



ALASKA STEAMSHIP COMPANY

192

May 31 Left Portland 11²⁰ P.M. N.P. Train for South Pellyham

Requests C 197151 - R.R. fare Portland to "

C 197152 - Same berth Portland to Seattle

June 1 - Ar. Seattle 6⁴⁵ A.M. Left Seattle 8 P.M. G.W. Train to South Pellyham. Arrived South Pellyham 11²⁰ A.M.

Left South Pellyham on Catherine D. 3 P.M. for Ikatan

June 11 - Ar. Ikatan. 6 A.M.

~~Per Diem June 1 to June 11~~

June 12 Left Ikatan for West

" 23 Ar. Akutan Whaling Station

28 - 3 A.M. left on Whaling Schooner "Kodiak" Returned 6 P.M.

" 29 - Left 8²⁰ A.M. Akutan Ar. Unalaska 3¹⁰

30 Left Unalaska 6⁴⁵ A.M. Ar. Boguslof Is. 2¹⁵ P.M.

July 2 - Left Boguslof 8⁰⁵ A.M.

3 - Ar. St. George Is. 9 A.M. Landward Garden Cove

" 4 Left " " 2¹⁴ A.M. Ar. St. Paul 8²⁰ A.M.

Went ashore

July 4 - to July 8 At Paul

July 8 - 1⁴⁰ P.M. left St. Paul for St. George Ar. 8¹⁵ P.M.

July 8 to July 11 at St. George

July 12 - left St. George 6 A.M.

13 - Ar. Akutan 6²⁷ A.M.

14 - Left 4 A.M. on Whaling Schooner Westport for Sanderson Beach & Berling waters



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- July 16 - Returned 8 P.M. Adak
 " 17 Left Adak 3¹⁰ A.M. for Port Muller
 " 18 Ar. Port Muller 10⁵⁵ A.M.
 " 19 Hersenden Bay
 " 20 - Deer Creek
 " 21 Left Port Muller for Bear River & Bear Lake
 Ar. Bear Lake 6 P.M. Camp July 21 - July 27
 " 27 - Left camp 5⁴⁰ A.M. Ar. Port Muller 12¹⁰ Left for
 False Pass.
 28 - Ar. False Pass 9 A.M.
 29 Left False Pass 11 A.M. Ar. Long John's Lagoon 3 P.M.
 30 - Left Long John's Lagoon 4³⁰ P.M.
 Aug 1 - Ar. Karluk 6 A.M.
 2 Left Karluk 12¹⁰ Ar. Ugak 2 P.M. Larsen Bay 5 P.M.
 3 - Zackar Bay
 4 - Head of Ugak Bay
 5 - Zackar Bay and cruised up river at head.
 6 Camped up river
 7 Returned to Zackar Bay Left 3 P.M.
 8 Ugak 10 A.M. Left for Spiritan Bay
 9-10 Camp at head " "
 10 Left for Ugavik Bay 4 P.M. Arrived 8 P.M.
 11 Left for Kotliak 3 P.M.



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- Aug 12 Ar. Kodiak 7 AM.
- " 15 Left Kodiak 4 AM. for Afognak. Ar. Plover Bay
17³⁰ AM Seal Bay 4 PM.
- 16-17 Camp up River at head of Seal Bay
- 18-19 " " Explored lakes.
- " 20 Left Seal Bay 9³⁰ AM. for Cook Inlet
- 21- Ar. Seldovia 9 AM. Left 11 AM for Kachemak Bay.
- 22-30 - up river head of Kachemak Bay, Kenai Pen.
- Aug 30 - Left Kachemak Bay 10¹⁵ AM. Ar. Seldovia 1⁴⁰ PM.
Left Seldovia 2³⁰ PM. Port Graham 4.45 PM Port
Chatham 8⁴⁵ PM. Anchored
- 31 - Left Port Chatham 4²⁰ AM. Anchored at Sunday Harbor ^{9⁴⁵ AM}
- Sept 1 - Left Sunday Harbor 8³⁰ AM. Nuka Bay 12³⁰ PM.
- 2 - Ar. Seward 8 PM.
- " 19 Left Seward St. Ignace 1 AM.
- " 25 Ar. Seattle 2³⁰ PM.
- " 25 Left Seattle 4³⁰ PM. St. Michael RR Ar. Port 9⁴⁵ PM.
Jenny's bridge 11 PM.

Salmon —

Visit big cannery —

Yacht at wharf

Breakfast just over —

Natives getting into places —

Men at carrying troughs —
showing fish by 1000's
into cutting rooms —

heads quick slice through

middle — scraped clean

sent on to next —

cut into steaks — Circled

into little filets (?) and

pressed into cans — Cans

on round revolving

cylinders — a click the

cover is on — and so on

as the seconds pass

the stopped cans are —

shoved into steam vats

for so many minutes

by high pressure —

rolled out again on

trucks, each with 10

Many dozen, passed by
a peering man who
picks out faulty ones &
shooes them off - rolled
into Cooling ^{and} Counting
rooms to be counted and
put into cases - ready
to be loaded on a big palm
ship and wafted back
along the sunset route
between little islands to
the States - and the Markets
of the world.

VI -

- Joe. years
- 1 - Burro's head "popped into view as tho they came thro a hole in a black sheet."
 - 2 - Desc. Joe
 - 3 - Humor
 - 4 - "Where'd you get the low-life?"
"Take care lest the last shall be first one day!"
 - 5 - Tweaked Wink's ear.
 - 6 - "You wouldn't ride a low-life!"
 - 7 - "Not unless she wants -"
 - 8 - "---- found out Beans is your little brother's sister"
 - 9 - "Oh, you kick against the pricks. We saw things alike once". ~~End~~
 - 10 - "Every last thing that lives is a friend, if you look close"

VII - Introduction -

- 1 - "Had burro - name Harry, because he didn't."
- 2 - "Peace be unto you, Ma'am"
- 3 - Lousy sensed
- 4 - Martha goes back to bed.
- 5 - Who was he? - converted cowboy!
- 6 - More philosophy -

VII - Disappointed at Joe's irregular code -

- 1- Depend on finding things provided
a- razor
b- food

2- Ed tells about "Crazy Joe"

3- Not crazy - got religion.

4- Martha takes under waterfall.

IX - Learns more of Joe -

1- Not tiresome on Bible, sincere

2- Climb to cave on cliff -

3- Ruth follows part way, then
could hear her melancholy
braying like blasts from a
broken trumpet.

4- Joe's answers always deep
and reasonable.

5- Joe sings Indian prayer
song - answer to Martha.

X - Joe walked by horse's side.

1- Told about country &
animals, etc.

2- Relation to nature -
nature figures in
description of "horse-like
mantel ornaments"

3- Ruth pattered behind
like a devoted dog.

4- Lay by fire-head on shoulder

- XI - More Lauder with history
- 1 - "Play nurse to lowlife!"
 - 2 - Joe says Black Eagle
 - 3 - "He'd been wild" - so let him go rather than sell him.

- XII - Accident to Tony -
- 1 - Camped in bowl of old lake.
 - 2 - Riding upstream - horse fell - stream of blood after.
 - 3 - Joe "knocked it together" - miracle - rest for a week.
 - 4 - Buzzard again - "you come quick!"
 - 5 - Conversation between two.
 - 6 - "There is peace for him who asketh."
 - 7 - In the mountains changes can happen & earthly things can be forgotten.

