

Feb 14, 1925,

THE PORTLAND TELEGRAM

## FINLEYS GO ON LECTURE TOUR

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Finley will leave today for a several weeks' trip to the Arizona desert, the Grand Canyon and Southern California. They will study, lecture and write.

At Tucson, Finley will lecture before the University of Arizona, and with this city as headquarters, Mr. and Mrs. Finley will make several excursions into the waste lands to study desert bird and animal life.

After this investigating is done, and the photographs taken are catalogued, the Portlanders will go to the Grand Canyon with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Pack, whom they will meet in Tucson. Pack is editor of Nature Magazine, and is associated with Finley in writing a series of outdoors stories.

The party will then visit Southern California, where the Portland naturalist will lecture in various cities. Among his lecture dates is one at University of California and another before the California Academy of Sciences. He will give fourteen lectures in the Golden state.

While in the South, Mr. and Mrs. Finley will complete the book they have been working on for some time. It deals with Western animal life and will be published in the fall by the Nature Magazine company.

- 1 Two cubs, one standing, both sniffing wind.
- 2 Campbell fishing - facing right, pole straight up
- 3 Finleys with camera - tripod spread low, Billie behind, Irene in side front looking down at Eyemo.
- 4 Campbell & Cam tipping up aircraft
- 5 Westward headed left against low cliff
- 6 " " " side view, two Bogoslov points at left - small
- 7 Mother seal bending over nursing pup
- 8 " " turned right, head up - pup nursing.
- 9 Crowd on Westward - Cam near cabin
- 10 Westward deck - lifesaver with name - Campbell, Ad, Irene & Betty
- 11 - General view seal colony - one bull in foreground
- 12 Village on St Paul - dim
- 13 Old bull seal, half front, head turned a little left
- 14 Gen. view rookery, old bull standing up in front
- 15 Russian Priest - four face-sweaters and pants gaping
- 16 Old bull seal, bay background
- 17 Aleut boy & raven
- 18 Irene at typewriter, one cub against knee, other sniffing at bottom of box

- 19 Cub humping back - bear hide  
at left edge
- 20 Blue fox curled in grass, head  
up, eyes half open
- 21 Pallas Murre on Bogoslof pinnacles
- 22 Isosmia on water, large, facing  
left
- 23 Blue fox in grass, face looking  
at camera
- 24 Blue fox creeping in grass  
headed left

Mr. Turpin

Sent Times  
N.Y.  
March 28th

THE BILTMORE  
PROVIDENCE, R.I.





## National Association of Audubon Societies

[FOUNDED 1901. INCORPORATED 1905]

## For the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals



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

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OFFICE OF

WILLIAM L. FINLEY  
Naturalist and Lecturer



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

## Jennings Lodge, Oregon

(1)

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

All five of my family motored up to Seattle on the afternoon of May 2nd. We had two cars loaded mostly with cameras, tripods, film and other photographic equipment, and of course woolen clothes, rubber boots, slickers, etc. We cut straight through Seattle to the Seattle Yacht Club on Lake Union, in front of which was moored a white yacht among many others. She was labeled The Westward. We began unloading and the cabin boys carried our luggage down into white staterooms. I always tingle at boarding a boat-- any kind of a boat-- the smell of the sea, the slap of the water against the side of the boat, the lights of the city out of the port-hole. And <sup>with</sup> to this we went to sleep.

In the morning Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Church and Mr. Ray Veatch came aboard. Shortly after a departing salute from the Boat's whistle ushered us out of the narrow, sparkling exit of Lake Union, under the big black draw-bridge, and slowly out through the locks into the bay. The weather was soft, the sun shining and ahead of us lured a month or more of changing days and changing scenes into a primitive wilderness.



We followed the inland route of the big ocean liners on up through Georgia Straits <sup>behind Vancouver Isl.</sup> to Vancouver, B. C. where we were to receive a permit to take two young mountain goats in their territory to be brought up as pets and mascots of the cruise. We did not travel at night as we carried a <sup>day</sup> crew of only four, a captain, engineer, cook, and cabin-boy. The cook proved a real chef. At evening we usually nosed into some little green cove where there was a cannery or sawmill, all dark except for a few dim lights on a high loading wharf. Sometimes we would be steaming along and turn suddenly into an invisible narrow channel, thread its blue-green depths and soon find ourselves at the end and up against high cliffs. Anchoring here like a hiding pirate, we looked out the narrow doorway between lofty walls at the main water road where we had come in to see the mountains and clouds on the other side, or a moving mast light of a passing boat.

