

My neighbor, the farmer, is a hater of hawks. He shoots one at every opportunity because to him every harrier is a "chicken hawk."

"Don't you know that ground squirrels, gophers, rats and field mice are a nuisance about a farm, and the hawks and owls are nature's real check against these pests? Is it any real reason a hawk should be killed if he does catch a chicken occasionally?"

"But my chickens are valuable and they need protection," he said.

"That is true, but from a naturalist's standpoint a hawk circling below the clouds is really more interesting than an old hen. His photograph is worth ten times as much," I said. Although I had lived in the country, I had not started raising chickens.

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*love a chicken, a*

The hatred of hawks is deeply seated among sportsmen who go out and shoot grouse, quail, and ducks. Why should they have such a murderous intent? Is it not a selfish feeling so they can kill more game <sup>themselves</sup> themselves? This, too, was before we began raising bobwhite and California quail ~~so as~~ to stock our ten acres.

Shoot quail? No! We loved to have them around. We liked to hear the call of both of these birds. Besides, the whole area for miles around where we live is a game refuge where the laws are enforced and no hunting is permitted. This meant we could raise quail and scatter about the farms, for all of our neighbors like these birds. They know that they are good insect eaters.

In the heart of every sincere naturalist, of course, is the eager desire not to see any species exterminated. A mountain lion or coyote is a most blood-thirsty hunter. They prey on other forms of wildlife not equipped with claws and teeth to fight. Even so, one would not like to see these predators annihilated.

It is much the same with the sharp-shinned <sup>and</sup> Cooper's hawk and <sup>These two</sup> the great-horned owl. (The first two) live almost entirely on song and game birds, ~~while~~ From a naturalist's standpoint one ~~may have~~ is likely to have an interest in predatory birds. Of course, from a humane standpoint one cannot help but have a feeling for many feathered friends that are not really equipped by nature to protect themselves against hawks.

When one begins to raise chickens, he may cease to be a naturalist. This is when the cackle of a hen or the cheeping of chicks become more alluring than the hoot of a great-horned owl. I am wondering whether it is not a real mistake for a naturalist ever to raise chickens. During the summer of 1932, we had twenty-seven barred Rock chicks. We were thinking too much perhaps of

fresh eggs and fried chickens and so were not in a position to take the right viewpoint of an old Cooper's hawk that got away with half of these.