Duck And Her 'Paratrooper' Ducklings Have A Flying Good Time.

As of today, April 20th at 9 a.m. he wood duck nesting in the allow tree in the side yard still has not brought off her brood. According to the information I've been able to gather, the incubation period for wood ducks is 28 to 31 days. This female selected her nest site on March 2 and for the next fourteen days spent about an hour each morning in the nest, presumably laying an egg each day, the male waiting patiently in the tree outside the nest hole until she was ready to leave, then leaving with her. On March 17 she stayed on the nest all day and we started timing her incubation from this date.

She has stuck to this schedule ever since, only leaving for an hour or so each morning to feed. She has been on the nest for thirtyfive days now and still no ducklings. I want to photograph the ducklings jumping from the tree to the ground so I have been sitting near the window each day for the past week checking the nest at least once every hour through a powerful telescope.

I can tell when she is inside because she has a broad white eye-ring which shows up, clearly back in the dark hollow, so I know that she has been faithfully sitting on her eggs all day, every day for the last thirty-five days. I hope something happens soon, because I'm getting cabin fever!

Being confined to the window or the deck for the last week however has forced me to observe activities in the woods around the yard more closely and I have discovered the active nests of six species of birds in addition to the wood duck. The chickadees, nuthatches, mourning doves, and carolina wrens all have young in the nest. The red-bellied woodpeckers, and the flickers are incubating eggs in their nests. A male ruby-throated hummingbird showed up in the yard on April 14.

I got out my two feeders and put them both up, one in its old location by the deck and the small one on the lamppost. He found them both within twenty minutes and has taken up a perch where he can monitor both feeders and attempt

Countryman's Journal

By PARIS TRAIL

to reserve them for his sole use. I can foresee a lively time when more males show up and when the females begin to arrive in a week or so.

9:45 a.m. Hold everything, I take back everything I've been thinking about the wood duck. I just checked through the telescope and one little duckling was looking back at me from among it's mother's breast feathers. It is covered with down, is a dark brown, and has light tan cheeks. It looked dry and active so I'm going to get my camera set up to record them when they begin to leave the nest, hopefully sometime today. I wish I had a little more sun but I'm now set up and ready so I'll continue with the Journal while I'm waiting for the 'coming-out party."

The ducklings do a considerable amount of soft peeping from within the shell before they hatch and the mother talks back to them. Then, when they hatch, and as they dry out, they and the mother continuously vocalize together. It is this process which bonds the young to their mother so they will recognize her, follow her closely, and instantly obey her summons and commands. It takes a lot of bonding to make a tiny duckling obey his mother's call and unhesitantly take the forty foot jump from the nest to the ground.

I'm sitting in a makeshift blind at the window of the third floor bathroom. With the screen removed and the glass back I have an excellent view of the wood duck nest and the deciduous woods behind it. The trees are leafing out and rapidly fleshing out the bare bones of the trees. In a week or so it will be one big, green, wall, but for now I can see quite a ways into it.

A flush of spring warblers are moving through it this morning, calling continuously and, while watching them with binoculars, I picked up a slight movement and have been able to locate seven deer, all bedded down and chewing their cud. We see this group around the house almost every day. The other night fourteen were standing in the driveway when we left the house.

The pair of red-headed woodpeckers that I have been observing all winter in the cutover woods on Drummond Point are finally digging a nest hole. They are being pestered continously by starling who sometimes drive them from the nest holes when they have them

completed. There is a new mockingbird nest in the big vitex bush in the garden of Cupola House. It has four very young nestlings in it, and as it is very close to the sidewalk, if you stand quietly you can watch the parents feed them from a very close distance.

Last fall, the state highway department planted a mile long strip of wildflowers along both sides of Route 17 by-pass, and on Easter Sunday I noticed that some of the flowers were up and in bloom. They are at the intersection of By-pass 17 and Business 17 nearest the Chowan River Bridge, and are on both sides of Route 17 near the young pines. Those in bloom looked like plants in the snapdragon genus. The plants themselves looked the same but there were four different flower colors. Several deep red flowers on very short plants looked like Downy Phlox, and north of the intersection a fairly thick stand of another plant was up but not yet in bloom.

tings to date but it might be a good idea to let our state officials know we appreciate and applaud their efforts.

9:40 a.m. Tuesday, April 21st. The wood ducks just came off! I have been watching her since dawn. She came out shortly several times, flew around briefly, then returned. At 9:35 she flew down to the ground below the nest. She must have called softly because all the little ducklings lined up at the entrance and jumped in a long line just like paratroopers coming out of a plane. There were eleven of them altogether and most of them were in the air at the same time. They were all down in less than five seconds.

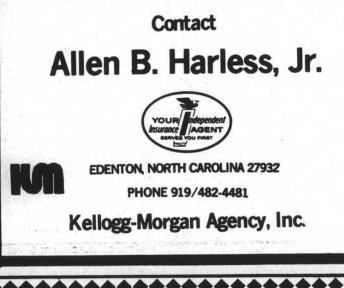
The mother crouched low and led them through the fin ____ les and leaves back to the big ditch in the edge of the woods. The ducklings stayed so close to her and she crouched so low that they looked like some strange king of animal snaking through the may-

These are experimental plan- apple plants!

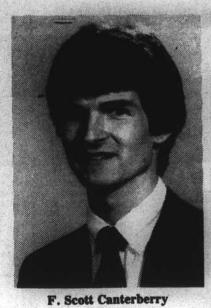


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F. Scott Canterberry has been

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