

+ Coastline  
Islands  
Waterways

All five -  
C.C. H. & Ray  
Island route -

No night travel  
Hurried first part  
Zecultas  
Fishing Salmon  
Birds

5 hrs. Queen Char.  
Dinner - fire

Study of stars  
Wild life  
Mt. Soats - Inlet  
Bears - Mole H.

(6)

3 hrs. up - ledge to ledge  
goat stamped -  
big leap - walked off  
earned freedom - - -

Yacht left them in peace

10 - Mole Harbor - round green bay  
Haselborg's home  
into beach, shallows - mudflats  
Up stream - H. in doorway  
"Only two camera men"  
Method picturing bears.

Dat. -

- 1- Many of you know seacoast north  
network of islands & waterways  
Adventure some region  
Seattle to Yukon indented by glaciers  
still hang glistening
- 2- All five motored Seattle, May 4  
Two cars, cameras, etc  
Seattle Yacht Club - boarding -  
Tough at boarding - small sea, slap,  
lights - sleep

(2) 3- C.C. Adelaide, Ray in morning  
Saxewell whistle - exit, bridge locks  
Month or more changing days, scenes into  
wilderness.

4- Followed inland route  
Big boats, Georgia Sts. behind island -  
to Vancouver  
Permit for 2 goats - mascots

5- Not travel at night  
Crew of 4  
Moved into green harbor - cannery or  
mill  
Dim lights - high wharf

(3)

Sometimes turn in unseen passage, hiding  
Pictures out door

6- Hurried over first part trip to  
Mt. goat region - cliffs  
also grizzly region - woods  
One day of mangroves - deep - narrow  
Tide every 6 hrs.  
Only sturdy boats  
Flood tide - silver carpet  
Fishing for salmon - evening  
Gulls eating - riding log  
Grebes - guillemots - boaters

4)

7 - Woolly, stormy & hrs. Queen Charl.  
yacht rolled up green hill sides  
of waste

Passengers didn't appear till —  
Dinner - fireplace

Maps - charts - tomorrow  
8 - Study of stars more interest, as proper  
So this inland channel -  
Mts. timbered - or snow peaked  
hanging glaciers - ribbon fall  
tufted islands with birds  
bays full of salmon

5)

porpoises, whales in open  
woods - mink, otter, deer,  
bears, goats - moose, elenont

9- Kynoch Dulet.

Ints. hugged close.

3 black bears - 1 asleep

Rock cliffs - field glasses - goat

"No talking or slandering door"

white specks

Saw one on ledge - old Billy

18 goats seen

Bill & Billie climb for goat





# The Pribilof Islands

By Irene Finley

Photos by William L. and Irene Finley

AS SURELY as the seasons come and go, treasure ships fare forth to the far North and come out laden with their freight of the finest furs to satisfy the desires of fashion—lynx, mink, beaver, marten, fox, and seal. These treasures are more vast and valuable than any that the dim recesses of Ali Baba's cave could hoard. But of all the fur-bearers, the life of the Alaskan seal interests us most to-day. It is one of courage, adventure, and romance. Long before the lure of gold brought daring seafarers, a race of early fortune hunters had blazed the trail.

Vessels of many nations sought the bleak Siberian, Canadian, and Alaskan shores. Even the clipper ships of Boston and New Bedford worked their tedious way north, trading their wares of hardware and jewelry for precious furs, for the seals and the arctic foxes that were so abundant. In this battle for treasure, the inevitable result happened—depletion of the supply. The sea otter was hunted to destruction, and the seal was doomed to be a pawn of pirates when it was snatched to safety by the protection of the United States government.

