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MOST ATTRACTIVE RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION

A story of strange happenings

Don Q. has lived in a human home all his life, nearly nine years, travelled across the country twice, been watched by thousands of people on the movie screen, read about in the newspapers. No Cal. Quail ever had such an adventurous life or made so many friends.

Beans at Fort Bluffers.

Are Beans Fort Bluffers.

Florida Adirondak School

Dear Mrs. Lawson:

I have just received the June issue of the Hickory Log and have enjoyed it very much. It is good to hear what some of the boys are doing. Perhaps it would interest you to know where I have traveled coming home from college. I took a rather interesting trip into the high plateau and mountain region of this state where a herd of prong-horn or antelope still live. These animals are disappearing so rapidly that they are rare. Only a few small herds remain in this country, one being in the Yellowstone Park and perhaps the largest one in the southeastern corner of Oregon close to the Nevada line.

It is a remote, wild desert country, inhabited by Irish

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For five days we camped in an old leaky trapper's cabin in a quaking aspen grove on the mountain side. One day two baby antelope were brought in to us, light brown with indistinct spots, big brown eyes like a deer, and long spindle legs. Their only thought was to "freeze" flat on the ground, their way of hiding. One was a day old & the other ten days old. After that, it was get up in the dark of the morning and warm bottles of milk for them over a chilly camp fire.

We brought one little antelope home with us, dropping down over a bad grade, and stopping for hours through flooded sage flats. At Bend Little Buck phoned ahead to the bedrooms with us at an inn. I know his quavering bleat reached down the hall to the office. He insisted on calling his mother, and now when he calls us with the same sound, I see the wobbly little fellow out in the sage with the snow coming down.

-2-

Cattlemen and Basque sheep-herders. They have lived to themselves so long away from the world that they do not know how to meet other people. They are offish and speechless, and at first you think they may resent "tourists". & No#

But certainly no chance travellers come here, for it's like climbing into the clouds to get into this country. Roads there are none - to be called roads, for frequently they change position according to the weather.

My Mother, Father and I started out in a ~~Dodge~~ roadster loaded with cameras, eider-down sleeping bags, and a box of fried chicken, the latter for indulgence rather than necessity. The weather was tricky, now clear, now rainy,

Off at a distance on higher ground, groups of two, three and four antelope watched our slow ascent, curious and unafraid. Once when we were laboring through the black, mixy Meadows of a big ranch, a doe antelope bounded ahead of the car and at a certain place picked up a young fawn which ran along with her for a time, then dropped in the sage to hide. When the sun was going down, we ran into a great number of strutting cocks. They were so bent on their own business of flaunting their charms before each other that they hardly got out of the way of the car.

-3-

Rumors threatened worse, and proved true, for we travelled into increasing storms and flooded valleys.

The going grew worse - and more exhilirating. We were told we had better turn back, as it would be impossible to handle a car on the sticky, slippery mountain grades. We bought new chains at Bend, a little gem of a mountain town on the banks of the Deschutes River, a flashing stream that has cut a wonderful chasm for itself before it emptied into the Columbia River Gorge.

On the third day at evening long, hard days, we were crawling painfully up the slope of Warner Mt. The road was a running stream of white snow water, spilling down from the heights above. It was full of rocks and high in the center which added to the agony of (over)

4

surging the little car up and up, dragging over scraping boulders, slipping down on the other side into deep puddles that sent bucketfuls of water over the car. But there was no stopping. To weaken meant to sleep in this high desert running with glacial brooks, and only sage-brush for shelter. The craft-affair was battered out of shape, the running boards were bumped-up and broken, and we were covered with white alkali mud.

BEND, OREGON

The camp was peaceful under the dreamy whiteness of Shishaldin, a magnificent cone with a glowing crater like a fish's mouth upturned to the heavens and the ever moving misty clouds. Although the sun had set long ago, it was still so near that it illumined the sky and put out the stars. The tents rested on a bed of sedge grass in the bend of the little river — the

~~The~~ at my back the dim distances
of the moss barrens and rolling hills
pulsed with secrecy as if con-
cealing shadowy forms and
watchful eyes.

underwear $1.50 vest
2.50 bloomers
~~stockings~~ 1.85
books 2.00

dim

4

(1)

May-June 1926

To cruise along the hot stepping stones that string across the north Pacific Ocean, the volcanic Aleutian Chain of islands that stretches like one of a group of fiery festoons clear across to Asia and along its coast; to anchor in the crater of sizzling Bogoslof, the island in the South Bering Sea that rises and sinks without warning, to push further north and almost touch hands with Amundsen, as he stepped over the top of the world — and to come away with twenty thousand feet of rare and exciting records on the little celluloid ribbon, and some thousand still pictures, this is the story of The American Nature Expedition during the summer. The subjects pictured ranged from tiny

COMMERCIAL TOURISTS

HOTEL TREMONT
EUROPEAN PLAN
CAFE AND GRILL

A. L. CONARD, Proprietor

Red Bluff, Cal.

