~~WE GO FISHING~~

Two motor boats piled high with camp duffle of all kinds putted across Paulina Lake, one of the two deep blue bodies of water in the Newberry Crater, inclosed by the Deschutes National Forest. Lodge-pole pines came down from steep hillsides almost to the shore. No glimpses of white tents or other human habitations were to be seen. No sound was to be heard but the lapping of the disturbed water against the boats. Rather a lonely place, thought the women of the party as they looked up into the deep shadows of the woods.

"All hands out and get to work," came the call. "All hands out and get to work," the echo returned faintly across the water. The spell was broken. Peals of laughter and bantering jibes resounded as some one loaded with bundles slipped off the stones into the shallow muddy shore.

Like a chain-gang of workers, the nine people trudged back and forth from the boats, toting up the camp provisions for a three weeks' stay. Soon there was noise enough, the crackling of dead limbs and debris being carried away, the sound of hammers as a platform for a main tent grew, the "Heave-ho" as tent poles were hoisted up. At the end of the day as one looked again from the shore where the boats lay rocking, lights glimmered warmly from a big tent with its fly in front and four little tents snuggled in the edge of the woods.

In the morning, the real purpose of the camp in this isolated spot was apparent. In front of the tent of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley G. Jewett of the Biological Survey, a small table with stools and taxidermist's and collector's tools were in evidence. Down on the lakeshore below the camp, two improvised "blinds", looking like innocent masses of wind-blown drift of bleached logs, green

limbs and what-not interwoven, concealed a battery of cameras with hidden eyes searching for wild game of any kind that came within range. Two Bills, Smith and Finley, ran these shooting booths. Further along on the shore could be seen zinc tanks, ominous cyanide jars, and a fluffy butterfly-net lying in wait for both land and water victims. Pat and Bud Smith, high school biology students, operated these laboratories, but when a big mass of oozy lake moss, literally alive with minute water animals, was hauled up on shore, everybody--picture hunters, bird hunters, and bug hunters took a hand as well as cooks and dish-washers-- to keep the specimens from hopping or crawling away before they could be given a dose of twilight-sleep and induced to behave under the microscope.

"Come and get it or we'll throw it away," sings the jolly spouse of Bill Smith. Incidentally, the senior Smiths were the chefs de luxe and hosts of the camp, although everybody took his turn at d.w. (dish washing), p.p. (potato peeling), p.f. (pancake flipper), and c.u. (cleaning up).

"What's the idea of this buggy business anyway," continues Ma Smith. "Can't you ever be on time to meals? What difference is it to you whether the fish in this lake live on stone flies, May flies, or robber flies if you can fool them with any old synthetic fly?"

Four o'clock and everybody ready to quit researching.

"Let's relax and go fishing," complains the romping one of the twin Bill photographers. "A nickel in the pot from every one of you for the first one who snags a fish."

"You can take the pot, but I want the first fish to pickle and send to the University of Michigan for examination," speaks up the greedy collector.

"Well, I guess not!" roars a chorus. "That fish and some more are going to be pickled a lot nearer home- and not in alcohol."

The boats float slowly up and down a little off shore. With a twist of the wrist, the lines sing sweetly through the air. One hour, two hours, and not a bite. Calls from passing anglers.

"Did you get any? We got some big ones."

"Oh, sure," goes back the answer. "Just landed a twenty-six incher."

On again out of hearing.

"Say, did that boob give me the laugh?" scowls Bill Smith. We're going to catch a twenty-six incher! Come on. Strike straight for the black slide.

The light changes slowly. Sunset clouds begin to pile up above the jagged rim. The minutes go by as they deepen to salmon-pink, then to a rosy-red, then to crimson- almost angry.

"It's funny. We ought to get something here," says a voice. "I'm swinging fifty feet of line. We're working over a bank that drops off to nobody knows how deep. This lake is said to be bottomless, you know."

Silence again. The wind begins to come up, ruffling the surface. The boats, moving slowly, roll a little against the trough. More coats are put on. The clouds have deepened to mauve and indigo. In the background, Paulina Peak is etched high against a fading sky.

"I wonder if there were any fish originally in this closed crater, or if they were all introduced," muses the naturalist in a half tone. "There are both rainbows and eastern brooks here now, (continue on next page)

which may both have come from stocking."

"It's reported that the State Game Commission also put Loch Leven or brown trout in here," comes the voice of Bill Smith. "If it's true, it was a big mistake to import such a foreigner into this fine, cold lake suited for native rainbows. Might just as well have stocked it with Dolly Vardens, which everybody knows are cannibals. But the Dollys are prohibited by state law."

"It's a dandy lake for rainbows and these great masses of plant life in its depths breed immense quantities of insects~~xxxx~~ that the fish gorge on. There's the so-called little fresh water shrimp here, too, in great quantities. No wonder the pikers won't bite at a bunch of feathers," grumbles Stanley. "You know what Tam McArthur says about this lake in his "Oregon Geographic Names," don't you?" he continues, flicking his line absently. "He says nature narrowly missed giving Oregon two Crater Lakes almost equal in size and blueness, but in trying to copy a masterpiece, she missed out a little on this one. This Newberry Crater hung up 6500 feet in the Paulina Mountains, was originally one crater with one big lake. There was a later volcanic shake-up that messed things up and made two lakes, this one and Eastlake, which is bottled up tight with no inlet and no outlet. Paulina outlets over there at Reid's Lodge on the west side and tumbles down a fine falls."

"We've only got another half hour," breaks in Bill Smith, peering at the last rays of sunset. "The law ~~is~~ says one hour beyond sunset, but it comes earlier here than down in the valley. The warden may be around somewhere."

Stanley's hunched figure comes to life ~~and the tip of this pole jerks up.~~ as his cast line starts on a trip

"It can't be a strike, can it?" he whispers excitedly. "Oh, I think it got away."

Suddenly the pole starts for the bottom. His line ~~be-~~ line starts away, gins to wind up. Everybody talks at once. Another ~~pole jerks~~, and more excitement.

"Who ~~landed~~ got the first fish," asks Bill Finley.

