



for

Then she ^{being upside down} stooped over the

round, mossy ball. It brushed
its bottom

9
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water below. No wonder this lover of the sunny solitudes carelessly kept an eye on this spot.

Then with the humming of the stream there mingled a wild, ecstatic song, rippling as it rose and fell. It was coming nearer. A gray form flashed above the water and lit on the rock beside her. The water ouzel was singing to his mate. He spread his wings and tail and lifted his head to pour forth a more passionate greeting. Apparently oblivious but listening, she went about her business of caddis-fly fishing in a matter-of-fact way. So her mate flew up to inspect the cosy bungalow and as he dropped out, he lifted a low approval. For a little while, the happy pair dabbled beneath the rocks; and then at some unspoken signal, side by side they flashed away down stream low over the water. Over all hummed the peaceful ^{rhythm} noise of Nature's silence.

Bogoslof, a Jack-in-the-Box.

It is not surprising that skippers do not want to go fussing around an uncertain island like Bogoslof, that is up today and down tomorrow, as it were. A captain's first consideration is for the safety of his boat and passengers. Uncharted waters are a nightmare for one can see the rocks and reefs, if above or even with the surface but where there are many that show above the ocean it is reasonable to think that some may come up to within six feet of the top. With the Westward feeling her way a reef nine feet under may be as safe as several fathoms deep especially if you slip past and do not know it is there but how were we to know of the other reefs and rocks ready to clutch at the keel and greedy to tear a hole into the bow. One day passing through an inlet at low tide the roof of a rock just showed on the surface, returning at high tide the jagged points were set just right for a wreck.

The Westward kept well out and pushed her way slowly around the southern end of the tall pinnacles of Bogoslof. On the west side was the entrance of a bay but ~~the~~ at the entrance the blue color of the sea changed to a whitish tone that might indicate a place too shallow to enter. But with the lead line to test the depth the little Yacht edged her way in and we found we were in the crater of one the volcano, the hole where one of the former peaks had sunk. Water of sulphur hue and warm currents indicated that the crater below was not quite dead and so the Captain set a watch for the night and later said he was glad to get out of the hole.

Description of Bogoslof in the past and at present.

Sea lions that came up on the east shore. Great bulls that loped with a rocking gait. At a distance looked like great bears. Mothers with calves.

The great murre rookeries. The crumbling rocks the death of many birds
13 dead murrens on one slide where the rocks were started by the birds above.

The golden plover and two emperor geese

The hot sands the smoking fumeroles. the warm lagoon where the water
was too hot for the hand at the end but good for a bath further up. The change
by erosion. The reported eruption. June 30 to July 2, July 16 or 19 rept

Bogoslof
The engines were slowed: the boat abated her pace and hung ~~waiting~~ ~~waiting~~ watching. This little island looked steaming and treacherous, as if she were hiding under the water for some evil purpose. But nothing happened except the bursting away of bands of sea birds as they stretched their necks and scattered for safety over the surface. And this was their home, the sulphurous, steaming cliffs of Bogoslof. Also it was the home of great colonies of sea lions that humped along the beaches like animated logs. Here was adventure, so into the crater of the sunken island, pale green and warm, steamed the little boat. It was the only anchorage in these wild depths, and furnished a pleasant and exciting bed for several days.

down again into a round ball with all four pads
as one.

Coyote story

A living streak of white doubled and straightened, doubled and straightened, along the faint line of the road and faded into the moonlight. The silence of a desert evening stretched taut to the breaking point down the sagebrush slope and away and away over the dim reaches. A man and a woman sat on the cabin doorstep, their eyes following the flight of that white shadow down the road. At their feet lay a battle-scarred, old airdale, and a little way off a mild-eyed sheep-dog sat with pricked-up ears, also intent upon that soundless sea of sage. No living thing could be out there. But yes. That hollow dearth of sound and moon mystery veiled phantom shapes astir, for night is the play time of the desert folk. And into that still whiteness, Flash, the white coyote, had disappeared.

The air was breathless, ready to be shattered by sound or motion. Presently two round, furry shapes with puff-balls bobbing at the rear like corks and big ears set high like sails to catch every whisper of the wind, came hopping up and down, one behind the other, as softly as if the breeze were billowing them along. And two more silent sprites came to life out of the sage and hobby-horsed into the open. Half protruding from a deceptive bush, a corpulent one squatted with ears flattened back and a placid look in his round eyes. So, after long hours of freezing close in the heat of the day till they were a very part of the sage that sheltered them, the jackrabbits were gathering (to play) under the moon. Every bush gave up its little ghost till the desert danced and dervished.

Down in the sink of the waste valley below the rabbits' playground, other forms were moving. The antelope had come in from the high mesas and rimrocks to the water hole for their evening drink. Twice a day only did the shy prong-horns visit the trysting place, in the pale, eerie night light, and again at the break of day when the red sun shot slanting shafts across the bluish wastes and the "plopping" of the strutting sage cocks sounded fitfully. Now night and the moon had calmed the withering

This magic meeting electrified the assemblage.
One thumped a challenge, with his hind feet.
Another sprang into the air to his fullest height, lifted
higher by the long ears, twisted in mid-air and snapped.

Flash by? One
the little sound of a forerunner
following the leader in a pack give
in the little prong horns the silence.

wind of noonday and ^{laid} the stinging alkali dust to sleep. Lithe bodies with spindle legs, slim heads and hooked horns padded softly about in the crusted salt grass or out upon the scabby, cracked shore of the dwindling lake, ^{the} thick with sediment ~~and~~ nauseous water. Here and there about the margin the up-turned horns of starved steers told the story of a struggle for bare life. But in this ghost-garden the antelope played and pushed, ever pushed head against head, legs braced, sinews taut, in the oldest game of the desert, supremacy to the strong bucks. Just now it was play, or practice, for the season of battle for mates was over. Already, behind them and for miles around in the sage antelope fawns of a few days old lay sleeping or nursing at their mothers' sides. Or alone, the little, lank, wobbly-kneed forms lay frozen flat in the bare, open spaces, peaceful under the wide skies; protected only by life's luck, and that the slenderest thread of chance. For hark! A long, quavering, dog-like cry, eerie, mournful, full of longing, mellowed across the moonlit stretches-- no, not sinister nor savage in sound, but a brute tongue telling his communion with the night and the tormenting moon. But brute he ^{was} ~~is~~, the melancholy prairie wolf, and death to others in the desert. ^P The clicking of horns at the water hole ceased abruptly. All ~~horns~~ ^{heads} lifted in the direction of the cry; a dull thudding of front feet as a challenge. Out over the whitening expanse of the sage not a movement. The baby antelope still slept peacefully in their moonlit beds.

Flash, low to the ground, slid back up the road toward the waiting figures on the doorstep. The hair bristled along his back and rose ^{stiff} high on his neck. A half hour ago running, running down through the sage, his ears straight back, his eyes unseeing, the ecstasy of the wide night in his veins, he had come close to the realm of his own race, the coyote clan. ^{as dim and unfathomable to him as the prairie that hid them} of the dim prairie. Running abandoned, a sound had shocked him into a paralysis of fear and he had frozen into the sagebrush not far above the phantom parade on the lake shore. He visioned the dim shapes below. His

ears were cocked tense for every small stirring, a scratching on one side, a cautious padding on the other, a soft swish as of some body ^{coming} moving through the air. toward him. Things were moving all around him. Every sagebrush concealed something, he didn't know what. Perhaps the bushes themselves were all alive. He tingled till he could hardly hold himself. Then came that unearthly, wailing cry just below him. His reflex muscles catapulted him into the air, and the next instant he ^{had} found himself fleeing back up the hill with that awful thing ready to clutch him from above. The open space in front of the cabin came into view and he felt the presence of the two people, (and the dogs.) These were his own folks, the only ones he had ever known. There they were, sitting solidly on the doorstep as he had left them. The man's light shirt shone in the moonlight. Flash scuttled low and skirted the circle cautiously, coming up behind the still figures. Low voices came to him. Yes, everything was all right again. He ^{waited a minute, then} pounced out of the stillness and with maniacal glee ^{leaped toward the shirt near him,} grabbed a mouthful of the white shirt, growling ^{he had jumped his victim, cut a throat and gone. It was the hunting instinct} as he twisted and pulled at it. ^{the beginning} The sharp teeth penetrated deeper than the ^{of the keen, cruel picker} cloth shirt and took a sharp nip in the man's ribs. He ^{gave} a back-handed cuff ^{behind him,} at the little tormentor, who, all worries and troubles ^{forgotten,} trotted about for something new to tease. ^{But} He was young and ^{was late, so he} soon curled up in a ball in the grass and went to sleep. The fleeting moonlight glimpse of the freedom and fear of the great desert had touched him lightly. But could he forget that chilling cry of his kind? He had never heard it before, could not even dream what ^{it} meant to him. Though it made his flesh creep and his hair bristle, and ~~sent him~~ terror-stricken, sent him flying ~~back~~ to his only known refuge, his human family, yet it would come back to him out of the dark and haunt him until he followed it.

