

Southern Oregon Lecture I

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OUT
The lake region of Southern Oregon is the most extensive breeding ground on the Pacific Coast for all kinds of water fowl. The latter part of May 1905, ^{we} set out from Portland, Oregon to study the bird life in the Klamath Lake region. Leaving the railroad at Ashland, with pack and saddle we began ascending the mountains to the eastward. Here the southern end of the Cascade Range joins the Siskiyou. Manzanita brush grows thick about the hill side; pines replace the firs that make up the forests of the northern and western portions of the state. As we ascended the range, vegetation was two or three weeks later than in the valley. The oaks were just budding, while below they were full of leaves. On the lower slopes, the trees were scattering, but by the second day, we had entered the untouched forests of yellow and sugar pines.

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When we reached ^{THE TOP OF} the mountains, we expected to follow down the long slopes into the valley of the great marsh regions. But there was little descent, for the lakes of this region lie in an altitude of four and five thousand feet. We passed out of the timber belt into an uninteresting, rolling country covered with sage-brush and scrubby trees. This is the region interspersed with great lakes, many from twenty to thirty miles across. Reaching

There were very few trees about
the country except the willows
along the river, and these
were nesting places of many
4 birds.

* Along one of the sandy beaches
by the river we found a nest
ful of young sandpipers. I
got a picture of one of the
nestlings.



out on all sides of these are the vast marshes and tule fields, extending for miles and miles.

We soon discovered that in order to traverse this country, we would need a good substantial boat rather than horses. We continued on overland to Merrill, a small town on Lost River between Lower Klamath and Tule Lakes.

At Merrill, we secured a staunch row boat, loaded in our supply of provisions and set out down Lost River for Tule Lake. (Here and there were green fields of alfalfa, rye and other grain, set in the long stretch of gray sage-brush.) Both sides of the River were well clothed with willows that overhung the water, and here the small birds flock to make their homes. Almost every tree and bush has some kind of a nest. We saw fifteen doves' nests within a space of two hundred yards as we paddled along one bank of the River, and also many nests of Bullock's Oriole, Brewer's Blackbird, Yellow Warblers and others.

In one place we found a Spotted Sand-piper acting very nervously, and we knew the nest or young must be near. The mother kept flying back and forth, calling and calling. We both hid down in the deep grass, until we finally heard the faintest peep, peep. But it took us several minutes to tell where it was coming from. Looking carefully among the

OUT
grasses, we found one of the young sand-pipers that had evidently hatched the day before. Crouching as still as death, along a few inches behind each other were three more. They had dropped in their tracks the instant the mother had given the note of alarm, nor had they moved since.

(This shows one of the young sand-pipers or teeter-tails, a bird that is common along the streams and waterways throughout our country.)

OUT
As it was late in the afternoon, the mother was anxious to cover her nestlings, so after exposing a few plates, we retired a little distance to hide, leaving the young birds crouching on the sand. The mother flew over twice and then lit about ten feet from her young. She stood there teetering up and down a moment or so and then gave a peculiar low whistle, at the sound of which the four long-legged youngsters scampered to her and were put to bed for the night.

*5
We camped about fifty yards away and the next morning succeeded in getting this photograph of the three nestlings on their sandy beach near the River.

*5
Further down on the left bank, we saw a Kildeer with three young, but before we could land, the little ones disappeared and the mother was flapping along through the

grass as if both wings were broken, to lead us off. We
hunted for half an hour steadily but could find only one
6* young kildeer, although the others must have been only a
few feet from the spot.

We reached the mouth of the River about dusk and
spread our blankets by the side of a fence in an old stack-
yard on a low island in the midst of the marsh. This was a
great rendezvous for the water-fowl. About on all sides
were stilts, avocets, and kildeers, calling and running
hither and thither. Avocets were swooping past with a loud
"Whit-whit-tie! Whit-whit-tie!" Stilts were crying "Quit!
Quit!" loud and fast, and kildeers running and flapping
about in great distress. They kept crying long after we
had crawled into our blankets and well into the night. The
next morning we discovered the reason, for we found four
nests of the kildeer and five of the stilts and avocets
near by. In a space of a few acres, we found six nests of

Toward evening the ducks came in from the Lake in
bands and settled down for the night where the reedy bogs
lay scattered about, and the water was shallow. At dusk we
lay in camp and listened to the rush of wings as the night-
comers flocked in to their resting places. We would catch
the faintest whirr at first which increased to a loud swish

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All the
stilt

OUT → I was up early the next morning and while Herman
was getting breakfast I snapped a photo of one of
the rarest & finest -5- ducks that fly

as the band passed. Out on the water came the light flap-
pings as flock after flock settled for the night.

