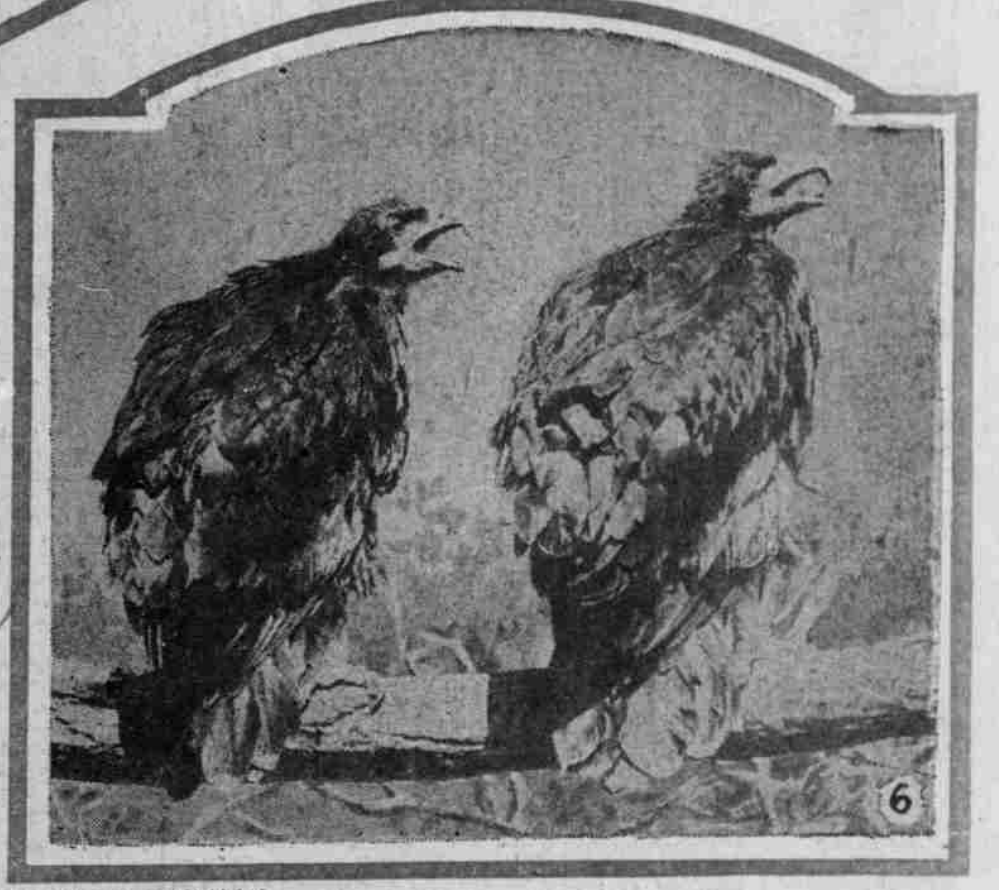
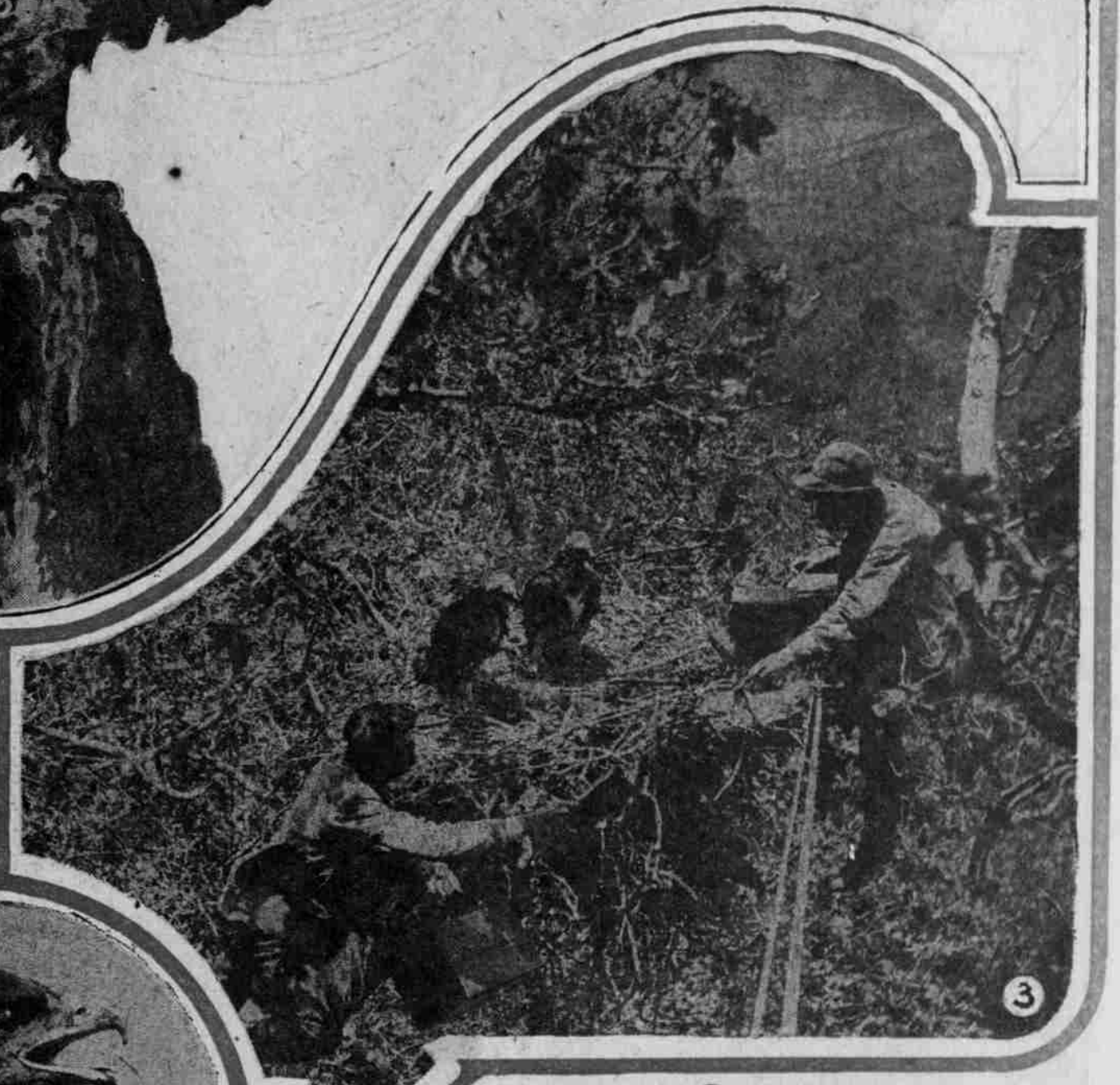