Jake's
Flash had been a member of ~~the sheep-hander's~~ household for three weeks, a ^{now} lawful respite of life that didn't belong to him according to the ^{shepherd.} ^{But one that was due to the loneliness of a woman.} No varmint should live three weeks and make himself so cussed

A silvery slash, a tearing.

the beginning of the keen, cruel picker he who himself in generations behind, had been met with human cruelty, trailed and persecuted to the extinction of his race.

underfoot, ^{Jake said,} and knowin' ^{There was a bounty on his yellow head, and he needed it.}

And thereby hung the ^{key to the secret, only part of which would} fly in the ointment! Flash's head wasn't ^{ever be} unlocked, ^{nor any other part of him,} yellow, and from all indications ^{he} never would become the tawny-gray of the callous ordinary coyote ^{of the plains.} For he wasn't ordinary at all, as the coyote killers had recognized that early morning in May when, ~~flashing~~ ^{had hidden} gunnysacks clanking with shovels and traps, they ^{had} rode across the evaporated alkali flats and ^{had} jerked up before an old badger burrow. One man knelt and examined the hole while the other walked around it, tapping the ground as if following its hollow descent. About nine feet back from the mouth, he stopped and began digging. And soon a big mound of dirt ^{had} piled up and the two were spelling each other at the perspiring task as they stood more than waist deep below the surface. For it was a long, hard way down in that baked soil to the bottom of the coyote den. ^{But} ~~for~~ it was worth while for there might be ten or a dozen fuzzy yellow pups down there, a feather in the cap of the government hunters.

Some time after noon the hunters ^{had} appeared at Jake's sheep ranch, only the ~~nearest~~ ^{source} of food and shelter, for many miles, ^{and} ^{had been} ^{the two men} having rid Jake's ~~sheep~~ ^{band} of this coyote menace, he wasn't surprised when ~~they~~ ^{had been} decided to stay with him a few days. He ^{had} was grateful, of course, even if they did let the old female get away and ^{had} brought this pestering, pale pup onto him. He hated the coyote tribe more than they did, for he knew well that he had lost a lot of lambs by them.

That night the leader of the raid ^{had} spat tobacco into the low log fireplace above a row of stretched-out ^{boots,} ~~feet.~~ There was a gloating looki in his bloated, red eyes, and a black-stained ring around his thick, puckered mouth.

"There was only four little brats in the ~~max~~ bottom of the hole, bunched back against the dirt, their eyes almost poppin' out at sight of me. Then I see somethin' light and furry in a corner. I thought it was

Jake was peeved, too, because he lost couldn't get the bounty on Flash's head.

Jas. 1

a dead rabbit they'd drug in. ~~Then~~ ^{But} I seen its eye wink, and it was a funny lookin' eye, pale bluish-gray with a black ring around ~~it~~ like the watch eyes of them old polka-dot hounds that used to run under the wagons. It was a empty, stary eye, and give me the creeps. 'Come out, you little cuss,' says I, and I snatched him out by the back of the neck. Without a sound, he turned and grabbed me with them devlish sharp teeth. I thumped him on the head and threw him down with the other carcasses. Then I took another look at him. He was pure white, the first one I'd ever caught or seen in my life. And I been trappin' for fifteen years. And them blue eyes-- then I knew: he was a albino, one of them freaks that ain't got no color, and just happens once in a lifetime. Quick I jerked him out by a hind leg to see if he'd come to life, and I thought I seen a quiver of an eyelid. He was plenty stunned, all right; but he didn't want to wake up too soon with me lookin' at him. Well, I chucked the dead ones into a sack and him on top, and toted'em up here. And see what I done for my self-- got the only record for a albino coyote in the state. And as soon as he is old enough to travel, he's goin' back to live among them fed-up animals in the government park. No ~~more~~ starvin' for him, or snarlin' and fightin' ^{with a badger} over the carcass of a ground-digger. ~~with~~ No traps or poison; just a easy, happy life with everybody lookin' purty at him."

^{Her} ~~had~~ ^{Maggie} ~~eyes~~ ^{glowed dark and almost green like a wild animal's.}
~~as she~~ ^{had} heard the sentence of loneliness ^{again} for her when Flash should be taken away. ^{She would find a way to keep the white pup.} She thought of his coming so short a time ago, sick and lifeless from mistreatment and disagreement of the only food she had for him.

Then he was a lop-eared, bleary-eyed runt with a limp rag of a tail, insensible to everything but hunger, and cold, and pain. For a week the little pathetic, white form ^{had lain} ~~lay~~ feverish and glassy-eyed, languid and indifferent to the sunshine of every new spring day. She kept him warm, watched over him and fussed with his food as if he were a human baby. Then one morning

the tide ^{had} turned. He felt better and looked around on things about him. He pitched in and ate his horrid boiled porridge as if to get rid of it once for all; then perhaps he could conquer the world. And in three days he ^{had} found one of his main sources of exhilaration in teasing Shep, the good-natured ~~sheep-~~

^{the} dogs. But there ^{had been} ~~was~~ a good deal of difference between tackling the opinionated old airdale and the good-natured sheep-dog. From the beginning, there ^{was} ~~had been~~ no brotherly love between Flash and old Bob, the one who, when a coyote was found fast in ^a ~~his master's~~ trap, fell to and finished it properly. He agreed with his master that this measly mongrel from the sand and sage should have been dispatched immediately. From that first morning after ^{his} Flash's recovery when the wobbly wild dog had rushed, cringing low and fawning with flat ears, whimpering eagerly, plump against Bob, and began to muzzle in his hair and nip here and there, the offended old dog had bared his teeth and with angry eyes snapped out a sudden warning. That ^{had} ended Bob's interest in the young coyote and settled once for all his status.

Not so with Flash. The world was large and full of sunshine, and the more dogs to play with, the better ^{even sore-headed}. The little outcast ^{had} accepted at once the whole playground as his own, trotting like a busy child from one interesting thing to another. And the cabin yard was chock full of mysterious things to a simple-minded little coyote, with possibilities in every one. But to an old dog like Bob, who had been born (as far as he could remember) in this very yard, the suspicious movement of the wind among a thick ~~bed~~ of leaves, or the mere rolling of a rock in the road ^{had} brought no sudden shock of fear, nor even a quivering suspicion that they might come to life and chase him. For Flash wanted to be shocked, and he wanted to be chased, perhaps with that sure intuition that nothing but the wind could catch him.

X Rambling around (hunting for things to happen,) ^{he had} Flash periodically cast his weird, blue eyes upon Bob, comfortably dozing near the step with his head on his crossed paws. The irrepressible bundle of perpetual motion, ambling sidewise in search of relief from boredom, ^{had} dropped, sprawled-out

Maggie remembered Flash's first morning
up and around the place.

he should become a ^{cold,} ⁻⁷⁻ calculating coyote.

below Bob, his front and hind feet stretched as far apart as possible, his quizzically ^{pale} ~~subtle~~ eyes cast up at the ^{shaggy} ~~old dog's~~ sleeping face as if to lure him out of the land of dreams by sheer mesmeric power. But the lethargic old dog seldom responded to such subtleties, whereupon, becoming impatient, Flash suddenly leaped straight into the air and ^{had come} ~~came~~ down, plunk, on Bob's back, at the same time pulling hair and worrying any accessible tooth-hold. And periodically Bob ^{had come} ~~came~~ to life with a disgusted snarl and ^{had} ~~put~~ to rout the cowardly coyote scores of times, ~~in a day.~~

It was a warm spring morning. Over Flash's head in a scanty aspen, a brood of young birds were softly ~~saxking~~ clamoring, on tip-toe to be out in the world. It was time for them to be abroad, for they were fully fledged and almost spilling out of the nest. For some reason their parents had been slow about serving the meals this morning, although they were close about and frequently flew up to the ~~dark~~ tree. Once the father ^{had} ~~sat~~ on a limb in plain sight and ^{ate} ~~ate~~ a worm right under their bulging eyes. This was too much. The oldest fledgling ^{had} ~~launched~~ out and wavering down in his first flight, fluttered courageously through the bushes and -- Oh, horrors! ~~squar~~ ^{had} ~~square~~ into a tub of water near the back door. The parents ^{had} ~~followed~~ his first outing only to find him struggling feebly and unable to rise from the water above the rim of the tub. Flash's quick ears ^{excited over something unusual} ~~caught~~ the cries of ~~the~~ old birds, and flattening in the grass so only the points of his ears showed, he ^{a tub had} ~~sneaked~~ up to the edge of the tub. ~~The~~ splashing in the water ^{had} ~~lured~~ him to look over.

"Bird for breakfast!" flashed over his face. And like a streak, a paw ^{pulled a bedraggled fledgling} ~~dragged~~ the gasping bird out onto the ground. Life was almost gone; a few gasps would end the struggles. The little coyote lay looking at it limp and quiet between his ^{feet} ~~paws~~. He put one paw over it. Then he stretched his head out, covering it entirely, as he rolled his eyes about reconnoitering the yard. The old dog still lay asleep. Shep as usual was off with the sheep. The human being who had become a mother to him sat sewing in the door. He didn't feel inclined to call the attention either of the testy old dog or

startled eyes must have watched with a charmed fascination the mystery of the heavens as sizzling stars shot upward from the hillside as if fired from a pump-gun. Long gashes of flame curved into the sky to burst in showers of fire that fell sprinkling to earth, scattering the frightened beasts into a mad dash for higher lookouts.

The bonfire in front of the cabin was the scene of the innocent fireworks whose lurid lights had cast a spell over the desert. Maggie had her accustomed seat on the steps, while the men clumped around the fire, lost in the fun of firing crackers and their coarse jokes. They were a grotesque bunch, these Basque shepherders, - tousled heads and red faces, high-heeled boots and high-water trousers, legs bowed like barrel hoops meeting in pigeon-toed feet, -- a waddling bunch of rioters. The dogs looked on suspiciously from a safe place in the shadows. Behind Maggie in the darkness of the doorway, Flash shivered in a panic of nervous fear, twitching as if each sputtering cracker hit him as it popped. Yet he couldn't take his eyes off that red scene. A morbid curiosity forced him to see more. A half-lunatic, leering clown spied the trembling pup. Something flipped into the grass near the step. Flash peered down. Nothing stirred and the ground was dark. He crept down and stealthily approached the black spot. Suddenly a red hole opened up under him and a fiery thing hit him square in the nose with a deafening pop. His reflex muscles catapulted him into the air, and he didn't stop running until he was lost in darkness. Now he was in a deathly stillness. Even the pungent sage brushing his flanks filled him with terror. As softly as a thistle down he took each step. He couldn't stop: something pulled him on into the pulsing ^{black} void, until he began to feel that he belonged there, was at home.