On the first of June the Finley-Church Expedition set out for a cruise along the Aleutian chain of islands and north into the Bering Sea. Its mission was to collect written and photographic records of the varied and rare bird and animal life of this little visited and little known northern region, for the Bureau of Fisheries of the Department of Commerce, and the American Nature Association. The *Westward*, Campbell Church's stanch little yacht, named and built for these wild waters, nosed her way into uncharted channels between many

turous new storekeeper or school-teacher for homesick ones departing. Sometimes the gray shadow of a Coast Guard cutter trailed her smoke along the horizon, patrolling the sea to make it safe for seals. But the day of the pelagic poacher is past. His deeds of daring and night raids on the seal islands,

the three-year-olds lay were cool and fresh above the bay. The scattering bowlders here and there were worn smooth by heavy bodies and green with guano and dead moss. Here the most valuable fur-bearing animals in the world lived and lolled. Five or six thousand of them lay happily playing in this

Russia ten per cent of the land catch from the small but growing herd under her control. In 1925, seventeen thousand seals were taken. The next year it was hoped to take twenty thousand or more without damaging the herd. A safe proportion of young seals are always branded as breeders and separated from those to be killed. Only three-year-olds are killed, as this is the prime fur. The male seal is capable of breeding at the age of five years or even four, but does not normally breed until six or seven. The female usually brings forth her first pup when she is three years old. Males and females have approximately the same length of life, from twelve to fourteen years.

Of land mammals on the Pribilofs, there are but three species, all more or less peculiar to the group. The foxes were probably originally brought to these islands by floating ice and have become slightly differentiated from the original mainland stock. The shrew and the lemming have lost their origin and become distinct Pribilof species. The fox and the lemming, and perhaps the shrew, belong to groups which are arctic in distribution. All the other mammals are aquatic, including whales, sea lions, seals, walrus.

The blue foxes wander over the islands like little dogs, scurrying along the paths, or watching the kitchen door for morsels of food, for they really are the pampered pets of the government. In winter when the northern gales are laden with snow and ice and blow a cover of complete isolation over these islands, the foxes are regularly fed full rations. In



Fur seals in an Alaskan rookery



Native Aleut children of the Pribilofs



Mother and baby Alaskan fur seal

when some several hundred animals were slaughtered in haste and borne back to safety among the intricate passes of the Aleutians, are mere legends of reminiscent traders. A sealskin coat of a quarter of a century ago rustled with more romance than one from to-day's tame hunt.

Wading knee-deep in wiry grass, the party of explorers topped a ridge of a long neck of land pushing out into the ocean. Below them on a curved beach among wave-washed, tumbled, gigantic bowlders lay thousands of shimmering, changeable forms interspersed with darker ones, like a wiggling mass of swarming bees—the seals of the Pribilofs at home. Rampageous old bulls, more fierce in protecting their fifty or more wives than are the lions of the sea, reared challengingly here and there above the rest of the herd, or perched watchfully on the highest rocks and with half-closed eyes dramatically shook threats from their cavernous throats. At close range they were dingy brown and be-whiskered, while their slim wives were pale tawny, even to gray. The bulls snorted and flared out frequently at half-grown eligibles lounging in the edge of the water just below the harems. Young Beau Brummells must be kept at a safe distance. These bachelors as a rule were off to themselves farther down the beach. On higher rocks above the harems lay the solitary bulls whose wives had not yet come out of the sea. Like wave-washed logs they sprawled, dead asleep and lopping over.

A CAMERA man crept cautiously closer to a mother seal and her pup basking on a slippery rock. He was out of view of her ogre-eyed lord and master and complacently peering at her through a lens. Stepping from behind a rock, he was suddenly charged by an ambushed bull that he hadn't seen. He deserted his camera and dodged among the bowlders, for a savage seal is likely to cripple a man for life. He seems to take any aggressor for an amorous rival trying to steal one of his wives. This is the way he spends his days from the time that he crawls out on land, fat and ferocious in the early summer, on into August when he is worn and weak from his stormy six weeks, during which time he has been without a bite of food or drink, and only cat-napping for brief rests between battles. No patriarch was ever so harassed with domestic troubles. And there are the children to be watched, too, fifty or more all his own, sleek, black, round-headed little fellows that lump down into a crevice or pile up in pods till they almost smother each other. Of course, the meek mothers feed them, but he is their real guardian. Later in the season, when the pups can handle themselves better, they congregate in groups at a little distance from the harem, and the mothers, returning from feeding trips at sea, waddle along through the wiggling mass hunting their own.

