MEMORANDUM

FROM THE OFFICE OF

ARTHUR N. PACK

TO

Mr. William L. Finley

August 10, 193 3

At Mr. Arthur Pack's request, I am sending you herewith a copy of the notes on his present trip, which trip, as you know, is not yet finished. Mr. Pack thought you might like to look over these notes, as he and Mrs. Pack have no time for letter writing.

I hope that you and your family are having a pleasant summer.

Yours sincerely,

Kathryn M. Peabody

First Installment of Notes from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur N. Pack

Wednesday, June 21

It was three-thirty of a blistering hot afternoon when we left Washington and headed south with Penelope towards Warrenton, Virginia, and the Blue Ridge Mountains. Near Shenandoah National Park we passed the first C.C.C. forestry camp. The men were apparently all at supper. Winding up over the pass or gap as they call it in Virginia, we saw the splendid new highway which the Park Service is constructing all along the tops of the Blue Ridge. It was too late for us to detour and the road seemed to be closed to the public, anyhow, for it is not yet complete. We rolled on down to Luray and then over Massanutten Mountain to Newmarket, where we had to turn north again, in order to meet the road from Mt. Jackson to Bird Haven and Bernie Clark's place where we were to spend the night. Even in his picturesque little valley at the foot of the Alleghanies the evening was hot. We sat up for quite a while, chatting with Bernie and Elizabeth, hoping that the upstairs bedrooms would cool. They never did, and we all spent a rather uncomfortable night.

Thursday, June 22

Frank named the Plymouth Penelope from his reading of Homer's Odyssey. Henceforth, Penelope will be one of the chief characters in our own wanderings. All day long we drove southwestward through Virginia, but did not seem to cover as much ground as we had hoped, probably because of the attractions of ice cream and cool drinks. We had expected to get beyond Bristol, Tennessee, and across the border into the National Forest bounding North Carolina, but it was no use. We were tired and determined to have a pleasant camp such as one can never find after dark. Only part way between Roanoke and Bristol we left the U. S. 11 Route and took the dirt road directly south and up into the Unaka National Forest, still in Virginia. At an elevation of about 2,700 feet, according to our altimeter, and beside a pleasantly burbling brook, we drove off among the hemlocks and blossoming rhododendrons. There we cooked supper and made our beds for the night. A previous reconnoiter in the car had discovered another C.C.C. forestry camp about a mile farther up the pass. On the whole, the men there were a pretty clean looking bunch, but there were evidently two or three black sheep among them, for a couple of them came roistering up the road just as we were ready to turn in. However, we had a grand night's sleep to make up for last night's sweltering.

Friday, June 23

After breakfast in our own little camp, we started out over the pass of Iron Mountain and down into North Carolina. The whole day was one of twisting, turning roads from pass to serpentine valley and up to some other little gap again. The scenery was really lovely. At Blowing Rock we stopped for the long view over the Great Smokies. They are indeed well named - at least so it seemed to us, for there was always an all-enveloping blue haze. Asheville in the afternoon proved a distinct disappointment. The city seemed so bedraggled, unpainted, and run-down at the heel. We detoured to look at the house where Arthur's grandfather had once lived, and it alone seemed reasonably well taken care of. The clean architecture and design of the Pack Memorial Library on Pack Square was lost in a hodge-podge of ugly stores. We were glad to have seen Asheville and thus be assured that we should not care to go back there.

We now kept on ~~the~~ southwest to Sylva, where we stocked up with gasoline and food, only to learn a little farther on that the main road over the Great Smokies and through the National Park was closed for repairs. There was nothing to do but keep on to the southwest and that we did, being rewarded by the gorgeously scenic road through Nantahala Canyon. There a very heavy rainstorm caught us, and continued to follow us, veiling the mountains in cloud and mist which made them seem even more weirdly spectacular. At length our road crossed the creek and back-tracked up the other side to Robbinsville. Here in the dusk we could just make out the sign of the Swank Hotel and Cafe. It seemed unoccupied, but it was only that the two girls in charge were afraid of the lightning and

had turned out the lights. In about five minutes they had loaded the table with a most extensive and variegated supper in decidedly country style. The food was pretty good, but we did not like the accommodations, so, in spite of a storm, we decided to push on. The ever-winding road seemed to circumnavigate a spider-like lake which we could occasionally glimpse in the darkness. About half an hour later we fully decided that we had come back to the starting point, but the light proved to be on a great power dam. There was nothing to do but push on, twisting up a steep grade. We were never sure where we were going, and there were apparently no signs, except the hundred odd which said "Winding Road" and "Turn". At last we appeared to have crossed the line into Tennessee, and, after many meanderings, came out on U.S.11, which we followed northward to its junction with our main route west, U.S.70. By this time we were dead tired, and, as luck would havt it, the only tourist camp we could find at or near the road junction was closed. All our honking not only failed to wake up the proprietors, but failed to wake up the drunk who was asleep on the doorstep. At last Frank drove the car around behind into an open field. The rain had stopped, and Frank and Brownie were optimistic. About midnight a bedraggled Brownie crawled into the tent beside Art. Frank was so dead asleep that he only burrowed a lettle beneath the tarp.

Saturday, June 24

Frank crawled out looking something like a carp emerging from a bunch of water weeds. We hung the bedding on the back fence and while Penelope was being greased at the now wide-awake gas station, we had breakfast at the quick and dirty restaurant. There was nothing quick about it.

About nine o'clock we got under way, making pretty good time over the rolling highway and through the rather attractive Crab Orchard Mountains. At Carthage we detoured and crossed the river for lunch. It was a broiling hot day and the food was nothing to boast of. Early in the afternoon we reached Nashville, where we stopped to imbibe some excellent beer. Brownie and Frank went to see the famous replica of the Parthenon. It is an exact copy and must be almost as imposing as the one on the Acropolis itself. The late afternoon sunlight cast dark shadows of the pillars, and added to the beautiful symmetry of line and proportion. An uneventful afternoon passed en route to Memphis. The country was rather pretty, but the air was broiling hot. We made frequent stops for orange juice, and Art added to Penelope's staccato snarl by a few whinings of the accordion from the back seat.

Memphis at dusk was the most attractive of any southern city we had seen. There seemed to be countless lovely residences with well-planned boulevards and the greatest collection of showy gasoline service stations anywhere. It put even Hollywood to shame. We had had supper at Jackson in a little corner restaurant in front of which paraded the entire negro population of the South in a regular Saturday night circus, but the food was excellent. We had a whole dinner for thirty-five cents, including watermelon. Accordingly, we kept on through Memphis and across the Mississippi on a steel bridge. We simply had to find a place to camp, and that part of Arkansas seemed to be one large swampy bayou. In due course, the lights of a tourist camp gleamed ahead. Closer inspection showed that it was not a good camp, but it was such a hot night that we simply couldn't sleep inside, anyhow, and Brownie found a piece of so-called lawn behind one of the cabins, where we could place our own beds.

Sunday, July 25

We woke up somewhere between the back porch of a negro shanty and the building which Elmer did not construct and came to the unanimous decision to move on at once. In about half an hour we found a little town with a good though exceedingly popular gasoline station and a restaurant across the street. After breakfast we pushed on to Little Rock, where Penelope had to halt to have the brakes adjusted. That took about half an hour, and then we pushed on to Hot Springs. Why anyone wanted to build there we

never could make out. The sun was blazing, and even the natives were complaining of the temperature of about 105°. The only consolation was a nice, clean hotel-restaurant whose head waitress rather admired Frank in his shorts, and put us right near the door for everyone to admire, and fifty cents brought us a five-course Sunday dinner that was a dandy. On to DeQueen through the rolling hills of the Southern Ozarks. At one little river, the Little Missouri, we stopped and went in wading. Even the water was hot. Beyond that there seemed to be no places to camp or anything else, and it was too hot to do anything but keep on going. Our only consolation was that the Hot Springs paper had said that even the northern part of the country was just as hot, and we at least had fewer cities and a prettier route. We abolished supper, simply absorbing quarts of orange juice at every little town we came to. We reached Hugo, Oklahoma, about six, and there was still a distance of 110 miles to Ardmore. The gas station man agreed with the information we had had from Tom Roberts in Princeton - that the only decent place to camp was beyond Ardmore. The country was now flat and almost useless, part of the public lands of the Department of the Interior. We realized why nobody ever wanted them. We passed through Ardmore at last, and about ten o'clock turned off in the darkness at Turner's Falls Park, about 20 miles north of Ardmore. Here in a geographically misplaced bit of badlands, sprinkled with Utah junipers, a feeble creek came out of the low hills and wandered down a canyon. This canyon belonged to the City of Davis, Oklahoma. Its mouth was plugged with a merry-go-round and a public swimming pool, but a rough track which constantly forded and re-forded the creek led on up stream. Along it, about one hundred cars were parked at intervals and numerous parties were lying beside them, apparently intending to spend the night in the one least hot spot of central Oklahoma. By dint of some persistence, we managed to get higher up than anyone else, and found a not unpleasant camping spot with reasonable privacy. There we threw our beds on the ground, took off our clothes, and sat in a small pool of the creek. As long as one stayed wet, one was reasonably cool. However, the night was really the most pleasant we had spent in some days, for it gradually tempered enough to permit sleeping under a light blanket.

Monday, June 26

We took it rather easy in the morning, climbed about the canyon and bathed in the creek periodically. About eleven we packed up and drove to Oklahoma City, reaching there at lunch time. While Penelope was being greased we had lunch in the coffee shop of the Huckins Hotel. Oklahoma City perfectly fulfilled all the descriptions of an oil boom metropolis. Its business center bristled with modern skyscrapers and its suburbs meandered out in every direction, with street after street lined by cheap wooden shacks with false fronts. The southern section of the city bristled out once more with the tall derricks of a thousand oil wells, and it seemed as if every oil company in the world was engaged in trying to pump out the precious liquid before someone else got it.

Western Oklahoma would have been all right, if there had been some buffalo. The land didn't seem to be much good for anything else. There were farms at intervals, and some rather extensive ones, and there were little towns with drug stores and orange squeezers, and that was the nicest thing about the state. Although we had a very late start, somehow or other we got across into the Texas panhandle and began to look for a camping place. There looked to be a storm ahead, and we had had one violent rain during the afternoon. Even Brownie, whose minimum requirements for a camping place are not high, couldn't find one she liked. Yesterday we had covered 530 miles, and the day before 430, trying to catch up on the schedule we had lost in the North Carolina Mountains. We felt we could take it easier, so when a rather pleasant tourist camp appeared on the landscape, we hove to for the night. The pleasantest part of the camp, from Brownie's point of view, was the fact that there was a nice strip of sagebrush behind it. The storm had passed around and left the air cool for a change. Brownie and Frank slept out in the sagebrush and we all had a good night, in spite of a Rock Island R.R. train which snorted up at some time or other and proceeded to do some switching.

Tuesday, June 27

The cabins were equipped with gas stoves, and we cooked our own breakfast, setting out thereafter to cross a lot more country, flat and not particularly interesting. However, there were now huge farms operated according to the most approved principles of the machine age. Amarillo was a great distributing center of the products of the rich Texas Panhandle but we found little to detain us there.

Soon we began to see our first flat-topped mesas and we knew that our promised land was not far away. When the road began to sweep down into washes with the familiar signs, "Do not cross when water is running", we knew we had arrived. Presently we crossed the border of New Mexico and stopped for lunch at the town of Tucumcari at the foot of the great butte which gives the town its name. Now the road wound down across the high sheep country of eastern New Mexico. We had gradually attained an elevation of between four and five thousand feet. The prairie was dotted with pretty little pike sand verbenas and yellow flowers of varying kinds, none of which were to be found in Brownie's book of western wild flowers. There was a variety of cholla cactus - not the more murderous kind - but one with purplish-green stalks and magenta-colored flowers. We stopped to take pictures of these, and Brownie and Frank climbed a pile of rocks. There in the middle of the lone prairie was a single grave, and, a little beyond, there was a pink adobe Mexican church with its heavy contrast of light and shadow. We climbed up over a wide mesa and there were sheep tended by Mexicans. The houses were now all built of adobe blocks. We felt we were almost home. On we went through Santa Rosa and then turned slightly northward toward Las Vegas, up a long grade into a pass. Penelope snorted. It was only half past five, but we decided that for once we should have a really nice camp. There in the pass a little track wandered off into a side canyon among the pinons and junipers. We followed it, bumped along over the rocks until we were hidden from the highway, and there made a lovely camp, cooking our own supper. Over Las Vegas we could see a summer rain, but, as so often happens, the clouds began to scatter at sunset, the stars peered through, and we had a perfect evening. Over our heads several night hawks, or bull bats, as Frank calls them, dived with that peculiar whistling zoom that is so hard to explain. A couple of coyotes howled, and at last we knew we were in the promised land.

Second Installment of Notes from
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pack

Wednesday, June 28

After breakfast we packed up and ran down to Romeroville, where our road intersected the main Santa Fe Trail west. We passed the much commercialized ruins of Pecos and on over Glorietta Pass at an altitude of about 7,600 feet, and so on into Santa Fe. Here we had to stop for errands and repairs to our water carrier, but, as soon as they were complete, we pulled out and down the familiar road to the Rio Grande River at Espanola. Lunch there at the Green Lantern Cafe was nothing to boast of. Then we took the road for Abiquiu. It was something over 40 miles, and the first part of the road was pretty rough, as we understand it is to be rebuilt into a fine federal highway almost immediately. We kept a close watch on the scenery and the little Mexican villages,wondering whether some day, perhaps, we might find our ranch in this locality. At length we wound up the hill to the general store and post office at Abiquiu, where we got out to ask the way to Mrs. Stanley's Ranch. It seemed that Gonzales, the proprietor of the store, and another man were just setting out for what they called "diggings" near the ranch. They started out like the proverbial bat and whisked through the canyon of the Chama at forty to fifty miles an hour. Penelope was hard put to it to keep up. Suddenly the road swept up out of the canyon to a broad mesa which we realized was the very one where we had taken the introductory pictures for our southwestern series in the summer of 1929. In the background rose volcano-like one commanding flat-topped mesa which was unmistakable. How strange that that very place should now prove close to our destination. Onward we sped to dip suddenly down and across the Chama River. Now to the eastward rose a line of red, yellow, and purple cliffs with juniper-dotted hills of painted talus. Suddenly our conductors swung abruptly off to the right on a narrow track. It dropped off breathlessly into a wash and across a crazy bridge, then climbed on the other side, as only the roads of this country can - the kind of a grade that taxes the low-gear climbing ability of any car. In a narrow canyon cutting the painted cliffs we could see green fields and cottonwood trees with low adobe buildings nestling at the canyon's mouth. Our conductors swung off to the left, motioning us to go on, Frank jumped out to open a wire gate, and we passed through into the new San Gabriel Ranch. A moment later Mrs. Stanley was welcoming us and everyone was talking at once.

From Mrs. Stanley we learned that a party of paleontologists, headed by Dr. Camp, of the University of California at Berkeley, were working a mile or so away, and Mrs. S. piled into the car with us to go over and visit them. The road going over was the northern Arizona sort, up and down through washes and around corners with a terrific angle the wrong way, so that it seemed as if Penelope was about to roll over. Presently we came to a stop and were greeted by Dr. Camp. The doctor himself,with his wife and half a dozen assistants, was engaged in exhuming fossil bones of the Chin Lee formation of the triassic period. He informed us that most of these bones belonged to neither dinosaurs nor mammals, but were of a distinct group by themselves, called phytosaurs. These were large bony-plated crocodile-like creatures, the one which he had most completely uncovered being about 16 or 18 feet long. Dr. Camp himself was jolly and amiable and a thorough good fellow, as most of these "bone men" are. We sat on the dirt piles with the assistants around us putting the bones in plaster casts and talked of paleontology, archaeology, and the early history of the country. Jose Gonzales, the son of one of the early Spanish Grant holders, told us Indian legends and stories which he had learned from his father of queer places and ancient people of the Abiquiu environs. He told us that the word Abiquiu was a Navajo word meaning "Owl's Hoot" - "abu" meaning "owl", and "quiu" the sound imitating the hoot of an owl. He told us of Pedernal, the square-topped mesa which we had seen in the distance, which, he said, meant "Black Flint", from the ancient flint quarries on its slopes. Incidentally, Lloyd, Mrs. Stanley's ranch manager, told us later that he had also discovered quarries of white and red flint on the same mountain. From this time on we seemed to regard this mesa as the landmark of our country, for, with

its 9,800 feet of altitude and with no other high land near it, it commands the whole section of the state.

After leaving the paleontologists and inviting them to supper at the Ranch, we bumped along back to the ranch house. Mrs. Stanley showed us a pleasant place to camp a little farther up the canyon, for we did not want to sleep inside. All this time we had been wondering about Art's sister Beulah who was to have come on from California and to have met us here. Now, just as the gong rang for supper, she appeared in her little Chevrolet, with her artist friend, Martha Simmons, from Pasadena. Greetings over, we all sat down to supper in the old adobe ranch house. This ranch was formerly known as the Ghost Ranch before Mrs. S. owned it, and this very building had been the headquarters of various bands of horse and cattle rustlers. Half hidden in its canyon, and topped by those unbelievably weird cliffs, it certainly seemed an appropriate setting for such a history. The living-room-dining-room had been converted into a delightfully pleasant and attractive place, and we all sat down to a delicious supper. Already we were so won to this place as compared to the Rio Grande Valley that it seemed just what we were looking for. Mrs. S. explained that she had 18,000 acres of an old Spanish Grant and would be delighted to show us several locations where we could build a house. It was decided to go ranch-hunting tomorrow. Dr. and Mrs. Camp and a friend of theirs had come to supper, and Mrs. S. took us on a tour of the new building that she was constructing for the headquarters of her guest ranch business which she hopes to regain. Finally, however, Lloyd, her manager, and the rest of us settled down on our heels outside in the moonlight and began to swap stories of the West. It was strange, but typical of the country that, no matter who was mentioned within a radius of several hundred miles, most of those present also knew him. Lloyd knew our lion hunter down in the Blue of Arizona, while everyone seemed to know every trader and white inhabitant of the Navajo country clear over to the Grand Canyon. It grew late and at last goodnights were said. Beulah and Martha wandered with us up the canyon to where our beds were spread under the stars.

Thursday, June 29

We had breakfast at the Ranch and then set out with Lloyd and Carol Stanley in one of her big Lincolns to look for house sites. There was one lovely place in a protected hollow down by the creek with a view of gorgeous red and yellow buttes glimpsed through the junipers and cottonwoods. It seemed protected here from the wind, and there seemed a possibility of making a swimming hole in the creek. This creek was not the one which came out of the canyon by the Ranch, but the Arroyo Seco which comes out of Navajo Canyon to the north. We came out on the main road southeast of where we had left it yesterday and then followed it northward to the boundary of the Carson National Forest. Here another track turned off towards the cliffs and we found ourselves in the bone-hunters' camp, a lovely summer location among the giant cottonwoods. After visiting for a few moments with Mrs. Camp and her friends, for the bone-hunters were all out digging, we forded the creek and bumped on about half a mile towards the face of the cliffs. Here the rock wall in purple and yellow rose absolutely sheer to the northward, while the talus slopes below faced a vast, sweeping panorama whose focus was Pedernal. On either point of the slightly circular cliff balanced a sandstone pinnacle, grotesquely shaped. To the southeast, between the pinons, rose a pink and orange butte. Surely there was never a grander view nor a more perfect location. Those great cliffs behind would reflect the heat of the winter sun. They told us that this was the winter pasture for the stock, because the snow seldom lay here for more than a very brief time. None of the country we had seen before could compare with this, and here we were just about a mile from San Gabriel Ranch, a distance which in this country is equivalent to just across the street. We could easily get our supplies in and make all our contacts through Carol Stanley. It seemed ideal, far surpassing our best hopes.

We returned to the Ranch for lunch, and then, as the sun was hot, enjoyed a siesta until about four o'clock, when we all wandered up the canyon to explore. Martha made pen and ink sketches, Beulah and Art explored the creek, while Frank and Brownie went up into a side canyon to look at a great arch in the sandstone which appeared as if it might have a cliff dwelling in it. Lloyd and Carol had already told us that there were several up the Canyon del Yeso. There were no evidences of occupation in the great arch - that is, of people, but there were some very interesting white-throated swift nests and a wild honey bee colony. From the arch Frank and Brownie swung up a very steep and treacherous arroyo in the soft crumbling rock to reach the top of the mesa. The view from the mesa top back of Carol's Ranch was absolutely overpowering in the sweep and grandeur of the scenery. They found that, in order to get back for supper in time, they must drop over the mesa on the other side to a canyon intersecting the Canyon del Yeso. The country behind was interesting in new kinds of cacti, great yellow pine trees, Douglas firs, and many coyote tracks. It was all within the Carson National Forest. Dropping down a steep cow trail, they reached the main canyon and found the tracks of the other party along the stream. We all got back just in time for supper at the Ranch.

The evening was spent in discussing possible house plans with Carol and Ted, her chief carpenter and builder. We learned to call the poles which hold up the ceiling by their correct name of "vegas", and to speak fluently of "patios", "Portales", "adobes", and "palos". Floors, windows and plumbing came in for their share. Carol and Ted were to draw up a rough plan and an estimate of the cost of our house, to have when we got back for dinner on Sunday. House-building in this country is certainly an entirely different proposition from any we had ever encountered before. Fortunately, it is comparatively simple, for its chief part consists in hiring some Indians to make the ordinary adobe earth and straw into bricks which are piled four-square, roofed with poles and more dirt, and there you have it. Of course, our first problem would be to dig a well and find water, which we were sure was there. We went to bed rather late.

Friday, June 30

We had breakfast with Mrs. Stanley and left the ranch rather late, having decided to take in only Taos. We drove there by way of Abiquiu and up the Rio Grande Valley. The country was disappointing, after leaving our future home, and the landscape was mostly lava rock. The Rio Grande itself, however, looked fresh and clean, and we saw people fishing. We arrived in Taos at noon, ate lunch in the Don Fernando, and called up the Young-Hunters, our artist friends who live there. We went right out after lunch, and the Young-Hunters showed us over their adobe house, which was furnished in an exquisite and tasteful manner with old furniture, doors and fittings which they had collected around the country and in Mexico. The house, and especially the studio were charming in an antique way, and the siesta, which was enjoyed by all members of the party right after lunch, had a truly Mexican flavor. Beulah and Martha turned Sioux and slept in the tepee which the Young-Hunters had set up in the yard.

The late afternoon was the high point of the day, when we prepared a picnic supper and drove over to the Indian pueblo as the shadows were growing long. The piled-up adobe dwellings rose around us in picturesque turrets, with long shadows slanting across the golden-yellow adobe. Multi-colored, swathed figures of Indians grouped about on the housetops, conversing quietly or moving slowly along the open plaza. We even forgot our supper in the fascination of listening to a man droning out the next day's orders from the topmost cornice like an Arab on a minaret. The Sears-Roebuck blankets of the men and the tailor-made shawls of the women, the yapping dogs and even a couple of Fords were all Indian - Taos pueblo Indian - in a Taos atmosphere. It was hard to keep from staring when Mr. Young-Hunter brought up the son of the governor, Senor Lucero, to guide us to a spot under the cottonwoods just above the pueblo on the pueblo stream. We persuaded this man to stay for supper, in spite of the fact that we were one plate short, and his smiling, "All right, I stay" seemed to us to start a friendship which we hope has only begun. Arthur warmed up the gasoline stove and started the t-bone steaks, while Mrs. Young-Hunter

sliced the "papos fritos". We, in our store clothes, felt much more out of place than did the Indian, who wore soft shoes out on the bottom, his tribal shawl wound around his waist like a diaper, a grass-green shirt, and his hair in long, Mary-Pickford braids. After supper he squatted against the boll of a giant cottonwood and sang us songs of the sun which rose over the pueblo every day, of the buffalo which his father used to hunt, and of the wonderful Taos Mountain which we could see above us in the dusk, and upon which no white man has ever been allowed. We drove back in the dark through the cornfields above the pueblo, and Lucero took some ice cream home to his children. Other Indians had gathered on the plaza, wrapped to the eyes in long white burnouses, and sang to the half moon with a spontaneous Indian rhythm. We left when the moon was low and went down towards the town where Mrs. Mabel Luhan was having some Indians dance for her guests in one of her studios. These we could see quite well through the open windows as we walked about the desert just beyond. We returned late to the Young-Hunters' and slept in a clover field under the stars.

Saturday, July 1

We got up in time, but were somewhat late for breakfast, for Penelope had again dropped her battery out of the holder, and Frank and Art had to put it back. Two little Mexican girls in their bright red and blue long-skirted dresses, served breakfast on the porch. Beulah wanted to take pictures at the pueblo early, so we drove downtown, left Penelope at the garage, and continued on in her car. We again met the Indian, Senor Lucero, who was on duty for the day, and paid $2.00 for the privilege of taking motion pictures. Martha had to pay $1.00 for the privilege of sketching. Beulah did quite well with the pictures, only it cost an additional quarter for everyone who was photographed. She got some good pictures of ninos, stray dogs, etc., and the rest of us watched two Indians scraping a buffalo hide on an elevated platform of sticks. Martha soon disappeared among the various buildings of the pueblo, with her pen and ink, and the rest of us met Mrs. Young-Hunter on the plaza and were introduced to an Indian who had two dancing sons. These seem to have commercialized the Taos Indian dances. We had but shaken hands when it was announced that a pack train made up of some Indians from the pueblo, Tony, Mrs. Luhan's Indian husband, and a temperamental poet, was starting for Blue Lake. Of all the pack trains we had seen, this was certainly the most picturesque, and Tony posed and pranced on his white horse for the benefit of Beulah's movie camera. After the poet and poetess (the poetess was quite decent) and their entourage had left, we again entered the Indian's house to view the dances. The two small boys were completely decked out in feathers and with feather shields, and danced remarkably well for their extremely young age. The older Indian kept time with the queer and characteristic beat of his drum, and their mother looked on proudly. The complete illusion of the white-washed interior and the boom of the drum was interrupted by the entrance of the usual nervy tourists who pressed coins into the hands of the boys and made themselves generally in the way. Even this was not the last we saw of them, for in the same manner they thrust themselves into the foreground when Beulah was taking pictures of the pueblo church. It is no wonder that the pueblo is becoming commercialized and the Indians tourist-ridden by such specimens as these. There were many evidences of the breaking up of the old pueblo life and customs. For instance, the very costumes that the young dancers wore were borrowed from some of their Oklahoma Indian friends whom they had seen dancing at festivals and gaining prizes with gaudy cheap trappings. It was also rather disillusioning to see some of the old and most picturesque Indians driving around in cars and parking them in the pueblo

Mrs. Young-Hunter had finally gotten us an invitation to have noon tea with the far-famed Mabel Luhan. From the pueblo we went directly to her house and pulled up in the old Spanish-style courtyard. She met us at the door with her bulldogs and was exceedingly gracious - contrary, we must confess, to our expectations. She was really very interesting and seized readily upon any topic of conversation put forth. We talked of house building in respect to our own ranch, and the art objects with which she had built her house. Her tea was not good, and the tortillas with which she served it were

too big to put on the saucers, so there were two casualties in biscuits rolling on the floor, but little, if any, embarrassment. So ended our meeting with this remarkable character whose very name seems to make all respectable citizens tremble or kow-tow. It was with her that the Stokowskis stayed when they came out to this country last summer. She apparently owns most of Taos and at least a half dozen houses of rather complicated Spanish architecture. She and her bulldogs smiled us out the door, and we left, wondering what would happen when, as, and if we ever meet again, as we probably shall. Readers of "Time" will probably have read the strange story of this Buffalo heiress and her eccentricities.

We all returned to Taos for lunch at the Don Fernando at the invitation of the "senoritas muchachas", which is the redundant and ridiculous name which Eve Young-Hunter thrust upon Beulah and Martha. It is quite evident that they will live long without living it down. We said goodbye to the Young-Hunters and started back down the Santa Fe road. Penelope seemed to have the pip from too much altitude over 7,000 feet and wouldn't go up hill, while B's "Turtle Dove" had brake trouble and wouldn't go down hill. She got that fixed and at Espanola we finally found a mechanic who prescribed "Pyroil" for Penelope's valves and succeeded in getting them somewhat loosened up. From there we pushed on to Otowi and the Los Alamos Ranch School, where we had hoped to see the Director, A. J. Connell, who was on one of the Nature Magazine Caribbean cruises. First we had the most perfect roller-coaster road in the U.S. It was like one of those things you pay fifteen cents to ride on in the East. Then followed a most spectacular climb up the mesa above Frijoles Canyon. On top we entered the Santa Fe National Forest, again at an elevation of about 7,000 feet, and almost entirely surrounded by it, we came upon the beautiful location of the School. A.J. was not there. He had left that very afternoon for New York. The School was closed, but the Secretary showed us around among the extremely artistic log buildings, sunshiny sleeping porches and beautifully equipped class rooms and laboratories. It certainly was a most remarkably equipped place and should certainly prove an ideal boys' school. When the Secretary found that our Vernon was still four years too young to come there, he could not conceal his disappointment and disgust. B appeared to be lost, but we rather hoped she might yet show up, so we ran back to the rim of the mesa where we found a marvelous camping site on a cliff above the road and overlooking the whole wide sweep of the Rio Grande Valley with the Sangre de Christo Mountains behind. We had never had such a perfect place to camp. Below us the road wound back and forth in numberless serpentine twists and we were presently able to discover the dove-colored Chevrolet throbbing along upwards. We hailed B and she came over to join us. While Art was getting supper, the whole sky turned to shades of orange, vermilion and mauve. Everywhere one looked there were color and light, and then as it died out, there came the call of "Come and get it!" Over Santa Fe way long fingers of rain had been stealing gradually in our direction, but, as the sun set and the last rose died out of the Sangre de Christos, the dark fingers withdrew into the cloud, and the cloud itself, edging towards the moon, began to disintegrate, opening wide windows to the stars. And then the canyon gleamed ghostly in the moonlight, the more weird because of the black cloud shadows which crept up from the Rio Grande, crossed the cliffs and disappeared. A horned owl hooted far below. We spread our beds on the very edge of the cliffs, but drowsiness would not let us watch any more.

