

When I first heard of the "Concerned Photographers" I wondered what their concern was about. There were several possibilities. It might have been the state of photography itself; distress at the deterioration of craftsmanship arising from the enormous expansion of interest in photography by young people who saw in the medium a quick and easy means for expressing their hallucinations and protests ^{the who} and dismissed ~~dismissed~~ impatiently the need for technical self-discipline. Like Friends of Photography in California they may have felt the art needed a moral and a professional boost ~~to encourage those seriously involved with the~~ support for its artistic accomplishments and creative possibilities in the face of the tidal wave of banality, cheapness, and gimmickry that ~~is~~ ^{the} overwhelming photography in so many fields, ~~as is born witness by~~ what appears in the national magazines and trade journals are full of examples of these impoverished concepts. On the other hand ^{the anxiety} ~~the anxiety~~ could be ^{about} ~~over~~ the situation in unrelated activities prevalent ~~and~~ ^{human affairs which demand} ~~expanding everywhere.~~ ^{it could be directed at social conditions,} poverty, racial friction, urban deterioration and all the related problems of society; ^{on the other hand} ~~or~~ the concern might have been intended to focus on environmental destruction and pollution. Ultimately I concluded that all of these concerns were involved; that there is no separating ^{shutting our minds to} our anxieties into categories, ~~dismissing some and single-mindedly~~ ~~devoting or time and effort to while attempting to alleviate conditions~~ responsible for others. We don't work that way - at least not effectively or logically - simply because all these sources of concern are inter-related in a most intricate, complex fabric that cannot be understood as a whole by considering only its parts. All the situations that ~~worry us are inter-connected.~~ What happens to the environment is not ^{independent of} ~~separable from~~ the economic and social structure of the society in which we live

so willy-nilly concern for the environment leads to concern for society, live, nor is the attitude of significant minorities towards professional and aesthetic judgement performance/uneffected by social and economic change, and the reverse.

Nevertheless, it is possible for each of us to ~~XXXXXX~~ his commitments ^{channel} and energies ~~XXXX~~ along these ~~XXXXXXXX~~ lines of concern knowing full well that they will be influenced by, and perhaps with luck and persistence, influence, the course of events and efforts to ^{produce} ~~bring about~~ salutary changes in the others.

Emotionally and introspectively, I ^{attach} ~~discover~~ ^{find} that I am about as deeply disturbed by the course of events in human affairs wrought by people as I am by what people and society have been doing to the environment, and that I am ~~but less troubled by mediocre trends in interpretive~~ photography, which seem to me are inherently self-corrective. That my photography is almost exclusively devoted to the natural scene and its complexities, or to ancient and obsolete ^{symbols} ~~manifestations~~ ^{beliefs} ~~of human aspirations~~ and contemporary social problems and conditions, ~~and belief, rather than to present day manifestations of social disruption~~ and conflict, is simply the fortuitous circumstance of my greater skill and dedication in this field. ~~The loathsome war in Vietnam has generated in me an unshakable condemnation and hate of this country's involvement~~ without stimulating any desire to go over there to photograph ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ it ^{order} whereas ~~another photographers have felt compelled to record the horror in /~~ to help bring it to an end. Take for example the loathsome Indo-China war. I can feel and express unmitigated opposition to the United States part in that conflict without wanting to go over there and photograph it, whereas other photographers feel compelled to record the horror in order to help bring it to an end.

If an explanation of my ^{presumptive} ~~is~~ at all needed, I suppose it goes back to my childhood when I was conditioned to an interest in nature by my father. However, I feel that I could not have been ^{pre} ~~turned~~ ^{disposing} in this direction had there not been some inherent factor which ~~pre~~ ~~disposed me~~ ^{in my making of me}

Like so many boys one of my greatest pleasures was to roam the country-side, usually with a friend, to visit all the wild places within bicycle range. Where I grew up these wild places are now all gone, replaced by suburban housing development and artificial township parks - so called recreation areas - although sixty years ago virgin woods and swamp lands and unpolluted prairie creeks, unspoiled by even ~~occasional~~ ^{occasional} ~~XXXXXX~~ ^{buildings} or commercial establishments, ^{city} ~~was~~ ^{first house} the usual state of affairs. In this pristine environment a boy's attention would naturally be drawn to the wild inhabitants among which in spring and summer ^{were} birds ~~formed~~ the most conspicuous ~~XX~~ members. From time immemorial birds have attracted people by their brilliant colors, by their ^{melodious} ~~power~~ of songs as well as harsher vocalizations, by their unique possession of feathers adapted to their remarkable powers of flight. The ~~latter~~ attribute of flight has had more influence on human thought and aspiration than ~~the~~ ^{any} characteristic of ~~any~~ other ^{class} of animals. From Daedalus and Icarus to Leonardo de Vinci the ability to fly has been regarded as the most enviable accomplishment, imbued with godliness, not bestowed on men.

