

The Fishermen.

It is May. The world is stretching and yawning in the morning of the year after its winter sleep, and the voices of the fishermen come up to me where I sit on the bank above the river. Astonishingly clear and near ~~they~~ seem the sounds as I look down on the little boats and pigmy figures of the men. The rattle of oars seems almost at my side, noticeable in the humming undercurrent of other noises and half silence. Young and green and gurgling, the river itself rushes along at a perilous pace, full-banked and unmindful of rocks or sharp turns ahead. The clean-washed silvery leaves of the cottonwoods flutter excitedly up the slope; and the gummy little buds glisten as if they were varnished, filling the air with a heavy sweetness like that of new wax in the bee hives. Just below me on the sand, a brown bee tumbles and rolls as if he is sleepy and still muddled in his mind, but eager to be abroad. Out over the swirling surface of the water a veil of gauzy insects billows up and down on the breeze, this way and that, dancing and weaving to the whims of the wind, then settling for a moment like mist on the swift white water. A streak of light flashes into the air; golden and red spots glint on a slim, shimmering form. The rainbow trout has struck, leaving the hovering wraith of insects shortened.

But what of the fishermen, and what of their catch? By all the signs of the season and the welling enthusiasm within them, this is their day, whether they catch rainbows or ^{salmon} sunsets. A string of rowboats anchored across the ~~big~~ eddy rocks with the current. And it's the big Chinook they are after, not his small spotted neighbor, the trout. It's the great, gamy, shrewd-eyed tyrant of the spring run, the silvery salmon flushed with the warm glow of red blood for whom the greedy fishermen trail out the long line and glittering spinner. And here, ^{free} the little boats hang above the green

depths hour after hour, from dawn till sunset tints the water,
to lure the king salmon to his death. *And here the gulls gather
clamoring and screaming for the bits that belong to them.*
~~I know that~~ This big fish is a sporting fighter, but it takes little
scheming to ~~xxxxxx~~ catch him. The old legend says "a trout for wit,
and a salmon for weight." Born at the headwaters of a stream, one
that is tributary to his own river, on a sandbar over which the
shallow water flows in almost limpid clearness, he lives a number
of months as a fingerling until he attains length and strength
enough to start on the first of the two great journeys of his life.
He has not seen his mother and father for some time. In fact, he
has never known them. Having laid some two or three thousand pink
eggs on the sand ~~and having~~ entrusted their hatching to the warm ~~of~~ the sun
and the water, Mother Salmon ~~had~~ ^{has} weakly and painfully ended her
days; and Father Salmon ~~had~~ ^{has} followed her. Pale and half lifeless
with hooked noses and scarred bodies, they ~~had~~ ^{have} floundered about
the shallow pools and finally floated off down stream. ~~Thus closes~~ ^{their}
~~work is done.~~
the life cycle of the Pacific salmon.

~~But~~ ^{Then} down to the sea go the brood of ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{baby} fish, prey for
all the big maws along the highway of the river, the squawfish, the
pike and that glutton, the bloated Dolly Varden trout, an interloper
that entered ^s these waters by mistake. Squirring and wriggling in
toward the secluded edges, dodging the probing fingers of the
craw ^{fish} ready to pull them into dark corners and devour them, the little
fish scuttled along by degrees on their downward way. Not all of them—
in fact very few—ever reached the salt water. For all of them ~~had~~ ^{are}
now ~~been~~ possessed by a hunger not to be satisfied by caddis flies or
gauzy insects. *The tang of the sea has come up to them.*
For five years, or thereabouts, the little remnant lives
in the ~~sea~~ ^{ocean}, some feeding about the under-sea banks, others ranging
along shores not far from the mouth of their stream; a few, for what
~~reason no one knows~~ ^{I know not}, roaming to far shores. At the end of this time,

along with many others, the big, full-fleshed fish forge into the entrance of their native river ^{again} with an unerring sense of location.