Birds wavering over misty islands to frosted coastlines with smoking volcanoes, from little blue foxes to big Kadiak bears, from glowing rock gardens to grinding glaciers, and withal a sea storm around the little yacht Westward. That is a part of the romance of that far north country.

On June 11, the party of explorers embarked from Iliatan, a little harbor on the east end of Unimak Island, in the Westward owned by Campbell Church. She was rightly named Westward, as to the westward she went over uncharted sea paths and to little known shores. These are the shores where life is strong and abundant, and where among the dynamic wonders of

CABLE ADDRESS "OAKTEL"

HOTEL OAKLAND
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

MANAGEMENT
W. C. JURGENS

3/

the stormy and dangerous coast of these islands, the party was ship-wrecked in an attempted landing and almost lost three lives. Proceeding on into the Bering Sea, the daring ship anchored in the Gale and steaming, sulphurous crater of Bogoslof, the little island that rises and sinks from the depths of the ocean frequently and without warning. Here the party of explorers and nature

CABLE ADDRESS "OAKTEL"

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seekers staid for several days, picturing the great colonies of sea lions and the vast sea bird colonies that live on these hot cliffs amidst the rising steam and sulphur. Just a few days after the departure of the Party, Bogoslof blew up again, so there is a chance to make a new map and new history of her. Probably the sea lions and sea birds will not be seen there for many years again.

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CABLE ADDRESS "OAKTEL"

HOTEL OAKLAND

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

MANAGEMENT
W. C. JURGENS

From here the expedition pushed into the wild Bering Sea to study and picture the great Alaska seal rookeries on the Pribilof Islands as well as the famous blue foxes. Here they saw the glowing rock gardens of St. Paul and St. George Islands and found many rare birds and animals. Later they penetrated into Mc Kinley Park to meet the big Kodiak bear face to face, to be charged by a big bull moose, and scale the heights for the white sheep — and bring away thousands of feet of

over-

6/

Movies and Many stills of the big game of this northern region:

She Is Rival of Columbus

After 23 years of explorations with William L. Finley, her husband, a famous naturalist, MRS. IRENE FINLEY has established a home in Berkeley to follow the peaceful pursuit of sending a son and daughter to university.

BERKELEY WOMAN EXPLORER QUITS

Mrs. Irene Finley Ends 23 Years of Thrills to Send Children to U. C.

1926

BERKELEY, Sept. 18.—Twenty-three years of wandering among the fastnesses of the earth, where the chill of imminent death was, paradoxically, the thrill that made life worth while, has been the lot of Mrs. Irene Finley, wife of William L. Finley, naturalist and explorer.

After literally living in the crater of a live volcano, which blew up a few days after her departure; after battling against angry waves, lashed by biting Arctic winds, in a tiny boat whose companion craft was swamped in an attempt to land on a forbidding coast in the Aleuthian Island chain; after facing Kadiak bears and making pets of their cubs, Mrs. Finley has returned from her annual summer trip of exploration and is now in Berkeley engaged in the peaceful and motherly occupation of starting her two children off as freshmen in the University of California.

"We've been going on exploring trips ever since we were married 23 years ago, and the thrills they have given us have made life worth while," says Mrs. Finley. "This last trip up among the active volcanos of the Aleuthian Islands was the best of all."

In the sturdy, sea-going yacht Westward, owned by Campbell Church of Eugene Oregon, Mrs. Finley, her husband, and other members of the Church-Finley Expedition went to Alaska early this summer to collect pictures of the wild life among the little-known islands that stretch out in a long, curving finger from the American continent across the Bering Sea towards Asia. The trip was sponsored by the American Nature Association of Washington, D. C., the Bureau of Fisheries of the United States Department of Commerce, and the Nature Magazine, a publication to which the Finleys regularly contribute.

One attempt made by the party to land on the reef-bound, uncharted coast of one of the volcanic islands nearly resulted in the death of four men, Mrs. Finley relates.

RESCUE MEN FROM FROZEN SEA IN GALE.

