

Cuffy & Tuffy Irene Stuler

~~Spring was just awakening in the Copper River region of Alaska. The pale sun spread timid shadows on lingering snow fields and thin-limbed alders.~~

On a chill day the pale sun spread timid shadows on lingering snow fields and thin-limbed alders in the Copper River region of Alaska. Spring was just awakening. And so was a pair of black bear cubs. They had just emerged - not so long ago from their dark-closet stage, and now, hungry for life and food, too, were frolicking about their mother. All three were playing in a snow field. - - - - - Their whisperings

meandered down to the stream and across to two hunters in a canoe. They levelled their glasses at the mother and laughed at the frantic antics of the baby bears. Noiselessly the two men slipped their canoe into shore and followed the saunters of the stream.

But not altogether. - - - - - waiting.

A week later, the two cubs had changed hands again and had become the mascots of the yacht Westward.

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PORTLAND

Cruising into the Bering Sea with its owner
and his family. Lucky for the cubs that they
fell among Christians and became the special
charges of two children who promptly christened
them Cuffy and Tuffy.

CUFFY AND TUFFY.

L. Gene Finley

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Cuffy had just suffered a great bereavement. He had been born a twin, and his natal partner had been snatched away from him, almost out of his arms. On a soft afternoon the two round forms with ears pointed eagerly ahead had wandered side by side up the sandy slope to the hill-top above the ~~sea~~ beach. Always they bolstered their courage for a forbidden lark by each other's presence. They were rolling and wrestling in the high grass which waved gently in the ~~sea~~ breeze, when suddenly a great black shadow with wide wings flared above them shutting out the sunshine. It swooped. There was a wild cry of pain. The evil black spirit lifted away into the heavens, and when Cuffy looked around Tuffy was gone. He was alone. The unearthly silence and vast space pressed hard against him. He began to run, this way, that way, anywhere, till striking the path down the hill he raced back to camp with his ears flapping in the wind. And now he was bawling at the top of his voice, telling the fear that had smitten him.

Cuffy and Tuffy were two ^{black} bear cubs, mascots of the yacht Westward cruising in the Bering Sea. At the time they were camped on Unimak, one of the Aleutian Islands. Five months ago, many miles away from here, they had been born in a ~~cave~~ ^{arched} in the forest at the head of Copper River on the mainland of Alaska. One day in the early spring ^{late} two hunters were plying a stream of this wild and rugged region. The air was chill. The pale sun spread timid shadows on lingering snow fields and thin-limbed alders. Spring was still asleep. But not so the bears. It was time for Old Mother Bruin to be out and skirmishing. Her ³ twin cubs had been born two months ago while she still kept her winter sleep in the dark cave. At that time they were fuzzy, bobbed-eared and blind little mites (weighing from twelve to fifteen ounces.) Now she was famished and gaunt from suckling, and they were big enough to tag at her heels and begin life with a zest.

Of course, hunters are always looking for bears even if it was not

*History
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On this frosty morning this hunter were plying the

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Cuffy and Tuffy.

Irene Finley

On a chill day in the early spring, two hunters were plying
a stream in the Copper River district in Alaska. The pale sun spread
timid shadows on lingering snow fields and thin-limbed alders. Spring was
just awakening. And so was a pair of black bear cubs.
~~still asleep. But not so the bears.~~ It was time for ~~Old Mother~~ *their mother* brain
to be out and skirmishing. Her twin cubs had been born two months ago
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while she still kept her winter sleep in the dark cave in the forest.

Who has seen or knows except in imagination, what a new born bear cub
looks like? He is born in the absolute silence, darkness and seclusion
of a far-away forest cave, or under rocks or roots of a great old tree.
In many instances, bear dens are smothered under the snows of a northern
winter, or by brown and matted debris of storms. Finding one of these
dens, what lone and wandering hunter or trapper has intruded on a hungry
and just awakening old mother to run a mental tape-line of memory around the
sleeping little black forms tucked between her big paws? Even in ~~the~~
ursine incubators ^{four} ~~in~~ parks, has any keeper asked a gentle mother bear to
hand out her infant for the benefit of scientific knowledge?

But we have made some pretty accurate guesses about bear points.
Perhaps the greatest one is that ~~he~~ ^{a bear} has an amazing amount of growing to do
between dawn and dark of his life. At birth he is a ~~small~~, round-headed,
dove-colored mite weighing from twelve to fifteen ounces.

Enlarge →

On a chill day ---

the season for trophies. So they levelled their glasses on Mother Bear and laughed at the baby bears frisking along with her. All three were playing on a snow field. The black mother loped up the snowy slope followed by the cubs pell-mell at her heels. But they had not climbed slippery slopes as many years as she had. After the first impetuous spurt, they began to slide back and scratch and scramble, and soon were tumbling head over heels down hill. They went at it again and again, only to slide swiftly to the bottom of the glary, slick surface. Their whimperings quavered across to the hunters. Noiselessly they ^{ere} slipped the canoe ⁱⁿ to shore and followed the banks of the stream on opposite ^{sides} hoping to intercept the trio. The brush was too thick to see them from here. Old Mother Bruin, sniffing strangers on the air, had turned off to the left into the alders, and for a while her pursuers lost track of her. But for her, however, they were too close for comfort. To be on the safe side, she hustled the cubs up a fifteen-foot sapling, encouraging their unwillingness by shoves and pushes of her nose. Finally they settled on a limb and were as still as lambs. Her mind being cleared of cubs, she then ambled along the trail as if they were no part of her existence. She had fooled her enemies.

But not altogether. When one of the gunners picked up her trail and scanned the broad tracks in the snow, he found there were no small paw prints shuffling behind. The cubs were not with her. ^{And they were after} So she was allowed to travel on down into the safety of a dense, narrow ravine, while the men back-tracked on the trail which finally led them to much trampled snow beneath a tree. ^{standing underneath} They looked directly up at the two fuzzy, black forms peering down silently at them. Only a few minutes before they had sped along under this sapling where the hushed baby bears were perched. The minute one of the men started to climb the tree, the cubs set up a wild and frightened wailing.

Now all that was past, and many mysterious things had happened to them, journeys in comfort and contentment, as well as astonishing adventure.

for a pair of bear cubs. And that is going far, for ^{many} events both of comedy and tragedy may happen in the life of a bear before the sun sets finally for him over his home forest. But the wings of the wind had borne Cuffy and Tuffy far, carrying their ship over the thousand-league swells of more than one ocean, along rugged shorelines of lost islands and under the shadows of fiery mountains. The orphans, serenely secure in the midst of the family they had adopted wholeheartedly, were oblivious to the omnipotence of the vast elements about them. They beat the whole crew out of bed in the morning and took their shower baths of flying spume from heavy seas stoically, balanced on the swaying deck or skidded across the slippery boards between somebody's legs to help the happiness of the day, demurely pulled over the bucket of sloppy scraps from the galley to smear it under foot for a passer's fall. ^{westward} Through the hours of the day they hurried ^{busily} about. ~~no children could have been more busy.~~ Chili, the engineer, hustled them into their box with a broom, when enough became too much. Adolph, the florid German chef, swore in guttural tones under his breath: "Sweep the little beasts overboard!" But just the same, he fed the cubs instead of the fishes. And when the peaceful glow of northern twilight came and everybody sat on deck watching for new worlds in these ^{western} wide waters, in these quiet moments Cuffy and Tuffy meditated on the wonders of a clicking typewriter or leaned against friendly knees like children absorbed in a story. Then Adolph admitted with a softer smile that they did help mightily to run the boat and move things along. He, himself, was longing a little for livelier scenes in life. ^{But most they loved to go ashore & camp with the family.}

^{Break location} Wandering along the beach below camp after driftwood one day, the Captain came upon an old mast that had washed ashore. Laboriously he lugged it back to camp. Digging a deep pit, he settled the big beam into it and tamped the soil well down around it. Then he wound rope about it almost to the top. Scarcely had he raised it aloft till an irrepressible cub scampered

over and stopped to investigate this new kind of a tree. He could hardly remember when he had seen a tree, let alone climb one. There were no trees on these far and wind-bitten islands sunk between two raging oceans. He was bending over sniffing at the foot of the pole when his playmate pranced up and butted him from behind. Instantly he scrambled up, hooking his claws in the rope as if he had been used to it all his life. That was sufficient. The new totem pole was initiated and accepted as the stage for cub performances, and many a sky-line skit they put on that doubled up the camp crowd with laughter. If there is anything a bear likes better than bacon or syrup, it's strawberry jam. Being fully aware of the potency of this luscious mixture, the audience lost no chances of enlivening an evening's entertainment. Jam was plastered plentifully up one side of the pole, clear to the top. Both cubs started up, shoving and pushing each other, licking faster and faster as they nudged noses. They shouldered each other and swayed into space as they clung to the rope. The whining and growling became louder and more tense. The pole tapered slimmer and slimmer toward the top. All at once, the kettle boiled over and the fur flew. Forgetting that they were twenty feet in the air, they grabbed for each other and clinched. Losing his footing, one acrobat started to fall, but like a cat he twisted and caught his claws in the rope again as he slid down. The other had been losing no time while his partner was busy. He had cleaned off the jam to the top and now sat astride the four-inch pinnacle with his hind feet hanging over revelling in the last licks. Behind loomed Shishaldin, the phantom mountain, with a candle at its tip floating in the clouds. So were these wild children of the far north akin to the ghostly beauty of this unknown land.)

Always the mornings brought fresh joys and sorrows to the cubs. ~~About camp~~ ^{ir} Sooner or later everything interesting had to withstand the onslaughts. Like furry whirl-winds they raced around the tents bumping into anything ^{what} in their way. One morning when a chase was on, the leader bolted into the cook tent. He stopped short, arrested by the smells. He lifted his nose in the air and sniffed. Tuffy had come in behind him and did the same. What was it, and where was it? Stacked in the corner ^{were} was a lot of boxes and cans and dunnage bags. Cuffy reached ^{over} ~~out~~ and hooked a pasteboard ^{box} toward him. Raisins spilled out and scattered in the moss at his feet. He didn't stop to pick them up but ^{dug} ~~reached~~ into the box and began to eat. But he saw something else, a can of butter with the lid off. He dipped his paw in ~~and~~ making deep, ^{yellow substance} ~~dirty~~ grooves in the butter and licked it off liesurely. But ~~this~~ didn't hold his interest long. There were too many good things around, so he went in boldly to investigate. He began ^{pulling} ~~pawing~~ things down on the floor, boxes, tin cans of fruit, a bag of ^{round} ~~hard-tacks~~, and liking the sound of falling things, he began to get excited and stepped over in the middle of the ~~moss~~, pawing right and left. Tuffy, a little frightened and excited, was rapidly licking up brown sugar which ^{burst from} ~~she had spilled out of~~ a paper bag. Then Cuffy struck the jam jar. He sat down in the middle of the moss hugging the ^{precious} jar to his stomach while he kept up a continuous motion from the jam to his mouth. He forgot everything and everybody. He didn't want anything else.

Of course, they were caught in the middle of the fun, and spanked out of the tent. They had wrecked the inside of it like pirates in a treasure house. For days afterward the kitchen crew were swearing. If one ^{was likely to stick his fingers in} reached for a stick of wood in the corner, he picked up a bunch of rice stuck together with ~~xxxxxx~~ gun grease. Over all was the odor of coffee steeped in kerosene, which had been tipped over outside the door. Driven to their haven of safety, their big box, the twins backed up in it side by side ready to defend themselves. They knew they shouldn't have been in that tent. But they

never could forget it, nor keep away from it. Running around outside, as they passed it they stopped and lifted their noses in the air.