- XIII - Meet other Party
- 1 - Driver of guide - Ed. "Think they're playin' white men and Indians"
 - 2 - Noisy women - yanked up ponies.
 - 3 - Delay explained.

- XIV - as lurks about
Campfire - finally appears.
1 - Embarrassing scene -
"That's why I came back.
We will do God's bidding
together!"
2 - Understands she sees
in him "Crazy" as "
3 - He was gone.

- XV - Martha home -
1 - Ed's letter - as starved
in mountains - trapped
by heavy snow - airplane
saw log life - chance to live.
2 - Martha understood.

"Isn't this going to be
a lack of a trip? not
think, instead of going to
Europe where everything
is easy and nice, here
we are on Dad's little
yacht headed for the
Bering Sea - the wildest
ocean, the wildest is-
lands, and the wildest
people that any of us
has ever met before!"
Liz's eyes darkened as
she thought of it; she
was a little grieved and
frightened. Little she knew
how different the scenes
and adventures before her

were going to prove from
the care free, joyous
days of her college life,
or the other thrilling trips
to Paris on wonderful
boats with all the gayety
& big hotels. Her last trip
across on the Royal Belgian
had been something to remem-
ber. And there was Percy
Remsen, the stunning, stiff,
aristocratic English boy -
perfectly stunning - with
whom she had danced cas-
ually in the grand Salon on
the first night out, and
whom she had met cas-
ually the next morning at
the tennis courts, and that
evening promenaded arm

5
in arm with him in the moon-
light, and finally sitting very
close in a dark corner,
was shocked at the sound
of her father's severe voice
reminding her how late-
or early - it was. She
had on a white angora sweater
fluffed up under her dark
curls, and full short black
velvet skirt. Her eyes
shone as Percy's blond
head bent ~~over~~ and close
to hers in the dark and he
left his light breath as
his arm encircled her
shoulder. "Tomorrow night
here, after the dance?" he
whispered as he drew her
close and his lips touched her
hair? "For answer she leaned

6
closer against him, the
touch of his coat, the
servant's presence of him
thrilling her to breathless
silence. So they had sat till
the morning voice had startled
back to life - and time.

Program — ①
Sailing of Astoria

Description

Train

Pier scenes

Characters —

Barbara Peg, Cronies

Bill and Bill

2 Fathers & Mothers

Cuffy & Tuffy - Seacub
mascots -

Adolph - chef -

Bill - 1st Engineer -

Chili - 2nd " -

Jack - Cabin Boy -

Captain Grook -

First Mate Dykeman -

Bellingham Seattle Yacht Club.

Lazy days -

Boozy punchets -

Passing islands -

Dreamy nights - inside channel

Outline

2

Eagle nests -

Vancouver - B.C. -

Beautiful bay -

Little yachts bobbing in rows -

Tooting horns -

Torists and mountains back

New worlds ahead -

Vast views - space - - -

Explore Black Lake -

High - deep, dark - hemmed
in - Indian dug out -

"Dad", Bill II., and Peg -

Others follow path, sit on
little promontory - silence -

murmurous voices - cigarette

light - splash! Deer in

water - frightened - silhouette

jumping - gone - return &

dug out

Hardy Island - Tom Brazil -

visit - tame deer - pheasants

Lawn "freezing" - lay on

log boom - "no photographs".

Outrigger — 2 —

Sunset in Toni's shut-in little
cove - departure - storm -
log - booms adrift - dan-
gerous in dark - Put in
at King's Cove (no!) -
tied up to pulp dock -
went ashore - bought news-
papers, candy, etc - Movie-
pirates in sunken ship in
Largasso Sea - Tremorition
hurried back to boat, heavy
wind - lurid light over
sea - voice & light -
yacht gone - rammed
by big pulp barge - at
another dock disabled -
jumping down to deck -
rolled all night - point
howled - Fixed in fore-
noon - on the way
storm gone south - Ketchikan -
emerald green - long docks biting

~ Outfit ~ ~ 4 ~

water - burial places of
Indians along shores of little
islands - rude - topped by
wooden figures of birds and
totems to beguile evil spirits -
wild, primitive - lonely -
across Gulf of Alaska -
around Kodiak Island -
Shelikof Straits - evening
under flaming volcanoes
backed by sunsets - visit
salmon cannery at
(description) - Karluk
Bay - counting salmon by
foot. (enlarge) -
Ikabau - big salmon ship -
loading - gulls, screaming -
on trailer - supplies, mail -
buying things at company
store -

Outline — — 5 —

Departure - leaving all
charted ways - in False
Pass - reindeer Passage -
broad, shallow, swift
Stranded on bar! ^{Part II -} Lay
to on side till tide changed -
(fill in story)

Part II. - Off bar - night and
storm - noises - seasickness -
glory of morning - still
rough - description of is -
lands, shorelines, volcanoes,
Camp on Unimak - bear cub -
story — — —

Ketchikan, Alaska,
June 4, 1926

Dear Richard:

Sent a few more quail pictures to you the day we left for the northern trip. Didn't get all that we wanted, but think you can make out till later if others are needed.

The expeditioners are pushing into the far north. And it already feels far and far away. There isn't any twinkle of lights on the wooded shores; only the white waterfalls trailing out of the sky as they pour down the steep mountain sides. Once in a while a pair of combative eagles wheel at each other, flashing white heads and tails against the green. But no human beings are seen for days at a time. The vibrating old boat is headed for the outposts of half civilized people who live with the salmon, the sea otter, the seal, the big bear, moose and reindeer.

We get into Ketchikan tomorrow morning at six where we stay for two or three hours unloading a few tons of cement; then on up to Spencer's Inlet in Icy Straits where we plunge out into the wild ocean across the Gulf of Alaska. For two or three days we roll along out to Kodiak Island, then on to Ikatan in False Pass, where we expect to meet the Westward. Our first venture into the interior wilds will probably be up Uyak Bay on Kodiak Island for bear and up into Cook's Inlet for moose. In July we go out to the Pribilofs to the seal rookeries. We have been reading Mr. Preble's report on the seals and are looking forward to this trip. There is a botanist named Haley sent up here by the California Academy of Sciences and the University of California who tells interesting things about the plant life and the abundant flowers on the Pribilofs. Mr. Christoffers in charge of the Pribilofs is on the boat with us, and also several salmon cannery men who have offered us accommodations at their stations around in Bristol Bay if we want to explore that region. It is good to have some friends up in

this forsaken land, because both transportation and lodging are dependent upon their courtesy. Besides we are looking for some good salmon pictures.

At any rate, before I get through I expect to feel like a Laplander, but I am afraid I cannot act like one on the water. It looks like breakers ahead.

The only chance of any mail reaching us is at Seward. The Westward will probably be in there at some time on the trip.

Best wishes to all the Westwoods.

