



howard county
BIRD CLUB
50th ANNIVERSARY • 1972 – 2022

MEMBERS' MEMORIES

Bea Newkirk

One winter morning many years ago I heard a loud call coming from a large mulberry tree on the edge of our swampy woods. Through binoculars I could see a Red-shouldered Hawk perched there. He sat peering from side to side for what seemed to be a very long time. Eventually, he glided through the trees and disappeared.

Each day for several weeks he returned to the same spot, but, in all the time I observed him, I never saw him drop to the ground to obtain any food, nor did I see him bring any food to his perch. One morning, however, I realized that he was attempting to eat something as he sat in his favorite tree. Because I couldn't get a good view from where I stood and because I was anxious to identify what he had caught, I decided to creep closer. Apparently, I moved too close.

Suddenly he rose from his perch and flew off letting his prey fall to the ground. I rushed to the spot in anticipation of finding a small rodent or perhaps a frog. Instead, I was amused to discover that what he had dropped in his haste was a long loaf of French bread!