The wing nuts

Drive for miles, spot a bird. Drive for miles, repeat. Obsessively for a year. Jon Feenstra and others did just that. It’s a frenzied rush called the Big Year, Sue Horton reports, and it’s all for a glorious featherweight title.

"T’s so nice to be able to go birding again just for pleasure," says Jon Feenstra, pursuing under a California live oak to watch a foraging ruby-crowned kinglet. His words seem odd given the circumstances. It’s a little bit after 7 a.m. on a February morning, and it is cold and gray and raining steadily. But compared to the first year birded, this is a pleasant outing.

A shot at the record

A year ago, Feenstra was gunning for history. But this time, the dealer has moved to Arizona and Arizona doesn’t have the exchange, and Feenstra might have an advantage nothing more than a year ago.

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An octopus’s arm

A good ear

Feenstra, another answer to the question: Why would anyone do something like this, a pushing against a record that brings him beyond record. Feenstra, another answer to the question: Why would anyone do something like this, a pushing against a record that brings him beyond record. Feenstra, another answer to the question: Why would anyone do something like this, a pushing against a record that brings him beyond record.

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