For a month or two this homing fever drives them up stream to surge and fight all obstacles in their path, jumping barriers, leaping step by step up roaring cataracts, on to the headwaters, perhaps to

that very sandbar ^{which I see} lying warmly under the sun, where they were born.

The spawning instinct is ^{and thousands} on them. By thousands they crowd ~~they crowd~~

the big and little rivers of the Northwest. And where the salmon are, there will ^{ever} be the fishermen.

I sit looking down at the picture framed by the leafy screen of trees, now soft and transparent as the setting sun shines through them and down onto the surface of the river, changing it into a shifting, shimmering lake of ~~gxxx~~ of light. The current laps against the sides of half a dozen boats, throwing black shadows behind. Rings of blue smoke from peaceful pipes trail into the evening air. A line twitches.

"Hold her, fisherman!" sings a voice. "Quana!" screams a gull hanging on deft wing above and cocking a quizzical eye on the catch.

Pure gold flares behind the hills and etches their rims. Cool purple drops down the slope among the firs and cottonwoods. The river turns green and deep and still, with only patches of paling light between. The fisherman's day is done. Does it matter whether the big Chinook lies ~~dead~~ in the bottom of his boat; or whether, for this day of his, he ^{has} caught only sunset clouds and purple shadows, and the river passing by?

Is it right to change from "fishermen" (as in the title) to "fisherman" at the end? The plural seems awkward at the end.

look up
spelling

A nameless and lonely little river, it might seem, wandering down from per-
 spiring peaks in the ~~high~~ ^{breaktime} ~~spring~~ sunshine
 of a northern spring. It cut its own
 hasty little gorges ~~from~~ ⁱⁿ down the side by
 its mother mountain, pushing and gabbling ~~down~~
 ing down, then quieting suddenly on the
 open slope below as if feeling its way
 in strange fields, it almost buried itself
 in the deep, mossy banks, ~~for there were~~
~~no trees it couldn't induce any trees to~~
~~grow along its banks to keep it com-~~
~~pany in this land of spasmodic~~
~~weather.~~

~~But listen to the story of days that~~
~~were so full of new and strange~~
~~happenings that the little party of~~
~~explorers could hardly keep up with them.~~



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

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

National Association of Audubon Societies
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 For the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals

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ADVENTURES IN ALEUT LAND

by

Irene Finley

Photographs by William L. Finley and the author

Many an expedition starts off in a bravado spirit, but ^{does not reach} ~~has to reach~~ its goal, ^{except} through various degrees of discomfiture. We were on the ^{yacht} Westward, cruising in Alaskan waters and the Bering Sea under the auspices of the American Nature Association and the Bureau of Fisheries of the ^{United States} Department of Commerce. This is a region of big fish and big game. ⁽²⁾ Almost in the beginning a trifling accident came near wrecking the expedition and the summer's outing. ⁽¹⁾ We were after motion and still pictures of ^{Kodiak} Alaska brown bears, Kenai moose, ^{Mountain Sheep} barren-land caribou, and fur seals of the Pribilofs, ⁽³⁾ ~~but first~~ We had to be initiated with an icy ducking ^{in the Bering Sea} and a little discouragement ^{made a day of it} before we met with Lady Luck, who seems fond of eluding a camaraman in the north.

Illustrations by George G. Gieseler



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For the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals

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OFF TO ALEUT LAND.

by

Irene Finley

Final copy
Please go back to the beginning

A Great Northern train was speeding us on to Bellingham, for at three o'clock that afternoon we were to embark for ~~The~~ Land of the Aleuts. We clicked merrily in and out of the jungle-like, wet woods of Washington along the seashore where in places the mud-flat fingers of Puget Sound crept almost up to the track. 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 comb. 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 and west, - to Aleut land, those phantom shores where the caribou and the great brown bear roamed. So many happy events have begun on the first day of June!