Explain
what of
them

We were up early the next morning and as soon as
the sun was bright enough began training our camera on the
birds about. The black-necked stilts and avocets are splen-
did actors whenever you invade the region of their nests.
A few will stand around as if dumbfounded, watching every
move you make. Others stand with wings outspread and flut-
tering as if half scared to death, calling, "Quit! Quit!
Quit!" and as you approach, they go reeling and tumbling
along like drunken men.

*9 The earliest ~~must~~ be the ballet dancers in the bird world
out of the egg and yet quite long in appearance. On ac-
count of the stilt-legs, Nature enables these young birds
to find their own living by wading about almost as soon as
they are hatched. (To me a young avocet resembles a ballet-
dancer). In a space of a few acres, we found six nests of
the killdeer and nine of the avocets and stilts.

*10

The old avocets were very emphatic in their ef-
forts to drive us away from their nests and young. They
swooped at us from high in the air; straight at our heads
they came with their long, dagger-shaped bills, but swerved
aside almost at the point of striking.

(This shows an avocet in flight, darting straight at the head of the photographer, the bird coming at tremendous speed and just on the point of swerving.)

*11 The young avocets like other young waders, are skilfull at hiding. I have seen them disappear in places where it seemed there was not a single hiding place. They run through the marsh very rapidly or swim readily in the deeper water. While the bill is curved in the old bird,
*12 in the young it is straight.

*13 After getting photographs of the young birds, our next more difficult task was to secure a picture of the old avocet on the nest. It took several days before we finally succeeded in doing this. We found a nest that was close beside a small bush and by using this bush, we constructed a blind for our camera, and used a long thread-attachment to release the shutter.

OUT { The first morning after our camp at the mouth of Lost River, we awoke at daylight and looking through the rail fence saw a pair of Cinnamon Teal making love to each other within twelve feet of our heads. After breakfast we

OUT { FOUND WE
A had camped within twenty-five feet of their nest contain-
ing nine eggs. We found this old stockade ^{where we were camped} to be a great
nesting place, ^{for ducks} for we discovered three nests of the Pin-
tail Duck and six nests of the Cinnamon Teal, not fifty but
yards from where we camped.

*14 This nest of the pin-tail we found built right
out in the open grass. The grass was not tall enough to
give much protection as in most cases. At this time the
eggs were completely covered with a warm coat of down as ^{they} it
^{were} was left by the mother. We moved this blanket back so as
to show the eggs, and then carefully replaced it.

*15 Later in the day when we came along with our cam-
era, the mother was on her nest. We walked by several times
each time a bit closer, and she did not move. Finally we
edged up within five feet of the duck as she sat on the nest
and took this photograph.

*16 We found the nest of another pin-tail in the dry
tules close to the water's edge. I almost stepped on the
nest before the bird flushed. She flew about fifty feet
out on the Lake and returned as soon as I departed. Dif-
ferent ducks are often very different in individuality.
The two I have just mentioned were quite tame, but most of
the others we found were wild. Just beyond where we camped

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OUT (were two more nests almost identical in position, but we scarcely ever got sight of the owners.

*17 We secured a picture of the bird ^{just entering} on the nest near the water's edge by using our blind. We wanted to make an intimate study of the life of these birds in the marsh, but unless we could hide ourselves in some way, it was impossible. To overcome this difficulty, we had brought a blind specially made for the purpose. We had secured an old wagon-umbrella of dark-green color. Then taking a long piece of green canvas, we had sewed hooks along the edge about eighteen inches apart, and when these were hooked in at the end of each rib, we had the sides hanging down all around, making a covered tent in which we could hide with our cameras.

*18 We set up our umbrella blind a few feet away from the nest near the water's edge and the mother pin-tail soon came to regard it as part of the surroundings. In this we could hide within five feet of the nest to watch the progress of affairs in the duck household. Through a tiny slit in the canvas, we aimed our camera and exposed as many plates as we wished without the least disturbance. For three different days we watched at the nest side.

OUT (The pin-tail's nest was warmly lined with down and it was interesting to see what care she took before

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leaving her nest. She began taking the soft down and tucking it in under with her bill, and then as she left her home, she finished covering her eggs with the warm blanket of down. When she returned from the Lake, she stood on the shore for a little while, shaking and drying herself before entering the nest. She scraped her bill along over her breast feathers to drain off every drop of water. Then she waddled up to her nest, uncovered her eggs and slipped into her place in a satisfied manner. (This shows her entering)

The red duck
* 20
She knew her business for she reared one of the cutest bird families I have ever seen. This shows some of the ~~little~~ ducklings in their downy nest.

We made many attempts to get pictures of young ducks after they had left the nest; in all we exposed over sixty plates out of which we developed half a dozen good ones. These ducklings, even the first day after leaving the nest, were so quick and expert in hiding and diving that we found it almost impossible to photograph one when he was at liberty.

