

1 We were in the S. Ore. lake region. Our camp was pitched on the ~~reef~~ ^{sedgey} shore at the mouth of Lost River. This seemed to be a great rendezvous for water birds. Toward evening, they came winnowing in in bands, over the low (~~rocking~~) rush-islands to the flats where the water was shallow and reedy bogs lay scattered about for resting places. At dusk we lay in camp and listened to the rush of wings as the night-comers flocked in ^{from the feeding grounds} ~~to rest~~. Almost as we caught the faint whirr, the rustling ~~had~~ increased to a dull roar and the band had passed, leaving a silent expectancy for the next. Out on the water came the last light flappings as the flock settled to rest. They kept calling long after dark and well into the night.

If one wishes to ^{know} ~~study~~ these ~~sky~~ birds of the inland lakes and rivers, like those of the night, he must take them in their own good time and go quietly with eyes and ears open. He must not think that even in this ~~swamp~~ wilderness

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where there are myriads of the water-folk, that he can have his pick of time and place, for they are unaccommodating ~~to~~ ^{thru} their shyness. Yet how securely they seemed to dwell in their chosen fastness. Here they had miles and miles of low ~~marsh~~ ^{swamp} land where the water was shallow and the reeds thick ^{? (rep.)} at perfect breeding place to suit bird taste.

We paddled across the slough and on up thru the marsh maze till we found a landing place on one of the bog beds. But that inevitable ~~to~~ ^{expense} of a photographer was on our track. The thunder shower arose from the east and the sun was darkened. We hurriedly got into the boat and started for shore, but the wind was already dashing the waves into white-caps and before we had gone 200 yards, the advance drops began to strike us. It was impossible to haul the boat into the marsh and crawl under out there, and there

was no cover for two miles, so we had to protect the cameras as best we could and put our strength to the oars. The clouds were following the ridge around to the ^{west} right, and it became dark and bleak and misty, the rain drenching the pine-covered hills on shore. Further to the west the sun was still shining on the hills. Then we were suddenly enveloped in a shaft of green light as the sun broke thru a rift in the clouds. Such green shades of color in the water, ~~and~~ backed by the darkening of the pouring rain.

Were we alone in the storm? Out over the wide stretch of the marsh the birds began to rise, — white-winged gulls, gleaming as the sun touched them for a moment, and great white pelicans flapping in the teeth of the gale; mallards, teal, red-heads, and pintail, all winging up and away to their nests and young. Gaunt cormorants lifted from the lake and beat along over the surface

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~~of the water~~, leaving a trail of little
splashes in their wake. The terns
began to cry and flit up from all
sides, and here and there along the
sedgey water's edge, a bitern or a
night Heron rose with a frightened, "quawk,
quawk," and was away with the gale.
The black-birds were all aflutter with ex-
citement. Then the rain and hail be-
gan to pelt, and the whole surface
was all asplatter with the flood
from the clouds founding ~~the water~~?
below. Ahead and back and all
about hung the misty spray of the
clash of the waters. A mile and a
half we went, with water everywhere
and not a sight of shelter.

With troubles cleared away, we left
for down Lost River on our way to Tule
Lake. Both sides of the River were well
clothed with willows that overhung the

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water and tules. Over the miles of
country thru this region, there were few
trees except along the River. Here and
there were ^{green} fields of alfalfa, rye, and other
grains, set in in the long stretch of
the gray sage brush. This rim of
trees along the River was a favorite place
for the small birds, but the ~~swamp~~ ^{marsh}
was not for them.

— Slowly, day by day, we cruised down
the lakes and among the islands, re-
connoitering the different bird haunts as
we passed along. We came upon several
small cormorant and pelican rookeries,
but the big pelican fastness was down
in the swamp of Lower Klamath Lake.

One evening at dusk, we reached
the head of the Lake, and in the early
hours of the next morning, we began
our cruise of the vast marsh. We
picked our way thru the half-open
aisles where the ^{tall} reeds grew along
the edge of a great tule field that
stretched for miles. This district

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promised good game, for we soon began to see grebes, some carrying young on their backs, and a little further on, we passed a small pelican rookery. We felt that we had at last reached the big-bird community, and so we had, for just around a turn in the channel, spread a pelican colony of 500 or 600 birds.