It was evident ^{South} that the approaching departure of the Catherine ~~D.~~
of South Bellingham
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 docks. 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 ^{its slopes} like white ribbons, mountain peaks rising out of pale clouds, a glint of sunset 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 ^{some} 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 ^{lonely} 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 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 ^{would} plied back and forth carrying away their freight of fine food. For the lure of Alaska today is the silver horde ^{only} 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 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 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 seines 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 ^{every} ~~many a~~ fine stream where the 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 ^{through the passes} 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, Becharof, 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 many of the fish, this is the end of the journey. A few 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, sockeye. 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 guardian of the fish. He had been working at the ^{wiers} of Kariuk, a noble salmon stream, where it was rumored that fifty thousand two-year old salmon 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.

The boat plied peacefully on into the glowing twilight.
^ It was nine o'clock. A volcano belched black clouds against the red ^{sun} orb, sending brilliant rays flaring in a halo about its peak. As the sun dropped from sight, flashes caught and scintillated from one point to

another of the jagged, saw-toothed ridges, showering gold high into the sky. Islands 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 albatross 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 and blowing. The lazy, black hulks broke water and ^{"blew"} 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 asking if we, too, were on our way to the Pribilofs. 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 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 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. 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} ~~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 ^{my last} 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. ^{Now I could feel and see Kodiak Bear, Moose and Caribou were waiting for us on lonely shores ahead.} 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, ^{False Pass.} 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 ^{now} ~~way~~ into ^{the} 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 ^{stuck in a maelstrom of} ~~lapsed in the~~ white-caps. Then 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, ^{inward misery} ~~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. A vivid picture hung before us. We rocked on an indigo sea under the white dome of a 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~~ ^{found} 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.

Unimak Island.

One evening we climbed the steep river bank where the greedy stream persistently ^{ate} ~~eroded~~ away, and wandered over the higher fields 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 showed the slim heads of harlequins, bluish-black with white cheek patches and 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 overgrown 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 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 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 circular sod structure stood, a community gathering place, I thought. Searching about, I picked up a spear head, and then another. Were they early weapons? Certainly they were primitive in their 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 ^{far below}. 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. 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 fitful life to the eastern end, and a lonely lighthouse held the other. A native population was gone, leaving only buried barabaras. And this had been the history of the Aleut race in all of the islands of the Bering Sea and on this long chain which reached almost over to Asia as stepping-stones for foreign explorers and adventurers.

^{Next on Animals}
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. Trickle 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.

²⁴
We had been on these lonely shores for ~~ten~~ days, and still no bears. Those wanderers of island nights had softly passed us by. Food was low in camp, but no one wanted to leave. There were still rolled oats-- which meant three times a day now-- perhaps a dozen hardtacks, which tasted as good to us as dog-biscuits do to canines, and a little package of raisins. The rice,

(may the gods be praised for growing it!) was gone. ~~There were only drib-~~
~~bles of butter and a few teaspoonsful of sugar and coffee.~~ Still we lingered ^{each morning}
for just one more exploring trip, ^{just one more hunt for the best bear,} 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.

^{This morning,}
Three small boats were loaded, the motor cruiser, the rowboat and
the little canoe. Cameras, film cases, knapsacks, 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 uphill and down, we were continually bal-
ancing the load and bating our breath, for the next moment we pulled up the
face of a green wall just in time to ^{on the other side of the} slither down ~~the~~ towering crest before
it ^{broke} combed over us. The singing of the water against the sides of the boat
filled my ears joyously. As we topped a ^{curling} crest, I caught a glimpse of the mouth
of the stream, but my eyes widened at the sea of tumbling 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. All three boats were
pitching about like tooth-picks.

The three men in the motor boat ahead all wore slickers and rubber

boots. The latter were ponderous and would soon fill with water and drag them down if they had to swim. 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 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 as a green bank poured down upon us and churned us shoreward. 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 sprawled upon the beach like wreckage. The canoe had fared the same. Landing Betty and me, and emptying the remaining camera stuff out of the boats, back they went to the rescue. The three men were still tossing about in 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~~ ^{made of} melted icebergs. The ~~swimmers~~ ^{men} could not hold out long. I saw the captain trying to get astride the overturned boat which was twisting about in the whirlpool. But the waves washed him off faster than he could climb on. Something had to be done. Cam made a dash for it in the rowboat and somehow reached the middle of the maelstrom, ^{tossing a rope} and towed the drowning men back to safety.

