Translating bird songs and sounds into human terms is an ancient pastime. Bird words, as said or sung, should soar and glide, or trill musically, or otherwise serve as interpretive sound. Birds which say their own names, such as the chickadee, the killdee (r) and the bobwhite quail, are excluded, since they have become a part of the standard vocabulary.

Here are a few to try. Do you know which birds they fit?

"Upsy teedily dog."
"Hello there, T.W."
"Help! Help! Help!"
"Bucket of wheat, bucket of wheat."
"Red, white, heliotrope."
"Monkey wrench, monkey wrench."
"Up CHEER! Up CHEER!"
"GOOD Lord, GOOD Lord."
"Cheer up, cheer! Spring is here!"
"Oh, pull 'er ear. Oh, pull 'er ear."
"Press, press, honey-honey-honey Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!"
"It's going to rain today."
"Oak a rree-ee, Oak a lleee-ee."
"Look out, look out, look out!"
"Spring is here, come back birdies."
"Peent, peent."

Five of these 16 phrases are ascribed to one bird; three to another; two to a third; and the other six are singles. Answers appear on page 127.

Editors Note: To Mrs. Gunderson's questions, we have added several bird word poems by two poets; but permit us to detain you for a moment to consider this sentence: "Lee, darling! A big icy diamond!" Would not an anagram on this sentence feel at home here, if that anagram chanced to be: "I'm only a bird in a gilded cage"?
BROODY HEN

No more of midden, yard or wain
'Mid cackling multitude;
Cock-bird, you but crow in vain
While gurgle-cluck! I brood.

Here like an incubus I sit,
So, rooster, au revoir!
No cluck! between us for a bit,
However keen you are.

Crow as you please, you'll have to wait;
It will not harm you much;
I do not need your clutch, old mate,
I have my own cluck! clutch.

—J. A. Lindon

An anagram on "The Raven" might also be mentioned here. In Poe's poem, it "perched upon the bust of Pallas." Someone—I don't know who—anagrammed this to "Hat? Never!" And, of course, the raven was indeed not Pallas's hat; but, curiously, this can be slightly changed to "Hant? Ever!" And, of course again, a "hant" is just what the raven always was!—Ed.

BROODY DUCK

(with apologies to Mr. T. S. Eliot)

Here is no safety but only reeds
Reeds and the river and the grassy bank
The grass with burrows pin-bright in the darkness
The bank with weasels humping in the moonlight
The river and the reeds. O water-beetle
I'm bored with eggs tonight. Yes bored. Stay with me.
Why don't you plunge and blobble-gobble? Why —
Gone, swirled into night. That was a fox!
O fox that cruncheth in a nest of straw
Warm clutch of cloudy green
While silver-black barred rippling waters run
Qua —— ach!

—J. A. Lindon

WORD WAYS
TOMBS

A ghastly night grew ominously eerie.
A spectre rasped through, lynx-eyed and weary:
"List! One will taste death, the gem of the dreary tonight."
"Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!" an owl screeched from a hollow tree.
A cat yowled. A vulture croaked, "Three! Three! Three!"
Could that lurid prediction possibly be right?

—Nellie Bergerson

BROODY OWL

Tu-whit, tu-who, can't come to you,
Can't come to you a bit;
To you, to you, the one I woo,
Can't come, I have to sit.

Tu-whit, tu-who, my brood is due,
It will not do to flit;
Tit-bits from you I need a few,
To feed me you omit.

Tu-whit, tu-who, I never knew
Eggs were so hard a fit;
I'm half cuckoo, tu-whit, tu-whoo,
For love of you, to wit.

—J. A. Lindon

WORD-DELETION SENTENCES
Leigh Mercer
(continued)

Cain shame wherein thine bathed bracket.
Can she win the bad bet?
I am here in the rack.

Missives remarked waned marrowy Tanned.
Miss Reed wed my Ted.
Give Mark au arrow, Ann.

Missives Amyy Canon mischances thronge bushes computing abuse routing.
Miss Amy can miss the bus coming, Abe, ring.
Give it no chance, Ron, she put us out.

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