As ever,

Steamer Catherine D,
June 10, 1926

Dear Richard:

We have just left Squaw Harbor, Unga Island, and are now out on the rolling ocean again, and rolling she is. But I have got my sea legs now, so let'er roll. We have had some good ones lately that trimmed us all up, so we don't like things too tame. Word received by wireless last night that the Westward is just ahead of us, so we are going to meet at Ikatan about on time. We get in there tomorrow morning. Wireless also said "twin mascots aboard- bear cubs." That will help things a lot. It keeps me fairly busy looking at all the mascots we might have up in this part of the world,- the several kinds of gulls (souls of lost sailors) that accompany us when we hug the shorelines, the sea parrots, the jaegers, the auklets and the "goonies" (black-footed alabatross) that follow us out at sea, the seals that bob their black heads up now and then on their way up to the Pribilofs also, and the big whales that wallow and sport about in the evenings. This is a mighty live part of the earth.

And there are other things alive, too- the volcanoes. We have been travelling for the last few days into the most marvellous scenery that I have ever beheld. We slide along slowly, fish-boat style, into one blue bay after another surrounded by a circle of snow-capped, jagged mountains, with here and there smoke curling up from craters. There are many active volcanoes in this region. We sit on deck till half past nine or ten o'clock and watch the sun set behind these smoking mountains. A night or two ago it went down back of old Mageik, which belched black smoke clouds against the red sun, and brilliant shadows flared out in all directions, lighting up the sky. Not far away the hollow crater of Katmei loomed up. It has been dormant since it blew up a few years ago.

In every tide-water bay that we visit, the salmon ships lie at anchor. And we are visiting at least one fishing place a day now. At Larsen Bay, the Karluk River comes out, said to be the finest salmon stream in the world. Here we took aboard Dr. Gilbert, the expert for the Bureau of Fisheries, who has been conducting such interesting experiments in the life history of the Alaska salmon. From the weirs in

this river he has marked 50,000 two and three-year old (mostly two-year olds) salmon that are now going out to sea from their inland lake for the first time. This is to find out where and how far away from their home stream they go, and how long before they return to it. At Squaw Harbor where we were today, he has tried another experiment. Out of one of the most profitable traps on the coast, belonging to the Pacific American Fisheries, he took 10,000 salmon coming in to spawn, marked them with a metal tag, and threw them overboard again to go on their way. By this method, he found out that many of them were later taken in the gill-nets of Bristol Bay, a fishing region away to the north around the point of the Alaska Peninsula. By this work, the Bureau of Fisheries keeps a regulating hand over the commercial cannerymen and are able to protect the great salmon runs from depletion. The cannerymen are agreeing gracefully, if not voluntarily. But the Bureau is looking out to protect their big investments also, and I think they are in no danger of going on the rocks. At the Karluk cannery, belonging to the Alaska Packers, they expect to take 200,000 cases (48 cans to the case) at \$12.00 to \$14.00 a case. They wouldn't stop at that either, if there were more fish to can. The Alaska red salmon has a very long run, from March to October. So much for the fish.

There is so much to see and learn up here at the top of the world that one could stay around for ten years and still be at the beginning of things. New islands come up out of the sea any old time, and others are settling out of sight. Bogoslof Island out at the end of the Aleutian Chain, has come up and gone down several times. And out on these far and young islands are found fields of flowers and plants that have come from no one knows where. It seems impossible that the winds and the waves could have been the planters. It may have been the birds that ply the highways of the sky back and forth from the homes of people to the sea-bound rocks. And back to these wind-blown sea islands come the fur seals to breed and go again in the fall, for they have no use for land except in the breeding season. Icy mountains and icy waters make good fish and fur.

This is about all- except that we are taking pictures at a wild rate. Can't tell the results as the weather is either misty or rainy.

Best wishes to all the Westwoods away off in warm

Washington.

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Two Big Game Animals of Unimak Island.

On the morning of June 15th, the wanderlust seized us for seeing a little something of the country around our camp, so the two camera cranks slung the knapsacks on their backs filled with cameras, film, ~~and~~ lenses, and field-glasses- always field-glasses- and struck off toward the foot of Shishaldin, sparkling in the morning sun. The two Campbells had already gone on before to skin and cut up the caribou killed for meat the night previous. Before we caught up to them, they had spied more caribou ranging the plains ahead, so they were crouched behind a knoll watching them. We crawled up behind them, and soon most of the members in camp had joined us in ambush to watch the caribou. But there seemed no way to get near enough to picture them, as there wasn't a tree nor a ~~spring~~ of cover between us and them. Finally, Campbell, Sr. volunteered to maneuver out around a big hill and see if there was any approach by low ground or intervening mounds over to the other side of the grazing herd nearer the lake shore. We were to await his signal to come around that way if it was feasible.

The wind blew bitter across the waving ~~moss~~ ^{moss} tundra. We sunk as far as possible into the beds of moss on the lee side of the knoll and pulled our coats and sweaters close up around our necks. But still the breath of the white mountain froze us, and worst of all we had to keep still and not show any movement above the rim. Caribou are alert to pick up any strange object or movement even at long distances.

The caribou grazed along, edging slowly further away toward the lake. They had seen us, or had a sense of our presence. But they were not frightened, ~~but~~ merely uneasy. Finally two of them ~~laid~~ ^{lay} down, but with heads in our direction, and eyes ^{to scent the breeze} (and noses) on the watch. The wind was favorable to us, blowing in our direction. If it had been blowing toward them, they would have been up and away before this. But getting no man scent, they were merely curious about what lay behind that hill-top. They

might have rested easy: there was not a gun in the crowd.

Soon it was noticed that a watchful old cow had leveled her eyes off toward a hill near the lake. It was from this direction that we were impatiently awaiting a signal from Campbell. Slowly and dimly a lumbering object loomed off in the distance, moving straight out into the open tundra toward the caribou. It certainly was a brown bear. Where was Campbell? Had he and the bear crossed tracks? The two caribou still lay quiet with eyes riveted on the bear. The rest of the bunch had grazed gradually over toward a higher level near the other end of the lake, and joined another bunch that were leading off up the hill. On came the bear deliberately stopping once in a while. The two caribou got up liesurely, but with a purpose, and grazed slowly back toward the herd, keeping their eyes on the clumsy bear. Soon they dipped over the rim of a knoll and were out of sight. Then the bear stood up and walked toward us. It was Campbell.

In the meantime, the camera hunters jumped up and made a dash for the next knoll nearer the caribou. Now running over the tundra with its surface like a bubbling sea of green hummocks and tussocks of grass, constantly hopping up and down, and with packs on one's back, is not so easy as it looks. The mat of moss is soft and slackens momentum and often the long, wiry grass tangles one's feet. It's a pull of energy and will power, and when one gets to a stopping place, he is sure to be winded and ~~ready~~ ^{By relay} to drop down for another watch over a hill-top. In this way the two lessened the distance between them and the caribou hill, and met Campbell out in the middle ^{of the valley.}

"There isn't any way of getting near this herd in its present position, as they are on high ground and can see every object on the plain," ^{he said.} Your only chance is to skulk along in the hollows on your hands and knees down to the lake shore where a cut-bank borders it and leads over to the ^{foot of} caribous' lookout. In this way, you may come around a point square upon them. Then stand up and pump your gun fast for the most you can get in the few minutes

(3)

they will stand for it," he advised.