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 waifs. Betty and I tended the fire and hunted driftwood

along the sand and behind the mounds, boxes, bits of spar and any refuse washed up ^{from} ~~by~~ 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 warm sand refreshing his feelings and his vigor, talking of anything but boats and billows. It was just a part of the program of pilgrims on a strange island, and was 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 crowd that explored the meandering mouth of the river, ^{following great bear tracks back toward the mountain,} so thick with surging salmon that one felt he could almost use them for a bridge. ^{It was the water} They were pushing and struggling ~~back~~ to the spawning beds on the shallows. Three white-headed or bald eagles stood solemnly fishing on sandbars in the middle of the stream. And the gulls were congregated as usual, clamoring and gossiping in loud tones. ^{But no bears.}

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 rowboat 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. 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. With some delay and bolstered bravado, the army started to cross. There were seven of us. When it came my turn to step in, I took a look at the deceitful current. It was difficult to tell where the deep spots were waiting for me. In I went and instantly felt my feet going out from under me. The soft bed of the stream shifted constantly, pulling the sand away. It gave the boisterous current a chance to buffet me over. A wavering, a reached hand, and I was in shallower water, and over. The

river gurgled gleefully out to sea.

Tramp, tramp, sounded the feet on the sand, hardened by the constantly surging and falling sea. ^{Ahead of us,} against the dark clouds above the vivid green of the shores, the sun flared, turning them to roseate salmon. Behind ^{us} loomed Shishaldin, feathering his tip with a wisp of warm breath from his yawning 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.

I lay in bed between elder-down quilts with a ~~soft~~ ^{thin layer of moss for a} mattress, underneath on a ~~thick layer of moss~~ ^{soft} mattress, in the glow of a fire in the little sheet-metal stove in my tent. On the rough rail behind, an unusually long array of heavy woolen socks were strung out, and on a line over my head were other damp 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. ~~The water~~ ^{were} Stillness and wideness all about. Was there any place in all the world where I had rather be than this? Nowhere.

Looking at the Arctic Ocean
from the tent on the Alaskan coast
during the winter of 1900-1901

river gurgled gleefully out to sea.
Tramp, tramp, sounded the feet on the sand, hardened by the
constantly surging and falling sea. By against the dark clouds above
the vivid green of the shores, the sun flared, turning them to roasting salmon.
Behind loomed Shishaldin, feathering his tip with a wisp of warm breath
from his yawning throat. A little further back, dimly outlined in the
evening mist, hung the white cone of Ragged Jack. And soon on the hor-
izon ahead of us a thin column of smoke trailed into the air, and the
lance came into view.

I lay in bed between other-born people, and I was
underneath a heavy blanket, and I was in the glow of a fire in
the little chest-drawer above in my hand. On the rough wall behind, an
unusual and heavy wooden sledge were strung out, and on a line
over my head were other things. Through the open door the rippling
on the little river were lighted up. The sound of quiet voices sifted
in from the other side. ~~William and William~~ ~~William and William~~ ~~William and William~~
was there any place in all the world where I had rather be than this?
Nowhere.

Facing A Kodiak Bear
Hunting Big Game on the Aleutian Islands.
Camera Hunting on Unimak Island.

RAIN.

Drip, drip on the roof. Drip, drip and splash on the water. Drip, drip on the emerald hills that steeply wall the pushing waters of the north Pacific as they thread into long fingers between islands and peninsulas. Drip, drip into ribbons of white water trailing out of clouds the sky as they pour down the steep sides of the mountains in flashing falls- a wide world of water above and below, and below in the dark waters the runs of salmon come from the unknown depths of the sea migrating up thousands of Alaska streams. To the commercial fisherman it is a greater source of wealth than the gold discovered in the Klondike, it has not panned out through the years.

