NOTICE

All correspondence intended for the editor of the Watchbird should be mailed directly to his address.
Sheldon Dingle
P.O. Box 340
Norco, CA 92860

From The
Editor's Desk
by Sheldon Dingle

Many people fail to realize that magazines are edited by human beings. Nor is a casual meeting with an editor very convincing on that point.

I don't remember my first editorial endeavors — nor does anybody else — and I never thought that years later I'd still be at it. No one becomes an editor by design. It just happens.

The calling demands a great deal of solitary pouring over many ill-begotten manuscripts. It requires thumbing through thousands of musty pages in search of the correct Latin name. And delving in the dictionary day after day does, somehow, demean one. And it dries one out a bit, too. Indeed, after so many solitary years with naught but my books and pipe I feel rather dry — and I suspect other people find me even drier than I feel.

Editing a bird magazine is a peculiar calling that is, to an extent, dusty, dehumanizing, and destructive of sound social graces. But, believe me, dear reader, behind the punctuation of this periodical and under the heading of this column there is an actual man, wizened

Thanks For A Job Well Done

This drawing of the extinct Carolina Parakeets will be familiar to those who attended AFA's 1981 convention in San Diego. It was produced by the talented hands of Robin Hill, an Australian wildlife artist currently residing in Washington, D.C. Distributed at last year's convention banquet, the purpose was two-fold: as a personal invitation to attend the 1982 AFA convention, and a graphic reminder of why the very existence of AFA is so important. AFA wishes to express sincere thanks to Robin Hill for donating this work.
and withered though he may be; a man, believe it or not, somewhat akin to others of the species. And all is not as dim and dismal as you might deem. I do have my little editorial jokes. Which jokes and caperings are somewhat the reason for this present writing.

"From the Editor's Desk" is my only fun in this otherwise mouldy occupation. I take it in lieu of legal tender. But many people have, alas, mistaken my drivel for doctrine, my prating for policy, and my garrulousness for gospel. It just ain't so, folks. This is Dingle's joke and whether it's on you or on me, it is here for better or for worse.

For you who can't take a joke, however, I have prepared something additional — an official, formal "editorial statement" from the various glorious leaders of the A.F.A. Beginning next issue there will be a page devoted to true editorial statements. Even you, dear friend, may write a short protest, praise, or other opinion on pertinent subjects and have it published without comment. Your humble servant will hold his fire — I hope.

All mail directed to me for "From the Editor's Desk" or for the "Editorial Page" should be mailed to me at P.O. Box 340, Norco, Ca., 91760. After all, hauling the mail is my only excuse to get out of my musty dusty tome-filled tomb.

In the last issue of Watchbird a Pionopsitta pileata photo was used to illustrate the Pionus Breeder's Association announcement. The bird is not a Pionus but he's close. And he told his owner that if there is no Pionopsitta club then he wants to associate himself with the Pionus association. Shame on anyone who would resist the idea.

In the last issue of Watchbird we published a wonderful story on breeding the dwarf red billed hornbill (Tochus camurus). The birds turned out to be red billed hornbills, indeed, but not dwarf. The correct scientific name is Tochus erythrorhynchus.