* 21
Our first successful attempt was with a young red-head duck that we chased and finally corralled in this shallow place.

The home of the pin-tail I have shown you, we watched very closely when the eggs began to hatch. The first duckling hatched about eleven o'clock one morning, and in the afternoon we could not resist taking him over to

a little pond to initiate him. There was no foolishness about his mother having to teach him what to do; he knew instinctively. He had a few ideas in his little head before he left the egg. He soon began darting here and there snapping up flies and bits to eat along the water. Then after he swam around a while, he climbed out on the bank and did the next thing in order, began drying and preening himself.

We found several different kinds of ducks nesting all through this country, canvas-backs, mallards, pintails, wigeons, red-heads and Cinnamon teal. The Klamath Lakes are the great breeding ground for the flocks of ducks that spread through California in Winter. They are the great winter feeding grounds for the flocks that migrate from the extensive northern regions as far up as the Yukon. Ducks are so plentiful here that there is not much thought of protection among the residents ^{here} who often shoot them merely for the sport of seeing them fall. For years Klamath County was the most profitable field in the West for the market hunter. ^{There} Two seasons ago we were told that a hundred and twenty tons of ducks were shipped from this one locality. This means the slaughter of from 60,000 to 80,000 birds in one district to meet an ever increasing demand. Here is ^{where} work in bird protection is needed.

(This is the only photo we got of the 4 ducks after leaving the nest at the edge of the lake)

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24 X
The western grebe is a diver of the glistening-
white breast and silver-gray plumage. It has been one of
the greatest sufferers at the hands of the market hunter.
Thousands and thousands of these birds have been shot every
year to supply the millinery market.

29 X
30 X
The grebe is one of the shyest of all birds to
photograph, for at the slightest sound or motion, he dis-
appears like a flash. They stay under water for quite a
while and the next time they appear, they are fifty or a
hundred yards away. For several days we sneaked about at
the edge of the water in the high tules and tried to pict-
ure these birds. We had to part the reeds and build them
up about us so that we were completely hidden and had a
narrow place out of which we could aim our camera. Here we
both sat in the mud and water for two different days waiting
for the grebes to swim past or come within the narrow line
of our camera vision. Chances for pictures were few and
far between, but we had good opportunities to study these
wild and wary birds. We could see many things by watching
through the thick reeds that could not be caught with the
camera.

30 X
The grebes have a way of taking their young with
them, for the little fellows lie on the back just under the

body. Here is where bird protection is needed.

wing-coverts with only the head sticking out. At the slightest alarm, the mother raises the feathers a trifle and covers the chick completely. One can tell when a grebe has a chick on her back even if he is not visible, because she generally swims higher in the water.

OV ~~X 73~~ One of the best chances for pictures we had was by using the telephoto lens and picturing the grebes at home on the opposite side of the channel. Some birds were on the nest incubating and some swimming about in the water. The nesting habits of this grebe seem to differ from the other varieties of grebes. We never saw this bird cover its eggs when leaving the nest, and we often saw them setting on the eggs during the day, although on warm days, the sun aids in incubation.

* 32 One day as I ^{was} lying low in the reeds, a pair of grebes swam past. The back of one bird was high out of the water; she was carrying ^{two} ^{BIRDS} young, but at the time neither was visible. But soon one of the youngsters got anxious to crawl out, as it were, on the hurricane deck. Each time his head appeared, the mother would reach back and cover him up. Finally one of the little fellows crawled clear out in full view, and she let him sit there a moment. But I could see this was not the customary way of riding, for

* 33 she soon raised her wing and covered him. Occasionally she picked up bits of something from the surface and reaching back, fed her babies. A little later while the father was swimming nearby, I saw one chick slip off the mother's back and go paddling toward him. He seemed to lower his body slightly in the water and the youngster floated aboard.

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OUT
The old grebes dive and swim readily under water with the young on their backs. But occasionally when they are frightened, they often lose their chicks. Several times while we were rowing about the Lake, we came unexpectedly on old grebes who were carrying young on their backs. At such times when the old birds are scared, it seems very difficult for them to hold the chicks in place when they dive. In most cases, the young birds come to the top of the water after the mother dives. When we approached the little fellows, they tried to dive, but could not stay under long or go very deep, so they were easily caught.

Photo of one on end of row.
* 77 One day while hiding in the blind with my camera, I had a fine chance at a flock of canvasback ducks that swam past. They were swimming rapidly and just as they passed, I snapped a picture of three of the birds.

who buy these skins? I cannot blame the man in the backwoods who makes his living by killing the natural things he finds there with half the energy that I would condemn the people of our cities, so-called people of culture and refinement, who buy these feathers of the milliners and who with their money create the demand for such a nefarious business.

We have a law protecting these birds from the plume hunter, but in such an extensive country we are unable to enforce this law without the money for a special warden.