The snow and ice that covers the mountains and piles up on the shores ^{have} ~~has~~ ^{nomore} started the first spring freshet that the taste is caught by the myriads of salmon in the coastal waters. The indication is as quickly caught in the depths of the sea as the first warm breath of spring is sensed by the dormant roots of the spring flowers when it blows up from the south. Then the schools that have wintered in the Gulf of Alaska turn their noses to the northwest and with the spawning instinct plow steadily on far along the coast till they taste the salt of Bering Sea. Then they crowd through the pass in the Aleutian chain and head east along the ancestral route, a great highway in the ocean depths. The course is as clearly marked to the leaders as to the goose that leads the wedge from the southland to the nest spots on the northern tundra, on with the same impulse through the wide waters of Bristol Bay to Naknek, Kvichak and Nushagak.

The life of the little Alaska red salmon, commonly called Sockeye from the old Indian name Sokaye differs from the King or Chinook in that the spawning place is the gravelly shores of mountain lakes. And why should the one seek only those streams that come from lakes and

the other take the longer streams that rise in springs and snow fields?

Is it the homing instinct that urges the little red salmon like a silver~~xxx~~

arrow straight for the mouth of the northern river that leads him to his

hidden lake lair in the mountains? *Or is it mere propinquity, convenience?* His lake is one of a chain linking

a spawning basin of large extent fingered at its edges by infant streams

at whose mouths shallow gravel beds shimmer invitingly. Thence they

creep secretively away, hidden by overhanging grass and vegetation. No

salmon could resist such a home, and having loved it must of necessity

return to it. Here ^{as a fingerling} the little red salmon and his several thousand

brothers and sisters enlivened these solitary waters for

until a restless desire for escape seized him, and he must out to the

green depths of the ocean whence his mother would never return. ~~On the~~

~~banks of the little inland stream~~ Her one great journey ended with her
in the summer,

arrival at the spawning bed, and with the laying of from four to six thousand

rich, salmon colored eggs, her mission in life is ^{done} ended. But for the

little red salmon the years of strength and battle have just begun.

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 comb. A boy and girl looked out of the window of a Great Northern train that clicked merrily in and out of these jungle-like wet woods of Washington along the seashore where in places the mud-flat fingers of Puget Sound crept almost up to the track. Breathless and ecstatic, their gaze came back from the expanse of shining sand in the foreground to the wooded shoreline that curved swiftly on ahead of them, away and away to the north and west, - to Aleut land, those phantom shores where the caribou and the great brown bear roamed, where myriads of salmon thronged unknown rivers, and that mysterious troop of under-sea travellers, the fur seals, pushed once a year to far islands almost lost in the fog. For at three o'clock that afternoon Jack and Patricia ^{Patterson with their father and mother} were to meet the rest of the party at Vancouver, B. C., and embark for this land of their dreams. So many happy events had begun on the first of June!

It seemed as if the approaching departure of the Westward had touched the whole town where it hung on the forested slopes of the circling bay. The confusion was contagious. Jack and Petie were so excited that ^{they} could not walk calmly. They joined the procession along the wharf, pushing ahead of their elders, ~~and~~ threaded in and out among the trucks, or peered over the edge that hung above the restless blue-black water. At the far end a trim white yacht ^{to} hugged the pier. She was squeezed close ~~under~~ a great salmon ship that loomed far above her, bound for Bristol Bay far to the north. The boy and girl stood fascinated, taking in every movement about the little craft. Freight of all kinds was being hoisted over the rail with dizzy regularity, - crates of oranges and apples, boxes of green lettuce heads and other provisions, along with great bundles of tents, camping outfits and cameras.

