



You're Invited!

News
from the bird store

Save the Date



Night Owl Christmas

Friday Dec. 10, 2021
6:30 — 9:00pm

It's Back!

Our Annual Night Owl Christmas!
Join us for some music,
food, and Holiday Cheer.
We missed you all last year!

Lori Brooks will be here playing
your favorite music once again.
Don't miss out! Relax, Shop
and Enjoy an evening with us,
it's our Holiday Party
for you!



A Cheery Little Christmas Story to Warm Your Heart

The Birds' Christmas F. E. Mann (Based on Fact)

"Chickadee-dee-dee-dee! Chickadee-dee-dee-dee! Chicka—"

"Cheerup, cheerup, chee-chee! Cheerup, cheerup, chee-chee!"

"Ter-ra-lee, ter-ra-lee, ter-ra-lee!"

"Rap-atap-atap-atap!" went the woodpecker; "Mrs. Chickadee may speak first."

"Friends," began Mrs. Chickadee, "why do you suppose I called you together?"

"Because it's the day before Christmas," twittered Snow Bunting.

"And you're going to give a Christmas party," chirped the Robin.

"And you want us all to come!" said Downy Woodpecker. "Hurrah! Three cheers for Mrs. Chickadee!"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Chickadee, "and I'll tell you all about it. To-morrow is Christmas Day, but I don't want to give a party."

"Chee, chee, chee!" cried Robin Rusty-breast; "chee, chee, chee!"

"Just listen to my little plan," said Mrs. Chickadee, "for, indeed, I want you all to help. How many remember Thistle Goldfinch—the happy little fellow who floated over the meadows through the summer and fall?"

"Cheerup, chee-chee, cheerup, chee-chee, I do," sang the Robin; "how he loved to sway on thistletops!"

"Yes," said Downy Woodpecker, "and didn't he sing? All about blue skies, and sunshine and happy days, with his 'Swee-e-et sweet-sweet-sweet-a- twitter-witter-witter-witter-wee-tweal!'"

"Ter-ra-lee, ter-ra-lee," said Snow Bunting. "We've all heard of Thistle Goldfinch, but what can he have to do with your Christmas party? He's away down South now, and wouldn't care if you gave a dozen parties."

Continued inside

The Bird Store will be Open 7 Days a Week from Thanksgiving till Christmas for your Shopping Convenience
Beginning after Thanksgiving until Christmas the Bird Store Hours are

Monday - Saturday 10-6 • Sunday 11-5

Reminders:



Thanksgiving Day
Nov. 25
The Bird Store
is Closed

**The Bird Store
Holiday Hours**
(Thanksgiving - Christmas)
Monday-Saturday 10-6
Sunday 11-5



Night Owl Christmas
Friday Dec. 10
6:30 – 9:00pm



**Sturbridge
Christmas
Bird Count**
Tuesday Dec. 14

Christmas Eve
Dec. 24
The Bird Store
closes early



Christmas Day
Dec. 25
The Bird Store
is Closed

Dec. 26
The Bird Store
is Closed

New Years Day
Jan. 1, 2022
The Bird Store
is Closed

Jan. 2, 2022
The Bird Store is back
to Standard Hours
Closed on Sundays

**Gardening Guides and Native Bee
homes for the Gardener in the family**
There is always something to add to the
landscape when you're a gardener.



Adventures for your kids

Loads of books to encourage your children!
Survival Guides and Explorer Guides, and
Nature Trail Guides
for Children.



The Christmas Stocking Gifts Ideas for your Family & Friends

Stockings for your stocking



Chirpy Tops
The happy wine
pouring bird
that chirps
while it
aerates
your wine.



Keep your feet
toasty. Lots of
styles to choose
from.



Glass Globes Sparkle

Hand blown glass "Trees of Enchantment"
globes from Kitras Art Glass in 3 sizes to
add sparkle to your home.



Feed the Birds
Loads of feeders and
seed to choose from.



New Homes for the Holidays
Lots of bird houses for your
feathered friends!



Bathing Beauties

Choose a beautiful birdbath to help
you dream of Spring. Or winterize
your yard with a heated bath.

Jingle Bells

Whether they be Wind Bells,
Buoy Bells, Wind chimes made
of metal or glass they all make
a beautiful and relaxing sound.



Let's Build It

Things to do with your children, lots
of kits to build with your children.