The first part of the trip was hurried through in order to get up into the mountain goat region of B. C., the inaccessible, sheer cliffs that overhang the narrow fiords, and also into the forest haunts of the Kodiak bear. At one place we passed through the Yucultas, a deep, narrow passage where every six hours the tide runs in or out, and where only sturdy boats can risk the rapids. Flood tide is the only safe time when the water hangs as smooth as a silver carpet, but this lasts only a short time. At evening when the shadows were purple in the canyon all hands dropped overboard in small boats and crawled around a racing point to cast their lines out for salmon that crowded the swift water. Always near the

salmon are found the gulls feasting on the waste. or riding  
the rapids on a log. <sup>passing</sup> These were either Bonaparte or short-  
billed gulls, small trim birds with black heads and throats.  
Western grebes with their slender periscope necks and silvery  
breasts were here also, and pigeon guillemots.

Journal of the Oregon



Journal of the Oregon  
MILITARY G. RINGEL  
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For the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals  
[FOUNDED 1896 - INCORPORATED 1907]  
National Association of Audubon Societies



1  
A new visitor came to see us today.  
And she came a long way. For her  
home is in the clouds - almost. And she is  
is white like the clouds and her deep  
telescopic eyes have the far-away look  
of one who lives up there, and looks  
calmly down on the world below. ~~him~~

Nanny is a month-old Mt. goat  
that has left the snowy cliffs of Northern  
B.C., coming down on the Victoria, Campbell  
Church's yacht that loves the rough  
waters of (B.C. and Alaska.) of the north.

Church's big Lincoln rolled into the  
driveway at Jennings Lodge, and he got  
out and gingerly lifted out a box. He  
popped up as if there was an explosion under  
lid ~~almost~~ ~~lifted itself~~ and out jumped it  
Nanny, a foot and a half long, a foot  
high on thick, stubby legs, a long, square-  
cornered face with a black nose at the  
bottom. And at the top above the eyes two  
bumps which were going to be horns.



(3)

at the heels of his family and minced  
tender grass ~~peacefully~~ <sup>seriously</sup> all day. His <sup>serious</sup> ~~white~~ <sup>stuffed</sup> thing <sup>stuffed</sup> with gun cotton had  
~~electrified~~ <sup>stuffed</sup> the whole household till they  
stood around waiting for something to happen.

And for once it happened to somebody  
else than Buck, <sup>the and</sup> Peter, the little fox terrier  
who had greeted the arrival of strange  
boxes for eleven years, trotted complacently  
into the middle of things. The arrival  
of a car meant that something was going on  
and he didn't want to miss anything. His  
eyes were poor, so he walked right up to  
the immovable thing in the middle of the driveway.  
Nanny watched him ominously and before  
he touched her nose she skidded forward on the  
rough gravel and lunged for him. But Pete had  
met nervous visitors before, and instinctively  
he side-stepped, nipping ~~lightly~~ at the white  
shadow that flashed past. He was old,  
and short and fat, but if this newcomer

For the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals

[RECORDED 1901] [RECORDED 1902]

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Above were two ~~little~~ <sup>seemingly</sup> ~~little~~ ears, Her  
face was solemn, melancholy, almost  
brooding. Nanny looked around the ~~strange~~  
yard and at the strange people <sup>who</sup> were  
staring at her. She stood solidly  
as if glued to the ground, but at  
the rear a ragged tassel of a tail  
fluttered knowingly. Something touched  
Nanny's whirled, bracing her stiff curves  
hind legs, while she struck the ground  
sharply with a front foot. She lowered  
her head and with two little jumps butted  
a young antelope square in the chest.  
That unsuspecting child rounded his  
long lashed, big eyes and saw first  
his lanky yellow form out of the way  
by a second rush from the testy, stocky  
little goat. Bucky pranced about on  
his long, spindly legs with his head  
high and his big ears cupped forward  
like megaphones. He couldn't fathom  
how this new <sup>wooly</sup> torpedo had dropped into  
his quiet dooryard where he <sup>had</sup> trotted about  
for years.

For one who was usually so full of life, Nanny did not seem to have any more of the old spirit in her. The whole thing was a mystery to her. She was not used to such a thing.