

ON THEIR WAY OUT



The remarkable pictures shown on this and the previous page of three Whooping Cranes, winging their way to the Sunny South, were taken at Herbert, Saskatchewan, by F. W. Lahrman, artist, photographer and field worker with the Saskatchewan Museum of Natural History. The Associated Press has called the larger picture on the left, taken on November 5, as "the most exceptional picture of this week." It has been printed in all the larger papers in Canada and United States. "The Blue Jay" is the first to print the other two.

Mr. Fred Bard, Director of the Museum, who was responsible for the trip to Herbert, also took moving pictures in color of the birds as they passed over the two naturalists, crouched in a ditch. In the following article Mr. Bard tells of their experiences.

Mr. Lahrman, using an Exakta camera with a 300 mm telephoto lens snapped the birds at 1-500 of a second, at f. 6.3.

A MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE

By FRED G. BARD

Director, Provincial Museum of Natural History

On Tuesday, November 3rd, the appearance of three Whooping Cranes was reported from the Herbert District by Mr. A. H. Zacharais. The next day a second telephone call reported that the birds had been there for several days and that they were undoubtedly Whooping Cranes. I then decided to hurry out as soon as possible to get a look at these rare birds.

As we drove west the short November day rapidly drew to a close and we began to have visions of the birds leaving without our having an opportunity of seeing them. There would be no opportunity of visiting the area this day in daylight.

In the quiet of the country hotel at 6.00 a.m., Fred Lahrman and I hit the deck and by 6.30 we had selected a pointage of vantage overlooking

the lake. Fifteen minutes later we were on this point surveying Francis Lake, which lay before us. The birds were already on the stubble as dawn broke. We had left Herbert too early for breakfast, so as we sat there watching the birds, I remembered my thermos of tomato soup and poured this out, sharing it with Lahrman. We were well over a quarter of a mile from the birds and the light was not too good, but we could see what we were doing. Lahrman remarked how good the soup was, and remembering about mine I looked down only to find that I had spilled it in the excitement of watching the birds. But who could think about stomachs when witnessing such a wonderful sight on such a wonderful day

Gradually the sun rose and bathed the golden stubble and these im-