



MR. TRUETHEWY

... at home of friends

Mr. Truethewey, a robin, summers at Forge Pond

By GORDON B. SEAVEY

LITTLETON — Mrs. Robin Truethewey is expected almost daily from the Southland to the shores of Forge Pond. Patiently awaiting her is her husband, who recently arrived to greet old friends and once again stake out in advance the area for their summer home.

Mr. Truethewey looks like any other male robin, fat and sleek, with his red vest prominently displayed. But he has one distinction, that of having made friends with the Gordon B. Seaveys last summer, or to be more accurate, with the raisins and other tidbits they handed him on their open back porch.

More than two weeks ago and shortly after dawn one day, Mrs. Seavey, a member of the Nashoba Valley Bird Club, spotted her first robin of the season atop a pile of snow at the edge of the porch. Could this be Mr. T?

No doubt about it, especially after he promptly garnered a scattering of raisins off the floor. After some hesitation, he assured himself that he was once again among friends, and settled down to his old routine of begging. This consists of flying to a low branch of a pine tree just a couple of feet in front of the kitchen picture window and letting go with a blast of robin talk that could be interpreted as "More pork sausages, Ma!"

Then, too, he is known to meet his host in the yard and lead her to the back porch, hopping along ahead and alighting on a favorite perch, a hand-rail post. From here he casts a pleading eye.

The Truetheweys raised two broods in the Seaveys' yard last year. They were given this English name by the latter after visiting Cornwall, England, last Eastertime, where a real Mr. Truethewey explained to the Seaveys that

the smaller English robin (no relation to our so-called American bird) is "Lord and master of his chosen territory," driving out all other birds who attempt to take over the back yard of the cottage where they were guests.

Mr. T. wasn't the first robin to arrive in this area this season, but the amazing part is that he remembered what sweet and juicy raisins, at 39c a package, taste like. No worms for Mr. T. so early in the season!