It was three days before Maggie laid eyes on Flash again, but if she had known where he had been and what he had seen, she would have rejoiced. For Flash had come into his own and was a real dog of the desert. That thoughtless firecracker had broken in one blow the chains that held him to his human

his mistress at the present time. So with slanting eyes and slow movements, he took the bird in his mouth and noiselessly skirting the danger zone, thrust it under a leaf. A very whimsical burial it was, but it sufficed for the time. That off his mind, he sauntered innocently out into the middle of the yard again. A tapping toe caught his eye. With a rush he was upon it, nipping the ankle above. Then he grabbed the hem of the skirt, shaking it and worrying it. A movement from the sleeping dog took him scampering in that direction. He pounced upon a hairy hind foot and tweaked it sharply. When Bob woke up, it was too late to retaliate. The pale imp was clear across the yard, his eye bent on the moving trouser legs near a tent. With his pinched loins and dwindled rear parts side-stepping the track of travel of his poddy paunch and big head, and ~~care~~, he loped across the yard, the very essence of innocence and meekness. Coming to a tent rope, he butted head on into it, tumbled over and rooted his nose in the dirt. No matter: the trouser legs were close by now. Tackling one, he buckled both ^{fore} paws around it and took in as big a mouthful as he could at the same time. Needle teeth sank into the flesh and hung on as he worried his victim vigorously, practicing for future needs when he should pounce on a rabbit or squirrel in the lean desert.

"Let go my leg, you d--- little varmint! You're the meanest pest that's ever come on the place to harass a man!" The shepherd's ~~fast~~ heavy boot, lifted the furry, white ball high and landed it out in the road. Flash didn't stop to figure things out, but swinging low, his gangling legs bent, and his big knees sticking out, his frowsy feet flattened for running, he raced for his mistress, fell into her lap and lay quiet with his head burrowed under her arm. She patted him and smoothed his soft coat, fingering the limber little body gently. He looked up at her and touched his pointed nose to her

E. F. AVERILL
STATE GAME WARDEN
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face in recognition of the haven in time of need, (and his complete trust.)
Then he ^{had been} ~~was~~ off again. There were so many things that had to be investigated. He couldn't sit still long; and he couldn't remember long. His race was accustomed to bumps and bruises. They didn't amount to anything in his life. He ^{had been} ~~was~~ still a blundering baby. Curiosity, not courage, ^{had} let him into all kinds of ticklish situations. In truth, he was timid and shrinking. No slightest noise escaped him. He constantly heard sounds that didn't exist. If he was trotting casually across the yard, a slight sound nearby was reflected by an involuntary twitching of his body. It arrested his progress the fraction of a second, and on he went to the next brink. His nerves were so sensitively attuned to the dangers of the desert that his emergency brakes worked without volition.

But still he was a foolish, fanatic little pup that needed a guardian to watch his step for him. One day a spell of running wildly ^{hair-brained} ~~was~~ upon him again. Pell-mell down the hill he raced toward the corral. Unable to check his speed, he plunged headlong into the deep, ^{little} ~~narrow~~ ditch that had cut its own path in the bottom of the gulch. ^{He wasn't going to} ~~Few wild animals die without~~ ^{desperate} ~~an effort and almost all of them can swim instinctively.~~ ^{he could} As he was carried down with the swift current, Flash paddled from one bank to the other and tried to clamber out. But the sides of the stream were almost perpendicular and the coyote's short legs clawed frantically for the top, only to slide back. It was ^{just matter} ~~only~~ a ^{till} ~~xxx~~ of time ^{frightened} when he would be exhausted and drown. Flash did not whimper, but his breath came in quick puffs and his ~~eyes~~ eyes roved here and there for a way of escape. Shep, coming in from rounding up the sheep, took in the situation. His lifelong business had been to ^{look out for} ~~save~~ foolish animals, and as a life-saver he didn't distinguish between a lamb and its traditional enemy, ^a ~~the~~ coyote. This little white dog was a member of the family, trotting, sure-footed and serene, petted and cared for by the mistress the same as himself. He was a partner, along the bank opposite Flash, his knowing eyes watching for the chance of a quick movement, suddenly as the current billowed the bedraggled pup in-

shore, he knelt over the water and grasping the limp bunch ~~by~~ ^{laid} the back of the neck, lifted him out on the ground. Flash was pretty well spent and ^{flattened out} lay an accustomed still. Shep lay down by him as if taking up the vigil. By and by when Flash had recovered his breath, ^{and shaken himself dry,} they trotted up to the cabin for supper, as if life and death were only jokes anyway.

And thus it was ^{that} the strangeness began to happen around the place. The white witch had woven a spell over Maggie, a good spell. Jake was a heavy sleeper and snorer. While Flash had been sick in his early days, he had become accustomed to be awakened by Maggie getting up in the night and covering the shivering little beast, or soothing its fretful whining with warm food. Once he aroused enough to see her sitting as still as the night itself in a chair by the low fire, the white coyote in her arms. It was as if she was afraid to stir for fear of waking it.

In the morning Jake ^{had} remembered and pondered over things in his dull way. The tension in the cabin had sure ^l eased up. ^{Maggie was as} Maggie went about ^{peaceful} her simple housework ^{as though some hidden rhythm moved her, as the plains} placidly now, ^{now, and} and although she was not talkative, the haunted look had left her eyes. It was evident that her whole day hung on the little waif. Jake was mystified that a scurvy varmint could mean so much to a woman. But the miracle had happened, and he didn't try to fathom it any further. It was certain that his wife wasn't "queer" ^{now} ~~any more~~. It didn't occur to him to ask what might happen when Flash was not around the cabin any more and she was alone again.

But to Maggie, busy as she was, it had occurred. And at the sound of a horse's hoof in the dooryard, or a strange voice coming up the dusty road, she grabbed Flash up in her arms and waited, afraid to go to the door. Then had come word from headquarters asking Jake if he would keep Flash till fall as they feared to have so young an animal travel across country in the heat of the summer. The government office, would, of course, pay for his care. Jake looked glum, growling that he wouldn't get even the

price of a three dollar bounty for the coyote's keep. But when he caught sight of Maggie's transfigured face, he bolted out of the house without another word.

Fall came and with it an eating suspense for Maggie. How could the day of doom for her be put off yet another time? Daily she scanned the thin line of road coming down the desert valley and her heart almost stopped beating for fear the shimmering heat waves might turn into dreaded human forms coming toward the cabin. ~~Flash~~ She looked around to see that Flash was close at hand. He had grown into a trim, self-poised young being, with calm eyes watching everything that went on about him, conjuring the meaning of this or that. There was a distinct difference now between him and the dogs, a gentleman's agreement. Bob was old and accepted the changed positions of the two by a studied indifference. Shep, mild-eyed still and puzzled, coming in from a long day's work with the sheep, gazed at this lordly chosen one from afar, once the silly little white pup that he had dragged out of the ditch in the nick of time. Flash acknowledged a brotherly relation to the other two because all three still lived in the dooryard and were ministered to by the mistress. And Maggie, happy but half grieved at the growing change in her "white dog," was filled with a presentiment of things to come. (If only the days would keep on going by till Flash was a full-grown, wise dog of the desert, till he felt the call of his own kind and should finally disappear into ^{that vacant} ~~the vast~~ vastness where no eye could find him!) For many a day now she had watched him steal out to a jutting edge of rimrock and sit silently looking far and far away over the misty sage. (And sometimes the point of rock was empty as hour after hour went by. At night he came back absorbed and restless, pacing back and forth like a caged creature. He was waiting for something.

end
JP

One listless, hazy day came the rumor of rabies started by a wandering sheep dog that had been bitten by a mad coyote somewhere up the valley. And on the same day came the order from the government office for Jake to

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take great pains in crating the valuable white coyote and express him from the nearest railroad station on his long journey to his eastern home.

2) Maggie, working in the cabin, saw only a neighbor sheepherder down at the corral, nor did she ever know of the rabies rumor nor see the long envelope with the government seal on it. ^{But} Jake was busy taking his turn at watching his prize band of sheep that pastured just below in the sink of the valley where a bottom seepage of water furnished green grazing. He had other bands that ranged out several days from the home ranch whose herders he could not even warn of the impending danger. He took the first watch of the night, and when he did come in, tired and dusty, he dropped down

on a blanket with his boots on in front of the fire, with the door of the cabin wide open inviting sounds. ^{stood} But the starlit spaces were as soundless and serene as on the first day. It seemed as if no evil spirit could pierce the peace that reigned. ^{Thus a week went by, a week of soft fall days for Maggie. She} ~~During these past fall days, Maggie noticed~~ ^{over the happy valley.} that Flash was gone a good deal now and didn't come home till late at night. And sometimes she didn't know whether he came home at all. But at some time in the day she found his pointed nose, pricked-up ears and straight, steady eyes in the doorway asking for the food she had always furnished him.

