# SCRAP BOOK

PAJARO VALLEY SAVINGS BANK
*The Bank of Service*
WATSONVILLE, CALIFORNIA


Watsonville, California
April 16th, 1926

Mr. and Mrs. C. Aldridge
Watsonville, California

Dear Friends:-

We have heard of your good news and hope you will accept our sincere congratulations. There is something about the arrival of a baby that stirs a common emotion in us all. At this time of your new happiness, may we add our good wishes for a long and happy life for him.

How proud you must be, and how full of plans and hopes for his future. To give you a definite start toward the building of these plans, we have opened a Savings Account for him and made a deposit of one dollar. As soon as you have decided on a name for him, bring this letter in and we will issue a pass book in his name and give it to you to keep for him.

If you can regularly add to his savings, (even a dollar a week) by the time he is ready to start to college or to go into business he will have a good sized sum ready. His account will bear 4% interest which is compounded semi-annually. You will be surprised at the ease with which such an account mounts up over a period of years. Think what this will some day mean to him. It may spell the difference between dreams that come true and those that don't. We are happy to be able to offer this first step.

In the hope that it will some day bring back happy memories to you of these first days in your baby's life, we are sending you an engraved "Baby Book". It should arrive almost as soon as this letter.

We would like very much to have an opportunity to offer our congratulations in person. Come in and bring the baby. We want to meet the young man whose account is the newest on our books.

With every good wish, I am

Cordially yours,

C. A. Palmtag
Vice President

P. S. Should you decide to avail yourselves of our suggested offer as herein mentioned, we would like very much to present you with an order on the Stepick Photo Studio for one 5x7 photograph of the baby, with our compliments.

WATSONVILLE
APR 16
12:30 PM
1926
CALIF.


ABC


Place Card.

Pr. of Baby's first gar


# Trophies Awarded at Dance for Armistice Day Parade Prizes

Trophies were awarded at the Armistice Day dance, held in the civic auditorium last night, for the various activities leading up to the days events and for participation in the parades. The prize awards follow:

Best decorated window: Won by W. W. Bendell; cup donated by the Charles Ford Company. Best decorated float: Watsonville Exchange Club; cup donated by the Pajaro Valley National Bank. Best marching unit, men: I. O. O. F. canton No. 32; cup donated by the Western Auto Supply Company. Best marching unit, women: Watsonville Spanish War Veterans' Auxiliary; cup donated by Rappe's Jewelry store.

Best marching school unit: High school band and students; cup donated by California Furniture Company. Best decorated kiddie car: "Spirit of Watsonville," Miss Betty Dunn; "Uncle Sam," Robert Aldrich; "Lindy's Plane," Burris and Clinton Engledow; cups donated by W. W. Bendell and American Legion.

Best marching school unit in uniform: St. Francis' School, donated by the Juillard-Cockcroft Company. Tom Wishard, adjutant of the local Post, who won the famous wheel-barrow ride on the football game, donated the cup for the most horrible feature in the Horribles parade. This cup was awarded to Spark Plug, who was entered in the race by Santa Cruz Post No. 84, of the American Legion. The judges had contemplated somewhat on the hearse driven by Comrade Larry Karstedt, Watsonville's famous mule skinner, but in going over this exhibit they found the barrel that was being carried in the hearse to be empty and absolutely void of its original contents. This deception so disappointed the judges that the above award was made.

The cups donated by the Kiwanis, Exchange, and Rotary Service Clubs and Evening Pajaronian, for the essays written on Patriotism, International Fellowship, Armistice Day, etc., will be found in another column of this issue, with the winning essays as well as the winners' names and schools.

**THE WEATHER**

Rain tonight, clearing Sunday morning.

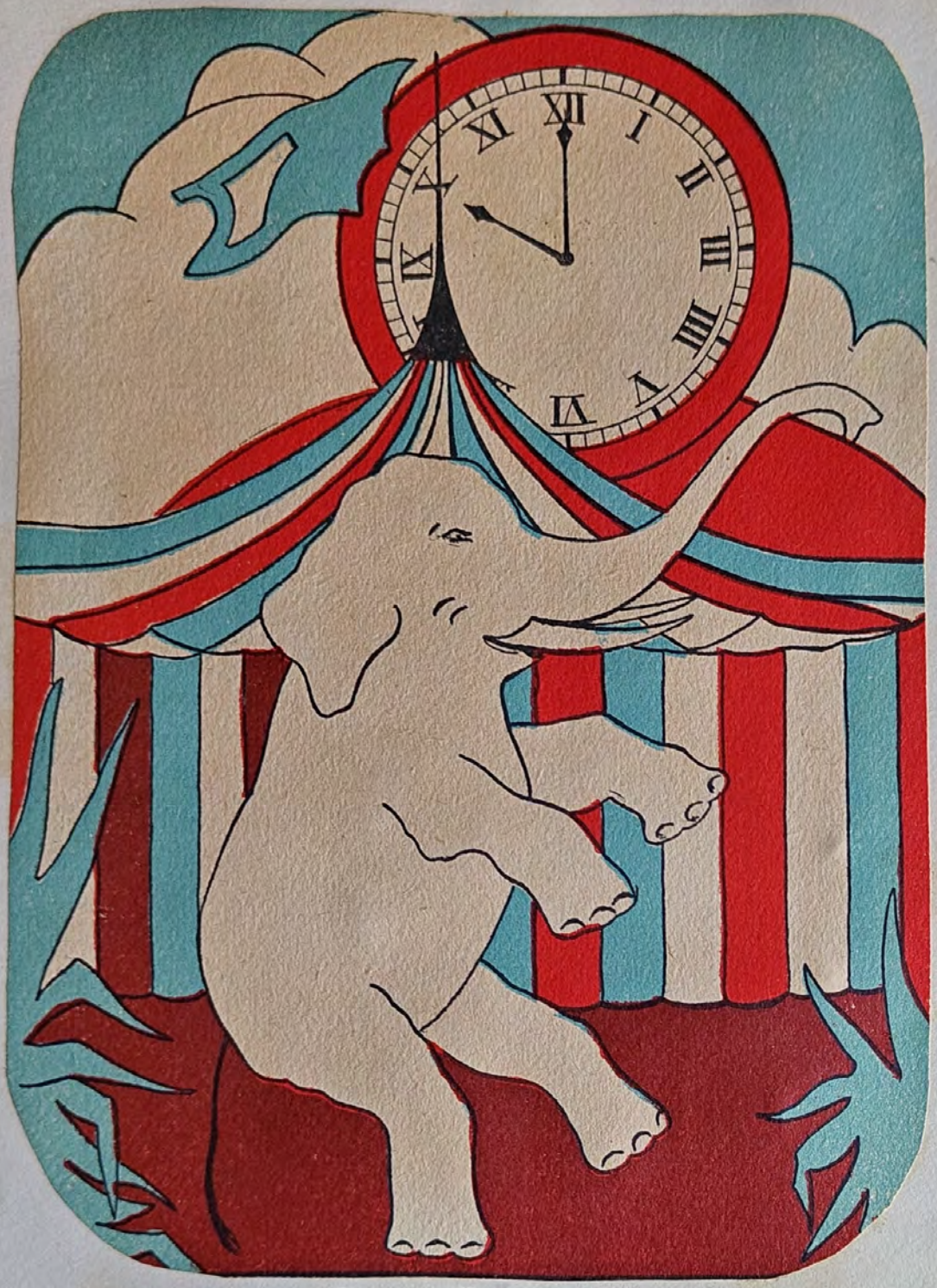
November 11-27.

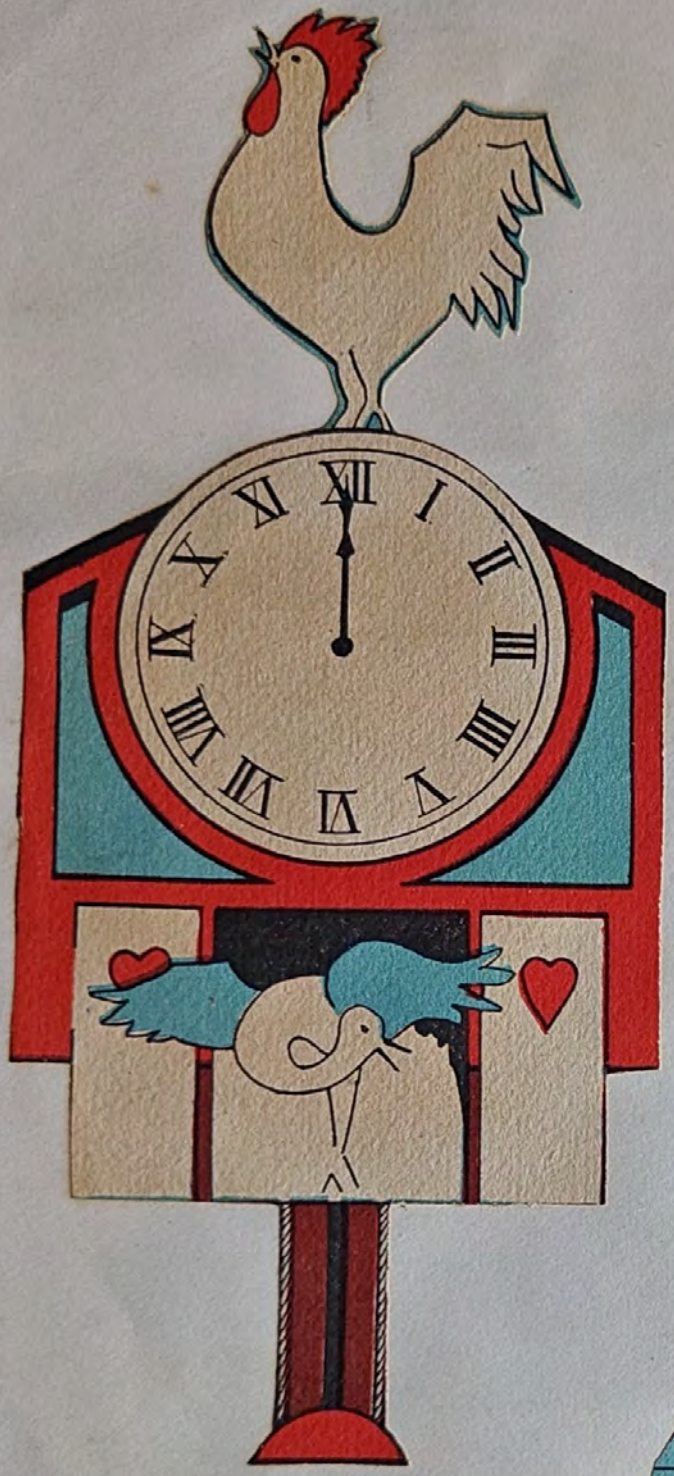

EVEREADY
PRESTONE

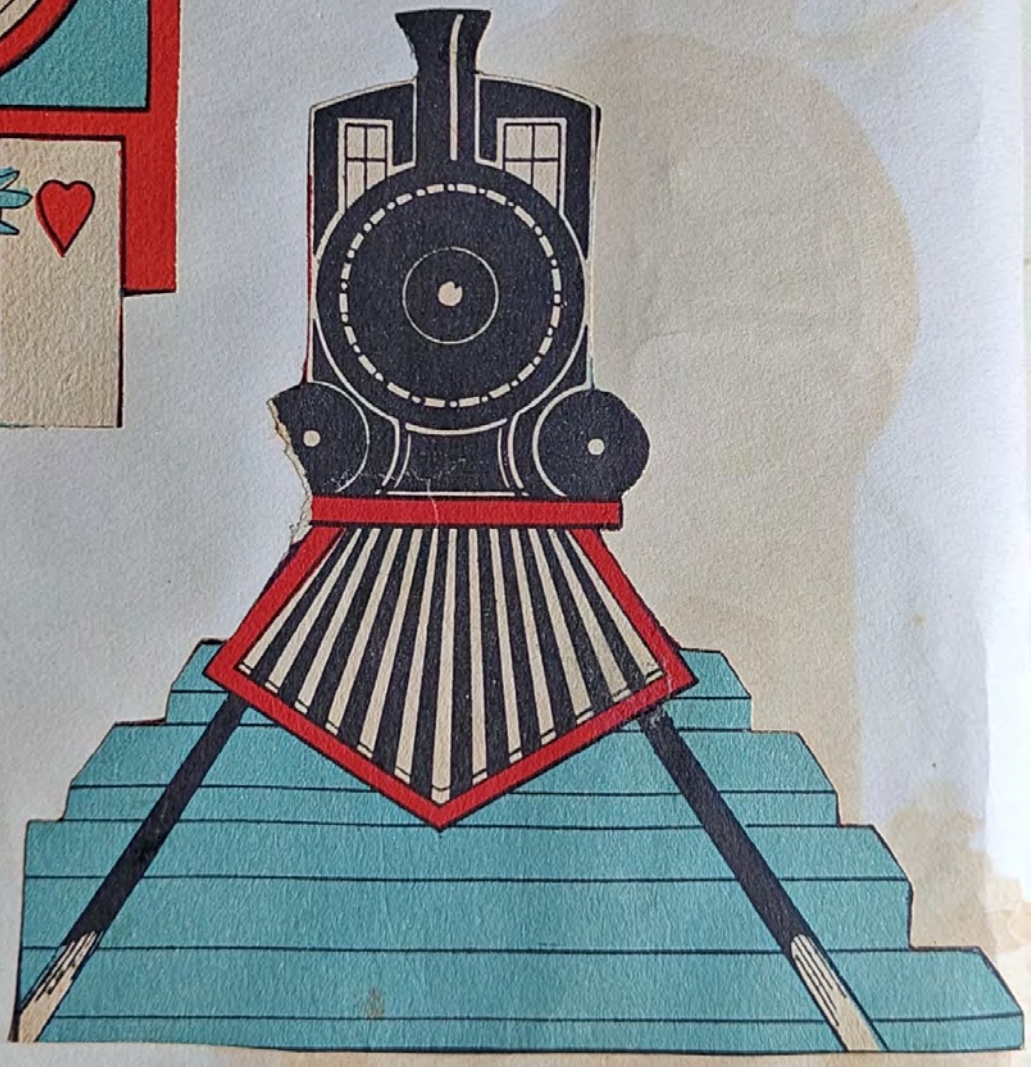



BOBBY
By Kathleen Dougan


Your
Page!







"BETSY ROSS," 1777—


November 1929


No 950 Unit Cell
EVEREADY
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
FLASHLIGHT
BATTERY
NATIONAL CARBON CO. Inc.
UNIT OF
UNION CARBIDE and CARBON CORP.
MADE IN U.S.A.


CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC
BLEND


SLEEPS
SUCKS THUMB


Prize
Jack Flandell
Age 12

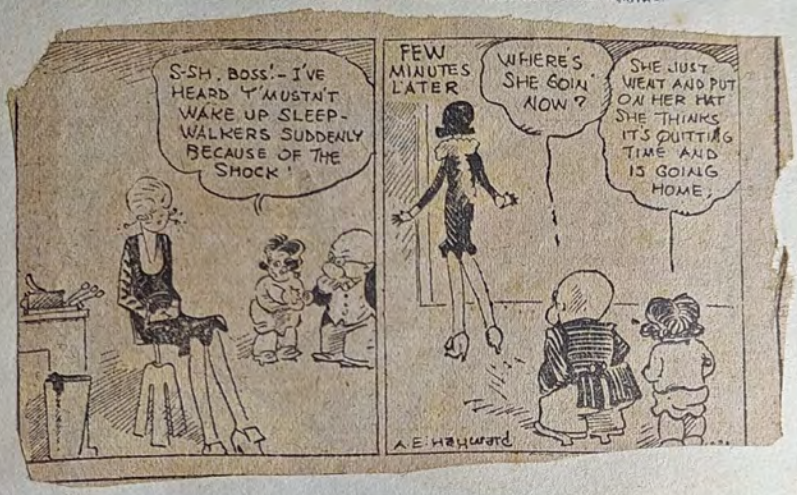

By Pepeen VanNieda Age 9
Circus Pals


HORSEBACK RIDING
Prize
RUTHE WILSON
AGE 11


By
Patricia
Spencer
Age 9 years.
Cubby
Bear


Miriam Lee
Age 12

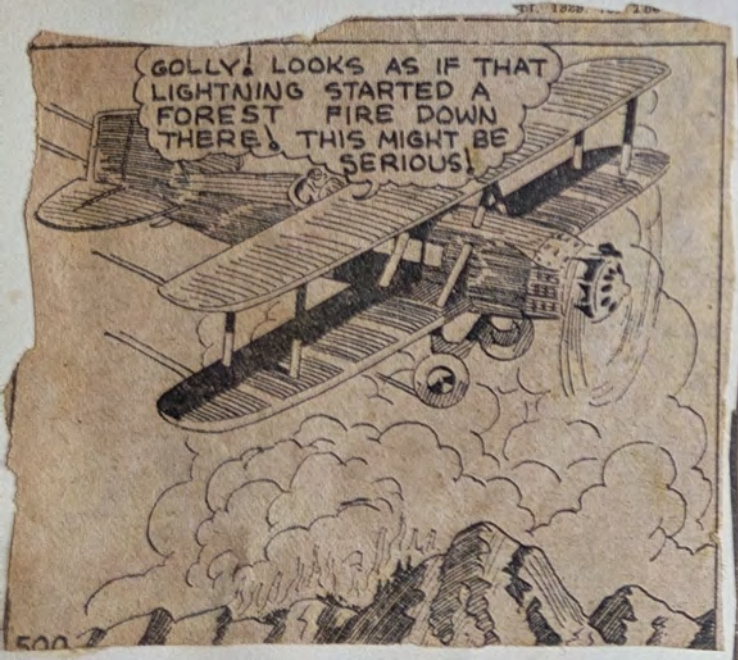

"SAY, BIG BOY—IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT. HAVEN'T YOU UNMASKED?"
"WHY—ER—AH—BUT I HAVE!"

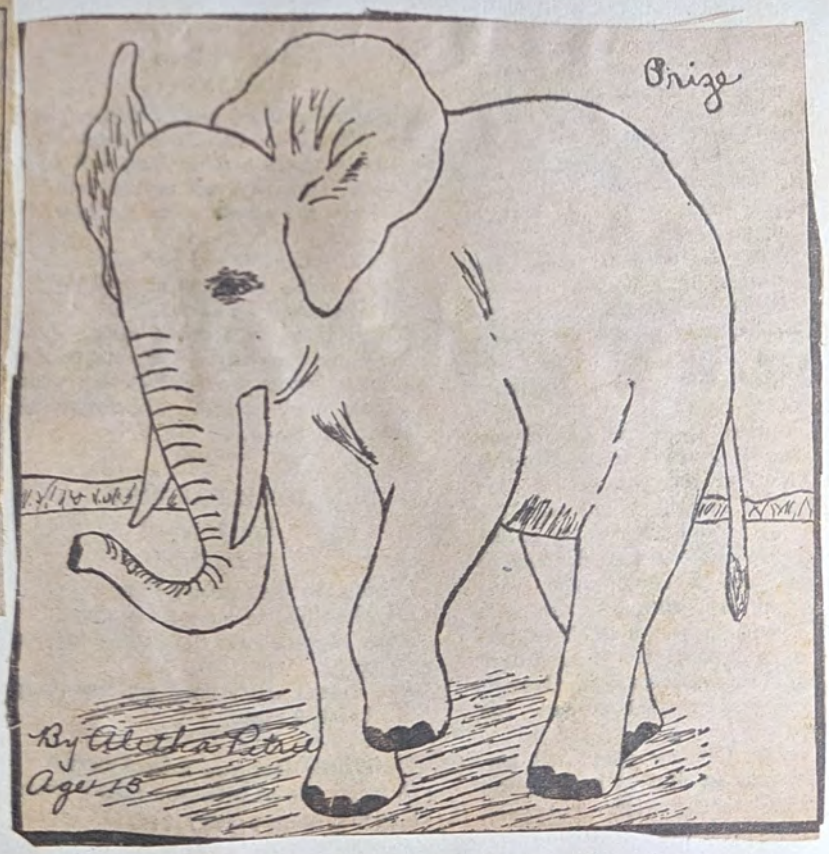




Bear Tales
COOKED READY TO SERVE
HEINZ
COOKED
SPAGHETTI
IN TOMATO SAUCE
WITH CHEESE
HEINZ
57
H. J. HEINZ CO.
PITTSBURGH


PALMOLIVE


GOLLY! LOOKS AS IF THAT LIGHTNING STARTED A FOREST FIRE DOWN THERE! THIS MIGHT BE SERIOUS!


Prize
By Alecia Petri
Age 16


Christmas
Greetings
Bobby From Frankie 1930


CHRISTMAS
GREETINGS

POST CARD

MADE IN U.S.A.

FOR CORRESPONDENCE

FOR ADDRESS ONLY

From Frankie

Mr. Bobby Robert Creston Aldridge
232 first St
Watsonville
Calif.

1930

SERIES 734 D


Bobby from Uncle Charlie 1930.
A Little Drop in the Bucket for a MERRY CHRISTMAS
For You
Bobby from 1930 Uncle Charlie


Merry Christmas


Merry Christmas

Sept. 28th 1930

DEAR SANTA CLAUS

PLEASE BRING ME A HOOK

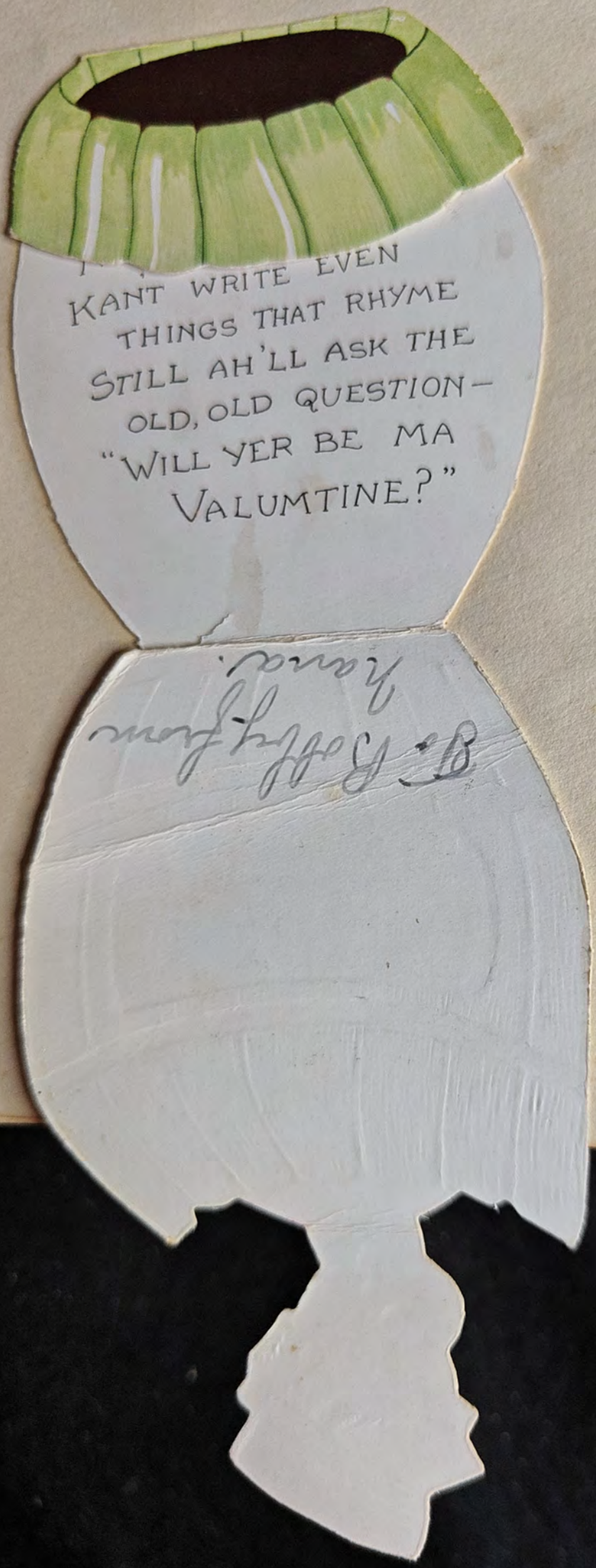
AND LADDER SO I CAN RIDE

IN IT. I AM A GOOD BOY AND

MIND MY MAMA AND NANA.



To Bobby Boy from Mother and Daddy Feb. 14, 1931.


KANT WRITE EVEN
THINGS THAT RHYME
STILL AH'LL ASK THE
OLD, OLD QUESTION—
"WILL YER BE MA
VALUMTINE?"
B. Boffington
Jones.

Bobby Aldridge
Nov. 18, 1936

Traced
From
one below

Bobby aldridge
Nov 17, 1936
Freehand

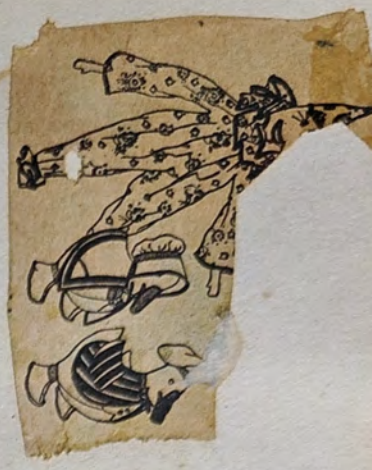

To One
ove


TO ONE I LOVE


I'D BE
A "HANDY"
MAN FOR
YOUR VALENTINE


Upon the foe
I simply swoop
And do the same
With Campbell's Soup!


Campbell's
SOUPS
Oh boy, just see
My manly muscle!
Eat Campbell's Soup
For vim and hustle!




He's a Good E
C8808
ovely play pillow, or better


Like Campbell's Soup
I stop the show
And give to all
A happy glow!


WE WON'T
HAVE TO WANT
FOR "BONES"
MY
VALENTINE


FIDO'N'T
YOU
BE MY
VALENTINE
?


I'LL BE
MELON-CHOLLY

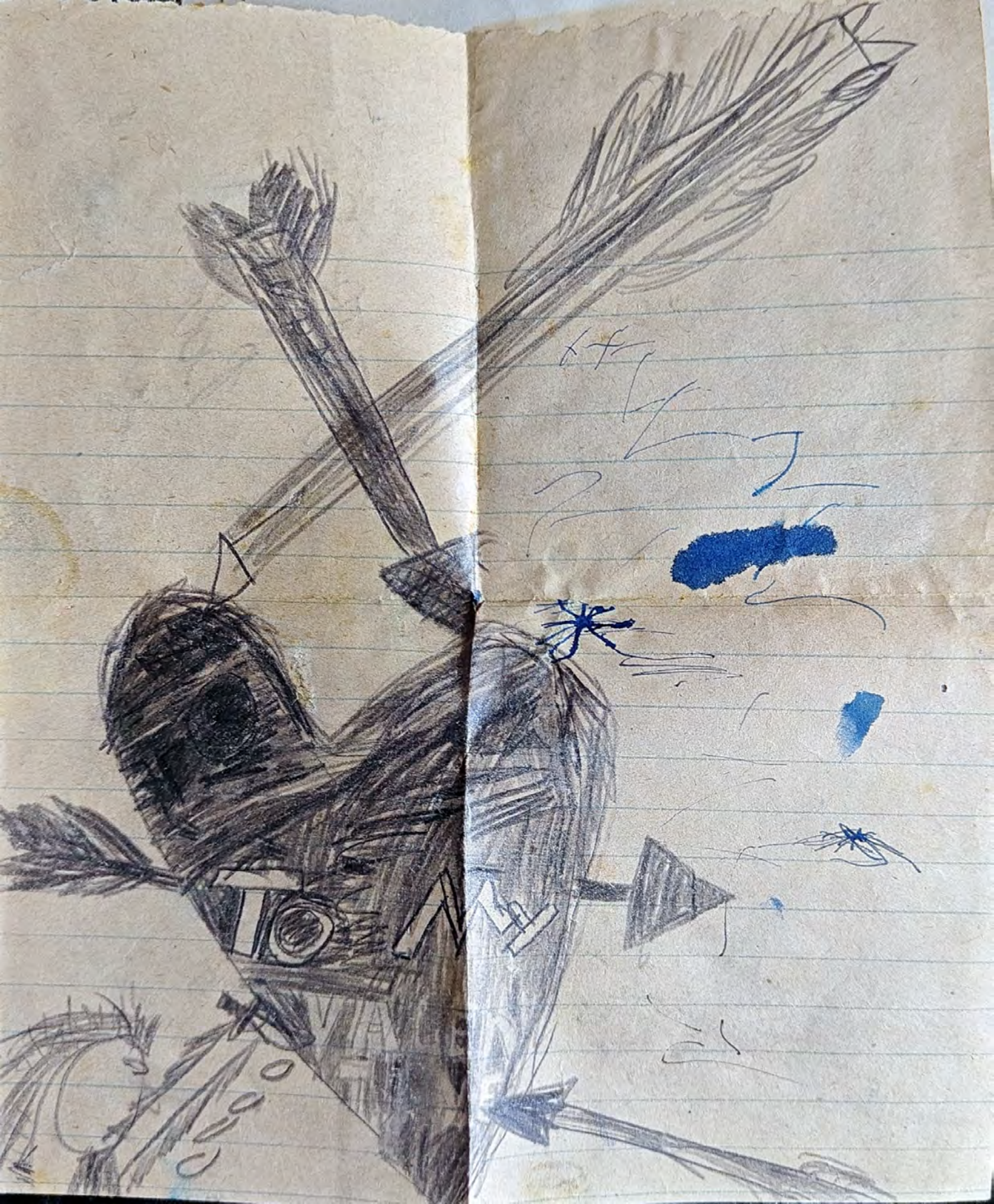
To Bobby
from
Jimmy
Wishford

I'm not your Valentine, but gee!
The whole world knows
I want to be

IF YOU WON'T
BE MY
VALENTINE

MOTHER FROM
Bobby

from
Barbara
to
Bobby.
B.




