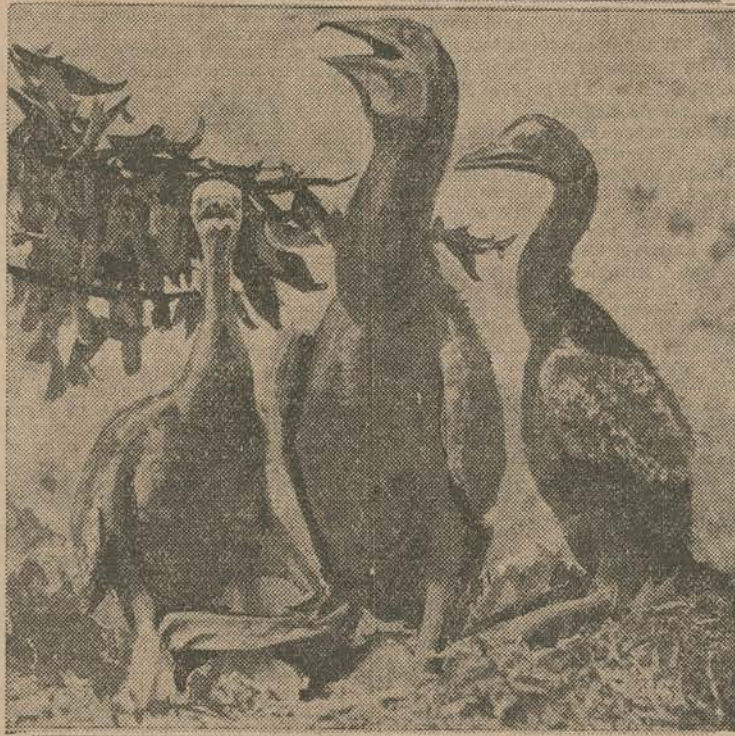


WILD FOLK YOU MAY MEET

Presenting One of Many Interesting Specimens of the Widely Diversified Fauna of the Oregon Country.

Oregonian 4-9-31



—Photo by W. L. Finley and H. T. Bohlman.

Three young Farallon cormorants contemplating the world from their sea cliff home. These are the largest of the three Oregon species. The other two are the Baird's cormorant and the Brandt cormorant. All are swift fliers and expert divers.

ANYWHERE along the Oregon coast and even inland where there is water the cormorant will be found. He is a curious bird—one of the most curious of all the divers. You may see him winging swiftly along out beyond the breakers; his black body speeding less than a foot above the sea, rising and falling with the contours of the surf.

His flight is swift and at a distance he resembles nothing quite so much as a goose. The long, outstretched neck, the feet outthrust behind and the straight flight all resemble the characteristics of the brant.

Because he and his kind have taken to the sea for their livelihood they have become divers. Countless ages of diving have wrought changes in their body structure. The powerful webbed feet are set at the rear of the body, rendering the bird almost helpless should he attempt to walk or run,

and the feathers are close set and oily to withstand the wetness and great pressure of the depth to which he must go to find food.

He is a swift swimmer and you may, if you are fortunate, see one in the heart of the green breaker. His wings will be partially opened and his feet will be used as rudders. His speed, under water, is as rapid as that of most surf fish.

The Japanese for ages have used the cormorant as fishing tackle. The bird is easily tamed and the orientals place a ring around his neck to prevent him from swallowing his prey. To the ring they attach a line. The birds perch on the gunwale of the fishing boat until a school of fish is reached, when they are thrust overboard. They dive and race through the school until they have accumulated a beak and throat full before they are unceremoniously hauled in and forced to disgorge.



the Multnomah club will be held to-
night at the clubhouse. Kenneth
Krupke is in charge of arrangements.
Portland Alumnae association of
Kappa Delta will entertain at a bene-
fit bridge tea tomorrow afternoon.
The affair will be held at the home
of Miss Genevieve McCarty, 808
Northrup street. The committee in
charge of arrangements includes Miss
Genevieve McCarty, chairman, as-
sisted by Miss Catherine Ryan, Miss
Cesstine McCarty, Mrs. William H.
Quinn and Miss LaVerna Moore.
This afternoon at 2:30 the Town
club will present Mrs. Paul J. Ryan
still in an illustrated lecture. "From
Cadiz to San Sebastian."
Reservations for the no-host din-
ner in the Arabian room of the Mult-
nomah hotel preceding the dancing
party of the Amici dancing club next
Tuesday night will be accepted until
tomorrow afternoon. The dinner will