"Just see the amount of food we've got aboard! None of your fancy trips. We're going on a real wild one this time! And we've got fuel oil enough

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to last us four thousand miles before we have to tank up again. Anyway, there are only one or two places where we strike fuel ports. That big whaling station on one of the Aleutian Islands is the first one, and the next is one of the Pribilofs away up in the Bering Sea." He tingled at the thought of it and spun around on his toes for sheer joy. Jack was nineteen and his sister a year younger. She stood wide-eyed and enchanted, gazing from the waiting ships, surrounded by gay fluttering town girls mingling with the sailors, off across the sparkling bay, and on into that misty expanse of the sea.

"Come on. We'll put our grips aboard, and then I'm going down to have a look at the machinery and the crew's quarters," said the boy. "We've got Diesel engines; nothing like them for smoothness and safety. And there's a dark-room below where Dud and I can develop our negatives as we go along. There'll be things to picture on this jaunt, I can tell you!"

The cabin-boy, also ^{called} Jack, piloted them downstairs to their staterooms. As they descended, the soft tones of a violin came up to them.

"Peg's aboard!" said Patricia, and she bolted into a stateroom door from which the strains came. A slim girl with curly hair and big dark eyes sat on the edge of the bed with her face bent over her violin. The two girls were soon hugging each other and bubbling with excitement. Patricia looked about. The room might have been a French bedroom in a hotel. The woodwork was white enamel. Heavy golden draperies hung at the windows above an inset book-shelf, and a soft golden carpet was on the floor. A low white bed with a yellow coverlet was fastened to the wall, and a white dressing table with yellow ^{scarfs} covers was tight against the other side. A yellow sport dress hung on a chair. Silk underthings were dumped into open drawers. An ecstatic confusion was everywhere.

"Whatever did you bring those ^{fluffy clothes} ~~things~~ for!" asked Patricia in astonishment. "We're going out among the cannibals where you need ^{togs} ~~clothes~~ too tough to chew," and she laughed as she patted the other shining-eyed girl.

A hoarse blast from a big whistle sounded directly above them

2-

Now know it is liable to rain all the time out in those western places. Give the middle of the paper a paragraph or two for the first time.

A hoarse blast from a big whistle sounded directly above them, bringing both of them to their feet. So absorbed were they that they had become oblivious to the great event of the day. Now they rushed merrily up the stairs and on deck where they found the "yacht family" all assembled. Jack and Dud stood nonchalantly against the rail watching the (deck) hands pull up the big rope and coil it on deck. At the farewells and waving on shore, they took off their caps and magaphoned wavering calls in return. Under their casualness, they were tense and their eyes glowed darkly.

"The world's behind us now," said Mr. Hammond, the owner of the yacht. "No telephones can reach us, no business burdens can bother us, no cars can drive up to the door. I'm tired after going over the invoices with Captain Grove, and seeing that all my particular hunting equipment is aboard. I have some fine new oiled airplane silk tents that will stand any weather and are as light as a feather. Lift this, will, Patterson," he said handing him a little oiled package no bigger than his hand. "That's my new raincoat, a parka made of alligator silk with a hood. It slips on over the head and reaches below the knees, and weighs only a few ounces. And for beds, we've got eiderdown sleeping bags with air mattresses weighing only three pounds. When we leave the yacht and go unland for a week or ten days' camp, every fellow will have to pack his and her share of the duffle. He emphasized the her. There is a plenty for each member aboard, ^{two of persons} a couple to each bed, the boys doubling up and the girls, too. We'll take a couple of members of the crew ashore to pack the camera stuff as both

Ins.
 ~~XX~~

The World's Greatest Hotel



THE STEVENS

Chicago,

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The smell of morning was on the air, ^{and} 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 comb. ^{A boy & a girl} ~~Two children~~ looked out of the window of a Great Northern train that clicked merrily in and out of these jungle-like wet woods of Washington along the seashore where in places the mud-flat fingers of Puget Sound crept almost up to the track. Breathless and ecstatic, their gaze came back from the expanse of shining sand in the foreground to the wooded shoreline that curved swiftly on ahead of them, away and away to the north and west, - to Aleut land, those phantom shores where the caribou and the great brown bear roamed, and where myriads of salmon ^{and a mysterious troop of under-sea} throng unknown rivers. At three o'clock that afternoon Bill and Barbara were to embark ^{for this land of their dreams.} on a north coast steamer. So many happy events have begun on the first day of June!