This was the last escapade of the pair together. And it was the way they had learned to forget their mother and other unhappy things that were lost to memory. But now fate had dealt the unkindest blow of all. She had left Cuffy alone in the world. From babyhood since their mother had faded out of their lives, they had comforted each other. ^{And} In the dark and cold of the night when the boat plunged through the ^{singing} icy sea, they had laid ^{earlier} hugged in each other's arms with their noses close together, while their big box rocked in the wind on the stern (of the boat.) (They had played and scuffled on the river bank near camp and pushed each other in for a ducking in the icy water.) They were bits of life in this vast universe sufficient unto themselves against the fury of any storm as long as they were together.

When evening came on that ^{awful} solemn day and twilight softened the shadows over the tundra, it was Cuffy's bed time. Peggy, the ten-year old girl, placed his ^{of food} food plate on the ground beside his box as usual. But his supper didn't taste good. He grumbled and sidled away from it, and had to be coaxed to eat a little. There was no Tuffy to eat it with him, or tussle over it. It was no fun eating food that one didn't have to fight for. Before this, when a pan of rice and other table scraps seasoned with bacon gravy was put down for the two cubs, the game had been for one to sit in the pan and hold the fort as long as possible, wiggling and twisting about or doubling his ears under him to keep them from being chewed off as the other cub hopped about on top of him biting and tugging to pry him loose. At the end, most of the food was ^{stamped} on the round rear of the victorious cub like a sticky medallion. ^{Cuffy} Now he was lonesome and his box had too many dark corners in it. But he finally fell asleep and mumbled and cried out during the night.

In the morning the bustle of breaking camp was a-foot. Some had been up at midnight, and again at dawn to watch for the falling tides. But

In the morning the bustle of breaking camp was a-foot. It was time to leave these shores and the ~~kikaka~~ ^{that shot of memories} camp in the bend of the little river, (scenes of happiness and pain.) A pale mist hung over the dim distances, ^{veiled} of the green hills and ~~hid~~ the great mountain. The party trailed through the deep grass across the flats and over the sand-dune that dipped down to the beach. A film of dew wet the surface of the ~~sand~~ dune enlivening the thirsty sand flowers that stuck up in swollen clusters under foot. Cuffy tagged at the heels of his family, complaining at everything in general, uneasy at this new move in affairs. At the top of the bank, he looked down on the ocean, and didn't like it. Neither did anyone else. The tide had been high for many days. Watchers had been up at midnight and ^{again at} dawn for a sign of an abating surf. ^{But} Food was gone, and the chance had to be taken now of breaking a way out to the yacht which tossed restlessly on a choppy and ominous sea a half a mile ~~out~~ ^{away}.

All ready, watch your time to run and jump the combers on the calm ^{row} and make the boat bobbing beyond the first breakers, was the command. But the surf was so high that it never lowered ^{below} beyond waist deep and pounded the waders back on the beach at each attempt. Cuffy was willing to follow his family to the ends of the earth, but he saw nothing but sure death in this adventure. He faced each glossy wave as it rolled in, the water curled beneath the towering crest ^{like} in a deep blue cave, ~~and~~ hung silent for a moment, then crashed in white foam at his feet and ran in a long white line ^{down} along the shore. Cuffy danced up and down ^{on his elbows} in an agony of indecision, then ~~hukked~~ splashed through the salt pools left by the receding waves and bolted for the hills ^{behind him}. All hands dropped the dunnage and scattered to capture him. Hugged tightly in Cam's arms with his paws digging into the boy's ribs, he stuck out his lip and told loudly his fear of the sea that was going to swallow him. So he was carried in bounding leaps out to the boat, ^{and soon} ~~were safe again on the yacht~~. ^{he turned and} ~~Soon~~ they started for another ocean, so he supposed, for that seemed

to be the goal of all the days. At least they were on the way and he was comfortable and contented again in his box on deck. He hung on the edge of ^{more} the box, half in and half out, lazily bored at the monotony of the continuous rolling motion. It was natural for him to perch as if he was in a tree, for when he reached out to chew on the guy rope that anchored his box, his hind feet still kept an instinctive hold behind him. Then he shuffled down on deck, ^{and being unable to travel in a straight line, he} ~~went over to the rail and sidling lengthwise to it~~, took a squint at the churning water below. ^{Under him he felt the rail and} His limber hind feet hooked over the edge as if feeling for a limb higher up. All parts of him were on the job to keep him from falling while his curious nose and paws were investigating something. He remembered a certain sickening occasion, when he was romping with his twin and rolling too near the edge ^{he lost his balance and} he fell overboard. As the vast depths drew him down, he thought his days were done; but he floundered and kicked till, getting the water out of his eyes, he spied the boat looming above him and bawled for help. Also he found that he could swim, for he paddled around and around the boat before they rescued him.

It was cold and raw on deck and the yacht rolled heavily against a head wind. Cuffy was chilly for all of his warm, wooly fur. Back he crawled into his box and fell asleep in a black lump before he knew it. Forty times a day this happened when things lagged and nothing caught his eye. One day they nosed out of a ^{suffocating} whaling station at the little harbor of Akutan. As soon as they ^{got out of} ~~left~~ the narrow pass that led to the Pacific Ocean, they left land out of sight and made straight for the deep sea. It grew rough even for bears. Cuffy ambled about the deck with an uncertain expression as if his mind was troubled about something. Besides he was offish and wanted several feet of space between himself and anybody else. ^{others on the deck. Cuffy sat down at the foot} He eyed them out of the corner of his eye as if suspecting their motives in rolling the boat. The forests and the islands didn't hump and heave like this. Then he whirled around on his haunches and swung his head in the air. He looked limp, not his usual

only a frail deck between him & the great green depths.

the foot of his box under the rope. Cuffy watched them. Then the rope cut with a lightening crack. Cuffy's eye challenged any long life.

ready-to-meet-you self. Several times he put a paw up and made a pass at his mouth. He started for his box, but didn't get there. He was a sick little bear. It was an unsatisfactory day for Cuffy.

the sea was still wild, so
In the afternoon they sought a cove cut into ~~the~~ an island and came into a quiet, secluded bay. Then *1* *followed* a few long, joyous hours on shore, *calm* dabbling in a merry little stream, playing in a wild garden of lupine and violets and *lying on his back* pulling down sweet petals, pushing along through grass so tall he couldn't see over it, and running abandoned in the wind, forgetting--

forgetting everything. And soon he was lost. No sound of voices; only the soft wind and the sweet flowers about him. Then *1* he ran faster and faster.

ed
A voice calling his name, but the breeze trickily trailed it off. Frantically he flew along through the tangle in the wrong direction. He became

bewildered and sat down in this great forest of blowing grass and whimpered to himself. *He looked over one steep green hill after another above the blue bay, all still & deserted.*

"Well, you little dub!" sounded above him. He looked up and burst into a complaining wail as he scrambled up Cam's legs, the most comforting tree he had ever known in his life. *And soon they were on the way*

Cuffy knew the boat was lost, for they had been pitching along for *again* two days on a wide and empty ocean. At last shadowy points like up-ended tooth-picks appeared on the horizon ahead. They grew into rocky islands and soon fused into one by a connecting band. Finally there lay in the path of the approaching ship a burnt and misshapen ~~the~~ black mass. The engines were slowed; the boat abated her pace and hung watching. The mate stood at the rail tossing the lead-line. As rhythmic as the beat of the waves came his droning voice: "And a half-two. And a quarter less three. And a quarter less three." *that looked ahead* The little island looked steaming and treacherous as if she were *except* hiding under the water for some evil purpose. But nothing happened but the

bursting away of bands of sea birds as they stretched their necks and scattered for safety over the surface. *But Cuffy sensed something ominous and fearsome in the silent crowd that stood at the rail gazing intently ahead.*

There might be hidden, pointed ledges under the water. But the water was deep for the lead dropped into a bottomless well.

This was that hot and hopeless place called Bogoslof in the middle of the Bering Sea. It was not surprising that the Captain didn't want to go fussing around an uncertain island like this, that is up today, and down tomorrow. Uncharted waters are a nightmare for skippers. For a couple of centuries this ~~Jack-in-the-box~~ ^{volcanic freak} had been changing her facial expression, and it looked as if she was on the verge of doing it again. ^{belching up one hot peak from the sulphurous sea, and soon after dragging another down}

In a mocking, ^{unearthly} ~~unearthly~~ light of ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{incised} late afternoon, the Westward lay anchored in the pale green bay in front of this flat island with its head and its heels kicked ~~upxxxxxx~~ high into the air at either end. ~~The~~ Cuffy stood looking over the side of the boat. The water was suspiciously smooth and clear, and from its depths strings of opalescent bubbles boiled up to the surface and puffed away. Everybody went ashore, so Cuffy went, too. The beach was black ^{with sand of sparkling jet} and looked as if it had been burned. The sea sucked hard on the shore and pulled the sand from under his feet, so he started for higher ground. It was a queer place. He looked behind him at every step he took. It would have been better if he had looked ahead, for he stepped into a smelly, safron-colored mud hole and hopped right up in the air. It was as hot as the lower regions themselves. He had never had to watch his step before nor found scalding water lying around carelessly on the ground. After that Cuffy approached every little black rock with suspicion, and he was right. Most of them were hot with sizzling little steam pits underneath. In fact the whole island was smoking with a sickening breath. ^{hissing and blowing off mountains of steam.}

He couldn't stand still; the ground was too hot. So he followed at the heels of his folks. That was the only safe thing to do. ^{He wished he hadn't come.} In a reeking, ghoulish sink at the foot of a cliff he passed the bodies of two Emperor geese, distorted and ghastly. ^{in the smothering fumes.} And a little further on strung along among crumbling rocks were the bodies of thirteen murre, stiff in their glossy black and white. There wasn't a living thing to be seen, but from all around came the most unearthly sounds. He didn't ~~know~~ know which way to look for them.

At first it sounded like a lot of pigs grunting, mixed with the bawling of a herd of cattle on the rampage; and above this rose faint, frightening voices. *high in the air.* He was stepping gingerly along when they rounded a rise and came upon another beach. On it rolled about queer, tawny things, lumpy and log-like. He couldn't get head nor tail to them. And they filled the air with the worst bellowing he had ever heard, all roaring at once with their mouths wide open to the sky. So this was where all the sound was coming from. He was in a sea lion rookery, the biggest in the Bering Sea. And these were the Steller lions, the biggest in the world; the bulls weighing from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds with the cows about half that. *To Cuffy they loomed up like mountains.*

to watch He forgot his feet long enough to take a look out of the corner of his eye. Up at the head of the island twin peaks of jagged rock reached into the sky. *like turrets of a castle.* Just now these looked like a bee-hive with all the bees buzzing angrily into the air. It was the home of thousands of sea birds. On the precipitous, crumbling volcanic cliffs these arrow-shaped birds clung to every niche in the rocks. For the most part, they were Pallas murrets, mixed with sea parrots and a few other species. The steam from internal vents rose from below and poured up over them, but still they sat *upright* on their pear-shaped eggs which *made* were a kaleidoscopic garden of colors. *on the steep slopes.*

Cuffy jumped. A funny little soft sausage about his own size was almost upon him with its round, orange mouth ready to take him in. He humped back on his haunches and snorted with his lip stuck out and his heavy paws all ready to use. "Come on, you duffer! I dare you!" And he stood ready to make it good if the little bewildered, bawling sea lion came an inch further. The bleary-eyed creature, sensing that this belligerent black thing was no relation of his, squirmed about and caterpillared off in another direction. On the beach his bull-necked *rolling along like a great squirming caterpillar* sire was galloping sideways at his antagonist like a pig to war, making a great too-doo about his prowess. But when one of the party *and* called his bluff and walked toward him, he backed down the beach and dove head

first into the sea, making a tremendous splash and tumult in the water. *Out there, most of the mothers were milking around in a noisy and*
The little sea lion was still hunting for someone, so Cuffy tagged after him, *expected*
sniffing to find out what kind of a fellow he was. He had a sickening scent *foreshadowing*
and only bawled in one's face, so Cuffy gave him up as uninteresting. When
the grown-ups insisted on his having his picture taken beside the little beast,
he faced them and told them in plain terms that he couldn't stand him and that
he wouldn't be cajoled much further. Altogether it was a reeking, rampant
place *with* smells and sounds, and on every hand hot holes that haunted one. *him*

When Cuffy left the awesome bay of Bogoslof, he didn't know. It must
have been in the eerie hours of an *murky* morning when he was curled up asleep
in his box. *on the rear deck,* At any rate, his premonitions *and* misgivings about prolonging his
stay there were well founded, for a couple of weeks after *his boat* he weighed anchor
from those pale and siren-like waters, those cliffs and steaming sands were
again the scene of an eruption, seething like a hissing cauldron in the middle
of an icy sea.