Merry Christmas
May your windows be open
Your doors flung wide
And the gladness of Christmas
Roll in full-tide


To you
may Christmas with its cheer
bring happiness for all the year
First Christmas card from Great
Grandma & Great Grandpa Watson
of Bellemont Arizona.

# MEMORY OF MRS. MINTIE WHITE HONORED WITH SCHOOL PROGRAM

Boys and girls of the Mintie White school yesterday presented an impressive assembly program in memory of Mrs. Mintie White, in whose honor the school was named. In remembrance of Mrs. White's love of trees the theme of conservation was used on the occasion, which was Mintie White school day.

The following program was given under the direction of the teachers:

Flag salute, Leland Glaze; Tribute to Mrs. White's memory, Barbara Knudsen; dedication of conservation program, Vernon Ackerman; play, "The Dryad and the Oak," Adelaide Taylor, Geraldine Wishard, Marjorie Rhoades, Margaret Ann King, Betty Griffith, Norma Lamson, Margaret Diehl, Jack Dahl, Jack Nelson, Millard Weddell, Bruce Zobel, Marion Tierney, Audrey Brinkworth, Margaret Burwash, Fred Koepke.

"Trees," Saxon Anson; "Save the Wild Flowers," Geraldine Hughes; "Planting Trees," Jack Cochrane, Billie Paulsen, Thomas Doody, Henry Schaudra, Robert Folendorf.

"Young George Washington," play, Roy Slater, Harold Mangan, Leonard Dunn, Idazelle Gross, Raymona Bettencourt, Frank Gonzales, Milton Davis, Robert Litchfield Doris Williams, Louise Graham, Johnson Chinn, Robert Brooks, Donald De Wald, Betty Tipton.

A conservation skit, "Broadcasting National Parks", Jean Torres, Loren Angell, Richard Crabb, Floyd Mills, Dorothy Wong, John Bobeda, Hazel Wong, Thomas Ford, Emily Rico, Gordon Dennig, Nellie Hunsucker, Bill Kellogg, Helen Foster, Fred Larsen, Yasuko Oda, Clayton May, Jeanette Shoemaker, Pat Stripp, Barbara Maddox, John Sayers.

Violin solo, "Classmates" Luke Bachan and Jean Torres.

Selections by school orchestra, "Four-H Club March", Glenn Lawrence; "By the Brook," E. De Lamater; "Dance of the Gnomes," Louis Norman.

Piano, Aileen Dyche, Doris Martinelli, Mandolins, Adelaide Taylor, Arthus Dias; flutes, Bruce Zobel, George Tolman.

Violins, Geraldine Wishard, Luke Bachan, Thomas Doody, Billie Coy, Jack Brink, Ruth Irish, Jack McGirk.

Clarinets, Millard Weddell, Betty Mae Herrick, Margaret Burwash, George Oliverius.

Trumpets, Jack Nelson, Vernon Ackerman.

Drums, Jack Manerly.

## Memory Honored

March 18, 1952

Mrs. Mintie White, after whom the beautiful Mintie White school in this city was named, who was honored with a program yesterday by pupils of the school.


If your Easter
is as happy as
I hope it will be,
you'll have a lot
of things to crow
about.



Happy birthday

Bobby - old boy -

from

Charlie

Master. Robert C. Aldridge
232 First St.
Watsonville
California

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
to "OUR BOY"

Get rich if you can
Or seek fame if you will,
Whatever the man
You're "Our Boy" to us still.

And good luck always, Old Timer
from Mama and Ted.

April-15-30.

rocking horse
baby cup.
3 pairs
1 " rompers
7 baskets easter eggs.
2 toy bunnies
stuffed rabbit
mama doll

Nov. 10-29


VOL. L NOVEMBER 10, 1929 No. 45

## The Patience Plant

BY ELEANOR HAMMOND

Terry was terribly tired of staying indoors. And even when he went out, he couldn't leave his own yard. The worst of it was he wasn't sick a bit himself. It was Bob and Tiny who had the scarlet fever.

"Just be patient!" Mother told him wearily. "They'll be well after a while and then you can all play with the other children again. But you wouldn't want to give the fever to other little boys and girls by going out to play with them now!"

Terry tried to amuse himself alone inside the fence. He raked up the dry leaves on the lawn which was a help to Daddy and made a splendid rustly pile for Terry and Patch, the black and white puppy, to play in. He gathered red and yellow and brown leaves and pressed them between the pages of the big dictionary. He gathered the last marigolds and chrysanthemums and made bouquets for Mother's table and for the bureau in Tiny and Bob's sick room.


But then it began to rain and Terry couldn't go out. He was tired of all his toys and you can't play many games all alone.

One day Aunt Mabel called up on the telephone and talked to Terry. Usually she talked to Mother, but that afternoon Mother asked Terry to answer the telephone because she was so tired taking care of Tiny and Bob.

"How are you, Terry?" Aunt Mabel asked kindly.

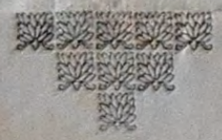
One of Bobby's First Sunday School Papers.

# NURSERY STORIES
## RHYMES AND SONGS

NUMBER 36

## PLANS FOR THE MOTHER DURING THE WEEK

Help the child to look for all the ways that water helps to make us well and happy; the rain for the flowers and vegetables, the water for us to drink, the pleasant lakes and rivers. As he observes these things in the course of his daily life, help him to express his pleasure in them and his gratitude.





## WATER TO DRINK

Tommie was playing with a little boat. He had a big pan of water. Tommie pulled his boat round and round in the water. Then he poured some of the water into little cups.

Tommy wanted a drink. But the water in the cups was not very clean. Tommie's boat had been in it. Tommie's hands had been in it, too.

Tommie went into the house. He got a drink of clean water.

"I like to play with water, and I like to drink water," said Tommie.

"Water does many things for you," said Tommie's mother.

"Water gives you a nice cool drink."

"Water makes you feel clean and happy after a bath."

"Water makes your clothes clean."

"Water makes the grass and flowers clean and gives them a drink, too."

"The heavenly Father sends us water in tiny raindrops."

Just then Splash! a drop of rain came on the windowpane.

Sunday School
Papers and Drawings.

Biblical material.—Ephesians 6:1-6; Colossians 3:20-25; Hebrews 13:17.

BEGINNERS LESSON STORIES

Vol. 20. No. 3

April, May, June, 1930

Published quarterly by Christian Board of Publication, Beaumont and Pine Streets, St. Louis, Mo.
Marion Stevenson, Editor-in-Chief, Church School Literature; Hazel A. Lewis, Elementary Editor.
Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Missouri, under the Act of October 3, 1917, authorized
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July 3, 1918. Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.



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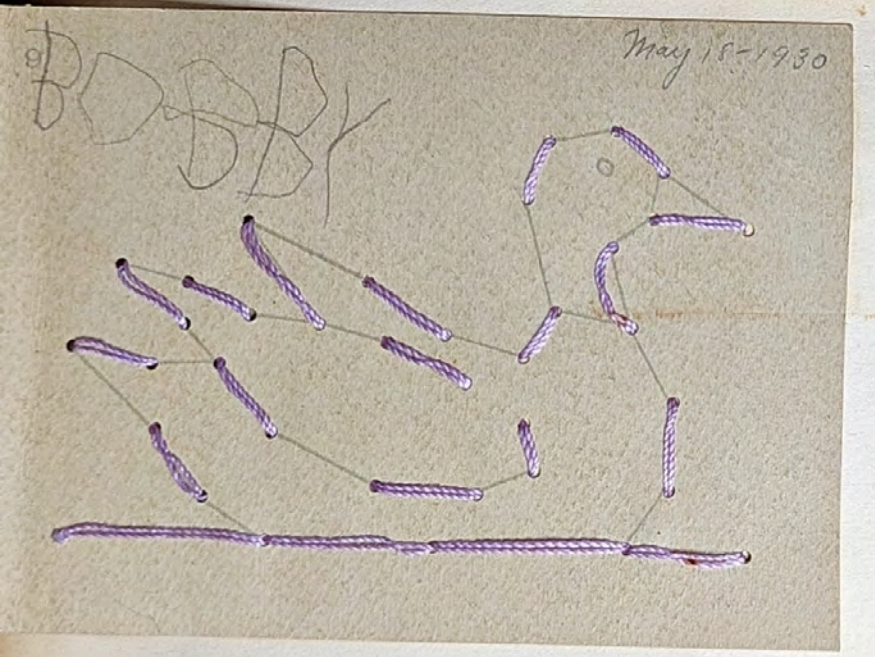
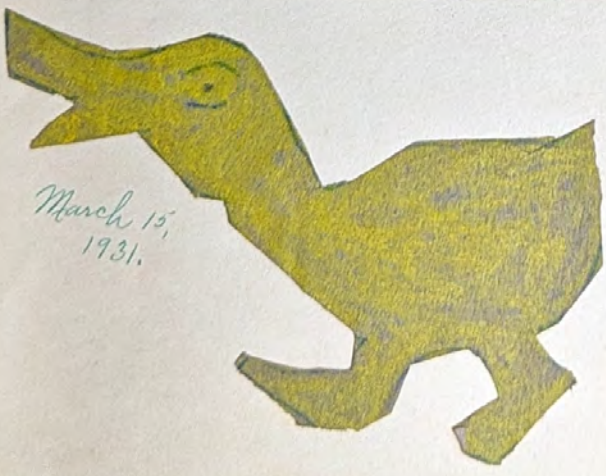



Mar 13, 1930

Dear Robert.

We have missed you at Sunday School lately hope you haven't been sick and that you can come again. Hope to see you next Sunday

Mrs Lab. Hokabout



Bobby.

# Beginners Lesson Stories

by Muriel White and Margaret M. Clemens

Year One, Lesson 33

April, May, June – 1930

—Troth.

# Bobbie Goes to Kindergarten

BOBBIE'S mother brought him to the kindergarten that first morning. "This is Bobbie," said mother to Miss Mary, the teacher. "I know Bobbie will be happy here. I am sure he will obey you and give you no trouble."

"I am sure, too," said Miss Mary, smiling.

Bobbie liked Miss Mary at once. She was almost as pretty as mother. He liked the looks of the other children, and he thought it would be fun to play with them. But just now he felt a little strange. He wished mother did not have to go.

"Do you have to go home?" he whispered to her.

"Yes, dear," said mother. "You know I must go back to baby sister. You are mother's big boy now, and I know you are going to have a happy time here." Mother kissed him. Then she leaned over and whispered in his ear, "You will mind Miss Mary, and help her all you can, won't you, Bobbie?"

Bobbie nodded. "I'll try," he said. He thought he could mind, but he did not know exactly how he could help.

In another minute mother was gone. But before Bobbie could get very lonesome Miss Mary had his hand and was leading him over to a big box of blocks. Such wonderful blocks! Bobbie had blocks at home, but they were not nearly so large as these.

"Would you like to make something with the blocks, Bobbie?" asked Miss Mary.

"Yes," said Bobbie. "I want to build a house."

For a long time Bobbie worked. It was fun to build a house with these blocks. He did not pay much attention to the other children, though he smiled at Betty Jean when she stopped and said, "That's a nice house."

After a while Bobbie heard the piano playing. He looked up. Miss Mary was sitting near the piano. All the other children were leaving their work and going over to her. They sat in their little chairs in front of her. "Come on, Bobbie," said Miss Mary. "The piano is telling us all to come over here."

Bobbie did not want to go. His house was not quite finished. He wanted to keep on playing with those big blocks. Then he remembered what mother whispered in his ear. "You will mind Miss Mary, and help her all you can, won't you, Bobbie?"

So Bobbie left his blocks and went over with the other children. Billy found a chair for him.



Soon Bobbie was very glad he had come. For Miss Mary talked to them and they talked to her. They sang several songs They played some games. Miss Mary told them a story about the gingerbread man. Bobbie knew it, but it was fun to hear it again.

"I want to draw a picture of the gingerbread boy," said Billy.

"So do I," said Betty Jean.

"That would be nice," said Miss Mary. "Would you all like to make pictures about the story?"

"I want to finish my house first," said Bobbie.

So Bobbie went back to finish his house. Soon it was done, so he went to Miss Mary.

"My house is finished," he said. "May I draw a picture now?"

Miss Mary came to look at the house. "It is a fine house," she said. "You are a very good carpenter. And now will you put the blocks back in their box, please, and then you may make a picture."

Bobbie did not want to take his house apart. He thought it would be a great deal of trouble to put the blocks away. So he looked at Miss Mary and said, "I don't want to. Do I have to do it?"

"You see, Bobbie, it's this way," explained Miss Mary, just as if Bobbie were quite grown-up. "If each child did not put his things away we would soon have the floor so cluttered up that we could not have a good time here at all. Besides, some other child might want to use the blocks. It would not be fair for you to keep them all the time."

Bobbie saw. Besides, he remembered what mother had whispered in his ear. "You will mind Miss Mary, and help her, won't you, Bobbie?"

So Bobbie went to work and began piling the blocks neatly in their box. Billy came to help him, and in almost no time they were done and Bobbie was drawing a picture of a fat brown gingerbread man.

He looked up when he finished, and there stood mother in the doorway smiling at him.

Bobbie ran to her. "I didn't know it was time for you," he said. "I like kindergarten and I want to come tomorrow. See my gingerbread man."

"Bobbie has been a real help," said Miss Mary to mother.

Biblical material.—Ephesians 6:1-6; Colossians 3:20-25; Hebrews 13:17.

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BEGINNERS LESSON STORIES

*April, May, June, 1930* *Vol. 20. No. 3*

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Marion Stevenson, Editor-in-Chief, Church School Literature; Hazel A. Lewis, Elementary Editor.

