**The practice singing of young songbirds.** Search for young birds on your own, at the best time of year to find them where you live. In the Northeast, I begin listening carefully during August. I find a birdy place and just stand quietly, perhaps with eyes closed, concentrating, listening for anything out of the ordinary. The first musings of young male birds are oh so soft and amorphous, so easily overlooked, and if heard might not even be identifiable to species. Their efforts gradually improve, however, and by September and October, songs can already be very adultlike. But there is always some irregularity in the songs of these young birds, something that gives them away. Perhaps it’s a wavering note, or a sudden break in frequency where there should be none. Or, for a species in which a given song is typically delivered many times, successive songs are slightly to hilariously different, as the song has not yet been mastered.