What matter? The rest of his story is so gay and blithe that it
blotted out all past pains, even *the loss of his little black brother* Tuffy's loss. One morning he found himself
on shore again. He had had a breakfast dear to a bear's heart, hot cakes and
syrup, and he was rolling in the grass in front of a cottage in a little
village. A group of children stood around him, swarthy-skinned and wide-eyed.
They had never seen a bear cub before, for no bear had ever been on their is-
land. There was not even a dog there, and only one half-hearted cat. To have
a bear cub to feed and take care of and pet was the boon that Cuffy brought
to these little Aleut natives of St. George Island, one of the Pribilofs, far
off in the Bering Sea. Of course, he was the charge of the Superintendent,
and his cosy box with a bed of clean straw was elevated on a small platform in
his yard. Here he played or tagged the children along the path on the cliff,
looking off *across* ~~at~~ an unbounded sea toward that mainland of his birth which was
beyond the horizon of the dim dreams of memory.

Who has seen or knows except in imagination what a new born bear cub looks like? He is born in the absolute silence, darkness and seclusion of a far-away forest cave, or under rocks or roots of a great old tree. In a good many ~~xxxx~~ instances these bear dens are are smothered under the snows of a northern winter or by blown and matted debris of storms. Finding one of these hidden lairs, what lone and wandering hunter or trapper ~~walks~~ has intruded on a hungry and just awakening old mother to run a mental tape-line of memory around the sleeping little form, ^{tucked between her big paws,} its rounded baby head, and Oh, yes! the ^{to keep their} ears-- Even in ~~xxx~~ ursine incubators in our parks, has any keeper asked a gentle mother bear to hand out her infant for the benefit of scientific knowledge? Suffice it so say that we have made some pretty accurate guesses ^{a few} about ~~xxxx~~ bear points; and this is the great one, that he has an amazing amount of growing to do between dawn and dark of his life, ^{8 to} from twelve to ^{40 to 50} fifteen ounces at birth to some six or ~~eight~~ hundred pounds at full growth. Cubs are born while their mother still keeps her winter sleep in the dark cave, and for a month or two they lie like inert black mites, bobbed-eared and blind.

Notes - I remember
Always ready to take a
treat from a friend. Once
pulled lump of sugar out of
pocket. Cuffy stood waiting
and took the sugar as gently
as a pet dog, reaching his lip
out for it. There is nothing
softer or better bred than
a bear's nose, nor quicker
nor harder than a bear's paw
if needed.

Man & cigar in park.

Cuffy had plenty of nerve
and self-assurance.

Bear rug - Cuffy walked up
with bold curiosity. Tuffy
humped back in fear - going
to strike but she was hurt.

O They had to learn that
the human beings with whom
they were to live were friendly
and did all they could to make
the cubs at home on the yacht
and in the family circle in
camp. This relationship was
an unnatural one. The ~~first~~
feel of their mother's cold furry
breasts in the rooey smelling
cave and even the few days
of tagging at her heels in the
snowy hills had changed
baby trustfulness into ~~cautious~~
caution. But a bear is a
versatile animal, quick and
testy of temperament, but
naturally flexible and able
to adapt him self to conditions

So in a short time, Cuffy
and Puffy had found it ad-
vantageous to adopt the
ways of white folks and eat
white folks' food - for it
was good, and regularly
for the morning. The Cotelets in the
woods were a little irregular
and had to be hustled most
of the time. They weren't kicking
at the change.

After a few days on the yacht,
they lost all reticence or Modesty
about meeting strangers. In fact,
a strange leg was as good to
climb as an old friend -
except to the abashed stranger.

3 Cuffy was bold and frank.
Tuffy was fearful and ex-
citable. (So in a human family
do brothers & sisters differ ^{and} Cuffy
led, and always got through.
Cuffy followed and sometimes
got pinched. ~~Cuffy~~ In the
jousting matches, Cuffy used
his giracker instinct for
advantage. Tuffy struck out
at random and became hot
and waspish. When Cuffy deli-
berately stood up and hugged
her tight around the middle,
or seeing a good chance rushed
her off her feet. Cuffy hadn't
time to snarl and argue if he
got scratched. He was off for
some other conquest.

"Didn't make much use
of new sight for days" -
lay like black round
gout in darkness of cave
attached to a bear in a half
stupor.

"He had an incredible
lot of growing to do" from

12 ounces to 600 lbs. (?)

who has seen, or known ab-
solutely what a newborn
bear cub does look like? He
is born in the absolute silence,
darkness and seclusion of a
far away forest cave - under
rocks or roots of a great
old tree. In a great many

instances where bear
dens are hidden by piled
up snows of deep Northern
winter, or by blown and
matted debris of forest storms.
Or, finding one of these hidden
bear lairs, when lone and
wandering hunter or trapper
wants to intrude on a hungry
and fierce old mother with
new born cubs?

education of cubs began
on snow bank when a couple
of months old. The had work
to conquer - cubs been doing
it all their lives. Had seen
much of the Northern world,
had taken it with high aban-

3
document and good fellowship.
Had met the world squarely
and not squealed at disaster,
So on to something else.

Burned nose in fireplace. He
good loser. So on to something
else. And something else they
found than the cool, damp
forests of an Alaska summer,
for there were not for them.

They were to be seekers of new
and strange shores and wayfarers
on wide waters, and their days
were to be full of terrifying
tests of man's bravery and
unbounded heights of freedom
and comradeship.

① ~~Jap. fur islands.~~
By the cession of the middle
and northern Kurils in 1875
to Russia to Japan, the latter
country became the owner of
a large number of barren &
mostly uninhabited rocky is-
lands & islets which nobody
expected to possess any wealth
~~except~~ possibly a few sea-
otters left over from the Russian
management, and although
even then a very costly fur,
the sea otter skin had ~~not yet~~
reached the fabulous prices
which have been paid for
them of late years. Neither ^{the treaty}
party knew that several fur
seal rookeries of considerable
value had changed hands by the

② transfer and that the homes
of the northern fur seal, which
at one time belonged to Russia
alone, from now on were sub-
ject to 3 different suzerainties,
D. S. I. The fur seal of the north
was first made known by Steller,
who in 1741, inspected a rookery
on Bering Is. and wrote an acc. of
his observations. The seal then
was called the "Sea Bear," be-
cause it was like a bear.
It belongs to the genus Caller-
hinus, and the herd on the
Pribilof Is. is a species dis-
tinct from those on the Com-
mander Is.

Come about May 1-5 -

Even before the discovery
of the Commander Is. in 1741,
the fur seals were known to
and hunted by the natives of
Kamchatka. A Russian
writer refers to them thus: -

"The sea cats are caught
in the spring and in the
month of Sept. at which
time they go from the Kurils-
koy Is. to the American Is.
coast - namely Commander
Is. Almost all the females
that are caught in the spring
are pregnant, and such as are
near their time of bringing
forth their young are injured -
opened and the young taken

Port and skinned. None
of them are to be seen from
the beg. of June till the end
of Aug. when they returned
from the South with their
young. They seldom come
ashore about Kamchatka
so the inhabitants chase them
in boats and throw darts or
harpoons at them, which stick
in their body; to this harpoon
is fixed one end of a rope
and the other is in the vessel,
and by this rope they draw
them toward the boat. But
here they are to be particularly
cautious, whenever they chase
one, if he comes near, not to
suffer him to fasten upon the
side of the boat with his

Forepaws and overturn
it to prevent which
some of the fishermen
stand ready with axes to
cut off his "Jaws."

Dr. Jordan's field notes
"In the sea are large rocks
on which the female seals are
now mostly gathered. No males,
young, or old, appear. In the
first little "pod" or bunch of
20 pups, 6 are evidently
starving. 8 recently starved
dead ones lie there, and there
are four dead ones of older
date, very emaciated.

There are many carcasses
of dead seals on the beach

Or nearly devoured, and
dense swarms of small flesh
flies abound. A lot of 46 pups
is examined. They seem
much less active than Tribolium
pups, smaller, sleepier & more
stupid. 17 of the number are
evidently starving.

DIES

the permanent court of international justice vacated by the death of Viscount Finlay of Great Britain.

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O'MALLEY COMMENTS ON SEAL INCREASE

Reporting on his recent survey at the Pribiloff Island sealeries Mr. O'Malley declared that the herds there had shown a substantial increase over previous years. The killing on the Pribiloffs closed July 24 and the take at that time was 39,253 skins, which was a large increase over the 1928 take, which was about 30,00 skins.

These skins represent about \$1,000,000 and in number were the most taken since the treaty of 1910, when the seal were first given international protection. "From all evidence," Mr. O'Malley declared, "the herd showed a marked increase over last year," and it is expected the increase will be maintained from year to year.

CROSSED THE DIVIDE

one of the pio

Oct 14-28 Oregon

SEAL NUMBERS INCREASE

**TAKING OF SKINS ALSO SAID
TO BE GREATER.**

**Pribilof Islands Herds Larger by
500 Per Cent Than in 1910
Is Federal Estimate.**

Fur seals in the Alaskan herd are steadily increasing in number and more skins are taken every year, according to recent figures released by the department of commerce. Since government control of the Pribilof islands was assumed in 1910 the number of seals has increased 500 per cent.

The Alaskan sealskin coat is being manufactured and sold in steadily increasing numbers. Since the control of the herd was assumed by the bureau of fisheries in 1910, the number of seals has increased about 500 per cent, which has allowed the killing of larger numbers of the surplus males during recent years without detriment to the natural growth of the herd.

The government-owned herd of the Pribilof islands comprises about 85 per cent of the fur seals of the world. Its breeding grounds were discovered in 1786 by Russians, and the islands were under the dominion of Russia until the purchase of Alaska by the United States in 1867.

Records of the operations under the Russian regime are very fragmentary, but when Alaska became the property of the United States in 1867 the number of seals in the herd was variously estimated at between 2,000,000 and 5,000,000 animals. For the first two years after the purchase there were restrictions on the killing of seals, and large numbers were taken indiscriminately.

In 1870 an American company was formed and contracted with the government to carry on the sealing exclusively, under strict terms of agreement and under the supervision of the government. Under the terms of the lease the company had to furnish stipulated amounts of food to the inhabitants free of charge, maintain a school, pay 40c for each skin taken, furnish provisions and merchandise at prices no higher than the prevailing retail prices in San Francisco, and institute many other reforms.

In order to perpetuate the herd the annual quota of the company was placed at 100,000 skins a year, and all went well until pelagic sealing broke out on the Pacific. This killing of seals in the water was extremely wasteful and destructive—wasteful in that a large proportion was not recovered and destructive because both males and females were killed instead of only the surplus males.