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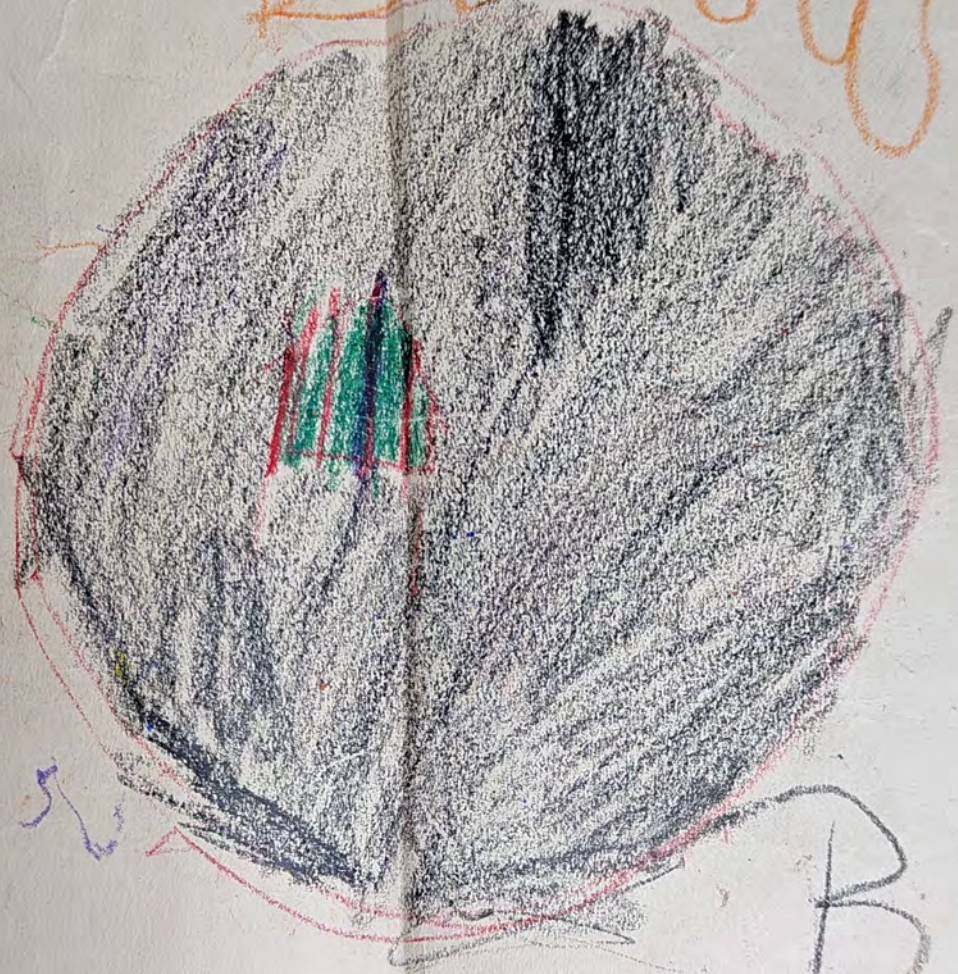
BLS33-4

Sunday School - 1931.

Sunday School - 1931

t day
chool
-1952

# Bobby



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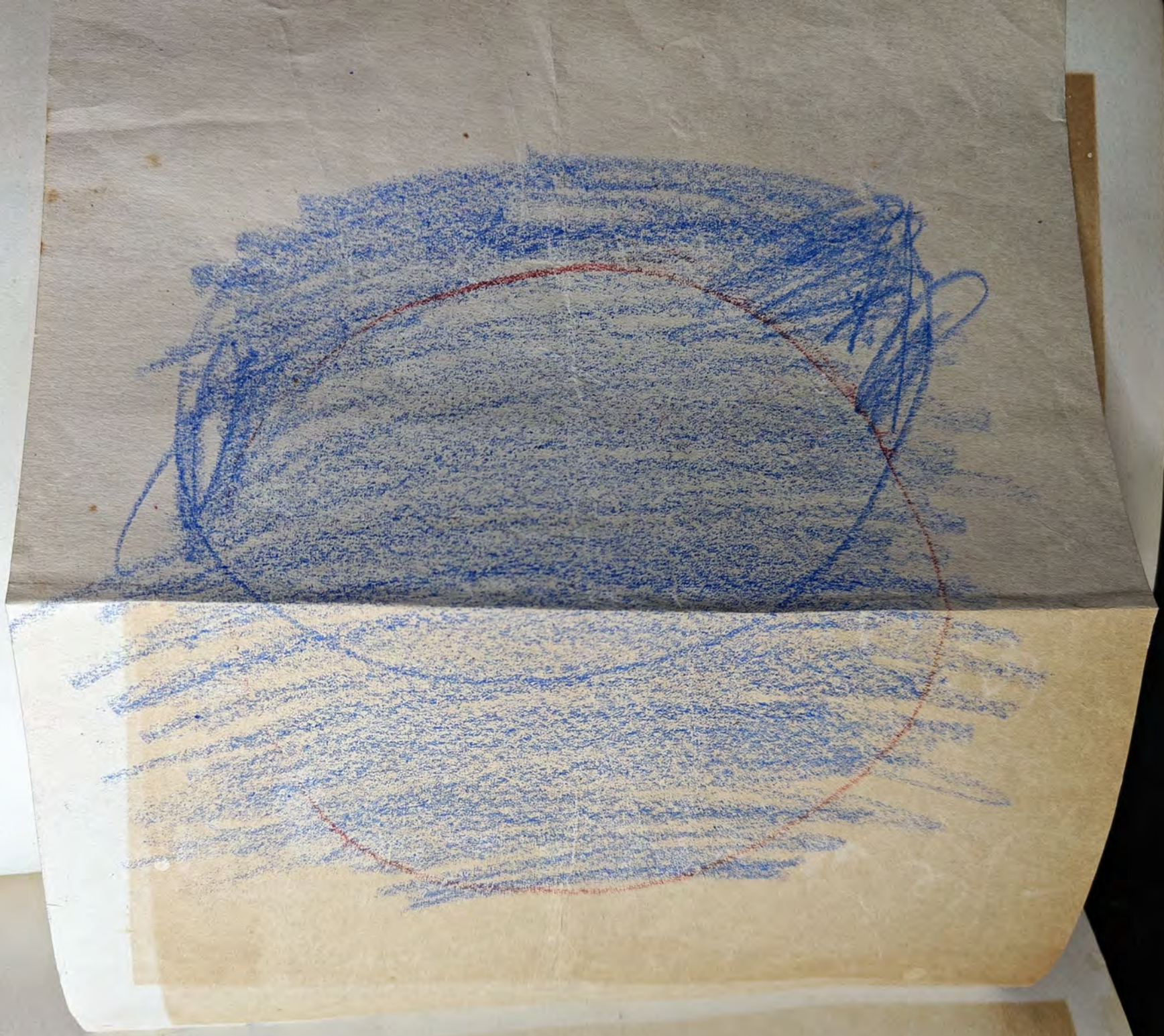


First day at School
Feb. 1 - 1952.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8

ગુજરાતી ગણિત

2nd day at School - Feb. 2 - 1932.

13

baby
baby
baby
baby
baby
baby
baby

mamma
mamma

mamma
mamma
mamma
mamma
mamma
mamma

ball
ball
ball
ball
ball
ball
ball

Feb. 4, 1932.

115

216

317

418

519

620

10

11

12

13

14

| | |
|---|---|
| 12 | 2 |
| 13 | 3 |
| 14 | 4 |
| 15 | 5 |
| 16 | 6 |
| 17 | 7 |
| 18 | 8 |
| 19 | 10 |

Bobby
Feb. 8, 1932.

Place Card.

Pr. of Bobby's first garters.


Mr. Boehler gave this to Bobby
the Easter of 1929.


Bobby From Grandma Watson 1929

Pacific Grove
1930.

March 30 - 1930


From Holmans
Shoe Department
Pacific Grove
March 18-1930
CANTILEVER
CUBS
SHOES FOR
CHILDREN
Asilomar

BILLS PAYABLE WEEKLY IN ADVANCE

M r. C. S. Aldridge. for Master Bobbie.

**WATSONVILLE HOSPITAL** DR.

123 EAST THIRD STREET

WATSONVILLE, CALIFORNIA

DATE Jan., 29, 1928.

| | |
|---|---|
| Operating room Charge | $ 2.50 |
| Jan. 29 One day. | 5.00 |
| | $7.50 |

PHYSICIAN'S FEES NOT INCLUDED

RECEIVED PAYMENT

TELEPHONE 64

K. Long.

Bob's Hospital Bill when he drank poision

All accounts due when services are rendered. Itemized statement furnished if desired.

WATSONVILLE, CALIF. Nov 8 1926

M C. Aldridge

IN ACCOUNT WITH

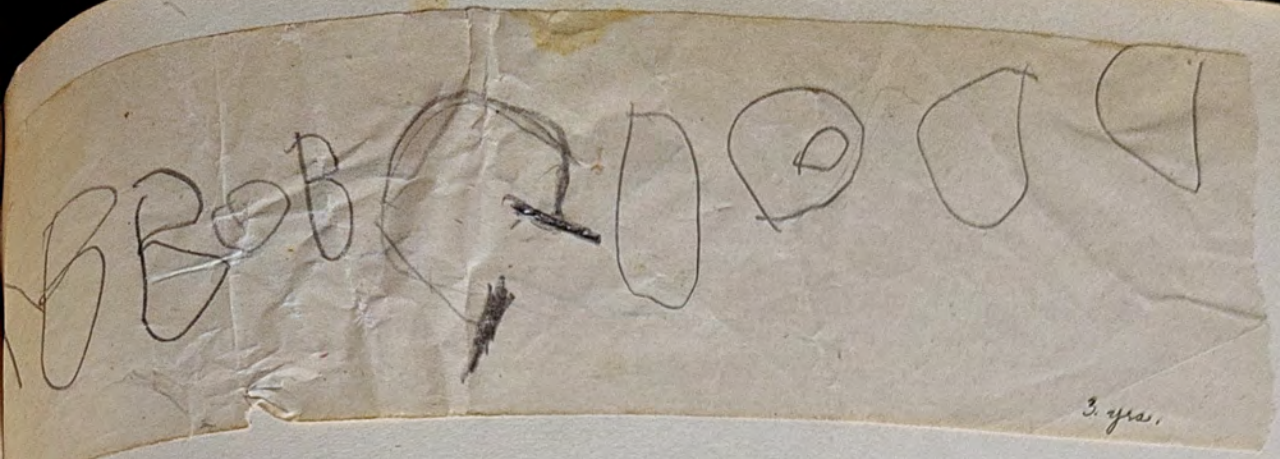
DR. F. H. KOEPKE

J. T. PORTER BUILDING

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| To balance as per last statement | | |
| To professional services from ..... 192..., to ..... 192 | | |
| Total | 45 | 00 |
| Credit | 15 | 00 |
| Balance due | 30 | 00 |

Received payment

Bill when Bob was born.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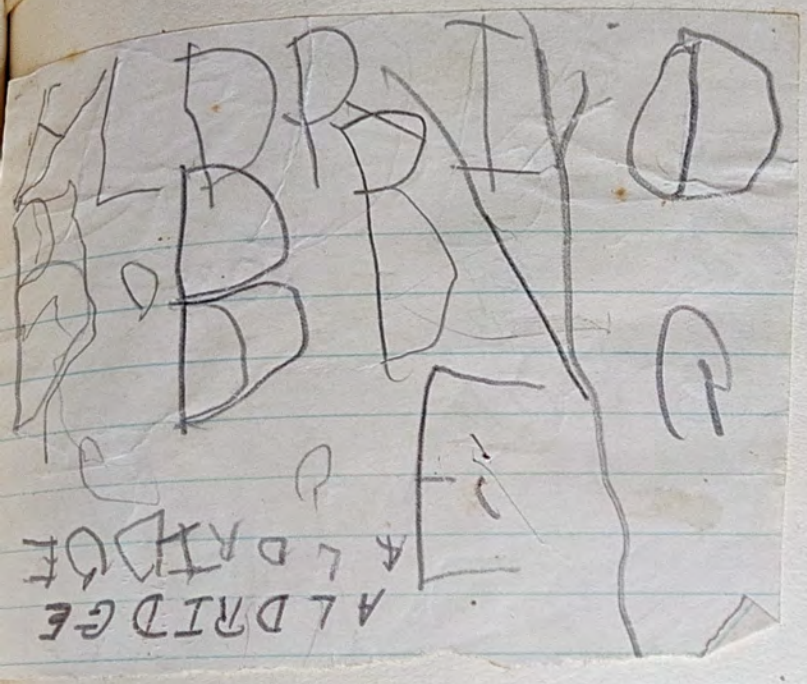
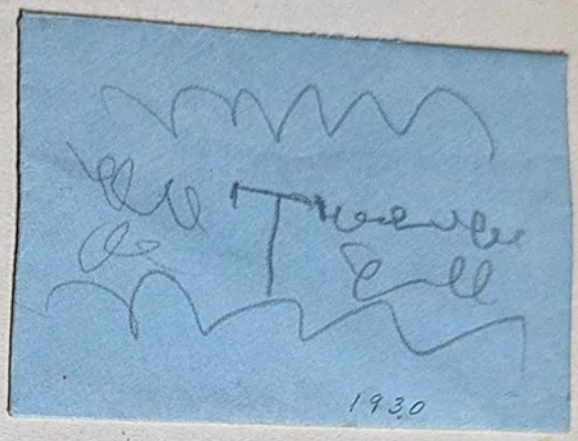

