

Fred was a long-time friend  
in Mike's ornithological life.  
He was Editor of the "Iowa  
Bird Life", official quarterly  
publication of the state  
organization, Iowa Ornithologists'  
Union.

Fred Pierce  
Winthrop, Ia

Winthrop, Iowa,  
May 20, 1939.

Fellow Man:

The last week or so I have been as busy as the proverbial cat on the marble floor, and have had very little time for doing any writing at all. The chances are that we may drive over to Independence, and if so, I will get a note off to you for mailing from there. We have certainly been busy enough lately. We have remodeled and changed the counters in the station, painted and varnished everything inside the station, papered two rooms in the house (I wasn't in on that), varnished the woodwork in the house. Yesterday I helped build a little fence between us and the neighbors and helped a pump man off and on with the installing of a new electric pump at the station. He did all the work, but occasionally there was something that had to be lifted or held. We are going to hire a sanding machine next week and go over the floors in two rooms downstairs next week, then they will have to be filled and varnished. But why go into detail about all this. As soon as I have some time in the evenings, I have a great stack of copy to go over and get ready for the June issue of I. B. L. Have done very little on it as yet and it is almost time to send it to the printer. But I have an idea of how the thing is going to go together so that is all I need when I start.

I am returning those stamps, and thanks a lot for giving Paul a chance at them. I didn't keep track of what I took off, and I hope we haven't robbed you too much. I inclose a few plate numbers for you to put into your stock to help offset some of the loss on the transaction, and if I am still much in debt to you, perhaps I can make up the deficiency by way of precancels or otherwise. Let me know how much you think the debt is and I'll work along toward it. I was in town this morning, the first time in some three weeks, and called at the bank. The cashier gave me a dozen tags with Wilsons on them. One had a pair of Wilsons on it, but no \$2.00 stamp as I have hoped. I may get one from there yet. My cousin-in-law, the bank cashier in Florida, is watching for a \$5.00 stamp for me, but he reported the chances were pretty poor, as most of their currency comes from the Federal Reserve by metered mail. The meters are cutting in everywhere. Oh, well, what are stamps anyway but a headache. I had said many times that if I could get what my duplicates might be worth five years from now, I would trade for bird magazines or books. But I keep right on saving the darned things. And Farley keeps on turning the crank. Did you note in Linn's that the Peace Heroes set might run up to 50 varieties. I think that is mostly imagination and pretty far-fetched. If Farley did that, he would kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Collectors would die off like flies. If all the collectors in the world were laid end to end, they would reach -- for the nearest precancel! Don't tell the parson; he would think I am too serious.

We had a wonderful bird trip that day with you, one of the best I have had in years. It was so good I think we should repeat it every May. A couple of hours added on the other day might have brought out a few more warblers, but it is never very good after the noon hour. Sometime I would like to walk from the Junction down to Marquette. Lets do that some day in the spring warbler migration. If you have no objection, I thought I would write up the record of Golden-winged, Prothonotary and Kentucky Warblers for I. B. L., but would leave the Duck Hawk for you to write up. Your article on the raptors will be a fine one and just the kind of stuff that I like to have for publication. I have found out something: Miss Margaret Kohlman, 1615 Rhomberg Ave., Dubuque, Iowa, told me that she saw a pair of nesting Duck Hawks at Guttenberg, in cliffs near the town. You should write to her for the dope and include it in your article. She was with the Dubuque crowd coming home from Spirit Lake last Sunday night. They stopped here for a few minutes and she told me about the hawks. You



may not remember her, but she was at your place last fall with the Du-  
buque Bird Club, so you can write her as if you knew her well. And by  
the way, she is quite a cute little school ma'am and the very friendly  
sort.

Well, this is enough. I have a lawn to mow, and as Charley says,  
"better I be at it."

We are looking for you down some day before long. The afternoon I  
went home from your place, I dropped into the Larson's home and looked at  
his little printshop. I suggested that if he ever comes down, he should  
bring you along and we would have a day together. He didn't say that he  
would. Probably you would have more fun if you came down with the Senator.  
You know it is all down hill to Strawberry Point, and the rest of the way  
is level. When the wind is in the south, you could coast all the way home.  
So the trip down here is a mere nothing.

Write when you can.

As ever,

*Fred.*