In 1911 a treaty was entered into by the United States, Great Britain, Japan and Russia, which prohibited pelagic sealing in the north Pacific ocean and Bering sea. The second lease to an American firm, which differed materially from the former, had expired the previous year, and the United States government took over the entire management of the sealing industry of the Pribiloff islands.

ALASKAN NATIVES CELEBRATE HOLIDAYS WITH WEIRD DANCES AND CEREMONIALS

Julian Calendar, Used for Setting Dates, Makes Christmas and New Year Come Late for Indians and Descendants of Russian Settlers.



Rare old Christmas star used in Alaskan islands, Russian church at Kodiak, founded in 1793, and native wearing old holiday mask of wood.

BY LUCILE SAUNDERS.

IT IS not yet happy new year for a few thousand citizens of the United States living in the Alaskan islands and along the Alaska peninsula. Instead of observing the dates established by our calendar, these folk, many of them natives and descendants of the Russian conquerors, follow the Julian calendar and on the morning of January 14 streets of the so-called "westward" towns will ring with holiday greetings.

The Christmas celebration in that region is still in progress and this is a veritable carnival season in Kodiak, Sitka, Unalaska and St.

perhaps the old year and his wife are present, holding the center of attention by gesture dancing. Then comes the new year, a graceful fairy-like girl, clad in white and bearing a crown and wand. Clumsy devils then come out and speed the aged 1926 couple to the door, first tormenting them unmercifully.

No effort is made by the maskers to disguise themselves as fanciful characters. The main object is to effectively conceal their identity even from their best friends and if the mask be merely a flour sack with eye holes cut in it, that will serve. Clothes are generally hit and miss cast-off garb, often in tatters. Almost every mask itself is home

made and there is an Indian look about it.

In some of the island communities natives call at the homes of government officials and beg a few old clothes belonging to the master. On New Year's eve they appear at the dance in these garments and furnish much amusement by clever mimicry. The teacher or the marshal, dropping in to watch the fun, sees a counterpart of himself strutting about, faithfully duplicating any eccentricities the white man may have in mannerisms or walk.

Masking for festivals is an old custom in Alaska, the original face coverings having been huge wooden affairs, worn during ceremonial dances.

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The Christmas celebration in that region is still in progress and this is a veritable carnival season. In Kodiak, Sitka, Unalaska and St. Paul island in the Pribilof group. Beginning last Friday, all the ancient paraphernalia of the holiday season, was brought forth—Christmas stars and masks. From Kodiak island west to the Asiatic shore native dance music is blaring at night and grotesque figures are frolicking in the villages. This is the gayest time of the year.

In the observance are combined customs brought from Russia hundreds of years ago and native rites whose origin is lost in the mist of many centuries.

Churches Decked in Tinsel.

Churches are decked with tinsel and holy lamps are shedding their dim glow on faded vestments, while censors distill oriental perfumes on the close atmosphere of the shabby chapels where scores of patient Alaska Indians listen by the hour to masses chanted in the Russian tongue. The heavy gold-covered Bibles, the gem-studded chalices, the jeweled crosses inlaid with fine mosaic patterns have been brought from the private coffers of the priests to be used for these special occasions while all the "second-best" equipment has been temporarily laid aside. The father, clad in his hand-embroidered robes, thumbs the yellowed pages of his testament, pages which some Russian monk centuries ago laboriously illuminated by hand or illustrated with now almost priceless wood cuts. Only twice every 12 months do these treasures come out of the strong box, Christmas and Easter weeks.

On those nights when there are no services, the Christmas star is carried from house to house and carols are sung. The star has a lantern in its heart and may be fashioned from gilt paper and tissue roses or adorned with ribbons. Sometimes it bears a holy picture.

Choristers Out in Force.

Last Friday night the choristers were out in force, carrying the stars to the houses of popular natives or to those whose favor they desired. Some of the songs were in Russian, a mixture of native legend and holy stories, but others were in English, verses learned in the government schools. The old Alaskan carols pre-date those now used in Russia, many of them having been written in medieval monasteries. The star which is carried about symbolizes the beam which guided the three wise men on their pilgrimage.

Dancing has a prominent place in the holiday week. Native chiefs entertain various communities at their homes, but as a rule the government school is the principal gathering place. On one of the reservations, the children make colored paper stars and wear or carry them as they go about in groups singing. At the houses where they stop there is dancing and strong tea and store cakes are served to the musicians.

But the big event on this particular reservation always occurs on New Year's eve when the Indians gather, wearing hideous masks they have fashioned. Sometimes they wear overalls, raincoats and nondescript garb fashioned with stuffing so as to distort the figures. One boy will have a hump on his back, another will have a huge bust,

Strange Disguises Worn.

A certain tribal dance revived for this season represents several of the elements, the wind, the weather and others, who participate in a symbolic dance. Then at midnight while an accordion or guitars furnish music, the old year is swept out and the new year is brought in and presented with a peace pipe. Or

perhaps the old year and his wife are present, holding the center of attention by gesture dancing. Then comes the new year, a graceful fairy-like girl, clad in white and bearing a crown and wand. Clumsy devils then come out and speed the aged 1926 couple to the door, first tormenting them unmercifully.

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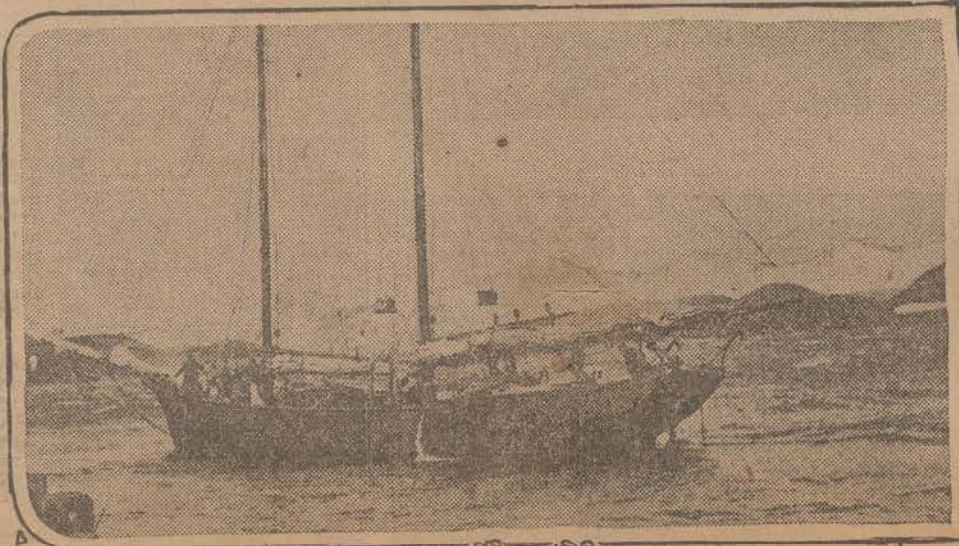
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Masking for festivals is an old custom in Alaska, the original face coverings having been huge wooden affairs, worn during ceremonial dances.

LADEN TREASURE SHIPS FROM NORTH BRING

Arctic Ocean Forms Into Sea of Glass Behind Departing Traders, and Trappers Again Busy Taking Pelts



1-ALEUTIAN ISLAND TRADING SCHOONER OFF TO ATKA FOR FURS. 2-IT'S COLD WHERE THE TRAPPER LIVES. 3-THE ONLY NINETY-EIGHT SKINS, AN ISLANDER'S KILL OF BLUE FOXES.

BY LUCILE SAUNDERS.

AGAIN the treasure ships have come out of the north, bringing their cargoes to satisfy the needs of Dame Fashion. Fox, wolf, ermine, lynx, mink, beaver and seal—millions of dollars worth of furs to protect madame from the chill touch of winter.

The ice has come again, the Arctic ocean is a sea of glass, Bering strait is no longer open, the trading company vessels are out with their pelts for Vancouver, Seattle, St. Louis and San Francisco's markets and once more the native is tending his trap lines in the frigid north. Last year's catch, fashioned into beautiful garments, beckons the shopper from the store windows, carefully avoided by industrious husbands with fixed ideas of wifely economy.

Furs, real old-fashioned honest-to-goodness North American furs,

great fur empire and to the harbors of Kodiak, Unga, Sanak and Unalaska came the vessels of many nations. Even the New England clipper ships came out of Boston and New Bedford via Cape Horn and brought their stocks of hardware, jewelry and jimcracks to barter for sea otter, fox and seal. Obtaining a cargo, they sailed for Canton, where the highest price was paid for furs, which the American sailing masters converted into shipments of spices and silks before departing for the home port on the last leg of the Pacific triangle.

Sea otter was known as sea beaver to the Russians. It is softer and finer than the land otter, which is still one of the best furs to trap in the north. When the embargo was put on the precious pelts for a number of years renegades continued to buy them and run them out of Alaska, employing unique devices

hobnobbed at the bar with officers from the cutters.

On September 10 last checks were mailed to 14 residents of the Pacific coast for amounts ranging from \$1500 to \$118,000 in settlement of a controversy that has raged in the federal courts since around 1880. They were for claims following seizures made by the United States cutters when steps were first taken to check promiscuous pelagic sealing. Later they were held illegal, but 30 years were required to obtain financial relief. Sixty-five cases are still pending in San Francisco. So much a chapter of the past were the sealing claims that two checks went begging for owners who had vanished years ago. Interest on the amounts had increased the claims to neat fortunes.

Bull Seals Branded.

The sealskin coat of 25 years ago

was found, then the remains of a fox tender. He had tripped gun and had died from the w

One of the best fox fur Alaska is Chirikof island, b Kodiak and the Shumagins, b ing men for it is a problem employe swears that the p haunted. Spooks whistle do chimney and are reputed to times. The cross marking a of a shipwrecked man is repo take an occasional pron Foxes were brought to C over 100 years ago, when th sians maintained a penal there. Souls of the prison of shipwrecked marines are larly supposed to wander abo

With the white fox one inv associates icebergs, snowsho trap lines. However, the cre are being domesticated, and of Nome they are raised

market in new

FUR CATCHES

to Meet Needs of Dame Fashion



BUILDINGS ON A FOX ISLAND.

scattered a day's journey apart along the winter dog trails of Alaska. These are trading posts as well as inns. When the winter is mild the native has a hard time of it, for good furs and high prices mean more flour and sugar in his larder.

Musk rats Easy Prey.

Musk rats are easy prey for amateur trappers and many a man employed on a government job has run a trap line in his spare moments and wife has blossomed out in a handsome coat by the next winter.

Ermine suggests royalty, but to the sourdough it sometimes means house cat. A nice white weasel, if encouraged by morsels of food, eliminates rats and mice. Miners and generally refuse to kill them; they like 'em for company. But, of course, the trapper is not so sentimental as every weasel means about

even threatened by a utilitarian abbreviation.

One of the most interesting visitors in Washington recently has been Sir Hugh Denison, high commissioner for the commonwealth of Australia, who makes his headquarters in New York. When Australia follows the precedent of Canada and the Irish free state and raises her representatives in this country to the diplomatic rank of minister, that representative will take up his abode in the national capital. There is rather a general belief in diplomatic circles that Sir Hugh himself may be the first Australian minister.

Australia is a very little known country, yet it has so much in common with the United States it has been strange that travelers from this country and American commercial interests have failed to give it greater attention. Australia has virtually the same territory as the United States, and lies below the equator in virtually the same position the United States occupies north of "the line." Australia's sub-tropics are in the northern part of the country, while here they are in the south.