One moonlight night, Maggie sat alone on the cabin doorstep. Jake was down with the sheep where he spent much time lately. Even old Bob was down at the corral. ~~Flash~~ Maggie was thinking of Flash. He had been gone three days now, long days for her, but still her heart was at peace. He would come back sometime to her, if only for a glimpse and a bite of food. It was just such a white night as this, she thought, that she used to sit and watch that pointed-eared white puppy fly down the road, lured by the changing shadows in the sage and the white mesmerism of the moon. And hark! A long, quavering, dog-like cry, eerie, mournful, and full of longing, mellowing across the moonlit stretches.

- 15 -

They
Maggie and Flash were alone at the cabin. Jake was down at the sheds where he spent much time lately. She could hear a busy hammering, but she couldn't know that a prison was being built for Flash, a prison that once entered would never open for him except to usher him into another, more strong and eternal. There would be light and food for him in abundance, and many people passing by. But always within those four impregnable walls the maddening hours would be ticked off till bones grew weary with lying on a bed of straw, and eyes grew dull with waiting. Better the weltering long-limbed wates with a lean living, and the freedom of the starry nights as from the high rimrocks he answered the call of his kin. Better the ^{startling} clank of a steel trap and the ~~gruesome anguish of gnawing~~ ^{frenzied} long hours under a searing sun, perhaps with the ^{the} anguish of gnawing off his own paw that pinioned him, for freedom-- freedom, almost the only boon in a coyote's life!

Something was coming up the road, ^a long lean dog with a bushy Maggie's eyes followed him questioningly. ^{loped} tail. He was too big for a sheep dog. Straight up the road he ~~came~~ his head hanging low and swinging from side to side. Once at a turn, the sage, shimmering, melting into the sky with the moving heat, hid him, and she the huge, dishevelled figure thought he had turned off into the desert. But all at once ~~he~~ ^{he} appeared almost in front of her; his jaw hanging, his frothing tongue lolling, his blood-red eyes ^{shot} full of a savage misery and half unseeing-- a mad coyote! All of his shrinking fear of a human being, all of his desert wariness were gone. His brain crazed and on fire, all he knew was to wander, biting dogs, or sheep or men, torturing something as he was tortured. Maggie screamed and started for the ^{cabin} door, but the movement only drew his attention to her. Baring his fangs, he hurled himself upon her, ^{abrupt} ~~but~~ between them flashed a white form, ^{its} ~~his~~ hair bristling, ^{its} ~~his~~ sinews taut, all his angry soul flaming against this wild interloper. The impact of the two bodies almost knocked Maggie ^{stumbled over the sill,} ~~her~~ down, as she pushed the cabin door shut and bolted it. Inside, trembling

and shaken at the ghastly sight, she stood leaning against the door. ^{Sometime later} she looked out into the yard. It was ~~as empty~~ ^{silent}. Maggie sank down on the doorstep sobbing.

petrified by the blood-curdling screams, - and then a shriek of pain and horror.

sprang out of the sage

It was as long as time

UNDER THE SHADOW OF SHISHALDIN.

It was the first day of June. A Great Northern train was speed-
ing us on to ^{South} Bellingham, for at three o'clock that afternoon we were to
embark for Alaska. We were ^{ed} clicking merrily in and out of the jungle-like,
wet woods of Washington along the seashore where the mud-flat fingers of
^{Puget} the Sound crept almost up to the track in places. The smell of morning
was on the air, a whiff of fog on balsam boughs mingled with the tang of salt
inlets. The sea had retreated almost out of sight, marked only by the inter-
mittent flashing line of a comber. My eyes came back over the expanse of
gray ooze in the foreground to the wooded shoreline that curved swiftly on ahead ^{of us}
away and away to the north- to Alaska! So many happy events have begun on the
first day of June.

It was evident that the approaching departure of the Catherine D.
had touched the whole town, ^{where it} (that) hung on the forested hillsides above the
circling bay. In the (cosy) harbor lay several gray battleships. We walked
liesurely the block or so along the tracks from the station toward the dock.
No need to be guided; one had only to look and listen. Trucks, autos and pedest-
rians were migrating in the same direction and disappearing through one big
gateway like bees diving into a hive. The confusion was contagious. We joined
the procession and along with ^{the} others threaded in and out among the autos, or
crowded them over to the edge ^{far} of the pier that hung over the restless, blue-
black water. At the end of the dock a big, white vessel hugged the pier. It
had a strange attraction for me. I took in every movement about it. Freight
of all kinds was being hoisted methodically over the rail, crates of oranges and
apples, boxes of green lettuce heads with a dizzy regularity. Groups of flutter-
ing girls mingled with the ^{along with heavy mach-} passengers and hurrying workmen. ^{in every} What a glamour in-
vested the whole scene. ^{on the pier} ^{oil drums}

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E. Saunders

add
In the evening ~~we were~~ in the Strait of Georgia, gliding ~~along~~ effort-
less over smooth, wide water between the mainland and Vancouver Island, ~~a long~~ *Behind this*
guardian of this coastline, ~~the~~ whole world moved softly by, - mountain peaks
rising out of pale clouds, a glint of sunset light on a window pane revealing a
little craft lost on the surface, a funnel of black smoke trailing into the sky,
and a wavering wake on the water, ~~a spindle mast~~ *the* ~~against~~ little islands coming into
being out of blue ~~nothing~~, a low-flying bird late returning to home shadows, and
quiet, quiet, as if we were going nowhere and no matter.

I was swinging on the after-deck with the children. Three new rope
swings hung from the big spar by a genial captain were the most popular place on
the boat. At times they were quite inadequate for some sixteen high school boys,
who were headed for fun and fortune in the salmon canneries, and two or three ~~small~~ *very*
folks who were exuberant voyagers. ~~Black-eyed Mickey was everybody's friend.~~
~~xxxx~~ *outpost* *to take along*
A big, ~~xxxxxxx~~ She was going to some beautiful islands away up in the Bering
Sea to live forever, and she had a new baby brother. Later the Eider, a little
gray government boat, took Mickey, her baby brother and her parents, and a few
others, crowded into unbelievably close sleeping and living quarters, a three days'
journey up to the storm-swept Pribilofs, to begin a new life. Just now a tall,
quiet man in a checked mackinaw and cap drawn over his eyes was swinging her. He
soon joined his own group again who were chatting at the rail. ~~There was a tall,~~
gray-haired, distinguished man in dark blue suit and cap ~~who~~ drew the others around
him, - a young fellow in corduroys and heavy shoes, with eager eyes that devoured
everything in this new land, another in a knicker suit and golf shoes, ~~frank and~~ *frank, jovial one*
~~jovial~~ *king* *to catch & can*
~~xxxxxxx~~, and corpulent Chris with a sheepish smile and a canny tongue. These
were the salmon canners of Bristol Bay, each one ~~fighting~~ *longing* for more fish, and still
more fish. And at the end of the short season, loaded to the limit, the salmon
ships plied back and forth ~~with~~ *carrying away* their freight of fine food. For the lure of this
land today is the silver hode, as yesterday it was the golden one. *Alaska*

And the silver has not panned out as the gold did.
For the little
streams that flash down from the snowy peaks like
white ribbons are the beds for the silver, as they
were for the gold.

What a romance is cast about the life of the salmon. The snow and ice that cover the mountains and pile up on the shores have no more started the first spring freshet than the taste is caught by the myriads of salmon in the coastal waters. ~~of Alaska~~. The pulsing message is as quickly caught out here in the depths of the sea as the first warm breath of spring, blowing up from the south, is sensed by the dormant roots of the flowers. They have been hanging expectantly on the tap of the bell that loosens the winter-locked streams. All noses are turned to the north, and the dark depths throb with the awakening ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ urge of that migration. Nothing can stop it. A million strong- yes, millions upon more millions- they cloud the coastal currents, trailing like silver skeins upon their way. They curve close around the shores of the Gulf of Alaska, where the first toll of their numbers is sifted into the ^eseins and traps. Unknowing and uncaring, the plundered schools push on, following the coast around to the southwest, leaving great numbers behind at the mouth of many a fine stream where the inevitable red roofs of the canneries block the entrances. ^{Threading through} ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the passes of the Aleutian chain of ^{cold,} islands, they taste the salt waters of the Bering Sea and swing sharply about on the last lap into Bristol Bay, to the Nushagak, the Koichak, and the ^{Naknek} ~~Kua-~~ ~~kokwin~~. Not far inland at the heads of these streams, lie large lakes, Ilaimna, Naknek, Ugashik, Becharof, and others, between which lies the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, and over which hangs the caved-in crater of Katmai ^a and other volcanoes smoking threateningly. For many, ^{fish} this is the end of the journey. A few forge on even into the Arctic ^{clear} Circle and straggle across to Siberia. The Bristol Bay region is the home of the little Alaska red salmon, or Sockeye, from the Indian name, Sokaye. Along with the big King, or ^{Spring} Chinook salmon of the long, mountain streams of the northwest, ^{this} it is the finest fish food in the world, flavored, perhaps, with the clean strength and vigorous life of the race. What an imagination it takes to keep ^{follow} up with the little red, a path as clearly marked to its leaders as that of the ^{wild} goose that heads the wedge from the southland to its nesting places on the northern tundra.