Sunday, July 2

The morning sun rose all too early and shone upon our high perch. We had breakfast and then followed Frank down over the edge of the cliff towards Frijoles Canyon, where he had discovered some ancient cliff dwellings. The foot-holds in the rock face, made by the ancient inhabitants, were not so good as they used to be, and, even if Frank did seem to qualify with the cliff dwellers' agility, the rest did not. However, we all managed to get down as far as the tier of caves and rocky benches where the ruins were. Frank kept stooping down and picking up bits of pottery, an arrowhead and a stone ax. He also found a not very perfect "metate" (which is the bottom stone used for grinding corn). We took color movies and crawled in and out of the little caves with immense delight at having at least a third-class ruin to ourselves. After a couple of hours, we drifted

back to the cars, packed up, and started back to Espanola and Abiquiu, for we were due at the Ranch for dinner at one. Penelope made it exactly according to schedule, but the "muchachas", who were trailing in the rear, did not appear until half an hour later. It seems that they had broken a brake rod, but had nevertheless been able to fix it with a stationery clip. Both of them were pasted over with grease and dirt from crawling under the car, for which they deserved considerable credit. We immediately began to talk house again, and the whole afternoon passed in intensive coping with problems of real estate, land titles, well-digging, vega cutting, and the like. A stoem came up and the wind blew. The muchachas deserted and decided to stay in one of the Ranch cabins, but, when it cleared somewhat after supper, Frank, Brownie and Art, in Penelope, set out for what we had now determined definitely to be our new ranch site. We wanted to sleep there and see what it was like in darkness and dawn. Carol, Lloyd and Ted went along to settle the important and weighty question as to the exact boundary of this corner of their property with relation to the National Forest boundary, and reported that our prospective building site was quite safely on the Stanley property. Meanwhile, we were putting up our tents, for there was rain across the river and a fresh wind blowing from that direction. We worked out which way the house should face and made a few measurements and set some rough stakes. Thereupon, it seemed the proper thing to do to have a ceremony for the first shovelful of the earth turned. Frank produced our little shovel and while the others sat about on the ground Art dug it in and dedicated it to the four winds. One of the four winds, being particularly strong, blew the dirt back and baptized the whole party, particularly Carol. Carol and Lloyd returned to the Ranch, and the prospective home owners went to bed.

Monday, July 3

We saw the dawn on our new home site and then, packing up the tents, pursued the devious road back to the Stanley Ranch for breakfast. There followed an hour or two of intensive building conference and financial conversations, and then, about 10:30, Penelope and the Turtle Dove pulled out for the north. This was the same road that we had traversed in 1929 en route to Mesa Verde, but now we made very much better time, as the road had been improved. With a last back look at our future ranch, we entered Navajo Canyon and passed out of it up to Canjilon. On through Tierra Amarillo to Chama, where we stopped for lunch. One tire on B's car was flat, and we had it repaired. Our road now led up over the mountains, ever winding back and forth on a steep grade, until we crossed the divide at an elevation of about 8,500 feet, our record for the trip. Thunder storms all about us threatened continually. Our road was adobe, and, if rain came, we should have to crawl, even with tire chains. It was a most magnificent mountain trip, hardly to be surpassed anywhere. At Pagosa Springs, Colorado, we met a main highway west and spun along, thinking that on this gravel surface no storm could hinder us much. However, just as we started down a long grade, the gravel gave out and a blinding rain descended. Both cars started to skid, and we had to put on the tire chains. In that operation we managed to get well pasted with adobe mud and were quite convinced as to its permanent qualities as a building material. Of course, about as soon as we had the chains on, the rain stopped and the gravel surface resumed, so that we had to take the chains off again.

We passed on through Durango and over the La Plata Mountains to Mancos and the entrance to Mesa Verde National Park. In 1929 we had had a terrible time getting up Mesa Verde in a storm, but now there is a find new road. The park ranger at the entrance checked us through on complimentary permits, and we spun along up that most spectacular highway with gorgeous views on every side. The top of the mesa is about 8,000 feet, but it slants to the southward, and at Spruce Tree Camp, which is the center of activities and the starting point for all the ruins, the elevation is only 7,000 feet. We learned that Mr. Finnan, the Superintendent, was away, but the Chief Ranger, Paul Franke, was in charge and extremely courteous. It was 7:30 when we reached Spruce Tree Lodge, so we hastily grabbed supper there, in order to hurry down to the evening gathering for lectures by the park officials

and the Navajo dances. The convocation started outside around the campfire, but a shower came up and we had to move in to the community building. Chief Ranger Franke gave a good talk and was followed by Ranger Watson, who told in most interesting language of the contributions of the American Indian to our life today. He listed all the various foods and products which the Indians gave to the white man, and valued them roughly in billions of dollars. Then followed a couple of dances by six or eight of the Navajos from the reservation at the foot of Navajo Canyon. They gave parts of several ceremonials, particularly that of the healing dance, the "yabachi". The singing was a most remarkable combination of chanted "ay-ays" and falsetto garglings, some of the strangest sounds that ever came out of the human throat. The muchachas stayed in one of the cabins at Spruce Tree Lodge, but we made our camp in the woods in the rather over-crowded public camping place.

Tuesday, July 4

Somehow or other the idea of cooking our own meals in the public camp grounds did not appeal, so we decided to do all our eating at Spruce Tree Lodge, in spite of the untimely prices. After breakfast we went to headquarters and found Mr. Franke waiting for us. Instead of having to go with the large tourist parties, therefore, we had our own private tour under his guidance. He took us first to the rim above Square Tower House, where we could lie on our stomachs and peer over and under the dizzy cliff to obtain a bird's-eye view of this cliff dwelling. Then he led down the trail of steps cut in the rock and through a narrow crevice which he called the needle's eye. We could just wiggle ourselves through, and we wondered how some of the well-upholstered tourist ladies ever managed. In this connection, Mr. Franke told us how he distinguished the time of service of the various rangers who take out parties. He said that every new ranger always helped all the tourists over the bad places; the second year a ranger helped only the pretty girls; and the third year he walked ahead and let them all take care of themselves. After edging through the cleft, we climbed over piles of debris which had not yet been excavated and approached the group of stone-walled buildings in the hollow of the cliff. The excavators had left them as they had found them, and very little work had been done. Most of the rooms and towers were roofless. The walls were made of remarkably well cut stone, with the stippled marking of the flint shaping tools visible on all the rock faces. The stones were laid up in well alligned walls with mud mortar and small stones stuck in between. These ancient people seemed to have a remarkable power to make their walls stick, even upon the slanting surfaces of the bed rock of the cliffs. There was a remarkable instance of this at the Square Tower House, where a sort of lookout tower was plastered like a swallow's nest in a cleft up above the ruin proper. The entire dwelling seems to have been built on the pueblo plan, that is, several floors one above the other. The square tower which gave this particular ruin its name had three floors with windows at every floor. Another outstanding feature of the ruin were the kivas or round ceremonial rooms which belonged to each clan. These, four in number, were sunk in the lowest parts of the ruin. The perch which held the clan symbol of one of these kivas - the eagle - still stood plastered on the cliff above that particular section. They had probably kept a tame wild eagle, from which, from time to time, they had extracted the feathers. Perhaps the greatest thrill we got was when we were leaving this ruin and some of us ascended the little toe-holds cut in the cliff by the ancient people themselves. As these had been made quite shallow by time and weather, the feat was something of an accomplishment. On top of the cliff, Mr. Franke showed us where the cliff dwellers had hollowed out a pot hole, so that it would hold water after each rain for a long time, and had cut little steps down to the place and a platform on which to set their jars. At this time he explained that these cliff dwellers were the fourth people who had lived on this mesa. Before them there had been three others - the so-called basket-makers, 1, 2, and 3. He showed us a lodge of basket-makers Number 2, which was on top of the mesa and not on the face of the cliff. These early people introduced agriculture and pottery and appeared to be the most numerous people that had inhabited this section. Their life was very simple, however, and their houses consisted of little more than a fire pit and some lodge poles. From ring counts on the cedar poles of the later cliff dwellings, they feel certain that they have gotten the almost exact dates for the last and most spectacular people who lived there. While the basket-makers might have

come as early as 1,000 B.C., the cliff dwellers were at their height at the time of William the Conqueror.

We reentered the car and drove around by the forest roads to view several of the other cliff dwellings in the various canyons which intersect the mesa. We got a gorgeous view of Cliff Palace, which is the largest of any, and of the so-called Sun Temple which stands on the top of the mesa. We just had time to see this before lunch. The supposition was, so we were told, that the cliff dwellers had built this to propitiate the gods for a long and enduring drought which the deities had visited upon them. The building was in the form of a "D", built in the same stone and mud formation as the cliff dwellings and with five kivas, which is strange, since these people usually did things in units of four.

In the afternoon we went directly to the Cliff Palace, which Arthur photographed from an out-jutting spur of the canyon, after waiting some time for the fickle sun to appear. After that we descended and immediately began the process of the rediscovery of the ruin. We all had a most delightful time crawling in and out of doorways, looking through windows, and trying the acoustics of the speaker chief's platform. We particularly enjoyed this because it is forbidden to ordinary tourists, and we felt we were entering rooms which hadn't been entered in centuries. Martha spent her time making some nice pen and ink sketches. We were especially impressed by a bit of painted fresco which was left in the form of a dado in one of the towers. This showed the water-mountain-forest pattern in reddish brown and white, very similar to Egyptian hieroglyphics. We finished up this part of the expedition in fine style, by climbing up another one of these ladders of antiquity made by toe-holds in the face of the cliff.

We did not have time to visit the Balcony House, for we had been invited to Mrs. Finnan's (the wife of the Superintendent) for tea. We arrived there safely in a downpour of rain which had just started - all except Frank who slipped at a crucial moment and slid to a stop on the adobe before the doorway. The tea was a delicious concoction of orange juice, lemon, lime, ginger ale and tea. The company was most pleasant and the rain very heavy. The rain stopped in time to permit us to go over to Spruce Tree House before supper. This was one of the first ruins discovered and is right across from the Administration Building. We had our usual good time climbing in and out of kivas and circling in behind walls and little caves where no one was supposed to go. At this time we decided that we should have to build a cliff dwelling guest house for our ranch at Abiquiu.

In the evening we listened to the chant of the Navajo Indians from a distance, but did not go to see them. The falsetto was a little weak, for the majority of the redskins had gone down to Cortez to enjoy the Fourth of July celebration.

Wednesday, July 5

It rained again during the night, so that we had to pack the tents wet; but the morning was gloriously clear and cool. The vies from the knife-edge road were marvelous, extending far across the Navajo country to the Lukuchukai and Carrizo Mountains and down into northwestern New Mexico where Shiprock billowed like a full-rigged whaler at sea. Down the winding road past the park entrance and on across southwestern Colorado we dipped and swayed. There was a new road since 1929 and we made fine time to Monticello, Utah. Here Penelope and her crew stopped for supplies and then to Hanson's Cafe where Beulah found us. Here, in company with a couple of engineers who happened to be there, we enjoyed a splendid dinner. Between here and Moab we lost altitude rapidly, coming down off the 7,000-foot plateau into a bare country of red sandstone full of grotesque shapes and formations. One of these looked like a gigantic squat cordial bottle. Another was a perfect natural bridge, a miniature of the famous Rainbow Bridge. The sandstone layers were divided here by a thin layer of shale, so that some of the cliffs of the upper layer seemed about to

topple over. In Moab the double brick houses of Mormon architecture sparkled in hot sunshine, but the streets were lined with cool poplars and cottonwoods, and water flowed through the irrigation ditches. After a stop for cold drinks, we crossed the Colorado in a red sandstone canyon and then pushed on up through a series of narrowing box canyons and over to the crossing of the Green River, where a smaller but similar Mormon town nestled among the Lombardies.

Supper time found us at Price, Utah, with showers all about. There was no promise of good camping, and this was Beulah's last night with us. On the edge of town we found a most luxurious tourist camp with neat architecture and all new clean beds and bedding. Every two rooms connected with an electric kitchenette, equipped with electric stove and refrigeration, and each room even had a nice bathroom with shower. How the management ever operated this place at $1.50 a room, with the kitchen $.50 extra, was a riddle to us. We had a good supper downtown and then all went to the movies, a Northwest Mounted Police thriller

Thursday, July 6

After breakfast we said goodbye to B and Martha, turning over to them our exposed film to take to Los Angeles. They were to turn west and south to the Bryce and Zion Park country and thence to California. We kept on northward, stopping only occasionally to collect specimens of the gorgeous wild flowers, particularly the blue pentstamen and scarlet mallow. Through a high and narrow canyon pass we wound our way, flirting with the D. and R. F. R.R., main line, then dropped down rapidly to Provo in the Great Salt Lake Valley. We now had paved roads and much less thrilling scenery in this rich agricultural land which the Mormons developed. Lunch at Salt Lake City while Penelope was being greased. There Art lost an inlay in one of his teeth and we had to lay over about an hour while he found a dentist and had it replaced. We then pushed on above the eastern shore of Great Salt Lake through Ogden to the city of Brigham. Here we had a letter of introduction to Dr. Richards, who is a friend of E. Laurence Palmer, of Cornell. Brigham is the headquarters of the Bear River Bird Refuge of the U.S. Biological Survey. Art telephoned to Mr. Mushback, who is the Superintendent, and he had letters about our coming from Washington. Dr. Richards was away and would not be back until evening, but Mr. Mushback met us in front of his office and indicated his willingness to give us the whole of the following day to show us about the refuge. We had been somewhat troubled about a place to camp, for the country all about was agricultural, but Mr. Mushback told us that he had a cabin up a nearby canyon and he was going there that very evening himself. We followed his car several miles eastward toward Logan to the place where he turned off the road, forded a clear sparkling stream and drew up beside a sort of summer cottage. Opposite was a clearing in the willows, just right for our camp, and nearby was a cold spring. We hastily made camp and cooked supper. Just as we had finished clearing up afterwards, Mr. Mushback appeared again and invited us to his house to talk. We were getting along beautifully with him and had plans all made for the morrow when Dr. Richards appeared with his brother. They seemed rather extra or superfluous, but it was clear that they wanted to go with us, so it was thus arranged.

Friday, July 7

By 8:30 we had had breakfast and loaded our camping equipment into Mr. Mushback's living room, in order to leave room for everyone in our car. Then we all drove back to town, where Dr. Richards joined us. Soon all of us in Penelope were bumping down the road towards Bear River Bay and the Refuge. Mr. Mushback said that the distance along the dikes alone was about twenty miles. These dikes had been built by the Biological Survey two years before to help keep in the fresh water of the river and keep out the salt water of the Great Salt Lake. These enlarged the area of the original marshes to about 69,000 acres, over which the Survey has control. There were still some shooting clubs around the edges and shooting was allowed, on 40% of the Reserve. Roadways ran along the tops of the dikes, and from these the birds could be seen on both sides in great numbers. From the windows of Penelope as Arthur drove, we saw droves of avocets, black-necked stilts, willets, godwits, sandpipers, snowy plovers, big blue herons, snowy egrets, glossy ibises, white pelicans, gulls of several varieties. We had never before seen but occasional individual specimens of many

of these rare birds, but here they were in countless numbers. Avocets and stilts in particular rose on all sides with sharp cries. Some of the avocets were nesting on the dike in the very path of our car. The little avocets with their turned-up bills, as well as their mothers, would go shovelling along in the water like a crowd of street sweepers, keeping their bills under the surface and scooping up the little organisms on which they feed. We were especially impressed by the huge flocks of great white pelicans which, with their black-tipped wings and great round bodies, sailed off like a fleet of hydroplanes. The refuge, as a whole, was divided into units by dikes, and the water control in the various units was arranged by means of sluice boxes set into the dikes themselves. As Penelope shoved along the top of the dike, she would encounter a sudden dip at every sluiceway, and out of each sluice box one or more black-capped night herons with their red eyes would dart out just in time to escape being hit. There were Farallone cormorants in these places, too. At one point we stopped for some time where there were a number of avocet nests on the dike. When we got out of the car with our cameras those long-legged, queer-beaked birds would play the broken-wing game and come fluttering almost up to us in an attempt to coax us away from their nests. The nests were just a few sticks where four to six brownish green mottled eggs lay, and goodness knows how any mother knew which were hers. We managed to get a few still pictures of the parent birds and some of the nests. As we stood there on the dike we could take in the vast expanse of the Refuge, the miles of canals and flats where, with careful management, the tules and cat-tails were being reestablished to make breeding grounds. To the west of us rose the Promontory Mountains, shadowed with blue. To the east were the piled-up ranges of the Wasatch. To the north were more mountains where thunder storms played and black fingers of rain advanced toward the valley. But to the south lay the shimmering expanse of Great Salt Lake, with mountainous islands rising here and there, so distorted by the mirage that one could hardly tell which was lake and which was false reflection.

We now got into the car again and followed one of the dikes northward toward the Bear River, where the willow-clad banks stood out in vivid green. Here now we began for the first time to see quantities of wild ducks. One of them was nesting right beside our wheel track. Mr. Mushback pounced upon some of the young ducks and held them up to be photographed. The headquarters of the refuge was in the form of several substantial buildings on the banks of the River, in the very center of the huge marsh. There were several men about who took care of the patrolling of the marsh and the care of the birds. We were greatly impressed with the completeness of the equipment at this place and there were numbers of boats, great and small, and no end of motors and tool equipment. We enjoyed the short interval before lunch by feeding several large California gulls with fish which we dipped up out of the stream. Lunch we ate in the tool house with the men, after using almost all their tools to open a can of sardines. Immediately afterwards, Arthur and Frank got their boots on and the rest prepared themselves with old pants and shoes which wouldn't be hurt by a little muck and marsh water. We got into a long duck punt with all our cameras and glasses, which was powered by an outboard motor and manned by one of Mr. Mushback's men, Mr. Hull. We had no more than gotten started than we raised a half dozen pelicans which had paddled up to the bridge by the headquarters. Soon afterwards, we were almost surrounded by hundreds of ducks which paddled and flapped frantically along the top of the water and seemed unable to rise. It seems that most of them had come in here to moult and, as their new feathers had not yet grown out enough, many of them could not fly. On that account, we got a good look at many which fluttered in front of us or sneaked off in the tules as the boat passed. As the new feathers did not yet show any particular distinction, we were hard put to it to differentiate between the varieties. With the aid of Mr. Mushback, however, we did identify red-heads, pintails, ruddies, gadwalls, coots, and mallards. There were also several kinds of grebes, but these in fewer numbers. We soon came to the end of our first channel and turned about in our tracks to go up another where we were sure the ducks were concentrating. Arthur and Brownie took several shots from the bow of the boat at the clouds of ducks fleeing before us, but we saw nothing of special interest to the camera. At the end of the second channel we landed the boat and got out on the none too firm banks of this branch of the river. We all took a good swallow

of cold water before we set out through the cat-tails, as we were assured that as soon as the sun came out from behind some clouds, the place could be most uncomfortably hot. We left the boat and filed out over the marsh behind Mr. Hull, who set a rather lively pace for us who were either getting our boots pulled halfway off in the muck or were encumbered by wet trousers. We soon saw that this sort of thing was going to be very much like work. We slopped on through little pools of muddy water and high stands of tules and cat-tails. In about three-quarters of a mile we came to a clump of high grass and bushes where the blue herons had established a nesting place, and some of the young were still there. Mr. Hull galloped ahead through the shallow water and caught us one of these, which, although it was as large as its parents, could not yet fly. With a little coaxing, he posed on his nest while Brownie took his picture. The rest of the young herons flopped off into the tall grass. A little farther on we got some good pictures of a small rookery of little snowy egrets. In one nest the young had just been hatched and had as yet no feathers and a little down. In another nest one young and three dirty brown eggs which were pipped were perched precariously a foot or so above the water. The parents had fled before our approach, but many could be seen circling the air over the marsh. Near this egret rookery Mr. Hull also captured a young glossy ibis which was running through the water in the grass. Just a few yards farther on we began to find nests of the ibis on every side, with the young all the way from the egg stage to those which could just fly, and some in the air with their parents. If one wanted to find the nest of these birds, he might do so even in the dark, for the putrid smell of the ibis is unmistakable. It reminded us greatly of the Everglades to see these large birds with their long curved bills rise by tens and twenties out of the grass all around us when we clapped our hands. The whole air was now filled with small groups or single ibises protesting our intrusion or flying back and forth with food for their young. The noisy cries of the ibises were augmented and even outdone by the squawks of thousands of Franklin gulls which also nested in great numbers in this part of the Refuge. These trim little birds, with their black heads and graceful narrow wings, compared very favorably with the Forsters terns which we had also seen earlier. They were among the jauntiest of the gulls, their greatest drawback being their extremely raucous voices. As chances for good pictures seemed to be getting fewer, the longer we stayed in the middle of the marsh, we decided to turn back towards headquarters by another route. Mr. Hull again led the way, and by this time it had grown quite hot and little light tan mosquitoes began to rise from the grass at every step. We passed several little open ponds and Arthur got what ought to be some good avocet pictures in one of them. Mr. Hull also caught some baby ducks, baby gulls, and a baby tule wren for us to photograph. As we swung back towards headquarters, we could not but be impressed by the vastness of the marsh and marvel at how Mr. Hull would ever be able to find the boat in such a wilderness of cat-tails. Just as we were beginning to despair of ever coming back to the boat and the mosquitoes began to be thicker and the sun hotter, we dipped down through a cat-tail swale and came out upon the little open place where the punt was tied. The first thing we did was to have a good drink of cold water, and even though we tried to be polite and pass it to the next person, it was hard to wait till we got our own swallow. Mr. Mushback and Mr. Hull soon had the punt sailing down the canal at what seemed to us a lively rate of speed, after dragging through the marsh on foot. We all enjoyed the breeze which cooled us off and drove away the mosquitoes. In a very few moments we were again back to headquarters where we all got out and did out best to wash the swamp muck from boots and shoes. While we were engaged in packing up, we noticed a young man fishing off one of the small dams. He seemed to be having extraordinarily good luck. He invited Brownie to have a try and in just a few seconds she had a good sized chub on the bank, which we fed to the gulls. The process seemed to be very simple. Just bait the hook, drop it in, and pull out a fish, which you tossed behind you for the gulls to gobble down, head first. We finally persuaded Arthur to have a try at this sport, and so, stalking to the middle of the dam, he cast in the line beneath a pile of driftwood. Almost immediately there was a vicious tug and the bamboo pole bent like a casting rod. The owner of the fishing tackle told us that he had hooked a huge carp. Arthur had to admit that it was great sport, and it certainly looked it as the fish started back and forth and fought the light tackle. We finally got the fish up on the dam, amid loud cheers.

As it was growing quite late, we did not go back via the dikes, but more directly from the river towards Brigham City. Mr. Mushback had assured us that there were some curlews in the refuge, but it was not until we were almost out of the swamp on our way back that we saw a dozen or so of these birds. Also, we noticed several short-eared owls which flopped clumsily out of the way of Penelope as we came from the wet to the dry portions of the flats. We entered Brigham City with one last look back over the tremendous old lake bed which now formed such a good home for thousands of birds.

Mr. and Mr. Mushback had invited us to have supper in their town house. They must have been awfully sorry when they saw how dirty we were, and Brownie, especially, wanted to go back to our camp to change her clothes. However, we all got fixed and even took baths in real bathrooms! The supper was quite good and afterwards we sat on the porch and talked of refuges, conservation camps, etc. Even before dark we began to feel sleepy after our hard exercise, and quite early we drove back up the canyon and crawled into our beds.

Saturday, July 8

Arthur got up half an hour before everybody else and soon had breakfast ready. After a hearty breakfast, we all turned to in packing, for everything we possessed was out of place. We got off finally and went down the canyon and on through Brigham and on north, out of the basin of the Great Salt Lake. Passing up above the old beach terraces where the level of the Salt Lake had once been, we soon entered a series of dry and rocky canyons. Zig-zagging our way out of the canyons we came out upon a high rolling plateau country covered with sage. We could see our own road for miles ahead and we measured one stretch where our road went absolutely straight for fifteen miles. About noon we began to pass extensive flows of old lava and even the sagebrush among the lava boulders grew less and less and the ground more bare. We crossed the Idaho line and about lunch time came to Burley. While we were in a cafe having lunch, someone stole the water bag from Penelope.

All the afternoon we followed approximately along the valley of the Snake River along the Old Oregon Trail, on U.S.30. There were intermittent showers all day. Once we passed a place where hundreds of springs came gushing out of the canyon-side, making half a mile of lovely cascades. Evidently the water from the high mountains farther north had worked underground beneath the lava thrust. There were numerous power projects and irrigationscanals everywhere. Sometimes we followed along the route of the Union Pacific and passed laboring freight trains. Sometimes what we thought was the smoke from an engine turned out to be whirlwinds of dust which preceded another rainstorm. We passed through Mountain Home about half-past four and kept on to Boise, the capital of Idaho. In this flat, open country there were no camping places, but only wide sagebrush plains open to the sweep of the wind. Frank recalled that five years ago he and Mr. Fuller, of Cleveland, had been collecting for the Museum in this country and camped several nights in the mountains back of Boise on a very high place called Schaffer's Butte. Accordingly, we made inquiry in Boise and learned that by detouring not more than fifteen or twenty miles we might get to that place. We stopped at a store to buy supplies and there Frank recognized Mr. Shellworth, President of the Boise-Payette Lumber Co., who had befriended him before. Mr. Shellworth wanted us to stay over and really see the Boise Mountain country, but that we could not do. However, he gave us further directions, and we pulled out of town on a narrow winding sandy road. In Boise our altimeter showed an elevation of 3,000 feet. In five or six miles we had climbed nearly 3,000 feet more, poor Penelope laboring for all she was worth, mostly in low gear. Up out of the sagebrush, back and forth by innumerable hairpin turns and switchbacks we pounded - into the first of the green timber. Farther on the white concolor firs and the Douglas firs closed in about us. We passed a C.C.C. camp and feared lest every decent camping place might be preempted. There were C.C.C.'s in truckloads coming down the mountain for their accustomed Saturday night's drunk in town. It is evident that many of these C.C.C. boys from the east side of New York and other eastern cities are a pretty tough lot, and it is, perhaps, also so that many of the others feel that now that they are lumberjacks, they have to get as drunk as lumberjacks and

raise as much hell. We always get as far away from any C.C.C.'s as possible.

As we rode up the mountain that night, looking back on the marvelous panorama of the Boise Valley behind us, we could not help but wonder what effect this strangely different episode in their daily lives might have upon the young fellows whom the C.C.C. camp had brought here. There must be some among them who could appreciate and feel a little as we did as we saw the world unfold below us and kept on mounting higher to where new panoramas rolled beneath. It was growing late. We still had supper ahead of us, and so, abandoning the idea of reaching the top of Schaffer's Butte, where perhaps we might find others already camping, we chose the first attractive opportunity, and, pulling Penelope up a sort of side track, made camp.

Hurrying through supper, we put away the beds and dishes against an impending shower and scrambled up the ridge for a view of the setting sun. It was a fairly steep climb, with considerable brush near the top, but the view was worth its cost. We sat there and watched the sun dip behind the jagged ranges of eastern Oregon beyond the Snake River. It went down in crimson splendor, but on either hand were coulds and rain fingers. Behind us for a few moments gleamed the arc of a rainbow, and a few drops fell. We sat waiting as the darkness fell, and then looked out to see the lights of Boise come on. The hermit thrushes sang and went to sleep. Three airplane beacons winked their guiding beams far to the westward. The lights of Boise were now brilliant, studded with the red and blue of Neon signs, so that the great "T" of the plaza leading to the capitol glowed like some great set piece of fireworks. Back in camp we found a porcupine up a tree, and a little later another one, and so we were very careful about putting away our equipment. Some time later in the night we all woke up to the sound of voices of some late returning automobile party. They passed on, but left us sufficiently wakeful to enjoy for a moment the bright moonlight and the shadows of the evergreen spires. A poor-will kept calling and calling.