We have a law that prohibits the purchasing, offering or exposing for sale the plumage of any of our native birds. The millinery establishments of ^{our} (this city and) state who are breaking this law should be prosecuted. It is the duty of the women of this city to see to it that they are not breaking the laws of this state by buying and wearing the plumage of our native birds.

Initial, second, and third class - each of our passengers
must be supplied with food and drink. The passengers of the
first class are supplied with food and drink.

One day while I was in the ship with my camera,
I ran a little way from the ship to look at some of the
birds along the shore. The birds were very tame and
did not seem to be afraid of me.

The afternoon of the second day I went to the shore.

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*26 The enemy of the game bird in the United States is not the individual hunter; the deadly enemy is the market. As long as the market demands the game, it will be supplied, legitimately if possible, illegitimately if need be. The law is needed not so much to check the spirit of the man who handles the gun, as to kill the demands of the man who handles the dollar. I cannot blame the man in the backwoods, who makes his living by killing the natural things he finds there with half the energy that I would condemn the man in the city who walks into the market and pays five dollars for a pair of canvasbacks, or his neighbor who sits at the table and pays a dollar or two for a bit of woodcock that has been spoiling in cold storage for a month. If we are to save our wild birds and animals, our laws must govern the market end of the proposition. This is the logical method, and the ultimate end of game protection must be not only the limitation but the prohibition of the sale.

*27 We were too late to find Canada geese nesting, but along the Klamath River and out on Lower Klamath Lake we saw many broods of the young birds.

27* One afternoon as we rounded a bend in the River,

we saw an old goose and a band of goslings swimming out near the middle. We made for her as fast as we could row, for we wanted a nearer look and a chance for a picture as well. After a few minutes, we came up within ten yards, when the old bird set out, flapping and splashing over the water, followed by her brood. We headed her off from the opposite bank where we knew she would soon be lost among the reeds. Then she started straight up the River. Two of the goslings followed, but the rest dove. They came up on all sides, but not a one with head high in the air as before. Each bird lay flat to the surface with its back low and neck stretched, nothing visible to the eye save a wedge cutting the water, leaving only a slight ripple in the rear. Their object was to gain the reeds on the east bank where they could glide through and disappear in the vast marsh beyond. We headed one youngster off, and as soon as he saw he was pursued, he raised his head and paddled all the faster. The moment we got too close, he dove and came up in another direction. We followed, trying to head him off from the east bank, but half a dozen times he dived, each time in a different direction and working nearer the shore. Finally his dives became shorter, and judging from my own condition, I thought he was tired. But in another minute,

* 28

* 29
E. H. Young
on left just
diving

he took breath for a longer dive and went clear under the boat, coming up at the edge of the tules, and was gone. It was a neat piece of bird strategy, for he fooled me completely, and by that time every other bird in the brood had disappeared. At first I thought it was exciting sport to give chase to a young gosling or duckling in the open water, but after being fooled half a dozen times, I decided it was a one-sided game.

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Tule Lake is a body of water about thirty miles long and perhaps ninety miles around. It has a long, mountainous peninsula extending out from the southeast shore. After camping at the mouth of Lost River for a week, we set out one day straight across the Lake for the peninsula.

There was a slight wind when we started and we used our big umbrella to good advantage as a sail. But as we got further out, the wind increased and the waves grew in size, till at two different times we were almost swamped, and it was dark before we reached land. We crawled in that ^{NIGHT} pretty well soaked and with a heavy gale blowing.

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(The weather cleared somewhat) the next day and we unloaded at the neck of the peninsula and portaged our boat and equipment across. We then reloaded and paddled on up

*32 the inlet. That night we camped just below the crater of an extinct volcano and early the next morning paddled out to a rocky island containing a colony of Farallone cormorants. Here on the slopes in a space of twenty-five by fifty feet, we found one hundred and ninety nests, containing about three hundred young birds and half as many eggs not yet hatched. As we approached within a few hundred yards of the island, the old birds left in a body, flying out over the Lake, swinging around to make a complete circle of the island, and then settled in the water. When we landed, many of the young crowded down to the opposite end or swam off in the water. Most of the nestlings could swim as well as the parents, but they were not able to fly.

*33 The whole island was rancid in spite of the ventilation it got from every wind of heaven, for dead and decaying fish were scattered about every nest. In some nests we found eggs. In others, such as this one, the young were just hatching out. In still others we found large birds that vigorously resisted our approach. I can assure you a cormorant is not beautiful at any stage.

