

Hagan Newsletter July/2019

Hagan | Hagan | noun
a place of comfort,
to play, connect and remember;
where the heart is.



09.10.19
41° 0' 44" N
75° 6' 39" W

How to Register for the Reunion

To learn the where, when, costs, just click on the link below. It will take you to the Hagan website and give you all the details. The Shawnee Inn fills up quickly, so don't wait too long to book your room. Let us know when you do, so we can add you to the list of those attending.

[Click here to get to the Hagan registration page](#)

[Click here to see a draft list of reunion agenda and activities](#)

"The Canoe Trip"

Written and Read

by Ruth Clegg Whitsel

Hagan 1947-1956, skipped '49



Click on the arrow above and listen as Ruth reads the story she wrote about a Hagan canoe trip. This 4-minute audio should bring back a lot of memories.

What Campers Have To Say About Staff Days Off

**Some campers included their name;
others wished to remain anonymous.**

As a staff member, in my earlier years w/o a car, I got a ride into Stroudsburg via the truck to our room at the Penn Stroud Hotel, and from there we strolled around town, sometimes taking in a movie or a dinner, or even doing laundry. One time while eating in the hotel dining room, we saw Jackie Gleason walking by to his private room. He was gracious enough to chat for a while and sign autographs. My family had a summer cabin in Tannersville, so many weeks my mother would pick me up and I'd spend the day there. It was fun to swim in a pool (not the river). When I finally got my own car, we would drive all around the Poconos to see the sights, or even go home for the day. And, of course, there were always the all-day canoe trips to the DWG, with swimming at the beach there, and then on to Stroudsburg for the late afternoon and evening. (I remember, at the beginning of the summer, everyone jockeying to arrange their day off with their specific friends.)

Hi, Did we get days off as CIT's....if so , I don't remember that :) As a "stewardess" in the kitchen, my boyfriend at the time came up and we went into the nearest cornfields with a bottle of wine and some snacks. Which was followed by heavy petting!!! Very scratchy even on a blanket!!! :)))

I always loved it when my counselor took her day off. She would be up early, smelling nice and looking fresh. And then she'd come back with a mysterious smile on her face. As for the JC, whoever we had was always great and it was fun having a new 'adult' in the cabin. Still, she could never match up with our great counselor.

As a CIT I remember being taken via camp station wagons to Pocono Playhouse to see musicals. We never went to Shawnee Playhouse which would have been much closer, but much less exciting than "going away" from camp. The change of scenery, the chance to wear civilian clothes, and the opportunity to eat in a restaurant always made the day special and rejuvenating.

As a CIT, JC, and sometimes as a counselor the typical day off was to take the truck to Stroudsburg, hang out at the American Hotel, walk Main Street, go to the movies, and eat at the diner. Is it possible we wore dresses? Eventually as counselors or DPs I think we went farther afield -- to Easton or to somebody's hometown. I have a faint memory of Rick's in Bushkill, but that might have been a free evening, not a day off.

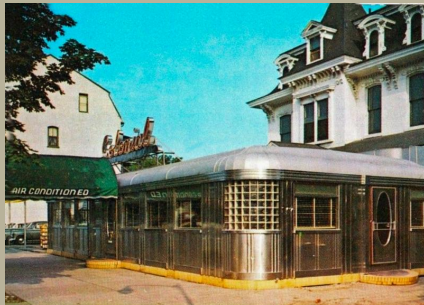


Richard "Rick" Paul DePue of Bushkill, a Pike Co. businessman and former baseball player, died in 1986 at the age of 68. He was the owner and operator of Rick DePue's Restaurant and Bar, Bushkill, for 34 years until 1985. "Rick's" was a favorite local hangout for generations of Hagan staff.