^{meet the rest of the party and} ^{at} ^{Vancouver,} ^{B.C.} ^{seemed awful} It was evident that the approaching departure of the Westward had touched the whole town where it hung on the forested ^{slopes} ~~hillside~~ above the circling bay. ~~In the harbor lay several gray battleships.~~ The confusion was contagious. ^{were so excited} ^{calmly.} The children could not walk. They joined the procession, pushing ahead of the elders of their party, and threaded in and out among the ^{trucks} ~~cars~~, or (crowded them to the) edge ^{of the wharf} that hung above the restless blue-black water. At the far end a trim white yacht hugged the pier. ^{boy & girl} ^{the little yacht.} The children stood fascinated, taking 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 and other provisions, along with great bundles of tents, camping outfits and cameras.

"Just see the amount of food we've got aboard! None of your fancy trips. We're going on a real wild one this time! And we've got fuel oil enough to last us four thousand miles before we have to tank up again! Anyway, there's only one or two places where we strike fuel ^{ports} ~~stations~~, that big whaling station on one of the Aleutian Islands and one of the Pribilofs away up in the Bering Sea." He tingled at the thought of it and spun around on

Travelers brushed over a square to the right almost lost in the fog. The more I thought of the ship that looked for a moment like a great salmon boat, I found for

Jack, bring out some iced lemonade," he said to the cabin-boy, as they all sat
down in comfortable wicker chairs on the rear deck.

They were not happy if separated very long. Now they sat contentedly with
their confidence as if they were in their room at home.

WORCESTER, MASS.

NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. THE ROOSEVELT
PHILADELPHIA, PA. THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
SEATTLE, WASH. THE OLYMPIC
WORCESTER, MASS. THE ROBERT TREAT
NEWARK, N.J. THE ALEXANDER HAMILTON
PATRICKSON, N.J. THE STACY-TRENT
TRENTON, N.J. THE TEN EYCK
ALBANY, N.Y. THE PENN-HARRIS
HARRISBURG, PA. THE UTICA
SYRACUSE, N.Y. THE ONONDAGA
ROCHESTER, N.Y. THE ROCHESTER

THE SENeca
THE NIAGARA
THE LAWRENCE
THE PORTAGE
THE DUPONT
THE PRESIDENT
KANSAS CITY, MO.
FLINT, MICH.
AKRON, OHIO.
ERIE, PA.
NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.
NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.
THE MOUNT ROYAL
KING EDWARD HOTEL
ROYAL CONNAUGHT
HAMILTON
TORONTO
MONTREAL
THE CLIFTON
THE PRINCE EDWARD
THE ADMIRAL BEATTY

SAINT JOHN, N.B.
WINDSOR
NIAGARA FALLS
HAMILTON
TORONTO
MONTREAL
THE CLIFTON
THE PRINCE EDWARD
THE ADMIRAL BEATTY



The Baurroft

ROY L. BROWN,
MANAGER



Patterson and I have a bunch of that, and it's heavy. There is no way to lighten it. Even though we have discarded the big cameras and tripods and bought those new movie ~~xxx~~ hand cameras from Bell & Howell, at best it makes a heavy equipment. Thirty thousand feet of moving picture film weighs a lot, too. As to guns, bows and arrows, and fishing tackle, there's a full outfit of each aboard. My wife and I have our pet Mannlicher and Mouser, and there are more good guns for the rest of you who want to hunt."

"Oh, Dad," wailed Peg, looking at her father beseechingly, "I thought we weren't going on a killing trip this time. I do love to camp on wild islands if we can let the eagles, and the moose, and the big bear live and be happy. Can't we hunt with just the cameras this time?" And Peg's bright eyes almost won the argument.