*35 We found one young cormorant that had a deformed bill. The upper mandible turned down just as in the hooked bill of a hawk, and it fitted into the lower mandible giving a hooked nose appearance. A freak of this kind is not

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common in bird life, for in the thousands of young birds we have seen, we have noted but three or four such instances. Only the fittest survive in bird life, and one that is not fully equipped soon dies. One might wonder if a bird like this would win out in the survival of the fittest. After watching and studying him for awhile, I came to the conclusion he would. He resembled one of the pictured monsters of ages past. He had this advantage over his mates, when his mouth once closed on a fish, it could not slip away.

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The next day we rowed on south past Rattle-snake Island and came to Bloody Point, which is a large butte of red lava almost entirely covered with California poppies. This is one of the old landmarks of the Modoc War. In the afternoon we made camp across from another large rookery where both cormorants and pelicans were nesting together. (This island is dimly seen about half a mile out beyond camp.) The island held two hundred and fifty cormorant nests,-- about two hundred and seventy-five young birds and two hundred eggs. The cormorant nests were built up on sticks, but the pelicans simply made a depression in the sand for their eggs.

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The next day we rowed on south and came to another island

This was the only colony of pelicans we found

ing a looked none appeared. A flock of this bird is not

after cruising two weeks on Tule Lake, although we had seen a flock of several hundred birds that fished about the Lake and roosted together at night on one of the sand-bars.

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They were very likely last year's birds and being immature, had not yet begun to nest.

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The water was shallow so we anchored our boat and approached slowly and cautiously, till finally we got up close enough to use our telephoto lens to good advantage. When we first approached the place, the pelicans seemed to be as thick as the cormorants, but a count showed only thirty-eight eggs and fifteen young pelicans, the eldest of which immediately set out for the middle of the Lake as we drew near.

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When we returned to Merrill, we loaded our boat into a wagon and hauled it overland to White Lake, a small body of water that empties into the Lower Klamath at the southern end.

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We found the Lower Klamath very different from the south end of Tule Lake. The whole border is a veritable jungle. The tules grow in an impenetrable mass from ten to fifteen feet high, and one can never get to a point

OUT where he can look out above the tops of the reeds and see where he is going. / Then the foundation below is made of decayed vegetation and is treacherous to tread upon. One may wade along in two feet of water a short distance and sink over his head at the next step.

*44 Extending for several miles out from the main shore, was a seemingly endless area of floating tule islands, between which flowed a network of channels. The tules had grown up for several generations. The heavy growth of each year shoots up through the dead stalks of the preceding season till it has formed a fairly good floating foundation. On the top of this the pelicans, gulls, terns and cormorants had perched and trodden down the tules till they formed a surface often strong enough to support a man. But it was like walking on the crust of the snow, for you never knew just when it would break through. We found a few places where the solid roots had formed a sort of a floor at the surface of the water, ^{and as we could not reach shore through the swamp} which was buoyant enough to support us. These precarious footholds were the only camping spots we had during the two weeks we cruised the Lower Klamath.

3rd Party a third The days we spent on the Klamath Lake were full of hardship. The Lake itself is about twenty-five miles

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long by twelve wide. The water is full of sediment and is strong with alkali. The surface water is only from six to twelve feet deep, and under this is a soft layer of oozy mud, thick, slimy and stinking, about the same depth as the water. We had great difficulty in getting water to drink, as we had to go well out into the Lake for it and then boil every drop we used.

The only fuel we had was the little we carried in the boat. The first morning out, we tried wetting down the tules and making a small fire on top, but before we could get anything cooked, the whole foundation was ablaze and coffee-pot and frying-pan had to be used to check the flames. After that we always sought a place where the tules could be cleaned away and a fire made on the water-soaked roots even with the surface.

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The thick growth of tules made an excellent bed. By spreading our sleeping-bag on top of a high bunch and rolling in carefully, we generally had a good bed for the night. In the early part of the evening we were two or three feet above the surface, but by morning we would sink down just about to water-level.

The largest bird rookeries of this region are located on the west side of the Lake. They are several

*47 miles in extent. I have seen large colonies among the sea-birds, where the nesting space on the rock ^{was} ~~was~~ limited, the birds have to live close together. But out here on the Lake where every bird might have an acre or so to himself, they crowd together even more. In fact, there were six different species of birds that had joined together as it were, and occupied the island for over half a mile, forming ~~the~~ most extensive bird colony I have ever seen. I have my doubts if its equal exists in any other part of the United States. (This shows a general view of the central part of the colony, where great blue herons, Farallone cormorants, Caspian terns, white pelicans, Clark's grebes, California and ring-billed gulls are nesting.)

*48 When a mile away, with our field-glass, we could see the birds rising and circling over the low-lying islands. As we rowed nearer, they came out to meet us, swimming about on all sides and following in the wake of our boat. Cormorants flapped along over the surface, pelicans rose heavily from the water, and the air was so filled with gulls and terns that it seemed they hardly had room to fly.