They have sought through the ages by myth, fantasy, and technology to attain the freedom of a bird. They ~~surmount this inadequacy, to make themselves equal to the birds, and have~~ ^{in surmounting this limitation, by any} never succeeded ~~only through the invention of crude mechanical contraption. The~~ ^{which any airplane traveler, strapped into his cramped seat, will testify} that readily confirm the airplane is a far cry from unrestrained flight. ~~Interest in birds among the inhabitants of this alarmingly technical~~ ^{country of ours is continuing to increase as} Technological growth and mechanization of our society has not put a damper on ^{general popular} ~~an~~ interest in birds which has continued to grow as the proliferation of bird watcher's clubs bears witness.

My ^{love of} ~~interest in~~ birds, which began back during my boyhood years in northern Illinois, has never diminished. On the contrary it ~~continued~~

developed steadily along lines not usually recognized as ^{the} valid justification of a full time occupation. I have always been a great deal more affected by the beauty of birds than by the mysteries and unanswered questions classification and concerning their behavior, with which the ornithologist is primarily occupied. Since the two lines are not completely separable, and as I have found from time to time myself concerned with bird behavior, but not, with the dedication of the scientist. I soon discovered that the perfect tool to ^{however} ~~relieve~~ ^{well} ~~the~~ ^{preoccupied} ~~my~~ ^{release} ~~longing to express the excitement and longing~~ that birds aroused in me was the camera, not the pencil or brush. The camera was an instrument for immediate and quick results and its operation helped to sublimate ^{the} the indefinable eagerness that close association with birds produced in me by focusing my attention on the subject. The camera acted as a selective device for screening out most extraneous impressions.

My first photographic efforts were exclusively ^{not} on bird subjects. After several years my interest became more general, until with the improvement of my technique and advances in photography I returned to birds. I gradually accumulated a sizable collection of prints, the existence of which whetted my ambition for higher levels of recognition than home-town camera club exhibition. It seemed ^{to} me book publication would be the ultimate success. Since I was living in Cambridge at the time, I took a portfolio around to Houghton, Mifflin where I met Paul Brooks. He looked at all the prints, made appropriate remarks which seemed encouraging, and at last pronounced his edict on my efforts: "We cannot publish these," he said, "because they are in black and white and the birds cannot be identified from the photographs." It was a blow and I must have shown my disappointment, for he went on to say I would ~~XXXX~~ have to do them in color before they could ~~XX~~ publish them. I am sure he had no ~~idea/what~~ ^{concept of the} problems color photography of birds presented at that time, and perhaps not even whether the medium was available at all. But I took his remark as a sort of promise that if I were able to

photograph birds in color, Houghton, Mifflin would publish them.

I went to Eastman Kodak Company for advice on the use of the recently marketed ~~sheet~~ ^{film} Kodachrome with synchro-flash photography, and began that spring to photograph birds in color. Several years later, after I had been granted a Guggenheim Fellowship to photograph birds and had learned to make color prints by the Wash-off Relief process, the precursor of Dye-transfer, I returned to Houghton, Mifflin with a portfolio of color prints of which I was inordinately proud. Again I was admitted to Paul Brooks' ^{office} and again he looked at the collection making appropriate and still more laudatory remarks than on the previous occasion. He said nothing about publication until finally I asked him straight out. Then he said: "We can't publish these, it would be much to ^{with} ~~expensive.~~"

deeply
About this time I became/involvement in another project suggested to me by my wife to illustrate Thoreau. My photographs, she said, were evocative of his writing ~~on~~ ^{concerned} nature. From then on I ^{a variety of} focused my attention equally on ~~other~~ ^{various} nature subjects in addition to birds, but because I had learned to think in terms ^{close up} of small subjects ^{they} first absorbed my notice. And so I photographed the little things of nature: dead leaves, mosses, decaying wood, wild flowers, and once in a while ^a tree trunks ^{or the} and entire trees.

The publication of IN WILDNESS at long last by the Sierra Club led to an association with that influential conservation organization ^{which} ~~that~~ resulted in widening the purpose and scope of my photography. I saw that the camera could be used ~~not exclusively~~ ^{purpose} to ^{to} express aesthetic appreciation and creative ^{impulses} ~~impulses~~, but without ^{to} ~~in~~ any ^{degree} ~~way~~ diminishing the artistic integrity of photography ^{was} ~~the camera could be~~ a powerful instrument for persuasion. Photography could be used, I began to realize, to open the eyes of people to the natural beauty of their surroundings, to the intricate relationships of plants and animals, to

