

with water from one to two feet in depth. The fort, already ten feet high, stood in this shallow lake. The garden was utterly destroyed.

Mr. Smith, first mate of the Albatross, set out in the whaleboat to seek a more practical site. He discovered a suitable location only a quarter of a mile downstream. The fort was immediately razed and the logs floated down to the new location. The Albatross soon followed.

And now a new menace appeared. The Indians, apparently friendly and willing to barter for furs and salmon, now gave Captain Winship great concern. Many warriors appeared, fully armed with bows and arrows and with muskets obtained from coastal trading vessels. Winship set a watch and ordered the men to work within easy running distance of the Albatross and the protection of her guns. The red men, taken aback at this turn of events, then admitted their displeasure at the location of the Winship fort. The Chinooks feared the loss of their profitable trade as intermediaries between trading ships at the mouth of the Columbia and the inland tribes. Winship continued to build.

On June 11 the red men began to send their women and children away. Thoroughly alarmed at last, Captain Winship ordered all hands aboard. The ship dropped downstream a short distance from the fort. The Indians, disgruntled at this frustration of their plans, fired arrows and musket fire at the retreating men from the protection of the rocks and trees along the shore. When a longboat was sent shoreward from the Albatross three Indian chiefs came alongside in a canoe and demanded that the white men return to the mouth of the river, leaving the upstream territory to the red men.

The next day Captain Winship decided to abandon his venture.

Next week: Astor seeks a new world to conquer.

and gallant courage.



currant and the japonica the humming bird will find them when she comes north. Honey-suckles and gladioli attract this little mite that possesses the tiniest soul in feathers, and she is likely to take up a homestead in your garden during the summer.

## Record Assembly Of Sportsmen To Greet William L. Finley

*Portland, Maine Press Herald*

### Brann, Stobie And Members Of Numerous Fish-Game Groups To Hear Noted Naturalist And Explorer

*Dec. 4, '33*

The largest assembly of sportsmen and fish and game official in the history of the conservation movement in Maine is expected to greet William L. Finley of Portland, Ore., one of America's foremost naturalists and explorers when he comes here next Feb. 13 to give an illustrated lecture in the Hotel Eastland.

The dinner meeting will be sponsored jointly by the Pine Tree Fish and Game Protective Association and the Cumberland County Fish and Game Association. Members of the York, Androscoggin and Kennebec and other fish and game associations in the State and similar groups have been invited to be their guests.

Already Gov. Louis J. Brann and George J. Stobie, Commissioner of Inland Fisheries and Game, and his staff, have signified their intentions of being present and invitations are out to the fish and game department officials of the other New England States.

Mr. Finley's lecture will be illustrated with selections from the 200,000 feet of motion picture film which he has used during his career. Frank W. Wardwell of the Pine Tree and Arthur W. Read of the Cumberland County Associations have charge of arrangements and reservations are being made at Mr. Wardwell's office at 32 Exchange Street.

*Chrysothrix* *Dec. 17, 1933*  
The Tiniest Soul in Feathers

BY WILLIAM L. FINLEY.

I WAS standing on the hillside one May morning when I saw a rufous humming bird drop like the rush of a rocket. He turned and whirled up until I could see but the tiniest speck in the sky. Then he plunged headlong like a red meteor, his gorget puffed out and his tail spread wide. He veered just above the bushes with a sound like a whip drawn through the air, and as the impetus carried him up a high-pitched musical trill sounded above the whir of his wings. Again and again he swung back and forth, evidently in an effort to win the heart of some lady. He must have won her, for I think this was one of a pair that had their home in the Virginia creeper at the side of the house.

I have never known just what to think of the male humming bird. He is an enthusiastic lover, but he disappears entirely when the nest is finished and incubation begins. I think he was never known to give his wife a hand in caring for the young birds. I found the rufous humming bird as Bradford Torrey says of his ruby-throat—he drops out of existence, leaving a widow with twins on her hands. Perhaps the male humming bird is not an intentional shirk and deserter. I think that somewhere back through the generations of humming bird experience it was found that such bright colors about the home were unmistakable clues for enemies. Therefore, it is the law of self-protection for him to keep away from the nest.

When the eggs of the humming bird hatch the birds look like two black bugs. The first sign of feathers is a light streak of brown along the middle of the back. But the queerest thing in the life of the humming bird is to watch the mother feed her young. She collects sweets from the flowers, little spiders and other insects, which she swallows and then she feeds by regurgitation. She braces her tail against the side of the nest, draws her daggerlike bill straight up above and plunges it down the baby's throat to the hilt. Then she starts a jabbing process as if to puncture him to the toes. In this way she pumps his stomach full of food. It looks like the murder of the infants.