As large as the United States and almost as rich in natural resources, the Australian commonwealth nevertheless is inhabited only by about 6,000,000 people, or slightly less than the population of the city of greater New York. Australia, however, claims the highest-grade population in the world. And it is being guarded by immigration laws and regulations which make those of the United States seem amateurish in comparison. Four million of the 6,000,000 people of Australia have individual savings bank accounts. Australia is building a federal capital, largely planned after Washington. Australia is the largest customer for American automobiles. Loyal to the core to the crown of England, Australians nevertheless are more like Americans than even the Canadians. The soldiers of Australia and New Zealand were the foreign "buddies" of the doughboys on the western front. Australia wants always to work with the United States in keeping vigil for peace in the Pacific.

Although the recent imperial conference in London was hailed far and wide as marking a radical departure in the status of the British empire, it was in fact but a formal setting down on paper of the already expressed and rigidly understood relations of the British dominions to the British empire. For years these dominion increases have had their complete freedom. They have been at liberty to remain in the empire or to withdraw from it without molestation or recrimination. That the dominions have expressed anew their voluntary allegiance to the British crown—not the British government—means a stronger solidarity than ever before. The British empire today is based upon good will and mutuality of interest rather than force or attempted force.

That the status of the dominion is not new, however, is best evidenced by the fact that Canada had selected her own minister to the United States before the imperial conference was called. Ireland, too, had sent her minister to Washington as a symbol of her complete freedom within the empire. Australia may be the next to follow suit. South Africa may take a similar step. The United States will welcome these new friends among the nations of the world.

When, during the war, it became the general custom in the army and out of it to speak of second lieutenants as "shavetails," few of the thousands of persons who used the

PARIS CRITICS PAY HONOR TO NORTHWEST PAINTER'S WORK

Display of Portraits of World-Famous People by Mrs. Leonebel Jacobs Arouses Unusual Attention in French Capital.

BY H. W. DUNNING.

PARIS, France, Dec. 4.—(Special.)—In a suite located high up above the old aristocratic rue de Faubourg Saint-Honore we sat and chatted the other day with one of the Pacific northwest's most talented and charming personalities—an artist who literally has painted her way around the world—Mrs. Leonebel Jacobs, nee Leonebel Kays of Tacoma, Wash.

We had just come from her exposition of the portraits of world-famous people in the galleries of M. Bernheim, Jeune, across the street—an exposition which had enthralled artistic Paris for the past two weeks, drawing notables from all of that international assembly that fills the French capital's brilliant drawing rooms.

"If those involved in international affairs and constantly thwarted by the aura of misunderstanding that surrounds each other's actions could borrow for a while the conceptions of each other which are quietly tucked away in the mind of Mrs. Leonebel Jacobs, portrait artist, perhaps solution would be more quickly arrived at," we had read that morning in the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Jacobs Found Charming.

So we sent up our card and—presto—there we were encoined in the apartment that looked one way towards the mist-clad church of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre's hill and in the other direction towards Notre Dame with Montparnasse beyond. Mrs. Jacobs was both interested and interesting, charming yet reticent—when it came to talking about that talent which has gained her such high recognition. She much preferred to talk about friends in the Pacific northwest, the color of China, the charm of Paris.

Mrs. Jacobs has painted portraits of world figures all the way from the presidential private study in the White House to the garden in Tientsin, where the exiled emperor and empress of the one-time Chinese empire wander among chrysanthemums, the stems of which are almost as tall as the temple roofs are high.

But no matter what majesty or influence may have been represented before her, she has had to look with an impersonal and clear-seeing mind in order to trace with a sure hand the sensitive lines which differentiate any one countenance from all the others in the world.

Artist Has One Passion.

Yet it is only indirectly that one discovers that the real passion of Mrs. Jacobs' life is understanding people. She makes profession to no talent but that of an artist. And to that most modestly, considering the flattering attention it has brought her.

Mrs. Jacobs was born in Tacoma, and no doubt she found a pleasurable even from under the hood of her baby carriage. She grew up in the Pacific northwest, sketching at every opportunity, and attended the University of Oregon at Eugene for a year or so. Then she went east and studied art.

In the meantime, she married a Philadelphian, who was already on the way to distinction. Downing Jacobs, one of the editors of both Webster's and the Century dictionary



Leonebel Jacobs, Pacific northwest painter, snapped in Paris on her way back to America after a trip around the world.

worth, Mrs. Wellington Koo, wife of the Chinese minister in England, and others. The portrait of Mrs. Coolidge hangs in a prominent place in the White House today.

Miss Ethel Barrymore, Joseph Lincoln, Rabindranath Tagore represent only some of the distinguished subjects of her brush and crayon.

Four Years Spent in China.

As to her last adventure, Mrs. Jacobs started on a four-month round trip ticket to China. She stayed three years, living under an enchantment. By the subjects of her art, she was introduced directly into all the intimacies of Chinese life. She learned the life of the Chinese theater through Mei Lang-Fong, the actor. She learned the life of Chinese artists through Kung Puh-King, the artist. She became reverent with the Panchen lama.

She would dine and mah-jongg with the emperer and empress and the next day make a portrait of her amah's (personal maid) round yellow baby. She made a portrait of Mrs. Barry Eastman, formerly of Portland and Seattle, now living in China. In the meantime, she and Mrs. Calhoun, wife of the ex-United States minister in China, had an entire temple to themselves in the Western Hills, through the courtesy of Sir John Jordan, where they resided for two years.

But Mrs. Jacobs has run away from the colorful end of the world. For the past several weeks she has been in Paris and hard at work preparing for what proved to be her most successful exhibit at the Bernheim, Jeune, galleries. The last portraits completed to go into it included one of Mrs. Berry Wall, prominent in international society, and another of Mrs. Alfred Millard of Seattle and Portland, sister-in-law of the secretary of the United States embassy in Berlin, who, with Mr. Millard, is spending the next year in Paris.

Portrait List Notable.

Others represented in the exhibit

the kind that arise and rise to the touch when shaken out of the moth balls in the first chill days of fall, are a symbol of romance and adventure and daring. Your synthetic rabbit skin with a hybrid name and fashionable dye spells commerce.

Furs Oldest Treasure.

On bleak Siberian, Canadian and Alaskan shores there lie buried in ice today the bones of full many a brave ship that has been lost while questing for the oldest treasure that figured in the settling of those three lands. Long before lure of gold brought hardy argonauts north a race of medieval fortune hunters had blazed the trail. As the Spanjards conquered for precious metals, the Slavs explored and battled for furs. Historians credit the invasion of the North Pacific lands to a Russian trader named Stroganof, who operated a salt works on the country's eastern boundary in the Ural mountains. To this place the people of the vast unknown territory brought pretty little skins to trade. This yielded the wily Stroganof such profits that he sent representatives to seek them. In 1578 this busy merchant's grandson received a visit from the Cossack chieftain Timoffei, who led a life of war and plunder. Mr. Timoffei wanted to know where Mr. Stroganof's riches came from. Mr. Stroganof wanted the Cossack to move on, so to mislead him, he told of supposedly mythical lands to the east where furs abounded. Mr. Timoffei went after them hot-foot and passed up the salt merchant's cosy little territory. So began the conquest of Siberia for furs. Nor did it end at the Pacific shore; the strangers carried it in 1741 across Bering sea in their crazy, clumsy "sewed" boats of plank, transported overland and tied together into the semblance of ships by means of leather thongs.

Schooners Pick Up Catch.

And now every year the big fur companies send their schooners through Bering sea and into the arctic to trade for the annual catch. Some of those less fortunate have never returned, for the last few days of the season are a race against ice and wind.

Canada's fur trade is largely represented by the old Hudson's Bay company, which has its outposts clear to the mouth of the Mackenzie river. But on American soil there are now almost no big trading companies. The Alaska Commercial company, dwindled to a shadow of its former self, still maintains its agent at Unalaska, the last of its 12 stations in the Aleutian islands. The Northern Commercial company of Fairbanks is more like a department store than the main fur-buying places, the Yukon and Tanana valleys. American firms send their buyers north in the summer to deal directly with the small native villages. Two dauntless sea captains still take their sealing boats each winter to Atka and Adtu, the farthest Aleutians, where they go into voluntary exile that they may bring out cargoes of fox pelts in the spring.

When the Russians started across the Pacific they found a fur more priceless than fables—the sea otter. Whole fleets of skin boats and thousands of hunters were pressed into service to collect these pelts, and in early days a tribute in furs was levied on the islanders. Today it is virtually impossible to buy a sea otter, but back in 1750 one vessel brought to the Asiatic coast from Alaska 5030 skins in a single cargo. So ruthless was the slaughter that when the United States purchased the territory steps were taken to prevent extinction of these fur-bearers and it was made a serious crime to kill one or buy a pelt.

But it was a great many years before this action was brought about. Meanwhile Russia ruled a

for concerning them when subjected to search by revenue cutters. Two years ago the United States bureau of fisheries killed 22,540 fur seals on the Pribilof islands, at which time the herd numbered 697,153. This number has since greatly increased.

The United States owns the finest seal rookery in the world and it annually nets the government millions of dollars. From the Pribilofs comes the finest black and brown seal, no relation of the Hudson seal with its artificial foundation. For many years it was known that somewhere in the north Pacific was a great breeding ground for these creatures, who annually made a pilgrimage into Bering sea to join the herd. The exact location of this spot was not discovered until Pribilof ran into it accidentally in a fog. Fog and seals and blue foxes were just about the only things to be found on the little pair of islands, St. Paul and St. George, but once Pribilof established their existence, fur hunters were right at his heels.

Seals Under Protection.

Uncle Sam is willing to protect the seals, but he is not in the fur business and the Fouch Fur company of St. Louis takes the pelts. To remedy the poaching situation in the early '90s, England and the United States signed a treaty prohibiting sealing within 60 miles of the islands. Japan and Russia signed similar treaties in 1911 and poaching has ceased, due to the vigilant patrol of the Bering sea fleet of coast guard cutters. Veteran traders of the north still delight to tell of the night raids on the seal islands when more than 500 animals would be slaughtered at a time, or the pursuit of prowlers through the narrow passes between the islands, of seizures and boarding parties, of the curious haven at Sandpoint in the Shumagin islands where poachers

brought with it more of romance than the one made from this season's kill. Nowadays the government brands about 10,000 bull seals annually and these are protected from slaughter. All of the animals killed each season are three-year-olds and the herds are showing a tremendous increase. Modern facilities have been provided for handling the skins and the two little islands hidden by the fog banks are equipped with comfortable quarters, schools, a church, a doctor and a radio station.

Blue foxes still run wild on the islands and are trapped. This variety has been transplanted to hundreds of the Alaska islands and the animals are propagated for the London market, which furnishes the principal demand. Red, silver and cross foxes live on all of the central islands and need no care. The owner of the island in September sends a couple of natives there, supplies them with food and leaves them to trap all they can until his boat picks them up again about May.

Some fox farmers have never set foot on their more distant islands. If stock was not already on them a schooner is hired and makes a quick run to take out the young. Usually the weather is foggy and the landing difficult. A small boat is sent ashore, turns out the foxes and speeds back to the ship to avoid rough weather. Several years later Aleut trappers are sent out to learn the result of the experiment and bring in the first catch.

Every fox islander could tell at least one harrasing tale of wintry hardship. Some become mentally unbalanced from the strain of being alone so much. Others meet with accident and are found dead in the spring. Last June the cutter Unalga investigated a report that the keeper was missing at Middleton island, a tiny speck far out in the Gulf of Alaska. First the body of a horse that had died of starvation

as one of the islands, except that they are Eskimos. Silvers, too, are up in pens near Cook inlet, a breeder at Kusilof boasts of a kitchen with trays of the which is delivered at the pen, rubber-tired cart and served white enameled dishes, which then brought in and washed, though he can't get away from place in winter unless he m out with dog team, he does his by electric light and gets the fur market reports by private.