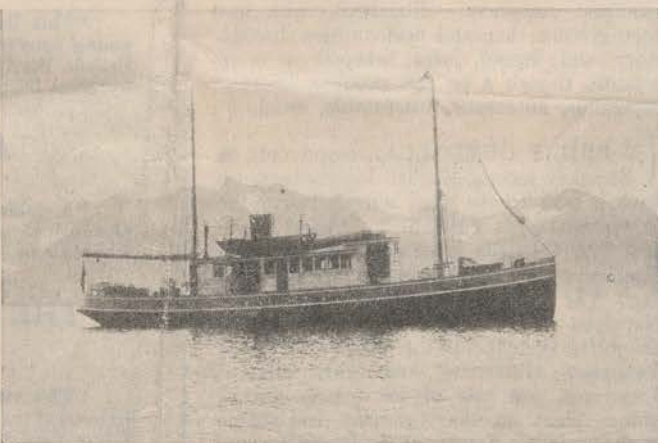
It was a populous place. Even the sea was always alive with black flippers waving out of the water. Over all was a continuous babel of sounds, the flapping and romping of the half-grown young in the water, the bellowing of the bulls and bleating of the cows, wafted to the four corners of the sea by a swinging gale that sweeps these sea-girt rocks.

It was nearing sunset, and the sands where

one hauling ground, and on this one small island were fifteen more seal rookeries, each with its hauling ground of fine young seals. Some rookeries, of course, were not so large as this one. And only a few stormy hours to the south on St. George Island were more rookeries. These two small islands are still envied morsels of several peoples—the Americans, English, Russians, and Japanese.

FOR many years it had been known that somewhere in the north Pacific was a great breeding ground for seals that annually made a pilgrimage into Bering Sea. The exact location of this spot was not discovered until Pribilof ran into it accidentally in a fog. Seals, foxes, and fog were about the only things to be found here, and without the fog the seals and the foxes would never be so fine. And with the fog, one is liable to miss the islands altogether. The nearest land is Unalaska Island, two hundred and fourteen miles to the south; and two hundred and twenty miles due north is St. Matthew Island, not far below the barely parted lips of northern Alaska and Siberia. A straight line east to the mainland stretches three hundred miles across a tumultuous, shallow sea, in winter scummed with churning icebergs. There are five islands in the Pribilof group, St. Paul and St. George being the largest, about forty miles apart. The former is thirteen miles long with a coastline of forty-five miles; the latter is twelve miles long with a coastline of thirty miles. The smaller islands are all close to St. Paul—Walrus, Otter, and Sea Lion Rock.

At the time the Pribilof Islands were discovered by the Russians in 1786, they were uninhabited, but a number of small colonies of natives from the Aleutian Islands were at once established. In 1799 the islands passed into the hands of the Russian-American Company, which remained in control until the purchase of Alaska by the United States in 1867. Early records of sealing are inadequate, but they indicate that 1,821,639 seals were taken between 1786 and 1834. Pelagic sealing was at its height. Large catches were obtained by independent operators who killed the seals at sea, many of which could not be retrieved; and in addition from sixty to eighty per cent of their catch were females whose death involved the loss of unborn pups, or the starvation of newborn ones on land. This condition brought about the treaty of 1911, between the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and Japan, abolishing sealing on the high seas for a period of fifteen



The yacht *Westward*, owned by Campbell Church

years. By its provisions the United States and Russia agreed to pay to Great Britain and Japan, for the relinquishment of their part in pelagic sealing, fifteen per cent each of the product of the land sealing conducted by the two former nations. Also, Japan agreed to pay to the United States, Great Britain, and



A blue fox of the Pribilofs

summer they live on fresh seal meat and a plentiful supply of sea birds that live among the crags and cliffs of the islands. The most plentiful birds on St. Paul and St. George are the three auklets—the least, the crested, and the paraquet. Here they live, next-door neighbors of the foxes, among the rocks on the hillsides. Some early convulsion stirred the big bowlders to the surface, since when they have been smothered by a rank growth of rough grass which trickily conceals the deep drops between them. Higher up they are piled in tumbled masses. Under these bulwarks of stone the little blues are as well protected as if they were housed in concrete. And they know it. They don't dig long, deep tunnels as the red foxes have to on the less rocky islands.