"Our three boats, lashed together, with a motor canoe towing us, were crawling along off shore, looking for a likely landing place," says the explorer's wife. "The waves were wild, and the wind was blowing a gale. Suddenly the motor canoe struck a submerged reef, swamped, and capsized. In one second the cameras, equipment, the four ment, everything in the boat were cast into the ocean. We cut our boats away, found a landing place, and after 30 minutes of desperate work the rescue of the four men was effected by Campbell Church Jr., who went out in one of the rowboats to get them. Then we built a beach fire, resuscitated

(Continued on Page 10-A, Col. 2)

SEALS BATTLE OVER BEAUTIES

Journal

(Continued From Page One)

with fury at the charmer who was trying to win her away. Each bull has from 15 to 90 females in his harem and each is always trying to increase his number. They fight anything, man or beast, that approaches their realm and attempts to encroach on their sovereignty. These camps are from 30 to 100 feet apart, so there is ample occasion for the deadliest of rivalry.

YOUNG SWIM EARLY

The bulls remain at their stand for six weeks' or two months without food. When they arrive they are fat, but when the leave they are thin. At the end of the season, Finley says, these old despots lie in the sun and sleep for a week, and then swim south again to the feeding fields. The mother seals swim away from the island as soon as the young are old enough to leave, which is shorty after birth.

Finley headed the Finley-Church expedition sent out by the American Nature association of Washington, D. C., in the interest of new discoveries about plant and animal life along the coast of Alaska. The trip was made with the cooperation of the federal bureau of fisheries and the department of commerce. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Church of Eugene and their children were in the party. The trip was made in Church's yacht, the Westward. The party sailed from Seattle in April and cruised through the island along the south coast of Alaska, through the Aleutian group as far as Bogoslof and then northward to the Pribilofs, making many excursions inland by motor canoes.

SEES MANY SHEEP

Finley says they saw in the mountains on the coast many sheep, counting 540 in one day. They also saw great quantities of moose and literally millions of birds.

They had many stirring adventures, at one time several of the party narrowly escaping drowning during a landing through the surf on the volcanic island of Unimak. Another time Campbell Church Jr. was charged by a bull moose while making pictures and, though he dodged, he was struck on the elbow by the antlers. The island of Bogoslof was explored a short while before a terrific volcanic eruption that destroyed most of it.

CRUISE EMPHASIZES ALASKA'S SPLENDOR

William Finley Returns to Portland From North.

STUDIES OFFER THRILLS

Bird Life Studied by Members of Expedition for American Nature Association.

Alaska is so vast, so young and so changeful that four months this summer visiting and studying volcanoes, volcanic islands, whaling expeditions, fur seal rocks, caribou haunts and islands clouded by birds as numerous as the sands of the sea have no more than again suggested to William L. Finley, Oregon naturalist, this northland's splendor. So he said yesterday upon his return to Portland.

Mr. Finley headed the Finley-Church expedition sent out by the American Nature association of Washington, D. C., in conjunction with the United States bureau of fisheries and the department of commerce. Other members of the party were Mrs. Finley, who returned to Portland several weeks ago; Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Church of Eugene and their children, Campbell Church Jr., Adelaide, Betty and Peggy. The Churches stopped in Seattle and will arrive in Portland Tuesday on their way to Eugene.

The party traveled in Mr. Church's cruising yacht Westward, which left Seattle the last day of April. They had four motion-picture cameras and five still-life cameras.

Many Places Visited.

The Westward nosed into harbors all along the islands off the southern coast of Alaska, the islands of the Aleutian archipelago as far as Bogoslof and northward to the Pribilofs. At many places they went far inland in two motor canoes carried aboard the Westward. They explored Bogoslof three weeks before most of it was destroyed by volcanic eruption. In June, while landing in a strong surf on the north shore of Unimak to take pictures of Shishaldin volcano in eruption, some of the party narrowly escaped drowning. Campbell Church Jr. held the motion-picture camera on a charging bull moose in the mountains above Fox river, at the head of Katchemak bay, dodged, but was struck on the elbow by the antlers of the maddened animal. Finally the expedition spent two weeks in Mount McKinley national park.

Birds known as pallas murres and California murres were studied on Bogoslof island about July 1 when they were incubating eggs. The females lay a single pear-shaped egg on sloping ledges. There are no nests. Congestion is so great that the eggs are only eight or nine inches apart.

Most remarkable of all, the eggs are of an endless variety of coloration. Pure white eggs, blue, blue and white, red, black-blotched eggs, eggs of any color with purple scrawls on them. It is probable, Mr. Finley said, that the variety of color enables each pair of birds to return to their own egg after feeding on crustaceans in the sea.

Number of Birds Great.