**Don't forget your
4 Legged Friends**
Cat nip toys and
special dog biscuits
for your furry friends
stockings.



Gift Certificates are
always a welcome gift.

Continued from cover

"Oh, but he isn't; he's right in these very woods!"

"Why, you don't mean--"

"Indeed I do mean it, every single word. Yesterday I was flitting about among the trees, pecking at a dead branch here, and a bit of moss there, and before I knew it I found myself away over at the other side of the woods! 'Chicka-dee-dee-dee, chickadee-dee-dee!' I sang, as I turned my bill toward home. Just then I heard the saddest little voice pipe out: 'Dear-ie me! Dear-ie me!' and there on the sunny side of a branch perched a lonesome bit of yellowish down. I went up to see what it was, and found dear little Thistle Goldfinch! He was very glad to see me, and soon told his short story. Through the summer Papa and Mamma Goldfinch and all the brothers and sisters had a fine time, singing together, fluttering over thistletops, or floating through the balmy air. But when 'little Jack Frost walked through the trees,' Papa Goldfinch said: 'It is high time we went South!' All were ready but Thistle; he wanted to stay through the winter, and begged so hard that Papa Goldfinch soberly said: 'Try it, my son, but do find a warm place to stay in at night.' Then off they flew, and Thistle was alone. For a while he was happy. The sun shone warm through the middle of the day, and there were fields and meadows full of seeds. You all remember how sweetly he sang for us then. But by and by the cold North Wind came whistling through the trees, and chilly Thistle woke up one gray morning to find the air full of whirling snowflakes. He didn't mind the light snows, golden-rod and some high grasses were too tall to be easily covered, and he got seeds from them. But now that the heavy snows have come, the poor little fellow is almost starved, and if he doesn't have a warm place to sleep in these cold nights, he'll surely die!"

Mrs. Chickadee paused a minute. The birds were so still one could hear the pine trees whisper. Then she went on: "I comforted the poor little fellow as best I could, and showed him where to find a few seeds; then I flew home, for it was bedtime. I tucked my head under my wing to keep it warm, and thought, and thought, and thought; and here's my plan:

"We Chickadees have a nice warm home here in the spruce trees, with their thick, heavy boughs to shut out the snow and cold. There is plenty of room, so Thistle could sleep here all winter. We would let him perch on a branch, then we Chickadees would nestle around him until he was as warm as in the lovely summertime. These cones are so full of seeds that we could spare him a good many; and I think that you Robins might let him come over to your pines some day and share your seeds. Downy Woodpecker must keep his eyes open as he hammers the trees, and if he spies a supply of seeds he will let us know at once. Snow Bunting is only a visitor, so I don't expect him to help, but I wanted him to hear my plan with the rest of you. Now you WILL try, won't you, EVERY ONE?"

"Cheerup, cheerup, ter-ra-lee! Indeed we'll try; let's begin right away! Don't wait until to-morrow; who'll go and find Thistle?"

"I will," chirped Robin Rusty-breast, and off he flew to the place which Mrs. Chickadee had told of, at the other side of the wood. There, sure enough, he found Thistle Goldfinch sighing: "Dear-ie me! dear-ie me! The winter is so cold and I'm here all alone!" "Cheerup, chee-chee!" piped the Robin:

"Cheerup, cheerup, I'm here! I'm here and I mean to stay. What if the winter is drear-- Cheerup, cheerup, anyway!"

"But the snow is so deep," said Thistle, and the Robin replied:

"Soon the snows'll be over and gone, Run and rippled away; What's the use of looking forlorn? Cheerup, cheerup, I say!"

Then he told Thistle all their plans, and wasn't Thistle surprised? Why, he just couldn't believe a word of it till they reached Mrs. Chickadee's and she said it was all true. They fed him and warmed him, then settled themselves for a good night's rest.

Christmas morning they were chirping gaily, and Thistle was trying to remember the happy song he sang in the summer time, when there came a whirr of wings as Snow Bunting flew down.

"Ter-ra-lee, ter-ra-lee, ter-ra-lee," said he, "can you fly a little way?"

"Oh, yes," replied Thistle. "I THINK I could fly a LONG way."

Continued on back cover

Because You Asked

Do birds feet freeze to the feeders?

Most feeders suet cages have a covering, so you don't have to worry about birds' feet sticking to it. But in general, their feet can endure cold weather. Birds have a protective scale-like covering on their feet, and special veins and arteries that keep their feet warm and prevent them from sticking to the feeders.