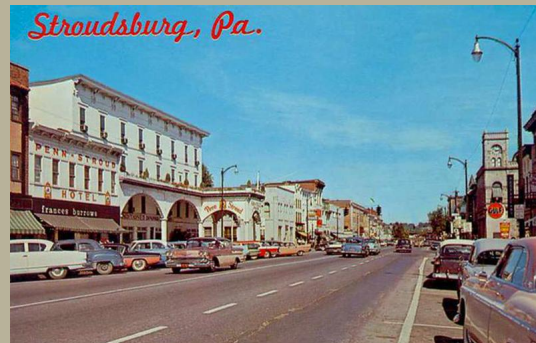
Oh those days off! Into E Stroudsburg to get much needed sleep at the room that Hagan had for us, grilled sticky buns at the diner, the quirkiest little book store on Main Street. The chance to simply relax and not have any responsibilities for a few hours. The very best day off came when I was a CIT and Lisa Anderson's Dad got front row tickets for us to see West Side Story on Broadway. There we were, three teenage girls crying our eyes out to the amusement of the orchestra guys in the pit. We drove back to Lisa's home in NJ before heading back to Hagan only to find she had forgotten her key (her parents were away) and we ended up grilling hot dogs over a fire we built in her back yard. Marilyn, was that a day off that we went to your house and I tested the theory of a cat always landing on its feet by dropping it on its head? Down with that myth! Every day off seemed like a great adventure to a teenage girl on her way to becoming a woman. Rosemary Wenzler Milgate

I LOVED going into Stroudsburg and our rooms at the Penn Stroud Hotel!!

Loved going to the Colonial Diner in Stroudsburg for a CMP sundae!! Anyone remember those? I never had another one in my life after Hagan. Seeing my family and friends at home. Getting my laundry done. I don't remember many details. I just remember how nice it felt to get a "break" from the Hagan schedule/routine. I was always happy to return.



COLONIAL DINER
745 MAIN ST., STROUDSBURG, PA.



Stroudsburg, PA, May 5, 2017 - A popular tourist area in Northeastern PA. An iconic piece of Stroudsburg, The Penn-Stroud Hotel, has been under renovations and is almost ready to help bring downtown back to life. The Penn Stroud opened in 1833. It has changed owners and names through-out the years, but has always stayed as a hotel.

Our days off as CITs were as a unit and I seem th think we didn't have very many. JC and Counselor Year's we were on our own to plan. As a JC were they on Fridays? Trips to Stoudsburg included Penn Stroud, diner, movie, laundromat, and shopping. Trip as a group to New Hope. Days off spent with Miller boyfriend.

As a CIT...it was a big deal to spend a day off hanging out in a real hotel room at the Penn Stroud, doing laundry at the Stroudsburg laundry mat, and eating a meal out at the (Colonial Diner?). Also loved a destination day off. I can remember seeing a show at the Bucks County Playhouse, spending a day at Saucon Valley Country Club as guests of the Hartman family and spending another day off with the Powell Family at their lake house (Arrowhead Lake?). Always fun to meet the families of dear friends and

enjoying a home cooked meal. Anne Dando Oldfield

I remember taking naps in the rooming house in Stroudsburg, that was reserved for Hagan counselors on their day off. One year, when we had 24-hour days off, I took the train to New York City with several other counselors. We had excellent seats for "Camelot" with Richard Burton, but promptly fell asleep as soon as it started and slept through the whole production!....Marilyn Morgan

I remember as a cabin counselor going with Jane Magee to Penn Stroud, a nearby drugstore for orange juice and English muffins, we must have done laundry, and shopping in the department store. I remember finding a ribbon factory. As DP I remember going overnight with Griggs to her family's cabin and then to a mountain, Camel Back (?) I was so surprised at Christmas when Griggs gave me a souvenir from that mountain.

Staff -- we were driven to Stroudsburg - All I remember - we took off looking for a pool where we relaxed. Sometimes the Miller guys were there. Did some looking but not much buying in the town. Fun just to be away from waterfront and responsibilities for a time.

As the CITs we went to Stroudsburg. We loved going to the stationary store. And checked into a to room for the day. While there, I remember piercing my ears by putting ice cubes behind the lobes to freeze them and then putting a sterilized needle through the lobed. Didn't hurt! But I didn't hit the right spot and had to do it again. To this day, I still have three holes in one of my ear lobes. But now its the IN THING. As a counselor four of us drove to King of Prussia. Coming back to camp that night we had a horrible car accident. Sadly I was the driver. Going too fast. Lost control of the car (a Corvair) and we flipped several times. By God's grace the worst injury was a broken arm. I got a terrible gash on my left thigh. The next day new campers were coming in. Pulling trunks up to the loft produced a deep groan & OUCH. I still have the scar to remind me of that day. Few survived a Corvair crash because of its defective tires. But God saved us! Karen East Taylor, Hagan 1951-63