At this season of the year, all the birds had young and we found that it would create too great a disturbance to go among them, so we used our umbrella blind.

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The next morning, we ^{passed} selected around to a colony of gulls on one of the islands of decayed tules. We erected our blind and both got underneath with the cameras. Then holding up the umbrella, we began slowly edging through the muck toward the rookery. It is hard to say just what the birds thought this queer-looking object was; they could see no legs, no head, but still it moved. The day before they had gone wild at our approach; now they paid little attention to the green thing that blended fairly well with the surroundings, even though it gradually approached closer and closer. At the edge of the colony, we planted our blind by driving the extension-handle of the umbrella in the mud. In a short time the blind passed as a part of the scenery, while we peered out or pointed our cameras through the loop-holes in the canvas. With our telephoto lens we could bring the birds up as close as we wished to photograph them. With our reflex camera, we tried for flight pictures of the birds continually coming and going.

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Although we had a remarkable chance to study these birds at home, yet there was little pleasure in it at the time. The sun was pelting-hot and there was not the faintest movement in the sultry atmosphere. We breathed

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*52 the foulest kind of air on account of the dead birds and the decayed fish scattered about, and we were standing in a muck that was continually miring deeper. Swarms of flies and mosquitoes harrassed us constantly, while the perspiration kept dripping from our bodies; till after three or four hours in the blind, our tongues were parched from thirst, and with loss of strength and patience, we were compelled to quit for the day. But for all we suffered, there was a fascination in watching these wild birds going and coming fearlessly almost within arm's reach.

*53 Wherever we went about through the channels between the islands, we were preceded by whole armies of birds,--cormorants, pelicans and gulls. At one place we counted fifteen hundred young cormorants swimming about in the water.

*54 The pelican rookeries were scattered all along for about two miles. When we first approached, hundreds of these big white birds rose in a mass and settled out in the Lake where they looked for all the world, like a huge squadron of white battle-ships.

*55 There were from ^{FOUR} eight to ^{SIX} ten big rookeries, each containing from 400 to 600 birds. Besides there were about fifteen others that had all the way from 50 to 200 birds.

The young pelicans were all hatched and about half grown at this season of the year.

*56 We had no trouble in going right among the young pelicans and photographing. Some of them seemed even pleased at the novel experience at having a picture taken. They stood around with their mouths open, panting like a lot of dogs after a chase on a hot day, their pouches shaken at every breath. When we went near one of the colonies, most of the youngsters went tottering off on their big webbed feet, with wings dragging on this side and that, as if they were poorly handled crutches. The first thing they did when we approached was to vomit up fish and then stagger on with the crowd. Following along after a band of young pelicans was as bad as crossing a battle-field where the victims were fish, for the carcasses were strewn all along in the wake of the procession. The youngsters huddled together by hundreds in a small space. Those on the outside pushed and climbed to get nearer the center, till it looked worse than any football scrimmage I ever saw. I watched one large bird rush for the center, bucking over three or four others and finally landing astraddle the neck of another. When we went nearer, those on the outside began to circle the ends and around and around the whole mass

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*58

*59 revolved as it moved off. Soon after the little gluttons retraced their steps to pick up the fish dinners that had been left behind.

*60 One evening at dusk an old pelican dropped into the little inlet in front of our camp. It was our first night there and we had encroached upon his fishing preserve. He came to spend the night, and he came with such ease and grace. We were sitting still. (The surface of the water was placid.) We saw him coming some distance away, as he glided along on spread wing, smoothly and silently, and when about fifteen yards away, he dropped his big webbed feet to the surface and made the prettiest slide I have ever seen. He slid for thirty feet with a rippling sound of the water and came to a dead stop. But he had no sooner paused and raised his eyes than he saw us, and away he rose with a heavy flapping of his broad pinions, kicking the water up behind to get a start.

*61 It would be difficult to tell how an old pelican can recognize her own, but she seems to do it, for the nesting is not a communal matter. As soon as an old bird alighted in the rookery, she was besieged by half a dozen young ones, but I never saw one of the parents feed till she had apparently made some selection as to the young.

*62 One might wonder how such a huge-billed bird could feed a helpless chick just out of the egg, but it was done with apparent ease. The parent regurgitated a fishy soup into the front end of her pouch and the baby pelican pitched right in and helped himself out of this family dish. As the young bird grew older and larger, at each meal time he kept reaching further into the big pouch of his parent until finally when he was half grown, it was a remarkable sight. The mother opened her mouth and the whole head and neck of the nestling disappeared down her capacious maw while he hunted for his dinner in the internal regions.

*63 The old birds were exceedingly scary about coming near the rookery while we were about, but we set up our tent-blind as shown here, beside a colony of young birds and covered it well with reeds. For three days it stood there, one of us staying in most of the time to study and picture the pelicans.