the ~~prev~~ continuing processes of change in the living world, of growth and death and transformation, in other words to the ecology of the wild environment although ecology was not then the fashionable word it is today. The persuasiveness of photography, I became ~~gradually~~ ^{teach} convinced, when used to ~~XXXXXX~~ people to revere and value the untrammelled content of the natural world, to respect its fragility ~~as~~ together with its strength, was greater the higher the esthetic ~~merit~~ ^{quality} and greater still in color than in monochrome. I believe people were often startled by the color relationships revealed in color photographs; sometimes they were incredulous ~~and~~ ^{or}, at others delighted, but never indifferent. The rejecters ^{are} most often ~~were~~ those preconditioned to ~~accept~~ a stereotype of nature, not blind but unreceptive to the portrayal of unusual and exotic aspects. Nature to them ^{nature} presents ~~only one face~~ a bland and except during her violent extremes expressionless face; her subtle ~~fleeting~~ moods escape their notice. For me the stereotype, that bland face, is the least interesting aspect and the one that I most often reject ^{as subject} the wide blue sky, the big landscape, the mountain scene, and the comprehensive views; these I think are best portrayed in black and white.

Relationships are the all important consideration for me in nature photography, ^{best illustrated} These ~~are exhibited best~~ in the close studies. Close is a relative term; it may refer to a spot of lichen or a reflecting pool in the sand, or on the other hand to a ~~high~~ sheer cliff or a clump of trees. But in either case the photograph is an abstraction - a fragment isolated from a vaster implicit whole, missed ^{lost} and imagined, a property which is ~~necessary to~~ assists in holding the viewer's attention. The comprehensive, explicit view lacks more often ^{than not} this compelling quality. By relationships I ~~do not~~ mean strictly biological ones like vegetative associations. There ^{exist} are the relationships ^{also} in the broadest ecological ~~set~~ sense between ~~the~~ living things and the physical environment which includes rock, water and ambient light. ~~It is~~ interactions between

these component of the environment and living things ~~that~~ as recorded photographically ~~that~~ stimulate the most ^{dispute} controversy and rejection. Depending on its quality, ambient light produces a remarkable and not always readily appreciated effect on a subject. In certain situations this light will be heavily loaded with blue from the sky which will be manifest ^{by} blue highlight on reflective surfaces even though an over-all blue cast to the shadows is neutralized by reflections from other parts of the subject. These blue highlights are very noticeable shiny in shaded locations on the upper surfaces of leaves, moving water, and the smooth oxides formed on rock surfaces called desert varnish. The most severe criticism of my photographs has been directed at this phenomenon, and ~~at~~ with particular vehemence at the portrayal of vegetation with a blue overcast. Blue rock reflections have also received a fair share of expressed disbelief ~~exist~~ ^{in their existence} dogmatically ~~that they occur~~ by people who claim to have been to the same places ^{to which I can only} ~~they~~ All I am able to reply in defense is that my critics are conditioning I have ~~blinded by~~ ^{usually} to their stereotyped ~~view~~ ^{and that blinds them} ~~carefully~~.

In bird photography I have ^{habitats} ~~consistently~~ sought to include ~~the~~ enough ^{the} characteristic to which the various species have adapted in order to suggest environmental relationships ~~of the birds~~ rather than ~~to~~ simply to obtain close-up portraits in which the immediate surroundings are almost entirely eliminated. ^{To me} ~~I am convinced that~~ ^{the} the photographs of birds in their environment are more meaningful and more esthetically pleasing. When photographing birds in the breeding season, which is the easiest time in their life cycles to do it because their habits are then most predictable, it is not difficult to include the habitat, in fact ^{the} ~~it~~ would be hard ^{not} to avoid doing so, but ^{it} must be done with discrimination and an eye for the esthetics of the situation.

As a publicity device for ^{arousing popular} ~~influencing~~ increasing demands for respect ~~and~~ ^{and sufficient legislation} legislative protection of the natural environment, bird photography is less effective than general nature photography. This is because most people don't know birds well enough to know which ones

eliciting popular support for the project

are endangered or what roll they play in the total ecology. But photographs of birds do give to environmentally oriented publications a very ^{attractive} ~~appealing~~ added dimension which ^u ~~most people~~ appreciate owing to the birds' universal ^{migratory} appeal. ^{glad} Although most song birds are protected ~~against~~ by both Federal and state laws against human predation, they are killed in considerable numbers indirectly as a by-product of insect control measures. Photographs of birds are effective in forcing reconsideration and abatement of these misguided programs. Where game birds, raptors and other birds of prey are involved in controversies between conservationists/and hunters and exterminators on the other photographs can be very effective in arousing public sentiment for adequate protection, by law inforcement, prosecution, and legislation of the persecuted species. Consider in this connection the public outrage generated by the exposure of the criminal slaughter of eagles by ranchers in Wyoming.

