

Thursday, June 3.

Dear Family:

It is raining, raining, worse than the rain you are seeing today at the theater. It is about four o'clock now and we are moving at a snail's pace between green islands with the sound of rain constantly coming down. Last night about eight o'clock we passed through Queen Charlotte's Sound and I got my dose. It had been dark and threatening, but smooth in the inside channel. But when we approached the entrance, the wind became a gale and the land-swell was noticeable. I walked and walked on the deck in the cold air, then we went up to Will Timson's room where they were playing cards and looked in. They stopped cards, and a Mr. Hart from San Francisco said he wanted to show us a new game of dominoes. Frank Warren stood behind my chair and navigated me for a little while and then he went to bed. A Mr. Higgins, a pure food expert from S. F., was playing and Will Timson, Billie and I. Will Timson is the President of the Alaska Packers Association. He is rather elegant, wears a smart navy blue suit and fresh white shirts all the time, and has the "bridal suite" on the top deck of the boat near the Captain. Frank Warren is on the lowest deck of the boat in a very ordinary little room not as good as ours. Our room is a nice one on the middle deck, and all around us is a big group of Seattle high school boys going up to work in the canneries this summer. They are a jolly, noisy bunch, always tearing around with some new excitement or game. A man is in charge of them.

Well, we barely finished the domino set when I felt it necessary to say good night. In fact, I was holding on with my eyelashes and trying not to show the white feather around the gills, and I noticed Will Timson was getting restless and playing a little at random. It didn't take long to say good-night and beat it for our room. I just got inside. I lost a fine dinner of a nice little beef-steak and other good things. But it didn't last long. I got



in bed comfortably, but there wasn't much sleep for anybody, as this old boat pitched, rolled, reared and bucked like a rampant sea horse. They said we would be through the rough water and in the inside channel again at midnight, but when I woke up at seven in the morning we were still rolling and bucking, so I staid in bed and got no breakfast. In fact, it took me all morning to get up, and then I felt rotten. However, I went down to lunch at eleven-thirty and got razzed. I am the only woman at our table, as Billie and I are at the "bloated salmon canners' " table. They are all very nice to us. Will Timson is a tease. He is a finer-grained man than Frank Warren and never crude, though Warren has been awfully decent and polite. Timson's wife is in Europe. He says she went alone, and he says this north country is no place for a woman anyway.

The Captain of this boat gave us bad news. He said he passed the Westward a month ago and she was disabled above Ket/chikan with a broken shaft. So we don't know where Campbell Church is, but suppose he will be fixed up and meet us at Ikatan where we agreed. He had to send south for the new shaft. We are going to have a dickens of a time getting out of here. This boat goes away up around the point of the chain of islands and starts back from Ikatan the 15th of this month- of every month. The 28th of July the Redwood, of this same company, comes out, and that gets down to Portland some time the first of August. If I could get to Seward, I think I could get a boat out if it wasn't already crowded and I couldn't get a berth. I can't make any plans yet, but I am going to come out of here in time to be home before you go if I have to charter an airplane. I am afraid I will not get news of what is happening and maybe things won't be settled; then you would have to leave in a mess. So I'm coming out!

Send mail to Seward anyway, as we probably will be wandering about the islands above there and the Westward will probably go in there for mail and other things. ~~Thaxx~~ I do hope I get one letter before I get out of this savage country, but perhaps that is all. In B. C. we didn't get any mail, as I remember it, until we were on the way out. This is much worse. In some of these places up here, they don't get mail at all until they come out.



This was the wrong summer for me to go so far away from home, but it can't be helped now. When I was seasick last night, I made up my mind that I would never get on a boat again even for the finest kind of a trip. This is a gorgeous country to go into, however, wild, far away and full of real adventure. The scenery along here is big and awe-inspiring. Even through the continuous rain, we see waterfalls every little way like white ribbons pouring out of the very sky, for they all come straight down off of high, <sup>fire</sup> covered mountains. Some of them are real rivers and all so steep that they are white clear from the top with falls and delta-like entrances into the sound. It is a wonderful experience to be up here- but I want to get out on time!

We get into Ketichikan early in the morning and have to walk a mile or so to the post office. A little boy on board told me that the town stretches seven miles along the waterfront with steep mountains behind it. I haven't any walking shoes with me, especially in the rain. All of my rough stuff is packed. We stay there three hours. They unload several hundred?tons of cement, and we also have five hundred tons of coal on board going somewhere. Just after we unload all the cement, we go out into the real ocean to cut across to Ikatan, instead of following the coastline around. Then everybody expects to be sick! Well I hope some of them are, because they have laughed at me.

Must stop and go to work on seal history, etc.

My love to all of you at home. I did not get to say good-bye to Mrs. Smith. Keep cool and pleasant with Smith and don't bother if he doesn't do all the things he might do. Neither try to do what he leaves undone. I hope the children study hard for Mrs. Allen and the exam. That is the main thing- and keep well.

Mother,  
Remember me to the folks  
in town and to The Hammonds.