ALDRIDGE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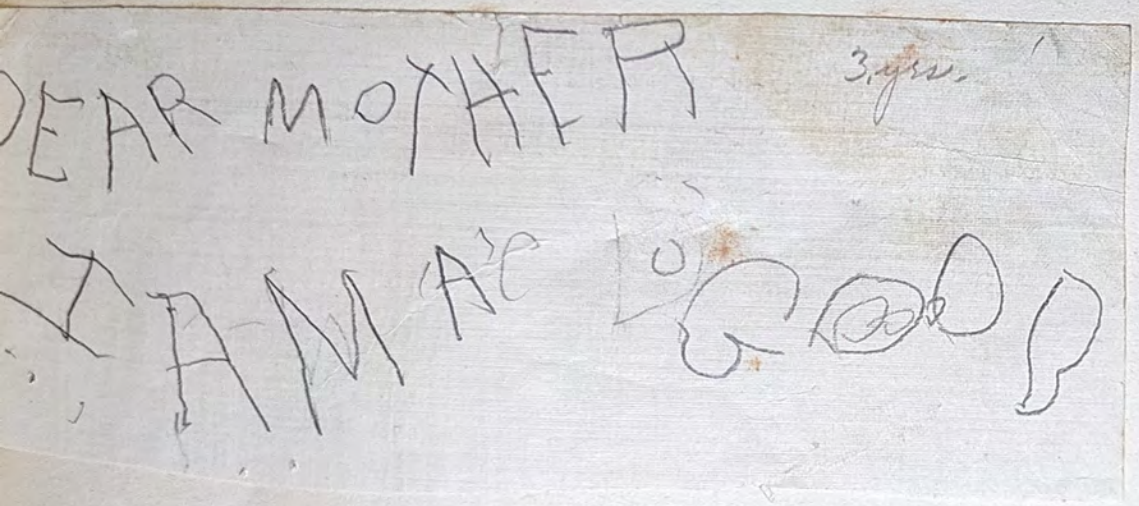
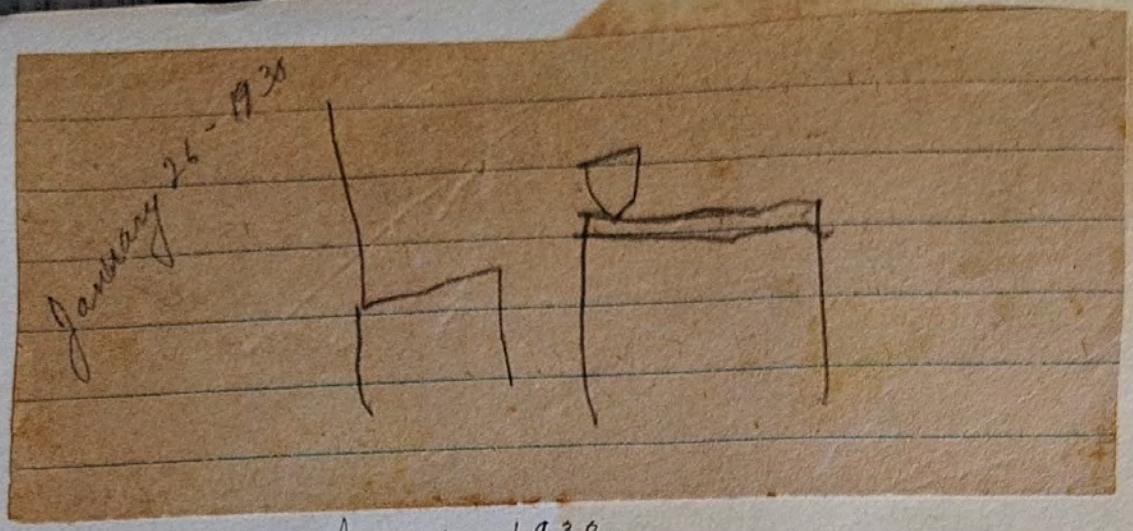
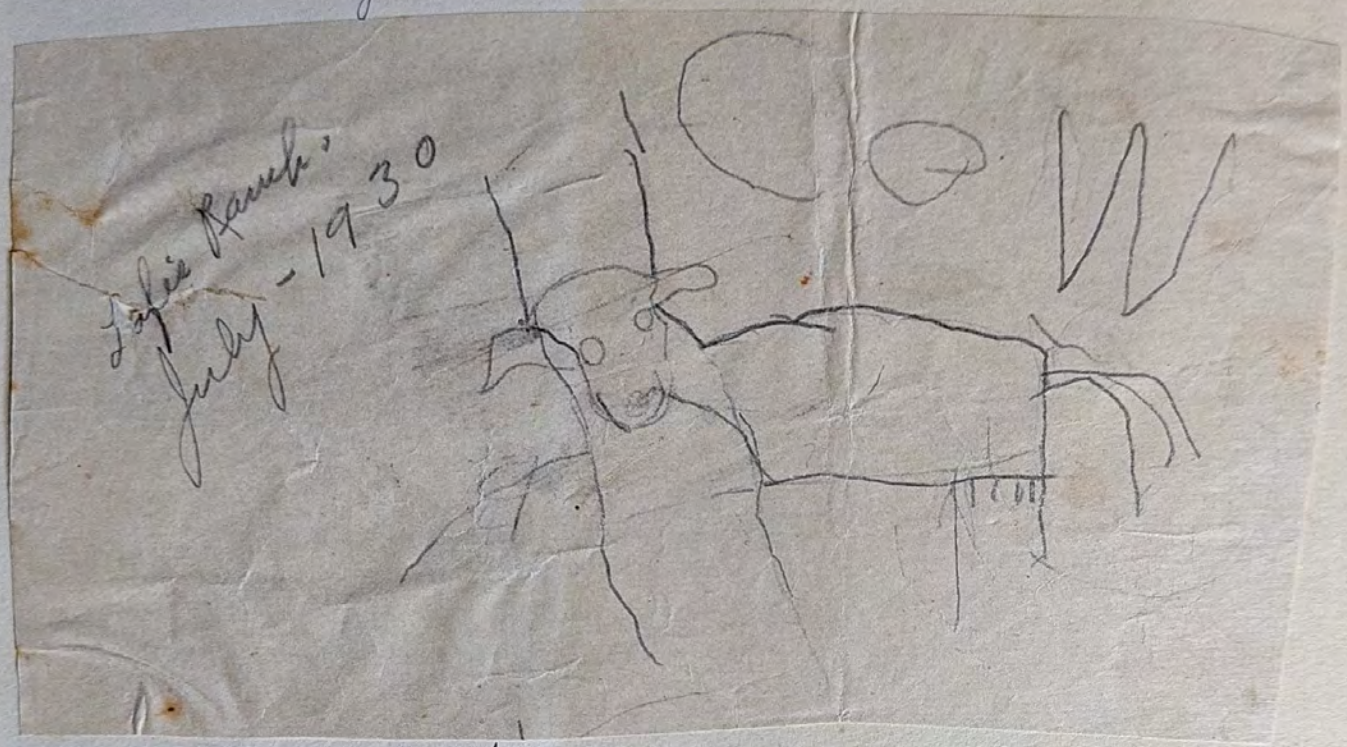

DEAR MOTHER
I AM A GOOD
3. yrs.




Jan. 26, 1930

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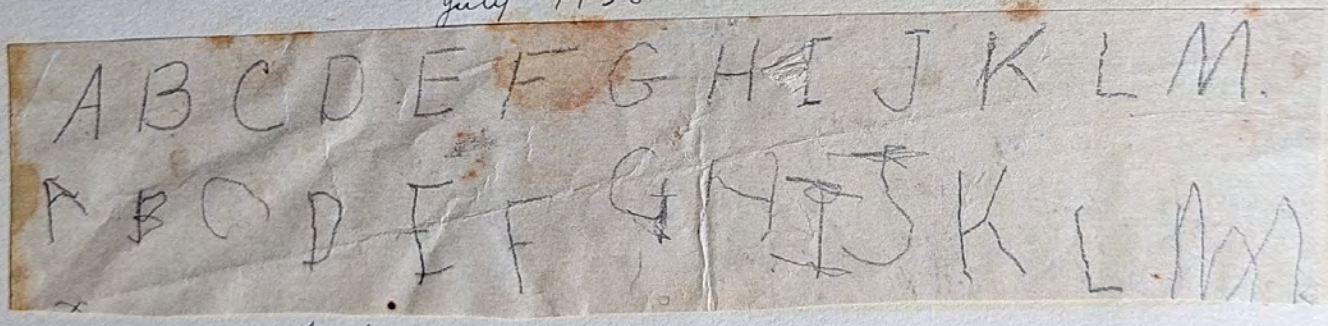
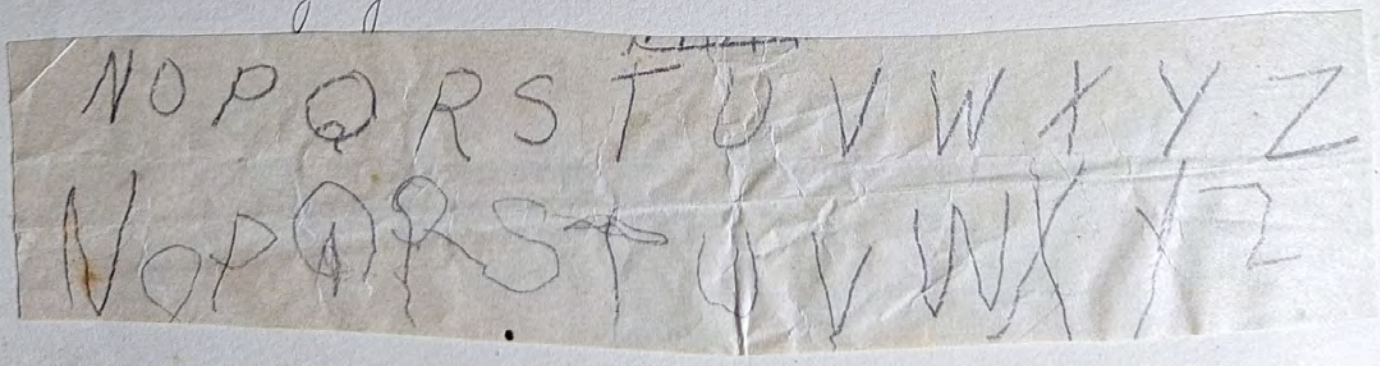



July - 1930



Out of the pan,
Into the fire,
Bursting and bouncing,
Higher and higher.

White as new snow,
Yellow as gold,
You better be quick,
Until it is cold.

Hip Hop,
Pip Pop,
Zip Zop,
Pop Corn.

Aunt Marjorie taught Bobby this verse. 1929

BOBBY

BAD BAT

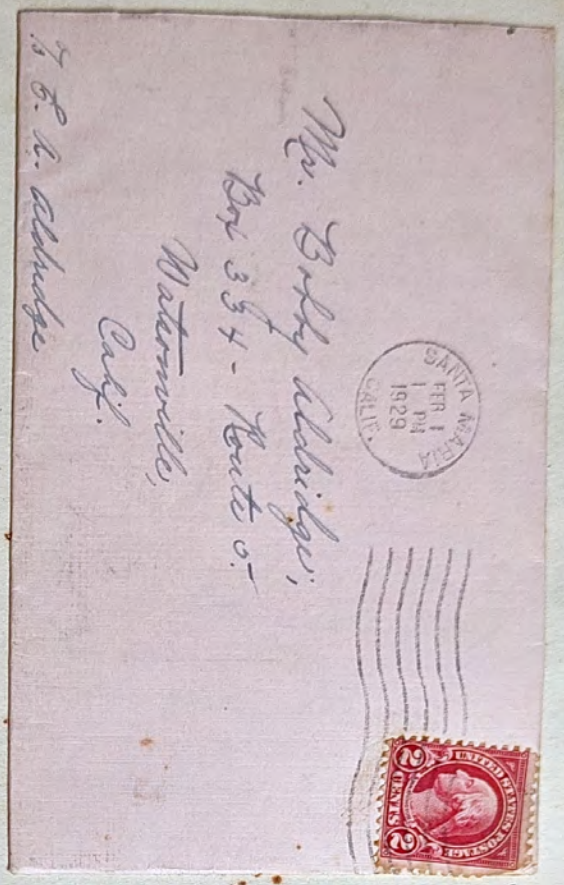
BAB

1930.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| AT | AT | NAT |
| BIAT | BAT | PAT |
| CAT | C | RAT |
| FAT | | SAT |
| HAT | | TAT |
| MAT | | THAT |

From Daddy to Bobby July 14, 1928

Daddy from Mother July 18, 1928




First Letter Bub Received from Mother.
Feb. 1, 1929.

Daddy from
Bobby. July 15, 1928

Letter Nana received when mother was born.

Dearest Nana are sad but much
Love Bunny Bunnie
Auntie Jin & Ethan
Mindest regards to you and the Ethan and
Ina Ethan from Hill

Home

Dear Little Son –

How is Daddy's little man, be a good little man and take good care of little Mother.

Daddy got your dogs, "Ralf" last nite, and your wheel barrow & wagon & Reddy Kar is all, all right.

Well son, I will close now, tell Nana to hurry and get well

With love from your Daddy

From Daddy to Bobby July 14, 1928

Wrote to daddy July 1st 1928 while in Frisco at Mrs. Reece's.

P.S.-

I wanted to tell you about little Bobby saying his prayer. He puts one little hand up and says what I tell him to and then when he gets all through he says "You like to do same, Grace." This is his sweet little words and he prays for Mother, daddy, Grandma, Grandpa, James, Lloyd, Spud, Anna Belle, Marjorie, Frankie, Fred, + Grandma + Grandpa Hicks and himself. Yes he is sweet.

July 15 - 1938 - Friday

Dear daddy:

How are you. I am fine. Mama is helping me write. I am a bad boy I did wrong in my pants.

Love and Kisses from

Betty

Jamesburg. Jan 26. 1906.

My dear Friend

I received a postal from your sister Bertha, announcing the birth of Miss Olsen on the 15th. How glad I am you are over the worst and I hope you are on the road of improvement long before this reaches you. I am most anxious to hear all about your little daughter, what you intend calling her etc. You must take extra good care of yourself, dear girl, and follow your Mothers advice as a 'new Mama' can't be too careful. I dont intend this for a long letter as you must rest and not be bothered, still if I was near you I would want to see you and baby sometimes. You and the proud Papa must accept our heartiest congratulations may your darling live to be a good pure woman and be a comfort and joy to you both is my sincerest wish, and if she follows her Mamas footsteps I guess she wont miss my wish.

Well I will close wishing you all the joy in this world, with your new found Love,

I remain with love and best wishes

Your Sincere Friend

Audrey M. Church.

Kindest regards to you and Mr. Oksen and Miss Oksen from Will.

Santa Maria, Calif.
Feb. 1, 1929.

My little Sonny Boy:

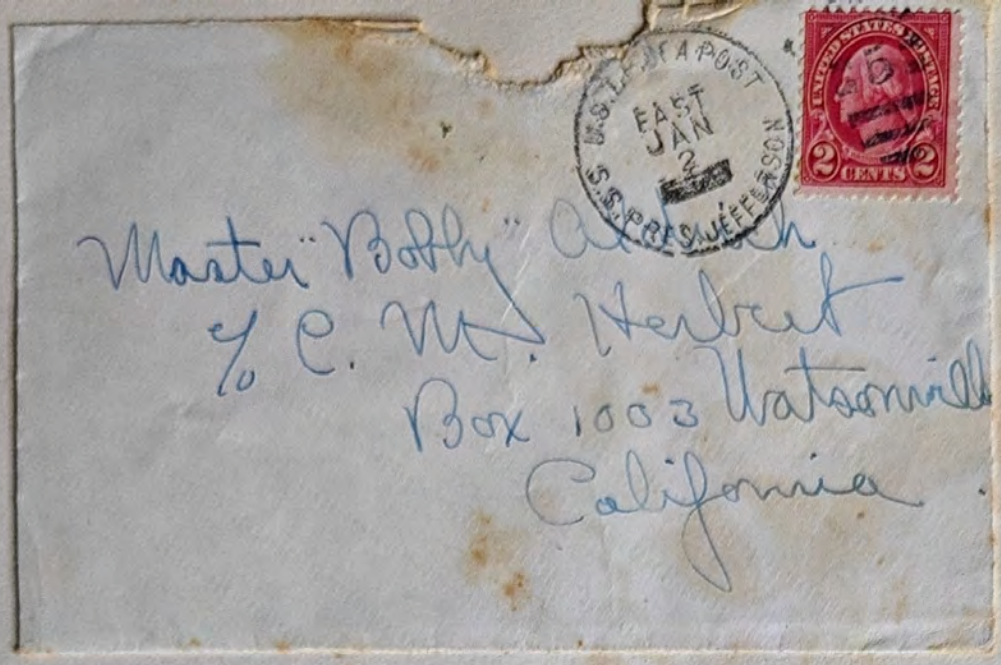
Well, darling, are you
good boy for grandma
and grandaddy? You must
mind them and don't get in
mischief.

Mother and Kathryn got here
without any trouble at all
and are having a fine time.
Mother bought her little
two cute little sun suits
San Louis Obispo and also
two pair of socks. She will
bring them home with her
when she comes.

