

THE ZEPHYR

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Oh, softly on yon banks of haze,
Her rosy face the Summer lays!
Becalmed along the azure sky
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.
Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet, -
Where grow the pine trees, tall and bland,
The ancient oaks, austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

-- Trowbridge.

Nearly everyone has read about the Yosians, the great Brotherhood of Nature Philosophers established by J. Otis Swift, author of the New York World's popular feature "News Outside the Door". Now comes a cordial note from Mr. Swift himself, inviting us to join the ever widening Josian circle. He says:

"The Brotherhood is not a club, organization or fraternity. It is a State of Mind - a love of outdoors and Nature. There is no membership, in the formal sense; no rules, creeds, beliefs, dues or officers. I am called leader, but I am its servant. It seeks knowledge, and desires to spread it among the sorely puzzled, tired, automobile-dazzled, pleasure-weary folk of the modern town and cities. One day of the week it gets them back into the green shades of the forests, their ancient home, and introduces them to those creatures that have already found happiness and peace - the wild birds, trees, plants, mosses and ferns. Notices of the walks are printed in the Morning and Evening World each Friday. Coming once on a walk makes one a member. The crowd is constantly shifting. New hikers come each week - some old ones stay away, only to show up again later.

There is a natural law that protects and keeps the standard of hikers high: That only decent folk care to go walking in the woods. The invitation is given to all, though. And, once out in the paths, 'under the Greenwood Tree', Mother Nature begins healing them. Very old men and women forget their age. Young knickerbockered girls sit solemnly on The Wishing Stone, at Woodlands, and formulate wishes, and their young sweethearts clamber up and wish after them - forgetting, in the magic of wild bird music, all about the modern disbelief and sneer at all that is ancient and good for the human heart and soul."

The Bulletin of the Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America, just received, is a miniature encyclopaedia of outdoor organizations and their activities. Since the Outdoor Nature Club became affiliated with this Association, we have been in closer touch with other similar societies, and our library has been increased by a number of books on topics of interest to club members. Among the most recent of these books received through the bureau are the following:

"Bobbie, A Great Collie", by Chas. Alexander. Dodd, Mead & Co. An unusual dog story, based upon fact, and a worthy tribute to man's loyal friend among the so-called dumb brutes.

"High Country - The Rockies Yesterday and Today", by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Little, Brown & Co. Just what the title says, in Cooper's easy, narrative style.

"Trees and Shrubs of California Gardens", by Chas. Francis Saunders. Robt. M. McBride & Co. Another enjoyable and convincing demonstration of California's charms for the nature lover.

Members of the O. N. C. never join in the popular pastime of dis-cussing the weatherman, for be it said that one Lawrence H. Daingerfield, who has the job of tracking our Texas weather to its lair, is field leader of all expeditions staged by the club, and his batting average as such is one that would make the well-known Sultan of Swat turn green with envy.

In lieu of our rain-spoiled Wild Flower Caravan, we had an all-day jaunt to Hempstead, on Sunday, May 9th, where we consumed quantities of fried chicken in fields of nodding blossoms, enjoyed the hospitality of some charming Hempstead folk, had a glimpse of the famous old "swimmin-hole", and visited the mossy-framed mansion that was once the home of the celebrated, eccentric sculptress, Elisabet Ney. Among the tall pecan trees and noble old live oaks, we gazed upon the massive block of stone upon which the sculptress in life had carved her own epitaph and beneath which her last sleep was undisturbed by the birds that sang overhead. Rarely has the club had so interesting an outing.

Our Greens Bayou expedition, on May 23rd, was another "wow", as these modernists express it. The party advanced over the Market Street road, and laid down a barrage of camera clicks that captured much of the beauty of the scenery for our picture album, already well stocked with attractive views and nature photographs. One hiker bagged a specimen of the ox-beetle, horned monster of the Coleoptera tribe, and a common salamander, curious relative of our garden friend, the toad.

Captain Rex Dunbar Frazier capped the climax with his personally conducted voyage down the Ship Channel and up the San Jacinto River, Sunday, June 6th. The only thing that could even begin to compare with it was our exploration of bird island last summer, and only a few members made that trip, while some twenty-odd shared in the discovery of the San Jacinto jungles and claimed them in the name of our fair city (Foreign governments please note! The log of the journey shows that the party made observations on that giant red-crested haunter of the forest, the pileated woodpecker, and other interesting species, breathed deeply of the tang of pine and magnolias, sang half the songs composed since music was invented, and annihilated 'steen tons of ham sandwiches, ice cream and fried chicken.