Sunday, July 9

We breakfasted, packed, and about 8:15 were ready to start down the steep mountain road to Boise. Now, in the morning light, we were ready to enjoy the view all over again. A check on the altimeter showed that we had camped at an altitude of 6,000 feet, climbing in less than an hour over 3,000 feet above Boise. Back in the valley again we once more followed the approximate route of the Oregon Trail about sixty miles to Fruitland, where we crossed the Snake River for the last time and entered Oregon. For some miles the road followed the ~~ap~~ Snake until the ever-narrowing canyon forced us up and away towards Huntington and Baker. For miles the road wound among sagebrush-covered hills, but behind we glimpsed mountains streaked with fresh snow. We decided to keep on to La Grande for lunch, but about ten miles short of our destination Penelope began to act up. A simple one-cylinder miss developed until it seemed as if we had no cylinders at all. On the very outskirts of La Grande, Penelope almost dies, but finally, with some coaxing, she sputtered and floudered on to within sight of a Plymouth Agency garage. There she died but was finally coaxed to life again just enough to get to the garage door, where she could be pushed the rest of the way. Then she expired with a resounding explosion in the muffler. We were lucky to get to the garage for more than one reason, for a terrific cloudburst descended with hail stones popping in every direction. We had lunch by turns, while someone stayed with Penelope to see that the loaned mechanic really worked on it. After about two hours it turned out that an insulator inside the distributer had cracked and with that little thing replaced, Penelope was herself once more.

Between La Grande and Pendleton we ran into the mountains and the highway ran ... among green timber, first yellow pine and then Douglas fir and larch. As we had lost time, our idea of pushing on to the slopes of the Cascades beyond Yakima, Washington, seemed too ambitious. Accordingly, we decided to camp here in the mountains and soon found a pleasant side track, which led to the site of some small logging or road camp of years gone by. Here, in the green timber, the rain found us again, but we put up our big shelter tent for the first time and, mounting the typewriter on one set of our kitchen table legs, gave up the rest of the afternoon to catching up with the notes. While Frank dictated, Art cooked supper, and then, when all was put away again, we continued until for the first time we were square with the trip. For a few moments we were rather concerned about a strange odor until we traced it to a dead sheep up the trail.. However, we hitched a long rope to the hind leg of the sheep, and, with all three of us hauling at the other end, we transported the potent carcass to a safe distance up the mountain. The evening turned very cool, so that, for the first time since leaving home, we were glad of sweaters and coats. We used the big shelter tent for the first time and had a real campfire in front.

Monday, July 10

Art got up before the rest, in order to stew up the prunes that had been soaking all night. Thanks to the prunes, breakfast was late, and it was half-past nine before we got away. The day was clear and lovely, and the trip over the rest of the Blue Mountains through the Umatilla Indian Reservation and down to Pendleton was most pleasant. We kept on through Pendleton to Umatilla where we had an early lunch. About ten miles beyond we turned off the Oregon Trail and followed a gravel road to the brink of the Columbia River where a flat-bottomed ferry with a little tug boat seemed to be waiting just for us. At any rate, as soon as Penelope rolled aboard the Captain cast off his lines and we chugged out into the smooth swift waters of the Columbia. On the northern shore we were in Washington and a straight gravel road led up over the bard dry sagebrush and tumbleweed of the Horse Heaven Hills. At the crossing we had an altitude of only a little over 200 feet, but we climbed rapidly to about 1,500, dipping down again into the fertile Yakima Valley. Here we rolled along for some time until abruptly Penelope began again to cough and sneeze the same as yesterday. The malady developed rapidly, and we were just able to limp into town (Zillah) where a somewhat cranky mechanic poked around at the distributer without finding anything wrong. Lo and behold, Penelope began to function properly again. With some misgivings, we embarked once more, but after about two miles the trouble again developed. Frank and Art tried every sort of method of coaxing. They, too, took the distributer apart, but without results. The engine wouldn't even hit once. In a last desperate effort, they poked some more, and, just as Brownie was betting that we should have to be towed into Yakima, smoething happened and the engine ran as smoothly as could be. This time we sailed along into the city of Yakima and there in the Plymouth Agency told our troubles. A competent mechanic thereupon produced the greatest array of gadgets for testing motors ever assembled. In five minutes he had located a faulty condenser. In ten minutes more he had made the equivalent of a hospital examination and x-ray. Everything else was in perfect condition. With the condenser replaced, we steamed out of the garage once more happy and hastened to a market to buy fresh supplies.

Our road now lay up the picturesque canyon of the Naches River, where a boiling mountain stream as clear as crystal disputed with the road. We swung along in the narrowing canyon, climbing faster and faster, up among the yellow pines above the lava rimrocks of the lower canyon, into a country of Douglas fir, lod-pole pine and gigantic larches. Ahead the clouds were shutting down. We could see what looked like fresh snow not very far above us. Mount Rainier was not in sight. The wind blew cold and damp. It seemed best not to push on into the Park, for we were not equipped for winter weather as yet, and, accordingly, on American River in the Mount Rainier National Forest we found a lovely camp site by the stream and pulled in for the night. Once again we put up the big shelter tent, facing it towards the fire.

Tuesday, July 11

Striking our camp, we pushed on up the beautiful highway towards the pass ahead through the summit of the Cascades. There was now fresh snow on both sides of us and old deep drifts. We crossed the pass at a little over 5,000 feet, Chinook Pass. Beyond, the road dipped downward with gorgeous views of the snow-capped peaks and presently Mount Rainier in all its glory burst into view. The mountain was one dazzling mass of white snow, girdled with light clouds which vanished and reformed again and again. A little farther on we turned off the main highway and came to the east entrance of the National Park, known as the White River Entrance. The Bostonese ranger on duty regarded us somewhat suspiciously when we asked him to ring up Major Tomlinson, the Superintendent; but the Major gave us the most cordial welcome over the telephone, and our ranger, with some reluctance, signed a free pass. Now we climbed higher and higher on a series of switchbacks until we came out on Sunrise Point where walls of snow ten or fifteen feet high ~~are~~ hemmed in the highway. We learned later that the winter had been a particularly heavy one and that it had taken the combined park forces with up-to-date rotary snow plows thirty days to dig their way in. Clouds still hung low, but we had magnificent views of the Cascade Range and the tremendous snow slides which had ground many of the trees to bits. A few minutes later found us at Sunrise Park, where the headquarters and hotel buildings barely projected their roofs above the drifts. There we made the acquaintance of Ranger Daner and chatted with him over the various museum exhibits. The snow on the level lay four feet deep and was melting rapidly, so that it was practically impossible to do any walking about. After about an hour we started down again as far as the old branch road to White River Camp and the snout of Emmons Glacier. We had brought some sandwiches in our pockets and ate them on a ledge above the milky torrent that poured down from the glaciers above, while Mount Rainier played hide-and-seek with the dissolving clouds. Later we took a walk up to the snout of the glacier and slid around on the piles of loose moraine material. That end of the glacier was a little disappointing, since little of the glare ice could be seen. We did not have time to go farther up towards the mountain where the ice river was all white or showed big green crevasses. We then returned to Penelope where the Clark crows circled, and dived and wound down out of the Park to the main highway and towards Seattle. Here the road passed aisles of the grandest timber one can see almost anywhere on the Pacific Coast. There were columns upon columns of gigantic firs with long sword ferns growing about their roots. Hemlocks and cedars, too, but those firs were as magnificent as anyone could imagine. This belt of timber in the National Forest has been reserved in perpetuity on either side of the highway, thanks to the efforts of the late Stephen Mather, and the road is known as the Mather Memorial Highway. Here in the National Forest the road was being widened and was torn up for about ten miles. We crawled along between huge trucks and an endless procession of power shovels and drills. One of our ranger friends had recommended Green Water as a camping place, but it was too civilized with a swarm of tourist cabins and cheap developments. Accordingly, we kept on towards Enumclaw until at Twin Creek we found a beautiful camp ground where camping was by permission of the Washington Forest Fire Association, plus fifty cents. On a deep carpet of fir needles amid a cathedral of tremendous firs and Sitka spruces and beside the roaring torrent of the White River we made our camp, cooked supper, and rested, gazing into the blaze of our campfire.

Wednesday, July 12

Brownie and Frank were jubilant. Art, for once, had overslept and they could put one over on him by cooking breakfast, which they proceeded to do. Frank, having no matches, essayed to light the campfire with Penelope's cigarette lighter, which he accomplished after much grief. It was nine-thirty before we got a start - a very late start for us. Through Enumclaw to Eatonville and thus out to the main highway through a corner of the Pack Forest. We stopped at Pack Forest headquarters long enough to see Mr. Covington and tell him we should be back by evening. Then we pushed on back towards Mount Rainier and the main entrance. At Longmire we were enthusiastically received by Major Tomlinson who placed our bedraggled looking Penelope in the Superintendent's private parking space

and treated us to lunch at the Longmire Inn. We met the manager of all the hotels and concessions in the Park, who remembered that Brownie and Art had been taken very suddenly ill on Mount Rainier about thirteen years ago. At that time he had been very insistent that such a happening was most unheard of, but now he told us that this was a strange sickness which came in epidemics and visited both the Park Service people and the hotel clientele. They had consulted the public health officers of the government and done everything possible to find the cause, but had never been able to find the source of the difficulty. Art had a little touch of it again yesterday. Later we learned that it has visited the Pack Forest on occasion, also. It must be something in the water or air of Mount Rainier. Major Tomlinson was full of C.C.C. worries. He had five or more units in the Park, and some of them were boys from the lower east side of New York. They had recently had a little knifing party. After lunch we met the park naturalist, Mr. Brockman, at the museum, and Frank was particularly gratified to find that he shared our views regarding maintenance of the normal balance of nature as opposed to destruction of predators. Brownie felt abused because we hadn't seen a bear, but shortly after saying goodbye to the Major we encountered a blackie on the road. He stepped off into the bushes, but when Brownie spoke nicely to him he came out and seemed inclined to board Penelope. To this Frank and Art objected and thereby precipitated a debate on the subject of bear management in the National Parks, wherein it appeared that Brownie thought that most people liked to see bears on garbage dumps, and Frank and Art maintained that bears belonged in the woods and ought to stay there. Of course, the fires of controversy burned dim at every new and overwhelming view of the mountain, for never had we seen it so clear and sparkling, so free of smoke and cloud. Penelope chugged along up to Paradise Valley and there stopped once more between fifteen-foot walls of snow. Only in one little streak was the ground bare, but there grew thousands of avalanche lilies. There were tourists on this side, mostly fat former school teachers in rompers. They spent their time feeding peanuts to the golden-mantled ground squirrels and half stupified Clark's crows. This bestial state of gluttony on the part of the wild creatures gave us an opportunity to try some close-up color movies, but fanned the flames of the former debate on wild animal management. It took the cold shower from the mist of Narada Falls to calm things down again. We now slid rapidly back down to Longmire and there Brownie saw a couple of big brownies in the garbage patch. We drove in and managed to get some pictures of one pretty good-sized brown bear at six feet. He didn't like it, but was too full of artificial food to be very belligerent. Once or twice he snarled and half started for Frank and Brownie, but they stook their ground and talked to him very firmly. The event did seem to prove that allowing ordinary tourists to do what we were doing was a dangerous procedure, for, had any of us run away when the bear got angry, someone would have been hurt, and it wouldn't have been the bear.

We dashed swiftly back to the Pack Forest, drove in past headquarters and up to the instructor's cabin, where we found Professor and Mrs. Alexander. They had had supper, but insisted upon feeding us bacon and eggs. There Professor Jeffers, who is now acting Dean, joined us and also Mr. Covington and his wife. Alexander was a fishing enthusiast and almost got us all to go fishing with him. We sat around and talked for a while and then, we having announced that we were going up to the lookout to sleep for the night, all the rest of them piled into cars and conducted us up there. We were sorry we had not gone there earlier, for from the hilltop shone out Mount Rainier, flushed with the last of the sunset afterglow, a great overwhelming, shimmering thing that dominated the little world about us. The Indians called it "The Mountain that was God". Later that night in the silver rays of the late moon, it was the mountain that drew our fitfully waking eyes.

Thursday, July 13

We came down from the lookout tower and around the Pack Forest to Covington's cabin for breakfast. There Dean Winkenwerder, Acting President of the University of Washington, found us, and the rest of the morning was spent in company with him and his staff, viewing various road and trail improvements. We returned to the Alexanders'

cabin for lunch, and then Art had a nap over t

cabin for lunch, and then Art had to go over to the C.C.C. camp and speak to the 200 southern Illinois boys there. The officer in command was a Major Wilder who was very sympathetic with the aims of the Pack Forest. His assistant was a Navy lieutenant, Belding, for it seems that there are not enough Army officers to go around. The boys, on the whole, were a pretty good lot. Later we watched some of their crews felling snags. Some of them had learned the logging parlance and referred freely to the "widow-makers", which are the side limbs, and the "side winders", which are the butt ends which kick up when the tree falls. Each crew of half a dozen or so men has an experienced foreman who is hired by the government on regular pay. The boys got a great delight out of picking the biggest snags and having them fall with a resounding crash. After inspecting the camp, we hurried over to Covington's cabin and changed our clothes for the trip to town.

After some errands we rode out to Winkenwerder's little house in the country for one of Mrs. W.'s famous dinners, and acquitted ourselves nobly in the eating line. Mr. W. B. Greeley, former Chief Forester of the U.S., had expected to meet Art there, but he was unavoidably detained in the East, in connection with the Industrial Recovery Act. Mrs. Greeley, who is a very charming lady, came to supper. Frank got a great kick out of dining with a college president and having him wait on table, for Mrs. W.'s only hobby is housekeeping, and she refuses to have a servant to mess things up. We returned to the university section of town and spent the night at the Wilsonian Hotel.

W.L.7

Third Installment of Notes from
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pack

Friday, July 14

Last night was our first night in a hotel since the beginning of the trip. After breakfast and some errands downtown, Penelope and her cargo set out for Vancouver. It was a glorious clear day and we had not only views of Mount Rainier, but also a panorama of the whole Cascade Range and Mount Baker. As we followed the Chuckanut Drive just south of Bellingham along the edge of Puget Sound we could also see the piled-up Olympics and the snow-covered mountains of Vancouver Island. Summer has been late here everywhere, with the result that all the ranges are exceptionally well-covered with snow, and the atmosphere is practically free of the usual forest fire smoke.

At the Canadian border near Blaine we were held up for a few minutes by an argument over the accordion and the small motion picture camera. Then we pushed on into B. C., crossing the Fraser River at New Westminster. The mountains at the head of Burrard Inlet and the famous lions of Vancouver stood out sparklingly clear. At Vancouver we hastened to the Yacht Club, but could find no sign of either Captain LePage or the Tusitala. So, returning toward the city, we stopped at LePage's old shop to telephone. The Captain was waiting for us there. With him we hurried to the customs office to bail out our motion picture cameras and duffel bags full of heavy clothes. This required more than an hour of red tape, but we finally got everything through without duty. While Brownie and the Captain went to buy candy and supplies, Art went up to Lyford's office for a business talk and to secure the mail. We all met again at the Tusitala where she lay at LePage's old float. The good old ship looked much the same as ever, with her sixty feet of length and sixteen feet of beam. LePage's dog, Glue, was still aboard. There we found Glen McGregor, ~~and~~ a very nice Scotch boy who is to be the crew. By that time it was past the supper hour, so, with the Captain, we went uptown in Penelope and had a last restaurant meal. P.L. and Katherine Lyford were waiting for us when we returned to the Tusitala. Art took good old Penelope up to the Plymouth agency and left her in good hands for a minor overhauling. Then we all spent the evening chatting on deck. After the Lyfords went home, we three spread our bed-rolls under the awning for the night.

Saturday, July 15

About five A.M. the Tusitala shoved out from the float for fresh water. Then with the ebb tide through the Narrows we set out upon the first lap of our voyage. There had been a strong wind blowing in the Straits of Georgia, and it was so rough off Point Atkinson that no one could stand up without hanging on with both hands. Not a very auspicious beginning, but we hoped it meant we were going to get over our share of troubles quickly. Art, sitting in a low chair on deck with his feet braced was suddenly dumped clear across the ship and up against the opposite rail. Instead of keeping straight up the coast, we turned into Howe Sound for the shelter of Bowen Island and there, in comparatively smooth water, managed to get breakfast. About nine o'clock we drew up to the dock at Gibson's Landing, where LePage telephoned on the government line up to Robert's Creek to instruct Joe Field to come down where we were, as the rough water outside would make landing at Joe's little settlement very difficult. Joe is the best cook we ever had on the Tusitala, and his trips with us date all the way back to 1920. While we were waiting for Joe, Frank industriously caught small perch with his bare hands, and then we all went in swimming. The water was remarkably warm for B.C. Joe arrived at last, and we set out again. Although it was slightly rough outside, we managed to enjoy a little lunch, hand-out style, on the after deck. Gradually the wind and waves subsided and the rest of the run to Hardy Island was pleasantly uneventful.

The entrance to the little harbor at Hardy Island was temporarily blocked by a big boom of cedar logs. While the log market, on the whole, is very poor, there has recently been a very considerable demand for cedar shingles, so that it is just about barely possible to operate cedar logging shows at a little profit. We found a brand new float at Hardy Island instead of just the usual log to tie up to. There were two small yachts at anchor there, and we immediately felt abused that others should have found our old favorite anchorage. Old Tom Brazil was visiting on one of the yachts. His stories were as wild as ever, but now smacked of manufacture for the tourist trade instead of the naive simplicity of earlier days. The island has been purchased by some people by the name of Macumber, of Seattle, who own the fine yacht, "Principia". They have taken Tom's old house and fixed it up with modern plumbing and such conveniences, and Tom now lives in a renovated shack near the old orchard. Tom still had his tame deer - about twenty of them. We walked with him across the island while he called "Come away, Come Boy", in his deep voice. Presently there were four or five bucks and a number of does, some of them with little fawns, in the barnyard along with the flock of Rhode Island Red chickens and an assortment of ducks and geese. We took a few pictures with the color camera, but made no special effort, as we had taken complete movies and stills of deer on this island twice before. About six-thirty Tom returned with us to the Tusitala for one of Joe's good suppers, and how we did eat. Afterwards Frank and Brownie set out with their mouse traps and made a couple of dozen sets, hoping that they might find some zoologically interesting specimens. We visited for a short time with Mrs. Macumber at her house and then returned to the Tusitala to get the canoe. In it we paddled over to the old quarry and climbed up to the top, principally for the exercise. There was a nice view of the whole harbor from the top. It was now nine o'clock and the light was going, so we paddled back for another night on the deck of the Tusitala.

Sunday, July 16

This morning the joke was on Frank and Brownie, because the Captain wanted to start at five, and that meant that they had to get up at four-thirty to retrieve their mice. The traps yielded seventeen, which appeared to be all the same species. Art and Frank had to paddle back to the quarry to retrieve Art's coat. Then the Tusitala headed out into the main channel once more. The sea was moderate, so that all hands could get full enjoyment out of breakfast. All morning while the Tusitala chugged on past Powell River, past the northern end of Texada Island and through the Ragged Islands, Brownie and Frank skinned mice. Up towards the heads of Malaspina and Toba Inlets the high peaks of the Coast Range bristled with jagged summits, and there was much snow.

We had looked forward to some salmon fishing in the tidal rapids of the Yucultas However, as we were nearing the straits, the Captain was of the opinion that we should take the present tide to make our way through the swift water. Also, he was sure that the tide was not right for any good salmon fishing. This plan was followed, and we went through the straits with a slightly favoring tide. The whirlpools and eddies around the boat and the white water around the rocks were not so terrifying as usual, but every swirl indicated what a dangerous place these waters might be when the tide was running strong. The Captain entertained us, meanwhile, with stories of lost boats and his own experiences in the whirlpools of the Yucultas. We passed through the Yucultas, making rather more than our usual speed of seven knots, and continued down past the Green Point Rapids still with the same tide. About this time late in the afternoon it began to drizzle, which is the usual outcome of any day along this coast. The Captain had in mind an anchorage in Forward Harbor which he had visited some years before. The chart showed a sandy bottom favorable for anchorage, but when we arrived in the mouth of the harbor we found a great row of log booms on the south side of the channel. As we never anchor unless we have to, for fear of the anchor dragging or getting caught in the rocks, we tied alongside the booms, which made a very good wharf. However, we found that when we got out on foot on the floating logs, the going was somewhat sporty, as the logs were covered with a thin film of slime which made them very slippery.

As we had had supper when coming into the harbor, and the drizzling rain had stopped, we decided to explore farther up the harbor along the edge of the Wellbore Channel in the canoe. Four of us started out - Brownie, Arthur, Captain and Frank, with the latter doing his best to keep the canoe straight while the Captain in the bow cut all sorts of capers with his paddle. The merriment ran high as the canoe staggered down between the towering shores, and the Captain remarked that it was well that it wasn't cold enough to freeze our wake, so that someone else could find it. We rounded a point up above the channel where the boat was moored, and landed on a shell-covered beach before a little cabin of split cedar. We nosed about the little clearing around the cabin, which evidently belonged to some roving Indian, tasted the lettuce from the garden, and explored the small house. Nothing interesting was found except an old seal skin. We walked up and down the beach for some time, watching the small flocks of white-winged and surf scoters in the little cove before the homestead, and skipping stones. With the Captain in the stern wielding a mighty paddle, and Arthur in the bow, we slid back along the rocky shore, landing here and there to look at flowers and plants. In the shallow water among the kelp we sighted and captured a sun starfish which differs from the usual kind in having about twenty arms instead of the usual five. This we carried back to take a color movie of the under side which was a brilliant orange, and the numberless moving tentacles promised to make a very good shot. The victim was placed in a bucket overnight, to have his picture taken when the light was better.

Monday, July 17

The three naturers slept late, and, upon awaking, found the boat under full way. Life was worth living to wake up that way and see the beetling mountains lining the sides of the fjords which would rival any scenery that Norway could offer. For the most part the tops were hung about with clouds which were puffy and gray, and little wisps of mist hung against the green of the numberless islands which dotted the waterways here and there like daisies in a meadow. The real thrill came when some gust of wind high in the air would sweep away the clouds for just a moment and the towering matterhorns and monuments and ridges, with glaciers in the cirques and snow in the coulloires and crevices, would leap forth from the clouds and then again ~~al~~ fade away in the drifting mist, showing only a peak here and there, or now being covered almost down to the water. Gray skies had become by now the rule, but they seemed to fit in well with the snow on the mountains and the soft green shades of the cedars and hemlocks. The water was gray and the rocks gray; the trees were a soft green, and the snow white, with sky and clouds grayer. All was one picture with a color harmony throughout.

By now we had discovered ourselves on ship board and entered into various activities of letter-writing, reading charts, or playing the high-toned records which Brownie had brought along. The day passed quickly in this manner until we slipped into an anchorage on the northeast shore of Broughton Island, where Art owned a quantity of timber, and where logging had begun on his claims. Again we tied up beside a log boom which was being formed just outside the narrow entrance to the lagoon in the interior of the island, which was the scene of the logging operations. We greatly enjoyed watching two men who were making up the booms, leaping about on the bobbing logs like gazelles, balancing themselves with their long pike poles and clinging to the slippery wood with their calked shoes. We didn't fully appreciate their feats until some time later, when young Glen MacGregor missed his footing and did a very nice folding-up act in a space between two logs. Howls of laughter and many wise suggestions greeted poor Glen as he arose from his prone position with some very wet and cold clothes. We launched the canoe and the same four as the previous evening started out to explore the inlet to the lagoon to see if it could be navigated that evening. Drawing close, we could see the tide sucking in through the narrow channel and the water foaming white around the rocks and logs. It was no place for a canoe, especially with four people. However, at the suggestion of the two boom men, we landed by the side of the entrance and walked across a trail which the loggers had cut alongside the channel. We glanced over from time to time to see the effect

of the tidal rapids pouring into the lagoon and speculated as to how it would be to shoot it with the canoe. On the lagoon end of the trail we sat for some time and watched the harbor seals bobbing up their heads and sniffling water through their whiskers, or talking of lumbering and logging and board feet. There was also some slight suggestion of portaging the canoe over into the lagoon, but by the time we had ourselves slipped and stumbled in our boots over the logs and windfalls and piles of slashing which the donkey engines had left, we gave up the idea. About nightfall the rain stopped, after drizzling intermittently all the afternoon, so that we could sleep on deck.

Tuesday, July 18

The Captain made ready the power tender for a trip through the inlet to the lagoon at slack tide. After some difficulty, we swung the little launch over the side and got the little Redwing motor running. When we came to the open space above the larger entrance to the south of the small one which we had explored last evening, we found the tide still racing into the lagoon at a lively pace. After circling around and standing up in the boat to get a look at the rapids, we decided we could shoot them safely. With Art at the tiller, and the Captain at the engine control, we started down between the narrow walls of rock, with the water shooting us along at a fast and ever-faster speed. We passed the narrows safely, where the water was swift but comparatively smooth, and hit the rough water on the other side of the entrance where the current broke into whirlpools and white-caps. Art steered us squarely at the middley of the white water and, shipping but a little spray, the gallant little boat rode safely through. We chugged down through the glassy still waters of the lagoon, starting two loons from their feeding in a tiny cove, and disturbing the harbor seals as they dived and fished about the rocks.

We drew up alongside the floating houses of the larger of the two logging camps on the lagoon. Arthur discussed the operations with the head man, and he very graciously asked us to lunch. We should very much have liked to accept this invitation, as Frank had never seen a logging camp of this floating type, and a meal in one would have been a great experience; but, as the time for the turn of the tide through the inlet was about noon, we decided that we should not have time to stay for lunch, but should go back for one of Joe's famous meals. In a short time we saw as much as we could of the little floating village and enjoyed the hospitality of the friendly men. We then started up towards the northern end of the lagoon to look at the logging operations of a group of Japanese contractors, also on Arthur's timber. We stood off of their boom for a few minutes and watched them dragging down the logs from the side hill into the water. As the donkey engine and the whipping cables jerked the log down the slope, we all could not help but remark how destructive modern methods of logging were. The log on the end of the cable would uproot young trees and mash down and break others which should have been left to provide seed for regrowth. The loggers left an absolutely bare path of destruction in their wake, and the percentage of waste was very high. No better example could be found than this of the superiority of selective logging with caterpillar tractors instead of donkey engines and high lead logging.

We returned to the inlet a little late, according to the time given us by the loggers, but the tide was still running in at quite some speed. The little four-cylinder motor bucked against the swift water with some power to spare, and in a few minutes we were again on the Tusitala. Just before we left, Arthur got out his seventeen-inch lens for the movie camera, to see if it would be possible to photograph an eagle's nest which was perched in the dead top of a tall cedar overlooking the bay. The nest looked most picturesque and commanding, outlined against the white clouds and with a small eaglet perched on the edge, but the distance was too great for any picture. So we impressed as much as we could on our minds the image of the little chap flapping his wings and calling for more eats from his mother, while she perched bolt upright on a dead tree over the water and glared down at us.

A few minutes after leaving the harbor and swinging out into the main channel of Patrick Passage we sighted our first whale. He proved to be a small humpback and blew and spouted and rolled around with a very nice show. As we drew within about one hundred yards, he evidently heard the sound of our motors, swung his great flukes clear of the water and sounded. We decided that he had sounded for good, and that our chances for good pictures were slight, and so continued on our way. Soon afterwards we came out into the open water of Queen Charlotte Sound. We were greatly and pleasantly surprised to find it as smooth as a mill pond. Over the calm water we got our first glimpse of a school of porpoises rolling their dorsal fins up and down like disappearing targets in a shooting gallery.