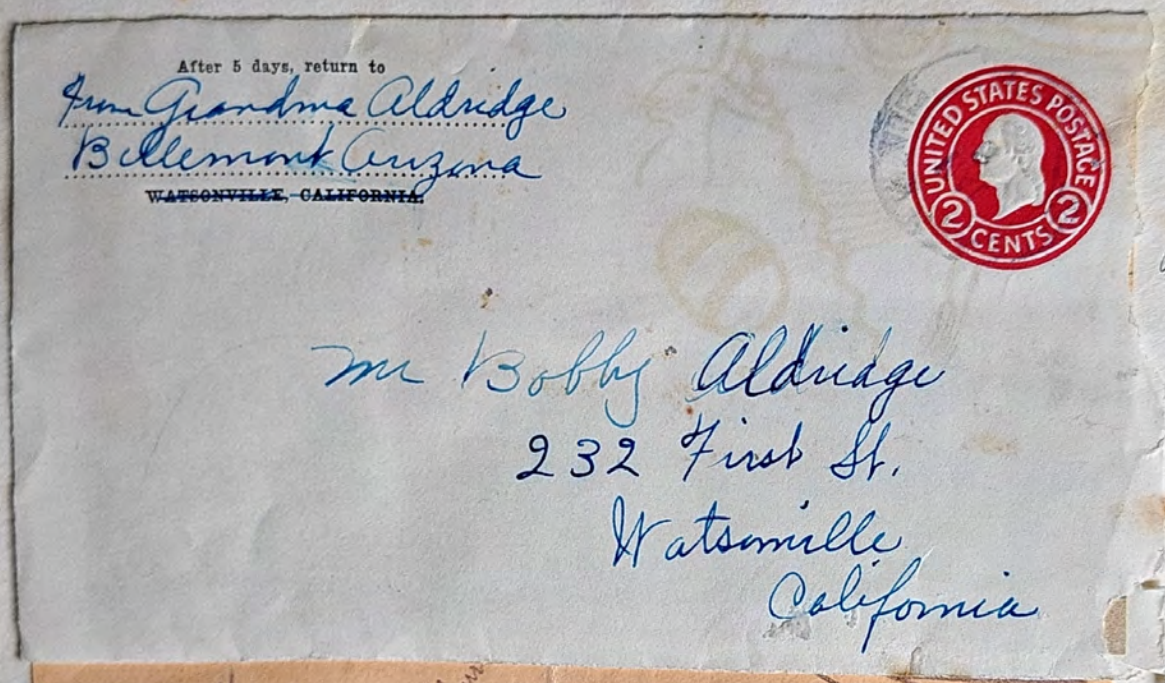
You have uncle Marjorie

le Frankie hold you
and write mother a
can you, little sweetheart
misses her little man
but a week will so
, then Nana wants to
p and visit Grandma
grandaddy.
ell, honey boy, be a re
od boy and give gran
grandaddy my love an
ls keep a lot for you
Love and kisses from
"itle honey" - Mother.

I guess this is the f
that Mother has ever
t her Sonny Boy.
X X X X Tell grandma m
write to her soon




Jan. 2, 1931




Jan. 5, 1931


This is how I am
Bobby while at the
hospital with Nana

July 16 - 1928 Sent this home to Waddy.

Bobby Abird,
I thank you
very much for
the perfume an
powder you
sent me. I
like it because
I can use it
when I play

My darling little Bobby;

Grandma was so glad to hear from you, and to see those sweet little words and marks that his little Bobby made. Grandma is so sorry he has a bad Cold I do hope you are better by now. That was the sweetest thing Grandma ever saw the way you addressed the letter to me. The man that bought it thought it was the sweetest thing he ever heard of. Mama looked at it and said what does this mean Grandma Aldridge, and of Course Grandma grabed it and said Oh that is from my baby

now you write a gain and
I know you can tell Grandma
about Ted and Irma next
time cant you? well Grandfa
Watson is so restless that I
must go to him. I will bath
him off a little before we
go to bed. we all go to bed
then we get up and watch
him. we keep a fire going all
night long. mama lays down
on the bed with him and I
lay on a cot in the dining
room. Sherman is still with
us, and will stay as long as
Grandfa is sick. well I must
go. so little B'by write again
with lots of love to little B'by
Daddy and mother from Grandma A.

Bellemont Ariz
Jan 5 1931

My dearling Children;
Just a line in answer to your so gladly received letter, it done me so much good to receive it, and dear little Bobbie's letter came today I was so over joyed with it I cried. I know he is the dearest little Child on this earth I do want to get a hold of him so bad. I am going to write him a letter all by his self. Oh Ma it is so sad to see dear old daddy suffer so hard and cant do a thing for him. the drs was out the other day, and told me

eldent live untill spring and do
for he soon passes on, becaus
e is suffering so hard and is se
week. oftimes he cannot talk
some. he likes that peppermint
Send you bought out to the ho
Christmas. I bought what was
in the little bag, and he la
it and it dont hurt him, I w
get him some more when th
is all gone. Grandma Watson
so pleased with the Christmas
you sent, she wears the a
all the time for her soul
is so worried, and it is su
to give Grandpa up, now d
dont worry about sending m
money now I want you t
that it is not much, I am
glad you got the oranges f
that dear little Bobby of you
I am glad you got home
I was tired and I am no
it get my head hurts me tonigh
I dont want to let m, to names sack wri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EUCLID CANDY COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA
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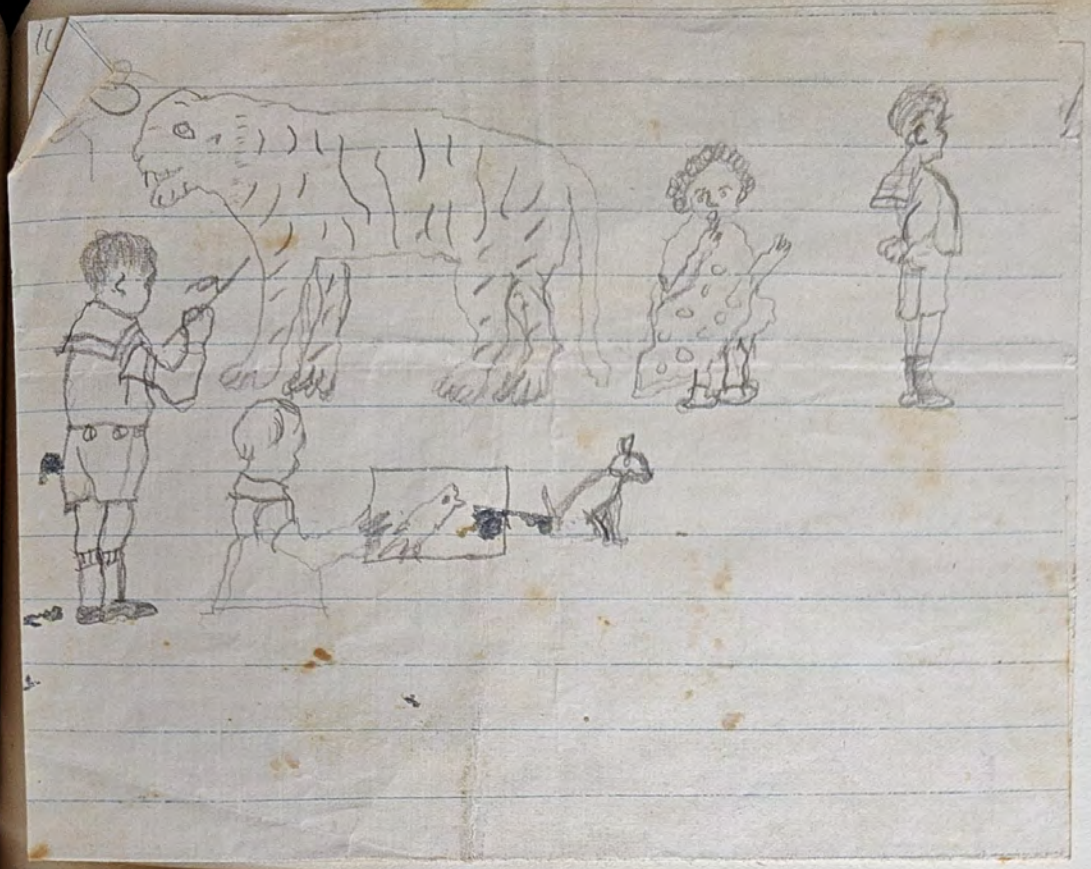


From Nana to Bobby Boy while she was at nurse's home in Sacramento 1928

Some poetry that Nana sent to Bob from Sacramento 1928.

Sunshine over me and you
Sunshine all day long.

Jane Ann Nelle in Sacramento – 1928

May the little feet find warmth within – and may they grow to be a blessing to their father and mother.

So the wish of
Your friend
Mrs. Switzer.

"I'm writing to Mother," Alice said,
"And I'm making some kisses big & round;
She'll hold them close to her lips, like this,
And make a sweet little kissing sound."

"Are kisses round?" little Mary asked,
"I'm sure they never felt so to me,
They feel like stars, Mother's do I know,
And I'd draw them this way - star shaped see!"

(Mother's Kisses.)

"Like stars? Oh, Mary how queer you are!
What funny thoughts you get in your head!"
"Alice it's true! Don't scoff so too,
When night comes and darkness spreads its shade,
And mother comes softly in - in the dark -
And we see a twinkle of something bright,
When she kisses us then, don't you feel as if
Her kisses were starlight fell out of the sky?"

Your friend
Mrs. Switzer.

What every wise child should know.

If I want to be happy,
and quick on my feet,
I must eat my food slowly
And breathe through my nose.

2.

I must press back my shoulders,
~~And hold up my head,~~
And not close my window
When going to bed.

3.

I must scrub my bath-flannel
And scrub all I know:
I must then take a towel
And rub till I glow.

4.

I must never be idle,
And loll in my chair;
Or shout like a demon,
And act like a bear.

5.

I must play and not fidget,
Read books and not flop;
Begin all with a purpose,
And know when to stop.

6.

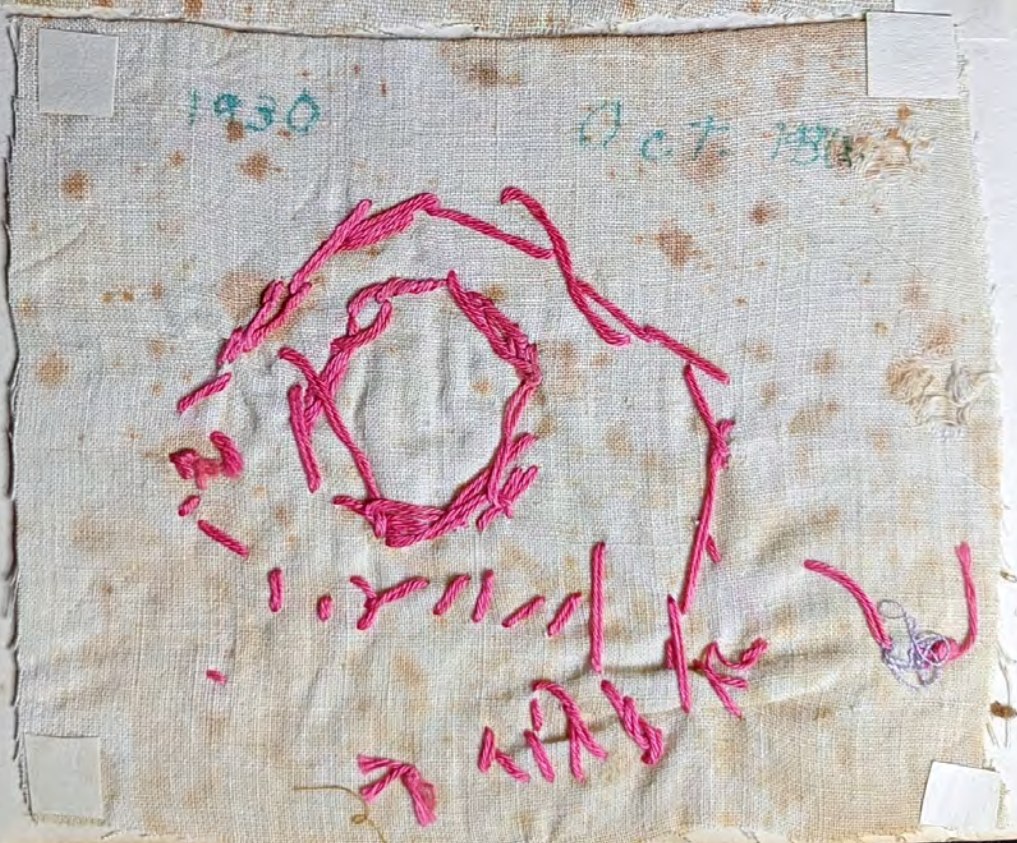
I must love what is noble,
And do what is kind;
I must strengthen my body
And tidy my mind.

Some of Mother's first embroidery.

About 8 yrs. old.

1930 Oct 1930

Some of Bobby's first embroidery.



Mama

Nana

Home


Eat.

Bobby.

Things we are thankful for.

November 10-1929.

Sunday School
Christian Church.

BOBBY

BOBBY

ABBY

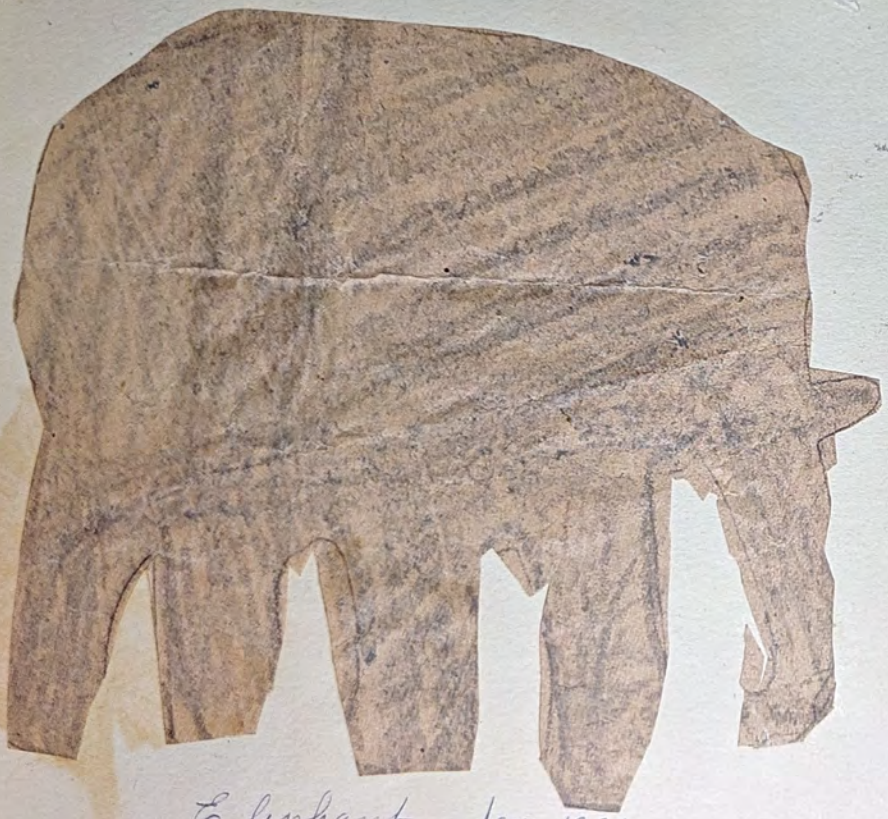
SUE

POLLY

November 17- 1929

Age - 3½ yrs.