We accordingly worked along over the low hummocks and behind hills squinting an eye over the tops at the caribou occasionally. A herd of sixteen were now feeding quietly on a high hill some distance away. We reached the rim of the cut-bank and dropped over the edge with relief as it had been tedious going over the tundra. And now we looked off over a new world. At our feet lay a wide flat marshy margin of the lake, and those who lived there were not bears and caribou. I looked down ~~waps~~ upon a ~~bubb~~ clear spring bubbling out of the bank at my feet, and as we settled down a pair of pintails flushed with excited eyes and movements out into the tall marsh grass. They didn't go far, but for some minutes sidled around in the tiny tricklets of water that threaded in and out of the bogs, eyeing us sideways and suspiciously as if they couldn't make out what we were. Certainly we had no business there. This peaceful nook by their spring had never ~~been~~ been invaded by human beings before. Anyway, the best thing to do was for them to fade away from before our eyes so we might be deceived about that nest that lay cuddled in a cool corner of the bank. So all at once they were gone with no noise, not even a tell-tale ripple of the water nor rustle of the grass. ~~Bxxxxxxx~~

But still the broad marshland breathed and bubbled with life. Sandpipers by the dozen, but always in pairs, were so busy courting that they couldn't pay any attention to other folks. Like little sky-rockets they soared into the air and floated back to earth, pouring forth a plaintive, ecstatic song of love. The morning in the marsh was musical with ~~the~~ rippling whistles as here and there in quick succession the delirious sprites launched into the air. *One does not think of a sandpiper as a composer yet there had a beautiful song*
Combustion machine & whistle

I sat silent and half smothered in sedge on the bank. Two little lovers fluttered up and settled just in front of me. They looked me over, ~~and~~ *and finding me* but being quite inconsequential, they bent their heads close together over a tempting tussock of grass, twittering confidentially as to whether this might

not be the very time to commence building. They bowed, and whispered and considered. But no, it was early, and they must not be too hasty. And away they went again out over the waving marsh grass, to commence their courting all over. And so the days would go until they must settle down to the serious problems of nursery life.

And we must go on to bigger game than ducks and sandpipers. Rather haltingly we picked up our packs and started on, ^{threading} picking our way along the steep bank just below the rim to be out of sight of keen eyes on the hillside. Coming around a point, we found that the caribou herd on the hill had separated, a few lying down while eleven had gone down on the marsh to feed. This was a puzzle. We couldn't keep hidden from both bunches, and once detected, one group would probably convey its fright to the rest and stampede the whole herd. But we had to go on and take a chance. We had not tramped tiring miles over the tundra for nothing. The two of us moved close together with heads bent, simulating a loggy bear as much as possible and walked straight out into the open toward the ~~foot~~ foot of the hill where five or six animals lay resting. Even those on the marsh could see us, but we should soon be behind the foot of the hill out of their view. The five on the hill eyed us for a scant few minutes, then all got up nervously and began to mill around in indecision. Then they started down the hill and coming to one of their usual trails, they commenced running toward us. Evidently we were in their line of escape, or they thought to take the shortest cut to the rest of the herd. It looked like a head-on collision of camera hunters and caribou. They were now running at full speed in a bee-line for us. We threw discretion to the winds, straightened up and started straight for them. It was a case of the best man wins to gain the foot of the hill first, they for a get-away, we for pictures even at the expense of a mix-up. By good fortune, we hit their trail at the point ahead of them, which seemed to bewilder them for a minute. They stopped and stared us in the face, three bulls with flaring antlers taking the lead and standing defiantly close together, a cow and calf behind. The camera was grinding away unmindful of everything but a fine shot that must

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not be lost. Frightened into frenzy, the three bulls all at once bolted ^{to get our mind, as they got the whip of human/different from bear/more apt and} squarely past us and circling around us, furnished fine chances for pictures as they raced across the marsh bottom and then up onto the tundra. Here they stopped, the three bulls in battle front, outlined against the sky and white clouds. On again along the rim of the hills, and feeling a little more secure at being above us, they stopped frequently now and stared wonderingly at us. Had we been gunners, all three, and perhaps more, would have been dead long before. Being out of danger, they moved gradually along the tops of the knolls, frequently gazing down upon us as if loath to go.

But the best of the day remained, for the eleven caribou in the marsh bottom grazed peacefully on, oblivious that a battle of wits had just been waged around the corner. We crawled stealthily up the ridge above the marsh and settled down behind a hummock to watch the herd below. As they moved further along the lake shore, we kept pace on hands and knees, waiting for them either to range up the hill to lie down and rest, or to wander around the point as the first five had. Finally we ~~were~~ had dragged ourselves on our stomachs, hitching pulling our packs along beside, clear to the top. Using the long lens and aiming over the rim, we were blissfully shooting the unconscious caribou below, when we caught a movement of some object in a ravine above the lake and just opposite our ambush. Soon it came out into the light- a big brown bear, ambling down the mountain. The caribou on the plain saw him also, for all eyes were fixed up the hill. The plot had thickened, much to our joy.

The old bruin shuffled liesurely down, stopping here and there to paw out a squirrel hole, usually to his own discomfiture, for he seemed to be an indifferent digger. He is a surly, unfriendly looking fellow, with the melancholy manner of one who prefers to go his way alone, and naturally he is given a wide berth by most of the wild folks of the fields and hills. Heavy of head and shoulder with an awesome breadth of chest and a great, loose-jointed, shambling frame, the Kadiak bear is made for massive power and lightening speed. And he

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more than lives up to his looks. But it's when you look into his face that you shudder and know him for what he is. That great, bulging hulk of a skull with a jowl as massive as an ox's from which protrude disgusting, gnarled snags of teeth which have spent themselves on tearing great trees asunder, or crunching the bones of ^{his} their own kind in the eternal battles tell something of ~~their~~ his brutish ~~xxxx~~ life.

I crouched close to the tundra on top of the hill with my eyes glued to that tawny figure that ^{calmly} held the forte on the opposite ridge against all comers. As he turned his back and with one huge paw scooped ~~out~~ the dirt out of a squirrel hole, sending a shower far behind him, I saw the changeable lights on his golden-brown coat. Then he ambled on down hill. The camera man was ahead, running low and crouching down to head ~~off~~ him off at the foot of the slope. He carried his Eyemo Camera in his hand, ready to shoot when he got within range. This little hand movie-gun is the only one to take on a hunt for caribou and Kadiak bears of the northern tundra, where one has to run and stalk his game for long distances, or jump for safety. Bending and running behind the camera, I saw big bruin reach the bottom of the hill and disappear over the cut-bank of the lake. The camera man ^{stopped up and made a run for it} reached it soon after ^{the bear} and I saw him duck down behind some tussocks of tall grass on the top of the bank, ^{or perhaps he went over, too.} Everybody was out of sight, and the landscape was empty from where I labored on down with the pack-sack. No, not quite. The bunch of caribou, frightened by the imminent dis-
sources, aster from two directions, were in full flight around the far end of the lake.

I was out of the field of action and could only guess what was going on. It would have been easier to see it. All was still, except for the wind following the racing caribou. Why had the camera man rushed pell-mell into a situation that he knew nothing of, and where was he now? Was he down there with that bear? What was going on? We had been told that it was never safe to roam the tundra without a gun, ⁺ because, although the Kadiak bear is not likely to deliberately attack a person, if he is surprised or cornered at close quarters

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he is an ugly person to deal with. He has a touch-and-go temper and a heavy hand. He is not hunting trouble, but if necessary he can finish a bout with one blow of a huge paw. Getting too familiar with a Kadiak bear is tempting Fate too far. The result is certain.