The photography of birds, if ~~one~~ is seriously undertaken, soon involves one in projects a beginner could hardly anticipate. The best time to photograph birds is while they are rearing their young when behavior is most predictable and foraging ^{are} areas ~~are~~ restricted by territorial necessity. Preceding the breeding season, ^{many} birds acquire by molt their most brilliant plumage which serves the purpose for them, just as it facilitates for us, inter-specific identification, display in pair formation, and ^{the} ~~re~~establishment of territorial claims. Obviously, before any photography can start, except the most chancy sort, the birds' nests, which will be the center of their activities for several weeks, must be found. This part of the photographic undertaking is by far the most time consuming and perhaps paradoxically the most enjoyable for it keeps one out in the open in wild places for hours at a time. The number of nests found is directly proportional to the amount of time spent searching, other things ^{being} equal, ^{an} of which I ^{include} ~~mean~~ knowledge of the birds. To find birds' nest, especially the nests of particular

species, it is first necessary to be able to identify them visually
 in importance
~~whereas~~ A close second requirement/is recognition of their individual
~~performed almost exclusively by the males~~
 songs. Singing during the breeding period/has a special significance
 in that it marks the territory of the breeding pair and tells the
 observer that the bird in question has at least tentatively established
 itself in the region and will probably nest there. Song is an exclusive
 attribute in most species, of the male. He arrives first on migration,
 selects the location where he will court a later arriving female, mate
 with her, and where she will build her nest. He roughly delineated the
 area by singing at various points around its circumference to ~~mark~~ marks
 that
~~the territory~~/he will defend against intrusion by other individuals of his
 species. Such information is invaluable knowledge for the photographer.
 this knowledge is it is by no means
 Necessary as it is but not sufficient for he must also become familiar
 with the habits of birds on their nesting grounds, ~~their~~ ^{their} requirements
~~choice of habitats~~ ^{choice of habitats}
 their manner of nesting, the kinds of sites they prefer, and the structure
 of their nests-from what materials they are built and how they are put
 together. But before all this knowledge can be applied to the actual
 discovery of a nest, he must be familiar with the geographical distribution
 of birds, their climatic preferences, their broad ecological needs and
~~adaptations~~ ^{adaptations}. It would be folly to search for forest ~~sp~~ adapted species
 in the arid southwest, or for desert types in New England. Even within
 one of these regions it would be a waste of time to look for arboreal
 birds
~~species~~ in open meadows near forests.

Locating the nest of a small, non-predatory bird does not
 guarantee that one will obtain photographs. Many hurdles still remain
 to be cleared. If the bird's nest is found while under construction,
 or during the incubation of the eggs a very considerable possibility
 exists that the female will desert if she is unduly disturbed, or that
 the eggs will be destroyed by predators, of which among their own class,
 jays and grackles are the most ~~persistent and avaricious~~ ^{ubiquitous & destructive} ~~whereas~~

in mammals squirrels and chipmonks are the greatest factors of nesting failure, the depredations by ~~the~~ ^{are undoubted be common} although ~~probably~~ mice, shrews and weasels ~~should not be discounted~~. In view of all these hazards it should be obvious that the bird photographer cannot count on obtaining photographs before he has actually taken them. ^{he is bound to be disappointed} ~~He can never safely be satisfied with finding just one nest of a certain species, but should never relax his search for others.~~ ^{a single given experienced} I have found that ~~a~~ ^{not close} predation rate among the warblers ~~XXXXXX~~ as high as 75 % of the nests found and at times under certain unfavorable conditions up to 100%. Such ^{rates} large loss ~~per-centages~~ are to say the least rather discouraging, and ^{should} warn the novice against undue optimism. The ~~safest~~ ^{that gives the greatest probability for success} time to photograph birds at their nests is after the eggs have hatched for then the adults are very active feeding the young and are least likely to desert because of the presence and activities of the photographer. For these reasons, ^{When} I find a nest in the early stages of the nesting cycle, I always wait, ^{the young are} until three to four day-old young ^{before} ~~are being fed~~ to set up my camera and equipment, although this is an anxious period during which all hope of ^{unforseeable} securing photographs may be dashed by predation or some accident. ^{For the same} The ^{because then for the} easiest time to find nests is when ~~XXXX~~ ^a it contain young birds ^{being fed} ~~by their parents who inadvertently~~ ^{well} by their frequent journeys to the nest with food ^{immediately} reveal it location to an intent observer. ^{Likewise} ~~from the point of view~~ ^{to find nest} photographic view point this is the most favorable time since there need be no long waiting period ⁱⁿ as photography ^{to} can begin almost at once.

At this point I should emphasize that the photographer bears to avoid at all cost to himself jeopardizing by a great responsibility/ ~~XXXX~~ ~~XX~~ ruthlessly or carelessly manipulations, and ~~XXXX~~ activities the successful rearing of the young birds. ^{If} while ~~XXXXXX~~ operating his equipment he observes that circumstances at the nest are not going well for ^{the} family, that the young are not being fed frequently enough, or are exposed too long to ~~XXXX~~ sun, rain, or cold he should withdraw immediately. He may be

able to return later but he should do so with the utmost caution.