The fur connoisseur knows difference between inland and furs. Fox furs from the are finer and softer. They trapped wild by the natives brought to the little log road.

"XMAS" AS SUBSTITUTED CHRISTMAS

Australia Declared Most Friendly Britain's

BY ROBERT T. SMALL.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec.

(Special).—While there

disposition in some quarters

to justify the use of the abbreviation

"Xmas" as a substitute for

Christmas, there is a very general

belief that good taste demands

use of the word Christmas at

times. Prominent ministers in

various sections of the country are

making a quiet but effective campaign

against the abbreviation. It

unquestionably grown in use

during the past few years and

of standing as a symbol for Christmas

has come to be regarded as

definite word known and pronounced

as Xmas.

Even the beautiful old green

NEW CLASS OF PORTLAND MEN WHO, ON FINISHING COURSE



With a total enrollment of 200 and an average attendance at each session of 140, the scout leaders' training course has been a promising success. The training classes started November 1st and will continue until December 1st. The classes are held at the Elks club, starting at 6 o'clock with a dinner for the men who took the leaders' training course. Men who have been available and participating as patrol leaders in the training course were: O. Walker, F. W. Hartman, J. H. Pritchett, Guy Allen, L. H. Smith, M. MacLeod.

FLASHLIGHT OF SCOUT LEADERS

Linx, mink and beaver are other staple furs from the United States' most northern possession. Beaver is protected in some regions and is even being transplanted by the Alaska game commission to stock other sections. Some were put on Kodiak island this year, also a number of pairs of muskrats.

Milady's taste in winter furs is watched with anxiety in the north. What her coat collar is trimmed with may not greatly matter much in Portland, but up above latitude 56 it can be of prime importance to the man whose main source of income is his trap line. And in the Aleutian islands where furs provide the only industry, it can mean calamity or prosperity.

SUBSTITUTE FOR FROWNED UPON

endly to United States of All of Great ar-Flung Dominions.

of "Merry Christmas" often is rendered "Merry Xmas." This seems to have been the straw to break the camel's back. The protest has been spontaneous.

There is no doubt that the letter X long has stood as a symbol for Christ largely because of its meaning in the Greek alphabet. It has been accepted in the ecclesiastical world, but as no one ever has thought of speaking or writing of Christ as "X," there would seem to be no warrant for the use of "Xmas" instead of Christmas. Certainly it snacks of hurry, irreverence; perhaps just a little of commercialism. Christmas admittedly is one of the loveliest words in the English language and, it should not be lost or

from or what it meant.

Perhaps they have been enlightened by the testimony of Edward L. Doheny, the California oil millionaire, at his trial with former Secretary Albert B. Fall for alleged conspiracy to defraud the government. Telling of his adventures of some of his early days in the west, Mr. Doheny, among other things, said:

"I worked as a book agent. Then I went on an expedition ordered by Major-General Pope to take shavetail mules to New Mexico."

All of which may or may not explain many things.

A very fine oil painting of Mr. Fall recently has been hung in the main corridor of the interior department building. It has taken its place in the gallery which contains the portraits of other former secretaries, including Ethan Allen Hitchcock, John Barton Payne, David R. Francis, Walter L. Fisher, Richard A. Ballinger, James Rudolph Garfield (the "Jimmie" Garfield) and Cornelius N. Bliss.

WOMAN'S PLACE DEFINED

English Speaker Says Men Excel Where Thinking Counts.

LONDON, Dec. 11.—(AP)—General Sir Ian Hamilton, in a speech which he called "Slush About Women," said the praise of woman and assertions of her taking the place of man "has been overdone altogether—there's nothing to it."

"Woman is not lagging behind by any means, and she may smoke and drink cocktails, but men will always do the work in the mines, in the steel mills and in the executive offices and in the trenches of war where hard, solid thinking is necessary for success," he declared.

question of matrimony, however, with Mrs. Jacobs career. She was already too fascinatingly deep in her subject.

She was shortly sent to Washington, D. C., by the Delineator magazine to do portraits of the members of the arms conference held in President Harding's administration. This group included, besides the president himself, Prince Towgawa, president of the Japanese house of peers; Lord Riddle, M. Viviani, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, who was then as now the Belgian ambassador to the United States; Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, wife of the then vice-president; Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Long-

Included Mrs. Coolidge, M. Painleve, President Harding, the emperor and empress of China, Princess Pu Wu Ke-Ko, aunt of the empress; Princess Cantacuzene, nee Grant; Madame Wellington Koo, Admiral Tsai Ting-Kan, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Miss Dennis, formerly of Portland, and several Chinese scenes and character portraits.

Mrs. Jacobs is returning to New York to pass the winter. She will hold an exhibition of her portraits there in January or February. She plans to return to Paris and take a studio next spring.

VANISHING OF AUTHORESS RIVALS TALES FROM HER PEN

Question in England Arises Whether Mrs. Christie Met Foul Play or Merely Staging Mystery to Get More Plots.

BY A. G. GARDINER.
Copyright, 1926, by Consolidated Press.

LONDON, Dec. 11.—(Special by Radio.)—For a whole week the hue and cry after Mrs. Agatha Christie has been the most absorbing topic of public interest. The young American wife of Colonel Christie already had become one of the most prolific and popular entertainers in the country. The cult of detective stories has assumed an enormous vogue of late years, especially among the intelligentsia, and Mrs. Christie was generally regarded as the most brilliant living inventor of mysteries.

But no mystery produced by her pen has rivaled the mystery in the midst of which she herself has vanished. At the time of this writing the mystery was still unsolved.

For seven days the romantic Sur-

rey hills from Dorking to Guildford have been the scene of an unparalleled search in which hundreds of constables have engaged, but apart from the motor car in which she vanished on the night of December 2 and which was found abandoned at Newland's corner, a famous beauty spot, the next morning, no trace of her movements has been found.

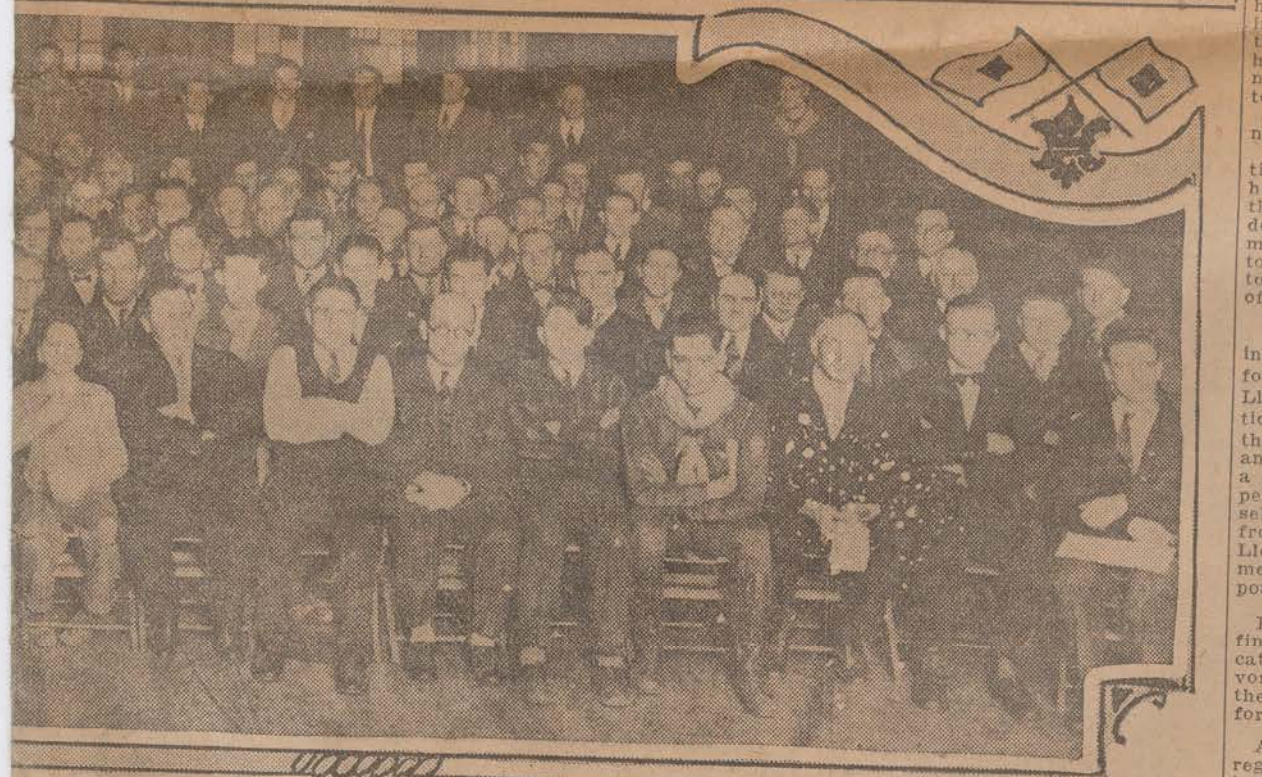
The problem as to whether she is dead or alive and whether her disappearance is due to a mental breakdown or is a practical experiment in the invention of mysteries, baffles the police, the public and relatives alike. It is clear that whatever the motive of the drama, the famous authoress took great pains to cover her tracks, for only incredible subtlety and ingenuity could so long have defeated so universal a pursuit.

Undoubtedly, Mrs. Christie was in an overwrought mental condition, due in part to the death of her mother and in part to a belief that her powers of invention were failing and, apparently, also to the fact that her lonely situation in her house at Sunningdale had got on her nerves. It is reported that she said to a friend recently:

"Unless I can get away from Sunningdale it will be the end."

Her husband denies all suggestions of personal difficulties with his wife and clings to the theory that she is still alive. If she is dead, he takes the view that the method employed was poison, owing to the curious obsession in regard to poison evident in the machinery of her stories.

FITTING THEM TO LEAD BOY SCOUTS, PASSED NIGHT ON RANGE



SCOUTS, TAKEN AT STATE ARMORY.

Training course, staged for the second year by G. H. Obertouffer, Portland scout executive, to recruit a reserve of 29 at the state armory, where five night sessions were held under Mr. Obertouffer's direction, with William Johnson, scout scribe. Yesterday the class went to Clackamas range, where the men learned the essentials of marksmanship. The annual meeting of the Portland council, Boy Scouts of America, will be held at 8 p. m. Wednesday. Judge John H. Stevenson, president of the Boy Scouts' court of honor, will deliver the principal address. Other speakers will be: W. A. Romeis, R. L. Morse, I. J. Walcott, J. P. Williams, R. E. McArtie, Robert H. L. Reese, Donald Earl, H. J. Wells, D. R. Deemer, R. E. McClung, E. M. Blanding, P. H. Harris, C. B.

The rupture in the liberal party, instead of being healed by Lord Oxford's retirement, now is irreparable. Lloyd George's control of the coalition funds has made him practically the master of the party machine, and Viscount Grey, who will make a public speech on Monday, is expected formally to disassociate himself and other leaders of the party from any political relations with Lloyd George on the ground that his methods make such association impossible.

Parliament on Friday passed its final stages the bill limiting publication in the press of details of divorce and similar cases and making the proprietor and editor responsible for breaches of the new regulation.

A more hopeful feeling prevails in regard to China, and opinion is moving strongly in favor of recognition of the Cantonese movement. The violent attack of Lord Inchcape the Peninsula & Oriental steamship meeting on missionaries as source of Chinese unrest has aroused much indignant protest in religious circles.

Phone your Want Ads to The Journal. All its readers are interested in the classified columns.

3) Went around to other side of island. Much harder to land here, but here is the village. (Desc. of landing - in letter.)