I remember taking canoe trips, including a sighting of Jackie Gleason in the water at the Shawnee Inn wearing HUGE red and yellow bathing trunks. Then we would head to Stroudsburg for a shower (thrilling!) and hair set under the drier. At least once I took a bus home for the day. Ann Frey



Jackie Gleason back in the day
at The Shawnee Inn

I remember when the Butz twins, they were my good friends for many years, and I went to their house in I think it was Easton, Pa. It was a great time with them as always. "Genius" thanks and love to all the hags. Rinny Ryan

I loved days off. First thing we did was go to sleep, six of us in three double beds. After that it was shop, eat and go to the movies. We all fell in love with Yul Brynner in The King and I. On one very memorable day off I spent the whole day with my first love who came to visit me for the day. We sat in the car for hours and wandered around in the never-ending rain. It actually got a little boring. Ain't love grand? Meanwhile my fellow counselors were volunteering as much help as they could as Stroudsburg became inundated with flood waters. That left me feeling guilty for about 20 years. That night six of us slept in our room. My boyfriend slept in his car. The next morning he was gone. As we walked the streets, we saw mud lines almost to the ceilings of homes along the flood path. Stranded, we went back to our homes before we could return to camp.

Always went to Stroudsburg before Hagan Christmas. Took a bus to NYC several times. I don't really remember having CITs when our counselor was off. I know they were there but that's it.

As CITs, Stroudsburg was THE place. All of us piled on the bed inn that hot Hotel Stroud bedroom. JC year was about the same. I don't recall anything different except we had a day off every week. Counselor year was great. We had the use of a car and went to Robyn Ruth's Bethlehem house a few times where her parents fed us and fed us and fed us. DP year, also with the use of Ann Mapes' car, we went out and about. I even got home once that summer. Good times! Mitzi

I remember one day off as a CIT. Karen Beatty's aunt had a house with a pool somewhere not too far from camp and we all descended upon it. As a JC one day we went to New Hope, PA. Another day we all piled into one car and drove to Sommers Point, NJ. We swam and walked the boards in Ocean City. As a counselor mostly it was to Stroudsburg to do laundry, sleep at the Stroud Hotel and wander the streets to see what kind of food we could get. We didn't have much choice if we didn't have a car. The truck took us to Stroudsburg. My last year at Hagan as a DP we had an afternoon and then the whole next day off, and on one of them I drove to Lancaster to visit the boy I was dating. Long drive! Lousy relationship! I do remember one time as a camper in Intermediate 7 or 8 having a Marilyn come to cover for our counselor. I remember singing her name and spelling it out very early in the morning. I'm sure the neighboring cabins really appreciated it!

Days off were always fun and I always looked forward to them. Canoe trips down the Delaware, just hanging out in a hotel room and going to a movie in Stroudsburg, or going to someone's house to visit were all great ways to get away and relax and refresh. I especially enjoyed doing things as a group, like going to the Bucks County Playhouse with all the CIT's in 1965, and taking canoe trips with the JC's in 1966. I had a bunch of friends back to my house in NJ one summer, too. On the other end, having to take over a cabin as a CIT or JC when the counselor was on a day off was always a bit scary because you didn't know the kids well and knew you were being evaluated by your superiors as to how you did. Kind of like being a substitute teacher at school, you hoped the kids didn't take advantage of you! Susie Nelson Elliott