The number of birds living on the Alaskan islands is beyond comprehension. Mr. Finley declared. One night on the Pribilofs Mr. and Mrs. Finley lay in hiding for two hours, while auklets were returning from the sea to their congested nests in the cliffs. During more than an hour of this time 10,000 to 12,000 birds passed each minute, they estimated.

The Pribilofs are as thick with blue foxes as if they were two vast fox farms, Mr. Finley said. It is not surprising to find a mother fox and eight or nine pups living under a government school house and running through the streets of the villages like dogs.

Salmon of first quality have a chance of perpetuation in Alaska, the naturalist believes, because of the strict government protection and the absence of man-made interference with their lives, such as stream pollution, dams, irrigation intakes and mining operations.

Northern Lights in the North

At times one may live an hour and feel repaid for a month of toil. We were slipping smoothly along (toward Cape Hinchinbrook) with the full moon laying a glittering line off the port bow, when the Northern lights came out to play. A streak of white shot rocket-like from the horizon and looped across the sky like as if to fling a ~~noose~~ lariat of mist about the world, then faded into space. Following this prelude another shadowy light shot out from the overhanging stretch of space, bent slowly to the left, bulged down and took a new start skyward. At the peak of the heavens it dropped off as white water shoots out and drapes the side of a cliff, the spray melting away in the fall. Aurora, the maiden of the mystic North swept out as the curtain of night rolled away, and waving silky folds she danced under the flare of distant planets. Trailing in the wake star-dust blew helter-skelter from far-off worlds. Darting, writhing, robling were ribbons of silken tints, faint violet, wierd green and touches of red reflecting some fire of another world. Then in the north a bow of pinking hue as if the fire had burned out and nothing but the stable moon remained. For the Esquimaux it was but the Devil poking up his fire in the far North. A reasonable explanation when one can lie on his back under the play of the Aurora Borealis and feel how his imagination is checked by the medium of words.

ALASKA STEAMSHIP COMPANY

The moon rose behind the hill so close that it made one awestruck. In a sky and earth so large and empty, it came up swiftly as if pulled by invisible strings, growing as it rose like a baking biscuit in the oven. There should have been the hum of crickets with a harvest moon like that, silvering but the great expanses were more silent with the stillness of eternity as the pale golden orb swung higher. There was not a twig nor a leaf to etch a pattern on its face, nor a slow-flapping bird to keep it company. Like a great, ~~bold~~ ball it hung over the hill, widening ~~and glowing~~ and glowing till the earth grew white beneath it. The wind shrilled and whistled across her face till I expected to see ruffles around it.

"Not far distant, startlingly close indeed, black cliffs loomed out, iron-bound & sombre."

Sea scene -
sighting Bogoslof
yacht in Fale crater
History of Island & Aleutian volcanoes.
(several paragraphs)
Carrying cameras & feeling way over steaming, black sand -
Hot rocks, steam pits, gull nests, etc
Two dead Emperor geese at foot of steaming cliff,
one in while dead Pallas murre
Climbing volcanic, frowzy(?) saddle between castle peaks -
Looking down on boiling sea -
Sights, sounds - slipping, no hold - eggs rolling, etc
Murres pinioned on top of cliff - released, sailed down to sea -
Pon murre unable to diff from land, awkward -

Burroughs

"I must not forget the alabatross that found us out and followed our ship when we had been but a few hours at sea, wheeling a around us close to the water, coming and going, now on one side, now on the other, slanting and curving, and all on straight, unbending wing. Its apparently toilless, effortless flight and its air of a absolute leisure were very curious and striking,- it seemed like the spirit of the deep taking visible form and seeking to weave some spell upon us, or lure us away to destruction. Never before had I seen flying so easy and spontaneous,- not an action, not a thought, not an effort, but a dream. What a contrast to the flight of the Arctic tern, a bird with long, sickle-shaped wings, with which it fairly reaped the air. The flight of the alabatross was a seriesf of long, graceful strokes, unlike that of any bird I have ever seen.

Planing down easily for a landing on the surface of the water, the "goonie" or alabatross, glides softly into the hollow of a wave with his big, square-jointed wings only half folded. Deliberately he adjusts and shuffles them until they finally settle at the sides f his body, and he rocks gently in his cradle as he eyes the world serenely."