"I landed mine first," pops up a feminine voice.

"No you didn't! I'm keeping the pot," says Stanley with finality.

"Our half hour is up, and we've got just ~~nine~~ 6 moderate sized fish," says Bill Smith dully, ~~looking out toward the mouth of the lake. It bobbed smartly. Then~~ sending his line into the twilight for the last time. The line swung wide and started for shore. Baker unaware, Bill twisted to keep the pole from straining too much, or going overboard himself. He stood tense. More line went out fast. Then he began to reel in. The pole moved, its back bowed in a semi-circle, almost around the boat, now here, now there, now up, now down deep, then away again. The angler kept his head and let the fish have his way. A lull. Away out on the surface, a silver form seemed to float, turning a little as if to size up the boat- or the man. Bang! Down he went. The battle was on again.

Ten minutes later. Bill still standing, ~~enjoying himself now~~. his face as smiling as a full moon.

"My, you darling! My twenty-six incher!"

"How much will you take for him, Bill?" beggs Stanley. "The University of Michigan needs that very fish, you know."

The light changes slowly. Sunset clouds begin to pile up above the jagged rim. The minutes go by as they deepen to salmon-pink, then to a rosy-red, then to crimson-- almost angry.

"It's funny. We ought to get something here," says a voice. "I'm swinging fifty feet of line. We're working over a bank that drops off to nobody knows how deep. This lake is over two hundred and fifty feet deep, you know."

Silence again. The wind begins to come up, ruffling the surface. The boats, moving slowly, roll a little against the trough. More coats are put on. The clouds have deepened to mauve and indigo. In the background, Paulina Peak is etched high against a fading sky.

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"It sure produces some dandy rainbows and these great masses of plant life in its depths breed immense quantities of insects that the fish gorge on. There is the so-called little fresh water shrimp here, too, and the fish like them. No wonder the pikers won't bite at a bunch of feathers," grumbles Stanley.

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"Oregon Geographic Names," don't you," he continues, flicking his line absently. "He says nature narrowly missed giving Oregon two Crater Lakes almost equal in size and blueness, but in trying to copy a masterpiece she missed out a little on this one. This Newberry Crater hung up 6500 feet in the Paulina Mountains, was originally one crater with one big lake. There was a later volcanic shake-up that messed things up and made two lakes, this one and Eastlake which is bottled up tight with no inlet and no outlet. Paulina outlets over there at Reid's Lodge on the west side and tumbles down a fine falls."

"We've only got another half hour," breaks in Bill Smith, peering at the last rays of the sunset. "The law says one hour beyond sunset, but it comes earlier here than down in the valley. You can't violate the game law. The warden will get you."

Stanley's hunched figure comes to life as his cast line starts on a trip across the water.

"It can't be a strike, can it? he whispers excitedly. "Oh, I think it got away."

Suddenly his pole takes a turn toward the bottom. He reaches out after his line and grabs it half way up the pole, yanking it in. By the expression on his face, I expected to see him walk out of the boat onto the water. Everybody talks at once. Another line starts away, and more excitement.

"Who got the first fish?" asks Bill Finley.

"I landed mine first," pipes up a feminine voice.

"No you didn't! I'm keeping the pot," says Stanley with finality.

"Our half hour is up and we've got just six medium sized

fish," says Bill Smith dully, sending his line out into the twilight for the last time. The line swung wide and started for shore. Taken unaware, Bill twisted to keep the pole from straining too much, or going overboard himself. He stood tense. More line went out fast. Then he began to reel in. The pole moved, its back bowed in a semi-circle, almost around the boat; now here, now there, now up, now down deep, then away again. The angler kept his head and let the fish have his way. A lull. Away out on the surface a silver form seemed to float, turning a little as if to size up the boat- or the man. Bang! Down he goes. The battle is on again.

Ten minutes later. Bill still standing, his face as smiling as a full moon.

"My, you darling! My twenty-six incher!"

"How much will you take for him, Bill?" begs Stanley. "The University of Michigan needs that very fish, you know."

Blue Foxes of Pribilofs

I sat on the top of a fox den- a tenement of Pribilof blues- in the rocks on the hillside back of the native village on Saint George Island in the Bering Sea. I knew I was in for a long wait, for though I had come in a quiet and conciliating manner, I should have to sit as still as a statue till the suspicious inmates in the ~~cavernous crannies~~ caverns below should forget that a human being was perched threateningly on the very roof over their heads. There ~~was~~ had been no object in approaching stealthily, for this would only arouse a fox's suspicion; and there was no possibility of arriving unseen, for even the presence of an invisible spirit would be felt by a fox's seventh sense of detection. So I climbed openly but quietly to the top of the (rock) cairn and sat down on a tussock of coarse, wiry grass that pushed up everywhere between the rocks on these wet islands. My notebook and pencil were ready for whatever might happen in this long vigil, and I was ready to enjoy it even if the foxes below didn't.

The lay of the land was interesting. The Pribilofs two big islands (St. G. & St. P.) are rolling and rock-strewn. I looked above me at precipitous hills bending down to break off into cliffs braced against the heave and tear of the ocean. And in front of me, the slope which I had just climbed swept away to a green valley that ended in the little cove on the seashore, one of the two landings on this storm-locked island. When the gales blow hard inland, any benighted ~~boat~~ ship must stand out and forego intercourse with the ~~fast-locked~~ inhabitants, or navigate cautiously around to the ~~lee~~ shore where a small boat may land. When the fickle wind changes, (she) the boat must hie back to her first anchorage around the island. And the changes are so rapid and certain that a mar-

iner seldom sleeps in these ports. Hence the inmates of the little white town with its two-domed Russian church looming up usually looked out upon an empty ocean.

But the hillsides are for the foxes. Some early convulsion stirred the big boulders to the surface, since when they have been smothered by the rank growth of rough grass which trickily conceals the deep drops between. 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 some of the red foxes have to on some of the less rocky islands.