Birds like people behaved as individuals. They do not act automatically to common or unusual situations, but respond to circumstances in a broad variety of ways determined by past conditioning and experience just as we do. Moreover, ^{11a}most birds are extraordinarily adaptable, which becomes evident when they are being photographed. Once they have accepted a camera close to their nest, which they may do from the start without noticeable distress or fuss, or which may require a gradual approach to gain acceptance, they will apparently scarcely notice subsequent additions of equipment even though the amount is formidable, including several tripods, flash lamps, humming power packs, and electronic triggering devices; and on occasion within a few feet of the nest the photographer himself. These cozy situations develop most frequently with the smallest birds, ^{warblers and wrens etc.} who apparently are less fearful of large strangers in their neighborhood than the medium sized thrushes and blackbirds. For birds that nest high in trees it is necessary to build a platform in the branches or to erect a tower. The latter procedure I used with complete success to photograph cerulean warblers forty feet from the ground. They accepted the tower, my equipment, and me so confidently that I could stroke the female as she brooded her young. However, there is another technique for photographing birds that build nests beyond the reach of scaffolds or where their construction is not feasible.

Long ago, in desperation to ~~obtain~~ photograph a western tanager whose nest was far out towards the end of a ~~pod~~ rose pine branch more than thirty feet high on a steep hillside I came up with the idea that an obvious alternative to building a tower to put the camera near the nest was to bring the nest down to the camera. The more I thought about it the more the plan appealed to me ^{as a} ~~and the more~~ ^{scheme} ~~practical~~ ~~it seemed~~.

Red-winged blackbirds have an established reputation for preferring cattail bogs for their nesting colonies, but when bogs are filled they move to bushy pastures or alfalfa fields. Cliff swallows have readily accepted the shelter afforded by ^{the} ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ eaves on New England buildings as a satisfactory substitute for ^{rocky} ~~over-hanging~~ cliffs. Barn swallows have adjusted to barns as a convenient alternative to caves. Swifts now use chimneys in preference to or in lieu of hollow trees. ~~The styles in nest building that some birds have followed~~ I found a mountain bluebird nesting in an abandoned gopher hole in the sandy bank of an arroyo far from its usual haunts in the aspen forests of higher altitudes where it selects old woodpecker holes for its nest. The style of nest building that some birds have followed for all the time we have known their habits suddenly change or adapt to new situations. A redstart I knew shingled the outside of her nest with tiny scraps of white tissue paper in place of gray plant fibers. Two summers ago I discovered a nest built largely of twigs cunningly concealed within a curling sheet of hanging birch bark a good eight feet from the ground. It was empty and its builder was nowhere in evidence. I immediately thought of a brown creeper because ^{this bird} ~~it is invariably~~ ^{they are only known to} ~~they~~ ^{Moreover, Brown Creepers} ~~And they~~ are known to work on their nest for several weeks intermittently before ~~they~~ finally take up residence. I kept the nest under observation but never saw its owner and began to think it had been abandoned when one day to my delight I discovered it contained ~~a~~ four eggs. About a week later ~~I saw that~~ the eggs had hatched but still I did not see the parents even though I waited around for some time. The next day I went back to photograph brown creepers for I was confident they would appear soon enough. So imagine my surprise when, after setting up my camera and lights and settling back ^{unobtrusively} a little distance away against a tree trunk, what should appear at the nest but a winter wren. These tiny wrens with ~~tinkling songs~~

~~best~~ up-turned ^{diminutive} red tail sing loud tinkling songs and

nest in brush piles, up-turned stumps and other equally inaccessible places. ^{but are usually hidden} and they construct them of mosses. Their nests ^{are} globular affairs constructed almost exclusively of mosses ^{that they} and lined ^{with} feathers. I found one ^{nest} on / protecting placed between the / roots of an old ~~old~~ white birch. It could easily ^{with} have been over-looked for it resembled nothing more interesting than a ^{natural} hummock of moss, but I investigated because I had seen a bird disappear beneath it and located the opening scarcely an inch above the forest floor concealed by the over-hang of the mound.

See also no less unusual structure

Risks to the safety of the young birds were certainly involved, but by careful planning and preparation for anticipated contingencies I was sure they could be minimized to an acceptable level. A determining factor in my confidence that the operation could be conducted without disastrous consequences for the birds was my knowledge of their adaptability.

My plan involved attaching the nest to a limb of a wooden bridge so constructed that when the limb was cut off it would hang by a rope from the clamp in its natural orientation, or could be brought quickly by other ropes into balance in this position. When this was accomplished and the adult birds had recovered from their agitation at my presence in the tree, I would proceed to lower the branch a foot or two at a time allowing long enough intervals between lowerings for the birds to adjust to the new position. I was prepared in case they failed to adjust to the new position to raise the nest back to its original location.