Maud

Bog. ①

The Westward followed the lengthening line of the Aleutian chain, marked by sentinels of smoking craters, yet clad in their covers of ermine. It is one of the longest lines of active volcanoes in the world. Numbering more than fifty peaks beginning at Cook Inlet, they stretch for more than twelve hundred miles in a southeasterly direction. In recent years the National Geographic Society sent out explorations under the direction of Robert F. Griggs, to make an exhaustive investigation of the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, following the explosion of Mt. Katmai. Katmai is situated on the mainland of the Alaska Peninsula in a hot-bed of volcanoes, and is one of the Aleutian chain of peaks which is definitely related to the Asiatic volcanic systems. These islands comprise a long, narrow ridge lifting out of the water more than five thousand feett deep. Not far south of this ridge the ocean floor is sunk to a depth of between four and five miles. On the north side of this chain it is not so deep, although in some places it drops to twelve thousand feet. Further north the Bering Sea is comparatively shallow.

Shadowing along this ragged coastline, under the eaves of frosted peaks, the Westward veered northwest into Bering Sea. After three or four hours over a restless, rocking oceanthere appeared two dim points ahead, like giant up-ended tooth-picks. These grew into rocky islands that soon fused into one by a connecting link of land, and there lay in the path of the approaching yacht a burnt and misshapen mass, Bogoslof Island, the "Jack-in-the-box" of the Bering

Jennings Lodge, Oregon

National Association of Audubon Societies

[Founded 1901. Incorporated 1905]

For the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals

Home Office, 1974 Broadway
New York City

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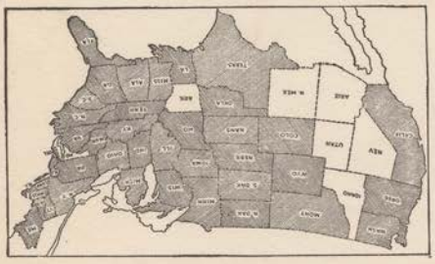
OFFICE OF
WILLIAM L. FINLEY
Naturalist and Lecturer

Map showing (shaded) States that have organizations affiliated with this Association



Map showing (shaded) States that have adopted the Audubon Law protecting the non-game birds

Kenai & Kodiak

Bear Lake

~~Iliamna~~ - Aleuts fishing

Kayak

Cannery - Seal Bay

WHEN THE CARIBOU FAILED

BY CAPTAIN THIERRY MALLET

I

'CRACK!' went the whip. The sharp report tore the frozen stillness of the Barren Lands. A little white puff rose from the hard snow, showing where the end of the walrus-hide lash had harmlessly landed. The long low sleigh quivered and plunged forward, while the team of dogs, crouching low, dug their claws frantically in the ice of the lake and strained in their harness for more speed.

Seven dogs! All pure huskies! When I close my eyes I can see them now, after all these years.

A black and white leader. He always ran with his head turned back over his shoulder, watching the driver, when the man was n't breaking trail ahead. Then three brindles, all brothers, silent like wolves. Behind them a little white bitch, with one yellow spot on the right cheek. She was the best dog for her size I have ever known, but she had the bad habit of whining, sharp, eager little whines, each time she had to tug a little harder at her breastplate. After that, a roan, a rare color, like a blue fox. He was sulky and treacherous, always apt to bite the dog in front of him if he could reach him. And, last of all, an old seasoned traveler of five years, pure gray, who knew every trick of the game and always howled to the skies when he felt a blizzard coming. He was my special pet in camp.

Yes, it was a great team, the best I think I have ever had, and that day my guide and I were urging them for all they were worth.

The long bleak frozen lake stretched due north. We could already make out the end of it, through the haze, the vague outline of rocky hills, windswept, desolate, snow patches in the hollows gleaming white against the gray of the stone.

It was in the dead of winter, and the cold was terrific. There was no trail. We were traveling close to the shore, on the glare ice, walking or running behind the sleigh. A light breeze was blowing from the west in uneven gusts. And when those gusts came, the little rifts of snow would curl up suddenly like wisps of white smoke, lashing our left cheek and making us turn away in an agony of pain. Meanwhile the dogs shrank also, veering toward land, until a crack of the whip straightened them out on their course.

It was noon, I remember. We were looking for a small band of inland Eskimos, led by an old man called Kakarmik. He was supposed to be trapping somewhere at the end of the lake and we had to find out if all was well with his people. He was new to the district and we wanted to meet him and tell him where he could trade in his furs next spring.

Mile after mile went by. Then a rope on the sleigh snapped, a small part of the load slipping off. While we repaired the accident, we noticed that three of the dogs, instead of lying down and

resting curled up with their backs to the wind, remained standing, looking ahead and sniffing high in the air.

Climbing on the top of the load, I searched the end of the lake with my glasses and picked out a small dark speck which was moving. It was a man, the first one we had seen since we had started traveling twenty days ago, and in the utter desolation of that frozen desert the sight of the tiny, living dot seemed to fill the horizon with color and movement.