Phyllis Kaspareit Davidson recently visited with Jan Mueller, and here's what they came up with. "Neither of us remember many specifics of our days off. I remember that we had a half day off as CITs - at least once in the summer. Jan does not remember this, but I do. My tent mate, Carol Jones, in 1946, was knitting argyle socks and I wanted to learn...so on a half day off I bought yarn and knitting needles in Stroudsburg - and I did indeed make a pair of argyle socks before the end of the summer. As counselors on our days off (once a 2-week session) we think we had an early breakfast in Great Hall then took the camp truck to Stroudsburg where we checked into the Camp Hagan room in the Penn Stroud Hotel. Jan remembers going to the movies, I remember lots of walking around the town and buying CMPs (chocolate, marshmallow and peanut sundaes) at a soda fountain. We each remember a special day or more. One summer Jan went with a Miller counselor to New Jersey to meet his mother - though nothing came of that encounter! I remember a few "different" days. In 1950 when I was Sr. Unit Head I went once with Sis and I think Pinky and Pansy to Lake Wallenpaupack where we went rowing. I think Sis had a relative (perhaps her brother) who had a cabin on the lake. Also that summer I visited a Wilson College friend who was spending the summer with her family at Mountain Manor in Marshall's Creek. The camp truck let me off part way to Stroudsburg, and as I was walking up a hill a guy in a pickup truck stopped and offered me a ride. I accepted - and was delivered safely. Another "special" day off was in 1951 when some counselor-friend with a car drove us to Dover, NJ, to have lunch with another of my Wilson friends who had been married the year before and had her first baby. I also had the opportunity (and permission) in 1950 to go one Sunday to a Wilson friend's early evening wedding in Easton. I checked with the visitor's day parents in the parking area and found a family from Easton who was willing to give me a ride. I attended the wedding, took the Greyhound from Easton to Stroudsburg, spent the night in the Camp Hagan room in the Penn Stroud and returned to camp on the truck Monday morning. We really enjoyed our days away from the camp routine to return refreshed for subsequent camp days."

Molly LeVan had things to say about "Days Off," and we wanted to make sure she had the room to say them (Newsletter Co-Editors)

Having spent part of twelve summers at Hagan, I have a number of perspectives on days off: camper, CIT, JC, and counselor.

I don't recall much about my counselors' days off when I was a camper. Counselors had a day off every week, I know. I have a vivid recollection of waking up before reveille to watch Sisty Bischoff get ready for her day off when I was in Intermediate 8. Sisty was quiet as she made her bed, gathered her laundry, and dressed in "regular" clothes. As it happened that summer, I managed to get poison ivy on my face. Sisty knew that I was awake, and she came over to my bed to check on me before she left. I watched her walk to the Rat Trap to meet other counselors who were gathering there to take the truck to

I don't know where. When I was a camper in a senior cabin, I remember a certain large group of JCs going to the Jersey Shore on their day off and coming back burned to a crisp.

When I was a CIT, we had the opportunity to be counselor for the day in a junior unit cabin. Usually we CITs checked in with the counselor for whom we were subbing the day before to find out if there was anything "special" we needed to know about the campers in the cabin. My first assignment was Junior 2, where Connie Wiegmann was the counselor. We had to wake ourselves up before reveille. I remember walking from Shantytown through the dewy grass and mist to the Junior Unit. Con was up and about ready to leave, but her bed was not made. She told me to crawl in and keep warm. (tears coming now)

For me, leading a cabin for the day meant making sure the campers did everything that they were supposed to do, especially Kapers. Please dear Lord, make sure that we get a good inspection mark. Of course, making sure that the campers knew their schedule for the day and that they got to class on time was important. We had to write a written report to the counselor and to the CIT head (she who must not be named). We CITs were evaluated by the counselors who were unfailingly generous in their evaluations.

If I'm not mistaken, we CITs got three days off during the summer. Heading to Stroudsburg in the truck was a big deal. We headed to the diner for breakfast when we got to town. After we did our laundry, we headed to a bakery that had the biggest sticky buns that I have ever seen. Of course, by then it was back to the diner for lunch. I think that we were able to take in a movie before supper at the diner. Then we got back in the truck to return to camp; it wasn't a late night. Imagine, we did all of that eating (as my mother pointed out) on just \$5 a day. In 1966, the powers-at-be were directing our attention toward Bear Creek. We CITs had an overnight at Bear Creek and somewhere along the way went to a theater in the round to see THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA.