At evening we put into the shelter of Blunden Harbor, a port on the mainland just a little south of the Southgate Islands and the main body of Queen Charlotte Sound. Here, after supper, we set forth in the canoe to explore, for none of us had ever entered this inlet before. All about us were signs of a previous and presumably prosperous habitation. There were shanties and ruins of numerous buildings scattered along the arm of the bay, which extends well inland and rounds out into a rather spacious lagoon. All was deserted. What once had been a garden was now a maze of tall grass trampled upon by the feet of many deer. We made one attempt to dig a few clams, but found the tide too high. Now, turning back towards the main part of the harbor, the canoe slipped between two rocky islets and sidled up to a log float where a sign proclaimed "Post Office". The door was locked, but a sign informed us that the postmaster now lived four and a half miles down the coast and would return in a few days to collect what mail there might be. The two-story shingle house had once been occupied by a whole family, and from the remains of the garden we collected ripe strawberries, rhubarb, and a bunch of flowers for our table. Half a mile beyond, two tall totem poles marked the front of an old Indian village. It, too, was empty and showed no signs of habitation within at least a year. Like most of these Siwash Indian villages, this one was built along a mud flat where the people might procure clams with the least possible trouble. On piles above the edge of high water line stretched the main street - a long boardwalk built on piles and floored with hand-split cedar boards. At intervals sidewalks branched off in short piers, ending with the Indians' perfect arrangement for sanitary disposal. On the land side of the main street were the Indian shacks and the big ceremonial houses - the latter framed with giant cedar logs three and four feet in diameter, all hand hewn and boarded on the outside with split shakes. The interior plan of these potlatch houses is almost invariably the same - a large open rectangle floored with planks, except for the very central part, which is left open for the cooking fire. There is never any chimney, but merely a hole in the roof. Around the central space runs a raised gallery usually with a rail, and here presumably the guests may sit at the banquets. The religious ceremonial life of the coast Indians centers about the potlatch and the various chiefs vie with one another in giving grander potlatches than any one else. On the outside of one of the tow potlatch houses which now confronted us was painted on a board the following sign: "MR. POTLADAKAMI GEORGE THE CHIEF OF THIS NAKADAWA PEOPPLE is it git AWAY $296.50". This we interpreted as the chief's boast concerning the amount he had spent upon the banquet and the presents given away on some past occasion here. Behind the locked doors sounded a persistent mewing, and a peek through the loose boards discovered a black and white cat, the sole living creature in this deserted settlement. The board was really very loose. To Frank's enthusiastic persistency it suddenly cracked and gave way, and, one by one, we squeezed through the narrow slit into the gloom of the interior. Well we knew that the Indian owners would not welcome this intrusion, but the cat was welcome itself and nearly tripped all four of us in her zeal to rub against the legs of the first humans she had seen in a long time. That she had not starved to death gave testimony to the number of rats and mice that must have been inhabiting the place. We now began delving about amid the astounding disorder within and, one by one, brought to view the inherited treasures of this Indian clan. Out from under a broken iron bedstead came a huge carvedceremonial spoon with a bowl eighteen inches long and a handle carved with human features and crowned with what looked like human hair. From beneath the platform Frank now dragged two human figures, also carved from cedar. Each stood about four feet high and depicted one an Indian man and the other an Indian woman, whose high cheek bones and whole countenances were painted in

typical designs. We stood these strange objects side by side, and rocked with laughter to observe that each held up its right hand, while the other was held on the stomach in an attitude to depict most clearly both repletion and pain. A further search revealed wooden troughs likewise beautifully carved, some like Egyptian mummy cases with human figures, others in the pattern of the blackfish and ravin, which are among the best known of the Indian clan emblems. There was in this place enough material to stock a museum of Indian lore. Two largercarved figures were practically life-size, and so arranged that a light could be placed inside the heads to shine out through the mouths like a jack-o-lantern. In due course, we felt that we had searched every hiding place, except one huge locked chest that promised indeed some special rarity. The Captain seemed particularly drawn to this box and examined it carefully, finally noting that the hinges were so rusty as to be ready to give way at the slightest shock. He pulled. There was a slight rusty creak, and the lid fell back in his hands to reveal what probably the owner had prized more than anything else in the establishment - merely a couple of seining nets. We laughed at the Captain's discomfiture and then, summoning to the fore our highest moral force, left all the treasures behind for their Indian owners and wedged our way out through the crack in the boards. There was at least one other potlatch house in that village, and it, too, we entered by the same means. It was in even poorer repair and contained similar specimens in an even dirtier condition. Here, too, we found a couple of very large baskets, but they were not of the fine workmanship for which the Coast Indians were once famous. It was now growing dark, and, with the cat pattering behind us, we made our way down to the log float where the canoe had been left. As we paddled away towards the Tusitala, our paddles striking sparks in the phosphorescent water, the cat stood on the logs and watched us ruefully. The wake of the canoe glowed with radiance, and the tiny fish darting out of the path streaked like miniature comets underneath the water. With what we regarded as great strength of character, we refrained from carrying away any of the Indian treasures , and the fate that befell us seemed rather more than our fortitude had deserved. First one and then another of us began to itch, and in the privacy of the cabin we spent some time hunting fleas.

Wednesday, July 19

We should have liked to stay and take some colored pictures of the Indian relics, even in spite of the fleas, but that would have meant waiting for the light and tide and we still had a long run ahead of us. Accordingly, the Tusitala pulled up her anchor shortly after seven and ran out into the sound. The Pacific Ocean was up to its old tricks and the swells grew constantly heavier. To add to the discomfort, the port engine developed trouble with the valve rocker and got hot, so that we had to crawl along on one while the Captain fixed the trouble and waited for the heated cylinders to cool. A breeze sprang up and little white-caps began to form. The Tusitala showed herself rather less of a sea-going vessel than she might have been, and probably the only expression to describe her motion is to say that she "wallowed". Ahead to the right lay Cape Caution, and, although the Captain got the engine working again, we seemed to make infinitesimal progress. There was no refuge short of Smith Sound beyond the Cape. We could hardly stand anywhere on the boat, while the recording barometer in the pilot house, unused to such violent antics, began to describe earthquake zigzags in violet ink. At last, however, the point was passed and almost simultaneously the sea began to moderate although the Tusitala still persisted in her lunging, side-winding advance. For lunch there was no enthusiasm at all, which was rather fortunate, as even Joe couldn't keep a fire going in the stove. There was even some talk of returning breakfasts, but finally, after some violent struggles, Frank fell asleep and Brownie followed him. The Captain and Art made something of a prestidigitator's lunch on crackers and tea on the poop deck. About 2:30 the Tusitala entered Fitzhugh Sound and gradually gave over her violent hitchings in favor of a wearied roll which continued to subside. We pushed on up Fitzhugh Sound, well behind our hoped-for schedule, and began to meet the steamers, fish boats, and a few yachts of the main Alaska route. We were still chugging along at supper time, but all hands made a good meal of it. Shortly afterwards the Tusitala entered Lama Passage and just as darkness fell, about 9:30, came to rest in front of new Bella Bella. We tried once for an anchorage, but there seemed to be a rocky shelf and the hook wouldn't hold. Eventually we tied up alongside a cannery tender at the dock and were greeted by the doctor of the local hospital, who seemed glad to see someone besides the Indians and fishermen who made up the little settlement.

Thursday, July 29

We pulled away from the dock about seven and soon thereafter found ourselves entering Millbank Sound. This body of water is also open to the Pacific, but it is very short in extent. There is a way to avoid it by running behind some islands to old Port Blackney, where Brownie and Captain Dykeman were lost two years ago. However, the route through the Sound is somewhat shorter, and the sea, for once, was almost perfectly flat. We had never traversed this country in good weather before, and it was interesting to see the endless barrier of mountains piling northward and eastward. Most of them were still blanketed or patched with snow. Up Finlayson Channel and Tolmie Channel we chugged persistently on. Yesterday we had seen two more whales at dusk, but today was merely a slow panorama with Brownie playing Brahm's First Symphony on deck, Frank vocally shining the brass, and Art reading fitfully.

We had finished our usual five o'clock supper and were still smacking our lips over one of Joe's excellent lemon pies as the Tusitala chugged past the apparently empty cannery village of Swanson Bay. Art had remained in the cabin to listen to the badinage between Joe and Glen as they finished their supper and cleared the table, when a desperate cry sounded from above. It embodied the supreme essence of emergency and brooked no delay. He rushed on deck to collide with Brownie tearing down the ladderway after a movie camera, and her breathless cry of "Whales! Fighting!" made him hasten to grab a camera for himself. The Tusitala was nosing in towards the point and rapidly approaching a swirl of foam where two huge sets of flukes waved and writhed, lashing from side to side. Now and then one of the contestants would go under and a long fin shoot out, so that we thought this must be indeed one of the dreadful battles to the death between a humpback and a killer whale. The battle progressed as we drifted nearer, and it was presently evident that these great creatures were both humpback whales. This was no fight, but merely a courtship and mating, such as has been occasionally described by old whalers, but perhaps never before by a photographic expedition. Perhaps the whales heard us approaching, perhaps they were merely tired of their play, for we had had opportunity for only one or two short shots close up, when one of the creatures blew and sounded, followed almost immediately by the other. They were headed northward along the steep shore, so with engines throttled down we swung to a parallel course and crawled along, waiting breathlessly. Whether we drifted so near as to get between the creatures, or whether they separated of their own accord it is impossible to say, but the smaller whale next came up slightly astern while the larger one was close to the bow. He rolled and blew with his great body hidden just below the surface, giving a brief chance for a close-up shot. The last whir of his spout sounded close under our quarter and then he, too, disappeared. We turned back, but the whale must have put on speed, for we did not see him again for some minutes when his flukes showed far back, almost at the original place where we had seen the two. Still we followed. Then suddenly, almost before we realized it, the water began to churn only one hundred yards ahead - now a pair of flukes, now a whole massive head and again merely a couple of ventral fins thrust above the surface. One hundred feet, fifty feet. There they were, both whales together, right beside us, the white under sides of fins and barnacled tails projecting lazily above the surface. The Captain spun the wheel with all his might, for a head-on collision with two whales at once was not something to be courted. One camera was out of film, and we hastily changed the lens over to the other. The water about the two huge bodies still swirled gently. They seemed to sink out of sight. All at once, like a skyrocket leaving its trough, or a great Roman candle unexpectedly fired, a pillar of water and steam shot up not twenty-five feet away. The snort that accompanied it made everyone jump, and the spout was too unexpected for a picture. Then a great humped back and dorsal fin rose above the surface, a giant tail stood straight skyward and sank majestically. Unquestionably, the whales had seen us, and, if they had seen fit to resent our interruption, we might all have had a swim. That was the end, however, for both whales undoubtedly betook themselves under water to some other destination, and the Tusitala, turning around, resumed her course northward. A few moments later we saw the two spouts about half a mile behind us.

An hour later we made the entrance of Khutze Inlet and after many soundings came to anchor on a long bar which extended from a point on the south side. The canoe was put overboard and Brownie, Frank, and Art paddled ashore to the mouth of a rushing stream that tumbled down from the snow-capped mountains behind. The mountains along this channel are only between two and three thousand feet high, but, due to the lateness of the season, the tops of all are patched with snow, while the higher ones are still mantled in a continuous white blanket. On the little flat at the mouth of the stream Frank, with Brownie's aid, set his mouse traps. There were deer tracks everywhere, and the footprints of one very large wolf. Art went looking for trout, but found none. Outside of the hermit thrushes singing their evening song and the violin-like notes of the varied thrush, the evening was still. The black-headed Bonaparte gulls which had been floating in the still waters had betaken themselves off at our approach, and even their cries from the opposite side of the inlet sounded very faint. There was a rustle in the tall grass and Art stood motionless, expecting a mink or a muskrat. The waving blades swung nearer and nearer and directly towards him. He held his breath and then out came a porcupine which persisted blindly towards the canoe until Art tossed a rock to make him realize that he was not wanted. Brownie and Frank now returned from their trap-setting operations, reporting that a huge bald-headed eagle had swept down the stream right towards them until abruptly, only a few yards away, he had seen the human beings and executed an impromptu backward somersault in mid-air in his desire to get away. The midges began to settle down to their evening's work, and we paddled hurriedly back to mid-channel, where the Tusitala lay in a small breeze sufficient to keep the insects away.

Friday, July 21

Pulling out of Khutze Harbor was delayed while Brownie and Frank went ashore to retrieve their traps. They had risen, sleepy-eyed, about five and indeed were back on board with two shrews which the traps had caught, shortly afterwards. We resumed our course up Fraser Reach, across Wright Sound and entered Grenville Channel. About two in the afternoon the Tusitala turned into Lowe Inlet and drew up alongside a float in front of the salmon cannery there. We had heard in Vancouver that one might take a trail at the head of this inlet and get up to a place for trout fishing. Receiving some directions from an Indian we paddled to the foot of a waterfall, and there left our canoe to hike on foot for about half a mile over a rough trail which ended above a second waterfall at what looked like a fairly small fresh-water lake. True to directions, we found there a rowboat and in it pushed off towards the farther shore. Frank rowed while Art paddled in the stern, and Brownie was kept periodically busy with the bailing can. That rowboat was certainly no racing scull. With the hardest possible work we could just get it to move about two miles an hour. We had lines out to troll for trout, but it was a poor time to fish, for the sunshine was warm and brilliant, and the time of day was most unsuitable. Half a mile brought us to a point beyond which the lake stretched for at least another mile to a farther point, for our instructions were to go up to the main inlet. Alas, about the time we were pretty well tired we rounded the second point, only to discover nearly another mile of open water, but this time we could see a waterfall boiling in and we were determined not to be licked. The cranky craft reached it at last, in spite of the unequal length of the oars, and we disembarked to follow up the torrent two hundred yards to a deep pool between two cataracts. Here on her first cast Brownie hooked and landed a nice cut-throat trout, but, as far as we could see, he was the only one there, although Frank lost one near the head. Just as it was time to return, or rather, past time, Frank discovered another pool farther up, where he hooked several trout, although he wasn't successful in landing any of them. We thought of the long pull down the lake and the necessity of getting farther along before night, as otherwise the Tusitala would reach Prince Rupert after the stores closed on Saturday. We had had our fun, if we didn't have the fish, so we once more manned the good ship, "Tub", and Art and Frank alternated at raising blisters on their hands. Once there was a rustle in the underbrush of the bank close at hand and a dark-colored doe dashed out and into the water. For a moment we thought she might have been pursued by a wolf, but concluded it must have been merely a horsefly, for, after wading through the shallows without so much as a look at us, she trotted

back again and disappeared. The lower end of the lake was reached at last and we hurried back to the Tusitala. It was now seven o'clock and we had hoped to be back an hour or so earlier. The Captain got under weigh at once, and the Tusitala ran on north for a couple of hours to Klewnuggit Inlet. There for an hour between nine-thirty and ten-thirty, in the now failing light, we sounded in vain for an anchorage. The lead line simply would not reach bottom. At the head of the little arm where we were a stream came in, and here was a shallow flat where a small American boat which we had seen yesterday was already at anchor, or at least drifting. By tying another rope on the lead line, we finally found bottom and let one anchor go. It ran out nearly one hundred fifty feet of chain, but apparently fell on a deep ledge, for it never held. At last, in desperation, the Captain got out a tremendous coil of rope and got one small anchor down in about twenty fathoms, or one hundred eighty feet of water. There was neither tide nor breeze to speak of, so we felt that that would hold us for the night, but we still had the job of getting up the first anchor. The electric windlass was not strong enough to pull it with all that chain, and it took Frank at the clutch, Glenn in the forehold hauling with all his might, and the Captain above also hauling on the chain to get the recalcitrant hook wound up. It was now nearly eleven o'clock and really dark, and ~~he~~ all hands turned in with a sigh of relief.

Saturday, July 22

We pulled out about five, as usual, to complete our run to Prince Rupert. Joe, whose injured toe is the best barometer on board and generally announces every drop or rise several hours before any of our scientific instruments, complained of an ache last night, and, sure enough, this morning the wind had veered to the southeast and it began to rain. We chugged along through Arthur Passage and Malacca Pass and about eleven o'clock began to sight the railway where it comes out of the Skeena River and heads for Prince Rupert.

MEMORANDUM

FROM THE OFFICE OF

ARTHUR N. PACK

TO

Mr. William L. Finley

August 28, 1933

Thank you for your letter of the 23d, which came this morning. I am glad to know that Mr. and Mrs. Pack have succeeded in getting some fine bear pictures. They have been having some exciting adventures, as you will learn from the attached installment of notes.

Sincerely yours,

Kathryn N. Peabody

Fourth Installment of Notes from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur N. Pack

(July 22 and 23 omitted as uneventful)

MONDAY, JULY 24

At 11:45 we left Ketchikan and headed northward out of Tongass Narrows and up Clarence Straits to Thorne Bay. In the narrow and tortuous channels between the islands which blocked the entrance we saw numerous hair seals which slid off the rocks at our approach. There were also many mergansers and the inevitable bald-headed eagles, as well as loons and gulls. It took us about an hour to reach the head of the bay at half speed, for, while Brownie and Art had been in before on the Westward, it was all new to Captain LePage, and the rocks which bristled on all sides were such as to make a navigator cautious. The wind outside had been blowing from the southeast, a circumstance that had helped us on our course, but promised a possibly rainy evening. However, we managed to get off in the canoe with a crab net and in a short time had dipped up a couple of dozen of fine big crabs. Crabbing is always an entertaining occupation, particularly in the canoe, for, if the man with the net gets excited, it is a moot question as to whether the crab will land in the canoe or the canoeist land in the water among the crabs. By the time that fifteen large crabs were walking around on the bottom of the canoe, Brownie lost her enthusiasm as a passenger, and she and Frank stepped out into the water, having on their hip rubber boots. The two of them, with their mouse-trapping paraphernalia, set off to lay their snares while Art paddled with the crabs back to the tender mercies of the cook. He then picked up the Captain and the two of them paddled up stream as far as they could get against the current at low tide. They chased a couple of families of mergansers, but could not round up any of the babies, due largely to the cleverness of the mothers in the gathering dusk. They said afterwards that they had paddled six miles up stream and one mile down. Meanwhile, Brownie and Frank, after setting their traps, looked vainly for clams. We all turned in early against the morrow's early rising.

TUESDAY, JULY 25

All night long a steady rain had been dripping and drizzling on the awning above our heads where we slept on deck, and we had had to put up the side curtain to keep out the driving water. At 3:20 A.M., when Art woke up the other two, the clouds were hanging close to the surface of the bay, but one small rift seemed to promise a possible clearing. In the cold wet dawn we garbed ourselves in rubber boots, oilskin pants, and parkas and pushed off in the canoe. The early start was necessary because of the flood tide which is essential to successful up-stream navigation. The channel, which was so well marked the night before, was now hidden beneath a wide expanse of water and even the little hillocks which were to have been our landmarks kept retreating behind the drifting mists. All was silent except the splash of our paddles, and the hush seemed to impose limits upon our conversation. After the first mile the paddling was hard, for the tide had already begun to recede, and the current grew ever swifter. At length the stream narrowed to rush between two jagged rocks, and we could go no farther, so we hauled up the canoe and with our trout rods in hand waded up around the bend to startle a black-tailed doe with two fawns. They stood gazing at us for a few moments and then disappeared into the dripping brush. The clouds were now lifting, and the tall spires of the Sitka spruces reached upward on every hand, their graceful, bluish-green branches drooping towards the rushing stream. Brownie, as before, caught the first fish, about a one-pound Dolly Varden, and Art presently found a hole where, with salmon eggs, he was able to lure half a dozen small cutthroats. A little side stream entered the main creek at this point, and a little pool below yielded several Dollies for all of us, Brownie getting a two-pounder; but the fish were not rising to the fly yet, and we had to use salmon eggs. We spent an hour or two looking for new pools, but finally returned to the first, where Art discovered that a red and white fly would do the trick. From that time on we had the most marvelous fly-fishing that any of us had ever had. We could get a pound-and-a-half to a two-pound Dolly on about every other cast, and the hungry trout jumped clear out of the water time and again.

It was marvelous sport, and some of the big fellows put up a great fight, considering that they were Dollies and not rainbow. Art finally used a fly with the point of the hook broken off, because we couldn't use any more fish.

Shortly after nine we began our return voyage down the river. The tide had receded and we had a series of gentle rapids to shoot and, in most instances, just enough water to float us over the rocks. This was really fun in place of the hard work of getting up stream. Brownie and Frank hung their boots over the edge, ready to hop out quickly, in case we grounded, but only once did they have to do so. We picked up the mouse traps at the mouth of the stream, and found two shrews and one peremyscus, both of them differing from the ones previously found. How we did pitch into that breakfast which Joe had been holding for our return! As soon as we finished the Captain had the anchor up and the Tusitala headed out of Thorne Bay with Frank and Brownie in the bow popping at seaweed with a twenty-two rifle. None of the seaweed died.

Most of the rest of the day we spent sleeping, but came to in time for Joe's three-course dinner at five. First course: Creamed crabmeat on toast, and lots of it. Second course: Trout, cauliflower, and potatoes, and lots of it. Third course: Apple pie and cheese. At 8:30 the Tusitala anchored at the southern end of Wrangell Narrows. Just as we pulled into the little bay, we sighted a brown bear on the shore, but he quickly disappeared into the woods. Frank and Brownie took after him with the canoe, but reported that the ground was hard, so that they could not make out from his tracks what sort of a bear he was.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26

The Captain had to wait for the tide; so the Tusitala lay at anchor all morning while we explored around in the canoe, dug a dozen cockles in lieu of clams and picked a few blueberries. Frank and Brownie retrieved their mousetraps and found as their sole price one large microtus, or field mouse. Immediately after lunch, when the tide was at last favorable, we pulled out into Wrangell Narrows and resumed our run. There were so many channel markers and buoys that for a while the Skipper was quite confused and all the time the tide was taking us through at a terrific pace. Finally, with Glenn reading buoy numbers with the glasses, and Art calling off courses from the pilot book, we managed to find ourselves and completed the run to Petersburg without further adventure. There, as we rounded the point, there burst upon our view the whole range of mountains up the Stickeen River, bounding southeastern Alaska from British Columbia. The clouds had lifted, so that this tremendous panorama of jagged peaks, glaciers, and snow fields stood out in almost violent contrast of black and white, with here and there a green-walled glacier adding a tint of color. From the summit of two jagged peaks over 10,000 feet high, clouds streamed like banners and down upon us swept an icy wind. In the distance several small icebergs floated, and we felt that we were really in Alaska at last.

We turned westward down Frederick Sound and into Portage Bay in the northern end of Kupreanof Island, where the Tusitala came to anchor for the night. After supper we went ashore in the canoe to see what could be found. The tide was almost dead low. Herring were jumping all about, and Frank first thought he saw a herring jump on dry land. Close inspection revealed that what he had seen was the spout of a clam, and presently miniature geysers were shooting up all about us. We went back to the Tusitala for a couple of picks and dug out more than a bucketful of clams. It was dark when Brownie and Frank came in for the last time with a clam shell covered with what appeared to be phosphorescent mud. Examination showed that the light came from a long thin red worm which glowed its entire length when injured. This glow was a molten gold color, unlike anything we had ever seen before.

THURSDAY, JULY 27

Shortly before lunch we reached Mole Harbor. It was a real wet Alaska day, with the clouds right down on the surface of the water, so that we had to navigate mostly by compass. After lunch we simply sat in the cabin and listened to the raindrops beating. Frank put out a line and caught a couple of flounders and a very ugly sculpin. About three, however, we garbed ourselves in rubber boots and rain suits and, accompanied by the Captain, paddled in to Hasselborg's cabin, which is about a mile up the creek at low tide, but easily reachable during the flood. The flood tide, for which we had waited, carried us in very easily, and we were able to land just about one hundred yards from the cabin. Hasselborg is always an unknown quantity, and Art and Brownie had prepared the others for almost any kind of a reception except that which actually occurred. The old man saw us coming and walked out to meet us with the utmost cordiality. His first remark was, "Well, I've kind of lost track of the time, but I guess it must be August 3d, which is the date you said you were coming." We explained that a delay in our schedule, coupled with the fact that one of the engines on the Tusitala was not working properly, had made it impossible for us to go to Glacier Bay first, and so here we were. The old man had a nephew, Raymond Shephard, staying with him, who, strangely enough, turned out to be the same individual who had accosted Art after a lecture in Washington with the old Alaskan pictures and told him that he had recognized in the picture of Hasselborg an uncle whom he had not seen for years. This nephew was an entomologist collecting insects on Admiralty Island. When Hasselborg heard that Frank wanted to collect specimens of mice and shrews, he was all enthusiastic cooperation, and so was the nephew, who, having shot a bat to find out what insects were on it, magnanimously presented Frank with the de-loused carcass. We spent the rest of the afternoon visiting with Hasselborg, while the rain pattered outside. In the woodshed, or outer room of the cabin, a pair of barn swallows had built their nest and were continually coming and going only a foot or so from our heads with food for their young. Outside the lesser yellow-legs and spotted sandpipers teetered. A water ouzel flitted back and forth across the pool where the great dog salmon continuously flopped and struggled. A family of harlequin ducks sailed up and down the creek, mother and little ones alike stretching out their necks and then hitching their bodies forward, accomplishing with ease a feat similar to a man pulling himself upward by his boot-straps. Hasselborg thought there were a few bear upstream, although it was still a few days too early for the main rush of bears from the mountains above. We arranged to start on a bear hunt in the morning. The old man refused to come out with us for supper aboard the Tusitala, but afterwards Brownie and Frank paddled ashore again to set their traps, and found him equally enthusiastic.

FRIDAY, July 28 omitted as uneventful)

SATURDAY, JULY 29

We rose at five, and Joe gave us breakfast, so that we could get a prompt start for Hasselborg's cabin. We thought twenty minutes would be ample time for the paddle, but the tide was against us, and we finally had to land outside of the point and walk the last half mile. Our guide was ready and with him we waded across the upper edge of the pool in front of his cabin. The water was almost up to our boot tops. From the opposite bank the trail led up among the spruce trees, climbing steeply over and around a narrow and precipitous canyon where Mole Creek boils through. But once above the canyon we could return to the water level and wade. Of course, we all wore hip boots, and those with rubber soles were pretty treacherous on the slimy rocks. Sometimes our way led around rough outcrops of slaty stone where the footholds were knee-deep in water and the going was anything but easy. Art's felt-soled rubber boots worked the best of any. We had to be careful not to leave any scent, and so were supposed to avoid touching any foliage or following any of the deep-worn cut-offs used by the bears.

There were a few bear tracks and bear signs, but even fewer than on previous trips made by Art in 1931. About three miles above the cabin we stopped in the old photographing blind which Art and Bill Finley had used before. It was a wonderful natural blind behind a huge fallen spruce. However, most of the salmon seemed to have gone farther up the stream, so, after unpacking our cameras and getting them in readiness, we kept on up for another three miles to a point where a waterfall marked the end of the last canyon. Hasselborg said that this was as far as he himself had been up the stream. Although we waited here behind some rocks for more than two hours, not a bear appeared. After eating lunch, we worked slowly down the stream again. It was a little easier going down, but the end of a twelve-mile wade in rubber boots is pretty apt to find one rather tired. Back at tide water the weather had cleared. It was arranged that Hasselborg should join us on the Tusitala the next morning for the trip up Seymour Canal to Swan Cove, where Art and Brownie had had the best luck in 1931. We had brought all our cameras ashore and were now faced with the job of toting them half a mile to where we had left the canoe. It was Art's turn to carry the heavy pack, and by the time he got to one of the little side inlets he was determined to take the shortest route. Brownie and Frank stood on the bank and watched while Art sank deeper and deeper, for the tide was at full flood. It proved just about half an inch too deep, but he was out before his boots had a chance to fill. Fortunately, we had tied our canoe by the long painter to an upright pole, and the stern end had drifted in where we could reach it. The difference between high and low tide hereabouts varies from twelve to eighteen feet, so that mooring a canoe is a matter that requires close attention.

SUNDAY, JULY 30

We slipped out of our sleeping bags to the gruff "Ship ahoy!" of Hasselborg coming out from shore in his outboard motor skiff. The morning was not particularly auspicious, with floating, puffy gray clouds hanging low on the two mountains on either side of Mole Creek and stray wisps of vapor in the tops of the Sitkas on the near shore. We pulled out of Hasselborg's anchorage as soon as we had attached his boat to the stern and helped him aboard. His beard was all mist from the spray, and he had on the same old hunting coat with the patches and the grease spots. His black boots came up to his thighs and he shuffled his feet over the stern deck with his peculiar short step which we had already learned could cover so much ground so quickly.

We didn't really wake up until we were well up Seymour Canal and started to pull on our clammy socks and boots, wet from yesterday's futile hunt. However, the day soon began to wram, at least, the little patches of sunlight on the distant snow fields made one feel as warm as one ever does in this rainy region. We were all glad for our heavy underwear and extra sweaters as we stood on the deck and watched along the beaches for a meandering bear or deer. We saw no bear, but well along in the morning we did see two does, each with a fawn, browsing on the beach perhaps half a mile away. We searched the high slopes above the timber with the glasses for the small brown spot which might be a bear. These ridges are almost bare of timber and showed a soft green from the wet grass and low bushes, with only occasional patches of snow. The whole landward panorama looked much like the Colorado or Wyoming Rockies, only on Admiralty Island the altitude is two or three thousand feet as compared with Colorado's fourteen-thousand-foot elevations. On these steep slopes we might, if lucky, see one of the great brown bears still on a blueberry diet, that had not come down for the salmon in the lower streams.

We reached Swan Bay, at the upper end of Seymour Canal, late in the morning and found a good anchorage north of Swan Island in about eight fathoms. We immediately handed down our cameras, packed for land transportation in pack sacks and leather cases, and pushed off from the Tusitala in Hasselborg's outboard. The light was rather better, and the mountains through the drifting mist showed just a suggestion of sunshine, a little bit of the rosy southern kind. The upper end of the bay was dotted with sea birds which we soon identified as being scoters of several varieties. As the birds were molting,

most of them could not or would not fly, and dived and faded away from in front of us as we came on. Occasionally one of these birds would make an error in submarining and come up from a dive close to the boat. We laughed heartily at his expression when he stuck his head out and then plopped it back in again without taking time for even a breath of air. As we passed Superstition Rock we headed for a moment towards a large herd of seals whose sleek heads stuck up here and there like spectres from the dark water. They coughed, and the water dripped off of their whiskers, and down they sank again with sometimes a little hippopotamus-like snort. These animals seemed more a part of the dark water than the ridiculous scoters, and we could catch glimpses of their bodies sliding away with strokes of their flippers, to appear again with their glistening heads and cavernous eyes amid widening ripples far behind the boat.