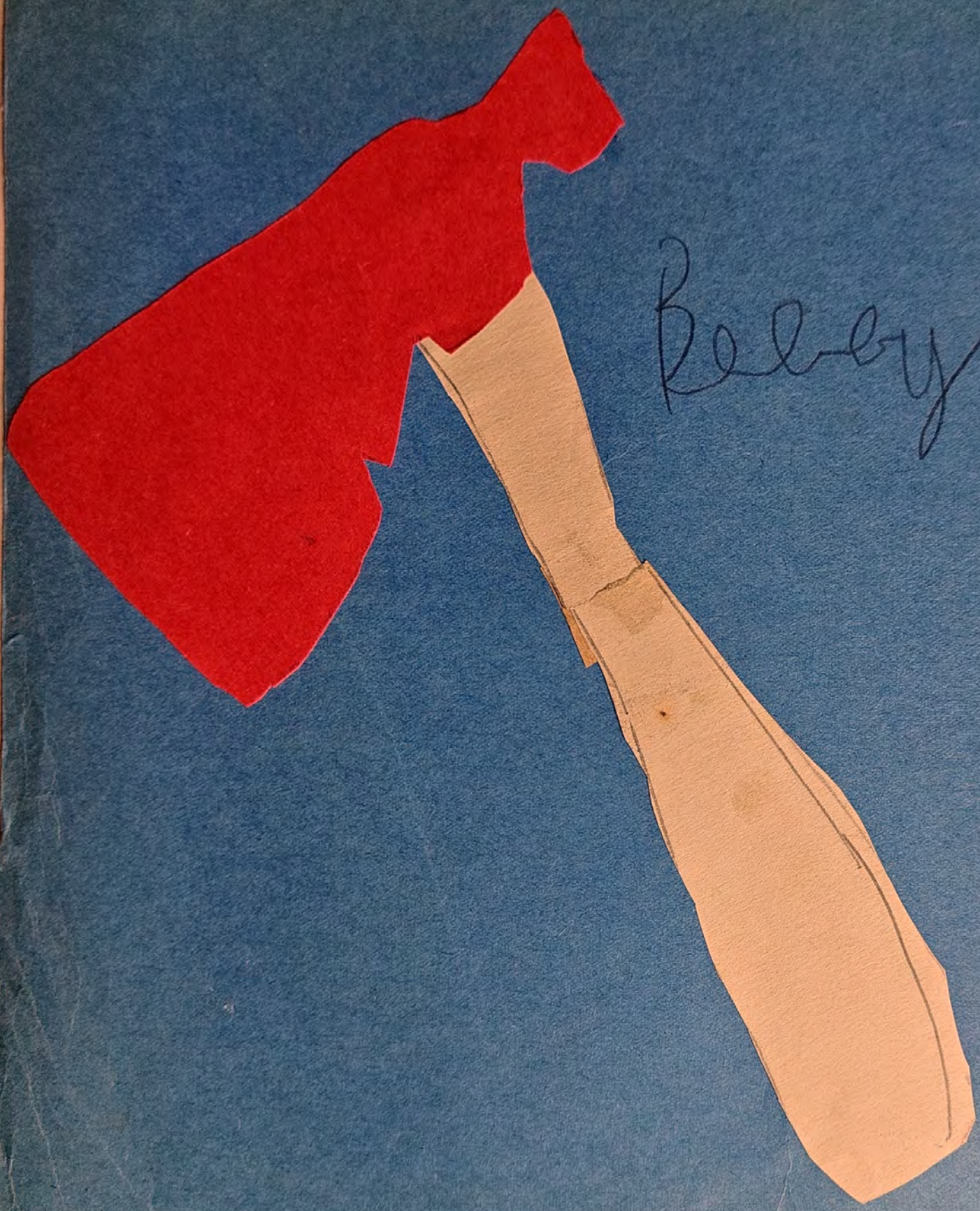
Sunday School at Christian Church.

Elephant - Jan. 1931.

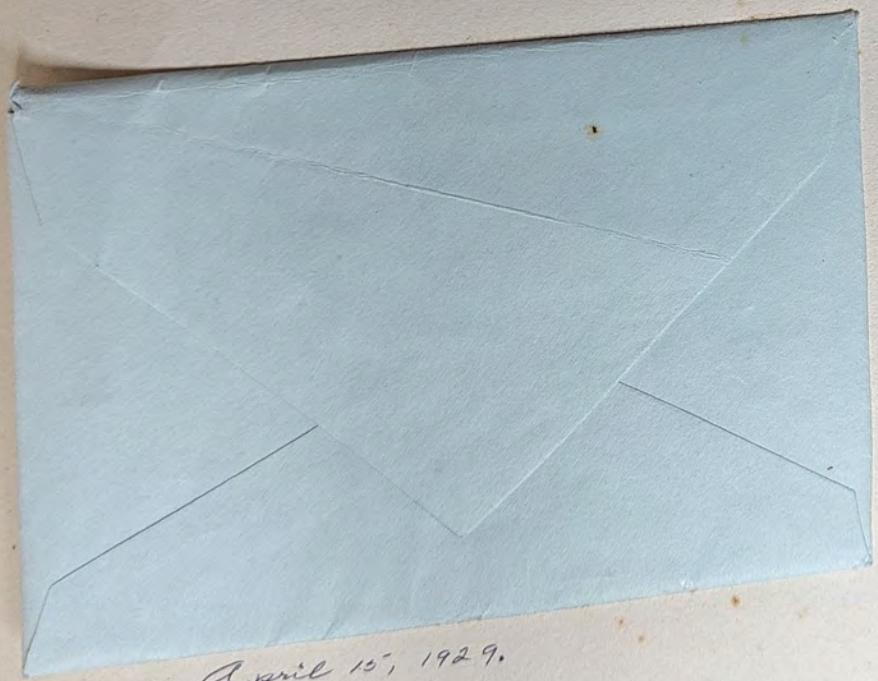
Washington's
Birthday
Feb. 22, 1931.

Feb. - 1932.



Belay

Birthday Cards.

April 15, 1929.

For Your Birthday.

With Birthday Greetings fond and true
This little message goes to you;
May flowers and sunshine strew the way,
And Happiness be yours to-day.

To Bobby from Freddie

WE WILL FIGHT YOU SATURDAY!
MORN. YOU ARE ALLOWED TO HAVE ONE MORE
MAN. YOU HAVE UNTIL SATURDAY. BE THERE
FOR SURE! MAKE YOUR THINGS TO FIGHT
WITH.

THE NIGHT RIDERS.

DEATH

FURTHER NOTES LATER.

The door bell rang and this was found in the mail box at 301 Rodney St. February 21-1935

# THE GOLDFINCH

*State Bird of Minnesota*
*State Bird of New Jersey*
*State Bird of Washington (Willow Goldfinch)*

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES
Leaflet No. 17A

*By Roger T. Peterson*

HAVE you ever seen a bright yellow bird? Was it yellow all over or did it have black wings? If it was *all yellow* it was probably a Yellow Warbler. Some people call it the Summer Yellowbird. If it had *black wings* then it was a Goldfinch.

Summer

Many people think that Goldfinches are unusual birds—scarce, and hard to find. Perhaps it is the name that makes them think so. Gold *is* scarce in most of our pocketbooks. Anyway, Goldfinches are not really golden at all. They are yellow. You will agree when you look at the colored picture.

They are yellow only in the summer. When the autumn comes the bright color seems to go into the leaves of the trees. The Goldfinches become duller and duller. The leaves become very bright. Then they fade. By winter the Goldfinches

Winter

and the dead leaves are both very dull. People think the Goldfinches are gone. They see them, but say—"Oh, they are only Sparrows."

If they looked closer they would see that the birds were smaller. Much smaller than a Canary. Also, that their voices were sweeter. A Sparrow has a *noisy* chirp. When the birds fly, then they show what they are. Up and down they go, as if the air were full of bumps. Each time they go up they twitter. Look at the picture at the bottom of this page. Don't you think you can tell a Goldfinch next time you see one? Even if it is not yellow?

In the spring, the color comes back into the feathers. The yellow does not creep in—it comes in patches. For a few days the male birds look like patch-work, and how they sing! Then when the dandelions are on the lawns, people say "The Goldfinches are back." We smile when we hear them say that. We know the birds were here all the time!

They certainly do love dandelions—the seeds, not the blossoms. Look at their bills—like a Canary's, aren't they? Then, of course, they could not catch worms like a Robin. Their bills aren't long enough. They are short and thick. Everybody knows that a short, thick bill is for cracking seeds. It is the *brown seed* of the dandelion that the birds eat. Not the fluff. That would only choke them. It would be like eating a feather pillow.




Most birds nest in *early* summer: May, June or July. The Goldfinches wait. They wait till the thistledown is ready. Then it is August. They build a very good nest. They line it so well with thistledown that the nest will even hold water. It is almost like a cup. That is why they place their nests in maple trees. Maple trees have large leaves which keep out the rain. Some Goldfinches do not do this. Their babies are sometimes drowned.

They lay five white eggs. The mother bird broods these for nearly two weeks. She is duller than her mate so she does all the brooding. When the babies hatch both parents feed them. They grow very quickly. In about two weeks they are ready to leave the nest. That is about the time you are returning to school in September. They look quite grown up then except that they have bobbed tails. They are cry-babies for awhile until they learn that seeds grow on plants—and not on mama and papa Goldfinch.

When cold weather comes, some of the Goldfinches go south but many of them stay. They sometimes visit the sunflower stalks in our garden. We are not fooled by their color.

# THE RED-SHOULDERED HAWK

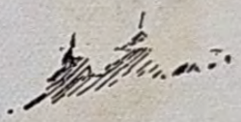
THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES

Leaflet No. 9A

*By Roger T. Peterson*

A LONG time ago I found a Red-shouldered Hawk's nest. That was when I was a boy—not much older than you are. It was fifty feet up in a beech tree. I climbed to the nest to take a picture. It was hard work.

My camera was too heavy to carry with me while I climbed, so I tied three strong strings onto it. When I reached the nest I pulled the camera up, very slowly to be sure. Ten feet below me one of the strings broke. Five feet more, and another one snapped. The third string was strong. I got my camera. If the third string had broken the camera would have smashed to pieces.



The nest was very beautiful. It held three eggs. It was made of sticks and lined with green hemlock branches. The mother bird probably put the green branches there to keep the nest cool while she sat on it. The eggs were white, spotted with brown.


THE SINGING HAWK

At the end of four weeks the eggs hatched. The young Hawks were much like baby chicks. They were fuzzy and

white. But, of course they couldn't run around like young chicks. They were quite helpless at first. As they grew older the brown feathers began to show.

The old Hawks fed them a good many things. Sometimes insects, and a snake now and then. They were fed many mice. When the babies grew older, they could swallow a mouse whole. The lucky young one would then do a dance. It would jump up and down and flap its stubby wings. It would look very happy.

Two of the three young birds finally left the nest. I never knew what happened to the other one.

The next year three more eggs were laid. They never hatched. I was told that two boys who lived on the next farm shot one of the birds. Its mate left the woods.

The Red-shouldered Hawk is not as common near our town as it used to be. We used to think of it as a spring bird—like a Robin or a Bluebird. It calls "Kee-you, Kee-you, Kee-you" as it soars over the woods. When we heard this, we knew that spring had come.

We call it the "Singing Hawk". To the boy on the next farm it was just an



old "Hen Hawk". That is why he shot it. Not once did we find a chicken in the nest. Once in a great while the Red-shouldered Hawk probably *does* take a chicken. But not when there are plenty of mice. It really is the farmer's friend. It is a better mouse catcher than most cats.

There is a true story about one of these Hawks that went into a chicken coop. It did not go in to eat the chickens, however. There was a piece of meat lying there. The Hawk visited the chicken coop every day for two weeks to eat the meat. It never touched a chicken. It *did* catch rats. One day the old rooster stood only four feet away from the Hawk!

When the leaves turn brown, the Hawks leave. High over the earth they fly. They float along the tops of the hills and mountains. Always they head south. Sometimes they join other Hawks. Red-tailed Hawks and Broad-winged Hawks are flying south too. When they pass over a city they go higher. People do not notice them then.

A few of them stay all winter. They sit around in dead trees and look very cold indeed.

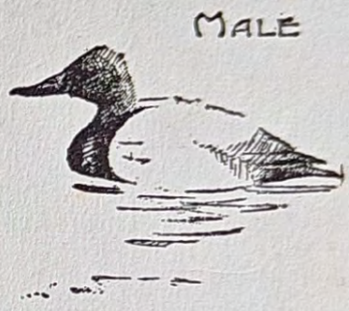
# THE CANVASBACK

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES

Leaflet No. 137A

*By Roger T. Peterson*

NEARLY every farm has a few ducks. Tame puddle ducks, of course. Some are white, others have green heads.




Did you know that there are *many* kinds of *wild* ducks? Most people think there is only one kind. They do not know that there are Canvasbacks, Redheads, Black Ducks, Teal and many others. They are as different from each other as Robins and Blue Jays.


The best time to see ducks is in the winter—or late fall and early spring. Do you know where they go to nest? You never would guess. They go north of course, but where in the north? Along the ocean? You would think so, but they don't. Most of them go to the prairies of the western United States and Canada (look at a map). Prairies are supposed to be dry. They are, but there are also a great many lakes and ponds. The ducks like to raise their families on these ponds.

The Canvasback builds its nest among the reeds. The mother pulls feathers from her own breast to keep the eggs warm. She lays from eight to fif-

teen eggs. Sometimes a Redhead duck comes along and lays one or two of its own eggs in the nest.

The mother must sit on them for nearly four weeks. The father does not help her one bit. He goes away to the deeper water, far out on the lake.

Baby Canvasbacks are covered with yellow fluff. They enjoy life as soon as they hatch—the very first day. Young Robins are blind and have no feathers for several days. They must be fed by the mother for at least two or three weeks. When worms are brought they are placed way down their throats. You see, small birds slobber and drop things the way other babies do. Young Canvasbacks are not helpless like that. They swim and dive like experts. Down they go, around the roots of the water plants. There they find water bugs and young Dragon-flies.

As they grow older, they look more like their parents. Their faces do, anyway. They begin to have the long bill and low forehead that you see in the picture.

Have you ever felt like traveling? You probably won't do much, for a few years more, however. Most young people would like to set out to see some of the world when they finish school. Young



ducks are much the same way. They usually leave the ponds very early in the fall.

Most of the old birds stay until the cold weather comes. Then they pour through nearly all parts of the United States. Some go to the Atlantic Ocean, some to the Pacific Ocean, others to the Gulf of Mexico. Some stay on lakes and never go to the ocean.