In 1967, we three JCs covered counselors' days off in the Senior Unit. We still had to get ourselves up before reveille, but the walk to a cabin in the Senior Unit was not as much of a challenge from the Bee Hive, as the walk from Shantytown to the Junior Unit was. JCs were treated like counselors when it came to days off. In those days, the camps rented a room at the Penn-Stroud where counselors (separate for Miller and Hagan) could hang out when they were not eating at the diner, doing laundry, shopping at – was it Woolworths? --, or catching a movie with a couple of Miller guys. Barb Huffman lived nearby and often went home on her day off. I remember that Sara Beth and I spent a number of afternoons catching up on our sleep in the hotel room. On one occasion, Sara Beth and I went to her house in Westfield, and for some reason, our ride back to camp did not show up. We were lucky that her parents were best friends with the parents of Rick "Big John" James of Miller renown. Mr. James drove us back to Hagan that night.



Once known as "the largest small-town store in Pennsylvania," A. B. Wyckoff's roots go back to 1850, when brothers Daniel and Jacob Wyckoff came to Stroudsburg selling goods from a Conestoga wagon. In 1875, A. Wyckoff fulfilled his father Jacob's dream of



Note the A.B. Wyckoff Tea Room in the background of this photo. A cola for a nickel and an ice cream cone for a dime. Dinner with dessert and coffee for \$1.25 or lunch for 89¢. Where? Wyckoff's Tea Room, the hottest meeting and eating spot of yesteryear. Admittedly, the

opening an actual store. In 1912, E. H. Wyckoff took over, opening the popular tea room in 1923. In the photo to the right, Vice President Wm Wells says goodbye to one of 60 employees on the last day the 106-year-old department store was open for business in 1981.

prices were enough to explain the lines that sometimes stretched to the store's candy department, but there was more to it than that. If you were meeting anyone for lunch, back in the day, it was always at Wyckoff's Tea Room.

By the time I was a counselor, campers did not come and go on changeover Saturday. Campers who were leaving went home on Saturday and counselors were to take time off from Saturday afternoon until Sunday afternoon when new campers arrived. The truck and the Penn-Stroud were no longer available and getting away from Camp was a bit tough if one did not have a car or someone to offer one a ride. In the summer of 1968, I was able to go to Ocean City to attend Letty Townsend's wedding. During the next two summers, I sometimes went off with my then boyfriend. One weekend, my parents visited and took me home where I was able to collect a dozen bricks that I painted for Christmas presents. Counselors got another day off during the first week of a two-week session just like the old days, but I don't think that I did anything particularly interesting as nothing comes to my mind. Some of my fellow counselors came from states far from the Northeast and made trips to NYC to see a Broadway show on their days off. The Jersey Shore was an attraction, too.

A day off was great, but it was wonderful to get back to Hagan. Weren't those beds great! Molly LeVan

Hagan Canteen What Was Your Favorite Candy?

Who did not look forward to standing in line at the Canteen after dinner. We want to know what candy made you tear off those coupons in your Canteen book? Did you ever have to borrow coupons from your friends? Or offer to buy your cabin mate her favorite sweet thing?

Tell us what your favorite candy was from the Hagan Canteen. Just click here to send us an email.



Delaware Memories of Camp Hagan Carol Ziegler Croll Hagan 1961-1968

I ran to the river, to the river, I ran
as though those steps were calling me,
their steep and sturdy filigree, inviting me to play.

I stood by the river, by the river, I stood,
as though beside a quiet pool where placid shallows,

smooth and cool, cast images my way.

I swam in the river, in the river, I swam,
as though the strokes and dives and laps,
the campers in their bobbing caps, kept urging me to stay.

I raced with the river, with the river, I raced,
as though the rocks and urgent drift, the churning chatter,
white and swift, might spirit me away.

I washed in the river, in the river, I washed,
as though a plunge could rinse me clean, yet
leave a trace of river-sheen for Miller, and what may.

I stepped from the river, from the river, I stepped,
as though I was revived again with sparkling,
liquid oxygen... as though I needed

one more whirl with summer as a Hagan girl...
as though I could not bear to part while
ripples lapped against my heart...

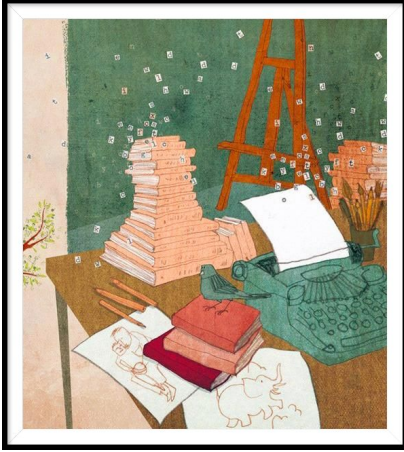
They're lapping still... today.