*64 As I sat under the umbrella with my reflex camera pointing out through a slit in the canvas, there were several hundred young pelicans bunched along the platform of tules only a few yards away. The first old bird pitched awkwardly in and alighted nearby and several young birds

waddled forward to meet her. She caught sight of a piece of partly dried fish that had been disgorged, grasped it in her bill and tossed it away before one of the youngsters could grab it. One of the other birds rushed for it, but she was ahead and threw it as far as she could again, and the third time she tossed it over in the tules where it could not be reached.

*65 Just then another mother dropped into the nursery and she was besieged by several ravenous children. Each began pecking at her bill, trying to make her feed them. But she moved off in apparent unconcern, or perhaps she was making some selection as to which one to feed. She waddled about till one of the youngsters began a series of actions that were very interesting. He fell on the ground before the old bird, grunting and flapping his wings as if he were in the last stages of starvation. Still the mother did not heed his entreaties and the youngster suddenly got well and began pecking at her bill again. The old bird backed up
*66 as if she were getting a good footing and slowly opened her mouth to admit the bill of the ^{young} little pelican. She drew her neck up till the ends of the upper and lower mandibles were braced against the ground and her pouch was distended to the limit. Jonah-like, down the mother's throat went

OUT

*67

*68

*68
4th wing over
neck

OUT

the head and neck of the child till he seemed about to be swallowed, had it not been for his fluttering wings. He remained burried in the depths for about two minutes, eating everything he could find. Nor did he withdraw from the family cupboard voluntarily, but when the supply was exhausted or the mother thought he had enough, she began slowly to rise and struggle to regain her upright position. The youngster was loath to come out and flapping his wings, he tried in every way to hold on as she kept shaking back and forth. She shook around over ten or twelve feet of ground till she literally swung the young bird off his and sent him sprawling over on the dry tules.

For a few moments the youngster lay dazed, then as if coming to his senses, he seemed to go raving mad. I never saw such an apparent show of temper in anything but a badly-spoiled child. He whirled around once or twice, grasping his own wing in his bill, shaking and biting it. Then seeing one or two other young birds standing near, he plunged headlong at them, jabbing right and left with his beak, while they rapidly retreated out of his way. By that time the wrath of the youngster seemed spent, for he fell sprawled-out, and soon went sound asleep in the sun.

James

* 78 The black tern is quite common about these Lakes. Forster's tern was formerly abundant, but the species had been almost annihilated by plume hunters. And this was the only colony of Caspian terns we found on the Lakes.

*James
photograph*
OUT

* 79 From this colony, the birds spread out over the Lakes to feed. It is peculiarly striking bird with its long wings, jet-black cap and carmen-red bill. Every morning at daybreak, they came flying over our camp in twos and threes, calling a hoarse "Crack-a-day-o! Crack-a-day-o!"

* 80 Here in the tern colony our umbrella blind was again very useful. We could plant it within a few feet of where the birds were nesting and they came and went, paying little attention to it. There were many young terns about on all sides, from the downy young chicks to the birds almost full grown. The parents seemed to recognize their young largely by location. As we watched the old birds, their greatest anxiety seemed to be to keep their chicks from running away and getting lost in the crowd. I saw one young tern start to run off through the reeds, but he hadn't gone a yard before the mother dove at him with a blow that sent him rolling. He got up dazed and started off in a new direction, but she rapped him again on the head till he was glad to crouch down in the dry reeds.

* 81

* 82
wing movement

1958. I Several times I saw old birds pounce upon youngsters that were running about and beat them unmercifully. It seemed to be as much the duty of a tern mother to beat her neighbor's children, if they didn't stay home, as to whip her own if they moved out of the nest. ^(note wing motion) Sometimes a young tern would start to swim off in the water, but it never went far before it was pounced upon and driven back shoreward.

* 83

1958. I wish I could give you an idea of just what a hub-bub the disturbance of a few chicks in a village of this kind causes. Each household of chicks has its special place so the parents know exactly where to go with food. At this time many of the young terns were old enough to run around and our tent naturally caused a mix-up in the birds of the immediate neighborhood. As a result, every old lady in that vicinity was on the war-path. If birds have family brawls, these terns certainly have them. If birds ever swear, these terns certainly did as they came dropping in and couldn't find their own children.

* 84
wing movement

* 85

The nest spots were only two or three feet apart, and at this time the invasion of a near neighbor was an open challenge for a fight. Several times we were ^{excited} silent spectators of the rows that were going on just outside our

* 86 tent. I watched one old hen as one of her neighbors lit near by. She grabbed the tail of the intruder and gave it a sharp jerk. At that both birds pitched in and a lively set-to followed. They pulled and tugged, till suddenly the old hen let go and grabbed her opponent by the neck, and began shaking and hanging on with as much tenacity as a bull-dog, till the intruder got enough and departed, leaving the victor with a mouthful of feathers.