All around me the grass was trampled and grizzled, there were with bones and feathers scattered about. The flies buzzed in a continuous swarm, and from the numerous crevices and doorways of the den, a sickening, fetid musk smell arose. For some time I had sat as "frozen" as a fox herself. On my arrival, I had been met by an old lame female. She was sitting at a main entrance, perhaps on watch. With a gutteral snarl, she slipped down the doorway and conveyed the news to the other inmates. Immediately there were signs of concerted signals, cat-like cries, beginning with a gurgling grunt and ending with a high-pitched wail, rythmically repeated from end to end of the den. They were bombarding me with a chorus of irritation. Persistantly and monotonously it kept up, and persistantly I sat on their roof, growing more and more in tune with foxes on the green hillside sloping down to the roaring sea.

I became aware of a change. Looking down, I gazed

directly into a dark hole leading ~~down~~ to the depths of the den. The chorus had dwindled and trailed off, ~~as~~ fears were allayed and different ones had lost interest in the game of frightening me away. The old female gave the last yip. After the continuous crying, the silence was so vivid and so vacant that I sat ~~spell-bound~~, waiting, fascinated by the black funnel at my feet. I could not look away from it. It seemed as if furred feet were padding about down there. I could almost hear soft breathing. I saw nothing but blackness, but I felt that piercing eyes were fixed upon me, not alone from this doorway, but watching me stealthily from all the cracks and crannies of the rocks. Harmless they were, of course, but the gimlet eyes of wild creatures in the darkness, boring into one's purpose and presumption, are disconcerting.

So the watchers on both sides sat frozen for some time. After a little, soft noises came up from the depths, telling that the households below were partially awakening to normal and softly astir. Only the old lame female on guard at the dark window beneath me gave a warning growl now and then, which was soon drowned by the fussing of waspish mothers and whining, tormented children. At last they had forgotten me. It was as if I wasn't there, and they opened the doors of their family closets and nagged loudly at each other. A number of households apparently occupied community corners of the cavern with a gentleman's agreement about back-yards. This might work smoothly for adults, but when it came to families with from five to ten precocious and prying children, ~~with~~ pointed ears and noses ever turned up to the light of the doorways from whence

came their always insufficient dinners, ~~the invisible line~~ was forgotten. A wobbly-legged child must have strayed too close to a moody mother nearby, who, after warning him by the usual ~~foxy~~ reception, hustled and heckled him back to his own corner in a hurry. Foxy's own mother appeared suddenly, and it was a case of "How dare you touch my child!" The two mothers flew at each other with grunts and growls and settled the same question for the hundredth time. From another nook came soft, anxious purrings, ~~and I judged~~ there must be very young children there. It wasn't at all flattering to be so utterly ignored upon the roof.

Curiosity is one of the strongest traits of a fox. The Pribilof blues, hemmed in with the human beings on this sea-girt island hardly three miles in width, were tamer than the wide-ranging red fox of the mainland, or of our own woods. Curiosity seemed all the stronger for this nearness and dependence upon people. They could be seen scuttling along the steep, rocky streets of the village with the other inmates at all hours of the day, or stealing behind the buildings where food was put regularly ~~especially~~ for them. As I pried about their dens day after day, they became less suspicious of me and more curious. I became interesting instead of dangerous. In fact, they liked to see me coming up the hill. The lame old one and a couple of watchful fathers were usually waiting at their posts nearby, but never in evidence to passers-by. Walking slowly up the hill, I scanned the scattering rocks half concealed in the humpy tussocks of grass, and invariably as a greeting of recognition, a head and shoulders would rise from behind

a mossy slab. With pricked-up ears and watchful expression, he measured every step I took, and as I neared the den, he dropped down and flattened himself against the rock again to watch for more suspicious comers. And always the old lame one met me half way up the hill, appearing suddenly from a hollow at my feet to trot quietly ahead of me as if leading the way. Reaching the mouth of the den, she turned and sat down on her haunches facing me, as if asking if I was coming on to pay my usual visit. So had they come to accept me as a part of their daily routine, and together we kept an eye on loiterers who climbed the path to the cliffs, or the old Russian who brought the cows home at evening down the green valley.

I had given the password & might go where I pleased.

Late one afternoon I was sitting in my usual place on the roof of the blues when a mother ~~emerged~~ with whom I had never come face to face before emerged from the mouth. From under my very feet she came, and feeling my presence, she looked up into my eyes. She stood frozen, the hair on the back of her neck bristled and her eyes darkened and dilated; but not a quiver. Suddenly lifting her pointed nose and big ears, she uttered a quick, dog-like bark like a stiletto signal, and bounded away down the slope. A half hour later, I saw her coming back from the village, carrying something in her mouth, holding it high above the entangling grass which nearly smothered her. I settled lower down and remained motionless. Some distance away she hesitated and feigned no interest in the den or me, and settled down in the deep grass out of sight. But I didn't take the hint to leave politely, so after a little while she circled around and came to the entrance by a round-about way. She went

only to the door, dropped her ~~piece of meat~~ mouthful, which proved to be a Chookkie or small sea bird, gave a soft, crooning note and stole a little way off to lie down in plain sight and watch me. ~~Soon~~ Immediately a beautiful little fellow, wooly and almost black, ran out without a glance about for (danger.) He pounced upon the ~~piece of cooked meat~~ limp offering and pulled and tugged with gusto. I could hear his chisel teeth gnaw. Being satisfied, he took a walk along one of the narrow, worn paths in the grass, and then with a whimsical turn-about, he ran back upon the rocks straight toward me. His eyes were beady-black, his nose a black button and pointed like a Spitz puppy. It twitched in a sprightly way. He was aching for adventure. There was a slight ~~noise~~ sound behind him. Noiselessly he dropped into the black hole and was gone. So do these cunning children of the wild react involuntarily for their own preservation against any surprise.

