



GUY M. BRADLEY

THE startling announcement was sent to the National Association on July 14, that Guy M. Bradley was shot and instantly killed while making an arrest at a rookery on Oyster Key, Florida, on July 8. Full particulars of this unfortunate affair have not been received, although it is known that his murderer has been captured and is now confined in the county jail at Key West. Senator Harris has been retained to represent the National Association at the preliminary hearing in the case. The deceased acted as warden in Monroe County, a wild and thinly settled district, for over three years, having commenced his duties in May, 1902. During all this time he faithfully guarded his wards, the plume birds, traveling thousands of miles in the launch Audubon, in order to watch over them. He was originally recommended to the Association by Mr. Kirk Munroe, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Florida Audubon Society, who said that he was fearless and brave and had an extensive knowledge of the country and the birds that lived there. A number of well-known ornithologists and members of the Association visited Bradley at different times, and always found him alert and faithful in the performance of his duty, and willing to undergo any hardship to protect the birds. He took a personal interest in his work and was genuinely proud when he could report an increase in numbers. He told the writer in February last that he felt while he was away from his home, cruising among the Keys, or patrolling the swamp, that his life was in his hands, for the plume-hunters, whose nefarious traffic he so seriously interfered with, had sworn to take his life. Even this knowledge did not deter him, and he proved faithful unto death. Personally he was gentle and somewhat retiring, was pure in thought and deed, deeply interested in and a supporter of the small Union Church near his home. A young wife is left to mourn his sudden and terrible death, and his two children, too young to realize their loss, will never know a father's care.

A home broken up, children left fatherless, a woman widowed and sorrowing, a faithful and devoted warden, who was a young and sturdy man, cut off in a moment, for what? That a few more plume birds might be secured to adorn heartless women's bonnets. Heretofore the price has been the life of the birds, now is added human blood. Every great movement must have its martyrs, and Guy M. Bradley is the first martyr in the cause of bird protection.

WILLIAM DUTCHER.