+ The silence and great space around me were oppressing. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I began to ^{hurry} edge slowly down the slope toward the top of the bank where man and bear had disappeared. I crept to the edge and looked over. The bear was leaning over the lake rim, drinking and splashing in the water, about fifty yards away. Just then immediately below me, the camera man raised up. The motor of the movie was humming. Both of us were in plain sight. What would that old bear do? The camera man was cornered, and too close. That enormous shaggy form started to rise on its hind feet; his head went down and his neck bowed up, ~~like a bull's~~. The camera still buzzed on. I was petrified. I could not make a sound. All at once that great, lumbering hulk bolted straight up the hill where he came down, loping like a fast horse. As he rolled up and down one knoll after another, he looked back over his shoulder to see if the demons still pursued him. At last I ^{came to life} ~~could move~~. I waved my hand to him, as I watched him disappear over the last rise. Far in the distance at the end of the lake, against the white lower ^{slopes the mt.} reaches of Shishaldin, the herd of caribou grazed peacefully again. That night at eleven o'clock, before I went to bed, I stepped to the door of the tent to take a last look at the white mountain. The little river rippled at my side. ~~It was bright moonlight~~ Above the top of the bank the moon hung. ~~xxx~~ The dim reaches of the tundra melted into the white night of this northern land, and there like a pale amethyst in the sky was Shishaldin with a candle lighted in his tip, the glowing reflection of his burning heart. Somewhere at his feet the caribou lay asleep; somewhere the big brown bear mounded about in the moonlight.

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ADDRESS
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DIRECTOR WILD LIFE CONSERVATION
JENNINGS LODGE, OREGON

Akutan, Alaska, June 24,-

Dear Richard:

Today finds us at Akutan, the haunt of Bering Sea whalers. We came into this little bay, which seems to be in the very center of the island, to find a big whaling station in full swing. Nearby is a village of Aleutian natives. At nine-thirty last evening we stood on the dock and watched a hundred and ten foot whaling boat slide in with a big fin-back whale hung to her side. Later when it was measured, it was sixty-seven feet long and weighed seventy tons. This morning we watched and pictured the process of cutting up and cremation. Saturday morning, perhaps about the witching hour of three o'clock, we go out on a whaler to "shoot" one of these monsters of the deep. This means a wild ride and some excitement.

But this cruise has been full of excitement, so the more the better. The *Westward* is a humdinger of a huntress for she noses into rough

Akutan, June 26, 1926

The ten o'clock dusk of the north found me sitting in front of the tent, the round moon hanging above the river bank not ten miles up in the sky, and off to the northeast the limitless, rolling tundra fading into the end of the day. Majestic Mt. Shishaldin raised her snow-clad cone aloft with the candle lighted at her tip, the badge of her burning heart. It was the evening of June 21st, and the Church-Alaska, Finley party were camped on Unimak Island, not favored or frequented by human beings, but beloved by the caribou and Kadiak bear. The tents stood in the bend of the little river and close to its edge, protected by the high hill from the wild winds that blew in from the Bering Sea, now roaring not far away. From the top of the hill, could be seen the Westward, rocking quietly in the bay beyond the breakers.

The party consisted of six Churches, two Finleys, and Capt. Grove, with the addition of Cuffy and Tuffy, twin mascot bear cubs. Frequently Bill, the engineer and Chili, second engineer, visited camp for a night and the "land-lubbers" hailed their coming, for it usually meant fresh bread, a cake or some other tasty morsel to tantalize out hard-tack diet. Adolph, the chef of the Westward, was a good mixer? *cook*

Yesterday, June 26th, we followed the whalers to sea. Out of the deep blue bay of Akutan, set in steep green hills backed by still steeper, snowy mountains, the Westward slid along, threaded a rock-strewn pass with a treacherous tide between islands carelessly thrown up here and there, on out into the Pacific Ocean. More and more unsuspected islands appeared constantly ahead, leaning out of misty billows and low-floating clouds. As the sturdy boat buffeted the big breakers through the churning narrows, birds in singles and in bands rose in fright and skimmed the surface - guillemots and puffins, with clouds of gulls winging wildly in the upper air. Cliffs towered on either side around which circled sea birds of many kinds. Borne faintly on the wind came their plaintive, clamoring babel. Then out into a wild ocean with nothing but sea and sky, and so huge and stormy that one sat in a daze with the heavens and the waters in a great commotion.

But the whalers- where were they? No sign of smoke curling dauntless from a funnel on the horizon. Far to the sea in ships they had gone. Daily and nightly the sturdy, battered, rusty sea-farers roamed and rolled the angry billows above the deep-sunken "banks" of the sea where the whales loved to lie, or coming to the surface, to float lazily or billow up and down, "blowing" at intervals with just their long dark backs gleaming among the white-caps. Out goes the big harpoon with its spear-pointed head and concealed charge of powder, slithering over the water deadly true, to tear into the vitals of the great hulk of a beast and explode. Writhing and thrashing, down to the deep, his own deep, he heads, only to bleed to death and come to the surface, blown up and bloated by the gun that gored him. Frequently if the aim was not true for a vital spot, the big beast, held by the four big claws that automatically spread out and hook into the flesh, starts apparently for another ocean, dragging the lead rope of 360 feet(?) behind which are many more

hundreds of feet coiled up in the hold of the boat. Then a merry chase of from two to ten or twenty hours, he leads the whalers, until he is spent or they put another harpoon into his lungs, if possible. Probably his first harpoon of some three feet long of heavy cast iron is twisted and bent out of shape when extracted from the mass of torn flesh, ~~turned~~ with the deep-red blood turned almost black.

From all this mighty hunting, the deep-seated, dare-devil whaling boats steam back to the quiet little bay that has eaten into the very middle of the island, to pull up to a small red buoy and tether a hulk of a whale deftly, back softly away and hang at the dock for a little while, with smoke puffing patiently for another quick departure. Neither wind nor tide deter them from these sea journeys. A few hours in for food and other things more necessary- tobacco and Scotch- and the grizzled salts of the sea, like vikings on their stormy decks, turn their rugged faces and calm eyes seaward again.

So the Westward, eager for other prowess, lay by till the tide was at flood and slipped away to the Pacific, bent on whaling also. In the fair light of the evening pinnacles and bird rocks appeared, but no whale boats ahead, and a wild sea raging. So into a sheltered bay (Vulcan) for the night, and over went the cameras into the little boat for an exploration. On a couple of lonely rocks that had pushed up out of the sea, gulls, puffins and a few other birds were nesting. On the mossy top we met a young oyster-catcher who had his baby clothes on yet, blackish down tipped with dull buff, and an over-sized, reddish bill for probing in mud. He had an innocent, trusting face and a gentle disposition, so we took his picture against the gray, lichened rocks of the cliffs where he fitted and would spend his life. It became tedious for him, so I took him down to the edge of the water. Immediately he revived and fluttered his insignificant tail, as he bent his head and

June 27-

jabbed into the mud, one thrust after another of the knife-like beak. He was happy and preoccupied, and since his mother for some reason didn't appear to take care of him, he was doing very well at starting out in life for himself.