4

his name was
he was the Gilbert
Name

from
out of

It
Volcano

along somewhere near us.
The boat plied peacefully on into the glowing twilight.
The sun was setting behind smoking mountains.
orb, sending rays
against the red sun, brilliant shadows flared
it would reach from sight. The flash of

As it lowered, it caught and scintillated from one ridge of the Sierra Peninsula.

point to another of a jagged, saw-toothed line, showing reflected gold light on a pale sky. And on and on we slid from one blue bay to another under the eaves of the *Afognak Island* stood on our west lighted by a pale sunset glow.

skimming low
her, alerting and cursing

One "Goonie" or albatross that found us out, followed in our wake now on one side, now on the other, slanting and curving on long, unbending wings. Planing

down easily for a landing on the surface of the water, ^{he} it glided ^{smoothly} into the hollow of a wave with his big, square-jointed wings only half folded. Deliberately he adjusted and ~~folded~~ shuffled them until they finally settled ^{at his} at the sides of his body. ^{while he} Rocking gently in his cradle, ^{as} he eyed the world serenely, like the spirit of the deep, whether of protection or premonition we could not tell. The whales were about, playing in the evening light and "blowing." ~~He~~ ^{broke water and} ~~watched them~~ the great lazy black hulks spouting in different directions about the boat, with just their backs ~~rising~~ ^{wallowing on the surface} out of water. Once in a while the black head of a seal bobbed up, looking us over curiously as if asking if we were on our way to the Pribilofs, too. The water world was ^{wide} awake, each creature sporting with his fellows on their playgrounds in these long, pale nights, and each one on his way to his own summer home in the north.

Drip, drip on the roof. Drip, drip and splash on the water. Drip, drip on the emerald hills that ^{filled the whole window} darkened the window. It was morning, and we were at Ikatan, the last westward port of call of the Catherine D. The raucus, complaining clamor of gulls somewhere near came to my ears. There was not much to be seen from the window but big red cannery buildings backed by darkening hills. And continuously this strident din of the gulls came from somewhere out of the fog and rain. I thought the mouth of a stream must be nearby where the offal of the cannery is sent on its way to the tidal sewer. This is the usual hang-out of hungry gulls. But no; when I walked out on the sodden dock, there ^{row} sat the gray gull chorus in a ~~line~~ ^{the rail above} on the brailer that brings the salmon up from the scows. Intent and watchful every one, nor would they give an inch of advantage to a neighbor or a newcomer, but craned their necks and clamored with wide mouths, what for I could not understand. I looked around. It sifted into my mind that the morning fish from the traps were late in coming in and the birds were impatient for their belated breakfast of fresh scraps. Why shouldn't they be impatient? Weren't they partners of all fishermen to propitiate the finny gods and induce larger runs of salmon for man and bird? So they ~~saw~~

cried and complained and worked themselves up to a fanatical frenzy for their rights. The air was filled with their wierd screaming, as I turned away at a new sound. A little white yacht was sidling in to the end of the dock, and I caught the black letters, Westward. It came over me that this was the end of one journey and the beginning of another for us. It meant a new home on the water, a new family to live with, and a new voyage to strange and little known shores ^{far} to the west. I stood looking as far as I could see into the fog that hung like level another sea at the middles of mountains, and more mountains, and beyond islands and more islands, until I could feel no further.

By noon we had said farewell to the big salmon ship and were now bedded and boarded on the little
Tethered to her twin, the Morzhovoi, that was built for wild winds *yacht,*

expansion
and waters, the Westward was provisioning and sniffing the sea for signs of a chance to make a spurt through the twisting, tricky tides that batt~~le~~ between the end of the Alaska Peninsula and the long line of Aleutian islands. The water gurgled like liquid through the narrow neck of a bottle. *the boat* Time and tide ruled, and not till the appointed hour did ~~she~~ *the boat* plow her way into *False Pass* this false pass where the currents of two oceans pushed and wrestled with each other, shoving and shifting the shallow sand bottom into shoals and bars barely under the surface.

All at once we were in the Bering Sea, but how we got there, I don't know, for I was seasick and off in another country. It was night. The boat went to sleep. The lights went out, except for the one big eye that sped ahead like a torpedo on its path. *In the dark Pilot House,* The captain stood grimly at the wheel with eyes *lowered* out upon the *lighted well that held the compass.* into the darkness. The slickered crew moved methodically about. Far into the night we climbed the crests and dropped down into the troughs with the sickening sensation of falling, falling into the bottomless space of a bad dream. The intermittent crash of billows breaking over the decks, the continuous pounding of a loose davit, the dropping of small articles within, the banging of an unlatched door, the creak and groan of the timbers, and the whistling of the sixty-mile *mere* gale ~~was~~ an all night accompaniment to my surging, onward march.

Anchored in a little bay which was not more than an indentation of

the coastline of Unimak, the first big island of the Aleutian chain, the ship met a morning that was still wild. The sun broke a way through the clouds and sent a path of light across to ^{us} the waiting ship. We scrutinized these lifeless, Robinson Crusoe shores with curiosity and not a little doubt. They looked lonely and fearsome, but we persuaded ourselves that this was the land of adventure. A dory with four men put off to scout along the coast for the entrance of a nameless ^{river} little stream near a ~~ruined barabara~~ or abandoned native hut. Anxious eyes followed its course as it hunted the shoreline. We hunted, too, with the glasses, ~~but~~ but the only encouraging signs were a few seals sporting in the waves and numberless birds winging and squawking near a silvery spot on the beach. All at once, voices: the explorers were back. From the boat they had seen a beautiful camping place on a little stream running close to the shelter of a hill, two Alaska brown bears on a slope, and some caribou asleep and unconscious of intruders. The words tumbled out for waiting ears. Hurry, so camp could be pitched before ^{night} dark. There~~x~~ was a day's work for everybody. White tents had to be put up for the commissary and the stoves, and brown tepee tents for sleeping; and there was moss to be pulled from the thick beds of the tundra for carpets and pads under the beds, for the ground here was eternally sodden. There was instant stir of excitement. We looked with new interest on these wild shores, under the eaves of snowy peaks with hot steam trailing from their tips.

That evening (~~in the luminous twilight,~~) we climbed the steep river bank where the greedy stream persistently undermined it, and wandered over the higher tundra picking wild flowers in the luminous twilight. Beds of blue violets softly tinged the hills ahead of us, splashed with the stronger tones of purple orchids in spotted, tiger-like leaves. On up the ridge of the sandy headland that banked itself boldly above the beach, with its face swept clean and bare by the wind, we tramped, to look down on a big band of ~~water~~ birds rocking on the water of a sheltered curve of the coast. We could see the slim heads of ~~the~~ harlequins with vel-
black
vety green crests and snowy ~~knives~~ collars. These richly barred and spotted

summer in
ducks frequent the cold regions of eastern Asia, Greenland, Iceland and northern North America, going south to the middle states in winter. They are ~~the~~ rolling spirits of these white streams flashing down from snowy peaks, where they bob and dive as they fish in the rough water. How does such a great, tempestuous mother as this northern sea protect and nourish these countless, frail children of the wild? Surely she inspires them with unbounded courage and love of life.

Wading in wild grass to our knees on our way home along the roof of the sand dune, suddenly we came upon the habitations of men, but not of today. I wondered why the coarse grass was so tall here, and was looking for a way around some great patches that blocked my way almost to my shoulders, when I stumbled against something hard. It was too much smothered for me to even guess what it was, but when I tried to avoid it in several directions, I found I was struggling along an over-grown wall of some kind. The tale of an old ~~Russian~~ barabara village flashed into my mind, and I began to search excitedly. Soon I found myself at the entrance of a doorway, and although it was almost entirely covered with grass, I felt along the edge and found ~~it~~ to be ~~some four~~ ^{several} feet thick and made of sod. As I pushed my way down into a square room, through the tangle of grass that covered the floor and walls, the spirits of its builders came up about me, swarthy Aleuts with dull faces and slant eyes of the early ~~Russian~~ days when the Russian invaders ruled here with a hard hand. I went softly and gingerly about, feeling the hard floor tramped and baked for ^{more than} a century perhaps, until I was bewildered and lost in this ancient town. One room opened into another, with thick walls and foundations welded together like a fortification, until I had counted thirty or more. All at once I came out into the center of the village where a circular sod structure stood- a community gathering place, I thought. Searching about, I picked up a spear head, and then another. Was it an early weapon? Certainly it was primitive in clumsy hewing.

at the top of the crest ^{bulging}
I stood looking down on the humpy mounds of tall grass that ~~xxx~~ buried this early human fort, for that was what it had been. Why had it been built

on the top of a wind-blown slope, the coldest and stormiest place on the island? I turned and looked down on the sea, crashing and pulling against the shore. Yes, they ^{had} scanned the ocean in all directions. No invaders could land without being seen. And behind them on the island, they again were high above the river and the lower reaches which spread away in all directions. For all this, I remembered that they had been easy ~~and~~ victims to their strong, cruel Russian masters, who made slaves of them and slaughtered at random. As I looked ^{off over} ~~back on~~ the green stretches, there was not a native village or human being of any kind living in the main extent of this large island, ^{A couple of salmon ports were ~~gone~~ brought life} ~~only one cannery on one end, and a light-~~ ^{A native population was gone leaving buried barabaras,} house station ^{held} on the other. And this had been the history of the Aleut race in the islands of the Bering Sea and along this long chain which ~~reached~~ ^{explored} almost ~~almost~~ over to Asia as stepping-stones for foreign invaders and adventurers.

The next day was one of high adventure with a bounding, buoyant ending. There was subdued haste among the group that sat upon sawed-off ~~wood~~ blocks in the frosty morning. Cups of coffee and in front of the cook tent. Bowls of ~~hot~~ rolled oats were handed ~~out~~ from the red-hot stove inside. ^{Trickles of} ~~Trickles of~~ ^{ascended} ~~steamed~~ steam ~~trickled~~ ^{ascended} into the air. The aroma of this bourgoo (as the Captain called hot porridge) mixed with butter and sugar will always bring back to me the misty moors of the tundra, ~~the~~ ^{under a} pendent, snowy ~~volcano~~ volcano, the muffled roar of a boreal ocean waiting for us. Food was low in camp. We had been on these lonely shores for ten days, but no one wanted to leave. There were still rolled oats, -which meant three times a day now, ^{perhaps} a dozen hardtacks and a little package of raisins. The rice - (may the gods be ~~pr~~ praised for growing it!) - was gone, there was a little butter and a few teaspoonfuls of sugar and coffee. Still we lingered for one more exploring trip, persuading ourselves that sufficient unto the day would be the food thereof. And the scarcer it got and the smaller the portions, the better it tasted. It only served to draw us closer together, ^{this} that subtle sharing.

