

which flows a network of channels. Some of these islands have fairly firm floating foundations, but it was like walking on the crust of the snow for you never knew when you would break through. These precarious footholds were the only camping spots we had during the two weeks we cruised the Lower Klamath.

These were days full of hardships. The Lake itself is about twenty-five miles long by twelve miles wide. The water is full of sediment and is strong with alkali. The surface water is only six to ten 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 to go well out in the Lake for drinking water 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 to make a small fire, but the foundation soon dried out and took fire. We had to use coffee-pot and frying-pan to check the flames. Later we found a place where the tules could be cleaned away and a fire made on the water-soaked roots, even with the surface.

We found ^{a number of} many large bird colonies, those of herons, cormorants, terns, white pelicans, grebe, and gulls. But in the days of search, we saw not a single white heron. We spent a month and a half cruising over two hundred miles of lake and swamp. In that time we talked with many hunters ^{and} ~~who~~ followed up the last bit of evidence we could get about white herons. 0

Our last hope lay in the colonies that formerly lived at Clear Lake at the head of Lost River, ^{which was thirty} but when we miles to the east. ^{who had visited the place} were told by a responsible party ~~we had visited the place~~

that a party of hunters had cleaned up several hundred dollars,

X
Camping

2
Large colony
in forest
comments
Photo Pel
& Partners

X

X

X

in heron plumes the year previous, and got the remnants of the colony that formerly thrived in this section. We gave up the hunt and returned home, disappointed.

(Duck hunting on Klamath Lakes for the market--numbers and results.)

In some of the information we had received from a plume hunter in Klamath County, we thought there might still be some white herons at Tulare Lake in California. We determined to follow up this clue. We spent the spring and summer of the following year, 1906, in southern California. We followed such clues as we had and from all the evidence, we decided that we were too late for white herons at Tulare. I have talked with men who made four and five hundred dollars a day shooting white herons on Tulare Lake. I know of the thousands that lived there formerly, but I have the evidence that convinces me that the white heron colonies have passed and are no more a part of the natural history of that great State. There may be a few scattering birds, but that is all. The plume hunters were at work clear back in the '80's before the people awaked to the necessity of wild bird protection.

~~The~~ The work of two summers had been a failure. The third season passed and we had never even seen a white heron for all our search. I became skeptical as to whether we ever would on the Pacific Coast.

See!

Small colony

9/2/06
X



X
Lost him
and

The first year we began our search for the white heron, I had met an old hunter who had shot more or less for the market for the past thirty years. He told me a careful search might reveal an undiscovered colony of white herons somewhere in the Klamath country, but he had his doubts. I asked him about ~~Tulare~~ Tulare, and he said it was the most profitable hunting ground in California. But that was twenty years ago. The plume hunter's harvest had been reaped. He told me if there was one place on the coast where the herons still lived, it might be Malheur Lake in eastern Oregon. According to his word, this was the greatest hunting ground in the West. From two other hunters I got much the same information the following year. Had we followed this information and gone to Lake Malheur two or three years ago, I believe we would have been successful in the search, for I am told white herons were shot on Lake Malheur in 1906 and 1907.

Our last hope of finding the white herons lay in the Malheur country. (So we set out from Portland on the 14th of last May for southeastern Oregon.)

(Malheur Trip.)