* 87

(This shows the beginning of another knock-down fight over a chick that is just behind the two birds.)

But all the scenes in the tern village were not as boisterous as these, for the birds were peaceful enough when their children were not mixed. Just on the other side of our tent was a mother hovering two chicks that were just hatched out. She was protecting them from the sun when the father arrived with a very small fish. It was small because the chicks were small and was held in the end of his bill. Fish were fed whole to the young and as they grew older, larger fish were brought in.

* 88
Best of all is ^{this} a view when the mother moved off the nest and the father stepped around to feed his young, and the little fellow rose to take the fish.

One of the last and best pictures we secured on

*89

the Lower Klamath, was a view of a small section of the tern colony with ^{the} a band of cormorants and a band of pelicans in the background.

After spending almost a month and half ^a ^{using over 700 photographic plates} cruising about among the bird multitudes, we paddled back down the Klamath to where she breaks through the mountains and took the overland trail for home.

ing the winter with a variety of ventures.

This was the beginning of another back-down fight over a chick that he had found the two birds.

Amusement
All the people in the new village were as well as the old, for the birds were peaceful enough when their children were not wild. Just on the other side of our tent was a mother lowering her chicks that were just hatched out. She was protecting them from the sun when the father arrived with a very small fish. It was small because the chicks were small and was held in the palm of his bill. Fish were fed only to the young and as they grew older, larger fish were brought in.

Next of all is a view when the father arrived with the fish and the mother stopped around to feed his young, and the little fellow rose to feed the fish.

Just of the tent and back pictures we secured on

The work of the Audubon Societies has been the most important factor in the protection of non game birds in the U. S. The National Association of Audubon Societies for the protection of wild birds and animals was founded in 1901. Incorporated in 1905. It is the father of the State organizations.

In 1900 comparatively few States had laws protecting all non-game birds but in 1905 the number had increased to 34. All the States East of the Mississippi River (except three West Virginia, Maryland and Alabama) have such laws.

The funds of the National Association are raised by subscription among those who are interested in the work. (The annual dues for sustaining members are \$5.)

Now with funds raised in this way a remarkable work has been accomplished during the last few years.

(1) One of the most far-reaching results has been the elimination of plumage of our native birds from the military trade.

Accomplished by the cooperation of the Audubon Societies with the Wholesale Milliner's Ass.

In 1903 an agreement was drawn up between

The Audubon Societies and the Merchants Millinery Protective Association of N. Y. whereby the sale of plumage of gulls, terns, grebes and other native birds was stopped.

~~Of course, the laws have been broken to some extent since,~~
~~but not so much as~~ ^{So} ~~formerly~~ many of our native birds were killed that some species would soon have been exterminated had the traffic not been stopped. You are likely familiar with the case of the Snow heron in Florida that was killed in its nuptial plumage

~~for the egret. that was so fascinatingly~~
 This bird had almost been exterminated in our Florida swamps because it was killed in the colonies where it nested at the very time of the year when it had eggs or young. Same of our terns.

(2) What has been done toward protecting our birds? During past year, 50 special wardens hired in various parts of the U.S. to guard the places where our sea birds and inland water birds. Our gulls and terns formerly slaughtered. Now every important colony of seabirds along Atlantic Coast guarded. A few years ago few Least Terns left. Colony on Carolina coast was reduced to a few pair. Protected 4 years now over 4000 terns breeding.

(3) Previous to work of National Ass. Gov. had set aside 3 reservations for protection of wild birds and animals (1) Yellowstone Park, (2) National Zoological Park and (3) an island on southern coast of Alaska.

Since 1900 eight additional preserves established. (2) Two in Florida (4) Two in Michigan (5) one in Louisiana (6) North Dakota (7) Oklahoma and Alaska.

(4) Last and not least The National Association is doing educational work among children and teachers. They issue leaflets that make it possible for every one to know our common birds at sight and these leaflets show the economic value of the birds to man. These are all distributed free to those who are interested.

My purpose of speaking this evening is to show you the "Home Life of Some of our Wild Birds" as we have studied them with note book and pictured them in their native haunts, and to touch up on the economic importance of these birds to man.

(Let room be darkened)

Frank

If any one is interested further in the work of bird protection or bird study we want to furnish to you free of charge some of the educational leaflets of the Audubon Societies.

There are two things I want to urge in closing (1) If you are not a member of the (Ohio) Audubon Society, if you are not actively helping in this work we want to enroll your names before you leave. Dues.

In the 2nd place if you have a further interest in bird protection we want you to enroll your names as sustaining members of the National Ass. of A. S. The Annual dues are \$5 and this includes your subscription to Bird Lore, the bird magazine that is the official organ of the National Ass.