That evening as we sat by the cosy fireplace looking out beyond the bay at the wild ocean, the moon rose red out of the water, big, luminous and near at hand. And on the horizon, lined against the sky, rode a whaler with ~~his~~ trail of black smoke blowing straight out to sea. But ~~he~~ she was acting queerly. Back and forth like an abandoned spirit, she careered, now toward land, now puffing fiercely back to sea. ~~She~~ She was evidently hard after one of ~~his~~ big prey of the depths. And redder and bigger rose the moon behind ~~his~~ spindling black mast, as ~~she~~ she was lost in the night.

Three-thirty A. M., and the bay lying cold and smooth under the mist. And close beside, ^{the Westward} two whalers sleeping peacefully. But soon the black smoke of the never-weary funnel ^{rose} rises into the morning air, and the Kodiak, bear of the north, ^{was} is awake and ready to fare for the sea again. Wind and storm and darkness had sent her and her sister huntress into the little bay to await the day. The Westward was awake, too, and after depositing two members of her crowd aboard the whaler, she tagged at her heels for the sea. Two-thousand foot peaks, splotted with patches of snow and running with rivulets, thrust their tips into smoking white clouds. The rattle of anchor chains and the scream of excited ^{reverberated in the fjordless fiord.} gulls broke the stillness. Around blind alleys of the winding bay, led by the "big bear", went the Westward. On the deck of the hardy ^{ahead} sea-goer stood the fishers of game of the big waters, unwashed, unshaven, with tin coffee cups in their hands. For the day and the night are the same to them: they sleep and they eat on the go. It was gray and dull and a cold wind blew into the mouth of the bay; the

June 27-

hills were a wet green in the morning mist. A song sparrow was singing from the hillside, an eagle hung high in the air above the rocky cliffs, now seen, now lost in the clouds. The Big Bear curved around the corners away from projecting rocks, ^{and the westward followed on.} Soon a pink glory of sunrise flared back of white clouds and vivid green hills. It grew and fell over the rim of the hills, painting the softly rippling water. A killer whale flashed his black horn.

And now the leader ship more and more rolled up and down the swells. Black headlands stood out against the pale light, cut into pinnacles and points, as we made straight for the "banks," the whale beds of the ocean. We looked back at a coastline strung with frosted ranges. And ahead, on a glowing sea, another whaler loomed black against the gaudy horizon. Bands of birds going to sea in the morning skimmed the water like wavering, windy gusts. Black cormorants by twos cut and zig-zagged the upper air, and here and there a lone-wandering small bird winged swiftly homeward toward the shore after a night out. The light changed. The foggy mists closed in almost enveloping the flaunting sun with cloud mountains etched against the red, and the little clouds above edged with fire.

And underneath steamed the little black whaler. A sailor climbed into the crow's-nest, and there he staid for many, many long hours- only he wasn't the same sailor, for he was relieved every hour. The crow's-nest is neither a pleasant nor happy place to be. It's a swaying, unstable perch, discouraged by the gales and chilled by the mists, and made fruitless by the perversity of whales. Through rough breakers for hours, then over a calm, monotonous sea with nothing living in sight but a lonely goon^{ie} skimming behind, we steamed- and not even a smell of a whale. And whales have a smell which reaches the honor of perfume. It's indistinguishable at first- not the smell, but the perfume.

At five o'clock, we took aboard the westward

over own, frozen "whalers", and streaked for a bay to sleep in, forty-five miles away.

1 hr.
watched

Urilla Bay, Unimak Isl.
June 19, 1926

Once there was a little ground squirrel that lived on the top of a
 crest
 tundra tussock on the ~~top~~ of a sand dune overlooking the Bering Sea. In June
 he was about two weeks old, a round-headed, mild-eyed sleek baby with soft,
 grayish-tan fur. His ears were so little yet that they were almost lost in
 fur. ^{But} His feet were big and flat ^{with long toes & sharp nails} and even when he was too little to know any-
 thing at all, they were always feeling around ^{and instinctively} doing some handy thing for his
 comfort or safety. As he peeped out of his doorway to take a forbidden look
 at the world, and then sidled a little further out, and a little further, his
 hind feet began to push him back into the sedge grass, ^{under cover} or his front feet ^{reached out and} pulled
 the grass over him with the instinct that eves-dropping eyes might be upon him.
 For this is the life of the ground squirrel always and everywhere, even of his
 many, many relatives that live far to the south in warmer climes. ~~Thairxxixxx~~
 His life is always on the firing line of skip and scatter for his hole and fall
 head-over-heels into the bottom of it till the danger is past- or forgotten till
 the next time.

Little Unimak lived in a big squirrel village. Each mound was an apart-
 ment house where many families had their snug nests underground and close to-
 gether for mutual protection. From every point of vantage on top of the mound,
 doorways opened into hallways that ran down for a little way, then spread out
 in all directions to the different households. Secret tunnels and winding pas-
 sages connected with rear doors and unknown exits, so in case of attack from a
 sneaking and deadly enemy the community could be aroused and flee for safety
 ahead of the danger and get away.

Down in the hollow below the squirrel village, lived an old red fox.

The entrance to her den was big, and dark, and ominous looking to the many watch-
 above
 ful eyes ^{of} that were turned that way all day long. She was the creeping shadow of
 their days, and the ogre of their nights. And it was at night that they couldn't ?
 keep track of her. While the squirrel families lay sleeping- always with one eye
 open- the old she fox was wandering about the grassy slopes and sniffing in their ^{with her long, prying} noses

doors and windows for the closest and handiest victim to grab. For deep down in that cavernous hole of her own, far away from the sights and the sounds of the world above, she had six ~~hungry~~ growing children that were always hungry. At this time they were frolicksome, irresponsible babies with not a care on their minds. Their shrewd and venturesome mother would fetch home tender squirrel babies and other small animals for them to devour. When they were first born, they slept most of the time in the ^{ju}warm ~~mat~~ bed away back at the end of the long tunnel in the pitch darkness. But now they were older and being more active, they were ~~menturing~~ ^{foot} venturing out into the winding passageway, cautiously smelling every ~~bit~~ of the way and scanning every root and bit of wall, for it must be used for a haven of safety all through their childhood. It must be clothed with that smell and familiar feel that envelopes one with the presence of protection as he slips ~~into its blackness~~ ^{over its threshold} into its blackness.

The little foxes were just coming to the restless age when they wanted to see what was beyond that light patch at the end of their tunnel. They had slim, pointed noses, quick eyes and pricked-up ears to catch the ^{last} ~~last~~ sound or smell that came upon the wind. Their coats were pale golden, lighter underneath, and now were ~~beginning~~ showing that promise of tawny red, silky ^{And it was} fur of which their mother was so proud. [^] The possession of this rich, red coat ~~that~~ kept Mother Red Fox's keen wits sharpened constantly to save her skin from the greedy fur hunters who had even invaded this far-away island in the Bering Sea. She did not know that this northern home with its long winter of deep snow and cold, Arctic winds, and its short, misty summer made of her one of the most beautiful and valuable fur animals in the world.

used

Cruising along the Aleutian Chain.