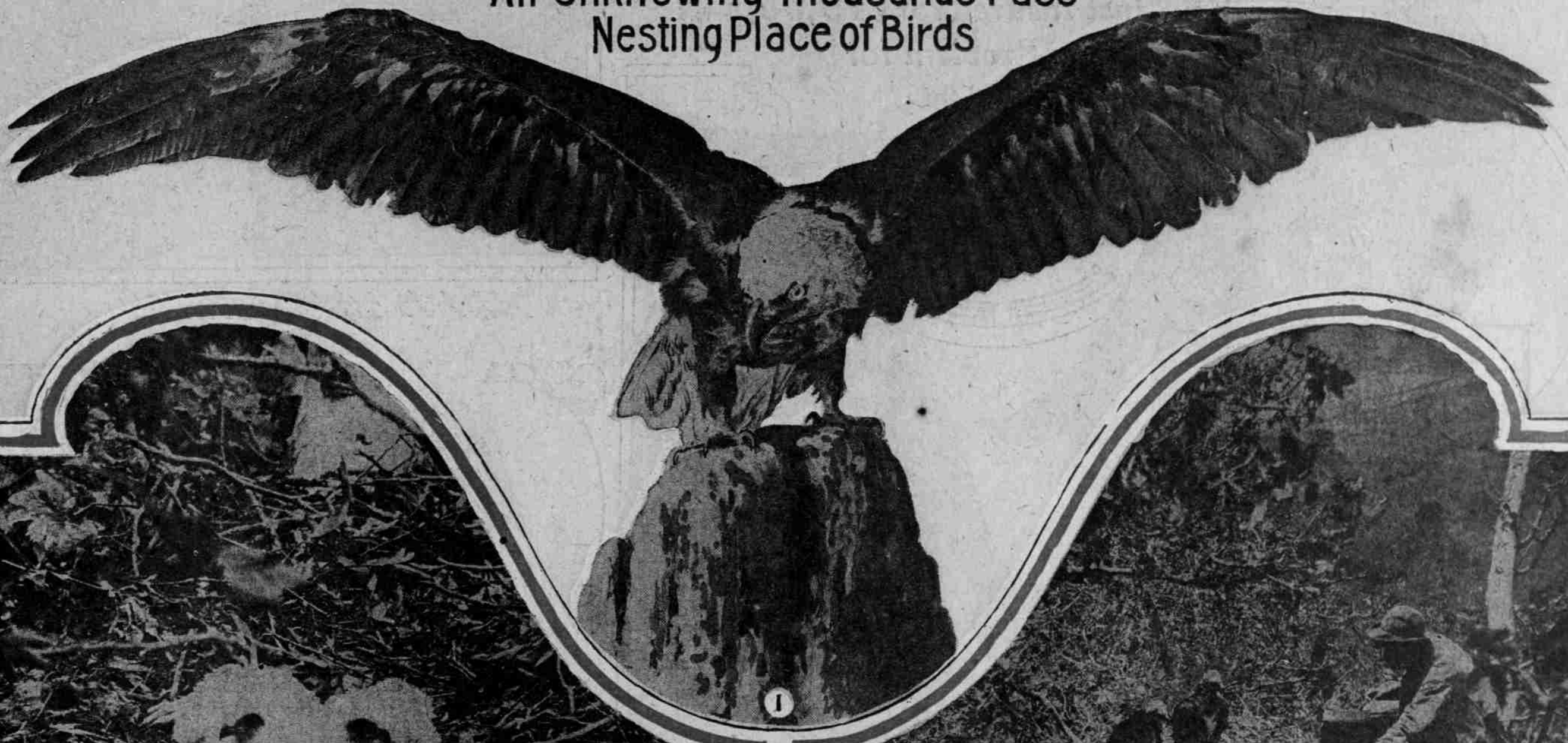