His mother had watched the whole performance from her hidden bed in the grass below. Now she got up and walked silently up to the mouth of the den. No, she was anything but a royal blue Pribilof in the summer season. Her coat was a dingy blue-gray with a thin mane of pale, bleached-out, long hair straggling about her neck, and her tail was scrawny and humiliating- anything but the rich, silky blue coat and great flowing brush of the winter. She was just a lanky old mother fox, hurried and worried by children and the eternal three meals a day. Here under these rocks, the blowsy mothers and attentive fathers bring forth from six to twelve or more in a litter. They are really more valuable government charges than the native Aleuts who care for them, for they are officially protected all the time by the Bureau of Fisheries, pampered in summer and fed

in the winter when their sea-girt home is covered with snow. Then they become very agreeable and trusting with their human friends, foregathering in the dooryards and even under the bed- and on it, if thought is not taken to close the door as a gentle hint that there is a limit to familiarity (even with royal blues.) Royal they are in the icy, winter weather, full and fluffy and glistening, and blue like the lupines that cloud the summer slopes, subdued by the gray mists that hover the hilltops.

In the pale dusk of a Bering Sea night, I lounged on the rim of the cliffs, watching the "choochkies" or little least auklets come in from the feeding grounds at sea. Lifting from out over the water, the continuous bands flew low over my head and swerving, almost fanned the rocks where the foxes lived. At the sound of the choochkie chatter above, there was silence in the den below. For the foxes and these little blunt-nosed, stubby-tailed birds inhabit the rocks together- much to the detriment of the birds. And a third dweller of the hillsides is the little gray lemming with a wisp of a short tail and big, furry feet (that he) scurries the grassy runways back and forth to his burrows under the rocks. It's the cliffs for the choochkies, and the ledges for the lemmings to feed more royal blues.

The sea thunder~~ed~~ loud on the beach far below me, reverberating against the island walls. Looking up, the mists ~~h~~ung over the molded hilltops. ~~And~~ the fox clan ~~are~~ were awake and out. From every green crest, they ~~are~~ were answering in piercing, plaintive calls of sociability to the mystery of the night. There ~~is~~ was a movement from a nearby knoll, and the ~~dim~~ slim form ~~of a fox is~~ was lined against the light. Then ~~c~~ comes a again that ~~an~~ unfox-like, pathetic cry, a succession of quick,

wailing notes, mournful and passionate as they echoed over the island. It was the cry of those who nightly climb their mountain tops to look over the eternal vastness of the sea beyond which they might never go.

Please return to me at H. B. Dewing's Lodge

The Royal Blue Foxes of the Pribilofs.

I sat on the top of a fox den- a tenement of Pribilof blues- in the rocks on the hillside back of the native village on Saint George Island in the Bering Sea. I knew I was in for a long wait, for though I had come in a quiet and conciliating manner, I should have to sit as still as a statue till the suspicious inmates in the cavernous crannies below should forget that a human being was perched threateningly on the very roof over their heads. There was no object in approaching stealthily, for this would only arouse a fox's suspicion; and there was no possibility of arriving unseen, for even the presence of an invisible spirit would be felt by a fox's seventh sense of detection. So I climbed openly but quietly to the top of the rock cairn and sat down on a tussock of coarse, wiry grass that pushes up everywhere between the ~~rocks~~ boulders on these wet islands. My notebook and pencil were ready for whatever might happen in this long vigil, and I was ready to enjoy it even if the foxes below didn't.

The lay of the land was interesting. The Pribilofs are rolling and rock-strewn. I looked above me at precipitous hills bending down to break off into cliffs braced against the heave and tear of the ocean. And in front of me, the slope which I had just climbed swept away to a green valley that ended in the little cove on the seashore, one of the two landings on this storm-locked island. When the gales blow hard inland, any benighted ~~boat~~ ship must stand out and forego intercourse with the fast-locked inhabitants, or navigate cautiously around to the lea shore where a small boat may land. When the fickle wind changes, she must hie back to her first anchorage around the island. And the changes are so rapid and certain that a mar-

iner seldom sleeps in these ports. Hence the inmates of the little white town with its two-domed Russian church looming up usually looked out upon an empty ocean.

But the hillsides are for the foxes. Some early convulsion stirred the big boulders to the surface, since when they have been smothered by the rank growth of rough grass which trickily conceals the deep drops between. 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 some of the red foxes have to on ~~some of~~ the less rocky islands.

All around me the grass was trampled and grizzled, with bones and feathers scattered about. The flies buzzed in a continuous swarm, and from the numerous crevices and doorways of the den, a sickening, fetid musk smell arose. For some time I had sat as "frozen" as a fox herself. On my arrival, I had been met by an old lame female. She was sitting at a main entrance, perhaps on watch. With a gutteral snarl, she slipped down the doorway and conveyed the news to the other inmates. Immediately there were signs of concerted signals, cat-like cries, beginning with a gurgling grunt and ending with a high-pitched wail, rythmically repeated from end to end of the den. They were bombarding me with a chorus of irritation. Persistantly and monotonously it kept up, and persistantly I sat on their roof, growing more and more in tune with foxes on the green hillside sloping down to the roaring sea.

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directly into a dark hole leading down to the depths of the den. The chorus had dwindled and trailed off as fears were allayed and different ones had lost interest in the game of frightening me away. The old female gave the last yip. After the continuous crying, the silence was so vivid and so vacant that I sat spell-bound, waiting, fascinated by the black funnel at my feet. I could not look away from it. It seemed as if furred feet were padding about down there. I could almost hear soft breathing. I saw nothing but blackness, but I felt that piercing eyes were fixed upon me, not alone from this doorway, but watching me stealthily from all the cracks and crannies of the rocks. Harmless they were, of course, but the gimlet eyes of wild creatures in the darkness, boring into one's purpose and presumption, are disconcerting.

So the watchers on both sides sat frozen for some time. After a little, soft noises came up from the depths, telling that the households below were partially awakening to normal and softly astir. Only the old lame female on guard at the dark window beneath me gave a warning growl now and then, which was soon drowned by the fussing of waspish mothers and whining, tormented children. At last they had forgotten me. It was as if I wasn't there, and they opened the doors of their family closets and nagged loudly at each other. A number of households apparently occupied community corners of the cavern with a gentleman's agreement about back-yards. This might work smoothly for adults, but when it came to families with from five to ten precocious and prying children, with pointed ears and noses ever turned up to the light of the doorways from whence

came their always insufficient dinners, the invisible line was forgotten. A wobbly-legged child must have strayed too close to a moody mother nearby, who, after warning him by the usual foxy reception, hustled and heckled him back to his own corner in a hurry. Foxy's own mother appeared suddenly, and it was a case of "How dare you touch my child!" The two mothers flew at each other with grunts and growls and settled the same question for the hundredth time. From another nook came soft, anxious purrings, and I judged there must be very young children there. It wasn't at all flattering to be so utterly ignored upon the roof.

