

Finley Wild Life Films To Be Seen Here On Tuesday

Handwritten: Hunted - Louis Comant
Famous Naturalist to Present Pictures At Bushnell Memorial Hall

Handwritten: March 2 - 1930

A thousand thrills are recorded in the unparalleled sceneries and exciting adventures of William L. Finley, noted western naturalist, while filming the shyest and rarest birds and mammals high above the peaks and pinnacles of the Rockies.

The reel entitled "Getting Our Goat," is a chapter of photographic art and the most dramatic ever produced depicting American natural history. Only skill acquired by long experience could portray so vividly the life of the Rocky Mountain goat, the most daring steeple-jack on the continent.



William L. Finley

Unrolling through five reels, or five thousand feet of celluloid ribbon, is an, out-door story that inspires a greater love for the grandeur and beauty of America than for any other land. One meets the bighorn or mountain sheep framed among sheer cliffs, deer and wapiti in flower-filled meadows, ptarmigan or snow-grouse nesting in the heather, bears that ambled boldly into camp, marmots among the boulders and conies or pikas, that make hay in the summertime and store little stacks under the rock-slides. The beaver is accustomed to work only after nightfall but the secrets of his life have been revealed through the eyes of the Finley cameras, close-up pictures at home and in the act of bringing in materials for constructing a dam.

Next comes the epic of the pronghorn, the swiftest wild animal on the continent, roaming in greatly decreased numbers in the wide stretch of sand and sage from the base of the Rockies westward to the Cascade range. Never before have these fleet-footed animals been pictured in full action. The chance came when a herd of antelope raced an automobile across a dry alkaline lake-bed and the cameraman cranked as he careened along at forty-five miles an hour.

Intermingled with the home life of wild folks are the striking scenes of fishing and camping in the forests and packing over high mountain passes. The Finleys, have an understanding and sympathy with all things out-of-doors. Through their knack of taming the wildest creature that runs or flies, their motion-picture stories are both children and grownups.

Choice bits of comedy are added by showing the antics of a pronghorn, a mountain goat, a California quail and other pets that have grown up around the home of these naturalists on the banks of the Willamette River. Mr. Finley will show his motion pictures and still views at the Bushnell Memorial Tuesday at 5:45 p. m. for children and at 8:15 p. m. for adults, and will tell his thrilling story of real adventure while camera hunting on the Continental Divide. The lecture is sponsored by the Children's Museum.

Handwritten: Feb. 28
GOR DAILY NEWS, FRI

FINLEY IS TO LECTURE HERE

Noted Camera Hunter Will Be Heard in City Hall in Interesting Lecture.

To those who have not had the good fortune of meeting William L. Finley, who will lecture on Camera Hunting on the Continental Divide, at City Hall, Wednesday, March 5, at 7:30 p. m. under the auspices of the Bird Conservation Club, it will serve as a more or less introduction to say that he was a great friend of the late Dallas Lore Sharp. In fact, to him is dedicated one of Dr. Sharp's best known works, Where Rolls the Oregon. Probably many will recall the poignantly dramatic story told by Professor Sharp some years ago at Convocation, of the young bride, who, prompted by her own strong mother instinct, seized the kedgling condor, which had been deserted by its frightened mother, as a party of camera-hunters appeared, and put the shivering bird against her own warm bosom and thus saved the life of this bird which is still carrying on existence at the New York city Zoological Park. The young woman was none other than the wife of this same Mr. Finley.

As Dr. Sharp says in his Radium and Romance: "It is his own (Finley's) story, his and Mrs. Finley's, and this is but one of the many thrilling experiences of these two companions who have together explored more than one fascinating and remote spot of our country."

Sidelights on Finley Lecture

Once more a Nature Magazine expedition gets what it goes after. In the February issue of this magazine Arthur N. Pack tells some of the experiences of the recent trip to get pictures of a mountain lion—a vanishing species in their native habitat.

This hunting trip was first located in the Galiuro Mountains near Safford, Arizona. An experienced government lion hunter and his dogs was engaged to help find a lion. After several days of hard riding and battling through terrible scrub, and along treacherous hillsides, no lion was found. So the scene was

Handwritten: Feb. 26
ANGOR DAILY NEWS, WED

shifted north to Safford. Several days of disappointment were in store for them here. Finally Mr. Finley and Mr. and Mrs. Pack became tired of the strenuous riding and decided to spend a day in camp while the guides hunted. In the afternoon one of the hunters rode into camp with the news of a lion treed three hours' ride away. The photography outfits were quickly assembled and another ride begun. When they reached the lion it was too late for pictures.

The lion settled himself comfortably for the night, but his pursuers seated below were not so fortunate. The air was so cold that a crackling fire could not produce heat enough in that altitude to keep off the chill. In the morning they proceeded to film the star. Mr. Pack says:

"It was necessary to get the lion to change his position so a shower of small stones was tried. The lion snarled and decided it was no place for a self-respecting animal and proceeded to come down. He came down head first, spiraling about the tree for the best foothold. Mr. Finley was well placed at an opening in the brush. This worked excellently, for the lion came out on the bare trunk about twenty-five feet from the ground.

"Suddenly, and without warning, he leaped clear in one magnificent jump. His long body, with tail straight out, described an arc in front of Finley's camera and he hit the ground close to one of the dogs and thirty or forty feet from the base of the tree. Before the dogs recovered their surprise the lion was off and when they began closing in on him went easily up another tree. About twenty feet away was virtually a twin tree. Marvelous luck! Bill Finley called to one of the cowboys to throw his rope over a limb. With this aid he began to climb and hauled up the camera.

"Our guides and the cowboys looked aghast. They could not climb, and, truth to tell, they were more or less afraid of the lion. Finley worked his way up, hauling the camera after him. As Bill climbed so did the lion. At last both the great cat and Finley were seated opposite each other on the last strong branches. There were nineteen feet between them. Finley pointed his camera at the lion. The lion laid back his ears and snarled.