

We planted our umbrella blind in the midst of a big Pelican Rookery. We covered the top well with tules and left a small opening for our camera. There were about 400 or 500 young bunched about on the platform of tules. After remaining quiet awhile the old birds began sailing over, regarding the blind with some suspicion. But their fear was soon overcome for as soon as the blind was finished one of us left rowing away in the boat. In about an hour the first mother came pitching in heavily in and landed a short distance away.

The mother sat looking about for a few minutes while the youngster was beseeching for food. The young bird was almost as big as the mother. First he began grasping at her bill trying to make her give up the food, but she walked away a few feet and he followed, apparently hardly able to walk. Then he prostrated himself before the mother, flopping his wings, groaning and calling in a guttural tone and unable to lift his head from the ground. <sup>This didn't work as</sup> The old bird seemed a little uneasy at the tent, that after a little the youngster suddenly got well again and went at the mother more vigorously than ever. Instead of disgorging, the young bird actually goes right down the old lady's throat. She braces herself, opens her huge mouth till the tip of the lower mandible is pressed against the ground. (Poor photo but it shows the position of feeding with the bill braced against the ground.) The youngster remains with his head down her throat for several

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minutes or until the mother begins to shake him off. She lifts her head and begins to shake it from side to side, but the youngster holds on. The mother snook him back and forth, his wings flapping, till she fairly lifted him off his feet. ( This shows the old bird trying to get rid of the youngster, but he is resisting, having his wing over her neck trying to hold on.)

The actions of a young pelican all through reminds one of the case of a spoiled child with a wicked temper. When he is shaken off from his dinner the young pelican generally gives way to the most violent temper. I saw one grovel about grabbing his own wing several times, shaking and biting it. The spite is generally taken out on the nearest neighbor, he goes headlong at the nearest bird, jabbing right and left till his wrath finally cools.