Curiosity is one of the strongest traits of a fox. The Pribilof blues, hemmed in with the human beings on this sea-girt island hardly three miles in width, were tamer than the wide-ranging red fox of the mainland, or of our own woods. Curiosity seemed all the stronger for this nearness and dependence upon people. They could be seen scuttling along the steep, rocky streets of the village with the other inmates at all hours of the day, or stealing behind the buildings where food was put regularly especially for them. As I pried about their dens day after day, they became less suspicious of me and more curious. I became interesting instead of dangerous. In fact, they liked to see me coming up the hill. The lame old one and a couple of watchful fathers were usually waiting at their posts nearby, but never in evidence to passers-by. Walking slowly up the hill, I scanned the scattering rocks half concealed in the humpy tussocks of grass, and invariably as a greeting of recognition, a head and shoulders would rise from behind

a mossy slab. With pricked-up ears and watchful expression, he measured every step I took, and as I neared the den, he dropped down and flattened himself against the rock again to watch for more suspicious comers. And always the old lame one met me half way up the hill, appearing suddenly from a hollow at my feet to trot quietly ahead of me as if leading the way. Reaching the mouth of the den, she turned and sat down on her haunches facing me, as if asking if I was coming on to pay my usual visit. So had they come to accept me as a part of their daily routine, and together we kept an eye on loiterers who climbed the path to the cliffs, or the old Russian who brought the cows home at evening down the green valley.

Late one afternoon I was sitting in my usual place on the roof of the blues when a mother ~~emerged~~ with whom I had never come face to face before emerged from the mouth. From under my very feet she came, and feeling my presence, she looked up into my eyes. She stood frozen, the hair on the back of her neck bristled and her eyes darkened and dilated; but not a quiver. Suddenly lifting her pointed nose and big ears, she uttered a quick, dog-like bark like a stiletto signal, and bounded away down the slope. A half hour later, I saw her coming back from the village, carrying something in her mouth, holding it high above the entangling grass which nearly smothered her. I settled lower down and remained motionless. Some distance away she hesitated and feigned no interest in the den or me, and settled down in the deep grass out of sight. But I didn't take the hint to leave politely, so after a little while she circled around and came to the entrance by a round-about way. She went

only to the door, dropped her piece of meat, gave a soft, crooning note and stole a little way off to lie down in plain sight and watch me. Soon a beautiful little fellow, wooly and almost black, ran out without a glance about for danger. He pounced upon the piece of cooked meat and pulled and tugged with gusto. I could hear his chisel teeth gnaw. Being satisfied, he took a walk along one of the narrow, worn paths in the grass, and then with a whimsical turn-about, he ran back upon the rocks straight toward me. His eyes were beady-black, his nose a black button and pointed like a Spitz puppy. It twitched in a sprightly way. He was aching for adventure. There was a slight sound behind him. Noiselessly he dropped into the black hole and was gone. So these cunning children of the wild react involuntarily for their own preservation against any surprise.

His mother had watched the whole performance from her hidden bed in the grass below. Now she got up and walked silently up to the mouth of the den. No, she was anything but a royal blue Pribilof in the summer season. Her coat was a dingy blue-gray with a thin mane of pale, bleached-out, long hair straggling about her neck, and her tail was scrawny and humiliating- anything but the rich, silky blue coat and great flowing brush of the winter. She was just a lanky old mother fox, hurried and worried by children and the eternal three meals a day. Here under these rocks, the blowsy mothers and attentive fathers bring forth from six to twelve or more in a litter. They are really more valuable government charges than the native Aleuts who care for them, for they are officially protected all the time by the Bureau of Fisheries, pampered in summer and fed

in the winter when their sea-girt home is covered with snow. Then they become very agreeable and trusting with their human friends, foregathering in the dooryard, and even under the bed- and on it, if thought is not taken to close the door as a gentle hint that there is a limit to familiarity even with royal blues. Royal they are in the icy, winter weather, full and fluffy and glistening, and blue like the lupines that cloud the summer slopes, subdued by the gray mists that hover the hilltops.

In the pale dusk of a Bering Sea night, I lounged on the rim of the cliffs, watching the "choochkies" or little least auklets come in from the feeding grounds at sea. Lifting from out over the water, the continuous bands flew low over my head and swerving, almost fanned the rocks where the foxes lived. At the sound of the choochkie chatter above, there was silence in the den below. For the foxes and these little blunt-nosed, stubby-tailed birds inhabit the rocks together- much to the detriment of the birds. And a third dweller of the hillsides is the little gray lemming with a wisp of a short tail and big, furry feet, that scurries the grassy runways back and forth to his burrows under the rocks. It's the cliffs for the choochkies, and the ledges for the lemmings to feed more royal blues.

The sea thunders loud on the beach far below me, reverberating against the island walls. Looking up, the mists hang over the molded hilltops. And the fox clan are awake and out. From every green crest, they are answering in piercing, plaintive calls of sociability. There is a movement from a nearby knoll, and the ~~slim~~ form of a fox is lined against the light. Then comes ~~an~~ ~~un~~ again that fox-like, pathetic cry, a succession of quick,

quavers back & forth on the wind.

wailing notes, mournful and passionate as they echo over the island. It was the cry of those who nightly climb to their mountain tops to look out over the eternal vastness of the sea beyond which they might never go.

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No doubt many of you are acquainted with the peacoast region north of us, the great system of inland waterways, and network of frosted small islands, which, to my mind, is the most fascinating and adventuresome region we have ever ~~visited~~ explored. This coastline heavily indented from Seattle to the mouth of the Yukon River in Alaska is bitten and gorged by deep, narrow arms of the sea caused mostly by the recession of many of early times great glaciers, some of which still have glistening above you as you cruise along.