The "puddle ducks" on the farm get their food by tipping up. They seem to stand on their heads in the water. The Canvasbacks *dive*. Sometimes ten feet, or even fifteen feet. There they find pond-weeds and wild celery.

They swim about in close flocks. The males are very white and shine in the sun. The females are dull. Down they dive — one after another. One would think they would bump into each other down below somewhere and bob up with a mouthful of water.

We call the ducks that dive, *bay ducks*. When they fly, they spatter and run along the top of the water until they get started. They are very careful where they land. They have to be. Round and round they fly, making sure that there are no hunters hiding along the shore. Then down they come, with a splash and a slide.

## What Is the Reason?

We are worried about the ducks right now. There are not nearly as many as there were when we were your age. *What do you suppose is the reason?*

## Why Is This?

Farm ducks are usually not very clever. Wild ducks are. Why is this?

## Copy a Map

Find a map of North America in your Geography. Copy the outline of the map. Show the prairies where the ducks nest with red crayon. Then with blue crayon make a star where *you* live.

## Where Canvasbacks Are Found

North America. They nest in the prairie regions from Alaska, Saskatchewan and Manitoba south to Nevada, Utah, Nebraska and Minnesota. In winter they are found throughout the greater part of the United States to Central Mexico.

This and other Educational Leaflets are for sale, at 5 cents each, by the National Association of Audubon Societies, 1775 Broadway, New York City. Lists given on request. Printed in U.S.A.

# THE BELTED KINGFISHER

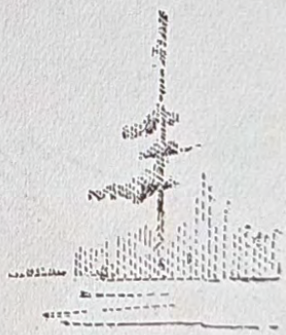
THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES

Leaflet No. 19A

*By Roger T. Peterson*

HAVE you ever gone fishing? Of course you have, if you live in the country. Then you have seen the Kingfisher.

A Kingfisher does not fish the way you do. It does not whip the water with a hook and line. No sir! It has a much better way. You have probably seen how the bird fishes—how it dives from the air, haven't you? Its luck is usually good. Nearly every time it comes up with a fish.



Some people are jealous of the bird. They do not like to see it catch fish which they want for themselves. This is selfish. What is more, most of the time the Kingfisher eats fish that you and I do not want—minnows and chubs. It leaves the sunfish and bass alone. They are too large and flat to swallow. Why should we mind, then, if the Kingfisher fishes in our lake?

It is a fine-looking bird, larger than a Robin, gray above and white below. Notice the top-knot. When you wake

BILL of KINGFISHER

up in the morning you sometimes look the same way. That is, before you comb your hair. Of course, your nose isn't so long.

Why such a long bill? That is the bird's fishing tackle. The Osprey (some people call it the Fish Hawk) has different tackle. It catches fish with its *feet.* They are curved like hooks. That explains why the Kingfisher dives *head first* and the Osprey *feet first.* What would happen if they did it the other way? Would they starve? Look at the drawings on the edge of the page. What do you think would happen?

FEET of KINGFISHER

BILL of OSPREY

Have you ever tried to dig a cave in a sand bank? If you dig too far, it is apt to cave in. The Kingfishers know how to dig a tunnel without its doing this. They usually start the hole near the top of a bank. They dig for about four or five feet,—sometimes ten feet. Then they make the end of the tunnel larger. There they lay their eggs. The male bird enjoys digging more than his mate. He uses his bill like a pick-axe, and shoves the dirt out with his feet. His bill gets quite scratched up on the stones. This does not bother him. He goes right on digging until the job is done.

FOOT of OSPREY

Five to eight white eggs are laid.



These take 16 to 17 days to hatch. How would you like to rest on a bed of fish-bones? It would be like sleeping on a pin-cushion. The tender red-skinned baby Kingfishers lie on the fish-bones for 18 days before their feathers come out. Their skin must be tougher than it looks. For the first few days they are blind. When their eyes open, all they can see is a dim light in the tunnel. They sit facing in that direction. They seem to grow toward the light just like potatoes. That may be why Kingfishers develop such a big head and a long bill.

The parents are kept *very* busy. Eight mouths must be fed every day for nearly four weeks. That is a long time. It is really more than four weeks. You see, the young birds have to be fed even after they leave the nest. Diving is simple enough, but it takes quite a few days to learn to catch a fish.

Look at the colored picture of the two Kingfishers. You will notice that they are different. One bird has a rusty band on its breast. That is the female. Most female birds are duller than their mates. The young look just like their parents.

## Make a Drawing

Make a drawing for your bird notebook of a Blue Jay and a Kingfisher. How do they differ? Why do some people mistake one for the other?

## Read

Ask your teacher to read to the class:

*The Kingfisher's Story.*

By A. A. Allen, American Bird Biographies.

1934. $3.50

## Where Belted Kingfishers Are Found

North America, from Labrador and Alaska to the Gulf of Mexico and California. There are two slightly different races, the Eastern Belted Kingfisher, found east of the Rocky Mountains, and the Western Belted Kingfisher, found west of the Rockies.

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# THE BLUEBIRD

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES
Leaflet No. 24A

*By Roger T. Peterson*

SPRING travels north with the Bluebird. His soft song melts the snow. Put your sled in the cellar when you hear him (if you live where there *is* sledding). Robins are sometimes fooled by a few warm days in January. So are Blackbirds. But not the Bluebird. When he comes, spring is not far away.


There are many blue flowers, but can you think of any other *birds* that are blue? *Bright* blue? Of course there is the Blue Jay, and also the Indigo Bunting. Then there are others that are dull, more *gray* than blue.

Remember this:

Bluebird—*Red* breast
Blue Jay—*White* breast
Indigo Bunting—*Blue* breast

Red, white, and blue, like the colors of our flag. The Bluebird has *all three* colors.

Many years ago, Bluebirds used to live in the cities more than they do now. That was before there were English Sparrows. When the Sparrows came from across the sea, the city Bluebirds moved to the country. The two birds

did not get along very well.

Now there comes another European bird to quarrel with them, a black bird with a long yellow bill—the Starling. Every town has its Starlings now. They, too, were brought from across the ocean. They like the same kind of holes that Bluebirds do. There are sometimes fights in the orchard.

One thing is lucky, a Starling can't squeeze into a hole smaller than two inches. A Bluebird can enter a hole only *an inch and a half* wide. So the Bluebirds find an old Downy Woodpecker's hole that is just about the right size. The Starlings can't get in.

When the Downys used the hole the year before, they did not build a nest. They just put some chips and sawdust on the floor. Baby Bluebirds are tender. Chips of wood might hurt them. So a nest is built of grass and straw.

Four or five pale blue eggs are laid. They have no spots or speckles. It takes them nearly two weeks to hatch. Both the mother and father brood them.

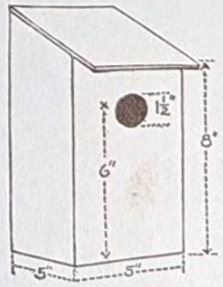
Why does the male Bluebird help brood the eggs? The male Goldfinch doesn't. Of course, we know that a male



Goldfinch is so bright that cats probably would find the nest if he sat on it. But a male Bluebird is bright too. However, when he broods he can't be seen, because he is hidden in a dark hole. Perhaps that is why he helps his mate.

At first the young are fed entirely on insects. Later they get a few berries. Two weeks or more in a small dark hole is a long time. I imagine it becomes very stuffy, and that the young birds are very glad to leave. They don't look much like their parents though. There is very little blue on their feathers and they are speckle-breasted. Both Robins and Bluebirds are really kinds of *Thrushes*. You never would guess it except when they are young. Then the spots tell the story.

The male bird takes the family around the neighborhood and shows them where the good places to eat are. They soon are able to take care of themselves. By this time the female is brooding on another nestful of eggs.




Most Bluebirds go south before the cold weather comes. A very few of them stay, even as far north as New York City. They live among the warm cedar trees until spring.

## Things to Do

*1.* Draw in your bird notebook a picture of an Indigo Bunting, another of a Blue Jay, and one of a Bluebird. Draw them so that anyone could tell the difference if he saw one of them in the garden.

*2.* Make a list of birds this spring. Write down where you see each bird. Also the date.

## Look in a Bird Book

Look in a bird book and see if you can find any other birds besides the Blue Jay, Bluebird and Indigo Bunting that have blue in their feathers.

## Where Bluebirds Are Found

Eastern Bluebird eastern North America from New Brunswick and Manitoba to the Gulf of Mexico.

Several similar kinds of Bluebirds are found in the western United States.

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RUBY-THROATED HUMMINGBIRD

Order—Micropodiformes
Genus—Archilochus
Family—Trochilidæ
Species—Colubris

National Association of Audubon Societies

RED-SHOULDERED HAWK

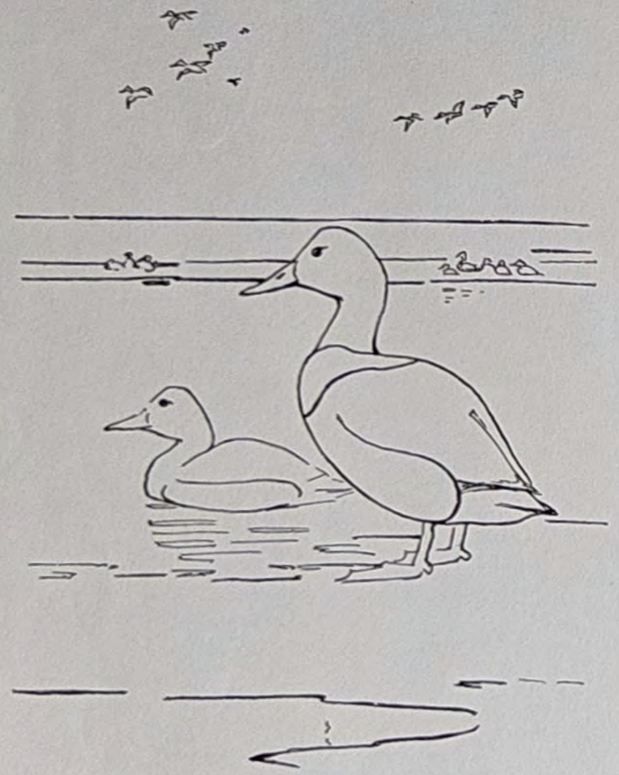
Order—Falconiformes
Genus—Buteo
Family—Accipitriidæ
Species—Lineatus

National Association of Audubon Societies

GOLDFINCH

Order—Passeriformes
Genus—Spinus
Family—Fringillidæ
Species—Tristis

National Association of Audubon Societies



CANVAS-BACK

Order—Anseriformes
Genus—Nyroca
Family—Anatidæ
Species—Valisineria

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BELTED KINGFISHER

Order—Coraciiformes
Genus—Megaceryle
Family—Alcedinidæ
Species—Alcyon

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BLUEBIRD

Order—Passeriformes
Genus—Sialia
Family—Turdidæ
Species—Sialis

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GASOLINE ALLEY
3
CORKY
3


TOOTS AND CASPER
COMIC STAMP
COUSIN BEANIE
JIMMY MURPHY


CANVAS-BACK

Order—ANSERIFORMES
Genus—NYROCA

Family—ANATIDÆ
Species—VALISINERIA

National Association of Audubon Societies


RED-SHOULDERED HAWK

Order—Falconiformes
Genus—Buteo

Family—Accipitriidæ
Species—Lineatus

National Association of Audubon Societies


1.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Quail


2.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Flicker


3.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Downy Woodpecker


3.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Downy Woodpecker


4.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Woodpecker


5.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Purple Martin


6.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Nighthawk


7.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Oriole


8.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Nuthatch


9.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Sparrow Hawk


10.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Robin


11.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Barn Owl


12.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Killdeer


13.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Sandpiper


14.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Rose-breasted Grosbeak


15.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Goldfinch


16.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Flycatcher (Kingbird)


17.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Red-tailed Hawk


18.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Black-billed Cuckoo


19.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Meadowlark


ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Yellow Warbler


20.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Purple Grackle


22.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Yellow Warbler


23.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Wood Thrush


24.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
White-throated Sparrow


25.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Bluebird

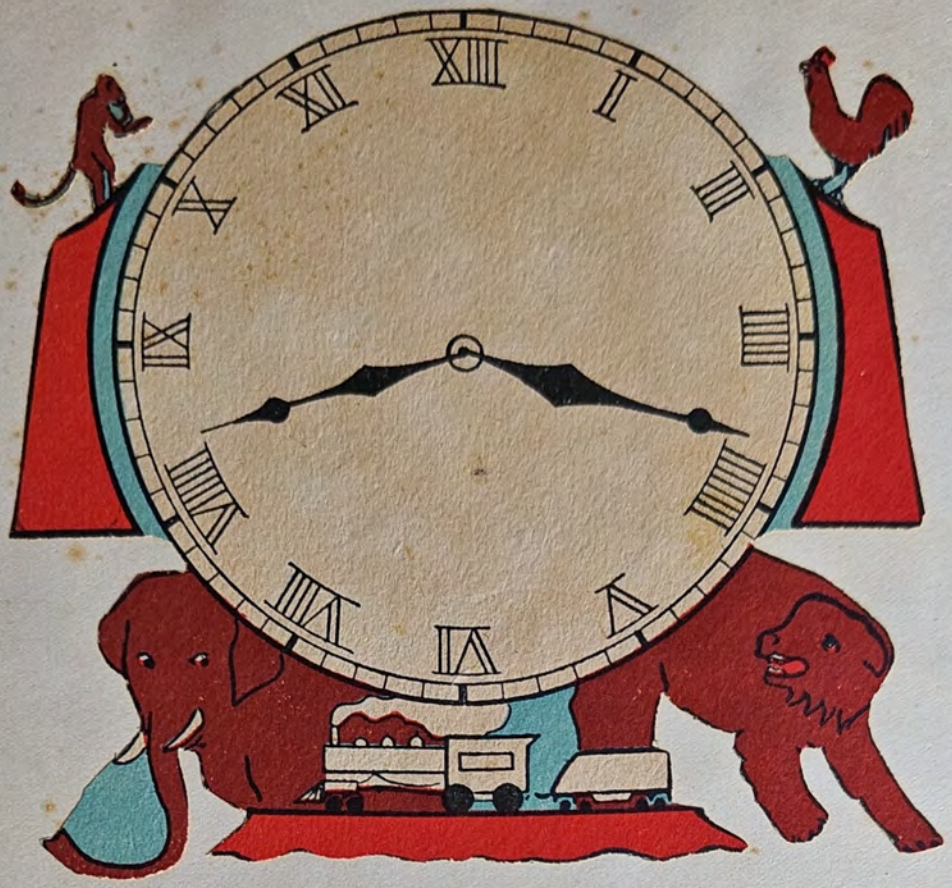

26.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Mourning Dove


27.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Indigo Bunting


28.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Cardinal


29.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Scarlet Tanager


30.
ARM & HAMMER
CHURCH & CO'S
SODA
Junco



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