Project Homemade

While it's handy to pick up a case of suet for your feeder, you may want to create a project for your children or grandchildren. Here's a handy recipe to make DIY suet. While it's incredibly rewarding to cook up your own suet, there are a few things to know before you jump in headfirst. Ingredients such as corn and peanuts sometimes foster dangerous bacteria. If you use these, it's important to keep the suet refrigerated until you're ready to use it.

Lard is a safe alternative to rendered suet. In fact, a combination of lard and peanut butter makes a nice base for any bird-friendly recipe. But bacon drippings are not recommended because the chemical preservatives in commercial bacon become more concentrated when cooked. This doesn't pose a health threat to humans but can be harmful to birds. Bread and table scraps also should be avoided.

Suet Treat

- 1 cup lard
- 1 cup peanut butter
- 2 ½ cups oats
- 2 ½ cups cornmeal
- Raisins, nuts or birdseed, optional



Melt lard and peanut butter. Stir in oats and cornmeal. Add optional ingredients. Pour the mixture into a pan and chill in refrigerator over-night. Cut into squares or shapes and wrap in plastic for easy storage and removal.

Yellow bellied Sapsucker

Of all sapsuckers, the yellow-bellied is most widespread. Sapsuckers are the sweet-toothed members of the woodpecker family. The sapsucker name is somewhat misleading. Instead of sucking sap, the birds sip it. They have hairlike structures on the tips of their tongues that act a bit like a paintbrush and help them drink the oozy sap. In the bird world, sapsuckers are unique for drilling and maintaining sap wells in live tree trunks.

Sapsucker wells are easy to recognize. The bird uses its chisel-like beak to drill a dozen or so small holes, less than half an inch apart, in a horizontal line. Then it comes back, over and over, to lick up the sap that leaks out. When the flow starts to falter, usually after a few days, the bird makes a second row of holes just above the first. Later it makes a third row above the second, and so on. A rectangular pattern of neatly spaced holes in tree bark is a sure sign that a sapsucker is at work.

Sapsuckers nest in cool evergreen forests all across Canada (and very locally into eastern Alaska) and in the Northeastern states. During migration, it passes through all areas east of the Rockies. It spends the winter in the Southeastern states and into Mexico and Central America



20% off

any one item with this coupon.

Excludes Optics and Bear Proof Poles.

Discount cannot be combined with any other discount offer, seed saver, or squirrel card reward points. One per customer please.

Valid through 12/24/2021



"What is Christmas?"

It is tenderness for the past, courage for the present, hope for the future. It is a fervent wish that every cup may overflow with blessings rich and eternal, and that every path may lead to peace." ~ Agnes M. Pharo

May the Spirit of the Season bless you all~



Bill, Nancy & Dezeree



Continued from inside

"Come on, then," said Snow Bunting. "Every one who wants a Christmas dinner, follow me!" That was every word he would say, so what could they do but follow?

Soon they came to the edge of the wood, and then to a farmhouse. Snow Bunting flew straight up to the piazza, and there stood a dear little girl in a warm hood and cloak, with a pail of bird-seed on her arm, and a dish of bread crumbs in her hand. As they flew down, she said:

"And here are some more birdies who have come for a Christmas dinner. Of course you shall have some, you dear little things!" and she laughed merrily to see them dive for the crumbs.

After they had finished eating, Elsie (that was the little girl's name) said: "Now, little birds, it is going to be a cold winter, you would better come here every day to get your dinner. I'll always be glad to see you."

"Cheerup chee-chee, cheerup chee-chee! thank you, thank you," cried the Robins. "Ter-ra-lee, ter-ra-lee! thank you, thank you!" twittered Snow Bunting.

"Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee! how kind you are!" sang the Chickadees.

And Thistle Goldfinch? Yes, he remembered his summer song, for he sang as they flew away:

"Swee-e-et-sweet-sweet-sweet-a-twitter-witter-witter-witter-wee-tweal!"

notes.— 1. The Robin's song is from "Bird Talks," by Mrs. A.D.T. Whitney.

2. The fact upon which this story is based—that is of the other birds adopting and warming the solitary Thistle Goldfinch—was observed near Northampton, Mass., where robins and other migratory birds sometimes spend the winter in the thick pine woods.

Bird Store Hours:
Open 7 Days Thanksgiving till Christmas
Monday-Saturday 10-6 • Sunday 11-5

Mailing Address: P.O. Box 736, Fiskdale, MA 01518

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