The Westward bucked her way through the tide-rips of False Pass and cast an eager eye at the weather as she ^{plunged} pushed her nose through the cold waters ~~of~~ in her initial voyage into the Bering Sea. And as a sort of foretaste to some of the ~~things~~ events to follow she found the deceitful Pass well named. Shifting sands and a changable channel ~~and~~ the price mariners pay for the endless strife ~~between~~ of the two oceans in the bottle-necked passage between the ~~can~~ end of Alaska Peninsula and ~~the~~ Unimak, the first big island of the Aleutian Chain.

The Captain drew a sign of relief when the mate ~~whilding~~ the lead line yelled "And a half two," "And a quarter less three" meaning that ~~we~~ the little yacht had plenty under her keel and the north sea was deepening. But an hour later, the baptism. Rounding Cape Lapin the Westward picked up the tail of a sou'west twister, ^{reported later as a sixty mile gale at Cape Sarachen} climbing its crests and sliding into the troughs till midnight. She dripped with white foam fore and aft but liked the gale for she bobbed up smiling and dropped anchor in the lea of the mountain and in a bend of the ocean called Urilla Bay, and there in the ^{northern} dim light ~~at the~~ ^{at the} ~~back~~ lifted Shis. ^{glowing} ~~at the~~ ^{glowing} ~~back~~.

The coast of Alaska is as safe as any of the caastal waters of the north to navigate, but to be sure some of the bays and inlets to the west are not fully charted and a captain must know the quirks and turns of the tides and his craft must be staunch and fit for an emergency. The next morning Shishaldin, ~~one of the most perfectly formed volcanoes in the world, lifted away into the blue sky and we were eager to land but we had forgotten the gale.~~ When one tries to land ^{in small boats} on the shore of Unimak when the Bering sea rollers are trying to hold back the flood waters of a mountain torrent and the salt tide is wrestling with the cross currents he is playing a stiff game with the odds against him and ^{some were} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~logically~~ due for a ducking. It was a cold one. The sights on Unimak were worth it and we ~~won't~~ got even by landing the whole party and provisions and camped there for ~~a~~ a week.

UBS

Closely allied with the life and progress of this great ~~xxx~~ Alaskan country are the salmon and the salmon ships. As surely as the seasons come and go, when the warm winds of spring blow over the snow-clad peaks and glacial valleys, ^{swelling} ~~fixing~~ the little streams to freshets that pour out into the deep green currents of the mother waters, the salmon horde that has been wintering and feeding off the shores surge in with an impetus that is irresistible. Persistent with necessity and desire, they seek the riotous mouths of their birth streams and enliven the waters as they ^{speed} ply their way to the cold inland lakes. Here and there all over ~~this~~ ^{the} Southern shores of the Alaska Peninsula these glacial lakes lay bedded, some near, some far inland, linked together by rivers and smaller streams. These make ^{swarms} ideal haunts for the millions of spawning salmon who need, not food, but shallow pools and gravelly bars that will be mellowed by the summer sun where the masses of golden eggs may be deposited and brought to life.

Then come the ships ~~bringing~~, of course, the sailors, the steamers ^{es} ~~xxxxxx~~ and the little gas tenders, bringing a cargo of empty boxes, tropps of noisy workmen, and machinery and rigging and camp equipment, and what-not. But this is not all that the ships bring to this far and isolated land. They bring mail, and the telephone, the wireless, electricity and necessities of all kinds to this helpless country with no facilities for trading and transportation of their own, and little money to do it with. The kings of the sea and the salmon must be generous with their benefits and bounties to this land whence they take their silver horde.

There was the Scotch Lassie of early fish days born to the angry northern seas and the treacherous reefs and channels. Old Halverson mastered her and proud he was to take his bride aboard in

Sunday Editor

*about 2500 words
illustrations*

May 19.

The first thing I heard this morning was the sound of something hard hitting against the yacht. I jumped out of bed and looked through a porthole. The water around me was full of pieces of floating ice, some large and some small. We were in Endicott Arm, which is a branch of Stephen's Passage. There is a living glacier at the head of the Arm, and we were already passing a ridge of snow-capped mountains.

For another moment, I stood before the porthole and was rewarded by a distant glimpse of the shiny whiteness of Sumdum Peak. Far below stretched huge rock slides and inaccessible cliffs.

"So this is our goat country!" I marveled.

Later when I hurried out of the cabin, I found Father on the bow setting up his Akeley camera. It was so cold that he had on two sweaters and a sheepskin coat.

"We're almost there," he said. "That little inlet ahead is Ford's Terror, one of the finest goat regions in the country. I hope we can capture a young one. That was the aim of our trip, you know."

When we cruised up to the entrance of Ford's Terror, we found the narrows blocked to us by a slack tide. The sound of the engines dulled to a mere hum.

Only the voice of the Engineer broke the silence as he cast the lead line. "No bottom at ten!"

But soon we found we couldn't anchor because the bottom was so hard. The yacht kept swinging slowly around and around, the engines going at half speed. Then they stopped altogether. A swift

current was pouring out of the narrows and we were in a little basin at the entrance.

The beauty of the region fascinated me. Opposite us, lodged against the cliff was a long, narrow piece of green ice with a flat, white top - the whole looked like a sea-green submarine with a white deck and conning tower. Behind it rose the steep rock cliff, its face pathed with an (absolutely) vertical waterfall of snow white. There was more rock and less vegetation here. The trees were smaller and the bushes more numerous.

Chunks of floating foam from the falls dotted the water at the base of the cliff and here also, on the rocks, were reddish-brown water marks that at a distance looked like an etching. I watched the sunlight golden a bushy, green slope on my left. There were ~~so~~ many shades of green: turquoise water, olive green trees, and apple green bushes.

The camera hunters were ready. While I had been dreaming, they had collected about me. Mr. Church leaned against the forecastle, his glasses to his eyes. Bill and Father were trying to get a better focus on the Akeley. And Ray, the guide of the expedition, was holding an Eyemo in one hand and pointing to the water with the other.

"There's a marbled murrelet," he said, indicating a small patch of speckled gray and white, floating on the surface.

The tide was slowly coming in and as we glided into the narrow entrance, I heard the purr of the auxiliary engine, which was quieter than the big diesel. On our port side was a rocky point and a bar. We glided around the point, hugging the cliff and cruised up the narrow inlet.

"We'll lie low for a while and watch both banks," said Mr. Church. "And if we spot a goat with a kid at a reasonable distance, we'll put in to shore and give chase."

He couldn't have guessed how much action we were to have and how soon we were to have it.

"If we do see a kid and its mother, they'll lead us a merry chase," said Bill, adjusting a ray filter to his camera. "Those animals can climb almost anything. If you had one of them trapped with rock cliffs on three sides of him and you on the other, he'd try to scale the cliff and failing that, he'd butt you over the edge and depart at leisure."

But I felt brave and this didn't deter me. Later, when Ray really saw the goat and the kid at its heels, I still thought it the chance of a lifetime. My ardor remained undampened.

As I said, Ray spotted the two goats - up some three hundred feet above us in a pocket of the cliff. They had evidently worked up from below and could go no further. A solid rock face blocked their passage on three sides, with the exception of perhaps a seventy-five foot jump on the right. The stage was set!

