

Passenger Pigeon Shooting in Chicago

By EDWARD R. FORD

IT WAS PROF. SCHORGER'S CONCLUSION, the result of his studies of the passenger pigeon in Wisconsin, that the impossibility of its existence alongside successful agriculture would have doomed it anyway. Perhaps we may find in that idea consolation for its loss by market hunting pressure.

Of this hunting in Illinois the following story, names of participants included for the sake of historical accuracy, may be of interest as a record.

Many old-time residents of Illinois, especially Chicagoans, will remember when part of the present metropolis was the town (later the city) of Lake View. Here, in their youth, was countryside. As late as the early eighties the passenger pigeon was found there.

In a talk recently with a boyhood friend who lived in Lake View before I knew it, I learned of an actual pigeon hunt in which he "assisted" which took place in an 80 acre field on Southport Avenue at its junction with Lincoln and Diversey Avenues. Among the local nimrods, he told me, were Richard Lewis, Roland Goode, Ed. Goode and John Huffmeyer. Among their retainers, small neighbors and nephews, were my friend, W. C. Meier, together with Orrin Goode and little Johnny Huffmeyer—all lads from eight to ten years old. It was their employment to flush the birds.

The guns were all at the edge of the field. The beaters crawled on their bellies in the grass until the hunters shouted "Up!" At the signal they rose, waved their arms and yelled. Thousands of birds took wing and scores were shot. Thus many of the race whose complete disappearance we now deplore were killed by Chicagoans on Chicago soil.



Nuthatch

*Shrewd little hunter of woods all gray,
Whom I met on my walk of a winter day—
You're busy inspecting each cranny and hole
In the ragged bark of yon hickory bole;
You intent on your task and I on the law
Of your wonderful head and gymnastic claw!*

*The woodpecker well may despair of this feat—
Only the fly with you can compete!
So much is clear; but I fain would know
How you can so reckless and fearless go,
Head upward, head downward, all one to you,
Zenith and nadir the same in your view.*

—EDITH M. THOMAS