Three small boats were loaded, the motor cruiser, the rowboat and the little canoe. Cameras, knapsacks, film cases, rubber coats, and boots, ~~a bag of~~

scattered wits. There wasn't much else to pick up. But it was a revived and happy crowd that started to tramp five miles along the beach back to the mouth of the stream where ¹ ~~the~~ white tents loomed in sight.

Jennings Lodge, Oregon

Illustration
showing the location of the
Jennings Lodge, Oregon, with the
great mountain range in the background.



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For the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals

(FOUNDED 1901, INCORPORATED 1902)

National Association of Audubon Societies

a watertproof bag of frugal lunch, with odds and ends for a day's trip were packed in. In the lead boat, towing the other two, were Campbell, ~~and~~ the Captain and the engineer, with the cameraman, ~~and~~ Ten-year old Betty and I in the row-boat, and Cam bringing up the rear in the canoe. ^{For four or five miles} We slanted eastward along the coast, bobbing dizzily over the waves which were fretted into froth by a high wind, as we searched for the entrance of a salmon stream. Towed sharply uphill and down, we were continually balancing the load and bating our breath, for the next moment we pulled up the face of a green wall just in time to slither down its towering crest before it combed. The singing of the water against the sides of the boat filled my ears. As we topped a crest, I caught a glimpse of the mouth of the stream, but between us was a sea of tumbling, white breakers, piling one upon another. I looked at the nearing shore and braced my feet against it instinctively. ~~Alinat~~ ^{At last} once we were tossed this way and that: we were among them. The waves broke over us faster than we could right ourselves, the lead-boat still snaking us along. We cut loose, and behind us the canoe did the same. It was each one for himself now. The three boats were pitching about like tooth-picks. ^P All three men in the motor boat wore slickers and rubber boots, Now, I saw one boot come off, and then another. Campbell peeled off a heavy sweater. Confusedly I heard Cam calling ^{behind me.} He was standing up in the rolling canoe and gesticulating wildly. I looked. The lead boat, which was more heavily loaded and with three men in it, was settling slowly. 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 back-paddled 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 like wreckage. The canoe had fared the same. Emptying the remaining stuff out of the boats, back they went to the rescue. The three men were tossing about in the white-caps, trying to swim and pull off their clothing at the same time. But they made no headway toward shore, as there was a continuous surging back

and forth of the currents. The water was like melted icebergs. The swimmers could not hold out long. I saw the Captain trying to get astride the boat, which was twisting about in the seething whirlpool. But the waves washed him off as fast as he climbed on. Something had to be done. ~~There was little hope of saving them~~ I saw Cam in the rowboat dash into it, and somehow one by one, snatch~~ed~~ the drowning men to safety.

It was a shivering party, blue with cold, that gathered with chattering teeth about the little beach bonfire. There had been two dry matches in the crowd. The four of us who came through partly dry, pulled off coats, sweaters and shorts to divide with the waifs. Betty and I 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 almost as scarce as trees, ^{on these far, forsaken shores,} ~~and~~ there wasn't even a ghost ~~of a tree~~ of a tree. Sodden socks and bedraggled garments hung about the fire, and everybody lay on the hot sand refreshing his feelings and his vigor. And it all came back with a rush. By noon it was a hilarious and happy crowd that explored the meandering mouth of the river, so thick with surging salmon that one felt he could almost walk across on their backs. Three white-headed eagles stood solemnly fishing on sandbars in the middle of the shallows. And the gulls were congregated, clamoring and gossiping in loud tones as usual.

In the afternoon, we girded ourselves for the long tramp homeward on the beach. The ocean was still in no temper to brook any liberties, so the rowboat and canoe were pulled high upon the beach and left bottom up on the sand. The cruising canoe had drifted ashore some way further down, and was also left by the way as we passed it. Tramp, tramp, tramp we tracked the sand rhythmically as the waves rolled in at our feet and hardened it. When we came to a ^{fair} ~~good~~ sized river rushing madly down from the highlands, ~~xxxxxxx~~ and cutting deep ^{channels} ~~grooves~~ as it crossed the beach, we had to stop and consider our resources for fording it. Two ~~There are~~ pair of rubber boots had been salvaged. There were seven of us. With some delay, the army finally crossed the Rubicon. Each one had a pack on his back,

and as the water was swift and deeper than it looked, it took some juggling and not a little maneuvering to gain the other shore. When it came my turn, to put on the waders, I felt like Puss-in-Boots. I was lost in them and could hardly navigate on land. ^{soft} It was difficult to tell where the deep spots were. I stepped in. The ~~sandy~~ bed of the stream shifted constantly, pulling the sand from under my feet and giving the boisterous current a chance to buffet me over. I took my time and put my mind to each step that I took, beating the river at his own game.

Up against the dark clouds above the vivid green of the shores, the sun flared, turning them to a roseate salmon. Behind loomed Shishaldin, snow clad to his feet, feathering his tip with a wisp of warm breath from his ragged throat. A little further back, dimly outlined in the mist, ^{evening} hung the white cone of Ragged Jack. Ahead a column of smoke trailed into the air, and soon the tents came into view.

I lay in bed between eider-down quilts with an air mattress underneath on a bed of thick moss, basking in the glow of a fire in the little sheet-metal stove in my tent. On the rough rail behind the stove the usual array of heavy woolen socks were strung, and on a line over my head were other clothes. Through the sound of quiet voices sifted from the other tents. There was a stillness and a the open door the ripples on the little river were lighted up. Was there any place wideness all about. in the world that I had rather be than this? Nowhere.

Journal of George C. Peck



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J. C. BENTLEY, M.D., HON. PRES.
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HOMER OGDEN, 1831 BROADWAY



For the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals
[FOUNDED 1896] [REORGANIZED 1906]
National Association of Audubon Societies

(WANDERING) IN THE LAND OF THE ALEUTS.

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A Great Northern train was speeding us on to Bellingham, for at three o'clock that afternoon we were to embark for Alaska. We clicked merrily in and out of the jungle-like, wet woods of Washington along the seashore where the mud-flat fingers of Puget Sound crept almost up to the track in places. The smell of morning was on the air, a whiff of fog on balsam boughs mingled with the tang of salt inlets. The sea had retreated almost out of sight, marked only by the intermittent flashing line of a comber. My eyes came back over the expanse of gray ooze in the foreground to the wooded shoreline that curved swiftly on ahead of us, away and away to the north,- to Alaska! So many happy events have begun on the first day of June.

It was evident that the approaching departure of the Catherine D. had touched the whole town where it hung on the forested hillside above the circling bay. In the harbor lay several gray battleships. We walked liesurely the block or so along the tracks from the station toward the dock. No need to be guided: one had only to look and listen. Trucks, autos, and pedestrians were migrating in the same direction and disappearing through one big gateway like bees diving into a hive. The confusion was contagious. We joined the procession and along with the others threaded in and out among the cars, or crowded them to the edge that hung over the restless, blue-black water. At the far end a big white vessel hugged the pier. It had a strange attraction for me. I took in every movement about it. Freight of all kinds was being hoisted over the rail with dizzy regularity, crates of oranges and apples, boxes of green lettuce heads, along with heavy machinery and numberless oil drums. Groups of fluttering girls mingled with the hurrying workmen and the passengers on the pier. What a glamour invested the whole scene.

Evening found us in the Straits of Georgia, gliding effortless over smooth, wide water between the mainland and Vancouver Island. Behind this long guardian of the coastline, the whole world moved softly by,- waterfalls flashing down like white ribbons, mountain peaks rising out of pale clouds, a glint of sun-

set on a window pane revealing a little craft lost on the surface, a funnel of black smoke trailing into the sky, a spindle mast and a wavering wake on the water, little islands coming into being out of the blue, a low-flying bird late returning to home shadows,- and quiet, quiet, as if we were going nowhere and no matter.

I was swinging on the after-deck with the children. Three new rope swings hung from the big spar by a genial captain were the most popular place on the boat. At times they were quite inadequate for some sixteen high school boys who were headed for fun and fortune in the salmon canneries, and two or three very small folk who were exuberant voyagers. Black-eyed Mickey smiling from a hooded cape was everybody's friend. She was going to some beautiful islands away up in the Bering Sea, to live forever, and she had a new baby brother to take along. Later, the Eider, a gray government boat, was to take Mickey, her baby brother and her parents, and a few others, crowded into unbelievably close living quarters, a three days' journey up to the storm-swept Pribilofs to begin a new life. Just now, a tall, quiet man in a checked mackinaw and cap drawn over his eyes was swinging her. He soon joined his own group again who were chatting at the rail. A distinguished, gray-haired man in a dark blue suit and cap drew the others around him,- a young fellow in corduroys and heavy shoes, with eager eyes that devoured everything in this new land, another frankly jovial one in a knicker suit and golf shoes, and corpulent Chris with a sheepish smile and a canny tongue. These were the salmon kings of Bristol Bay, each one longing for more fish, and still more fish to catch and can. And at the end of the short season, loaded to the limit, the salmon ships ply back and forth carrying away their freight of fine food. For the lure of Alaska today is the silver horde as yesterday it was the golden one. And the silver has not panned out as the gold did. The little streams that flash down from the snowy peaks are the beds for the silver rush as they were for the gold.

