

Spring Number
1926

A True Bird Tale

TO HAVE a real live chickadee come and live in the school room with me and my children, was the delightful experience I had one whole day in October. Donald had found him that morning, asleep as he said, at the foot of a tree. "I just picked him up, cuddled him warm in my hand and brought him to you." I looked the bird over but could find nothing the matter with him, so I perched him on a little jar of twigs on my desk. He stretched himself a bit, looked inquiringly around, then murmured a happy little song to himself. Suddenly he flew over to where the children and I were sitting on the little green chairs at a reading lesson, perched on my shoulder and "Dee-deed" with all his might, and then fluttered from book to book.

The children fairly held their breath for fear of frightening him. Phyllis offered him a cookie, which he pecked at daintily. Flo remembered the chickadee fare on the lunch counter at the window and fed him bits of suet and nut meats.

We talked about him, sang about him and wrote about him. We carried him down to a music appreciation lesson where he outdid the victrola. He liked best sitting on the finger of my left hand, and being fed dainty morsels of hard-boiled egg that I had brought in my lunch. Through the whole hour he stayed with me, he either perched on my shoulder or on the back of my chair. He posed with me several times as if having his picture taken was an everyday affair.

In the afternoon while the little folks were busy cutting, our dear little friend flew among them, sometimes alighting on the arm or knee and even perching on Mary Jane's pencil while she carried him off to show the children in the next room. Dick had a big red apple in his desk which seemed to attract him. With lifted head, but shaky feet, he whistled sweetly for us. How we laughed over him, loved him and wished that he might stay "forever." But as night drew near, and we opened wide our door, he flew—strong once again—into the blue.

"Good-bye, good-bye, little bird, come back again," the children called, "we can never forget you."

And the memory of that visit is still sweet, the happiest and fullest day of our lives.

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