Though I was alone without assistance the operation went remarkably smoothly and caused little disturbance to the tanagers. The first increment of lowering was the most critical and was the moment ^{when} while when I watched breathlessly the birds ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ for signs of extreme distress and indications of imminent desertion. If I had known then what I know now I would have worried less. Judging from the way birds react to this kind of artificially created situation, it is clear that they have a well developed faculty for spacial recognition. On return after the first lowering the tanagers flew to the empty space formerly occupied by their nest and fluttered about in apparent bewilderment finally alighting on a branch to look the situation over. They behaved just as we would, I imagine, if on return to our homes we returned home after a short absence to discover that our houses had vanished. We would be dismayed and would rush about wildly but would finally calm down enough to try to find out what had happened and would then discover that the house had been mysteriously moved to a few hundred yards to a new site.

They soon found the nest at its lower site and accepted it without further ado. After each subsequent lowering they adjusted more quickly to its new position as though ~~XXXX~~ abandoning their innate concepts of stability in the world, ~~XXXX~~ resigned to a sudden mobility. Within an hour the branch was down to a convenient height for photography and I had no difficulty taking all the pictures I wanted. When finished I raised the branch ^{to a height} ~~about ten feet~~ where the nest would be safe from ground predators. Every day or so ^{there after} I revisited it ~~to check for~~ any mishap. None occurred and the young birds fledged normally.

Thirteen years after this first experiment in lowering a bird's nest following and many similar successful ^{attempts} ~~episodes~~ I must confess to the partial failure ^{of an} attempt to bring a nest ^{without mishap} down ^{into} a situation that required ^{greatly modified} ~~an entirely different~~ ^{technique} (mechanical approach). The partial disaster was caused by a structural defect that I should have detected. The bird in this case was a Ruby-crowned kinglet. For days on an island in Maine I had ~~XXXX~~ searched for the nest that I knew was hidden somewhere among the upper branches ^{behind my house} in a grove of red and white spruces. The male had been singing steadily for two weeks as he moved about from treetop to treetop. He stayed high but I had little trouble finding him as he was ^{steadily} ~~continually~~ announcing his whereabouts by ^a loud, repeated chirrupy ^{series} ~~phrases~~. His mate on the other hand I had only been able to catch glimpses of. I rightly assumed, as was later confirmed, that she spent most of the time ~~on her~~ incubating her eggs ~~nest~~, but would come off occasionally to feed. My chief hope of locating the nest depended on seeing her return to it following one of these forays. ^{I knew that} When the eggs hatched I would have a better chance to find the nest because then both birds would be busy feeding the young, and so it turned out. One morning I saw them both together ^{high up} flitting about excitedly and as I watched I saw that their activities centered about one particular treetop to which they repeatedly returned. Concentrating on this ^{tree} ~~spot~~

the aid of ~~my~~ 14

with/bionoculars

eventually

I was able to find/a spot to which they both/returned. It was a dense

clump of foliage^{spindly} some four feet down from the top of a/fifty foot tall

~~spindly~~ white spruce surrounded/by ^{trees} but not close to taller spruces. Kinglet
rather bulky ^{lined with feathers & the}

nests are/pendent cups woven from mosses/attached to/drooping twigs

of a spruce branch. They are usually very well concealed by the

~~adjacent foliage, They are rather bulky and lined with feathers, and this~~

one ~~was~~, situated near the top of the tree, was close to the main trunk.

As I contemplated the site my first reaction was that here was

a hopeless situation from the point of view of photography. The nest

was so close to the trunk that the branch supporting it could not be

cut off and lowered without destroying its natural setting. The entire

tree top would have to be severed and dropped down as I had once done in

the Sangre de Cristo Mountains in New Mexico. But in this case there was

nothing, no nearby higher branch or tree, to lower the top from. ^{experience} Then the/
of photographing a ~~friends from Michigan and~~ ^{Then the/}
Cape May warblers' nest/I had photographed in Minnesota with friends from ^{help}

Jackson, Michigan came to mind. The Cape May nest was also in thick

foliage near the top of a black spruce, smaller than this one, growing in

a bog well separated from other trees. To lower the tree top we cut a stout

pole which we stood against the tree and lashed to the bottom part of its

trunk, and with ropes rigged up a sling from the upper part of the pole

to the nest tree ^{the nest tree} in such a way that when it was cut off above the lower lashing

it could be lowered ^{distance of the height of} a distance equal to ^{of the stump} and resecured in

this position. By repeating this ^{operation} process the nest was gradually brought

down to a convenient height for photography.