The so-called white and blue foxes are not different species, but merely represent two color phases of the same animal, the white being the winter coat of the normal phase, which in summer is characterized by a brown back and shoulders and tawny sides. The blue fox is the abnormal dark color phase, sooty gray in summer and bluish gray in winter. On the Pribilof Islands the sooty phase so outnumbers the ordinary phase as to be practically the normal state. White foxes have been weeded out on the Pribilofs so long that they are hardly known there, leaving a race of royal blues of great value.

THE seals are the life of the Pribilofs. When the seal herds waned and few were killed, the foxes dwindled and died. To the natives, also, the seal means food, fortune, and romance.

As we left these northern islands the sea thundered loud on the beach far below at the foot of the cliffs, reverberating against the rocky walls. The seals sported on the sand in the pale northern twilight. Above, the mists hung over the molded hilltops. The fox clan were awake and out. From every green crest they were answering in piercing, plaintive calls, mournful and passionate as they eddied away on the wind.

Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your prayers; be courteous to your creditors; keep your digestion good; exercise; go slow and easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift.—Abraham Lincoln.



The little lemming honeycombs the Pribilofs with its runways

volcanic islands that stretch like hot stepping-stones almost across the Pacific to Asia. Then northward, she stopped to investigate that misshapen mass of rock, Bogoslof, sizzling out of a cold sea. At her approach, the jagged, smoldering peaks took life and clouds of waterfowl winged screaming about their crests. Then she plunged farther up into the Bering Sea. Yes, she was looking for something and following a trail that led as definitely to its goal as the wild goose wings his way to his northern home on the tundras. On the morning of the Fourth of July, in the path of the ship lay a bold and defiant little island, bitten and battered by the sea. The yacht approached slowly and cautiously the mysterious shores of St. Paul. Like a gray gull rocking on the waves, the boat waited at a safe distance. Circling the shores of the island like an animated, writhing ring, lay the Alaskan seals that had trailed along the sea paths to this one delectable home spot for them, the Pribilof Islands. The *Westward* had found what she was hunting—yes, seals.

OUT from the shore came a long, white boat manned by standing natives. It dipped and bobbed across the waves to the strange yacht. Behind it a quaint Russian village, with a square-domed church, hung on the green hillside under a veil of fog. The superintendent tendered a welcome to the members of the expedition, who were to be official guests of the Bureau of Fisheries during their stay on the islands. All the newcomers were greeted by smiling faces and chattering tongues of the dark natives, for visitors are very few to these far and storm-swept shores, and they might bring new things—a bright scarf, or necktie, a box of perfumed powder, a shining compact with a little mirror to be peeked into and giggled over by the girls, or a new musical record—its gayest measures none too swift for the rhythm of the Aleut.

The swarthy boatswains plied busily back and forth to the shore, landing the camera-laden cruisers. These outpost islanders must make the most of chance callers, for only once a year does the naval supply boat touch at these treacherous harbors, bringing food and other necessities, and exchanging an adven-



It is not only unusual but significant for the Aleutian axis, starting in the interior of the continental mass, to reach out into the ocean deeps. That the line of volcanoes should continue its course straight thru such diverse features as folded mts, elevated plateaus, continental shelves, and ocean deeps, suggests that the causes underlying its formation are among the most fundamental of terrestrial forces. The Aleutian chain is one of the longest & straightest single lines of volcanoes of the globe. Although situated in a sparsely settled region where few records of eruptions have been preserved, enough is known to demonstrate that it is likewise one of the most active volcanic belts.

④ which intercepts the Japanese are at right angles extending toward the south. This probably belongs to the same series of volcanic sections, but seems to end in deep water, without curving around to join the next at its southern extremity.

The fundamental character of the forces which fix the location of the lines of volcanoes is emphasized by the fact that the course of the volcanic chains shows in places a complete independence of all surface features of the earth's topography.

The northern end of the Aleutian chain parallels the Chignik Mts. a much crumpled mountain system of typical character. Beyond this in the Katmai district, the volcanoes are built upon a thick



5) platform of sedimentary rocks, whose strata lie almost as they were laid down on the shallow sea bottom, having been raised above sea level with scarcely any deformation. This whole area, both the folded mts. and the eroded plateau of our district, lies in a distinctly continental region. For Cook Inlet and the waters around Kodiak are notably shallow, forming in fact considerable banks like the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

In the strongest possible contrast to this is the line of islands which stretches 500 miles beyond the tip of the peninsula. These are the crest of a very steep-sided ridge rising directly out of the water more than a mile deep. Indeed, the

6) bridge between the thousand fathom marks averages only about 90 miles wide.