All five of my family motored up to Seattle on the ~~first~~ 22nd Saturday afternoon ~~in~~ May of this year. We had two cars loaded ~~with~~ mostly with cameras, tripods, film and other photographic equipment, and of course moderate woolen clothes,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S ADVICE TO THE PUBLIC

"The preservation of the useful and beautiful animal and bird life of the country depends largely upon creating in the young an interest in the life of the woods and fields."

Roosevelt Bird Refuge Measure

The following is the compromise measure agreed to by Hon. Charles Ellis and Dr. L. E. Hibbard of Burns, and by Henry L. Corbett of Portland, representing a large majority of the irrigation people and land owners of Burns and the Malheur Lake region, and by the officers and executive committee of the Roosevelt Bird Refuge Association.

Be It Enacted by the People of the State of Oregon:

Section 1. In order to save some of the native waterfowl of Oregon from extinction, it is necessary that their nesting grounds and feeding places in Malheur Lake Reservation in Harney County be preserved from further destruction, and therefore, the state of Oregon does hereby grant, cede and convey to the United States of America, subject to existing water rights, filings and applications to use, impound or appropriate water made in conformity with the water laws of the state of Oregon, all the right, title, claim, interest, rights and powers of control, appropriation and jurisdiction owned or possessed by, and also such as may hereafter be acquired by the state of Oregon in and to all the lands within the exterior boundaries of, and in and to all the waters within the Malheur Lake Reservation in Harney County, as set apart by executive order No. 929, issued by President Roosevelt of date August 18th, 1908, for the use of the Department of Agriculture as a preserve and breeding ground for wild birds, except that portion of said lands situate and lying west of the section line between sections thirty-one and thirty-two, extended on each end, in township twenty-six (26) south of range thirty-one (31), east of Willamette meridian.

Section 2. That the people of Oregon request the national government to change the name of said reservation, and to designate it as "The Roosevelt Bird Refuge," in memory of the president who set it apart as a reservation especially to preserve Oregon native waterfowl by protecting their nests and breeding grounds.

"I advocate the ceding of Malheur Lake and Mud Lake in Harney County to the United States government by the state for the purpose of creating a permanent wild bird refuge. I make this recommendation because I feel that Oregon, which contains some of the most important breeding grounds in the United States, should support the federal government in its laudable plan to furnish protection to migratory birds."

JAMES WITHYCOMBE, Governor of Oregon, in his last message to the legislature.

"Our wild birds are nature's check upon insect pests. Without their assistance a large part of the food crop of the country would be destroyed. All birds have their part to play in the great economy of the earth, and it is a dangerous experiment to upset the balance of nature."

T. GILBERT PEARSON, Secretary National Association of Audubon Societies.

Malheur Lake is the greatest wild fowl refuge in the United States. The water is alkaline in character. The soil around the lake is practically useless for agriculture. Both state and federal laws protect the great wild fowl colonies on the lake. Why allow the destruction of this lake, which means the extinction of the great bird colonies?

TITLE OF THE MEASURE APPEARS ON THE BALLOT AS FOLLOWS:

Roosevelt Bird Refuge Measure—Purpose: To create a refuge for the native waterfowl of Oregon, and in memory of the late Theodore Roosevelt request the national government to designate such refuge Roosevelt Bird Refuge, by ceding and conveying to the United States the right, title, claim and jurisdiction possessed by the state of Oregon in lands within the exterior boundaries of and in and to the waters within Malheur Lake Reservation in Harney County, as set apart by executive order issued by President Roosevelt in 1908, for the use of the Department of Agriculture as a breeding ground for wild birds.

VOTE 316 YES

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Heavy boots and rubber slickers, etc.

We set straight through Seattle to the Seattle Yacht Club, on Lake Union, in front of which was anchored, among many others, a white yacht, labelled "The Westward." We began placing our luggage aboard, carried down into the staterooms by the cabin boys. I always like the smell of a boat - any kind of a boat - the smell of the sea, the soft slap of the water against the side of the boat, the lights of the city out of the port-hole. And to this we went to sleep.

In the morning Mr. & Mrs. Campbell Church, the owners of the yacht, and Mr. Ray Veatch came aboard. Shortly a departing salute from the ship's whistle ushered us down the narrow sparkling canal, under the big black drawbridge and out through the locks into the bay. The weather was

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soft, the sun shining, and ahead of us lured a month or more of changing days, passing changing scenes of primitive wilderness.

We followed the inland route through Georgia Straits, big ocean liners on up behind Vancouver Island to Vancouver, B.C. where we were to receive a permit from B.C. to take two young mt. goats in their territory to be brought up as pets and mascots of the cruise.

We did not travel at night as we had only a crew of four, a Captain, engineer cabin boy and cook - who proved to be a real chef. We usually nosed into some little green harbor at night where there was a cannery or saw mill, all dark and quiet except for a few dim lights on a high loading wharf.

Sometimes we would be steaming along on wide waters in the twilight, then suddenly into an unseen, narrow green

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Channel, thread its blue-green depths and soon find ourselves at the end up against high cliffs that blocked the way. Anchoring there like a hiding pirate, we looked out the narrow doorway between lofty walls at the main water road where we had come, see the mts. of Coast on the other side, a moving mast light or a passing boat.

The first part of the trip was hurried through in order to get up into the mountain goat region of B.C., the inaccessible sheer cliffs that overhang the narrow channels, and also into the forest haunts of the Kodiak bear. We passed through the Seattaseo, a deep, narrow passage where every six hours the tide rushes in or out, and where only sturdy boats can risk the rapids. Slood tide is the only safe time when the water hangs as smooth as a silver carpet, but lasts only a short time. At evening all hands

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dropped into dingy, rowboat, canoe and crawled around a racing point to cast a line for salmon that crowd the swift water. Always near the salmon are found the gulls, feasting on the waste, or riding the rapids on a log. These were either Bonaparte or Short-billed gulls, a small trim bird with black head & throat. Western grebe were here also with their slender periscope necks & silvery breasts. Pigeon guillemots & scoters were common all along the way.

