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I wish I could take the American woman and show her the trail of death and suffering after the plume hunter has left. I should take her to this place, the extensive marsh region on the border of Tule Lake in northern California. Here I poled a small boat out through the marsh to a grass island where the grebe hunters camped. A hundred feet beyond the embers of their camp fire, I found the skinning place. Here was where they had the chopping block. I saw piles and piles of wings like this, each of which would fill a washtub. At one place I saw a hundred rotting carcasses. The stench was sickening. At every step buzzing throngs of flies swarmed up and settled back.

101 *
Would I could show you the next scene in all its reality. I paddled out through the tules and found deserted nests on all sides, homes that contained eggs ~~that were~~ never to be hatched. Beside two nests lay dead grebe chicks that had climbed out in search of food that dead parents could never bring. Here I saw a home where baby grebes were starving and burning to death in the sun. Treason of treasons against nature, that uses motherhood as a lure to slaughter!

102 *
Worst of all were sights that brought the tears. I saw grebe mothers that had been shot and had not been found by the plume hunters. If you could have seen these grebe babies trying to crawl under their dead mothers' wings; cold, helpless, starving,— I can hear them yet.

103 *
No one could see the sights I have seen and not be moved. Think of the women, nay human mothers, all through our enlightened land, who spread this suffering and starvation

among the homes of the wild fowl. CURSED BE FASHION! MY
BLOOD BOILS AT IT! THIS IS THE PRICE. HOW LONG WILL THE
AMERICAN WOMAN DEMAND THIS? YOUR GREBE SKIN, YOUR TERN WINGS,
YOUR EGRET PLUME, IS THE MOTHER'S LIFE BLOOD. YOUR HAT PLUME
WORN FOR BEAUTY IS THE EMBLEM OF STARVING BABIES.

Summarise

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The one high prospect
Upon our report of conditions
Pres. Roosevelt set aside
1. Klamath Lake Res.
2. Malheur " Reservation
Hence after no hunters allowed
Wardens

Let us have the lights