We landed on the northeast beach, rather far out from the head of Swan Bay, for the tide was low. We had no more than shouldered our cameras and guns and started up the shale tidal beach when we sighted the first bear of Admiralty Island. We could see his reddish-brown color and great shambling bulk, even though he was well over towards the other side of the flats, almost a mile away. He waddled slowly along, poking at the seaweed with his nose, now and again breaking into a bouncing gallop to investigate a splashing salmon. We held well in towards the beach, so as to swing around hald the points of the compass and get down-wind from him. If we could gain the timber on the farther side without his smelling or hearing us, we could wait there while he came down-wind to the mouth of the creek or approached over the flats near enough to be photographed. We walked fast, in spite of the weight of the full equipment of high-power telephoto lenses with mounts and extra film, and even outdistanced our bearded guide by some steps. We shifted our attention for a moment from the brown bear out on the tide flats to a smaller, dark-colored one going along the beach before us. This last one soon plunged into the brush growing close to the beach and vanished. However, the flats now presented an additional hazard in the shape of a boatload of Indians who appeared on the far side of the bay, putting out towards the bear with guns. It seemed for a few minutes as though our bear hunting would take a very peculiar turn, for, if the Indians started to shoot, we were directly in the line of their bullets. Additionally, such a procedure would spoil our camera hunting, for the Indian scent would drift directly up our camera stream and warn all the bears within miles. Hasselborg finally decided that he, as deputy warden of this side of the Island, would go out and tell those Indians something that (as he expressed itP they would talk about for years. We were sorely tempted to take his picture as he stalked out over the shallow water, waving his hat at the Indians and yelling at the bear. The bear, although full grown, belonged to that class which H. called "foolish" and would just not be bluffed off. From where we were we could see him stalking back and forth to show that he was unafraid. When the grizzly came close to the indians they bunched together for mutual support, and when it seemed as though the bear was starting off, each Indian tried to be foremost in the pursuit. The Indians saw H. and did not shoot, however, and he had time to reach them and deliver his scathing lecture on what fine brave Indians they were. We were soon gratified to see the bear first move off at a walk and then break into a gallop and finally disappear on the farther shore near our boat. The Indians started back to their boat in a body, thoroughly cowed and evidently with plenty to think about. The first battle of the day was won, but there were more to come.

We lay in a blind surrounded by tall grass, right behind the beach, for some time, and then moved a short distance up the more northerly of the two streams whose mouths were only a few feet apart where they emptied into the upper end of the bay. Arthur and H. settled themselves in a clump of willows on one side of the stream, and Brownie and Frank constructed a covert of branches and grass a few feet away on a low island. Lunch passed and the early afternoon, with no movement from bearland. About four o'clock we had grown somewhat stiff and not a little damp, and greatly tired of the oily stench from the half-eaten salmon killed by the bears. We decided to move operations to the southern creek, preferably on the sand bar where Art had gotten such good pictures two years before. Crossing through the tall saw grass which grew on the point between the two streams, we followed the great furrows in the grass, matted down

by passing bears. A few feet from the stream ahead, which was as yet out of sight, we suddenly saw the spray rise above the weeds as though a tree had fallen into the water, and heard the splash, splash of a bear as he bounded down the stream after salmon. We crouched low, and our hearts thrilled to the beat of the bear's feet on the gravel stream bottom. We noticed neither the muck below nor the wet grass as we grovelled along dragging the cameras after us. We set up the tripods on the very edge of the water and fumbled with the levels and lenses, for our eyes were fixed on the mahogany-colored coat of the bear through a filter of grass tops. No lens, as the cameras were set, would clear the grass tops, and Frank slipped ahead on his stomach and gently bent down a few tufts which seemed to be in the way. Alas, those few tufts were all that screened H. and the rest from the view of the bear in the stream. We all saw the bear clearly now - a rather small, reddish fellow of the grizzly class, and he, in turn, saw the four strange man things crouching on the bank. Bear-like, he rose to his hind feet and turned his great head towards us, his little black nose wiggling back and forth to catch a bit of our scent, and his big ears pricked forward like fur-lined dinner plates. There is nothing like the outline of one of these Alaskan grizzlies against a spruce background, with fur, shaggy even in summer, and great clumsy paws - like ~~on~~ old men with flat feet. The gulls sailed and cried around his head, asking, no doubt, for their share of the salmon tidbits he might kill. The wide furry head with the ant-eater nose and the comical, shoe-button eyes, as he looked down on us from his eight feet or so of elevation, will never be forgotten. We weren't satisfied, and certainly he wasn't, for he dropped again to all fours and jumped up on the bank to circle around and get our wind. We thought he was gone for good, because bears, as a rule, don't relish the human aroma. Frank was not so popular for removing the grass which concealed the wary camera hunters from the short-sighted bear and successfully spoiling all chances for our first picture. H. consoled himself by cutting down willows for a blind, and the rest of the party merely ground their teeth and tried to make themselves think that another bear would soon be along, anyhow. Frank sat in the background, too thrilled to be much abashed, and murmured to himself, "Boy! What a bear! What hunkers! Those paws - and he's gone!"

We all settled down to a wait which, in that frame of mind, we fully expected would be long and futile. Brownie and Art had no more than settled themselves when Frank, sitting in the background, in disgrace, hoarsely mumbled, "My gosh! A bear - there!" and found somebody's foot to pull without taking his eyes from the animal across the stream. Frank had seen him perhaps a minute before, but the bear's effect on his vocal chords was not stimulating. Directly across the half stream from the little sand bar, where we had set up our blind, stood the bear. Yes, he stood, not thirty feet away, with his paws dripping water down his belly and his teddy-bear-like face looking down at us from above. It seemed he was thinking of playing with us - that is, if we would play, but H. dispelled all thoughts of mere fun when he whispered to Frank to hold steady and shoot within twenty feet, for it was a bad bear. It soon became clear that this fine fellow belonged also to that educated, or uneducated, class of bears which have no fear of humans or their scent. This one had circled through the grass down-wind and suddenly appeared almost in our midst. Evidently, we were encamped in his territory. In an instant after the first shock of seeing him, the blind was all activity. The bear dropped flat on his stomach with his head between his paws and his nose out over the bank towards us. If we could have changed the background to dear old Nassau Street in Princeton, New Jersey, we might have been watching a great Saint Bernard begging for a stick to be thrown to him to chase. However, this teddy was crouching for a spring. It was but the first of a long series of antics staged for our intimidation. He stalked upstream along the bank, stretching his legs to show us their length and power. He dropped into the stream and splashed here and there after salmon. The water was much too deep for any chance of getting one, but on no account would "Sinbad" show any signs of being disturbed by us. Art had almost immediately graced the bear with this name, which was descriptive of him mostly in its last syllable. Mr. Sinbad managed to catch a salmon which was already dead, and carried it to the upper end of our sand bar, some fifty feet away. There he lay down like a lion, holding the fish between his paws. He had already eaten more salmon than he wanted, but he tore this one viciously with bared teeth,

taking care to look as fierce as possible, as much as to say, "You're next, after this miserable salmon." Still we didn't seem sufficiently impressed, and he swung his head around with shreds of salmon hanging from his jaws and glared at us down the sand bar. Brownie's camera buzzed viciously, and Art's big telephoto swung its long nose back and forth, gathering in a full-frame picture of Sinbad eating salmon. There was no doubt that this bear was the most obliging that could be found on Admiralty Island, and certainly not camera shy. These human devils with the bee-buzzing black boxes were certainly persistent, though Sinbad. He circled below the bar, passing close to the blind, and fished closer and closer, splashing about with his heavy paws. Now and then he would glance quickly towards us with a low growl to see whether he couldn't get us to run. We proved hard to start, however, mainly because H., with ready gun, assured us that if we so much as took one step backwards, the bear would be on us in two bounds. "He's the meanest little grizzly I've ever seen," droned H. in his even voice, without taking his eyes from the bear or straightening from his bent position with the gun. Sinbad fished again, and a frantic salmon flopped out on the gravel between his very paws. With his front pads he pounded on the slippery thing, and, throwing his whole weight on it, ground it into the gravel. He squatted and crunched on the hard-plated head of the eighteen-pound dog salmon, so that we could hear his long teeth break through the sinews. He hadn't the slightest intention of eating more salmon. Even the largest bears can eat no more than two or three of these fish in one day, but Sinbad was not the grizzly to stop just because he had had enough. He had set his fiendish little mind upon driving off these intruders, and there was no turning back. Evidently, Sinbad had never encountered such stubborn competition. He dropped the mangled salmon and advanced to the grass bank just opposite the blind. Frank focused the complicated still camera and snapped a couple of pictures, holding his shotgun draped over one arm. The bear shook the water from his long mahogany-colored fur with a quick twist and seized a huge piece of sod in his front paws. He hooked his claws under the roots and swung his weight backwards. The roots groaned and snapped, but still held. He backed up on the bank and pulled up with a tremendous heave. The sod gave way and he dropped it with only a glint of his little eyes towards us. There was no doubt that he was a bad bear. Those eyes gleamed hatred and evil like little black lamps of hell. Frank had seen a bull once before look at him in just that way, as he threw dirt up over his back with his hoofs and hooked up sagebrush with his horns just before he charged. Sin-Bad preferred to demonstrate on sod, and fairly leaped upon another and larger piece. His hair stood on end as the muscles strained beneath the skin, but the strength of thousands of hair-like roots was too much for his young and untried sinews. He growled low as he realized he had failed in his display and splashed to the lower end of our bar to lie down and conceive some way to reestablish his reputation. The only result of such thought seemed to be that the demonstration would have to be direct. Each time he swung his head around to look at us crouched behind the cameras it seemed that he had at last decided to charge. Poor Sinbad didn't have nerve enough to charge four of us. He sat and he stood up and he scratched himself with his front feet and his hind feet. He rubbed his back on the overhanging bank of the stream and he pretended to catch a couple of very dead salmon. The only change we could see in the bear was that he seemed to get nastier and nastier. As for ourselves, we grew hungrier and hungrier, for our bear playmate was directly between us and a six-thirty supper. At last, after some two hours, all together, of Sinbad's charming companionship on our (or his) sandbar, H. rose with his gun and decided to circle around Sinbad towards our boat. This was just what the bear was waiting for. As soon as our guide was alone and opposite him, he started from his place on the bar and leaped towards H. with his lips drawn back in a snarl. His nose was stuck up at a 45-degree angle, and we could see the yellow at the base of his fangs. H. stopped dead and faced the grizzly. He knew bears and the disastrous effect of any show of fear. "Get back there, boy, get back," he said in the same even voice, and cocked his old rusty 405 Winchester. Art and Brownie advanced from the side, so that H. would not stand alone and the bear could not separate any one of us from the others. Bears don't like the human voice, and H.'s imperative tone stopped Sinbad in his tracks. The snarl froze on his mean little bear face and he stopped with one paw advanced, just a dozen feet from the bear guide on the

bank. Frank advanced from the end of the bar for a shoulder or a heart shot from the side. Just as he was raising the shotgun, the grizzly wheeled around and faced towards Frank in the stream. He looked back just once at H. and then came towards Frank at a slow trot, with his nose straight out and his eyes on Frank's. "Shoot for his head!" yelled H. (the only time we had ever heard him yell) "And don't shoot too high! Easy now, hold for his eyes and shoot quick, then follow with the other barrel!" Art yelled, "Get back, you --!" and Brownie splashed at the bear with her foot. Twenty feet away he slowed up and then came on slow to fifteen feet, with his muzzle still levelled at Frank, and hate all over his face. Frank's finger pressed hard on ~~on~~ old Betsey's trigger. The gold bead on the barrel of the 12-gauge was a little spot of yellow light right between those two fascinating, wicked black eyes. We could see the light reflected in them now, and the raw red iris around. There came a moment of absolute silence. Frank heard nothing, saw nothing, only those two eyes and the little yellow sight. Even the stream seemed absolutely quiet. Sinbad posed like a pointing bird dog, and the people behind Frank had stopped yelling. Everyone's nerves drew tight. Would that one ball knock him flat? He could reach Frank in one bound. Those scars on H.'s shoulder - yhose stories we had read in an old book about grizzlies in the Rockies. Would he knock Frank flat in the water and then tear up the rest of the party? All these things passed through our minds as we looked at those eyes. It is strange that the gun didn't go off. One little twitch of the finger would have decided the issue; but the nerves all held. H. said quickly, "Hold it, he's turning!" and his voice was almost as calm as usual, perhaps a trifle high-pitched, as though even he who carried the scars of one grizzly's teeth in his shoulder was glad to see this battle won by bluff instead of by blood. Frank still held the gun at the spot where the bear's head had been when he swung away. The bear looked ridiculous with the long fur of his rear matted with water and bits of torn salmon as he stalked slowly up the sandbar and smelled carefully where we had been sitting in the blind. He looked once back over his shoulder, and his face showed meanness and defeat. There was also a suggestion of cunning in his manner as he slipped into the grass upstream. We had time for two or three quick breaths to try to get our heartbeats back to normal. Then we quickly gathered up our duffel and started across the stream in a body for the boat. This was no place to wait, with night coming on and a mean grizzly plotting revenge in the grass. H. led on with ~~heavy-armloads-of-camera~~ a fast, swinging pace, and Art and Brownie almost stepped on his heels, inspite of their heavy armloads of cameras and film. Frank swung around to sort of clear up the situation and form a rear guard to see that Sinbad didn't follow us. Every step seemed a relief, for it brought us farther out of the tall grass which might hide almost anything in the twilight. Frank took one last look back, and the tops of the marsh grass, just moving in the evening breeze, looked dreadfully peaceful. He took two quick steps to catch up with the others when Brownie screamed, "Quick, Frank, behind you there!" He swung around like a released spring, and old Betsey clapped to his shoulder like part of the mechanism. Instead of looking down the barrel at a head charging through the grass, the muzzle pointed at the lower belly of the bear, which towared behind him like a broken-off tree. "I felt so helpless, such a small, insignificant thing in the grass, that I almost neglected to raise the gun," said Frank afterwards. "I swear, he looked twenty-five feet tall, and fairly hung over me, he was so close." Dark as it was, we could see even the hind paws of the bear as he stood erect, and the hair matted into little clumps on his neck. Brownie claimed later that Frank turned green. Luckily, he didn't have time to do anything or he might have fired too quickly. Sinbad dropped to all fours with a triumphant snort and circled around to the side. He shook himself with evident satisfaction, and it seemed that he was well pleased at having driven us off. In his estimation, his four-year-old dignity had been preserved. It is true, we had had to retreat. As a matter of fact, our retreat had become almost a rout, for Sinbad had slipped off again into the grass, and each one of us expected to see him rise up right beside us. It was almost with a joyful relief that we saw him come out into the open on the north stream about fifty yards away and sit down in the water to watch our withdrawal. A few yards out of the heaviest of the grass we pitched all the cameras and boxes in a pile and turned to stand our ground and cover H.'s retreat while he want up the bank to get the boat. Though

every little tuft of grass and water-logged stump looked like a bear in the gathering darkness, all ready to charge, there was no new alarm until we heard the welcome putt-putt of H.'s skiff across the bay. As he came near, we gathered the cameras in our arms and waded out as far as we could to meet him. On the Tusitala we sat late into the night and talked of bears and vital spots and Alaskan adventures.

MONDAY, JULY 31

Shortly after 8 A.M., a time chosen because of the flood tide, we embarked in Hasselborg's bumblebee 4e outboard for a return to Swan Creek. The sky was clear and blue and we were equipped for anything, taking all the cameras and the accordion. We rather expected to meet up with Sinbad, the bad bear, again, and as in that eventuality we might have to bring home his skin, it seemed a good time to experiment with the soothing qualities of music. Besides, we were not sure we should find another bear who would come near enough to listen. The snow-covered peaks of Admiralty Island reflected in the still water covering the flats. We buzzed clear in almost to the mouth of the creek and had only a very short walk to our blind of last evening. There we set up the cameras and waited. The sunshine actually grew hot. Twice during the long day we glimpsed a brown bear about one hundred yards upstream, but it did not make a good enough picture, and the bear did not come our way. Another brown bear came out on the tidal flats at low tide and for hours on end he played about in shallow water, chasing salmon, to the great delectation of a myriad of gulls that followed him everywhere. We could just make him out from where we sat. Once for nearly half an hour he lay in a pool of water tearing up a salmon for the fun of the thing, while the gulls closed in in a tight ring and almost hid the bear from view. Along towards four o'clock the tide drove the bear in and he gradually began to work his way up towards our blind. We simply moved the cameras around to the upstream side of our fence of willow branches and were all set.

This brown bear looked almost exactly like Sinbad, and for a while we thought it was our bad-tempered friend of yesterday. The chief difference seemed to be that this bear had more of a sense of humor. He soon came within easy range for the big lens and without having seen us, put on the most ludicrous show one can imagine. He was undoubtedly so full of salmon he couldn't swallow another mouthful, but he had to think of something to do. Life was just too easy. Sometimes he would stand for a whole minute, just thinking, "What can I do next?" Of course, the only obvious answer was to fish, but at least this bear had sufficient imagination to experiment with variations on the common practice of his kind. He conceived the bright idea of galloping with his front feet down stream while dragging his hunkers behind him like a sort of seine or drag-net. When his rear parts encountered a frightened salmon, he simply sat down the remaining few inches of the way, and there he was with the fish wriggling beneath him. The next problem was to get the fish out from under his stern without allowing it to escape. This process the camera duly recorded. He would wriggle a little, explore with a tentative fore paw, douse his head under and bite, and usually he got the salmon, which he would then proceed to toss up with his paw and bat around just for the fun of it. Eventually, of course, he came near enough to hear the camera and saw us there on the gravel bar. "Quick, Brownie, get the accordion!" said Art. The bear walked slowly closer. Frank snapped a couple of still pictures and then, seeing that Brownie really meant business with the accordion, he set down the camera and took a firm grip on old Betsey, the 12-gauge shotgun, with its load of slugs and buckshot. The accordion gave a tentative squawk, but Brownie quickly subdued it and presently there arose a quavering tremolo rendition of "Oh, Susanna". The bear was now not more than 40 feet away. He raised his head and looked, and then, I regret to say, turned his back on the musician, opened his mouth and began to bite hunks out of the bank. Alas, it was clear that his musical education had been neglected. "What is that you are playing?" asked Hasselborg in a low voice, "A funeral march?" The bear bit off another huge hunk of sod and began to look around for some other means of demonstrating his strength and power. There was

a sunken rock by the edge of the stream. He went over to it and explored it with a tentative paw. It was more than evident that he had thought of tearing up that rock just to show what a big bear he was, but the exploring paw told him that this was perhaps more than he could manage, and that it would never do in this emergency to tackle something wherein he could not acquit himself with fullest credit. "Louder! Louder!" called Art, as loudly as he dared, but still "Oh Susanna" quavered mournfully on the accordion and the bear continued to behave in the rudest possible manner. Finally Frank, Art, and Hasselborg could contain their laughter no longer and began to howl so derisively that Brownie gave up. The bear edged away, then climbed out on the bank. He stood up two or three times and looked at these strange mad human beings, but each time he was a little farther off. Then he vanished in the tall grass and not a sound or waving of grass stems betrayed his going. We waited for perhaps another hour, but not a single bear appeared. As the tide was now pretty well in, Hasselborg went and got the boat, which he rowed over and then pushed a little way up the stream towards us. We packed up the cameras and were soon humming out across the smooth bay toward the Tusitala where she lay about four miles distant. We had exposed about forty feet of film with the big camera, ten feet with Brownie's, and quite a bit with the color camera. Art took a picture on the way out of the huge flocks of Bonaparte and glaucous-winged gulls circling around Superstition Rock, with a range of snow-blanketed mountains in the distance. We were still laughing when we reached the Tusitala and sat down to supper.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 1

Six o'clock saw the bear hunters off in H.'s outboard boat, bound for a nameless creek about six miles down Seymour Canal near Windfall Harbor. This was a beautiful little cove where a crystal clear creek meandered through a grassy meadow spreading like a broad V between the walls of spruce trees. We saw a few bear tracks - one of a large bear with cubs, but, on the whole, the amount of sign was disappointing. Splashing upstream to the apex of the V, we came upon a steep bank that commanded a broad expanse of creek in two directions. Here a little ledge fifteen feet above the water offered a perfect hiding place for photographers. We took up our position and lay watching, while a thousand sea gulls squabbled over the spawn of countless salmon. Immediately beneath us a deep dark pool was almost solidly packed with humpbacks, while at the tail of this same pool the dog-salmon lay and spawned in pairs. Others dug nests ~~at~~ in the gravelly bottom, so that the never-ending splashing, heaving struggle went on and on. While one pair of dog-salmon spawned and fertilized by turns, a smaller humpback poised just behind them, quite evidently determined to get the use of that nest the instant it was no longer occupied, or even before, if possible. So positively had this fellow marked it for his (or her) own that he now actually aided the spawning dogs in driving off all other intruders. For a long time we watched his courageous onslaughts. Indeed there was nothing else to do, for no bear appeared anywhere in sight.

About 11 o'clock we left our blind with its lovely view out towards the mainland mountains and waded upstream about half a mile. The creek bottom seemed to be paved with salmon. The great fish darted between our legs and almost upset us. A well-aimed kick could readily heave one out on the bank where lay numerous bear-mauled salmon already. These salmon were rotting in the sun, but there was not much recent sign of bear occupation within 24 or 48 hours. H. found a human track and came to the conclusion that some eagle hunter, eager for the bounty of $1.00 for a pair of talons, had been up the creek within the last couple of days and frightened the bears by his eagle shooting. Our guide professed to smell dead eagle, which, he said, had a different odor from dead salmon. We stopped a while behind a fallen log and ate our lunch, washing it down with good Canadian beer, for there is little temptation to drink the creek water, crystal clear though it may be, when the banks are all lined with dead salmon. After a couple of hours of fruitless waiting in this new position, we again packed up the big camera and started away down the stream again. Hardly had we gone a hundred feet when a medium sized black grizzly stalked out below us. Almost at once he saw us, for we had no cover,

but he ignored the situation and determined to fish. A branch of the stream on the farther side of a small gravel bar was barred by a log just too high above the water to permit the grizzly to pass beneath, but this one calmly reared on his hind legs, dug in his front paws, and heaved his rear end up even with his front. Then as calmly he repeated the operation, climbing down the other side. It would have made a splendid and utterly comical picture for the big lens, but that was in the pack on Art's back, and Brownie's smaller lens was not powerful enough for a good close-up. Indeed it all happened before we could very well act at all. The bear now executed a swift dash, caught himself a salmon with ease, and marched off into the bushes. We waited, hoping that he might return out of sheer bravado, but our hopes were vain and it seemed best to continue back to our first blind on the bluff above the V-shaped meadow. Here we again set up the cameras and lay dozing by turns in the welcome shade until about six in the evening. Then, somewhat crestfallen, we started homeward.

One small part of the meadow had been hidden from our blind, and we had hardly started towards our boat when we saw two half-grown grizzly cubs playing in the branch of the stream there. Brownie had her lighter camera ready and, as their gambols brought the cubs within range across the creek, pictured them as they trotted along, one after the other, stood up to look us over, and then scrambled for the woods. There was no mother bear with them, a circumstance which meant unmistakably that the mother had been shot out of season, and illegally, too. Perhaps that eagle hunter. H. led on homeward, grumbling. He knew every bear that had been legitimately shot on Admiralty Island within the last year - nine in all, he said - and he was sure that that grizzly mother had been illegally killed. This circumstance, together with the episode of the Indians in Swan Cove, led us to believe that illegal shooting with practically no real enforcement of the existing laws is by far the greatest hazard to the Admiralty Island bears. Back on the Tusitala we enjoyed the end of another gloriously clear day and watched the sunset's afterglow paint the mainland mountain peaks a glowing rose.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2

Perhaps, thought H., we were a little early for the main gathering of bears along the salmon streams. It would be better to wait a few days. In 1931 we had not had opportunity to explore for ourselves the interior of Admiralty Island, and here was our chance. The Tusitala, accordingly, upped anchor and chugged back to Mole Harbor. As the tide was already ebbing rapidly, we hopped into H.'s boat with hiking clothes and packsacks containing our bedrolls and food, even before the anchor went down. Just inside of the Tusitala and well within the restricted limits for salmon fishing, two seining boats lay at anchor while their crews were in process of drawing their seines right across the mouth of Mole Creek. This was highly illegal, and, as we purred along past the seiners, Brownie rose and took a snapshot, clearly showing what they were doing. H. then turned the boat and came to a stop behind them. "Have they changed the fishing laws and made some new ones?" he inquired sarcastically. "I don't want to make you fellows trouble, but you'd better move out." The young man apparently in charge stopped shovelling salmon into his boat for a moment. He seemed somewhat scared and declared solemnly, "I swear, I'll never come in here again." The boats were the Logolite and the Nora C, of Wrangell. We left them and buzzed on up the creek a hundred yards, only to find more fishermen with seines inside of H.'s cleared point. Brownie took a snapshot of them, too.

The tide was ebbing too fast for us and we could not run up to the cabin. Instead we were forced to abandon the boat and walk to a point in the creek branch opposite our guide's house. Raymond, his nephew, came across in a skiff and with much precarious towing and shoving, we navigated the main creek to the south side where the inland trail began. H. meantime had changed to his hiking clothes, thrown a few things into a pack and joined us. He led the way - not up Mole Creek proper, but up a side stream, under a gigantic log that bridged it and along a well worn bear trail. The temperature was

quite warm, nearly 75°, and our guide complained bitterly of the heat, which was, perhaps, quite fortunate for us, for he called frequent halts. The trail was not blazed but merely a series of bear trails which H. had partly cleared out for his own use in winter trapping. As we went along, he enveighed bitterly against trail-blazing as the surest way to get a man lost, this being one of his numerous very definite theories. In due course, our little party of four came out on a swampy muskeg, sprinkled with sparse and much twisted lodge pole pines, under which grew sphagnum and sundew plants, whose cunningly developed apparatus for attracting and devouring insects glistened redly. Here were rubbing trees used by the male grizzlies; some were scratched and bitten fully twelve feet from the ground, in evidence of the great size of the bears. There were little pools in the muskeg, dotted with yellow (almost orange) water lilies. Frequently the mossy banks had been torn up by the raking claws of bathing bears, but, on the whole, the small amount of bear sign seemed to surprise our guide. He kept mumbling that the Forest Service had hired men to exterminate the bears a few years ago. One of the men had told him in confidence that he and another fellow shot and killed forty bears and left them to lie where they fell. This was after the forester, Thayer, was killed by a bear. Of course, H.'s version of this story is subject to considerable doubt, but certainly there is much less bear sign than there was in 1931.

Following a southerly route inland, we came, after about two hours, to a wide meadow made by the beaver, of which there were apparently quite a number still, and followed its margin where grew thousands of blooms of an exceptionally large and beautiful cotton grass. The going was soft and marshy, so that from time to time we were forced to detour on bear trails through the woods and traverse heavy thickets of devil's clubs. The huge, five-pointed green leaves shone in the filtering sunlight - so beautiful and yet so dreadful to touch. On the whole, however, while we could not disparage the quantity and height of Alaska devil's club, the individual thorns and spines seemed less harshly poisonous than some we had encountered in B.C. and elsewhere. In every swampy place grew thousands of huge skunk cabbages and we were careful to step on their crowns to avoid sinking into the ooze. The skunk cabbage here seems to have very little unpleasant odor. When we stopped at a little creek to drink, H. showed us how to fold the skunk cabbage leaves for drinking in Indian style, and ever afterwards we called these plants "lily cups". Once or twice blue grouse with young started near us. H. could imitate the shistling peep of the baby birds and always got a response from the mother. Sometimes she came quite close to him. We had been traveling over three hours, with a pause for lunch and several short rests, when our guide suddenly detoured through a clump of devil's club and we came upon one of his well-hidden trapping caches. A tent still hung there, since it had been too wet to put away on the old man's last trip. He now took it down, placed it in a box and hid it away behind a stack of heavy ten-foot poles nailed in half-tepee shape against a spruce tree. After piling a small iron stove and a couple of storage cans so that they would rattle and frighten any too inquisitive grizzly, he closed the aperture to the cache with more logs standing on end. We had now worked our way clear around Dishtuck Mountain and were approaching it from the side just opposite to that seen from Mole Harbor and the Seymour Canal. H. had been promising us a better trail, but it never materialized and was usually little more than a general route. Now we began a hot, puffing climb that brought us into an upper saddle, leading through to Kootsnahoo on the west coast. The steepest grade ended a little below timber line. There was no trail here at all, but we kept on for a short distance and then our guide took a direction cue from an old landslide on our right and plunged off into a thick woods. A few moments later we came upon a small log lean-to under a big spruce where a tiny creek gurgled beneath the broad leaves of skunk cabbages. Here we unshouldered our by now very heavy packs. Brownie, too, had carried a small pack with food and extra clothing. We had been on the way somewhat over five hours, which is H.'s usual time for this trip.