Only a few miles south of the island lies one of the deepest depressions on the ocean floor, a narrow groove running closely parallel to the coast of the Aleutians. Within a hundred miles of peaks whose height exceed 8000 ft. soundings of more than 24,000 ft. have been made.

Here is one of the greatest contrasts in elevation on the whole globe.

The basin of the Bering Sea on the north is not so much depressed, yet the depth attained here is more than 12,000 ft. as great as the average ocean depth. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the Aleutians stretch out into a truly oceanic basin.



Q-115 Arthur H. Briggs  
K.4.1.7. Valley of Ten Th. Shakes

Beebe & Maxine Squans  
Mr. E. Wilson  
136-577-87-4 '25-

136-43-410 '25-

Sharks of Harborough

Hobbs' reviews of the work  
of Deuss and Richtofen -  
See American Geologist, vol.  
34, p. 69, 1904.

"The Sharks of Harborough -  
Att. Nuthy 136-1925 -  
(Oct. 1925)

U. C. Library - Berkeley

The eruption of Katmai was not  
accompanied, as some eruptions  
have been, by other sympathetic activity  
at a distance from the main focus.  
Yet it should be recognized that  
Katmai is not an isolated vent  
but one member of a long chain.  
In a larger view the chain itself  
is a single unit whose uplifting  
and activities are the expression  
of a set of fundamental stresses  
that have developed deep down  
within the earth's interior. Any  
particular eruption is, therefore,  
only a trivial incident in the  
drama.

We cannot properly take up  
the problem of Katmai without  
giving some idea of its setting and  
of the Asiatic volcanic complex of  
which it is a part. For, as will  
appear, the relations of the Alaskan  
volcanoes are not American but  
Asiatic.



(2) It should be observed that all the volcanoes of Alaska except two belong to the Aleutian chain. (Mt. Wrangell in the interior and Mt. Edgecumbe near Sitka.) This, although reaching many miles into the mass of the American continent, has an unmistakable affinity with the Asiatic volcanic belts, while it shows no connection with other Am. volcanoes. (!)

An examination of eastern Asia reveals a very curious succession of volcanic chains stretching down the coast, like a series of garlands draped along the edge of the continent. Each member of the series is a gigantic crescent, convex toward the ocean. Each trends south-westerly, beginning with a southerly course and bending toward the west as it continues along the

3) coast. Each joins the next larger segment approximately at right angles. The crescentic arrangement ~~so~~ recurs with remarkable regularity five times in a series of arches stretching from Alaska to Sumatra.

Directly in line with the prolongation of the Aleutian chain are the Commander Islands (volcanic, though without any modern vents,) carrying over the first arc of the series, over to the shores of Kamchatka, where it meets the second crescent, a line of very lofty & notable volcanoes running down through the Kuril Islands into northern Japan.

The celebrated Fujiyama of Japan is in a great fault



"those changing yellow  
eyes" —

"the road to it is hard. —"

"For the little folks at home. —"

3. A few days after this,  
~~she arrived~~ a baby  
Scurpine arrived in the  
cage. His mother seemed  
content and ate quantities  
of clover, but she watched  
her chance <sup>one day</sup> when her  
door was left ajar for a  
minute, she escaped into  
the green forest.

Duty —

An (Scribble) old Scurpine  
that ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> had lived all her life  
in the ~~open~~ <sup>open</sup> ~~of the desert,~~  
found herself transplanted to  
the green valley of the  
lower Willamette River.

(4) The humans who  
felt themselves responsible  
for him took up the task  
of caring for him.



# National Association of Audubon Societies

[FOUNDED 1901. INCORPORATED 1905.]

## For the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals



Map showing (shaded) States that have Audubon Societies

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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

August 1, 1922.

Mr. Leroy Berg,  
Scout Executive,  
Wilkes Barre, Pa.