I have never seen a humming bird fledgling fall from the nest in advance of his strength, as a young robin does. When the time comes he seems to spring into the air full-grown,

clad in glittering armor, as Minerva sprang from the head of Jove. One day as I watched a young humming bird in the nest I learned the reason. He sat on the nest edge, stretched his wings and combed out his tail feathers with his bill. Then he tried his wings. He began slowly, as if getting up steam. He made them buzz until they almost lifted him off his feet. He had to hang on to keep from going. In this way he practiced many times during the day until he mastered the art of balancing and rising in the air.

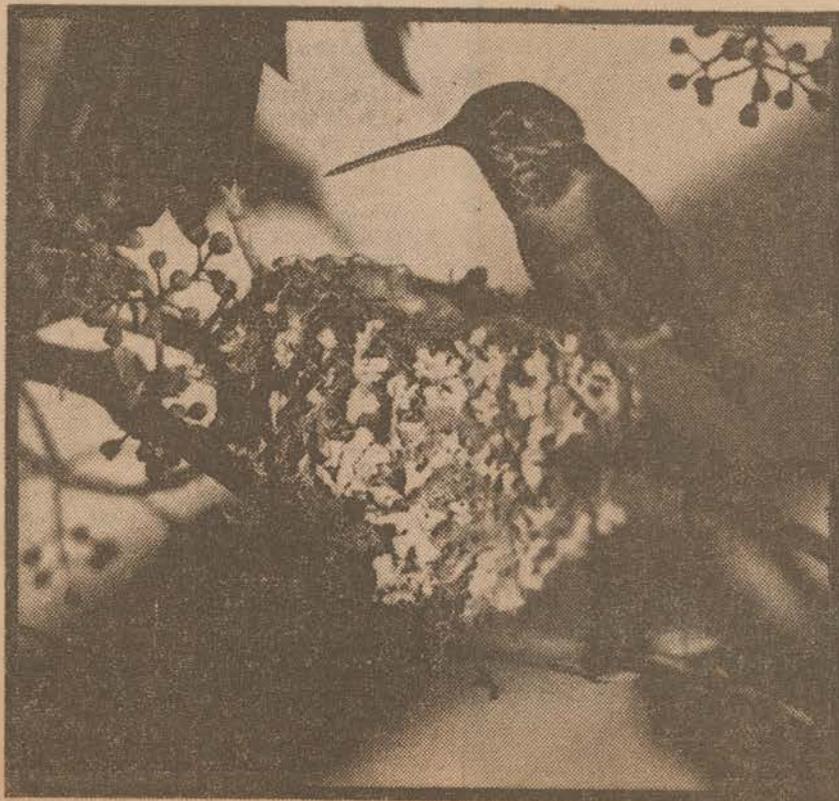
The rufous humming bird was named because of the bright reddish-brown color of the male. When one thinks of this tiniest member of the feathered kingdom that looks like a big moth among the flowers he is reminded of the tropics. Yet in summertime the little sprite buzzes his way as far north as southern Alaska, where you may find his lichen-covered nest. I have sometimes seen him near timber line in the Cascade mountains. After nesting season these humming birds follow up the flowers that appear higher in the mountains as the snow melts.

No sun worshiper of old could be more devoted to his idol than the humming bird. He lives in the sun almost as a fish does in the water. The minute a cloud crosses the face of the sun his feathers puff up and his eye loses its sparkle. Migrating north into Oregon in April, he has adapted himself to spring rains. Out of 23 humming bird nests I found most of them built entirely under shelter. Three were in vines under bridges, two in Virginia creepers under porches, another in a blackberry briar under a low-leaning tree and so on where no amount of rain could wet the little cottony homes.

Below one hummer's nest the water trickled down the basin of the canyon. Where it dropped over the rocky ledges it formed pools. One of these little basins was the hummer's bathtub. It was shallow enough at the edge for her to wade. For a moment her wing tips and tail skimmed the surface—just a rapid shower bath. She dressed and preened with all the formality of a queen. About our garden the midget takes a bath on the wing in the spray of the sprinkler. She is an acrobat in the air, backing as easily as darting forward, sidestepping, rising or dropping as readily as she poises.

If one has early spring flowers like the wild

currant and the japonica the humming bird will find them when she comes north. Honey-suckles and gladioli attract this little mite that possesses the tiniest soul in feathers, and she is likely to take up a homestead in your garden during the summer.



—Photograph by William L. Finley and H. T. Bohlman.

RUFIOUS HUMMINGBIRD AT HOME

This is our tiniest bird resident about Portland, like a big moth in size. With its needlelike bill, it constructs a remarkable nest of moss, fibers and spider webs, and the cup is generally lined with white down. The outside of the nest is nearly always shingled with lichens, perhaps to make it more protectively colored.