H. had agreed to bring bread, butter, rice, and bacon, but, being somewhat of a crank on the subject of food, had suddenly decided to bring nothing except butter and rice. His cooking utensils, uncovered from the cache, resolved themselves into three old tin cans with wire bales and an ancient frying pan. Also, a few very odd rusty

knives, forks, and spoons. We built up a fire, but H. announced that it wasn't right for cooking rice, and all he wanted was some tea. We were free, he said, to do anything we liked with whatever we had brought ourselves, and we could have some butter. Art set to work with the old frying pan and the Bisquick which we had brought and managed to produce a supply of so-called biscuits by burning them slightly on the bottom, so that they would stick and then turning the frying pan edgewise to brown the tops. They were at least edible. We had some dried soup powder in rools, and that, with the addition of Sterro cubes, made a potent soup which furnished the rest of our supper. H. made tea and then so far forgot himself as to eat some of our soup and bannock. Meanwhile, Brownie and Frank had been cutting hemlock boughs and ferns for our beds under a spruce a little way off, for H.'s lean-to was just about ample for him alone. We had not brought air mattresses, in order to save weight in the back packs. After supper we sat around the fire for but a short time when H. abruptly announced that it was bed-time and we knew it was no use attempting to argue. He has lived by himself and had exactly his own way too long. We left him alone in his shack. The sun set with an after-glow on the peaks and snow fields, now so close at hand, and the cool night breeze blew downward.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 3

At six we threaded the devil's club thicket back to the lean-to and found H. boiling rice, which was to be his sole and only food. We had stewed up some prunes last night, and had coffee and hot cakes of our own manufacture. Then we shouldered the small color movie and Brownie's Rolleiflex, which were the only cameras we had brought up the mountain, and H. led us out of the timber into a tilted grassy basin, ideal for bear, deer, or other game. Here we knew that some of the few others who had also been on Admiralty Island had shot grizzlies, but today there was none in sight. Again H. began to mumble about the strangely decreased bear population. He said that the last two winters had been so hard that most of the deer had died, and he himself had found numberless bones this spring. We found ptarmigan feathers, but no living birds. Our titlted meadow bloomed with scattered flowers, not nearly so numerous as we had seen in the Rockies or the Olympics. There were blue lupine, both spotted and red-stemmed saxifrage, butterwort, anenomes, white marsh marigolds - all amid a sea of heather, most of that in bloom being white. At the upper end the green grass yielded to winter brown and then to thick hard-packed snow, across which we cautiously embarkdd on our rubber-soled canvas hiking shoes. We climbed up and up, stopping occasionally to blow and to let Frank set his mousetraps. He was particularly anxious to secure a specimen of Microtus from this altitude. Once we were forced to work high up around the upper end of a snow bank too steep and slippery to cross without hobnails. To the northward rose the three peaks of Dishtuck Mountain, the central one flat-topped and supposed to be 4,200 feet in elevation, but so isolated as to be scalable only by experienced and fully equipped mountaineers. H. explained that "Dish" meant "moon" and "Tuck" meant a stone knife. The mountain figured largely in Indian history and legend. We now attained the saddle in the ridge south of Dishtuck and followed it out to the end at an elevation of 3,000 feet or more. To the east lay Gambier Bay, to the northeast Seymour Canal up towards Windfall Harbor, to the west the island-dotted mazes of Kootsnahoo Inlet on the opposite side of Admiralty Island. Below us glimmered many fresh-water lakes and ponds, the largest being Hasselborg Lake and Alexander Lake. Beyond them piled the mountainous northwestern part of Admiralty - a fastness of snow and rock and meadow, hardly penetrated by man. The trees of timber line on Admiralty Island are the same Sitka spruce as below, with the Tsuga Mertensiana or Mountain Hemlock replacing the common Western Hamlock of the lower altitudes. This mountain hemlock takes the windblown forms of the Alpine fir of the Rockies and southern Coast Range, first bowing grotesquely to the sweeping winds, then surrendering, only to struggle on in creeping, flat-topped thickets. Snow lay in great banks, sometimes ten or fifteen feet deep, but the sun-bathed ridge was carpeted with soft heather, warm in the brilliant sunshine. In several places on the saddles and in the heather-covered

passes of this mountainous ridge. H. had pointed out to us the trails that the bears used when passing from one basin to another. We had seen these trails down in the lower country and had followed them for miles, but here on the open ridge they were especially plain and most interesting. Bears for hundreds and hundreds of years had used these same trails, but the most remarkable thing is that they always stepped in exactly the same spots. The result was like a series of post-holes in a zig-zag line through the heather where the bears' feet by constant and continued use had tramped deep into the hard glacial clay and kept these spots clear of any vegetation. When we walked along one of these ourselves the footprints fell about the same as a man's stride, only one had to waddle a bit from side to side like a bear to get his feet in the holes. Our panorama was not limited to Admiralty Island. The vast snow fields of the mainland mountains flowed down into glaciers. The tumbling peaks of Chichagof Island piled one upon the other to fill the western horizon against a sky of blazing blue. H. had promised to show us many deer, but, apparently, the recent hard winters had done more damage to them than even he expected, for even with the field glasses we could discover only one or two. We could find not a single bear - a most surprising circumstance for Admiralty Island. Lookihg, climbing about and rolling rocks off precipices amused us for a while, but, in due course, that inviting bed of sun-warmed heather became more than we could resist. We ate our last sandwich lunch brought from the Tusitala and fell asleep.

About one o'clock we came to, and, picking up our cameras and drying socks, retraced our ridge route, slid down the snow bank, and headed for camp. Frank was disappointed to find nothing in his mousetraps. We reached the lean-to about three o'clock and might have had time to return to Mole Harbor, had our weary legs and back muscles not rebelled at the thought of a further march. There being nothing else to do, we proceeded to cook and eat. First we finished the prunes. Then Art made bannock and we ate that. H. had refused our food, but dished himself a large plateful of cold boiled rice, doused it with butter and sugar, downed it, and lay down to sleep. We took the rest of the rice, mixed it with fried onions and butter in the form of a huge fritter. We ate that and then Frank made some more dried pea and Steero cube soup, and we downed that. Frank entertained by reading aloud every word from an old Juneau newspaper wrapped around something in the guide's pack. H. eventually woke up, made himself a butterfly net out of a forked stick and a flour sack, and proceeded to catch insects for his entomologist nephew, Raymond. The sight of the old man with his long whiskers, wielding that butterfly net, offered considerable amusement, only equalled by his first appearance in his famous nightcap, constructed by tying a string around one leg of an old pair of wool drawers. Just as we all turned in, we saw a couple of deer in the mountain meadow above.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4

Some time after midnight occurred a strangely weird and unforgettable scene. We three were sound asleep beneath a spruce tree some distance from the len-to, when suddenly Art heard the ground thudding to approaching feet. His dream ended; he struggled hard to summon his sleepy wits to reason. This must surely be a prowling grizzly coming directly towards the sleeping forms. What to do? Art opened his eyes to be dazzled instantly by a blazing light - a light that moved, came closer, emitting showers of sparks and blazing cinders. It seemed beyond all sense unearthly. He was dazed. Then a gruff voice spoke, "Here, take this fly and spread it over you. Move quick, I can't stand here all night. It's raining and you'll all be soaked through in a minute." It was the old man, who, with a blazing torch of storm-split cedar, had made his way up through the devil's club from his lean-to in the middle of the night to do us an act of real thoughtful kindness, such as one who knew only his usual gruffness and I'll-look-out-for-myself attitude could hardly credit. "What is the matter with Hibben?" he growled. "Here, wake up, Hibben. Get your bed and come with me." Frank somehow found his shoes, but couldn't get one on, because he was too sleepy to remember that the trouble lay in his having put a match safe and a knife in one to protect them from the

dew when he went to bed. However, he finally managed to get the right shoe on the left foot and vice-versa, grabbed his bed and stumbled after, half blinded by the blazing torch. Art and Brownie, adjusting the fly over them, almost immediately fell asleep again, but Frank's troubles were not over. He only waked up completely when he ran full on into a huge devil's club and ended by tripping into the tiny creek where it lay hidden beneath the broad leaves of the skunk cabbage. At the lean-to the old man tore up his fern bed to make room for Frank. The strange torch flickered out, but the old man was thoroughly awake, and his conversation continued. He told story after story, first about torchlight experiences with bears in Arizona and Alaska, and then rambled off into a tirade on the subject of modern sportsmen, and their lack of willingness to undergo any sort of hardship or hard effort. We were apparently among the very few he had known who were even willing to hike with packs up into his beloved mountains. He promised Frank, if he would come back in the fall, to take him on a real bear hunt, the way it ought to be done. He simply expanded with friendliness and good will, but the rain, which had been only a false alarm, ceased altogether.

About five, H. roused Frank a second time. "You've had two sleeps in one night," he grumbled, "and ought to be all rested up for a couple of days." Thereupon, the old man proceeded to poke up the fire, and, wonder of wonders, to get breakfast for all of us. His oft-stated philosophy was that every man ought to cook for himself what he wanted and clean his own pan. He first boiled up at least a whole pound of rice, then rummaged around in our food bags, finding both pancake flour and Bisquick. These he poured together into a large rusty can with rice water, and proceeded to fry up into a mess of so-called pancakes, about an inch thick, and numerous enough for an army. He also put in all the butter that was left, mumbling the while that it would save buttering the cakes afterwards. One of the tin plates fell into the ashes, and Frank started to brush it off. "Cinders don't amount to a thing!" grunted H., and, thereupon, to give emphasis to his remark, grabbed up a handful of cinders and deliberately threw them into the batter. Frank politely asked if he could not help, but the old man's reply was to flop his elbows and growl, "Get out of here and give me elbow room." He made coffee by emptying the can and all the remaining Klim into the pot, and then whistled for Brownie and Art. When they appeared, he insisted that we not touch the elephantine cakes, but heaped each of the four old tin plates with boiled rice. "Eat it and don't wast it," he growled. "Rice is enough for anybody's meal." Of course, by the time we had eaten this rice, we had no room for the by now cold cakes. The circumstance seemed to give him childish pleasure, as if it proved that any other food but rice was silly, anyhow. Realizing more clearly than ever, after last night, his fundamental kindliness, we were undisturbed by this new display of temperament, and chuckled to ourselves to recall that two years ago it had been not rice, but cornmeal mush that he had thought was the only thing fit to eat, while last year he ate almost exclusively oatmeal.

We now hastily adjusted our packs, for H. had put his things away in the box he used for a cache and was growling about getting an early start - "in case it should get hot". (The clouds hung low, and everything was wet and cold.) Frank and Art divided the load, including Brownie's half empty pack. "Here, give me some of that stuff!" growled H. "My pack is too light." That is always his way. If we never ask him to carry anything, he invariably insists upon taking the heaviest part of the load of cameras or anything else. So he led on down the mountain at a swift pace, and we followed. He always acts as if he were determined to show us up for useless tenderfeet. We never utter a word of complaint and he always slows up, or calls a rest quite as soon as anyone could ask. We saw a few deer tracks, a bear track or two, and some more grouse, but, on the whole, the trip back to Mole Harbor was uneventful. We arrived, soaking from the wet grass and bushes, in about four hours and three-quarters, having taken a short cut down a part of the stream, since we couldn't get any wetter At the old man's cabin we waited for a few moments while he scolded at his nephew for cooking up a stew in his absence and without his permission, and changed his clothes. Then he ran us out to the Tusitala and did full justice to the good and varied diet of the dinner which Joe quickly prepared. After lunch the Tusitala ran back to her former anchorage off Swan Cove, and we prepared the cameras for the morrow.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5

We breakfasted at 5 A.M. on the Tusitala and then set off with H. in his boat for Swan Cove. The tide was almost at the ebb, and, as we neared the wide mud flats, we could see a medium sized brown grizzly fishing in the salt pools. From the safe range of about three hundred yards he watched our struggles to land and drag the boat within rope's length of high water. The mud was so heavy that we finally had to abandon our craft, having anchored it to a stone and prepared for a two-mile hike on foot to the creek mough. Thereupon, the bear began to amble towards us, cutting diagonally across our route. Brownie got a little film at about seventy-five yards, but the big camera took too long to set up. A mile away, off the point, we could see a second bear splashing about, but he must have gotten our wind almost immediately, for he disappeared. The walk around the beach was long and sticky, and boots rubbed on protesting heels, but we made the creek mouth and waded up the northerly creek to the blind we had used so futilely just before our adventure with Sinbad. Clouds hung low with a southerly wind and what light there was for pictures was pretty well against us. We set up the cameras and waited without much hope. But luck was really with us. Within half an hour a small brown grizzly appeared around a bend in the creek, fished a little about one hundred yards away while the big camera whirred. Meanwhile, H. had stepped up the creek a few yards and came back to say that there was a really big dark-looking bear right behind us in the tall grass. The only trouble was that it had stood up and seen us. A few moments later Frank whispered, "Look, a big one coming around the bend below!" The small bear took to his heels simultaneously, and the big fellow stalked majestically towards us. All his movements were slow and deliberate. In place of dashing wildly into the stream after the fish as the other bears had done, he strolled over to a pool behind the log, unfortunately, partly hidden from the cameras, and a moment later appeared with a salmon in his jaws. Now he walked leisurely towards us and at about one hundred twenty-five feet on the big lens scale reclined against a nearer log where Art could easily get a full-frame picture of his dining. New clouds had rolled up and it was becoming fairly dark under the overhanging spruces, but the picture should have registered very nicely. He stayed there, oblivious of where we lay hidden behind our willow branches. It was clear that he had not seen us at all. Art had time to reload the big camera carefully and set it up again ready for action just as the huge, dark brown bear emerged from his partial retreat and strolled directly towards us. At seventy-five feet he was too close for any more of the big lens pictures, and Brownie took up the action with her camera. Frank carefully pointed the Palko still camera with its 12-inch lens and took a snap at fifty feet. The bear majestically and calmly looked straight at us. No doubt, the click of the still camera, as is so often the case, disturbed it, while the whirring movies blended with the sound of the rushing water. He betrayed no sign of fear, no evil temper, merely turned his head toward the bank and silently slid away behind a tree which was almost on the corner of our blind. We looked at our watches. It was only 9:30, and we had already seen four bears, with eighty feet of good movies already in the can. The clouds grew heavier and the sun no longer glinted through. Gradually our keen excitement abated and while Art got out his pencil to write out notes, the other three fell asleep.

About 10:30 Art sighted a very dark grizzly, almost black in color, emerging from the woods at the lower right-hand side of the riffle. In bulk he was almost as large as the brown one we had just seen and moved in the same slow and stately manner, like a buffalo, moving slowly with his great black head swinging low from side to side. Two big bears in one morning, and these big ones are rarely seen nowadays! They do not have the contempt of humans and their ways, as do the smaller "foolish" bears. That is why they grow big. The great black fellow came on suspiciously, sniffing and swinging his head from side to side up the right bank, and while Brownie's camera buzzed, caught a fish about seventy-five feet away. Art got him stalking up the stream, but the bear was soon too close for the big camera, and Art lay flat behind the willows while the bear walked up to within fifty feet with the fish. About forty feet away he

caught some movement behind the willows, or the glint of nickel from the cameras, for he dropped the fish on the edge of the bank, stuck his head through an opening in the boughs of a low-hanging spruce, and looked steadily at us for a minute, wiggling his big wet nose. Like the other big bear, he calmly, without hesitation, withdrew his head and faded away among the high ferns of the bank - not, however, before the still camera had gotten a snap of him looking straight at us. Meanwhile, H. smelled gasoline and, rising up as soon as the bear had gone, reported two seine boats close in and dropping their nets almost at the stream's mouth. We were furious - not only at this further flagrant disregard of the fishing laws, but also because the presence of these fishermen would surely spoil our camera hunting. We examined the boats through the glasses and identified them as the Winnie B. and the Sunrise, both of Petersburg, two of the boats we had seen before breaking the salmon-fishing laws at Mole Harbor. We were all of the opinion that an open shooting season on illegal fish seiners would be far more advantageous to Alaska than an open season on bear, and we resolved that, if such were ever the case, we should certainly be out with our guns the opening day. The contrary wind must have carried some of our harsh thoughts, or perhaps they were disturbed by the presence of the Tusitala in Swan Cove. At any rate, they circled around the cove past the mouth of the creek and on out of sight. However, their gas andfishy smell must have lingered for some time, for the bear situation quieted down for several hours.

We ate lunch with the clouds growing darker, and about the middle of the afternoon it began to drizzle. We covered up the cameras on their mounts with our parkas instead of covering ourselves. Just as the water down our backs was beginning to make us yearn from the warm recesses of the Tusitala, we partially forgot the dampness in watching a medium sized black-headed bear roving about in the tall grass some distance down stream. We all identified him as the same one we had seen from the other blind, which had appeared twice and was always suspicious, spending most of his time wiggling his nose all around and straining his eyes in every direction. This time his antics were the same, and H. said that he was afraid of some larger bear to the windward, which we could not see. He soon disappeared and his place was taken by one of the small reddish grizzlies with which by now we felt very friendly. He romped about and fished and we waited well over an hour while he consumed two or three salmon and tore up several others, just for fun. He never came very close to us, fo that we could have taken a movie through the rain, so at last we decided to stop our camera hunting for the day and walk back to the boat. As we shouldered our cameras, swathed in oilskins, and stumbled over the boulders down stream, a grizzly jumped up on the bank, took a long look at us standing on his hind feet and swung away into the trees.

We tried to keep cheerful as we started the long two-mile trek across the flats toward the boat. As we approached within a half mile or so of our skiff, Brownie suddenly noticed a great head rise above a little rocky point, yellowish, almost the color of the seaweed which covered the rocks. We came within a hundred feet of the bear (which was busy eating a salmon) before it noticed us. As it rose to its feet, we saw that it was a full grown though not overly large female grizzly. Again our luck (or misfortune) held, for this bear, too, proved not only to have a contempt for humans but a downright hatred for them, as well as an overwhelming dose of pride. As we had caught her out on the beach, she was certainly not going to retreat or show any concern for us whatsoever. She looked at us for some minutes with her head down, and her ears pricked forward, then squatted and recommenced on the salmon, although we noticed that she swallowed none of the pieces she tore off. H. dumped his pack and told Frank to stand ready, as it was a bad bear. Almost at his words, the bear rose quickly from its crouching position and started at a slow trot straight towards the four of us. It was Sinbad all over again, on a larger and meaner scale. The head was bigger and the nose not so long as Sinbad's, but the widkedness in the eyes was the same. The swing of the shoulders betrayed more power and the great paws more ability to do damage, if she reached us. H. cocked old Methusaleh, the 405 Winchester, and Frank stood braced with the 12-gauge. H.'s

usual sarcastic and imperative remarks of "Get back there, boy! On back there now!" failed to make the bear even hesitate. The old bear man had one more trick left before he shot. Whipping off his old canvas hunting hat, he sailed it at the charging bear when she was some fifty feet away, while Brownie caught the action with the movie. The old she-bear started back on her haunches as the hat landed in front of her. Immediately recovering her fierce dignity, however, she advanced on the hat as if it were a live thing. She stuck out her head towards it with some curiosity mingled with rage. Whichever of these emotions it was which drove her, she grasped the brim between two fangs, tested it tentatively. Then she turned it over with her paw and proceeded to pull out the lining. We were jubilant, but H. was furious. He could stand anything but a bear chewing his hat and spitting pieces of rotten salmon all over the lining. "Let go of that hat, or I'll --!" he yelled, much louder than usual, but the bear did not even favor him with a glance. The scene was so ridiculous that we forgot for a moment that the bear was a grizzly and a she at that, and even encouraged the bear to further efforts on the hat. The climax came when we saw the bear testing with her tongue and front teeth the little button on the top of the hat, where H. usually stuck his cud of chewing gum when not in use. "She's got your gum!" yelled Frank. "No, she hasn't, either!" snapped H., wiggling his whiskers viciously two or three times as he chewed on his forgotten gum. "Shall I throw a rock at her?" asked Brownie. "No, you stay back there, " said H. "Do you want her to charge us?" But charge or no charge, the old man just couldn't stand one of those bears being disrespectful to his beloved hat. Stooping quickly, he snatched up a seaweed-covered boulder and hurled it with all his force at the bear's head. The boulder struck the shallow water a foot or so in front of the grizzly's head, and she reared back as if a jack-in-the-box had gone off in front of her nose, but retreat was not in that bear's vocabulary, and she was right back to investigate more interesting features of H.'s hat. "You get away from that!" yelled the bear man, taking a step or two forward and picking up a rock twice the size of the first. No big-league pitcher ever made a better shot than that, and, when one consideres that the target was a full grown grizzly - wild and angry to the point of charging, the feat is all the more remarkable. The pound-and-a-half missile landed plumb on the tender part of the bear's nose, where the sheets of bone from the nostril end. "Ooof!" grunted poor Inbad (which was the name that Art, with his usual taste, had dubbed the bear). Both the nose and the dignity of the poor bear were very much wounded. Inbad lunged back a step or two, as though totally unacquainted heretofore with the powers of an ordinary beach boulder. She ran out a long red tongue to feel tentatively the extent of the wound and to lick off the blood which was now beginning to drip out of her nostrils. The first look that she gave us was hardly what we expected, for the natural result of such an action would have been a thousand pounds of bear coming at race-horse speed directly towards us, or else running away. Inbad did neither, but licked her nose and seemed almost to be asking for sympathy. If we had extended any sympathy, it would have fallen on barren ground, for within a minute or so we perceived her old pride coming back in stronger measure and the vicious glint in her eyes reassumed. As H. and Frank advanced to retrieve the bedraggled hat, Inbad charged again. She hesitated and stopped only when Art and Brownie closed in again to make a solid line of four people. That grizzly just didn't have quite enough fight to tackle four people together. One or even two people in that situation would have been in a very bad way, for those teeth looked very yellow and long, and the long claws as she scraped over the seaweed dug deeply into the hard gravel. Brownie's last fifteen feet of film had been taken on the first charge, and she now tried to get some stills with her small camera, although the pouring rain was anything but good for photography. H. for several minutes afterward looked ruefully at his hat and smiled when he thought of his marvelous shot. With some yelling and threatening from more rocks, of which she was now frankly afraid, Inbad was induced to circle far enough up onto the beach so that we could pass by, thirty feet or so away, along the water's edge. We all felt not a little relieved to get past this obstacle, and hurried on towards the boat, leaving the grizzly sitting on her hunkers staring at us. We regretted not being able to use this opportunity to photograph a charging bear, but we couldn't change the film in the rain. We could see Inbad still in possession of the

beach, and, even when we were well out in the water towards the Tusitala, there she sat with her big, furry ears pricked forward. Almost the last thing we saw was her tongue caressing her wounded nose. It still remains a puzzle as to how a big grizzly could have been intimidated by a mere rock, but that blow squarely on the nose must have been blindingly painful. Had the rock hit her anywhere else, she must surely have finished her charge, and there were only three bear lengths between her and us.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 6

We rolled out of the sleeping bags at five o'clock and dressed to the patter of rain on the awning. Clouds hung low over Swan Island, and the cove where we were to go bear hunting was shrouded in mist. With unusual optimism, however, we finished off one of Joe's breakfasts and boarded H.'s outboard for the run in. As the tide was again low, we landed at approximately the same place as yesterday. As we had a longer line, we did not have to drag the boat up over the mud flats. In spite of the by now downpouring rain, there was no dearth of bear, and a small brown fellow was playing about on the outer edge of the flats as we landed. He seemed to belong to the semi-foolish variety, for he displayed neither fear nor anger, but carefully sniffed our scent and then proceeded about his serious business of wasting time on the tide flats. As we proceeded along the shale beach, we sighted two more bear splashing about farther up the cove. These last two, either because they tired of their sport or got a whiff of our sent, disappeared into the timber before we got within several hundred yards of them. The trek across the flats with the heavy cameras was no more arduous than usual, and in half an hour or so we were making our way up the northern creek towards our blind of yesterday. As we rounded a curve a few yards below our blind, the tall reddish form of a brown bear rose out of the grass at our right, looked down at us for a moment, then swung silently away into the tall grass. In the blind we tried to keep cheerful while we arranged a few additional very wet willow branches for cover. Enthusiasm began to wane as the water worked down our necks, but our attention was soon diverted by a bear working up stream from the cove, fishing as he came. We soon identified this one by the light patches on the hump as Susanna, the bear of the famous accordion episode. She proved very deliberate this morning about approaching near enough for possible pictures to be taken in drenching rain. As before, the grizzly seemed to be hampered by a great paucity of ideas as to how to pass the time, even on a rainy day. She just stood aro nd while we crouched in several inches of water behind the cameras. Finally we decided to take the matter into our own hands, and shouldering the cameras, stumbled down stream towards the bear. However, as Susanna had no accordion music this time to work up her anger, she bounded off at the sight of us into the grass on the bank. A moment later she rose to her full height to survey us once more before bouncing off among the trees. The photographers, looking a bit bedraggled, somehow managed the two miles back to the boat and on back to the Tusitala. On coming aboard, there was a great argument as to what to do next. It was finally decided to run with the tide down to Mole Harbor and there see what the weather held for the morrow. The Tusitala started off at about two o'clock and certain members of the expedition relished the opportunity to catch up on some much needed rest. Arriving at Mole Harbor a little before supper time, we had not yet dropped anchor when H. slipped off in his motor skiff with hardly so much as a word of farewell. The evening was spent in more plan making and catching up on notes, while the Captain and crew played cribbage.

MONDAY, AUGUST 7 -- It had been left with H. that, if the weather was good, Art was to come ashore at 5 A.M. and go up Mole Creek. H. felt sure we might have better luck with a smaller party. The others planned to sneak off to Bear Creek and try their luck, without telling H. Brownie would be well protected by Frank and the Captain, who had professed a desire to see some of these bears we had been telling about. Captain LePage is a crack shot. However, at 4 A.M. rain was still falling, in spite of a rising barometer. The Captain woke up Art, and they held a council of war, renewed at intervals until 4:30. Art was disgusted at the continued bad weather, and the Captain longed for a port where he could load fresh water and supplies. They decided to leave for Juneau, go on from there to Glacier Bay and return to Admiralty Island in about a week. We should arrive in Juneau about one o'clock.

Fifth Installment of Notes from Mr. and Mrs. Pack
(Juneau to Glacier Bay and Return to Juneau)

MONDAY, AUGUST 7 (Continued)

We reached Juneau shortly after half-past one, and had a little trouble landing, on account of the bad tide which hit us in a narrow place just as the Skipper was trying to get the Tusitala alongside a float. There was an exciting moment when it seemed as if our little dinghy, which was suspended from the starboard davits, would be smashed either on the dock or against another boat.

While Brownie and Frank went shopping for Christmas presents, Art paid a call on the editors of the Alaska Empire and gave the reporter a bear story. Returning to the Tusitala, we found the tide out and our good ship sunk so far down below the level of the dock that only the tips of her masts projected above it. We had a long and somewhat perilous climb down a ladder which was rather slippery, due to the rain. The yacht then ran over to the oil dock the other side of the Alaska-Juneau gold mine and loaded some much needed fresh water. Then she tied up for the night just inside of the great piles of rubble and silt dumped from the mine. Here was a well protected little yacht basin with log floats held in place between 30-foot piles, so that the floats could rise and fall with the tremendous tides.

After supper we went ashore again in quest of firecrackers. Hasselborg had suggested that we bring some back with us when we came and try out the effect of setting off a whole bunch in front of such recalcitrant grouches as Sinbad and Inbad. A man in a still open department store obligingly dug out his whole remainder of Fourth of July stock, and, although he couldn't find what we wanted, insisted that he was glad to have had something to do. Finally another obliging clerk in a drug store located what we wanted, carefully put away in the basement. We were surprised to find stores open so late, especially as Juneau has daylight-saving time. (Alaska daylight-saving time is, of course, the same as ordinary Pacific standard time.) On the way back to our boat about 10:30 we found a man still working in the office of a cold storage plant. He sold us a white-fleshed king salmon, weighing six pounds, and three or four pounds of that Alaska delicacy - halibut cheeks - all for $1.00. The fish had just come in. Most prices in Juneau, however, are very high, as all food except fish comes from the States by steamer.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 8

We pulled away from the float in Juneau shortly after four-thirty A.M. The rain continued all day, and we had only occasional partial glimpses of Mendenhall Glacier - none of anything else. The southeast wind helped along our course and by five o'clock we were feeling our way into Bartlett Cove in the lower part of Glacier Bay. After supper Brownie and Frank paddled ashore in the rain, saw some bear tracks, some ducks, and got a couple of crabs. There was another small and much battered gasoline boat anchored in the haven. Darkness was filled with the cries of gulls and loons on the tide flats.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9

Our neighbor came aboard about nine o'clock. He introduced himself as Mr. Burns of Juneau, guide and deputy warden with nothing to do. He said he had his wife and children aboard and was just taking a vacation. Early this morning he said he had seen a brown bear on the flats. In the cabin of the Tusitala we sat for an hour and talked, we asking questions about possible anchorages, behavior of the ice, tides, etc., for the so-called chart of Glacier Bay is mostly a large blank with the printed statement that navigation is extremely dangerous without local knowledge. After a while, although the rain did not cease, we put out and tried running up Glacier Bay for Sandy Cove, which would be nearer to Muir Inlet and the glaciers. Clouds shut down all about. We could not see where we were going, and, after sailing once around a small iceberg for

fun, we put into Berg Bay where Art and Brownie had lain with the Westward. Captain LePage had a bad half hour finding an anchorage. Then we all sat down to lunch.