What a romance is cast about the life of the salmon. The snow and ice that mask the mountains and pile up on the shores have no more started the first spring freshet than the taste is caught by the myriads of salmon that have wintered

in the coastal waters. The pulsing message ^{beats as strong} ~~is as quickly caught~~ out here in the depths of the sea as the first warm breath of spring, blowing up from the south, is sensed by the dormant roots of the flowers. They have been hanging expectantly on the tap of the bell that loosens the winter-locked streams. All noses are turned to the north, and the dark ^{waters} ~~depths~~ throb with the awakening urge of that migration. Nothing can stop it. A million strong- yes, millions upon millions- they cloud the coastal currents, trailing like silver skeins along their way. They curve close around the shores of the Gulf of Alaska where the first toll of their numbers is sifted into the seins and traps. Unknowing and ~~uncaring~~, the plundered schools push on, following the coast around to the southwest, leaving great numbers behind at the mouth of many a fine stream where the inevitable red roofs of the canneries brighten the bays. Threading the passes of the Aleutian chain of ~~islands~~, they taste the cold salt waters of the Bering Sea and swing sharply about on the last lap up into Bristol Bay, to the Nushagak, the Koichak, and the Naknek. Not far inland at the heads of these streams, lie large lakes, Iliamna, Naknek, Ugashik, Bacharof, and others, between which lies the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, and over which hangs the caved-in crater of Katmai and other volcanoes smoking threateningly. For ^{salmon} many, this is the end of the journey. A few fish forge on even into the Arctic Circle and straggle clear across to Siberia. The Bristol Bay region is the home of the little Alaska red salmon, or Sockeye, from the Indian name, Sokaye. Along with the big king, or spring Chinook, of the long mountain streams of the lower northwest, this is the finest fish food in the world, flavored, perhaps, with the clean strength and vigorous life of the race. What an imagination it takes to follow the course of the little red, a path as clearly marked to its leaders as that of the wild goose that heads the wedge from the southland to its nesting places on the northern tundra.

That night at our sunset gathering on the upper deck, a white-haired man joined the crowd. Immediately there were whispers that his name was Gilbert, the government guardian of the fish. He had been working at the wharves of Karluk,

a noble salmon stream, where it was rumored that fifty thousand two-year old fish were held and marked as they surged from their inland lake down the stream, seized by their first longing for the sea. And again, from a trap full of fine big fish, he had asked for ten thousand to tag and turn again on their way to learn on what far shores they are finally stranded. All this, and more, in order that more may be known about the life of the salmon, and that the runs of these fish may be insured for those beyond our time. He was considered by the United States Bureau of Fisheries a fair judge in matters of this kind, so the right of his authority was settled without argument. The cooperation and goodwill of all concerned met his efforts for the welfare of those of today and those of tomorrow.

It was nine o'clock. The boat plied peacefully on into the glowing twilight. A volcano belched black clouds against the red orb, sending brilliant rays flaring in a halo about its peak. As the sun dropped from sight, ^{shot up} flashes caught and scintillated from one point to another of the jagged, saw-toothed ridges showering gold high into the sky. ~~Afognak~~ Island stood on our west lighted by a pale sunset glow. On and on we slid from one bay to another under the eaves of these frosted ranges. The gulls and sea parrots of the seashores had deserted the ship and in their places were the jaegers, the shearwaters, and the albatrosses. One "goonie" or black-footed alabatross that found us out, followed in our wake now on one side, now on the other, skimming low, slanting and curving on long, unbending wings. Planing down easily for a landing on the water, he glided smoothly into the hollow of a wave with his big square-jointed wings only half folded. Deliberately he adjusted and shuffled them until they finally settled at his sides while he rocked gently in his cradle, eyeing the world serenely. He seemed like the spirit of the deep, whether of protection or premonition we could not tell. The whales were about, too, playing in the evening light and blowing. The lazy, black hulks broke water and spouted in different directions about the boat with just their backs wallowing on the surface. Once in a while the round, black head of a seal bobbed up, looking us over curiously as if ask-

ing if we ^{too,} were on our way to the Pribilofs, ~~too~~. The water world was wide awake, each creature sporting with his fellows on their playgrounds in these long, pale nights, and each one on his way to his own summer home in the north.

Drip, drip on the roof. Drip, drip and splash on the water. Drip, drip on the emerald hills that filled the window. It was morning and we were at Ikata, the last westward port of call of the Catherine D. The raucus, complaining clamor of gulls somewhere near came to my ears. There was not much to be seen from the window but ~~big~~ red cannery buildings backed by darkening hills. And continuously this strident din of the gulls came from somewhere out of the fog and rain. I thought the mouth of a stream must be nearby where the offal of the cannery is sent on its way to the tidal sewer. This is the usual hang-out of hungry gulls. But no; when I walked out on the sodden dock, there sat the gray gull chorus in a row on the rail above the brailer that brings the salmon up from the scows. Intent and watchful every one, nor would they give an inch of advantage to a neighbor or a newcomer, but craned their necks and clamored with wide mouths, - for what, I could not understand. I looked around. It sifted into my mind that the morning fish from the traps were late in coming in, and the birds were impatient for their belated breakfast of fresh scraps. Why shouldn't they be impatient? Weren't they partners of all fishermen to propitiate the finny gods and induce more runs of salmon for man and bird? So they cried and complained and worked themselves up to a fanatical frenzy for their rights. The air was filled with their weird screaming, as I turned away at a new sound. A little white yacht was sidling in to the end of the dock, and I caught the black letters, Westward. It came over ^{me} that this was the end of one journey and the beginning of another for us. It meant a new home on the water, a new family to live with, and a new voyage to strange and little known shores far to the west. I stood looking as far as I could see into the fog that hung like another level sea at the middles of mountains, and more mountains, and beyond islands and more islands, until I could feel no further.

By noon we had said farewell to the big salmon ship and were new bedded

and boarded on the little yacht. Tethered to her twin, the Morzhovoi, that was built for wild winds and waters, the Westward was provisioning and sniffing the sea for signs of a chance to make a spurt through the twisting, tricky tides that battle between the end of the Alaska Peninsula and the long line of Aleutian islands. The water gurgled like liquid through the narrow neck of a bottle. Time and tide ruled, and not till the appointed hour did the boat plow her way into False Pass where the currents of two oceans pushed and wrestled with each other, shoving and shifting the shallow sand bottom into shoals and bars barely under the surface. Bump! Bump! Grind! Grind! came the groaning sound as the boat scraped. The engines were still in the act of slowing down when the bow heaved into the air, the tide caught under her and she lurched over on her side, stuck tight on the sand. The air was filled with the hissing and swirling of the water around her as she reeled helplessly in a wide channel increasing in its boisterousness as the wind rose. For three hours the boat tossed in the white-caps. Gradually as the incoming tide rose, she righted herself. The engines rumbled again. We edged cautiously out.

All at once we were in the Bering Sea, but how we got there, I don't know, for I was seasick and off in another country. It was night. The boat went to sleep. The lights went out. In the dark pilot house, the captain stood grimly at the wheel with eyes lowered upon the lighted well that held the compass. The slickered crew moved methodically about. Far into the night we climbed the crests and settled shivering into the troughs with the sickening sensation of falling, falling into the bottomless space of a bad dream. The intermittent crash of great seas smothering over the decks, the continuous clattering of a loose davit, the dropping of small articles within that scurried over the floor, the banging of an unlatched door, the complaining of the wracked body of the boat as she rolled first on one side and then the other, and the whistling of the sixty-mile gale were an all night accompaniment to my surging, onward march.

Anchored in a little bay which was not more than an indentation of the

coastline of Unimak, the first big island of the Aleutian chain, the ship met a vivid, morning that was still wild. A ~~xxxx~~ vibrant picture hung before us. We rocked on an indigo sea under the white dome of a great volcano with rolling, green hills sweeping down at our feet. The sun broke a way through the clouds and sent a path of light across the water to us. We scrutinized these lifeless, Robinson Crusoe shores with curiosity and not a little doubt. They were lonely and fearsome, but we persuaded ourselves that this was the land of adventure. A dory with four men put off to scout along the coast for the entrance of a nameless river near an abandoned native hut. These directions were anything but definite, for this land is full of nameless rivers and abandoned huts. Anxious eyes followed the course of the boat as it hunted the shoreline. We hunted, too, with the glasses, but the only encouraging signs were a few seals sporting in the waves and numberless birds winging and squawking near a silvery spot on the beach. All at once, voices: the explorers were back. From the boat they had seen a beautiful camping place on a little stream running close under the shelter of a hill, two Alaska brown bears on a slope, and some caribou asleep and unconscious of intruders. The words tumbled out for waiting ears. Hurry, so camp could be pitched before night! There was a day's work for everybody. White tents had to be set up for the commissary department, and oiled silk tepee tents for sleeping; and there was moss to be pulled from the thick tundra for carpets and pads under the beds, for the ground here was eternally sodden. There was instant stir of excitement. We looked with new interest on these wild shores.

One
That evening we climbed the steep river bank where the greedy stream ate it away fields persistently undermined it, and wandered over the higher tundra picking flowers in the luminous twilight. Beds of blue violets softly tinged the hills ahead of us, splashed with the stronger tones of purple orchids in spotted, tiger-like leaves. On up the ridge of the sandy headland that banked itself boldly above the beach, with its face swept clean and bare by the wind, we tramped, to look down on a big band of birds rocking on the water of a sheltered curve of the coast. They

*flowers
of the
tundra*

showed the slim heads of harlequins with velvety, green-black crests and snowy collars. These richly barred and spotted ducks summer in the cold regions of eastern Asia, Greenland, Iceland and northern North America, going south to the middle states in winter. They are rollicking sprites of these white streams born of snowy summits, where they bob and dive as they fish in the rough water. How does such a great, tempestuous mother as this arctic sea protect and nourish these countless, frail children of the wild? Surely she inspires them with unbounded courage and love of life.