Digging out choochies in crumbling cliffs - birds, eggs, - coming in or working dark - almost under hand - wiggled into cliff out of reach - continuous chattering as if whole bluff was alive with bird voices in dark -

Choochies living among rocks all over St. George - numbers on this island incredible - Ukiya(?) Hill in middle of island choochie tenement - hunting ground of foxes -

Lying on top of cliff in evening watching choochies come in from sea - (desc. in notes)

Other auklets - living on cliffs & among boulders where seals live - (in Bulletin, etc) - other sea birds. Murres on Bogoslof - (desc. in notes)

Climbing up big saddle - smooth volcanic ash - slippery - Pallas murres - larger than Cal. murre - black back - (desc. of eggs in notes) birds flying out, sulphurous bay & steam in background, yacht rocking at anchor -

Story of two murres caught on cliff - feet held down by sliding boulder - released - nearly starved to thin - flew reeling down - one fell at bottom of cliff - fluttered along, could not rise from ground - other with effort winged over shore and lighted on water - & safety with plenty of food.

Nesting of Pallas murres on steaming cliffs above sea lion colony etc - (fix order of story)

End - departure - caught Cath. D. in Ukiya Pass - night trip - early morning fog - fog horn - Pogrom in about Cath. D. looming in row boat - leaving sea - rope ladder - people on deck - farewell

birds on water - sea water - while birds

Watching to steal wives anywhere
they could get them, all dripping
from the sea, sneaks to the top of
the hill to steal a march from
above. But the old bulls charge up
the rocks, snorting & shaking their
heads. Crested & least auklets
perch & twitter and hie with each
other in the midst of the roaring.

Seals —
He dodged and ducked under
his assailants as they lost their
hold on him, but he couldn't
escape. He cried for help, but
none came. Then one tormentor
flung him clear up on the shore,
and thereafter kept the others
at bay only to tear and torture
him himself. Time and again he
started ^{up} among the ^{little} rockeries
only to be grabbed & mauled till
all he could do was to sit on his
flippers or cover under his
blubber. His lot was a hard one.
It was cold, night was coming
on and no supper in sight.
He huddled, beseeching & brined,
on the wet sand, not daring to
move.

Clear up the hillside the boulders
are worn & smooth, and green with
guano where the seals have lalled
and lived. Some of the younger bulls,

⑦ Necking parties, smell
in nose, stomach aches,
flippers fanning in
the conglomeration of
bodies, & de concing in
immerses house hold
of bulls at water's edge
and they sit neck deep
~~or~~ flounder around
trying to corral their
floating wives - dif-
ficult &
short pompadours
& manes on back of neck -
lion ancestry? Small

Northern Bay, curved into
the coast of St. Paul Island,
waves crashing white against
the mossy, corroded rocks,
sunshine through mist,
revealing dimly rocky
cliffs & glistening green
hills, little sea birds
choochies & auklets, crested
& parakeet, billing on the
boulders among the bellow-
ing beasts, a sea a wallow
with black forms & flashing
flippers

③ more of head for big body.
Blubber bodies filling the
spaces in the boulders -
sawing their sides with
their flat flippers when
they have a bite.

121
100.
280.
420.
35.
121345.
28.75
230.00
40
575.
121

(M)
The nest

I felt as if the clouds had fallen and flattened and I was wading in them.

spread out

In the morning a gale was blowing, bending the coarse grass and tipping the tents toward the stream that gurgled by their doors. Under foot lay like a glimmering sea as far as the eye could reach, white strawberry blossoms and blue violets were bedded, with a myriad of other flowers, - spring beauty, purple primrose, and saxifrage, ^{swampy little orchids?} They were all too timid to reach above the shelter of the wiry grass and the dwarfed willows that clung as persistently as if they were anchored to the foundations of the islands. And they do have to be fore-sighted and rock-rooted to keep their footing in these wide, rolling reaches that are continually swept by tormenting winds. For this would be called a lonely land, off here on the narrow, volcanic fence that stretches far to the westward between two stormy oceans.

"This is the right time to stalk caribou," broke in Campbell, as he laid down the ax and took off his hat to scan the horizon for moving objects.

"I'm for a bear," I said. "There's no one around this part of the country except the wild animals, and they don't know we're here yet. A big brown fellow ought to be eating breakfast right over that little rise," and I pointed to a rounded mound across the river a hundred yards away. All eyes turned quickly and felt their way up the mossy slope. But it was not a caribou, nor a brown bear that occupied the rim of that ridge. The pale sun — — — (4)

Hodjak *Lonnie* *Gordon* *Oregon*

AMERICAN BIRD SOCIETY

OFFICE OF

SYNOPSIS OF THE BIRD SOCIETY

FOR THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS AND ANIMALS

1901-1902

For the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals

1901-1902

National Association of Audubon Societies

lighted up the reddish coat of a fox sitting straight and slim watching the crowd in camp. His ears loomed large against the light which flared a burnished band about him. He was curious. His whole attention was fixed on these newcomers with their caravan of accoutrements and tents flapping in the wind.

I sauntered out from the group and walked up a little knoll almost facing the red watcher. ^{How close could I get?} At the same time, with his little movie camera under his arm, Cam skirted the hill on the opposite bank of the river to come up behind the fox's lookout. But a seventh sense of danger guards the wild things from surprise and before Cam's cap had hardly tipped the rise, the fox spied it. He turned his back on me, although I was nearer him. Caution in every line, he sat on his haunches ready to spring away. Cam moved slowly into view of the bushy-tailed, red form, who now seemed to be rather more reassured than scared. He merely awaited the nearer approach of the intruder with the assurance that he could attend to him when the time came.

And so he could. When Cam crept close, the fox got up and trotted on ahead of him, looking over his shoulder casually as if leading this good fellow on. Sly old fox! He wasn't aware that the camera was shooting him like a repeating gun, edging nearer at every step, getting new pictures as he took different positions, and as he stopped a minute to wait or scratch his ear. The game now pleased them both and left a pretty morning record on the film. But suddenly it ended. A noise startled the fox, and under the very eyes of the camp watchers the spot on the slope where he had been became vacant. The empty grass waved in the wind.

"That's the way of a fox for you," I mused. "She leads you on and then gives you the slip." The red foxes are thick on this island and nobody to molest them except two or three winter trappers. In the protected hollows, they have their dens, and they go down deep as if they were trying to undermine the hills. Twice I had run onto the same red fox as I tramped down an open dip between sand dunes edging the shoreline. As if afraid to be caught near her den, she cut straight

for
note
digging

5
up to the top of the hill and dropped over. She looked larger than the red fox of the states, and with shorter, stubbier ears.

"Well, foxes are only foxes. Let's be off for some real game," suggested Campbell, the father of Cam.

My field partner and I slung our knapsacks on our backs filled with cameras, lenses, film and field-glasses-- always field-glasses-- and were ready to strike out toward the mountain, for over there were the snowy ravines of the great bear, and the mossy slopes where the restless caribou ranged.

We followed
The two Campbells, ~~followed us~~. The thick moss under foot was a soundless car-

Sankhiser
Burroughs
pet as we padded along in rubber packs (lower part of rubber, upper of leather) and warm, light weight Filson jackets. *The sun had consumed the dew, leaving the rolling tundra waved away into the distance, and as we topped a rise a myriad of little lakes lay linked in the valley below us, like pools of light in green beds.* All eyes were straight ahead and the field-glasses came up. *whispered the camera man.*

"Down on your knees!" ~~xxxxxxx~~ "The sun is *glinting* on some animal moving down the slope!" All four dropped to the moss and crept inch by inch

nearer the rim of the knoll. Through a fringe of marsh grass that looked as big as bayonets to our excited eyes, off near the lake border we beheld an in-
nearest
distinct, soft outline of something with bent head grazing in the gray-green, silvering expanse. It was made out to be a buck caribou. There must be a herd nearby! All four of us were flattened on our stomachs in the deep moss which

was in the condition of a perpetually saturated sponge. This is the tundra which covers such great spaces of the fog-blown coastline of Alaska. By this

time other members from the camp had crawled up behind us, hitching along to get a better view. We were in the lee of the wind, *which could carry no tales of our presence to the caribou.* so the caribou had no chance to catch our scent. But that same secretive wind whizzed over the top into

our faces like a stinging whip. Lying motionless most of the time for fear of detection by the keen-eyed animal, the cold and dampness soon bit through our

< clothing, leaving us numb and aching. But there is no other way to stalk wild game in the open, treeless tundra except by this

northernmost limit of land, where in early days his herds were like waves moving over the plains. Altogether he looked slow-witted and little fitted for self preservation in a land of human and animal enemies. Else why should he stand there looking into the muzzles of our guns, which by accident were cameras? Campbell spoke quietly as he squinted through the field-glasses. "There is only one way to get near this herd in its present position, as they are on high ground and can see every object on the plain. 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 around to their lookout. In this way you may come around a point square upon them. Then stand up and pump your gun for all the pictures you can get in the few minutes of surprise that they will stand for it." So saying, he departed for camp.

The camera man and I were alone. We still stared over the top of the knoll ~~trying to get up our grit for~~ ^{contemplating} the long caterpillar crawl over the open "no-man's-land" which lay spread before us. (~~It looked interminably far to the cut-bank on the lake.~~) We tightened our hats against the push of the wind, settled our packs and made the break. Taking a slow gait, we moved our hands and knees methodically up and down in the wet moss. It seemed an endless, blind going ^{? color up} before we reached the top of the bank and dropped over the edge to lie limp and oblivious to everything for a space. But it couldn't last for long. Haltingly we picked up our packs and started on again, threading our way along the steep bank just below the top to be out of sight. Peeking around a point, we found that the caribou herd on the hill had separated, a few lying down while eleven had straggled out on the marsh to feed. This was a puzzle. We could hardly avoid detection by both bunches, and once seen, one group of animals would undoubtedly convey its fright to the rest ~~afixing~~ and stampede the whole herd. But the chance had to be taken. (~~Those cramped and tiring miles must not be for nothing.~~)

It was the bear trick or nothing now. So with heads bent, the two of us moved close together like a shaggy old fellow. Straight out into the open

Dupes

behind us the canoe cut loose. It was each one for himself now. The three boats were pitching about like tooth-picks. Luggage and camp stuff began to slide overboard, snatched by the tearing waves, while we clung frantically to the sides of the boat. In the little canoe, Cam was standing up, gesticulating wildly. I looked. The lead boat, which was more heavily loaded and with four men in it, was settling slowly. *The captain pulled off his rubber boots, gashed them, they went, kept afloat, tossed over,* Bundles were flying out, tossed by the men. Soon they were sitting in water up to their arms. Then they were struggling in the breakers, while the boat floated bottom up nearby. Frenzy seized us. *We* The rower in our boat began to back-paddle away from that seething sargasso where boat, bundles and human beings were boiled back and forth. Picking the least maddened spot between the crashing breakers, we rode helplessly to shore on the tops of the pounding waves and were sprawled upon the beach. The canoe had fared the same. *We* emptied the remaining stuff out of the boats and back and back they went to the rescue. The men were floating about, trying to swim and peeling off their clothing at the same time. But they made no headway toward shore, as there was a continuous surging of frothing currents over a reef. The water was like ice. They could not hold out long. The boat was floating up-side-down nearby, *in the seething whirlpool* and soon I saw the captain trying to get astride. But the billows wahsed him off as fast as he climbed on. Something had to be done. The two little rowboats dashed into it, and somehow, one by one, snatched the drowning men to safety.

exhausted and blue with cold
It was a shivering, sad party that gathered with chattering teeth about a little beach bonfire. ~~xxxxxxxx~~ There had been two dry matches in the crowd. The four of us who came through partly dry ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ pulled off coats, sweaters and even underwear to divide with the waifs. There were two women in the crowd, *Betty* a ten year-old little girl and I. We tended the bonfire and hunted driftwood on the beach, boxes, bits of spar and any refuse washed ashore from passing boats. But passing boats were as scarce as trees, of which there wasn't even a ghost (of one) on the island. It took till noon to dry out and gather our

But a seventh sense of danger guards the wild things from surprise and before Cam's cap had hardly tipped the rise, the fox spied it. He turned his back on the other one, although nearer. Caution in every line, he sat on his haunches ready to spring away. Cam moved slowly into view of the bushy-tailed, red form. Instead of scaring him, this reassured him. He merely awaited the approach of the intruder with the air that he could attend to him when the time came.

