip will be an attempt to see the famed yellow jessamine at its best in the big woods of the San Jacinto River bottoms, and, if possible, catch the red maple in its early stages, in the "big thicket," near Camp Bratton.

Mid-February Hike

San Jacinto River

By ADA S. REEVES

Nature lovers know that a threatening day in the city with drizzle, with sloppy, cheerless streets, has a different aspect in the woods. The pine needles, the dead grass and leaves do not suggest sloppiness, and even the drizzle seems absorbed by the trees. We may miss the sunshine, but many a treetop glints with the golden rays of the yellow jasmine.

There is warmth in the glow of red maple keys against the gray moss. In many places the violets are thick under foot and their bits of blue substitute for the absent blue overhead. White asters (leftovers from fall) and dainty bluets are answering the spring roll call.

With most trees bare, the smilax vines of several varieties are conspicuous: the green briar, the stretchberry smilax, the true Southern smilax with thick clusters of berries; also the cross vine, the honeysuckle, the bamboo, the wisteria, and the grapevine.

The Texas redbud, with its red-purple glow, is as thrilling as a blush on a charming face.

We observed some relationship of the magnolia and the sweet bay tree. The leaves of the young magnolia sprouts are identical with the bay leaves. The wild peach, with its glistening green leaves, are full of delicate, tiny, white blossoms. The cypresses are laden with long, gracefully swinging catkins. The ironwood are full of short, green catkins not yet developed.

A species of water lilies, some bulbs of which we picked up last fall, have leaves eight to ten inches high shooting up from the water. A member of the Outdoor Nature Club has them half as high growing in a bowl of sand and water in her sunny dining room.

The trained eye, assisted by field glasses, could catch sight of many birds; some robins not yet making their northern flight; the myrtle warbler, red-bellied woodpecker, bluejay, mockingbird, cardinal, bluebird, chipping sparrow, vireo, thrasher, titmouse, kingfisher, kinglet and others.

Men have always been inclined to accept any and all good things without question, without thankfulness.

Outdoor good manners suggest culture and refinement just as much as parlor manners. The way we treat our fellow men, the way we conduct ourselves in the presence of others, tells what we are even more distinctly than words. Courtesy is a mental attitude that works itself out in small acts as well as the regular conventions of civilized usage. But it is possible to carry our courtesy a bit further and even make it include the wild flowers and forest trees, the greenswards where we eat our picnic lunch.

The beauty spots that we visit in the more secluded sections of our city parks, and even the great wild woods, deserve our care and courtesy; they attracted us; they will attract some one else; tin cans and litter can hardly be a favorable recommendation when the next party happens along. Good manners are contagious; there is an appeal to the better nature; we like to imitate cultured people.

This part of Texas is a land of sunshine, singing birds and colorful flowers. Wonderful forests! Magnolias! Cypress swamps! Trailing ironwoods and paper birch that tempt our curiosity, liveoaks that invite and offer hospitality, grand old giant sycamores, leaning basswoods with tree ferns forming a lacework almost to the skyline. Life is abundant, but there is no harshness; every day is a holiday. In this enchanted garden of life, there is patience, perseverance and a calm resignation to the general scheme of things. Life lessons, the efficacy of meditation, hope, a quickening of the heart, an uplift of spirits—it is the mood of the woods.

The meadowlark sings of a world full of wonder. You are awakened from dreams, and you find that dreams have been changed to truth.

Tiny bluets! Scented love, perfumed romance of jewel blossoms.

The English sparrow, like the poor, the noisy, the ill-mannered, we have with us always.

The fret of spring, the swelling of buds, the pale green of tender leaves, the fisping chirp of a pine warbler, the sharp whistled "whe-euu-u" of a brown thrasher, flashing redbird, acrobatic chickadee, bare-armed sycamore and peach-tinted elm reaching into opal sky. It is Washington's birthday on Buffalo Bayou—and who would, or could, tell a lie?

Tree Planting: Dr. Bud A. Randolph

The ceremony of planting a magnolia tree to the memory of Dr. Bud A. Randolph, February 16, recalled many events in the history of the Outdoor Nature Club. Mr. Randolph was one of the organizers and third president of the club, a guiding spirit and a tireless worker when the club was small and needed optimism and encouragement and much work.

Since "Magnolia Grandifolia" was Dr. Randolph's theme when he graduated from college, a magnolia seemed most fitting, and the recreation grounds the ideal spot. J. M. Heiser, Jr., was in charge of the exercises that were held in the recreation house. Brief addresses were made by Arthur Lefevre, Jr., J. W. Stiles and Miss Corinne Fonde. A marker will be placed by the tree.

The Mayor and the Park Board have accepted the idea of making a primitive wild life preserve in Memorial Park. They have chosen an ideal location. Wind and free from encroachments, the winding bayou has protected a tract of tangled, overgrown trees and brush that show just what the bayou was like when the first white settlers arrived. This is a wise provision; in years to come scientists and nature lovers can study at first hand the primitive first forms, just as they contend and struggle with one another in the harsh, unrelenting competition of nature in the raw.

The Texas Centennial movement is getting under way again. Off to a slow start after the award to Dallas, the people of Houston, San Antonio and the many other communities who had plans and suggestions are becoming reconciled to the decision, and they are coming forward with plans for pageants and celebrations at the historical locations. They will kindle interest in these shrines and become real attractions to the many visitors who come to Texas during the Centennial period.

A machine age! A speeding up of industry just tends to make work more mechanical, more tiresome, more fatiguing and less interesting—and here is a place for your hobby.