In the afternoon Brownie, Frank and Glenn set off, garbed in boots and rain suits. They paddled up Berg Bay and explored while Frank, following the suggestion of our erstwhile friend, Mr. Burns, who said he was out of meat and was going to pick up a couple of ducks, succeeded in bringing in two golden-eyes and a harlequin. We had come to Glacier Bay for whales as much as anything else, and, lo and behold, three or four large humpbacks came sailing into Berg Bay, too, perhaps in refuge from the storm. They put on a splendid exhibition of jumping, less than a mile away from us, and, although this was one thing we wanted to photograph more than anything else, it was useless to sally out in the storm when the rain was falling so thick and fast that no photograph could possibly turn out well. Brownie and Glenn reported bear tracks at the head of the Bay, several miles above our anchorage.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10

During the night it began to storm harder than ever. The rain, driving from the southeast, beat in around the canvas strips hanging from the awning to souse us in our bedrolls on deck. All morning we sat in the cabin and read or worked at something. About noon the whales came closer and put on another jumping exhibition, such as we wanted so badly to picture. We could do nothing but watch it through the driving rain. Art worked at the typewriter on an outline for a book on the New Leisure. After lunch Brownie and Frank, begarbed in rain suits and boots, ventured ashore in the blinding downpour. Art read, wrote and watched the whales. They came within a hundred yards this time, but put on no very spectacular gymnastics. After supper in the evening, when gathering darkness, supplemented by the rain, prevented any possibility of picture taking, those whales appeared again off the point and went through a whole series of mating antics, shooting out of the water, splashing with their tails, rolling over and over, and beating the water with fins and tails, until the bay resounded as if to cannon shots. It was tantalizing in the extreme to eager movie makers.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11

The rain seemed to have yielded a little. There were only intermittent showers, but the whole of Glacier Bay was so choked with low clouds and fog that there was no use in going outside of the safe haven of Berg Bay, where we lay. Last night the whales came so close to the Tusitala that Brownie woke up and insisted that one of them was scratching his back on our canoe. This morning we got a few spouting pictures right from our anchorage, and then, convinced that they would surely put on a jumping party sometime during the day, we pulled up our anchor and chugged over to a point of vantage in the center of the channel, located so as to command a photographic base. We were within camera range of the place where the whales nearly always put on their show. Here, in over 100 feet of water, we let down the small anchor on a long line and waited. Several times the pair of them came quite close, but all they would do was travel up and down, not even bothering to sound with flukes in air. After lunch we pulled up the anchor again and followed the whales slowly into the extreme northern section of our little bay. Running along at very slow speed, we were able to creep up on them, in accordance with Art and Brownie's experience on the Westward two years ago. Their whirring, snorting puffs resounded and exploded, now on one side and now on the other, but we could get no further action. The great creatures simply would not stage any of the playful antics we had been watching for the past several days. At last we ran back to our old anchorage for the night, and, although the clouds had risen considerably, another shower came up. All day we had watched the blue-green icebergs drift past the harbor entrance. One very beautiful berg seemed inclined to float in on the tide, but it ran aground on a shoal just outside, and there it hung. After supper Brownie and

Frank set off exploring in the canoe for exercise. Art again refused to go in the rain, because of the uncomfortable effect on his eye-glasses. The explorers returned later to report a large flock of Canada geese across the harbor. Just at dark the whales began to jump clear out of the water. Again no photographs.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12

After breakfast Brownie and Art paddled over to a point on the other side of the harbor looking for wild strawberries. For some time they could find nothing but small patches of vines with no berries, but finally, on a second point, they discovered a patch so thick that in ten minutes they had filled a large kettle. These wild strawberries are rather light in color, but nevertheless just as sweet as the best cultivated strawberries at home. They grow as large as the end of one's thumb, and they are certainly as fine as anyone could wish for.

By this time the clouds seemed to be breaking up. We had had one or two light showers, but, on the whole, the weather was the most promising we had had in a week. The Tusitala chugged out of Berg Bay into the main part of Glacier Bay and headed north. Walls of fog hung low on the surface of the water, but yielded gradually as we approached, rising higher and higher. We pointed resolutely for Muir Inlet and hoped for the best. Soon the clouds began to lift enough so that we could see the top of Muir Glacier in the distance. Streaks of blue sky appeared in the northwest. Icebergs of every shape and description floated lazily on the now silt-colored sea. Some glowed with rich dark blue (supposed to be caused by an excess of oxygen, due to the tremendous pressure of the glacier). Others appeared more greenish, while still others were like white marble, streaked with black veins of gravel or silt. Captain LePage had never before navigated in heavy ice and was frankly worried, but fortune seemed to favor us, since each time we approached what looked like a heavy floe, a wide open passage would appear through it. The sun now broke through in patches. We were too far up Muir Inlet to be able to tell whether Mt. Fairweather had come out from behind the clouds or not. We had lunch, but the Captain would not leave the wheel or turn it over to anyone else. Now we could begin to see the top of the Glacier face, and the low island of glacier-planed rock which was to be our objective. On either hand the rocky walls of our passageway showed clearly where the glacier had once been. Every stage of recent glaciation, nearly every common phenomenon, was written on the mountain sides as if on some huge classroom blackboard. In due course, our pass appeared thoroughly blocked with ice fragments about the size of barrels. The Captain throttled down his engine and looked worried, although we knew that the Westward had often gone through much worse places. The Tusitala drifted slowly onward while Frank and Glenn with pike poles pushed and shoved from the bow. There was only a few yards to go for open water. Gradually the yacht elbowed across. Then all was well again. Half an hour later we floated up even with the rocky island a mile or more from the glacier face. It was now three-thirty. The little dinghy swung downward from the davits, cameras were loaded in, and presently, with Art at the oars, he and Brownie and Frank were rowing in towards a cleft on the south side of the island. Over our heads wheeling gulls shrieked and scolded. We came to land, moored the dinghy with a long rope, and climbed up the island's crown. The ice-scarred rock was dotted with pools of water and heaped with glacial gravel. Here and there little clumps of dwarf fire-weed had taken root, blooming with huge, wide-open blossoms to color the rock with bright magenta.

On the crown of the island, facing the glacier, we set up the big movie camera with the 17-inch lens. As Art had hoped, this lens would just cover a single small section of the ice wall from top to bottom, and we now had just what we wanted - a chance to photograph the ice breaks from a safe and steady foundation. The only trouble was that the whole mile-wide glacier had assumed an aspect quite different

from that of two years ago. The ice wall was a tumbling, serrated mass instead of a sheer cliff. It had evidently receded still farther and in places maintained only a fraction of its former three hundred feet of height. Captain LePage had now gained a certain amount of confidence in arctic navigation. He ran the Tusitala in and out among several large bergs between us and the glacier face, to have her duly photographed, but fled precipitately when one good sized chunk broke off and set up a ~~eel~~ swell. The only ice action of any consequence was taking place at the extreme right of the glacier. We examined with the field glasses several widening cracks around a pinnacle and concluded that eventually that pinnacle would topple over. We focused the big camera accordingly. It was a long and rather cold wait, but at last avalanche after avalanche of small ice particles weakened the main structure and then, to the chorus of, "Shoot, Arthur, shoot!" that fine pinnacle toppled and fell with a great echoing roar. Art got it all right from start to finish. Great swells now rolled toward our island and beat against the rocks, so that we were again glad to have chosen this firm foundation. The Tusitala hung around outside at a safe distance to ride out the waves, but our little dinghy was torn from its mooring and hurled up onto a rocky shelf six feet or more above ordinary water level, and that, too, although we had carefully left it on the back side of the island. The dinghy was not damaged, but we had considerable trouble getting it off and back into the water. We waited for some time, in hopes of another good break, but invain. Shortly after six we packed up our cameras, signalled the Tusitala where she stood off across the bay, and rowed out to meet her as she came. The Captain had had his supper and was thus free to devote all his attention to navigating our way out of the ice. We ate hastily and joined him on deck.

The ice was even more scattered than on the up run, so that we chugged along out of Muir Inlet almost without throttling down. Then, for the first time the Mt. Fairweather range began to open out from behind a point, all in snowy silhouette against an orange and pink sunset. There appeared one dark bank of clouds with golden mares' tails above, but it really seemed as if the bad weather had broken. The Tusitala chugged on down opposite Reid Inlet to Sandy Cove. In the gathering darkness we groped about and found an anchorage.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13

But Alaska weather was up to its old tricks. We woke up in the driving rain of a northwester. Although we ran out of the cove in hopes of locating some whales, we were all soon concerned only with ourselves and the safety of the Tusitala. She wallowed in ever-rising seas, pitched and struggled, while loose equipment banged and crashed and Joe sat in the cabin with his feet against the doors of the china cupboard, holding a vase of flowers Brownie had picked. Brownie and Frank grew green and thoroughly miserable, while Art was none too happy himself. To add to the complications, a number of icebergs kept blowing down upon us with the storm, and the Captain, unable to see through the drenched pilot-house windows, stood braced at the wheel on deck, shivering with the cold. The rain drove - not down, but horizontally - and simply soaked everything. In this state of affairs there was only one reasonable thing to do, and that was to run for Berg Bay, which we did. All hands heaved a sigh of relief as the Tusitala scudded through the narrow entrance and ceased to heave. We sought out our former anchorage and lay to.

After lunch, although it was still raining cats and dogs, Brownie and Frank developed a mighty yen for terra firma and set off in the canoe to explore a little lagoon on the south side of Berg Bay, which they had neglected before. (Here follows Frank's story.) Brownie was determined to bring back some sort of live beast or bird for a pet, so that she could while away the dark, rainy afternoons taming its wild spirit. As the tides sucked us in a swirl through the narrow entrance to the lagoon, we saw a family of harlequin ducks hitching themselves along like toy birds of wood. As best we could in the heavy current, we swung the canoe around to see if we couldn't

become the self-appointed parents of one of these fine birds. Mama Harlequin soon threw all our plans awry by diving under the canoe and appearing out in the middle of the bay, from which safe place she called all her chicks to do the same. We cruised on farther up the lagoon and tentatively thought of catching a full grown seal which craned his neck at us first on one side and then on the other. He was a better swimmer than we were paddlers, so we turned our attention to a bevy of young mallards. We soon had one half-grown bird diving and swimming around as we gradually drove him towards shore. We were just beginning to have visions of leaning out of the canoe and picking up our new pet when we sighted a flock of fifty or so great Canada geese, stalking along the beach on the farther side of the lagoon. Here was royal game. We left the little mallard flat and circled over towards the geese to see what they would do. There is always the thrill of autumn and of the open skies and of all nature itself when a great flock of these birds, honking and cackling, circles over the tips of the evergreens. We felt it was worth going a long way just to stir up these geese for the pleasure of seeing them take off with their majestic wing sweeps and honking cries. As soon as we had appeared in sight, although still a mile away, some old gander craned his neck up and cocked a bright eye in our direction. A warning squawk set the whole flock in motion, and we could hear them cackling and talking among themselves, evidently discussing the canoe and its two occupants. As we appraoched nearer, the old birds ran along the beach in a line, holding out their wings ready for flight. Suddenly at the flash of a light-colored paddle carelessly handled the leader rose, with the whole flock behind him, giving tongue to almost deafening cries which echoed and re-echoed back and forth among the small cliffs and sandy beaches. We sat drifting with the tide until the last bird had risen, circled and formed himself into a part of the great V overhead. At first five young birds,apparently at a loss as to what was happening, remained on the beach. However, a small group of older birds circled back low over their heads and with many squawkings warned them of the danger. We felt as these five birds rose to meet the others that we, too, by now could understand almost anything that the geese said. We were still thrilling to the fading honkings and the distant beat of the wings when we noticed two geese in the tall grass on the shore, apparently in distress. We immediately had visions of better pets than mere ducks and dug our paddles deep, forcing the canoe towards them. As the keel grated on the pebbles, one of the geese, evidently unable to fly very well, flapped his way to the water and started to swim rapidly away. Brownie circled about in the canoe, paddling this way and that to head him back to the beach. In a comparatively few minutes, Frank, standing on the beach, was able to wade out and grasp the bird as he swam under water, thinking himself well hidden. After securely lashing him up with handkerchiefs and neckerchiefs and everything else we could muster out of our pockets, we set out after the other goose which had gome out of the grass to see what had happened to her companion. We had found it remarkable in our dealings with all the geese around this bay how the community spirit seemed to rule them. Often we had noticed birds which had flown quite out of sight return to see what had happened to some of their companions and even alight again with them, apparently to tell them that they had better fly. The companion to our first catch could easily have gotten away, but as long as he was in sight in our arms as we tied his wings and his feet, she stood and watched. When we had the first one securely lashed in the canoe under a strut, the second took to the water and headed out into the lagoon. Frank this time tried his hand at the canoe in the wind and the tide. He swung back and forth as the goose paddled and swam under water or slipped along with neck held low so as only to appear a small dark spot among the ripples. Finally Brownie, with a terrific lunge from shore and in a great cloud of spray, emerged triumphant, With the goose in her arms. Taking off our oilskins, we wrapped up the geese securely and placed them side by side in the canoe. They appeared to be a male and female about half grown and with wing feathers not fully developed. Their mother had certainly been careless about educating them in the ways of the wicked humans, or we should not have been able to catch them so easily. Back on board the Tusitala we cleaned out one of the food boxes as a temporary housing for the new arrivals. The humor and wit ran high as Joe suggested that we keep our geese in the oven, and young Glenn MacGregor handed Frank a deck mop.

As we were eating supper, the watch on deck announced excitedly that another boat was coming into Berg Bay. Brownie and Art, scrambling up the companionway, soon identified this as the Westward. Captain Dykeman waved a cheery greeting as he anchored his boat close to the Tusitala. In a few moments he and Bill Alakangas, the engineer, were climbing up our outboard ladder and exchanging greetings. For the next hour there was much yarning and story-telling on both sides, with Brownie and Art exchanging, for the most part, bear stories with Dykeman's whale yarns. After the most exciting of the stories had been told, Alakangas returned to the Westward and brought back Mr. Carpenter who, with his wife and two boys, formed the charter party on the Churches' boat. Mr. Veetch, one of Church's men, accompanied him on his visit to the Tusitala. Mr. Carpenter had met Arthur at the Wilderness Club in Philadelphia and had seen his pictures there. It was on that account that he had chartered Mr. Church's boat and come to Alaska. He is Vice-President of the duPont Company and has taken many trips, for the most part in the vicinity of the Florida Keys and the southern Bahamas, in his private yacht. He was most interesting in his stories of the flamingo and sea-gull colonies on these southern islands. Captain Dykeman and Carpenter had a most interesting story of their experiences with black bears on Anan Creek in back of Wrangell. Here, in a little over half a day, they had seen upwards of twenty bear which came, one after the other, to fish for salmon in the creek. The proposition sounded so good that we decided to make a stop there ourselves and possibly take a few pictures to see whether the black bear's fishing methods differed from those of the grizzly on Admiralty Island. As the weather was beginning to clear, or at least the rain was falling a little less, some of us prepared our beds on deck, after bidding the party of the Westward goodnight.

MONDAY, AUGUST 14

At six-thirty in the morning the storm had ceased altogether, but a heavy fog hung over Glacier Bay. As it began to lift, the Captain hauled up anchor and, tooting a parting salute to the Westward, swung out of Berg Bay. We ran down the bay and into Icy Straits, heading again for Juneau. We had spent a week with very little accomplished. According to our original plan we should now have been putting into Ketchikan on the homeward run. The bad weather was to blame. Nevertheless we resolved to go back to Admiralty in the hope of getting more bear there, and perhaps we might encounter some jumping whales almost anywhere. Then there was the possibility of finding black bear at Anan Creek near Wrangell. Perhaps we should have to take the steamer home from Ketchikan or Rupert. The clouds lifted more and more, but all morning the mountains were mostly obscured. Icy Straits, at least, proved calm and smooth.

Sixth Installment of Notes from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pack

RETURNING JUNEAU TO MOLE HARBOR - LAST BEAR HUNTS

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15

We went uptown right after breakfast, bought some more halibut cheeks and a little fresh food and called upon Mr. Goddard of the Game Commission, to see whether we could get a permit for Brownie's "tame" geese. Although the so-called Canada geese of this part of the country are classed as migratory game and are under the jurisdiction of the Migratory Game Commission, they are not strictly migratory, because they stay in southeastern Alaska all the year around. They are sometimes referred to locally as the white-cheeked goose. Goddard said he would wire to Washington and try to have a permit sent to Ketchikan. In the meantime, Frank was begging packing boxes and purchasing chicken wire to make a large enough pen in which to keep the birds. Goddard very politely knocked off work and ran us back to the Tusitala at the oil dock near the southern edge of town, where the Captain had gone to get water. Goddard's young boy came along and was very thrilled to visit the Tusitala with his father, for he was an avid reader of Nature Magazine. A low fog hung over Gastineau Channel, and for a couple of hours after 10 A.M., when the Tusitala left Juneau, we groped our way along through white banks, tooting. Then, in Stephens Passage, the fog dissipated to reveal a sparkling blue sky on the first really fine day in nearly two weeks. The mountain ranges of the mainland, with their crowning glaciers, glittered and as the day wore on we sat on deck in the sunshine surrounded by piles of airing bedding and beneath rows of gently swaying socks and underwear newly washed. We reached Mole Harbor on Admiralty Island about 5:30, and after supper Brownie, Frank and Art paddled ashore in the canoe. We had brought f om Juneau the mail for Hasselborg and his nephew. Also, we brought tobacco, chewing gum, and a prize medal painstakingly constructed by Brownie to commemorate the famous shot with the rock that hit the grizzly on the nose. Brownie had covered a cardboard disk with gold satin ribbon, lettered "Champion Rock Thrower 1933" and from the disk hung by a lingerie clasp chain an appropriate pebble. The old man actually came out of his cabin to greet us and presently submitted to having the medal pinned on by Brownie. Secretly, he no doubt enjoyed it very much. Art had brought along his bedroll, and it was arranged that he should spend the night at the cabin, preparatory for an early start up the creek. We hoped that with a smaller party there might be more chance of seeing bear. Brownie and Frank returned to the Tusitala for the night. As they drifted down past the flats with the tide, dozens of mallards started up from the shallow pools. A "V" of wild geese drifted across the sunset far to the west against the mountains. Crowds of shore birds - turnstones, surf birds and myriads of sandpipers - twittered and flew along the edge of the water.

As soon as it grew dark H. and his nephew prepared for bed by hanging their pants on a nail in the cabin, blew out the lamp and ascended the stairs to their little bedroom in the attic. Art was bedded down in the "library" corner with a large flashlight close at hand, for the old man said that some bear might come out in the stream right in front of the cabin, and, if Art heard a big splash, he might get up and turn the flashlight on him. Art was just dozing off when a loud metallic roaring sound apparently just outside the window, brought him awake with a start. He seized the flashlight and rushed to the window, only to discover that the roaring sound came from the attic and was caused by commingled snores and the fiendish squawking of a complaining bed spring.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16

About daylight H. came downstairs and proceeded to make up the fire in the stove. He said his watch had gone the way of our own watches and he hadn't any idea what time it was. He made oatmeal mush and fried up a couple of trout, and then -

leaving Raymond to wash the dishes - H. and Art, garbed in their hip boots, set off up the creek. They made fast time up to the log blind, some two or three miles upstream, and that in spite of the fact that the water was higher than before and the going proportionately difficult. There was very little fresh bear sign. Nearly all day they sat in the log blind, most of the time swathed in a fine cold mist. Towards the latter part of the afternoon they made their way part way down and hid on a bear trail on the brink of the creek under a low-hanging spruce tree. There were tracks here of a mother grizzly and two cubs, and the half-eaten salmon smelled to high heaven. At length, about 100 yards downstream, a bear emerged from a thicket of devil's club. He was most uniquely and beautifully colored - a rich gray-blue with brownish under parts. The skin could readily have passed as that of a very fine specimen of glacier bear. Even H. waxed enthusiastic and said it was one of the prettiest bears he had ever seen. The old hair had shed out, so that when the grizzly stood up to survey the situation his big ears appeared like round blue saucers. Presently the bear went to fishing and caught himself a nice humpback which he proceeded to eat. Not content with one, however, he came back into the stream and worked up towards the hiding hunters. He caught another salmon and disappeared into the bushes. For a few moments all was quiet. Then suddenly H. shook Art's arm. "Look out, he's coming up the trail about thirty feet away. Get ready and take your picture quick! I don't know what he's going to do!" The leaves of a big devil's club parted, and there, ambling right towards the camera, came the blue bear. Hardly had the camera begun to buzz, however, when H. spoke again quickly. "Too bad. We've got to stand up and let him see us or he'll walk right in here on top of us!" Art was too interested in taking the picture to move, but H. rose behind him. The bear bore a friendly and deeply interested expression. There was nothing mean about him. He half rose up, poised for a second or two, looking straight at the two men, and then, without a sound, vanished.

About half an hour later a big brown bear with a black stripe down his back emerged from the same place where the blue bear had first appeared. This bear moved jerkily, and it was presently evident that his right front paw was broken at the wrist, for he held that foot up and it drooped almost at a right angle. Evidently he had been in a fight with another bear, for H. said that in a bear fight the animals most frequently bite each other in the wrist. Art really felt sorry for the poor bear, for he looked so hungrily at the salmon, and his hobbling gait seemed insufficient to catch one. Several times the camera buzzed as the big brownie hopped jerkily across the gravel bar. The bear waded into the water on the farther shore of the creek and worked up opposite the photographer; then he disappeared up a side slough, looking for dead salmon brought down by the freshet. It was still raining fitfully. Art and H. packed up the cameras and prepared to go on downstream, but were forced to wait a few moments when the lame bear again appeared. This time he found a dead salmon and hobbled off into the devil's club. The bushes were still waving as the men passed on their way down. Back at the cabin they found Brownie and Frank chasing salmon.

(Notes by Frank) That morning, while Art had gone up the stream with H., Brownie, the Captain, and Frank had set out in the canoe for a small creek about two miles north of Mole Harbor, where bears were to be found. This had to be done a little on the sly, as a licensed guide is supposed to accompany each photographic party which goes after these big animals. The morning was even more rainy out in the harbor, as we learned afterwards, than it was up Mole Creek, and the wind sang in the struts of the Tusitala and whipped the waves to whitecaps. After much maneuvering and balancing, the canoe was finally loaded with cameras and cameramen and pushed off from the Tusitala. The passage to the point of the harbor and up Seymour Canal was extremely hazardous, as the deeply loaded canoe rocked and wallowed in the troughs and over the crests of the waves. The Captain at the stern was an expert canoeman and guided the frail craft safely around the jagged reefs and seaweed-covered rocks, so that it shipped very little water. We kept on for the most part in behind the bulbous kelp streamers which grew on the sunken rocks and which broke to some extent the force of the waves. Twice we narrowly escaped gutting

our canoe upon a barnacle-covered rock just awash in the rough water. After a two-hour paddle, slanting against the wind, we reached the mouth of the creek only to find two of the accursed seine boats there before us. As we beached the canoe on the gravel, the boats started to pull out, evidently thinking that as long as we were there there would be no chance for them to seine the creek for illegal salmon. We were not sorry to see them go. We shouldered our cameras and walked up the creek, being careful to leave no scent on the grass or branches. There was abundant bear sign in the little meadow at the mouth of the creek and farther up the stream in the skunk cabbage marshes. We settled ourselves in a small log windfall and sat down in the wet grass and rotting salmon for a wait of several hours. No bear appeared either up or down the creek, nor upon a trail which zig-zagged down a steep bank directly opposite us. We talked of what we should do if the mother and cubs whose tracks we had seen there came down again. The continued rain did not increase our patience or our enthusiasm, and, after lunch, we started down the creek again, either to take up a new position or to return to the boat, as the weather indicated. All hopes for any pictures were dispelled when we saw three men armed with rifles coming up the meadow near the beach, hunting for bear. We addressed them none too courteously and they explained that they had seen a bear a little while before on the flats. In disgust we returned to the canoe, only to find two men poling a large skiff loaded with nets into the mouth of the creek for salmon. They seemed somewhat disgruntled at our appearance and upon several curt rejoinders on our part concerning the fishing laws, they departed. The salmon fishers belonged to the seiner, Phoenix; the bear hunters to a small dark boat, T-33, with no name. Chagrin at our poor luck seemed to lend us strength, and we beat our way back to the Tusitala in half the time it had taken us to come.

We scarcely had time to dry our clothes somewhat before setting out again in the canoe to get Art. We thought that the rain had probably driven Art and H. back to the cabin, also. As they had not yet returned, we employed our time in a little salmon fishing of our own, in bear fashion. We only then realized the pleasure that the bears get out of galloping up the creek and pouncing on the fish as they flopped over the shallows. Raymond joined us and put on a demonstration of dragonfly-catching in the meadow, which was fully as ridiculous as our salmon-fishing antics in the stream. Art and H. returned just as we were emptying the water out of our boots. Bears don't wear boots!

While H. and Art were loading up the outboard, Brownie and Frank returned down the creek on a favorable tide to the Tusitala. Art and H. soon followed, the bear guide bringing his knapsack and blankets to stay all night ready for the run up to Swan Cove in the morning. The evening was whiled away with bear stories, as usual, some of them the same ones we had heard before.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17

We woke with rain in our faces and the deck drenched. The rain was not surprising, but, accompanying it this time was a high wind, so that the stays and ropes of the Tusitala whined and vibrated in the half-gale. The Captain refused to move from the harbor and the shelter of the outward reefs, when he saw the heavy seas in the more open water of Seymour Canal. Brownie and Frank spent the morning in caring for the pet geese which were by now housed in a comfortable cage on deck. As H. had suggested many new sorts of foliage which the birds ate and also emphasized the quantity which they could consume, an expedition after bird fodder seemed imperative. Consequently, after lunch, H. volunteered to take them ashore in his boat, as it was much too rough, even in the harbor, for the canoe. A hundred yards from the Tusitala, H. found that he had lost the lock nut off of his outboard motor, and so returned to his cabin with the oars, after landing Brownie and Frank on the farther shore. While these last two gathered skunk cabbage leaves and inspected bear tracks on the beach, H. made repairs and returned to get them.

The thoughtful man had brought along a great bag full of selected victuals for the geese, and entered into a long lecture upon goose food and goose culture.

By afternoon the high wind had abated and came only in short gusts which heeled over even the sturdy Tusitala. By three o'clock the sun was shining through rifts in the fast-moving clouds, and, after untwisting the two anchors, we set out for the upper Seymour Canal and Swan Cove. As we passed the unnamed creek two miles or so south of Swan Cove, H., Art, Brownie, and Frank dropped off in the outboard for a short bear hunt before supper. Getting into the motor skiff was somewhat hazardous, as the waves were still high and we came near staving in the side of the small boat or scratching the paint of the large one, either of which was an equal catastrophe, as far as the Captain was concerned. Shortly north of the creek lay two of our usual enemies, seine boats, at anchor. Aft took a few leads of disembarking the cameras on the beach and marching up among the rocks. As we did not have time to take up our old position in the blind on the high bank, we squatted down in the marsh grass on one side of the creek. All around us the bears had matted down the grass, and the ground was strewn with bits of salmon left from their meals. The sun was getting fairly low and the shadows beginning to lengthen from the trees on the far side of the meadow. Suddenly, behind us in the ferns and devil's clubs we heard the crunch, crunch of a bear's feet as he slid down the bank directly behind our blind, not fifty feet away. Immediately everyone was activity, some turning cameras around and others scrambling for guns, should the bear walk directly over us. This movement evidently caught his eye, for he braced his front feet, glanced once in our direction, and scrambled back up the bank. A moment later he reappeared higher up to poke his black nose out from among the bushes and stare at us for several seconds. For a while we could hear him crashing around among the trees behind us, evidently circling to get our wind.

For several minutes we had been hearing a low growling noise, but each of us thought that it was somebody's stomach rumbling and had politely said nothing. At last a snort precluded any idea that it could be a gastronomical disturbance, and, after a series of these low sounds, we finally located the noise in a group of willows some distance up the creek. H. said there were at least two bears in the bushes growling at each other, probably over some food. The gathering darkness did not so much increase our anxiety for ourselves as for the possibility of getting pictures. Art stood up time and again with the light meter, to see if there was yet enough illumination for the movie camera. As we strained our eyes and watched, a big, dark-colored bear came out of the grass to the creek some distance above us. Almost at the same instant, a great brownish head appeared above the grass over across the creek, and soon another one beside it. How we wished we might have a picture of these two brown fellows as rhey stood on their hind legs and craned their necks, watching the black-colored bear catching fish. He soon captured a big humpback and retreated into the bushes with the silvery fish wriggling in his mouth. The two brown bears, one small and one unusually large, came out on the edge of the creek into view. H. said they were probably a male and female. Something seemed to bother them, even though the black grizzly had been unperturbed. They swung their heads to the wind with nervous rapidity and stood often on their hind feet to look out over the grass. We crouched in the blind, waiting for them to come near enough to photograph against the light on the water, but in a few moments they swung up the creek at a bouncing trot, looking back over their shoulders as though they expected danger in every clump of bushes. The sun had now completely disappeared and the smell of the salmon was getting worse with the evening breeze. We returned to the boat in the dusk and had the rare pleasure of seeing the clouds coloring pink and buff in the sunset.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18

About midnight the weather resumed its normal trend, and a burst of wind drove the rain in on our bedrolls where we lay on deck. Art retired below, having thrown an extra tarp over the two sleepers, and, when morning came, threatened to buy an atomizer

in Princeton and use it to squirt Brownie in the face during the night. Apparently, such treatment made her sleep the more soundly. Breakfast was at 5:15, as usual on bear-hunting days, and, although the clouds hung low with imminent rain, the bear hunters set forth in H.'s outboard. They had the usual two-mile walk across the tide flat, this time without seeing a single bear, but, as they turned up the mouth of the first creek, a large and almost coal-black grizzly appeared, fishing in the shallow water. There was no place for us to hide or to set up the cameras. A moment later the bear came bouncing towards us at full speed, and caught a glimpse of the crouching human beings. Without more ado, he turned and fled up the creek. We had not progressed more than fifty yards farther when Frank saw a large brown head appearing above the grass on the left. With difficulty he attracted Brownie's attention while the bear stood on his hind legs about one hundred feet away and watched. The rushing water was making so much noise that it was impossible to communicate with Art and H. until too late. This bear also dropped down and disappeared. We had almost reached our blind on the northerly creek when we heard a great splashing behind the grass and another black grizzly came galloping downstream directly towards us. H. slipped one arm out of his pack to free it for possible shooting. The bear was intent only upon the fish. Again there was no place for us to hide as we stood knee-deep in the rushing stream. At fifty feet the bear drew himself up, almost turning a backward somersault in his surprise. Then he, too, lit out for the woods, stretching himself to a speed that would have shamed a race horse. That made three bears seen, but no pictures.

