

This shows one of the photographers poling the boat out through the extensive marsh region.

I do not like to dwell on sights that are so unpleasing to bird lovers, but the only way some of our birds can ever be saved from the slaughter that has been going on for years is to show you the truth and get you to help ~~and~~ create a public opinion against the use of wild bird plumage.

101 X
I wish I could take you and show you the trail of death and suffering after the plume hunter has left. I should take you 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.

102 X
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 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!

103 X
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

The one bright feature in this story of bird
suffering is that when we had at hand
the K. County in 1905 - at ^{the} ^{the} 1908 and sent in our
reports to Wash. D. C. including such ac-
counts of the danger & such narratives for the
protection of wild birds we now have, three
K. L. R. (and very d. K. Lake) - S. P. & H. C.
and Nat. Reservations (including Haver & Malheur)

This is ~~but~~ a small part of the work
and but a small protection of the birds

babies trying to crawl under their dead mothers' wings, cold,
helpless, starving,-- I can hear them yet.

* one bright future