Half an hour later we were in plain sight of the whole band of Eskimos. The igloos were built on a rocky point, while the entire tribe seemed to be scattered a mile or so out on the ice.

'Fishing,' was our thought, and at once we knew that our friends were in a bad way. No Eskimo fishes inland through the ice in winter unless he has missed the herds of caribou in the fall and has been unable to stock up with meat and fat until the next spring.

'Starving,' was my guide's curt remark a few minutes later.

Then, three men who had been watching us with their small telescopes started running toward our sleigh. They still had their fish spears in their hands. We stopped our team and looked at each other thoughtfully. We were not frightened of the Eskimos, for we knew them well. But starving men in the Barren Lands are not easily handled at times, and our precious stock of food, with our seven dogs, might have proved too much of a temptation.

We had a rifle with us, but the thought of showing it never entered our minds. In the North neither white men nor red men ever use firearms except on game. The days of murder have long since gone, notwithstanding printed stories to the contrary. We simply waited, anxiously, wondering what would happen.

As soon as the first man arrived within earshot, he began calling out and waving. In a few seconds we understood his words. 'Bad ice — look out — turn round — pass near the shore.' With a few muttered words of relief, we slewed the excited team back in a wide circle and, obeying instructions, made our way past the igloos on the point to where all the Eskimos were standing.

Kakarmik, the old chief, was the first to greet us. Then we had to shake hands with everyone, man, woman, and child, even the babies in their mothers' hoods — a tedious job when it is forty degrees below and one must keep one's double fur mitts on. After that, as quickly as possible, my guide explained who we were, from where we came, when we had to go back, and the reason for our trip.

Kakarmik thanked us for our visit. His description of local conditions was exactly what we had guessed at first.

Being new to the district, the band had reached too late the place where the caribou cross the river in tens of thousands on their migration south, and had only been able to spear a few stragglers. After that they had spent weary weeks scouring the country in vain for smaller herds. Winter settling down in earnest, Kakarmik had finally decided to camp at the end of the lake where the water was shallow and the ice thin because of the current of the mighty river flowing from there down to the Arctic Ocean. His only solution was to fish, and, since he had no nets, to spear through holes in the ice, where the men, crouching behind a small windshield, watched all day long.

The fishing had been good at first. But now it was poor, very poor. When a man caught four fish of three or four pounds every twenty-four hours, he could consider himself very lucky. They had only four spears to feed seventeen people. He did n't count the

small babies at the breast. Half of them had already died, and he expected the rest to go soon. They had no dogs. They had eaten them all. They were going to stay here another week, in the hope that the fishing would improve. But, if it did not, then he would leave for a certain lake he knew, twelve days' walking to the northwest. There he thought he might perhaps find musk ox.

Yes, they had three rifles and enough ammunition. He knew the risk he would have to take. In fact, he expected that half the band — even more — would fall on the way, but he would take the chance if the fish were going to fail entirely. And, did we have food, over and above what we needed for our return trip — twenty days?

The guide and I looked at each other. There stood a band of Eskimos on the point of sheer, complete starvation. Numbering seventeen to the two of us, still they made no move to seize our food and our dogs. Obeying the eternal law of the North, they took it for granted that we had to keep our team so as to be able to travel back south to wherever we lived, and enough food, so much per man and per dog, per day, to last the distance we had to cover. They simply asked us if we had, by any chance, a surplus of food. Without hesitation we unpacked our whole outfit and laid out our complete stock on the ice.

While a woman kept our dogs quiet under the threat of the whip, we sorted out and counted the dog food, fish, then our own caribou meat. Traveling north of the trees, we had only a little gasoline stove, to boil our tea. The meat we ate raw, trusting to be able to last on it until we found our cache on our way back, at the trees, where wood and fire would enable us to cook again and eat pork and beans and flour cakes.

Twenty days of traveling! Seven dogs! Three fish per dog per day. They were very small fish. That meant four hundred and twenty fish. We found that we actually had four hundred and fifty. We put the balance of thirty aside. Then we cut down the dog allowance to two fish a day, thus adding one hundred and forty fish to the thirty. As far as our own meat was concerned, we gave them forty pounds of it, keeping eighty for ourselves. We offered them tea, but they refused it, as they had no fat to use with moss for fuel in their little stone lamps.

Kakarmik distributed the fish and meat there and then, so much per head, and in a few minutes every Eskimo had gone to the igloos to eat.