No sooner had we reached the blind than it began to rain. We kept one camera set up with an oilskin parka over it, while the others remained in the packsack. Crouched over with heads bent against the rain, we waited rather miserably. An hour crawled by. Our blind was at the lower end of a little willow-covered island. It opened downstream and towards the right-hand creek, but the leftphand fork was completely hidden from view by a thick growth of willows. Suddenly a terrific splash resounded immediately behind a clump of willows which made our one blind spot. There, not six feet away, a big brown bear had stolen down and was fishing. Frank lunged for his gun, Brownie tore off the covering of her camera and looked through the finder, but all she could see was a patch of wet brown fur. The bear, still oblivious of our presence, was so close that she might have reached out her hand and touched him. H. and Frank were standing now with guns in hand. Art was cooped in against the willows, reaching for the second camera, but, just as he leveled it at the bear, the great creature saw us out of the tail of his eye and lunged backward, half rising. There was a second or two when the pose of all the actors would have made a world-beating picture, but there was none to take it. Then, in two bounds, the bear reached the right-hand bank. There he turned and peered out, his head and shoulders framed in the bushes. In a moment he silently disappeared to windward, undoubtedly circling to get our scent. This bear was a brownish blue, not quite so pretty as the one Art and H. had seen up Mole Creek. Once more we drew normal breath. We were sure that such a thing would never happen again, but Art nevertheless movedabout fifteen feet backward with one movie camera equipped with ordinary two-inch lens, saying that he would be ready next time to get Brownie and the bear in the same picture. The rain still fell. After a while we sighted a brown bear downstream working up from the tide flat. He came as far as the end of the long riffle which our cameras commanded and then ran bouncing back towards salt water in pursuit of a fish. Frank and H. had both risen to see where the bear went, and had barely sat down again when another crash sounded at the very edge of our blind. A perfect shower of spray shot over the low willows into our faces, and for the second time within an hour we had a big grizzly almost on top of us. We had only a second to note his light yellowish color whe, with a great lunge, he landed on a salmon about five feet from the nose of Brownie's telephoto lens. Once more she could do nothing as the spray drenched her, but Art was kneeling at the back of the blind, and his buzzing camera covered both the bear and Brownie for an instant, as this fellow, too, realized his mistake and plunged with all his strength for the bank. He, too, peered out from the bushes, and, circling to windward, disappeared. The surprise on that bear's face was certainly comical, but it

could have been no funnier than the appearance of our own faces, had anyone been there to record them. "Say," said H., "where were you pointing that gun, Frank? As far as I could see, you had it aimed at the bear's rear end when he was going away." Unfortunately, no one had noticed what H. had done with his own gun. Frank had merely thrust the muzzle of his gun over Brownie's shoulder in the momentary fear that the surprised bear might take a swipe at her in his hurried exit, and the gun had been still leveled as the bear turned to run.

Once more we caught our breath and re-covered the cameras against the steady rain. A third bear apparently tried to repeat the process which we had just witnessed twice, but this one circled too far behind the blind before coming down, and thus got our scent. We merely heard a big splash and got a momentary glimpse of his head and shoulders as he reared up before taking flight. It was too cold in the blind and the combination of puddles and the stench from the dead salmon added to our discomfort. However, we knew this was our last day, and we were determined not to quit. During a between-showers lull we ate our lunches and then settled down again, drooping like chickens in the rain. After a while the brown bear we had seen on the flats came ambling upstream. Brownie got a couple of pictures, and Frank, as usual, operated the still camera, but it seemed almost impossible to keep the raindrops off the lens. Unquestionably, the bear saw Brownie behind her camera when he was still 100 feet away, but he kept on upstream, passing so close to the blind that Art was again able to get a short-focus picture showing both Brownie and Frank and the bear. The brownie passed behind the clump of willows only a few feet away from us and grumbled on upstream, climbing onto a log and following it to the bank. H. sneaked out behind the blind and a moment later called to Art, "Bring your camera, quick!" The bear had circled clear around to windward and, as Art's camera went into action, he sniffed the air, for the first time getting our scent. Immediately he half rose on his hind legs thirty feet away and galloped off.

It was now 2:30 and we were all so cramped and stiff from sitting in the wet that we decided to move over to the blind on the other creek. Instead of picking up our tobacco ashes and orange peels and carrying them with us as before, so as to leave the minimum of scent, H. deliberately hung up the orange peels on bushes and scattered our tobacco ashes, in the hope of scaring off some of the bears which might otherwise fall prey to illegal hunters after we were gone. We made our way to the gravel bar on the other creek where we had had our adventure with Sinbad and where most of the pictures had been taken in 1931. Here we found that the freshet last week had carried away every vestige of our blind, and we had to construct a new makeshift. The rain fell harder than ever, and a cold wind blew. Out on the flats a brown bear poked around for a little while. We thought he might come up towards us, and he started to, but as soon as he saw us he ran off without having done anything worth photographing. A little later a black grizzly came out and went fishing on the flats, but he never came our way at all. Once Frank sighted a big brown head above the freshet-piled logs upstream. The bear came out on the logs, caught a salmon, turned around and walked off. We had plenty of distant pictures of bear, anyhow. By this time we were all pretty cold and discouraged and we stood for some minutes beating our arms and flexing our legs, trying to get the stiffness out. It was now about four o'clock and time to give up, anyhow. So, packing our cameras, we set out by the shortest possible route across the flats. We could not complain about the bear pictures we had gotten. We had close-ups and action far better than ever we photographed in 1931. The only things we had failed to get this year were pictures of several bears together or of a mother and cubs, and we were also disappointed because we had hoped to have a brush with another of the bad bears and have an opportunity to try out the effect of our bunch of firecrackers under such circumstances. Art had been carrying the firecrackers in his pocket all day for that purpose.

We had almost reached the place where H.'s boat was anchored when suddenly the old man stopped and pushed us back against a rocky cliff. "There she is, right ahead!" he said. "It's that old bad she-grizzly that we had the trouble with before. I don't know

what you folks want to do, but here's a chance to try out your fireworks." The mean-faced grizzly had seen us as we walked up the beach. She had had plenty of time to saunter off into the woods, but she was determined to be nasty. Accordingly, she now lumbered down toward the salt water and began to play with a dead salmon, to show her unconcern, while she eyed us furtively. Brownie took the parka off her camera and got ready. Frank stood on one side of her with his gun, and H., chin whiskers sticking out aggressively, posted himself on the other side. Behind them, under the slight shelter of the rocky cliff, Art got out his firecrackers and lit a cigarette to act as punk. The bear merely played with the salmon. "All right now," muttered H. "She's coming!" Art hastily lit a second cigarette from the butt of the first, which was going out. The grizzly raised her head, looked squarely at us, and came straight on, head down. However, her resolution seemed to weaken. Perhaps she remembered the rock that had hit her on the nose the last time she charged us. Perhaps as Art stepped forward from underneath the rock, firecrackers in hand, she recognized the four humans who had out-bluffed her before. She pretended she was just going for a walk up the beach and changed her course very slightly, so as to pass between us and the water. "Now is your time," muttered H., "if you want to try out those firecrackers." Art touched the package to his cigarette and hurled them at the bear. They fell just a little short, but even before they hit the ground they commenced to pop. To be sure, they were mild firecrackers, but they were something new in the grizzly's expérience. The bear reared back and bounded away, while Brownie's camera buzzed. (As the film could not show the firecrackers, it really made no more of a picture than numerous other bears which had been frightened merely by the sight of us.) The grizzly soon recovered her poise and pretended to be continuing her walk up the beach, but it was easy to see that her nerves were not what they usedto be and she couldn't help edging toward the safety of the woods. Once there, she sat down to watch us and think things over, but as we turned to continue on toward the boat, she sauntered out again and began to resume her fishing.

Brownie was bitterly disappointed at not having had more of a fight and wanted to follow up the bear, but H. was firm. "You people can go commit suicide, if you want to," he grumbled, "but I'm going back to the boat." He turned away and then swung around to scowl at Frank. "Anddon't you shoot her, either!" he growled. As a matter of fact, something had happened which greatly perturbed our guide. The buzz of an outboard engine sounded from the place where we had left the boat, and a gray craft shot out from the shore with two men in it. "Somebody's stealing our boat," muttered H., and started off on a running walk, leaving us to take care of ourselves. It turned out, however, that nobody was stealing our boat. Two young fellows who were making their living by shooting eagles for bounty had been on the way into the cove and had recognized H.'s boat. They stopped alongside of it. One of these young fellows was the son of a college professor in Oregon. He said that he had no use for education and had run away from college to come up here. H. warned them about the bad grizzly, but they said they had met her before on a previous trip into the cove. "How'd you get around her?" one of them inquired, and Art produced one of his remaining bunches of firecrackers. They thought that was a pretty good joke.

The bay was full of whitecaps, while the rain drove harder than ever. H.'s gray skiff plunged and twisted and pounded and splashed. Sheets of water came over the bow, and the old man steered with one hand and bailed with the other. It took us quite a while to reach the Tusitala, but she was indeed a haven of warmth and rest.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19

In the morning it was still raining, but the clouds began to lift and the Tusitala got under weigh for the last run to Mole Harbor. We saw one buck deer on the shore, and H. seemed happy for the hunting season which would open tomorrow, he said, as there is nothing he likes better than fresh venison. We were sorry to leave the old man, for he had certainly done everything possible for us, at least according to his

lights, and we had grown quite attached to him. On his side, too, he seemed to have unbent considerably, and even took it in good part when we kidded him more or less mildly. He showed his good will by cutting his guiding charge to considerably less than half of what he had been accustomed to charge to the Churches and their parties. He even told Frank that he would like to have him come out and spend the winter with him. "Of course," he said, "I got some prospecting to do, and you'd have to go along wherever I wanted to go." We had no doubt that that would be the way of things. Off Mole Harbor the Captain slowed down, the old man unshackled his boat from where she towed on a double bridle behind, threw in his pack (his rifle had been left there all night in the rain, as usual), and the last we saw of him he was jerking viciously on the starting cord of his outboard motor.

The Tusitala headed on southward while overhead the clouds parted a little and revealed glimpses of blue sky. They were only glimpses, however, and the closer we came to Wrangell Narrows, the lower loomed the clouds. In Chatham Straits there were numerous icebergs floating out from Leconte Glacier. We wished that time and weather had permitted us to run up and have a look at the Glacier. The Tusitala passed Petersburg without stopping and entered Wrangell Narrows to take advantage of the favorable tide. She came to anchor off a cannery near the point, where the tides from both ends of the Narrows met.

ANAN CREEK - BLACK BEAR HUNTING

SUNDAY, AUGUST 20

At midnight the Tusitala was apparently lying quietly at anchor, but sometime between then and four o'clock, when even the watchful Captain was asleep, the yacht started to drag her anchor back towards Petersburg with the tides and was discovered close to one of the red channel buoys. The engines were started at once, and we got under weigh with a favoring tide through the rest of Wrangell Narrows. About breakfast time we picked up a lone fisherman in a dory. He said that the engine on the cannery tender which he operated had broken down completely and he wanted to get to the town of Wrangell, where his cannery was, for assistance. He was a pleasant enough fellow - Norwegian, perhaps, with a touch of Indian blood.

Between ten and eleven o'clock we lay at the Wrangell float while Brownie, Art and Frank inspected a salmon cannery in operation. This cannery was exceptional, in that it employed all the local people, even down to the school teachers, instead of doing the usual trick of importing cheap Philippine labor from Seattle for the short season. Being by this time pretty well hardened to the sight of gory salmon, we even stopped at the cold storage dock where they were just taking in fresh salmon and bought a ~~Chee~~ Cohoe for the Tusitala's larder.

The yacht now entered Eastern Passage and went through the narrows into Blake Channel, following a different route southward from the one by which we had come up. Three o'clock found us entering Humpback Bay. Here the Captain stumbled about, looking for an anchorage until a man put out from shore in a rowboat and led the way close to a small rocky point. He kept urging us to run in closer still, but Captain LePage has an abiding horror of rocks, and fears to come within many boat lengths of shore, although such close-in anchorages are about all there are in most of the little stream-headed bays of southeastern Alaska. At last the Captain got the light anchor down with a long line, but was unable to reach bottom with his chain anchor. Our volunteer pilot now came aboard and we introduced ourselves all around. His name was Jack Pratt, hailing from Washington, D. D., thirty years ago. He was now a trapper and did a little prospecting like everyone else in this country. Anan Creek, which flows into Humpback Bay, is an experimental stream for the U.S.Bureau of Fisheries, and here they usually have a weir for counting the number of salmon going upstream, a base for tagging salmon to try to

find out something about their migrations, and so forth. The land here is, of course, part of the Tongass National Forest, which takes in practically all of southeastern Alaska. On Anan Creek, as on almost all of the creeks on the mainland, the black bear congregate during the season of the salmon runs, but this creek, being opened up by a boardwalk trail to the site of the weir, has been widely known to Alaska people and a few visitors from outside as a place where anyone could shoot a black bear without half trying. Because of this ridiculously easy slaughter, Stewart Edward White interested himself in having the small strip on either side of the creek itself set aside as exempt from the use of firearms, and it has been made a recreation area by the Forest Service. This new status was achieved only during the past year. Old man Pratt, who was now our host or guest, had got the job as caretaker. He sat on deck and talked for a while as we waited for the tide to recede far enough so that we could wade across the lagoon to the beginning of the boardwalk trail, and, meanwhile, the rain, which had been imminent all day, began to descend in earnest.

An hour later, garbed, as usual, in hip boots and parkas, Brownie, Frank and Art went ashore under the guidance of the trapper, crossed a narrow neck of rock above the boiling outlet of the lagoon, and then splashed across the shallower waters within. Even as we waded, knee-deep in the swirling current, we saw a black bear close to the water's edge, and another on top of a huge rock, gnawing a salmon he had just caught. Both bears ran off as soon as they had had a good look at us. Once across the lagoon, we came upon the fine new boardwalk constructed by the Bureau of Fisheries, and followed its cleated path through a thicket of tall weeds and into the spruce woods. This was the most luxurious and easiest wild animal hunting we had ever seen. We had not gone half a mile before our guide turned off on a branch walk toward a rocky canyon where Anan Creek boiled and tumbled in a series of wild and lovely cascades. The trail led up to where a spruce overhung the canyon and there we stopped, astounded. Less than a hundred feet away, across the toreent and below us, three black bears were clinging to the rocks, their eyes intently fixed on the whirling eddies. Presently one of the bears executed a dextrous flip with one front paw, simultaneously ducking his head, and proudly emerged with a flopping salmon in his jaws. This was more like the books we had read about bears fishing, and ~~natter~~ utterly unlike the ways of the big brownies and grizzlies on Admiralty. One of the other bears also succeeded, but only after a total immersion of some seconds. The third was not so skillful. He tried repeatedly to dish himself a fish, and as often failed. Finally he moved to another rock, where a blindly shooting salmon almost swam down his throat, and the bear got his supper at last. Meanwhile, the first bear proceeded to tear and eat his fish, using a fallen log as a sort of natural table. This fish was a stray red sock-eye which did not really belong in this stream at all. Its flesh was as red as blood. What a combination of colors was there, where the brown-stained stream lashed itself into foam, and the brilliant berries of the mountain ash set off the green of the forest undercover. Other bears came and went as we watched - a mangy, brownish one, next a large and sleek midnight black. The bears nearest him scuttled away as he advanced, and yielded up the choicest vantage points for fishing without even a snarl. And yet, even this proud black - king of the lot - appeared to us insignificantly small after the bears of Admiralty.

We moved presently to the next point above and looked down again upon the very narrowest part of the canyon, where the angry waters hurled past with reckless might. Here three or four great granite slabs were so piled as to create a dark square cave at the brink of the fall. Into it eddied the seething flood of brown and white, and swirled as if to make a resting place for the weary salmon which had thus far battled their way. Fortunately, the cave was but partly covered from above, enabling us to look down into it upon still another bear which used it as a sort of private cafeteria. At one end of the hole he had but to dip himself a fish, take three steps to dry land, and eat his dinner in seclusion. There was but one way into the cave, so that privacy during occupation was pretty well guaranteed. With cloudy skies and softly drifting rain, very little light filtered into the canyon. What there was was far from sufficient for picture taking of any kind. Reluctantly, we decided to wait until a better day.

The boardwalk, stilting across every side gully, thrust its way upstream another half mile to a neat and almost new cabin of milled cedar boards with shingled roof. This had been constructed by the government for the Fisheries men who operated the weir and counted the salmon on their way upstream. This year the weir was dismantled and the cabin out of use, for the Bureau of Fisheries had no money for such luxuries.

Back at the lagoon we saw a couple more black bears, and, upon reaching the Tusitala, learned that a small bear had been shambling along the rocks not far from the yacht. This place was a regular Yellowstone Park, as far as black bears went. We brought the trapper back to have supper with us. It was bright in the Tusitala's little cabin. The supper table had been cleared and the glow of shaded electric lamps reflected from the glass doors of the china cabinet and etched the polished mahogany of the ceiling beams. The old trapper was talking. What it meant to him to have an audience after his many lonely months, we could only guess, but we were enjoying it, too, enjoying his tales of the old otter which knew all about traps, of the Indian pit-light poachers upon our friends' "territory". "And how did you drive them off?" inquired Brownie. "Oh," came the reply, "I aimed for their legs, but I couldn't see very well in the dark, and that load of shot went too high. We've got a kind of tough reputation here in the Bradfield." So the stories went on and on, while outside the rain sifted down through the black canopy of darkness.

At length the Captain rose and looked out. "I can't see that rocky point," he announced. "We must have dragged our anchor." Hastily he rushed on deck and the rest of us followed. In place of the brilliance and warmth of but a moment ago, the inky blackness seemed impenetrable, and the cold rain, borne by a southeast wind, dashed icy drops against our faces. The anchor was no longer on bottom. We were adrift! But where? The Captain was hauling in the useless anchor line and barking at Glenn to start the engines. The searchlight snapped on, its long beam gleaming against a thousand raindrops and ending in nothingness. Somewhere astern the trapper's scow bumped in the churning of the propellers. The trapper's eyes first became accustomed to the darkness. "There's the shore over there," he announced, and indeed what looked like an imperceptibly darker shadow did loom to starboard. We all knew that the whole bay was too deep for any possible anchorage except in one little place, and that we must somehow find. The Tusitala ran slowly in the direction of the shadow. It was impossible to see out of the rain-soaked windows of the pilot house. All our movements had to be directed from the stormy deck where the other steering wheel was, and the rain drove in on the Captain as he stood there, jerking viciously at his engine controls, shouting for Glenn, yelling questions at the trapper, and calling to Frank, who crouched behind the searchlight on the pilot house roof and tried to direct its feeble beam upon some recognizable object. The black shadow grew closer. Suddenly the searchlight picked out a rocky cliff crowned with trees, dead ahead. "You're all right!" shouted the trapper. "Bear a little to starboard!" - "Can't you see?" barked the Captain. "We're going right on the rocks!" Furiously, he wrenched his controls into reverse. Art lunged to grab the painter of the towing rowboat and pull it free of the propellers. The Tusitala, as always, was slow to respond. She throbbed, gradually ceased her forward motion, and began to back off. A clutch was slipping badly and its rattling jar shook the engine room. "There's nothing to hit, Captain. No rocks out here," pleaded the visitor. "Don't get nervous." Then, nudging Glenn who now stood beside him in the bow with the lead line, he inquired loudly, "Nervous, ain't he?" Perhaps the Captain was too busy to hear this casual criticism. There was no doubt that he was worried. He continued to jerk at his controls and gradually turned the yacht out towards open water again. Then he circled and once more headed landward. This time the searchlight picked up the little point of rocks and held it steadily. "Heave the lead, Glenn." There was a splash and the sound of running line. "No bottom!" Again. "No bottom!" What a night! The cold rain trickled down our necks, for no one had had time to don oilskins. "Try her a little to port!" called the trapper. "Can't make it!" sputtered

the Captain, and once more the complaining clutch chattered as he threw her into reverse. The searchlight beam hung on to that one known object - the sharp rocky point. "I'll try her once more," announced the Captain between his chattering teeth. "Then, if we don't get a good hold, I'll head for mid-channel and try to keep clear until daylight. It's a bad business." On the next attempt the trapper let down our light anchor which had a very long line. It hit bottom at last, but skittered along without catching hold. He hauled it clear and very slowly we ran closer into a tiny cove behind the point, where the Captain had been afraid to go before, in spite of the trapper's assurances that it was all right. There at last the anchor caught and held in about ninety feet of water. Breathlessly we waited to see if the yacht would swing clear. Only ten yards from the boulders on the shore her stern passed, but that was enough. Presently our chain anchor was let go, too, and the excitement was over. The trapper pushed off in his scow, to return to his cabin on shore, but so great was the darkness that in a few moments we again heard the sound of his oars and he called that he had lost his way and come back to our lights for a new bearing. We all retired to bed, and even Brownie and Frank, for once, elected to sleep below. The Captain was still nervous, and watched off and on until daylight.

MONDAY, AUGUST 21

Oh, the rain! The steady beat of it, that sullen, maddening persistence! Outside is but a veil of gray. The slippery decks no longer tempt us to feats of sliding on wet rubber soles. The chill of dampness pervades even the cabins below - the smell of wet wool. With fiendish deviltry that mocking instrument, the barometer, rises, levels off, and draws its endless line of violet ink upon the paper cylinder. Still the drops patter on. Our feeble jokes about the weather are all worn stark and threadbare. The Captain is homesick, restless as a cat. He wanders into the pilot house where, pilot book in hand, he stands before the chart table and again refigures his tides and courses homeward bound. He can think only of his wife and new baby boy back there in Vancouver.

Through the water curtain we see a black bear hulking his way across the wet rocks. He is gone, and only a lone sea gull sits disconsolately upon a boulder in the rain.

Rain! The creek has risen overnight. It bursts upon the shore all afoam with its too heavy burden of brown-stained flood. Slowly the tide rises, driving the rushing billows back and back until the sea brims over into the round lagoon. There the battling salmon, defeated by the violence of the freshet, lie in tight-packed masses of bluish backs. Even they cannot breast that mightier torrent, which pours down the canyon from above with the roar of an endless express train. The bears will have poor fishing today. Perhaps the hungrier ones, tiring of their dens beneath the rocks, will venture forth at evening to raid those living islands of humpbacks in the lagoon. But how long it is till night!

Such a day as this measures its hours only by the spreading of the tablecloth in the Tusitala's cabin, when the pleasant duty of eating gives purpose to one brief interval. Then we again may wrestle and writhe with time, whose passing gives sparse comfort. For we cannot lie here indefinitely. We are already ten days overdue for a homeward start, and yet there are the bears, reaey to be photographed in the most perfect of natural settings, if only it were not for the rain. The rain! The rain! How it drives and soaks. How it veils the sky and sea! How it patters on the deck! It patters, patters in my brain! Damn the rain!

In the morning Mr. Pratt, the trapper, came aboard to visit. After lunch Brownie and Frank ventured out in the canoe, returning with a few blueberries and green things for the geese, which have developed an insatiable appetite. Then, towards evening, the three of us braved the rain to go up and have a look at the bears. Brownie

and Frank had seen one in the blueberry patch, but, after the manner of blacks, it had run off at the first sight of them. The tide was in, so that it was impossible to wade across the lagoon, and yet it had receded enough to prevent our getting the canoe through the entrance and up to the beginning of the boardwalk. The only alternative was to follow the bear trails all the way around the lagoon, and this we did. Several times we saw bears sauntering along the edge of the water, and laughed as they doubled up in their haste to get away. At the waterfall in the canyon the flood roared, overwhelming the boulders which only yesterday had been high and dry. But the bears were there in force, somehow managing to hook out a courageous salmon as it struggled blindly up, seeking the eddies close to the bank for a momentary rest, if rest it could be called in all that seething caldron. Again and again the black furry bodies of the hungry animals would be engulfed by violent waves of foamy brown. We wondered how they could ever hold on at all, yet now and again, although almost submerged, the swiftly well-timed paw and head movement brought victory and dinner. One brownish fellow, attempting a wide straddle between log and rock, had to execute an unbelievable split. One hind leg skidded and in he went, to disappear from sight in the torrent. It seemed to faze him not a bit, for he caught hold of a rock a few yards downstream and crawled out, not sadder and wider, but triumphantly, holding a flapping fish in his jaws. Alas, in that darkened canyon and through the rain, no picture was possible. We had not even brought our cameras.

Pratt, the trapper, again came aboard for supper. We could well imagine that he must be tired of his own cooking and his own company. Joe's good supper inspired him to tell of a prospector friend, who, having nothing left but beans and finding no proper sort of game, decided to try eating an eagle which he had shot. "Well," said Pratt, "he tried stewing it up with the beans, but the darned thing was so tough he completely wore out the first set of beans in the cooking and had to put in a new batch. He cooked it and he cooked it, and finally he cut off a piece and started to chew on it, Well, sir, that eagle meat was so dry that when he got it in his mouth it started to swell, and three times he had to take it out again and cut it in two." Our visitor was a veritable mine of entertainment. He told about going to Wrangell for a spree last Christmas, but when he got there he found he had lost track of the time, and Christmas was over. So he clebrated New Year's instead.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22

Although it rained as usual during the night, wonder of wonders, the morning dawned almost clear. Our chance had come at last. We collected our cameras and the Captain set us ashore in the canoe. The tide was well out and a ten-foot shark lay dead upon the beach. We had no time even to photograph him, for our single purpose was to get to the bears as soon as possible, since we had no confidence in the continuation of good weather. Fearing to leave scent by walking around the lagoon, we tried wading it, even though we knew the creek was high, and we paid the penalty, too, for our hip boots lacked about two inches of being high enough, and we were presently soaked. Nevertheless, without even stopping to empty out the water, we pushed on to the falls in the narrow canyon. Sure enough, there were two bears already there, but the light was very weak. Each of them caught his fish and presently disappeared. While the sun rose higher and shone down upon the hurtling torrent, the bank lay deserted. Evidently, the bears had had their breakfast and we were out of luck. Art went up as far as the weir without seeing any living thing, except a tiny wren that fluttered busily about the Fisheries cabin. He returned to the point just above Brownie and Frank and overlooking the cave which we knew to be the bears' cafeteria. After some time a lone black bear ambled down and into the cave. He caught a fish there, but his black bulk was almost indiscernible against the background.

It was nearly eleven when abruptly our luck changed. Bear after bear came down to fish, until at times there were half a dozen or more in sight at the same time. Evidently, it was bear lunch time. We shot film, reloaded and shot more, until presently Brownie came up to Art's point to say that all of her film had gone. She had shot the last of it on a mother bear which had brought two small cubs down to the water's edge near Art's hiding place and led them clear down to opposite Brownie where the mother caught them a fish. When another bear appeared upon the scene, the mother boxed her cubs up a tree. From where Art sat he could just make them out among the branches. After a while the other bear went, and the mother bear, going over to the tree, stood on her hind legs and apparently called to her cubs, although we could hear nothing, because of the rush of the water. In response to the mother's signal, the cubs came down to her and she again led them to the bank. Unfortunately, it was impossible to photograph the cubs up the tree or to get the mother bear as she called to them. The undergrowth was too thick and the shadows too intense. However, we got plenty of pictures of the bear family along the edge of the stream. This mother bear was so small that it hardly seemed possible that she could have two cubs. The care of them had evidently told on her, for her hair was short and frowsy, showing a splotchy undercoat of brown. Her legs were bare and gave the appearance of tanned leggings. The cubs, though small, looked lively and healthy enough for anything.

Most of the other bears were sleek and fat, but one was a gruesome sight, having three large tapeworms which stretched out for a couple of yards behind her. Frank devoted himself to taking still pictures with Art's Palko equipped with the 12-inch telephoto lens, while Art, after using up his film in the big movie, began to take color movies with the little 16 mm. camera. The sun, however, never struck fully into the canyon, and the light conditions were, perhaps, too bad for color pictures. About noon the Captain and Mr. Pratt appeared. They returned to the yacht for lunch, but we stayed on until about 1:30, when it was evident that the sun's rays would never reach where the bears were. Then, having used up our film of every kind, we packed up the cameras and moved down to the lagoon. We had seen so many bears that we actually lost count of them. The tide was at full flood, so we shouted, hoping the Captain or Mr. Pratt would hear us. There was no answer, so Frank left his pack and started around the edge of the lagoon on the bear trails, frightening off a couple of black bears in the process. However, just as he got around, Pratt appeared with his boat, and we all returned to the Tusitala in it.

The Captain was still quite as eagerly homeward bound. He had the anchors up almost before we set foot on board. Mr. Pratt said goodbye, and the Tusitala chugged out and down the channel in the warm sunshine. Bedding, clothes, boots, and everything we possessed hung on deck to air out and dry. The warm following breeze from the northwest was the first touch of summer since one or two days three weeks ago at Swan Cove. It was only the second time we had been warm since we came to Alaska. About supper time the Tusitala came to anchor in a snug little harbor behind Misery Island, called Myers Chuck. This, Mr. Pratt had told us about. Brownie and Frank went ashore for goose food and to set mousetraps. They returned subsequently with a salmon they had purchased from one of the seiners.

(August 23 and 24 omitted as uneventful, except for stopping at Ketchikan on the 23d and arriving at Prince Rupert the afternoon of the 24th.)