Then, a woolly four-hour run across Queen Charlotte Sound — and in a storm too. The little yacht rolled & pitched up the green slopes of the waves under storm clouds & gusts of rain. And some of the passengers didn't appear until we had crossed this open arm of the Pacific and were in smooth water behind a jutting promontory. Even the gulls that followed us made believe

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they were cold and hungry.
Once behind shelter, with darkness & a storm outside, dinner was served in the little cabin with a cheerful fire in the fireplace. Then we studied maps & charts, & decided where to go for camera game next day.
People who are interested in the stars say the study becomes more alluring as one progresses. It was even more so in cruising this coastline. You see the mountains that are timbered to the top, others whitened with perpetual snow; hanging glaciers with long, ribbon-like waterfalls dropping to the tide line; little tufted islands whitened with nesting multitudes of gulls & terns; bays & inlets crowded with salmon and harbor seals; open waters with porpoises & whales and killer whales; the shorelines & forests inhabited by otter, mink deer, black & grizzly bears, Mt. goats on the cliffs & moose caribou and white sheep further north,

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One morning, cruising into Kyuquot Inlet, a narrow passage where the Mts. huggued so close on either side, we saw a black bear feeding in a hanging meadow a hundred feet or so above the water. He saw us & faded into the dense brush. Slowing into the silent auxiliary motor, we crawled on, with no talking and field glasses busy. Soon we saw another bear, also too high up to picture. Then almost at our side the sheer black top of a flat rock came to life, lifted itself into a big, shambling bear. Before he could be shot by a reader, he slid off and faded from sight. A little further on the channel narrowed into a box canyon with high, rock cliffs on either side. "No talking now & don't slam any doors," were the orders. And look for soiled

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white speck on the cliffs. Down there a field glass, someone spied him, a white goat, far up and half formless, with head down, evidently feeding and unconcerned about intruders too far away to be dangerous. Picking out white goats on the cliffs became an exciting game and when we had reached a turning of the narrow channel, the winning field glass had eighteen goats to his count. Three high ones were probably lone old billys living on the ~~high~~ lofty ledges and not straying far away. The next day two of the cameramen, Father Dyer, took cameras on their backs and crawled zig-zag up the cliffs to the very one of these goats to get some pictures. Three hours, now seen, now lost to the watching yacht below, holding its breath for the climbers crawling inch by inch, it took to get up 700 hundred feet, where the old goat had backed into a crack of the wall, lowered his head at them and

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Portland, Oregon

Dr. Emma J. Welty
Secretary
Oregon Audubon Society
Portland, Oregon

Stamped a front foot in warning. Working on Rands + Rhees, maneuvering to aim a big camera, the motor of the machine started. With a shiver of fear the old goat crouched, then launched straight down the sheer face like a white bird, caught with his rubber hoofs on an invisible lower ledge, hung almost suspended in space. Then as if we heard a groan, he lifted himself across to a little point. The danger was over. It was easy now for him to take short leaps from ledge to ledge and down he came till he was almost face to face with the boat. Indifferently he walked across the rocky hillside in front of us, stopping to scratch his ear with a hind foot. He had earned his freedom. And the camera hunters had earned the picture they didn't get. So we pulled up the anchor and left the bears + the goats in possession of their peace in the deep canyon.

MR. JOHN GILL, President
Third and Alder Streets
Portland, Oregon

MR. W. S. RAKER, First Vice-President
Northwestern Bank Building
Portland, Oregon

Roosevelt Bird Refuge Association

MR. WILLARD A. ELIOT, Second Vice-President
1011 Thurman Street
Portland, Oregon

MR. WILLIAM L. FINLEY, Secretary-Treasurer
651 East Madison Street
Portland, Oregon

ORGANIZED TO SECURE THE PASSAGE OF THE
ROOSEVELT BIRD REFUGE MEASURE
To be Voted on at the General Election
November 2, 1920

(10)

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A few days further on we slid into a round ~~bay~~ bay ~~under snowy peaks~~ walled with black forests topped with snowy peaks. This was Mole Harbor, the North home of Haselborg, the famous Kodiak bear guide. Overboard we dropped into the outboard Motor boat and threaded the little channels of the shallows until we could go no further. Then we waded across the ooze mud-flats to shore, and followed a slippery trail up a little river in the direction of a thin spiral of smoke - the guide's cabin. A long whiskered, half timorous, half belligerent person stood in the doorway watching our path approach. After two hours of argument - "No, I'll only take you two cameramen into the woods to meet the bears." "That's all I can handle."

So I didn't meet the big grizzlies

of Admiralty Island, but Mr. Finley spent a week with them and came away with a fine series of movies with the bears playing & fishing & the stream and catching salmon in their unique way.

Method of getting pictures

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S ADVICE TO THE PUBLIC

"The preservation of the useful and beautiful animal and bird life of the country depends largely upon creating in the young an interest in the life of the woods and fields."

Roosevelt Bird Refuge Measure

The following is the compromise measure agreed to by Hon. Charles Ellis and Dr. L. E. Hibbard of Burns, and by Henry L. Corbett of Portland, representing a large majority of the irrigation people and land owners of Burns and the Malheur Lake region, and by the officers and executive committee of the Roosevelt Bird Refuge Association.

Be It Enacted by the People of the State of Oregon:

Section 1. In order to save some of the native waterfowl of Oregon from extinction, it is necessary that their nesting grounds and feeding places in Malheur Lake Reservation in Harney County be preserved from further destruction, and therefore, the state of Oregon does hereby grant, cede and convey to the United States of America, subject to existing water rights, filings and applications to use, impound or appropriate water made in conformity with the water laws of the state of Oregon, all the right, title, claim, interest, rights and powers of control, appropriation and jurisdiction owned or possessed by, and also such as may hereafter be acquired by the state of Oregon in and to all the lands within the exterior boundaries of, and in and to all the waters within the Malheur Lake Reservation in Harney County, as set apart by executive order No. 929, issued by President Roosevelt of date August 18th, 1908, for the use of the Department of Agriculture as a preserve and breeding ground for wild birds, except that portion of said lands situate and lying west of the section line between sections thirty-one and thirty-two, extended on each end, in township twenty-six (26) south of range thirty-one (31), east of Willamette meridian.

