

(1)

~~off~~ After Heaven

I have found it is a hazardous business to deprive a man of the livelihood he has sought for years. As a rule the plume hunter is use to hardship and danger. He is ready to fight for what he thinks are his rights. He takes the plumage of the wild bird as a natural resource. He regards the bird as useless to Nature, it is of no value until it is shot and the skin ripped from the body. Ive talked with many such men. Ive had them curse me to my face. I know of one or two that would have sent me to <sup>with world</sup> eternal rest for half a chance. But even so. For all and all my smypathies if I have any are with these men as against the dealer in plumage and the milliner and the women who buy the plumes and create the demand. These are the responsible parties, they demand the slaughter. The blood of Bradley and others to come be upon their heads. They should be branded with the blood of countless bird mothers. The crying need is not so much the service of wardens in the field as some one who can reach the society women of America.

Motherhood is strong in the grebe breast. Where is the human mother who would give up her home and babes in time of peril? Were it not for this mother love the grebe race might survive in the face of persecution. But shemust return to her nest and here in the breeding colony the hunter hides and of all treasonable things against Nature, he shoots the mother returning with food for her babes.

Division of seasons against nature's it is using the air -  
 struck of mother bird in luring to slaughter. Killing while  
 the mother carries food to her young & leaving to him  
 to starve. Who does it. The man! No the woman

(2)

heads season  
throat

If the American woman could but follow me and and look at the trail of death after the market hunter has left. I should take her to the ~~lak~~ border of Tule Lake in Northern California. I should pole her out in a skiff through the tules till I came to the grass island where the grebe hunters camped. I should take her a hundred feet beyond the ashes of the camp-fire to the skinning place. The stench is sickening for I could count over a hundred rotting carcasses in one place. In one spot they had a chopping block forthere was a pile of wings to fill a wash tub. At every step through the grass buzzing throngs of flies swarmed up and settled back.

Grebe skinning

Would that I could <sup>show her</sup> ~~paint~~ the next scene in all its reality. I would paddle out through the tules and show the deserted nests. There are homes that contained eggs never to be hatched. Beside two nests lay the <sup>dead</sup> grebe chicks that had climbed out in search of the food which the dead parents could not bring. I saw homes where young grebes were starving and burning to death in the sun. I saw grebe mothers lying dead beside their homes. Worst of all, a sight to bring tears in any eyes. *Truason.*

Grebe chicks

Look at it! Would you might see it in its reality. I can only show the mute picture. If you could see the ~~you~~ these grebe babies trying to crawl under the dead mother's wing. If you could see them weak and starving and hear their cries for food. I can hear them yet. Nor can I ever forget those motherless starving babies. But this was only one scenne a whole village of babies and I saw but two parents to feed them.

grebe + 2 ygs

Alone grebe

Could anyone see such a sight and not be moved? I

*ms*

thought of the women, nay human mothers all through our land,  
who spread this suffering and starvation among the homes of the  
wild fowl. Cursed be the fashion, my blood boils at it. Is  
this the price? How long will the American women 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.

go out for the Audubon cause It  
is humane, necessary.  
Will you stop this it depends upon  
you and me.