Ray and I got into a canoe with our cameras and Bill paddled us over to the shore. Mr. Church and Father decided to get into another boat and stay in the bushes on the bank so that if the goats came down, they could block their passage. Ray and I worked through the bushes, slanting upward to the left of the cliff. The ledge was steep and the branches matted, so our movie cameras were in constant danger. We came to a clump of trees and saw goat sign. From here on, our path upward was the path of the goats.

Some of the places were steep and along the face of the rock, the cedars were so thick that we could hardly worm our way through. From time to time, Ray picked wisps of goat hair from the bushes and the limbs of the trees.

Before us was an almost perpendicular slope of soil covered with a thick tangle of brush. Ray had to pull me up through this and above, we practically climbed the small trees that grew out from the slope.

"Look up!" he whispered. "We've reached the worst part now."

I stared ahead of me at the narrow ledge above sheer rock. If one of us lost his footing here, it would mean a two-hundred foot drop into deep green water far below. Thank goodness, the ledge was fairly short, and a clump of cedars greeted us at the other end. Crawling on our stomachs inch by inch through the limbs, we managed to pull the cameras after us. But it was one of the hardest jobs I've ever tackled. Both of us were dripping with perspiration, and the branches scratched us and tore our clothes. One limb hit me squarely in the face and left a scratch three inches long across my cheek. The next minute, another took a jagged rip out of my Filson breeches. I wondered how the goats had gotten by here. They had left plenty of hair behind them.

Freeing ourselves of the last limbs, we stepped into the open and there, forty feet above us to the right, stood the mother goat! She had heard us and immediately disappeared from sight into the undergrowth. A minute later, she appeared on the edge where the cliff dropped straight off and braced herself. It was too much of a jump! There was only one way down, and we were right in the path.

She turned around slowly, shoving the branches aside, and went into the pocket.

"Do you want to go on up and meet the lady?" asked Ray.

"I'm game if you are," I whispered nervously. "We'll never have another chance like this. Let's fix our cameras here." Neither of us had a gun. It was a case of sink or swim.

After perhaps ten minutes, we started on the last lap, and it took another fifteen minutes to crawl under the tangle as quietly as we could up the ledge. During this time, the old goat came to the edge once, looked down into the thicket at us, stamped her feet, and went back. We hadn't seen the kid but I feel sure the mother would have remained only a short time if she had been alone.

Ray was ahead of me and the first to pull himself over the rim of the ledge. He whispered a parting shot of advice.

"Keep your back against the cliff. Above all things, don't get between the goat and the edge because if she charged, nothing on earth could save you!"

The ledge was a snarled mat of brush which, at the top, thinned out into a clump of cedars on the edge of the pocket. The pocket itself was flat and its fifteen feet of length ended abruptly against a perpendicular wall which extended on down some seventy-five feet to another ledge of cedars. In spite of the narrowness of the cavity - perhaps seven feet - and the still narrower shelf behind us, the goat had most of the advantage. As long as we stayed at the top of the shelf and went no nearer, she and the kid couldn't get by us but in a butting contest, there could be no doubt as to the winner. And, as I said before, we had no means of protection.

We put our heads cautiously up over the rim of the pocket

and peeped through the bushes. The old nanny was backed against the rock at the other end, her front feet braced, looking directly at us. When our heads appeared, she stamped her front feet angrily.

"What a beautiful specimen of goathood!" I thought. Her coat was long and silky and creamy white; it hung down below her body and gave her a square look, which was offset only by the height of her powerful shoulders. Her chin whiskers formed an impressive looking beard several inches long, and her hoofs were sharp and pointed.

Behind her, in the shadow of the rock, stood her quarter grown kid.

"We'd better get our cameras going while we have the chance," whispered Ray, warily parting the bushes and crawling through

I followed him and knelt at his side.

"As long as we don't make a quick movement, we're safe," he said. He had taken his camera out of its case and was adjusting the focus.

A moment later, I had mine to my eye. They were both movies.

"All right. Let's shoot!" I whispered and pressed the release.

I don't know what happened next, for about three things happened at the same time.

I heard Ray yell and then almost simultaneously a shout from the yacht below.

"Look out! She's coming down!"

I saw her charge and instinctively grabbed a limb. My camera dropped to the ledge. There was nothing I could do, so there I knelt - glued to the spot. The charging goat and the nearness of

the cliff petrified me. Whatever I did, I did unconsciously. I felt the three hundred feet of vertical rock in front of me and, like a drowning person in that moment between life and death, wondered subconsciously what it would feel like to fall from that dizzy height into the bottomless water of the inlet so far below. I couldn't run. I couldn't move. The thought didn't even enter my head. I was paralyzed.

Ray jumped in front of me and waited for the impact. I heard the thump of his camera as it hit the ground behind him.

But there was no impact. The old goat stopped within a few feet of us, stamped threateningly, then wheeled toward the rim of the pocket. On the edge, she braced herself and the next instant made a straight leap down the face of the rock to the cedars below.

I shall never see another sight like that. Mr. Church said later that those on the yacht saw the goat jump and land tense on the next ledge.

Neither Ray nor I spoke at once. We were too weak. I leaned against him and he leaned against me.

"Well, now we have another little job," he said aloud. "What about the kid?"

It had squeezed back under the rock and was looking at us with hostile eyes. I sensed more trouble.

For half an hour, we worked right there to get the little animal used to us enough so that we could touch him, and it took another half hour's careful manipulation to tie a rope around his neck. He was much too heavy to carry, and it would have been impossible to pick him up anyway. The descent down the three hundred feet to the inlet was a good week's work. I carried both the cameras, neither of

which was badly damaged, and Ray pulled and hauled on the kid. One moment it would brace itself and refuse to budge and the next it would make a bee-line off at right angles under the bushes.

Mr. Church and Bill were waiting for us in the trees near the water, and they helped us get our charge to the yacht, where we made a pen for him on the aft deck. Ray and I were scratched and torn and tired. But our inward feeling of accomplishment compensated us for all the rest. As Ray described it, "The city will be too small for us now!"

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Ray Richmond jumped in front of me and waited for the impact. I heard the thump of his camera as it hit the ground behind him.

But there was no impact. The old goat stopped within a few feet of us, stamped threateningly, then wheeled toward the rim of the pocket. On the edge, she braced herself and the next instant made a straight leap down the face of the rock to the cedars below.

I don't expect to see another sight like that again soon. *Church* Mr. Rankin said later that those on the yacht saw the goat jump and land tense on the ledge seventy-five feet down. To me, it was a miracle.

Ray Neither Richmond nor I spoke at once. We had escaped death by a hair's breadth and it left us weak. I leaned against Richmond and he leaned against me. Both of us needed support.

"Well, now we have another little job," he said aloud. "What about the kid?"

It had squeezed back under the rock and was looking at us with hostile eyes. I knew we couldn't walk right up to it but had no idea it would take as long as it did.

7 For half an hour, we worked right there to get the little critter used to us enough so that we could touch him, and it took another half an hour's careful manipulating to tie a rope around his neck. He was much too heavy to carry, and it would have been impossible to pick him up anyway. That was work! And the descent down that three hundred feet to the inlet was six times more work. *Ray* I carried both the cameras, neither of which was badly damaged, and Richmond pulled and