# Eagles Scream Near Tourist Haunt

## All Unknowing Thousands Pass Nesting Place of Birds



PHOTOS BY H.T. BONLMAN

1—Full-grown bald eagle. 2—When about three weeks old. 3—Bohlman and Finley photographing eagles. 4—About 40 days of age. 5—A fighting face. 6—Royal twins, 62 days old.

BY DEWITT HARRY.

THE story is told of the young man, satiated with city life and imbued with the spirit of adventure engendered by a liberal perusal of current nature fiction, who went west in search of a primeval surcease from the worries of civilization. He located a homestead in a secluded and mountainous section of the sunset fringe of the United States and several years after going there was visited by a friend from his former home and this friend found him dwelling in contentment, but worried by the advent of the moving tide of settlers and determined to move to some more remote locality. This is told to show that humans possibly love seclusion as much as any other beings, for, contrary to the accepted belief that wild life would be thought of as existent in far places, it is near the surface in this surprising country of ours.

Eagles—yes, we have all heard of them and our fancy possibly creates them circling about their nests, located on a crag that juts from a dizzy precipice inaccessible to man. But

the facts of the case are different, for a pair of bald eagles, the proud birds that spread their wings on the seal of the United States, have nested for the past five years within a few hundred yards of the stream of tourists that daily pours over the Columbia highway. All unsuspected except by those familiar with their haunt, these birds have constructed their nests and raised their families, making their daily foraging trips through the surrounding peaceful and well-settled country.

Just out of sight of the broad highway these magnificent birds have built a nest in the construction of which they have used a small cart-load of sticks and brush. It is not a careless job, this nest building, for the five-foot nest must be woven for strength and will bear the weight of a man. When the photographers made the set of pictures that accompany this article they did not meet a pair of fighting birds, for the mother rose at their approach and soared away over the hills. The parents kept at least half a mile distant

from the men who visited their nest and this might possibly be a disappointment for some who expect mention of an eagle to be current with one of fight, but the birds have possibly learned from persecution that safety lies in flight.

Eagles are mated for life and each year it is their custom to return to their old nest and relive it. They will hunt and travel together, are inseparable and when the eggs are laid will perch at some place nearby where they can overlook the nest and at the same time watch the country for food. When the young are hatched the

mother would stay to the last before sailing away when the men appeared with their cameras and as the fledglings grew older they would resent the visits of the humans and show their displeasure in no uncertain terms. The food that they demand is flesh and the parent birds make their kills several times a day for their young, much of it consisting of squirrels and small animals. There are those who claim that the bald eagle will eat carrion, like a vulture, and that the true bird for such a noble purpose as the national seal would be

the golden eagle. The bald eagle devours immense quantities of fish.

William L. Finley says that life to an eagle is a cruel, harsh reality, blood from start to finish; everything to them is serious. The pictures accompanying this article were made by Herman T. Bohlman and Finley, Portland men and admittedly among the greatest bird students in the nation. The youngsters appeared as if they would gladly have torn to shreds the hands of the humans who came near them and were steady in their defiance. Their nature is a savage one

and their deepest eyes under shaggy brows have the appearance of always peering into the distance for their prey.

The first eggs are generally laid about the first week in March and it takes the mother bird about a month to hatch them, the young generally appearing in April. This month they should be getting their pin feathers and by June look like the large birds in the pictures, if the parent birds have gone to housekeeping this year, for a pair of eagles will sometimes miss a season.

But who would think that a short motor ride from the city would carry you into the midst of a region populated by birds and beasts thought to live only in remote sections of the wilds. The bald eagle, emblem of the United States, is essentially a bird of prey and weighs as much as 14 pounds when full grown. Some naturalists hold that they can kill their prey by striking it as they soar from high in the sky, a tremendous blow when it is figured what a force a 14-

pound body would have in falling from a height of a mile or more.

However, most observers criticize the bald eagle on account of his liking theft, holding that this great proud bird would rather take food away from some more fortunate forager than to go after it himself. The eagle is king of the air and the pair who live near the Columbia can often be seen in their majestic flights.

**Irish Lad Would Be Cowpuncher.**

HELENA, Mont.—Somewhere in Ireland there is an Irish lad who hopes some day to become a cowpuncher in the state of Montana. In a letter to the editor of the Helena, Montana, Record Herald, David John Callahan of Athlone, Westmeath county, Ireland, asks that he be supplied with information as to ranch employment. He asks as to climate of Montana, ranch conditions, the kind of clothing worn and ends up his letter by asking if the cowboys have a union.