"Well, daughter, we won't do much hunting with guns this time, of course, because we are out to study wild animals ~~for~~ from a scientific standpoint, and we can't do it if they are dead. Only," he said thoughtfully, "I

should like to have you get your big Kadiak bear this time. You know every other one of us ^{but you} has his big golden bear skin on the floor at home now, ~~but~~

~~for~~. Your mother has a beautiful one that she got in the Cook's Inlet country last year, and Dad has more than one big trophy to his credit. You want to get yours, don't you?"

"Oh, Dad," she quavered, "I don't know whether I ever want to deliberately shoot down a big fine animal like the Kodiak bear when he isn't

The World's Greatest Hotel



THE STEVENS

Chicago, 192

his toes for sheer joy. Bill was ¹⁹seventeen, his sister a year ^{younger,}older. She stood wide-eyed and enchanted, gazing from the waiting ships, surrounded by ^{gay,}fluttering towns girls among the sailors, off across the sparkling bay, and on into that misty expanse of the sea.

"Come on; we'll put our grips aboard, and then I'm going down to have a look at the ~~engines~~ and the crew's quarters," said the boy. "We've got Diesel engines. Nothing like them for smoothness and safety. And there's a dark-room where I can develop my negatives as we go along. There'll be things to picture on this jaunt, I can tell you!"

Jack, the cabin-boy, piloted them downstairs to their staterooms. As they descended, the soft tones of a violin came up to them.

"Peg's aboard!" said Barbara, and she bolted ~~for the door from~~ into a stateroom. A slim girl with curly hair & big dark eyes sat on the edge of the bed which the strains came from. The two girls were soon sitting on their bed hugging each other and bubbling with excitement. A yellow sport dress hung on a chair. Silk underthings were dumped into open drawers. An ecstatic confusion was everywhere. ^{over her violin.}

"Whatever did you bring those things for!" asked Barbara in astonishment. "We're going out among the cannibals where you need clothes too tough to chew," and she laughed as she patted the other shining-eyed girl with

dark curly hair. ^{yes, but there's going to be a Japanese Court with this yacht when we get to the Pribilofs,} said the other. They were sorority sisters in a western college and were not happy

if separated very long. Now they sat cuddled contentedly with their confidences as if they were in their room at home.

THE ELEVEN

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doing me any harm."

Peg's father looked troubled.

"Patricia, you want to kill a big brown bear and take a fine skin home with you, don't you? I'm giving you the chance to do it, and you will probably never get another one," *he said.* ~~said Mr. Hammond.~~

"It's a wonderful offer, Mr. Hammond," said Patricia, "and I know what it means, because hunting and stalking one of those great wild things takes a lot of energy and courage. But you know the only trophies we have about our house are hundreds of pictures, camera studies of the animals that make them as lifelike as we can so we'll know more about them. And then we have real wild pets about our grounds in the country, and we get to love them as companions, just as we do our dogs and horses. It doesn't seem to me that I could kill one unless it was in self defense. But I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will get a bear cub that has no mother or is deserted, I'll tame him and we'll have him for a pet on the boat!" And I'll take any kind of a bear, no matter how fierce, if you will get him when he is a baby!"

At this the two mothers, who had sat silently listening to the ever growing sentiment of youth for fair play for the little children of the wild, clapped their hands and joined in a chorus of assent. Patricia's cheeks flushed crimson and her blue eyes had the depth of the sea in them as she glanced diffidently at the big game hunter, who, though the kindest man in the world, had lived under a different code.

"Well, perhaps I'm the only one in the crowd who is afflicted with the cruelty bug," sighed Mr. Hammond. "But don't fool yourselves.. If you meet one of those great ugly brutes alone in the woods, you'll be glad to have Dad's gun on the trigger behind you."

Little did they know as they sat drinking lemonade ^{while} they floated over dreamy evening waters, that the fight words of Dad Hammond would be brought home to them in a vividly ^{startling} horrible scene.