Section 2. That the people of Oregon request the national government to change the name of said reservation, and to designate it as "The Roosevelt Bird Refuge," in memory of the president who set it apart as a reservation especially to preserve Oregon native waterfowl by protecting their nests and breeding grounds.

"I advocate the ceding of Malheur Lake and Mud Lake in Harney County to the United States government by the state for the purpose of creating a permanent wild bird refuge. I make this recommendation because I feel that Oregon, which contains some of the most important breeding grounds in the United States, should support the federal government in its laudable plan to furnish protection to migratory birds."

JAMES WITHYCOMBE, Governor of Oregon, in his last message to the legislature.

"Our wild birds are nature's check upon insect pests. Without their assistance a large part of the food crop of the country would be destroyed. All birds have their part to play in the great economy of the earth, and it is a dangerous experiment to upset the balance of nature."

T. GILBERT PEARSON, Secretary National Association of Audubon Societies.

Malheur Lake is the greatest wild fowl refuge in the United States. The water is alkaline in character. The soil around the lake is practically useless for agriculture. Both state and federal laws protect the great wild fowl colonies on the lake. Why allow the destruction of this lake, which means the extinction of the great bird colonies?

TITLE OF THE MEASURE APPEARS ON THE BALLOT AS FOLLOWS:

Roosevelt Bird Refuge Measure—Purpose: To create a refuge for the native waterfowl of Oregon, and in memory of the late Theodore Roosevelt request the national government to designate such refuge Roosevelt Bird Refuge, by ceding and conveying to the United States the right, title, claim and jurisdiction possessed by the state of Oregon in lands within the exterior boundaries of and in and to the waters within Malheur Lake Reservation in Harney County, as set apart by executive order issued by President Roosevelt in 1908, for the use of the Department of Agriculture as a breeding ground for wild birds.

VOTE 316 YES

Foxes of St. Gearge.

Blue foxes wander about the back yards and along the village walks at St. gearge one of the Pribilofs in the Bering sea as if they were the dogs of an Indian village. No dogs are allowed on the Pribilofs and this rule is strictly enforced by ~~the government~~ Supt. Christoffers as they might bring disease or mischief to the fox population. One male black and white cat is the feline populatin of St. Gearge and he too walks the village ~~walks~~ paths and one might think his life would be a nightmare with foxes to the right and left. But not so, tabby has never yet been driven to climb the villiage flag pole, In fact she is rather a bogey to any fox th that comes too near. Even the mother fox with a brood of eight pups under the school house has to ~~go~~ sneak around the opposite corner to see her children and carry in their dinners.

3 The village hen yard is well fenced at St George and the gate is locked since the day it was accidently left open and an old fox ~~nearlyxzxzmoxra~~ reduced ~~to~~ the chicken population to a poimt of final disappearance, in fact new hens had to be brought in. With foxes just outside watching with eagle eye biddy's ~~w~~ wings do not have to be clipped to keep her from flying over and even in spring time she is not prone to scratch in neighboring garden patches.

(1) ~~StzGeargexisxreallyxquitexlikezsomexpicturexof~~ The village of St. george is quite picturesque nestled on thw shore of such a far away island. The entrance ~~axrackyx~~ could not have been better designed by nature to keep ~~peoplex~~ faint-hearted people out for a jagged rock reef lies in front where even in calm weather the long rollers from the artic have a sweep of hundreds of m miles to get up a good momentum, and they tear with white rage at the rocky entrance. By working in toward the cliff through the line of breakers one can watch his chance and edge up to a concrete platform behind the rocky reef which acts as a barrier.

4 Think of the village children going to school where a mother fox has a brood of eight pups under the floor. How can children study when fox pups are scampering and bumping their heads on the girders below. But these pups though

playful are so timid it was hard to see them for if they were playing outside they were sure to dart under every time we tried to approach for pictures.

A blue fox has a different face from the common red fox, he is more dog like in looks that is during the summer when we saw them.

I noticed the other buildings in the village had wire about the foundation so as to prevent foxes from digging burrows underneath. We saw many fox dens among the rocks. The slabs of rock and boulders are large and make ideal places for the foxes to dig homes. Dens often have several entrances as we discovered one day with the camera focussed on the doorway where we thought a little fox would dome out. After waiting for half an hour I looked ~~about at~~ around and saw a young fox watching me from another hole. He had not come out where I expected him. ~~good picture with trees,~~

Picture

add P

made their living out of the proceeds of handling the animals.

Since the days when the Pribilofs belonged to the Russians these islands have always been of importance for the fur they produce. Many years ago it was likely that Blue foxes were planted on the Pribilofs They live in a wild state, although they are protected and become tamer than the ordinary red fox we occasionally catch sight of at home. The foxes breed in dens throughout the island. They hunt their own food during summer time but in winter they are fed around the village, and then they become much tamer than during the summertime. At certain places throughout the island are pens where food is placed during the winter, and this little station at Garden Cove is used largely as a place to trap foxes. Out in front of the cabin was a large wire pen about 10 x 20 feet, and along the beach were several small wire pens. Food is placed is these and the foxes are taken in winter when the fur is prime. When the foxes are trapped before any of them are killed the finest specimens are marked and turned loose for breeding the next year, so the breeding stock will be kept up for the following year. In this way the fox farming on the island is handled just as one would handle the domestic stock about a farm. For each fox that is taken the natives are allowed so much per skin. It is the same with the fur seals. This amount is put into what might be termed a common fund for the natives, and each family is allowed to draw on the Government warehouse for provisions, according to the number of men who take part in the work, and the number of children in the family. If the Government gave the natives money outright they would soon gamble it away and be in want during the wintertime.

The Government also supplies a resident physician on each island, a school teacher, and they have improved the mode of living of the natives. Many years ago the Aleuts lived in barabaras or sod huts. These were low and very unhealthful. Sickness at times has carried off