Fun-Raising Update

From Nancy Rosenquest Reeves



Thank you, campers! Those canteen coupons have been rolling in and we are now only \$100 away from having what we need to cover extra expenses (like campfires, s'mores, and transportation) at our upcoming reunion. Nineteen Hagan philanthropists have stepped up to help, and we are very grateful. If two or three more campers are able to do the same, we'll be in good shape. Just make your check out to Nancy Reeves and mail it to me at 31 Franklin Street, Northampton, MA 01060.



"Keeping the Balance" Robin Fidler Brancato (Hagan 1946-53; 1955-56; 1961)

Looking back on my fairly long life—will I make it into my mid-nineties, like Hagan Director, Sis Wenrich? I'm pleased to think that I've usually found a good balance between physical and mental activity. As a young kid growing up in Wyomissing, Pennsylvania, I loved baseball almost as much as books. My mother, having suffered the loss by drowning of an older brother, took me for daily swimming lessons, starting when I was five. The plan succeeded so well that I still swim every day, June through September. And even earlier than those lessons, when I was three, I supposedly picked up the local newspaper and pretended to read it to my parents. The point being that, from early on, I loved switching from body to mind.

Starting at age ten, when I first came to Hagan (in 1948), my range of physical activities widened. Not only was I introduced to the Olympic challenge of swimming across the Delaware and canoeing down from Dingmans Ferry, but I also discovered archery, soccer, and deck tennis. I don't remember curling up to read books in those camp summers, but our imaginations were certainly stimulated in the creation of all those slogans, song lyrics, and skits.

(Even now I teach courses in the short story in a program for retired people. In the most recent one I used stories from *The New Yorker* magazine's fiction podcasts.)

When my two sons were pre-school age, my husband got a Fulbright Grant, and we were delighted to spend two years living in Modena, Italy. On our return I went back to teaching. I figured I'd write during summers, but while the boys were young it was impossible. Eventually they went to Camp Miller, at which point I began writing my first novel for young readers.



Robin with son, Chris, and actor Forest Whitaker, at shooting of Chris's TV series, *Godfather of Harlem*

That one, *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree*, published in 1975, was followed by nine others, seven more novels and two nonfiction books. My kids and my students provided inspiration and good material. I was mostly able to juggle writing and teaching, with some physical activity thrown in. In those years, when I wasn't writing, or teaching, or visiting schools and libraries to talk about my books, I was spending time with my family, often traveling with them. Along the way we made a multi-week return to Italy, spent some time in St. Ives, Cornwall, England, and had shorter visits to Cape Cod and Sag Harbor, New York.



Robin canoeing with Inge Woermann Rau Coleman at the 2017 Hagan Reunion

In high school (for me that was high schools, plural--I went to three because of family moves) and in college (the University of Pennsylvania), adjusting came more easily, I'm sure, because of playing on women's field hockey, basketball, and tennis teams. I kept up the balance by focusing on reading and writing in those years, including contributing to school publications and majoring in Creative Writing. Tennis was the only sport I continued beyond college, but books, both reading them and writing them, became my main interest.

After graduation I came to New York City, where I shared an apartment with college friends, worked for a publisher, took graduate courses, met my husband in Philosophy of Education, and went on to teach literature and writing for many years.