A similar procedure, I thought, could be followed for the

Ruby-crowned kinglet except that the single pole ^{was not strong} technique would not ^{be}

^{heavy} strong enough for this larger tree. I remembered a tripod frame used the

summer before for hoisting large logs which seemed adaptable for this

purpose. It could be set up so as to embrace the tree and from its peak

a fall and tackle could be rigged to the trunk to a point just above

the place five feet high where it was to be sawed off. By fastening the tree also to the top of the tripod and guying it to other trees it could be lowered and secured to its own stump, and so step by step the top brought down to eye level. It seemed like a safe ^{plan} ~~scheme~~, and this time I had the help of the island caretaker. We got everything in place, all the lashings tight, and a strain on the tackle so that the saw would not bind when we cut through the trunk. All went well at first; the tree was severed and stood on its stump, steady and straight, giving no sign of impending disaster. To make the first lowering required hoisting the tree ~~sideways about 10 inches~~ ^{clear} of the stump and displacing it sideways about 10 inches. Just as we started this ^{maneuver} ~~operation~~ one of the tripod legs cracked, then ~~slowly~~ bent inwards, and the tree swayed over slowly and with increasing momentum crashed to the ground scraping ^{past} another tree on the way down. I was agast at what had happened and stood petrified for a moment not knowing what to do. Then I rushed to the prostrate top where the nest was to learn ^{the} ~~the grim results of this~~ seemingly ultimate disaster. The nest was in disarray but still in place. It had been partly protected by its surrounding foliage as it side-swiped the other tree in its descent. But it was empty. On the mossy ground beneath the top I found six naked young birds three ^{or} ~~to~~ four days old. Four were alive and squirming although one of these was bleeding. A fifth was alive but apparently severely injured and the sixth was limp and motionless. I gathered them up and placed them in my handkerchief in a bowl in the kitchen for warmth while I returned to the scene of the catastrophe to see what could be saved from the situation.

The only hope of survival for the young birds was to put them back in their nest after standing the tree up again. It was a formidable undertaking and had to be done quickly before the adults deserted. They were flying around in great distress, the male chirruping wildly, in the ^{empty} space ~~where~~ ^{by the tree} their nest had ~~once~~ not long since occupied. Fortunately their bewilderment and persistent search saved the day. Their cries and

pitiful cries and insistent scolding ~~goaded us on to the greatest efforts~~
~~to repair the situation~~ ^{was} ~~acted as a reproachful goad to~~ ^{that to us that was} ~~exert ourselves~~
 to the utmost to repair the situation. We tried in vain with ropes and ~~XXXXX~~
 tackle to raise the tree again but it was too heavy for our equipment, so
 we resorted to the expedient of cutting nine feet off its lower heavy
 end, ^{Only} and then we were able to ^{cut it up} ~~raise it~~ and secure it to ~~it~~ the stump.

I repaired the nest as best I could with thread and replaced the four living
 young including the one that had been bleeding - the severely injured
 baby had in the mean time died.

I sat back then within sight of ^{with} ~~the nest~~ ^{to observe}, not without
 much foreboding, ^{see if} the kinglet's reaction ~~and~~ whether they would be able to ~~fully~~
 find ~~their nest~~ in its new location. fourteen feet below its original
 position. Never had I moved the position of a nest in the first step so
 great a distance. Despite my ^{apprehension} ~~anxiety~~ I could not avoid astonishment at the
 birds' ~~XXXXXX~~ ^{repeatedly} unflagging devotion and perseverance. They flew ~~again and~~
~~again~~ to the point in space where their home had once been, fluttering
 and finding only emptiness. In exhaustion they would perch in a near
 tree to look the situation over before trying again. They would swallow
 at last the food they were carrying for their young and fly off to
 gather more only to be frustrated once more. Once ~~XXXX~~ the male alighted
 in the top of his own tree, and for a moment I was filled with hope, but
 he failed to recognize his territory and flew off without finding ~~the nest~~
 so near. One, two, three hours past and ^{as} ~~my fears for~~ the survival of the
 babies grew to an almost insupportable anguish I concluded that the only
 recourse was to raise the tree back ~~near to~~ its original position. I
 then went in search of the caretaker whom I found painting his boat on the
 beach. I told him the story and my conclusion. Without hesitation he
 stopped his painting, ^{say's} which he would not then be able to finish on this
 tide, and went with me ^{but they must come first} what has to be done first has to be done first.
 And then ^{reminded} ~~said~~ with wry humor, "I have chopped down many trees, but never

before have I tried to put one up again."

He found three stronger poles which he fashioned into a higher sturdier tripod and with pullies and rope we raised the tree 10 feet higher, and braced it in its new position. I stood back to see the effect on the kinglets. The day was almost over, and if this attempt to make reparations ^{succeed} ^{save} didn't ~~XXXX~~ nothing could/the lives of the young birds. The adult birds had disappeared during the raising but soon, when all was quiet again, ^{They} ~~XXXX~~ returned carrying food, flew out into the space where they had sought so long in vain for their nest, found the tree top where none had been for several hours, dropped down immediately into the branches and disappeared. Great excitement prevailed for several minutes as they re-established contact with their offspring, finally settling down to the routine of feeding. They kept at it until dark and that night I was much easier in my mind having at least forestalled a complete disaster.