As we turned south, after saying good-bye to the old chief, we noticed a young woman standing a few hundred yards ahead of us. When we got up to her, she beckoned and we stopped. She was very thin and very, very weak. She told us that she was an orphan from another tribe and, having been taken up through charity and having absolutely no relations, she was not receiving her proper share of the daily catch. Therefore she was starving, and she begged us for one fish, — one fish from our dog food, — just one, for her alone, adding that she would eat it at once, there on the ice, before the others found her and took it away from her.

She was very pathetic, with her thin face all blackened with frostbite, and she made little pleading gestures with her hands in her anxiety to make us understand that she was dying on her feet from hunger.

We took a fish out of the bag. I chose it carefully. It was a whitefish, weighing about three pounds, very fat, and frozen, of course, as hard as a piece of granite. When I handed it to the girl I could see her trembling with excitement. One of her legs, in the big caribou trouser and boot, started shaking so badly that she nearly pitched

forward on the sleigh, and the saliva began to drip from the corner of her mouth, freezing when it reached her chin.

As soon as she had the fish in her arms she tried to bite a piece out of it. But her teeth failed her. The guide gave her our little axe. Putting the fish down on the ice, she tried to chop it in pieces, but she was too weak and she missed it. The man had to cut it up for her. And then it was an awful sight to watch her gobble the chunks and swallow them whole, hardly munching. When she had eaten a large portion, she gathered the remains and hid them in her clothing, against her bare skin, where they would thaw and where she could reach them easily, without attracting attention.

When we turned round to have a last look at the igloos, she was halfway back to the shore. She had stopped walking, and was sitting on the ice, facing us. As we waved at her she did not make a sign, but she bent her head down to her chest. I suppose she was having another mouthful of fish before getting back to the others.

And during the twenty days of our trip south, to the trees and our fur outpost, every night when my guide and I lay side by side in the same fur bag, under the little canvas tent, we both pondered over the fate of Kakarmik's tribe, while the face of the starving woman haunted our dreams as soon as we fell asleep.

II

Six months later I returned to the Barren Lands, in the same district. I was traveling by canoe with two Indians. My guide of the winter was somewhere north of me and I had arranged to meet him at the northern end of the lake where I had seen Kakarmik and his band in January.

Leisurely I proceeded on my way north. It was toward the end of July and the bleak rugged country had changed into its summer garb. No more snow — a few patches of greenish moss and stunted willows scattered about between the gray rocks. No more ice — but miles and miles of sapphire-blue water. Hundreds and thousands of caribou plodding north, keeping high on the crest of the hills, seeking the wind so as to avoid the black flies. White gulls soaring aimlessly about the lake. Ducks and geese flying back and forth over their nesting grounds. White foxes — invisible — barking defiantly somewhere in the rocks. Thousands of small birds twittering and flitting about their nests on the ground. And proud piebald cock ptarmigans drumming and crowing everywhere, perched on the stones all along the shore line.

I pitched my camp at last on the same point where I had seen the igloos seven months before. Not a sign of life anywhere. And there I waited a whole week before my guide arrived. My thoughts at all times were with Kakarmik and his small band of Eskimos. No one, south, had received any news of them since I had last met the tribe in the dead of winter.

Had they been able to ward off starvation where I had seen them until the first caribou had returned in the spring? Or had they risked the big adventure and faced death in their search for musk ox, away, far away, somewhere on the shores of the big lake unknown to all of us but Kakarmik?

For a whole week I pondered, and then suddenly, from far out on the lake, just before sunset, I saw my man coming from the northwest in a canoe manned by three Eskimos.

It was a beautiful evening, such as one sees so often in the far North during the summer. The horizon was blood red. The canoe, silhouetted in

black across the flaming background, glided through waters as still as a mirror and of all the hues of the rainbow. The regular splash of the paddles woke the echoes of the hills behind me, while the scattered drops of water fell back on the surface of the lake, around the canoe, like tongues of fire.

Silently I watched the four men coming nearer and nearer until the bow of the canoe grinded softly on the sand of the beach and remained still.

The guide walked up the bank. So did the Eskimos. They belonged to a band from the east and I knew them well. We all shook hands, silently. Such is the way men greet one another in the wilderness.

After a few seconds, when the white man had found a flat stone to sit on, and lit his pipe, carefully and slowly, I looked at him. 'Well.' He knew what I meant. He took the pipe out of his mouth and turned the bowl slowly in his hand, gazing at it thoughtfully. Then, moving sideways, his eyes found mine. 'All dead,' he answered, and after that, a second or so later, as an afterthought, 'I found them all.'

