

33 *

I stepped out from under the blind to get a picture but the instant he caught sight of a man, he seemed scared half to death for he turned tail and was away

quisitive. Instead of going straight on, he circled above the colony of nesting night herons, ^{but} and I snapped ^{this} a picture of him then watched him through the field-glass till he passed out of sight.

This may not be much to look at. But it's our reward for 4 years of search. We have traveled thousands of miles, ^{traveled} between 5000 and 6000 plates on wild birds. This is the first ^{at last} chance we have ever had on a white heron.

We were both excited. Perhaps after all there were a few white herons left. There might be a small colony somewhere about the Lake. Even if there were three hundred square miles of tules and water, might not Providence lead us to the place? Could we search it out? Hope led us on, for the sight of one white heron was, at least, worth a few days of hardship and hunger. We had few provisions left, but we pushed on in the direction the heron led.

34 *

We ~~pressed on and~~ found a large colony of Western and ~~Fared~~ Grebe and also ^{this big} an immense colony of White Pelicans ^{and Caspian Terns} and California and Ring-billed Gulls, nesting together. But there was not the faintest sign of another white heron.

~~35 *~~

The next day we took some pictures of some pelicans and gulls. Our provisions were down almost to the last stage. We were trying to live uncomplainingly on the roof of a rat house and satisfying our hunger on the last crust of bread and a few dried apples, washed down with alkali water. It was eight o'clock in the evening, and I was lying on my back, trying Christian Science on my appetite, when lo and behold, another white heron flew over our camp. For all I knew, it might have been the bird of yesterday. We were eager for the morning to

continue the search. We were sure of finding more white herons in the tules to the east.

36*

Found this colony of white Pelicans

We were up at daylight and set out again. Five hours paddling and not a sign of a white ^{heron} ~~bird~~. We had no alternative; we had to set out straight across the Lake for Marshall's, and in the teeth of a hard wind. We were weak from hunger and could hardly make headway, ^{but} as we had to reach camp by night. Toward evening we came up to the place where we thought we should enter the tules, but we had approached it from a different direction. WE tried two places but ran amuck in blind channels and had to retrace our way to the open lake. Further on we found one of our white markers and managed to follow the signals in without more trouble.

Pal III 37*

When we reached Marshall's we felt more dead than alive. He had two quarts of milk in the house and a loaf of sour-milk bread, which he produced. We set to and of all the luxuries, that was sweet, refreshing, satisfying and delicious.

the clouds. There were green shades in the water backed by the darkening of the pouring rain. Over the wide stretch of the Lake the birds began to rise.

40*

When the storm broke over the Lake, there was a great uprising in the pelican and gull colony. The air gleamed white as the rays of the western sun caught the wings of the flying multitude. Pelicans flapped up in the teeth of the gale; mallards, red-heads, and teal winged up and away to their young. Cormorants lifted from the surface and beat along over the water, leaving a trail of little splashes in their wake. Terns began to cry and flit up from all sides. Blackbirds were all a-flutter as the rain and hail began to pelt.

We started for the dense line of tules to the west in order to get some protection from the gale. We had gone but a few hundred yards when it took us. The waves lashed over the sides. With a great sweep the wind drove down from the mountains and across the Lake with a force that swept us headlong. Although we rode with the storm, the waves lashed over the stern, till we almost gave up hope of reaching the shelter to the north. But with a final spurt, we drove the boat into the tules and jumped out in two feet of mud and water to keep from swamping and to force her through to the opposite side where we would have some shelter from the wind. In this way we completed a halfway job by getting soaked from head to foot, but we saved some of our equipment.

41*

In an hour and a half the wind ceased and the Lake

dropped back to a moderate calmness, so we could hunt another rat-house camp. We were rapidly reaching the muskrat stage where a condition of water-soak seemed a part of our normal environment. We really needed wet clothes and a wet blanket to sleep in. While in Muskrat town, why not do as the muskrats do?

Whenever, I got well dried out Bohman would insist on another baptismal service.

OUT

①

② I cannot tell you half of what this search for the white heron has meant to us. It may be merely a hobby that has cost us a deal of time, big expense and many hardships. We are working toward the completion of some bird studies. The white heron occupied a place in our natural history that no other bird holds. In Oregon we had great colonies of them until the plume hunter came. We had no idea the extermination could be so complete. But even if there were but a small colony left in the whole state, it did not occur to us that we could not find it. The long fruitless search made us determined, if anything galls it is to quit before the goal is reached. We had not done it before and couldn't think of doing it this time. But that is just what we did do.

This trip on the lake was much the same as the last ^{as far as hardships went.} only more so. We were out seven days when provisions gave out. ^{this time} We had not seen a single white heron. ^{but saw many of these blue herons make} To ^{be} sure, we stayed two days longer ~~and lived on the eggs of night herons, ibis and other birds,~~ but the hardship of living as we did, the lack of proper food and sleep began to tell.

③ The whole story of the white heron fairly haunted me. ^{I had talked many times with the plume hunters. I know all the facts.} Here was where the worst slaughter occurred. I could see the great colonies of snowy plumaged birds coming and going, some with eggs and others with young. I saw the hunters here concealed in the tules. I heard the crack of guns; birds flying frantically; Some wounded, struggling in mud and water; the white plumage ~~dyed~~ red in the life blood. The hunters ripping the nuptial plumes from the back and throwing the bodies to rot in the tules amid the cries of a thousand starving babies. I smelled the stench. I saw the swarms of green flies.

RAPID STRONG

I know from experience that it is hazardous business to deprive a man of the livelihood he has sought for years. I know men who have done nothing else for twenty and thirty years except hunt wild birds. As a rôle the plume hunter is used to hardship and danger. He is ready to fight for his rights. He takes the plumage of a wild bird as a natural resource. He thinks a bird useless until it is shot and the skin torn from the body. Ive talked with many men of this stamp. Ive had them curse me to my face. I know of one or two that would have sent me to the next world for half a chance. But even so, I cannot blame the man in the backwoods with half the energy I condemn the people of our cities who buy these plumes and create the demand for such a nefarious business. (The blood of Bradley and others to come be upon their heads. Our crying need is not so much the fearless service of wardens in the field as some one who will reach the women of our cities.

SLOW

OUT

Comments 45*

* PAUSE

In 2nd para of my historical will
be concerned with the Henry) the Quebec!