The next day the caretaker and I completed the lowering, three feet at a time, without further mishap. The birds ^{reacted to} ~~accepted~~ each successive drop without seeming to notice the change until the nest was only six feet from the ground. They ^{adapted to} ~~adapted to~~ the new situation with all its different associations though they had planned it that way from the beginning. I decided not to attempt any photography until the following day to give the young birds more time to recuperate from their ordeal. The ^{bleeding} ~~wounded~~ bird injured in the fall had ^{apparently} ~~completely~~ recovered from its wounds.

Early in the morning, of the second day I went out to inspect the nest and to see how the kinglets were making out. They were flying in and out from the nest in a most unusual way for birds occupied with the care of their young. They would go to the nest but ^{come out} ~~leave~~ immediately ^{as if baffled} ~~as though~~ by what they found and hop about ~~among the branches~~ searching among the branches that covered the nest. I saw at once that something had gone wrong during the night and feared that the babies had died, but when I looked in the

torn open on one side and nest I found that it was empty. My next thought was that a bluejay had robbed the nest. ~~which I noticed was torn open on one side.~~ On glancing down at the ground in search for more evidence of what had happened I saw lying there almost at my feet all four of the baby birds. ~~They were alive I gathered them up~~ They were alive and to all appearances none the worse for their fall. I gathered them up and held them in my hands to warm them but ^{as} they were quite active ^{I concluded} they could not have been long exposed to cold and must only recently have dropped out of their nest. Had this happened during the night they would by now surely have died from exposure. The condition of the nest showed that my ^{first} efforts at repairing it had been completely inadequate. I could not put the young birds back the way it was since they certainly would ^{soon} fall out again, so I ~~made a temporary~~ placed them again in the bowl in my handkerchief and ~~XXXXX~~ went in search of ~~some~~ material for making ^{lasting} so make more ^{permanent} repairs; simply sewing up the friable moss would not do. Nowhere could I find scraps of cloth ~~XX~~ from which to fashion a new nest lining and was about to tear up a handkerchief when I discovered a box of Kotex. ^{would} It ~~promised to~~ provide just the material I needed. I removed the cheese cloth from a pad, ~~XXX~~ folded it into a square to fit inside the nest, and with strong thread sewed the moss to it. To their reconstructed ^{then} home I returned the young birds and sat down to observe its reception by the old ones. The male came first. As soon as he peered in he began an excited chirping. The foreign material did not at all appeal to his sense of propriety and he began to pull at it but it was too securely sewn in to be removed. When the female came she too attempted to pull away the cloth. I think the whiteness of it offended them, or the roughness of its structure, far less agreeable for their tender young than the downy feathers they had provided. They settled down eventually to the pursuit of their domestic responsibilities, although every now and again would be diverted from these duties to give a tug at the offensive ^{line} material.

The four surviving nestlings were successfully reared to juveniles. I could not help ^{acquiring} ~~developing~~ ^{assuming the attitude of} a feeling of/parental proprietorship towards the family as I photographed and watched their day to day activities and saw the young ones change from naked pseudo-reptilians to fluffy bright-eyed baby birds. They became so accustomed to my presence, ^{perhaps} that showing ~~owed~~ no alarm when I stood beside the nest, that my guilty feeling of responsibility for the death of two of their siblings faded under the opiate of their acceptance. I was present when the fledging - that first traumatic matriculation to adulthood - took place. All four had left the over-cramped quarters of their reconstructed home and were perched about in the branches loudly voicing their excitement when their parents appeared with food, and exercised ⁱⁿ energetically their little wings, which ~~XX~~ during the last two days had blossomed out from the confinement of quills like the opening of a flower. The old ones sensing their need for ^{when the food} ~~encouragement~~ ^{mod} would hold off from feeding to ~~take~~ ^{lead} them into launching ~~on~~ that first great avian adventure, the maiden flight. One by one they took off heading straight for another tree, a distance that seemed to me remarkably great for the initial attempt, and landed clumsily among the branches. They were free at last.

The greater part of what I have said has been about nature photography with very little on conservation. Photography can become a useful and valuable implement ~~XXX~~ of persuasion for arguing in favor of environmental protection and against destruction by over-zealous or greedy exploiters of natural resources. It can be used to show up how great the loss of ecological viability and beauty in nature can be when the pursuit of economic power and wealth are unrestrained. As an example of this last ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ kind of a situation consider the devastation produced over vast areas in the Appalachian states by strip mining for coal. The use of photography to influence constraint of these

and many other operations can follow two general and opposit courses.
 It is a powerful tool for dramatizing the unnecessary and ^{unreasonable} ~~undesirable~~
 degradation of the landscape by self-perpetuating, ^{insensitive} ~~intrenched~~-agencies of
 a bureaucratic government ^{as} by self-seeking ruthless industry. Or it
 can~~x~~ be used to illustrate the beauty of what the environment contains
 and by so doing point out what we all stand to lose by failure to control
 technology. ^{My photograph follows} ~~I have followed~~ the latter course.