Mrs. Roscoe R. Giltner entertained
eight friends on Wednesday night at
a Japanese dinner at her home in
Irvington. Japanese food was pre-
pared in the Japanese fashion on the
table. A similar dinner party which
had been planned for last night was
postponed due to the sudden illness
of Mrs. Giltner's sister, Mrs. David
Hemingway, in Cottage Grove.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Haugh of Oma-
ha, Neb., who are visiting in the
city for a few days, have been the
inspiration for a number of dinner
parties and luncheons. Mr. and Mrs.
Arthur C. Spencer were hosts at a
dinner for eight in their honor last
night at their home on Portland
Heights, and this afternoon Mrs. J. P.
O'Brien will entertain a group of
friends at luncheon at the Town club
to compliment Mrs. Haugh. Mr. and
Mrs. Haugh will leave on Saturday to
return to their home.

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knowing his sorry predicament; rather a reassuring fact, Elton thought, since it must mean she was not suspicious that he had seen through her masquerade. The Countess de Coudree was a woman of the most striking beauty, with nothing of the boldness of Senora Quarazza. In her large, limpid brown eyes, eyes that were set far apart under finely arched brows, he caught a touch of boldness, the veriest hint of the adventures. But this was offset by the repose of her line features, the seriousness of her mouth and the poise of her bearing. The name Countess de Coudree was French, and the woman was something of the French type of the high Pyrenees, although Elton thought she might be Rumanian or Greek. There was no knowing what nationalities served the German secret service in Geneva, though logically they took French names in an environment where custom, language, populace and sympathy were mostly French.

Elton returned the cigar, deftly substituting his own weed and retaining the one Walters had lent him. "In the butt of this cigar is a message. Get it back to Sands and have him ride like the wind with it to headquarters."

"We must speak quickly," said Elton. "Sure enough," said Walters. "A light from your cigar will do well enough, monsieur," prompted Elton. "A light from your cigar will do well enough, monsieur," prompted Elton. "A light from your cigar will do well enough, monsieur," prompted Elton.

"Pardon, monsieur," he intercepted Walters as the veteran non-com. in-cognito in rather lurid civilian clothes, turned to enter the Kursaal, "but may I trouble you for a light?"

Walters, putting silently at a long black cigar which he had just lighted, fumbled in his vest pocket. "A light from your cigar will do well enough, monsieur," prompted Elton.

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Oregonian 4-10-31



—W. L. Finley photo.

This study in grotesque alertness might have come from the moon if we are to judge by appearances. He is the kingfisher and a king among fishermen—even a fisherman among kings—for he is a most democratic personality. To his brother anglers he needs no introduction.

A CARICATURE—a feathered jest—is the Oregon kingfisher whose slate blue form and "click reel" cry is familiar to any angler who whips the mountain stream with the fly. His feathered crest which always lends readily to the impression that he has arisen from his bed less than a quarter of an hour before and his scolding cry as he dives from a snag might be misconstrued for meanness but he is a singularly pleasant fellow despite his appearance. Sometimes he will stay with a fisherman throughout the day; hiding in the jade heart of the spruce or perching like some gargoyle from the roots of a tree long since claimed by the freshet.

He is conspicuously marked with a white collar and a "plaid" tail. His predominating color is a light blue. During the nesting season he and his mate select a hole in the soft loam of

a stream bank where they can dart in and out at will.

The eyesight of the kingfisher is one of his most remarkable features. There is no scientific explanation for his ability to see small fish several inches under water from a vantage point on a snag which may be more than 50 feet from his prey. If he were hovering above the fish, the explanation would be simple but any person who has waded a mountain stream will explain that nothing may be seen in the swift water unless the object is almost directly beneath the watcher. Yet this bird apparently spies his quarry at phenomenal distances.

It is generally believed of the kingfisher that he preys on trout almost exclusively. This, according to leading ornithologists, is not true. His prey consists mainly of rough fishes such as sculpins and chubs which he captures in the shallows. He is not a diver and he must take his fish on the plunge trusting to his swiftness of flight and his long, sharp beak.