

Our Feathered Friends-April 25

Posted on Apr 25, Posted by [Webmaster](#) Category [Our Feathered Friends](#)

It has been a real trying weekend. Wanda Walker's dad passed away this past Wednesday night, and I have been at the funeral home most of the weekend. Please keep her and her family in your prayers.

I finally got my paws on some chicken feathers to attract the Tree Swallows to my nesting box. I had racked my brain, trying to locate some, then it came to me as to where I could find them. I was calling my good friend, Haskell Evans, who is a farmer and also sells produce at the farmers market, to ask what his favorite tomato was. Pink Girl and Bradleys were number one and number two on his list. I also remembered that he sold fresh country eggs and put two and two together, which added up to having chickens and, of course, feathers.

Haskell brought me a sack full of feathers that should take care of my problem. This past Sunday morning, I placed several of them around the nesting box. When my Tree Swallow landed on the nest box within five feet of me, I took one and waved it toward him. He flew straight toward me and I thought he was about to take it out of my fingers when he veered to the left and returned back to the box. I ran back to the house to get my camera, no, I hobbled back to the house, and returned with a great opportunity for a picture. They seem to be getting used to my presence around their nesting box. Let me know when you start getting tired of my Swallow photos. The Bluebird house that I put at Sellars Funeral Home also has a pair of Tree Swallows.

Before I located my source of feathers, I called an old friend, Ronnie Wright, to ask if he had chickens. You might remember Ronnie as the man that had a Ruby-throated Hummingbird that had a strange growth on its bill. This Hummer never returned and was presumed dead.

Mr. Wright has a farm with 120 acres and has out 15 Bluebird houses in various places. Of the

15 boxes, there is two that are empty. Three of the houses have Tree Swallows that are sitting on eggs, while only one Bluebird still has eggs. Six boxes already have fledged Bluebirds and three houses have small birds. Now I know how a census worker feels. Inside of his electric fence charger was a starling nest with eggs. Ronnie plugged the hole where nothing could get back in, and the nest with scrambled eggs are feeding the ants.

One of my Facebook friends, Kris Ruffin, says that she also has Tree Swallows around her place and a pair nesting in her Bluebird Box.

My next door neighbor to the south, Peggy Carver, has a Robins nest under the eave of their house. The little ones seem to be able to fly already. Robins are members of the Thrush family and wear a speckled breast when young, just like Bluebird babies.

Don't forget to show up at my bird program this coming Saturday at 7 a.m. at Cedars of Lebanon State Park. This will be a perfect time of the year for migrants headed for the north. Later at dark, I will call up some owls for your viewing pleasure.

We would love to hear from you as to what's lurking about in your neighborhood and at your feeders. You can e-mail Karen Franklin at This e-mail address is being protected from spambots. You need JavaScript enabled to view it and you can write me at 606 Fairview Ave., Lebanon, TN, 37087 or e-mail me at This e-mail address is being protected from spambots. You need JavaScript enabled to view it

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