And so he could. When Cam came close, the fox got up and trotted on ahead of him, looking over his shoulder casually as if leading this good fellow on. Sly old fox! (He wasn't aware that the camera was shooting him like a repeating gun, edging nearer at every step, getting new pictures as he took different positions, or stopped to scratch his ear.) The game now pleased them both (and left a pretty morning record on the film.) But suddenly it ended. A noise startled the fox, and under the very eyes of the camp watchers the spot on the slope where he had been became vacant. The empty grass waved in the wind.

"That's the way of a fox for you," mused Cam. "She leads you on and then gives you the slip."

Two evenings before when the camp crowd was out for a walk, we had wandered along the ridge of one of the inevitable high sand-dunes that broke off into deep, grassy hollows, when down at the very bottom a red fox rushed out of a hole and bolted up the slope as if a demon was after her. Over the top she leaped, and later when we followed her tracks up the ridge and looked over the brink, which being on the sea side was a wind-blown face of soft sand, we found the trail of her wild escape in a straight streak down across the next swale and into a little gap between two hills where it was swallowed by sedge grass. It was the evidence of a heart that was beating as fast as her feet.

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And so he could. When Cam came too close, the fox got up and trotted on ahead of him, looking over his shoulder casually as if leading this good fellow on. Sly old fox! The game now pleased them both. But suddenly it ended. A noise startled the fox, and under the very eyes of the camp watchers the spot on the slope where he had been became vacant. The empty grass waved in the wind.

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Two evenings before when the crowd was out for a walk, we had wandered along the ridge of one of the inevitable high sand-dunes that broke off into deep, grassy hollows, when down at the very bottom a red fox rushed out of a hole and bolted up the slope as if a demon was after her. Over the top she leaped, and later when we followed her tracks up the ridge and peered over the brink, which being on the sea side was a wind-blown face of soft sand, we found the trail of her wild escape in a straight streak down across the next swale and into a little gap between two hills where it was swallowed by sedge grass. It was the evidence of a heart that was beating as fast as her feet.

But why such a hurry to get out of the country? We pondered over fox philosophy and concluded that she had been caught too near her den. Then the den must hold something precious. What "cute" pets little red foxes would make with their bright eyes and cunning tricks! Forthwith we raced down to the bottom again to sniff the air at the mouth of the black hole where not even a scraggly bush dissembled its whereabouts. Pheu! What a musky smell! Foxes in there somewhere! The shovel began to work. The channel started gradually downward, going along in an encouraging incline for some eight feet in soft, black sand, then it dropped suddenly as if the bottom had fallen out of it. After an hour's digging the shovel lagged in its heavings, although it had changed hands frequently. The serpentine tunnel now wound like a crooked, underground river and finally returned not far from the main entrance, but far below. It looked like an antedeluvian lizard. When finally the shovel broke through and almost disappeared in the dark depths, that ended it. We didn't want any fox pets, and started home with smutty faces.

"Well, foxes are only foxes. Let's be off for some real game," suggested Campbell, ~~the father of Cam.~~

My field partner and I slung our knapsacks on our backs (filled with cameras, lenses, film and field-glasses - always field-glasses-) and were ready to strike out toward the mountain, for over there were the ragged ravines of the great bear and the slopes where the restless caribou ranged. We followed the two Campbells. The thick moss under foot was a soundless carpet as we padded along in rubber packs and warm, light-weight Filson jackets. The sun had eaten off the dew leaving a green surface waving away into the distance. As we topped a rise a myriad of little lakes lay linked in a valley below us, like pools of light in green beds. All eyes were straight ahead, and the field-glasses came up.

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My field partner and I slung our knapsacks on our backs, with field-glasses, light lunch, etc, and were ready to strike out toward the mountain, for over there were the ragged ravines of the great bear and the slopes where the restless caribou ranged. We followed the two Campbells. The thick moss under foot was a soundless carpet as we padded along in rubber packs and warm, light-weight Filson jackets. The sun had eaten off the dew leaving a green surface waving away into the distance. As we topped a rise a myriad of little lakes lay linked in a valley below us, like pools of light in green beds. All eyes were straight ahead, and the field-glasses came up.

shore where a cut-bank borders it and leads around to their lookout. In this way you may come around a point square upon them." (Then stand up and pump your gun for all the pictures you can get in the few minutes that they will stand for it.") So saying, he departed for camp.

(The two of us)
(The camera man and I) were alone. We still stared over the top of the knoll, contemplating the long caterpillar crawl over the no-man's-land which lay spread before us. We tightened our hats against the push of the wind, settled our packs and made the break. Taking a slow gait, we moved our hands and knees methodically up and down in the wet moss. I thrilled as if we were creeping along under the eyes of an enemy, expecting to be picked off any moment. It seemed an endless, blind going before we reached the top of the bank and dropped over the edge to lie limp and oblivious to everything for a space.

When I looked up we were in a new world. Wind-blown tundra and rolling hills alike were gone. At our feet lay the wide, flat, marshy margin of the lake, and those who lived there were not bears or caribou. We looked down upon a clear spring bubbling out of the bank. 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 found by humans before. Anyway, the best thing to do was to fade away 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.

But still the broad marshland bubbled and breathed with life.

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object coming down the long ridge opposite. It came out into the light,-- an Alaska brown bear ambling solemnly down the mountain. There was no mistake this time. The caribou below saw him also, for they stood with raised heads and all eyes up the hill. We were somewhat abashed to come upon this great hermit of the hills whose ghost had so lately concealed us.

I knew that men had been killed by this great grizzly. And here were ^{we} ~~with~~ a suspicious looking gun which carried film for bullets, ~~and~~ ^{with} only the open hills and the heavens to protect us. We had been warned that this largest of living carnivores was a dangerous animal to meet at close quarters and that we should never tramp the tundra without a rifle. But starting out in the morning from the bustling camp for a mere reconnoiter in the vicinity could hardly boast the serious purpose of a real hunt backed by Mannlichers or Mousers. (~~So we had quietly departed with the usual arsenal of Eyemos and Eastmans.~~) ^{We considered} ~~These to us had~~ ^{ourselves} ~~seemed~~ undeniably peaceful and reassuring. But now six miles from home, ^{(and face to face with} and pointing that same blunt-nosed camera down on) Bruin suddenly brought upon me the almost sure conviction that he would interpret quite differently our attitude and intentions. We had to admit that we had been looking for him and were eager to meet him,-- a short time before. I wanted to believe that he would play true to the code of all wild creatures that I had met before, to live and let live unless some belligerent move was made on our part. This was our first sight of the great Alaska bear,-- and he was so great that I was shaking in my shoes.

I took a good look through the glasses. Old Bruin was lumbering 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. We were now close enough to stamp his picture on our eyes. It was true that he was a surly, unfriendly looking fellow with the melancholy manner

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of one who prefers to go his way alone, and I judged he was given a wide berth by the other wild folks of these hills. Heavy of head and shoulder, with an awesome breadth of chest and a great, loose-jointed, shambling frame, I could plainly see that the Kadiak bear was made for massive power and high speed, if he felt inclined. But it was when I looked into his face that I shuddered and knew him for what he was. That bulging hulk of a skull with a jowl as forbidding as an ox's, from which protruded disgusting, gnarled snags of teeth which had spent themselves in crunching the bones of his own kind in the eternal battles, told something of his brutish life. His eyes were small and piggish, and gleamed green with hatred. One look chilled and paralyzed.

Then things happened so suddenly and so rapidly that all speculation about the temper of the Kadiak bear was settled without argument. I crouched close to the tundra on top of the hill with my eyes glued to that tawny figure that calmly held the fort on the opposite ridge against all comers. He was shuffling on again. ^{my companion} (The camera man) was ahead of me, bending down and running low to head the bear off at the foot of the slope. (He carried his little camera in his hand ready to shoot when he came close enough, or jump for safety.) ^{on the run} Following (the camera) I saw Bruin reach the bottom of the hill and disappear over the bank. ^{his pursuer} (The camera man) stood up and made a dash for it. He reached the top soon after the bear, and I saw him duck down behind some tussocks of tall grass, - or perhaps he went over, too. Everybody was out of sight. The landscape was empty from where I labored on down with the pack-sack. No, not quite. The caribou below, frightened by the imminent disaster which I knew they were beholding, were in full flight around the end of the lake.

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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 we rushed pell-mell into a situation that we knew nothing of, and where was my companion now? Was he down there with the bear? What was happening? The silence and great space around me were oppressing. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I began to

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 the bear? What was happening? The silence and great space around me were oppressing. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I began to hurry toward that brink where man and bear had been swallowed up. I crept to the edge and looked over. Fifty yards away, the bear was leaning over the lake rim, drinking and splashing in the water. Just then, immediately below me the ~~camera~~ man raised up. (The motor of the movie was humming.) Both of us were now in plain sight. At ^a the sound, the bear turned, startled. What would he do? The ~~camera~~ man ^{below me} was too close. That enormous, shaggy form ^{at the edge of the water} rose slowly on its hind feet; his head lowered ominously and his neck bowed up under his heavy mane. (The camera buzzed on.) I was petrified. I could not make a sound. All at once that great, lumbering hulk bolted straight up the hill upon us, and passed swiftly, 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. I waved my hand to him as I watched him drop over the last rise. Then it seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of things, it was so still. Far in the distance at the end of the lake against the white slopes of the mountain, the herd of caribou grazed peacefully again.

That night before I went to bed, I stepped to the door of the tent to take a last look at Shishaldin. The little river rippled at my side. Above the top of the bank the moon hung. The dim reaches of the tundra melted into the white night, and there like a pale amethyst in the sky stood the mountain glowing with the reflection of its burning heart. Somewhere at its feet the caribou lay asleep: somewhere the big brown bear mounded about in the moonlight.

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John Burroughs
"It is much easier in Alaska to bag a glacier than a bear."

"We saw the world-shaping forces at work; we scrambled over glaciers they had built but yesterday. - - We were really in the workshops and laboratories of the elder gods."

"Peak after peak many thousand feet high still notches the sky there in the north."

"Under a summer sun, with birds singing and flowers blooming, we looked into the face of winter and set our feet upon the edge of his skirts. But the largeness of the view, the elemental ruggedness, and the solitude as of interstellar space were perhaps what took the deepest hold."

Back upon the summit the snow lay deep, and swept up in a wide sheet to a sharp, inaccessible peak far beyond and above us."

"People actually live (in Sitka) from choice, and seem to find life sweet."

"The day was mild and placid. Far at sea on our left we looked into a world of sunshine, but above us and on our right lay a heavy blanket of clouds, enveloping and blotting out all the upper portions of the great Fairweather Range. All day we hoped that some of the great peaks, from 15000 to 16000 feet high, would reveal themselves. We saw them only from the waist

National Association of Audubon Societies

[FOUNDED 1901. INCORPORATED 1905]

For the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals



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

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OFFICE OF
WILLIAM L. FINLEY
Naturalist and Lecturer



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

Jennings Lodge, Oregon