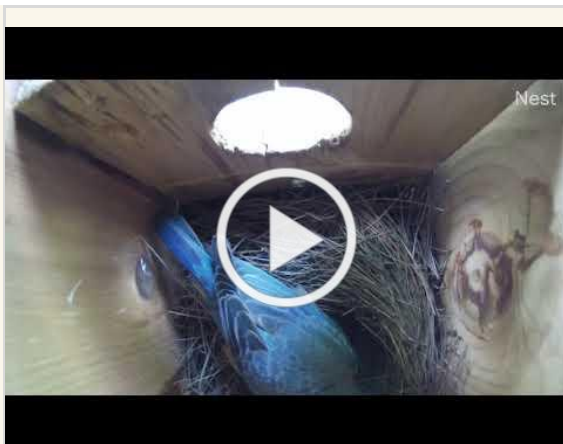


Robin at the top of Mount Etna, Sicily

So how is the balancing act functioning at this point? Pretty well, considering. I'm sitting here in Sag Harbor, surrounded by books, many of which I'm trying to force myself to donate to library sales. I swam my half hour today, and I'm waiting for six members of my New Jersey book club to come tomorrow, so that we can discuss a novel by talented Nigerian writer Oyinkan Braithwaite called *My Sister the Serial Killer*. My writing continues in journals I've been keeping since 1996, a commentary of every book I read or film or play I see—so useful to keep memory problems at bay.

Nature Nuggets Live! Eastern Bluebirds

by Martie Davis
Hagan 1956-1967



6-29-19 This one-minute clip gives a good look at the eggs, and then it shows the momma bluebird rolling the eggs. They must be rolled in order for the embryo to develop properly. Today there were approximately 187 instances.

6-30-19 This 30 sec. clip shows the female on the nest. She is brooding the eggs now. They should hatch on or around July 13. The male comes and brings her a moth to eat (yuck!) He flies away; she follows, which gives us a good view of the eggs.



Martie Davis - Hagan 1956-1967

Click here to watch the Bluebird Cam LIVE!!! The eggs should hatch on or about July 13.

I have something special for you this month!

In my backyard in Lawrence, Indiana (suburb of Indianapolis), I have 3 Eastern Bluebird nest boxes. This year 2 of the boxes have been occupied and a total of nine baby birds have already fledged (left the nest). Now, the third box is occupied and it is pretty special. With the help of my carpenter neighbor, Carl, a special box was constructed so it could house a video camera and the maintenance department here in my retirement community installed the cabling. I linked up with a webservice so that the video is broadcast to the web for anyone to come and watch! And here is the invitation for you!

There are a couple things I should tell you. The box is located in my yard which backs up to a busy street. The birds can be very vocal, but you might also hear traffic noise, lawn mowers, sirens, trains at a nearby grade cross – or Puffin, my labradoodle, barking! The camera is on 24/7 for your viewing pleasure. After dark the box is lit by infrared. The birds cannot see this, but we can still view the happenings – but in black and white. This



Here at my Retirement Community I always provide the Bluebird Report for our weekly newspaper. This pair of bluebirds are named Harvey and Lucille – just so you know. Both birds are in full breeding plumage. Harvey is a brilliant and beautiful blue. Lucille is also blue, a little less brilliant, but a striking silvery color. Both birds have orange bellies. When Lucille begins to brood you might notice a bear spot on her tummy which helps to keep the eggs and babies warm.

When the eggs hatch you will see Harvey and Lucille bringing food for the babies and removing fecal sacs. These they drop far from the nest in order not to alert predators of the nest location. Often meal worms are presented as food and the nestlings seem to be able to handle pieces of these from the very beginning. My neighbors and I have meal worm feeders and bird baths in our yards. Both parents share equally in the care of the babies. While Lucille broods the eggs Harvey will be standing guard in a nearby tree.



light does not harm the birds. They may, however, hear and alert to a clicking noise when this light goes on or off.



The birds laid the first egg in the morning of June 27th. As I write this on June 28th there are two eggs. Typically, I see 4-6 eggs in a nest. Once all eggs have been laid the female begins to brood (sit on) the eggs. In Indiana the eggs hatch +/- 14 days after the last egg is laid. The young look like hairy shrimp at first but they quickly gain in size and feathers and are able to leave the nest under their own steam about 17 days after hatching. This time table may vary somewhat in other parts of the country.

It is quite hot in Lawrence these days and you can always check the weather here on your favorite app. When it is much past 85 degrees you might see the adults panting – exactly like we might. The nest box is in the shade for a good part of the afternoon. A singing bluebird has a nice trill which may begin or end with a “turalee, turalee, turalee.”

This is truly “Reality TV!” I have no clue how this will play out and I should warn you that not all bluebird nesting attempts have a happy outcome. Because this is a real time, unpredictable event, I am willing to entertain questions/comments/etc. by email at marthadavis2@att.net. Please put “Bluebird” in the subject line of the email.



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and Sandy Dempsey
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