I am making up my schedule for motion picture lectures for the next winter season. These deal largely with new pictures of wild bird and animal life taken on various field trips from the Texas coast to the Canadian border.

A fat old porcupine  
hung lazily to the limb  
of a juniper tree in any  
of the barren waste as  
the quetzal morning sun  
faded down.

① The quetzal morning sun  
of the desert waste spread  
old porcupine hanging lazily  
to the limb of a juniper  
tree.

② Not long after, two goat  
trappers happened along  
laughed and threw stones  
at their wild pheasant  
tree, transported to the  
green valley of the lower Willamette  
(Oregon scene - cage)



✓ at last on a gigantic rounded boulder, thirty feet below the surface.

This roundness itself spelled a distinct difference between this and other shores of the Galapagos. The surf had pounded and rolled the rocks on this unprotected coast until they had become huge pebbles. This explained the absence of tide-pools along the shore - the water simply filtering away as soon as the tide-level went down.

The dominant note in this underwater scene in this marvelous island-eddy was the seaweed.

(Desc. -)

all the innumerable strands of greenish-olive bent and flattened away from me - and then, with the slow movement attained only rarely by such growths as weeping willows, rolled toward and wrapped around me, reaching out toward the light ascent marking the beginning of that upper world which seemed so little a part of my life at a moment like this.

① Mr Beebe -

"I launched the glass bottomed diving boat as close to the cliffs of northern Harborborough as I dared, in a cove where the water was so deep that the swell remained unbroken until shattered against the lava itself. The rocks at this point showed very clearly their division into successive lava flows, some like frozen black molasses-candy six feet thick, alternating with thinner strata in the shape of huge bricks. The topmost layer was the same old plowed field of cinder eggs and snags with which the every farm on Albemarle. This is probably the eruption of one hundred years ago of which Morell wrote so vividly.

This, my 70th descent, took me into a submarine world as strange as and as unlike that of Tagus Cove - which we could still see in the distance from the ship - as that differed from Tower. If they were jungles and deserts, this was a wheat field. Swallowing as I went, I climbed down and down, and stood



3) wheeling slowly about the  
corners of boulders. — where I could  
look down upon a sinister valley,  
narrow and dark and deep —  
As I stretched full length on a mat  
of the gorgonium, a gang — they were  
too ugly and dangerous looking to  
be called a school — of giant groupers  
parted the fronds and drifted through  
toward me ~~as dark in tone, etc.~~ marched  
along, their ugly jaws chewing eternally  
on the end of life, when suddenly  
without the slightest warning there  
came a distinct glow, and next to  
the last grouper came one of the golden  
ones.

— the ripples of the surface  
above me had scarcely died away  
to the usual heaving, opaque, moon-  
stone appearance of my water sky,  
when a cloud came drifting past,  
500 lbs. of sea turtle floating  
lightly as thistledown overhead,  
little penguins waddling about  
with Charlie Chaplin ~~act~~

① To ~~travel~~ <sup>cruise</sup> along the hot stepping-  
stones that cross the far North  
Pacific, <sup>Ocean</sup> the volcanic Aleutian  
Chain <sup>of islands</sup> that stretches "like ~~one~~  
~~garland~~ of a group" of garlands  
dear across to Asia and  
along its Coast, to anchor  
in the Crater of sizzling Bogos-  
lof, the islands in the Bering  
Sea that rises and sinks without  
warning, to push <sup>further</sup> up into  
the Bering Sea itself to the  
little storm-locked Pribilof  
Islands, the home of the ~~real~~ <sup>famous</sup>  
blue foxes, the Alaska seal and  
myriads of sea birds, and to camp  
and wander over other far  
and little known ~~shores~~ <sup>shores and</sup>  
~~corners~~ of



(7) Many peaks little known - impossible to learn whether or not are volcanoes or composed of volcanic rocks. Even geographical position of some of them is uncertain to the extent of several miles. It was discovered in 1920, for example, that the charted position of Bogoslof, one of the best known vents, was in error by six miles!

Beg. with Cook Inl. the active vents in the Aleutian chain stretch out in a southwesterly direction for more than 1200 mi. 50 or 60 volcanoes in chain.

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Bogoslof -