Wading in wild grass to our knees on our way home along the roof of the sand dune, suddenly we came upon the habitations of men, but not of today. I wondered why the coarse grass was so tall here, and was looking for a way around some large patches that blocked my way almost to my shoulders, when I stumbled against something hard. It was too much smothered for me to even guess what it was, but when I tried to avoid ^{it} in several directions, I found I was struggling along an over-grown wall of some kind. The tale of an old barabara village on this island flashed into my mind, and I began to search excitedly. Soon I found myself at the entrance of a doorway, and although it was almost entirely choked with grass, I felt along the edge and found the wall to be several feet thick and made of sod. As I pushed my way down into a square room through the tangle of grass that smothered the floor and walls, the spirits of its builders came up about me, swarthy Aleuts with dull faces and slant eyes of the early days when the Russian invaders ruled here with a hard hand. I went softly and gingerly about, feeling the hard floor tramped and baked for more than a century perhaps, until I was bewildered and lost in this ancient town. One room opened into another, with thick walls and foundations welded together like a fortification with narrow passageways between, until I had counted thirty or more. All at once I came out into the center of the village where a ^{low} circular sod structure stood, a community gathering place, I thought. Searching about, I picked up a spear head, and then another. Was it an early weapon? Certainly it was primitive in its clumsy hewing.

I stood at the top of the crest looking down on the bulging mounds of tall grass that buried this early human fort, for that was what it had been. Why had it been built on the top of this wind-blown slope, the coldest and stormiest place on the island? I turned and looked down on the sea, crashing and pulling against the shore. Yes, these dark hunters and fishers had scanned the ocean in all directions. No invaders could land without being seen. And behind them on the island, they again were high above the river and the lower reaches which spread away on all ~~sides~~ sides. For all this, I remembered that they had been easy victims to their strong, cruel Russian masters, who made slaves of them and slaughtered at random. As I looked off over the green stretches, there was not a native village or human being of any kind living in the main extent of this large island. A couple of salmon ports brought life to the eastern end, and a lonely light-house held the other. A native population was gone, leaving only buried barabaras. And this had been the history of the Aleut race in the islands of the Bering Sea and along this long chain which reached almost over to Asia as stepping-stones for foreign explorers and adventurers.

The next day was one of high adventure with a bounding, buoyant ending. There was subdued haste among the group that sat upon sawed-off wood blocks in front of the cook tent in the frosty morning. Cups of coffee and bowls of rolled oats were handed from the red-hot stove inside. Trickles of steam ascended into the air. The aroma of this bourgoo (as the captain called hot porridge), mixed with butter and sugar will always bring back to me the misty moors of that morning under a pendent volcano, and the muffled roar of a boreal ocean waiting for us.

Food was low in camp. We had been on these ^{alluring} lonely shores for ten days, but no one wanted to leave. There were still rolled oats- which meant three times a day now- perhaps a dozen hardtacks, and a little package of raisins. The rice, ^{were} (may the gods be praised for growing it!) was gone. There ~~was~~ a little butter and a few teaspoonfuls of sugar and coffee. Still we lingered for just one more exploring trip, persuading ourselves that sufficient unto the day would be the food

thereof. The scarcer it got and the smaller the portions, the better it tasted. It only served to draw us closer together, this subtle sharing.

Three small boats were loaded, the motor cruiser, the rowboat and the little canoe. Cameras, knapsacks, film cases, a waterproof bag of frugal lunch, with odds and ends for a day's trip were packed in. In the lead boat towing the other two, were Campbell, the captain and the engineer, with the camera man, ten-year old Betty and I in the rowboat behind, and Cam bringing up the rear in the canoe. For four or five miles we slanted eastward along the coast, bobbing dizzily over the waves which were fretted into froth by a high wind, as we searched for the entrance of a salmon stream that led back to the forty lakes. Towed sharply up hill and down, we were continually balancing the load and bating our breath, for the next moment we pulled up the face of a green wall just in time to ^{over us,} ~~slither~~ down its towering crest before it combed. The singing of the water against the sides of the boat filled my ears joyously. As we topped a crest, I caught a glimpse of the mouth of the stream, but my eyes widened at the sea of tumbling white breakers between, piling one upon another. I looked at the nearing shore, and instinctively braced my feet against it. All at once we were tossed this way and that: we were in the midst of an immense, roaring tumult. The waves broke over us faster than we could right ourselves, the lead boat still snaking us along. We cut loose and jerked spasmodically as the rope gave way. Behind us the canoe did the same. It was each one for himself now. The three boats were pitching about like tooth-picks.

All three men in the motor boat ahead wore slickers and rubber boots. The latter were ponderous and would soon fill with water and drag them down if they were forced to swim, ~~for it.~~ As I watched, I saw one boot come off, and then another. Campbell peeled off a heavy sweater. Confusedly I heard Cam calling behind me. He was standing up in the rolling canoe, gesticulating wildly. I looked. The cruiser, which was heavily loaded, was settling slowly. She was long and slim and inflexible. Instead of jumping the waves, she plowed her

pointed nose

2,
yellow

down into the green depths, as if trying to commit suicide. Soon the men were sitting in water up to their arms. The next plunge submerged them. They were struggling in the breakers, while the boat floated bottom up nearby. Frenzy seized us. We back-paddled 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 and were aprawled upon the ~~shore~~ beach like wreckage. The canoe had fared the same. ~~Emptying the~~ Landing the two women and emptying the remaining camera stuff out of the boats, back they went to the rescue. The three men were still tossing about in the white-caps, trying to swim and pull off their clothing at the same time. But they made no headway toward shore, as there was a continuous surging back and forth of the currents. The water was like melted icebergs. The swimmers could not hold out long. I saw the captain trying to get astride the overturned boat, which was twisting about in the seething whirlpool. But the waves washed him off as fast as he climbed on. Something had to be done. Cam made a dash for it in the rowboat, and somehow reached the middle of the maelstrom, and ^{one by one} snatched the drowning men to safety.

1

It was a shivering party, blue with cold, that gathered about the little beach bonfire. There had been two dry matches in the crowd. The four of us who came through partly dry, pulled off our coats, sweaters and shirts to divide with the ^{others} waifs. Betty and I tended the bonfire and hunted driftwood along the sand and behind the mounds, boxes, bits of spar and any refuse washed ashore from passing boats. But passing boats were almost as scarce as trees on these far, forsaken shores, and there wasn't even a ghost of a tree. Sodden socks and bedraggled garments hung about the fire, and everybody lay on the ^{ship wreckage} hot sand refreshing his feelings and his vigor, talking of anything but boats and billows. It was just a part of the program and all forgotten. Our buoyancy came back with a rush. As I lay behind a sand dune with the breath of the bonfire blowing warm against my back, I looked off in serene contentment over the wide marshes.

By noon it was a hilarious and happy crowd that explored the meandering

mouth of the river , so thick with surging salmon, pushing and struggling back to the spawning beds on the shallows, that one felt he could almost walk across on their backs. Three white-headed eagles stood solemnly fishing on sandbars in the middle of the stream. And the gulls were congregated as usual, clamorning and gossiping in loud tones.

Changed - No boots

In the afternoon we girded ourselves for the long walk homeward on the beach. The ocean was still in no temper to brook any liberties, so the row-boat and canoe were pulled high upon the sand and left bottom up. The motor cruiser had drifted ashore some way further down, and was also left by the way as we passed it. Tramp, tramp, tramp we tracked the sand rythmically as the waves rolled in at our feet and hardened it. When we came to a fair sized river that cut deep channels as it crossed the beach, we had to stop and consider our resources for fording it. Two pairs of rubber boots had been salvaged. There were seven of us. With some delay and bolstered bravado, the army finally ~~crossed~~ *started to cross* the Rubicon. Each one had a pack on his back. The water was swift and deeper than it looked. When it came my turn to don the waders, I felt like Puss-in-Boots. I was lost in them and could hardly navigate on land. I took a look at the deceitful current. It was difficult to tell where the deep spots were waiting for me. I stepped in. The soft bed of the stream shifted constantly, *the fluid sand* pulling the sand from under my feet and giving the boisterous current a chance to buffet me over. But I took my time and put my mind to each step, ~~that I took~~ and finally beat the river at his own game.

Up against the dark clouds above the vivid green of the shores, the sun flared, turning them to a roseate salmon. Behind loomed Shishaldin, feathering his tip with a wisp of warm breath from his ragged throat. A little further back, dimly outlined in the evening mist, hung the white cone of Ragged Jack. And soon on the horizon ahead of us, a thin column of smoke trailed into the air, and the tents came into view.

Charged a little

I lay in bed between eider-down quilts with an air mattress underneath on a layer of thick moss, basking in the glow of a fire in the little sheet-metal stove in my tent. On the rough rail behind the stove, the usual nightly array of heavy woolen socks were strung, and on a line over my head were other clothes. Through the open door, the ripples on the little river were lighted up. The sound of quiet voices sifted in from the other tents. There was a stillness and a wideness all about. Was there any place in all the world where I had rather be than this? Nowhere.

Lehigh, Pa. 1805



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For the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals
[FOUNDED 1895] [INCORPORATED 1902]
National Association of Audubon Societies