Although I expected the news in a way, his few terse words stunned me and I remained silent. Meanwhile the three Eskimos, who guessed what had been said in English, remained squatting in front of me, watching my face with unscrutable half-closed eyes.

Finally I asked what had happened, and this was the story I heard.

That spring, before the ice had left the lake, my man had returned to the very spot where we had last seen Kakarmik. The igloos were still there, but the camp was deserted. There were no fresh signs. One could see at a glance that the Eskimos had gone away months before. He decided to travel northwest, toward the other lake that the old chief had told us about. He took the three eastern Eskimos with him and first crossed the lake he was on. For half a day they all searched for tracks on the shore, as they had to find out exactly where Kakarmik and his band had started their walk inland. Then they found sure signs. First a bunch of traps, then a skin bundle of extra caribou blankets, finally a grave — just a few small stones scattered over the body of a very small child.

From the lay of the land it was easy after that to guess that the band of Eskimos must have taken a sort of coulee, like a small valley, winding its way more or less northwest. My guide took a chance and started walking up that trail. There were no tracks on the ground, as the thin snow had been swept away by the wind or had melted under the first rays of the sun. For a whole day the four men did not see anything that could make them believe that they were on the right trail. Then, all at once, they began finding things — a fish spear, a telescope, an axe, a snow knife, two pairs of boots.

Not only did they know then that they were on the right track, but they soon guessed what had happened. The weak, straggling band of starving natives had begun there to discard all extra weight. A little later they came across, in a hollow, a half-melted ice screen, like a portion of an igloo wall. There the Eskimos must have huddled together and slept during the first night. A mile farther the white man, walking ahead, found the body of a woman, still half frozen, untouched by any preying animal. The three Eskimos recognized her and named her at once. It was the girl to whom we had given the one fish.

From there on the trail was strewn with every loose article the band had been carrying. It was easy to see that the pace had begun to tell and that the dying natives had decided to throw away everything they had except the

rifles. After that, during seven weary days, my man followed the trail by the dead bodies. Generally one alone; sometimes two, side by side; once three, sitting in a group, close to one another behind a rock.

They counted the dead carefully. The band consisted of seventeen souls originally, not including the babies. Kakarmik seven months ago had told us seventeen, meaning from the youngest child who could walk, without being carried at any time, up to himself.

Well, they finally found the old man. He seemed to have been the last to fall. He was lying on his face, halfway up a little slope, but he had no rifle beside him. They searched around for a long time, but did not find it, although the two other firearms had been accounted for with the two last bodies.

It was then that the three Eskimos told my man that Kakarmik's body was the sixteenth and that someone was still missing. The guide checked up carefully and came to the conclusion that they were right; but, although the Eskimos knew each one of Kakarmik's band, they did not seem to be able to name the seventeenth.

The four men decided to go on toward the lake. For five hours they walked without finding anything — and then, just as they were going to give up, they came across the last body.

It was a girl — a little girl of twelve or thereabouts. The three Eskimos remembered her name. And right alongside of her body there lay the third rifle, with a small bag of cartridges.

III

That is the story my man told me. The sun had gone down before he stopped talking and it was past midnight. There was n't a breath of wind on the lake. Right above, the northern lights shimmered and danced in the sky.

I left the four men without a word and went to my tent. I was tired, suddenly, so tired that I could hardly lift my feet from the ground. I lay down in my blankets and closed my eyes. But I could n't sleep. I never slept during the whole night. I just lay there, opening my eyes now and then to stare at the gray silk roof over my head.

I expected a tragedy. Starvation, after all, is a common occurrence in the far North. I was prepared for it, in a way, the very minute I said good-bye to Kakarmik during the winter. My man's report was no more tragic than many stories I had heard before, elsewhere, north of sixty-two. My thoughts, in fact, did not even dwell on Kakarmik himself, nor on the young woman whom we had saved seven months before with the one fish from our dog food.

What haunted me was the thought of the little girl, the last one to survive — then to die, all alone.

The little girl of twelve, who managed to keep up until the very end because her mother probably had fed her with hidden scraps before she herself fell dead on the trail.

The little girl who saw the other members of the tribe sink one by one and die on the frozen land.

The little girl left all alone, hundreds of miles from anywhere, in a strange desert of ice and snow, with nothing but a sense of direction inherited from the old chief.

The little girl who never thought of giving in, even then, but who grasped the last rifle and went on and on, blindly, in the deathly arctic winter, — on and on, — true to the right direction followed by her elders, — on and on, — with the unfailing courage of her race, until death, at last, mercifully struck her down.