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ADDRESS

WILLIAM L. FINLEY  
DIRECTOR WILD LIFE CONSERVATION  
JENNINGS LODGE, OREGON

June 4—  
Dear Family,  
It's raining constantly  
and blowing some, and although  
we are in a channel, it is  
wide and the water is rough.  
The boat is rolling some - a bit  
so am I, though not sick.  
Have been reading and writing  
some, and watched a fast game  
of bridge this evening. Staid three  
hours in Ketchikan this morning  
but it was raining and a long  
way, so didn't go up in the town.  
Sunday we go out into the ocean  
and I'll get mine. Besides there  
is a storm on, so it will be worse.  
I don't expect to see daylight for  
two days or more; and when we  
get on that little Westward roaming  
The wild Behring Sea, I see real  
sport ahead for me. You can



expect a changed person when I  
get home - if I ever do.  
Morning -

It's brighter this morning, but it cer-  
tainly stormed till midnight & the old boat  
rolled. The Captain says we are in for  
bad weather and a heck of a time on the  
westward when we get into the Behring Sea.  
Oh well, I'll have to take my dose, but what's  
worrying me is getting out of here. It looks  
precarious, as they say the boats are over-  
loaded at the end of the season and you  
can't get out for love nor money. This  
boat is about 200 feet long, and she is  
awfully round on the bottom.

Hope all's well at home and you are  
having a fairly good time. After your rush  
is over, come time when you can go out  
and see Dr. Betty - or perhaps you had better  
phone & see whether she can have visitors.

You will have to keep up reviewing Eng.  
some all summer I think, so as not to be  
rusty at the time of exam. at Calif. Uni-  
versity. go to a play and take a luncheon  
and dinner at Thiel's or M. & F's. I suppose  
the birds and animals are gone. Love - Mother.



*Just out of Igloo  
Harbor, Ungavik Island.*  
Thursday, June 10, 1926

Dear Folks:

There hasn't been much use of writing letters lately as there was no way of sending them out. So I have been lazy in that line. I shall leave this letter on the boat when we get off at Ikatan tomorrow morning and she will hold it and bring it out when she turns around to go back south. She goes away up around the point of the Alaska Peninsula, up into Bristol Bay where Warren and Hart and Timson have their caneries. In fact, that is the biggest and finest fishing grounds in the world. We had a message yesterday by wireless that the Westward is just ahead of us somewhere in the fog, and will precede us into Ikatan a little while. So we disembark from this boat tomorrow and begin the real journey.

We have been travelling for the last few days through the most marvelous scenery that I have ever beheld. We slide along (very slowly- fish boat style) into one blue bay after another surrounded by a circle of snow-capped, jagged mountains, with here and there smoke coming out of craters, for this whole country is full of volcanoes and lots of them active. We sit on deck and watch the sun set about half past nine or ten behind smoking craters. A night or two ago it went down behind old Mageik, an active volcano that sent belched black smoke against the red sun, and the red shadows flared out in all directions like a sun-burst. Not far away the hollow crater of Katmai loomed up. It is dead, or dormant, since it blew the lid off a few years ago.

Then we have been visiting caneries for several days, as the boat stops at a few of them, at least one a day. We went into Larsen Bay where the Karluk River comes out, stated to be the finest salmon stream in the world. A good many of the caneries are not on rivers, but right out in the tide waters of some inland channel. We visited a Pacific American Fisheries canery this morning and a Mr. Bradford, one of the owners, asked us to go out to one of the traps in a tug and get some pictures. We did the picture business business up brown this morning. There is nothing but caneries up in this country, with a few native huts huddled near, as everybody depends on the fish for a living. There are big sailing boats and steamers in the bays that have brought up men, supplies, machinery and workmen. They lie idle until the end of the summer when they are loaded with canned salmon and go back home.

There is so much to learn in this region that one could stay around here ten years and still be at the beginning. There are new islands being blown up out of the sea in a day, and others sinking out of sight. The channels are full of ragged reefs and it takes a real mariner to navigate here. Bogoslof Island, out at the end of the Aleutian Chain, has come and gone down several times. No one knows when. Yet out on these far and new islands, are found fields of plants and flowers that have come from no one knows where. It seems impossible that the winds and the waves could have been the planters. It may have been the birds. And back to these wild sea islands come the fur seal to breed and go again in the fall, as they have no use for land except in the breeding time. Also millions of salmon come in from their winter feeding grounds from all the ocean regions around and throng into the bays and rivers. Icy mountains and icy waters make good fish and fur.



We hear that the Westward has twin mascots- bear cubs, but they are not Kodiaks. Anyway they will keep things lively aboard. Perhaps we can pick up some more mascots. I should like a baby seal- if the cook and cabin boy will take care of him!

I do not hope to get any mail from you while we are up here, as it seems now we shall have to keep on out toward the west- Japan perhaps- before turning back toward Seward. Distances are so great that we cannot afford to retrace any steps. We shall get pictures and records of birds out on the sea cliffs, the flowers and plants also, and visit the seal rookeries on the Pribilofs before we turn homeward. Then, if fortune favors us, we shall take a chance at the Kodiak bears on the return back around the peninsula. It is too late to get moose, as they are up in the high mountain valleys in their summer feeding grounds. If we could come in Cook's Inlet in April, we could make friends with Father, Mother and Children moose as they are down in the lower regions and thin and slow at that time. But we have program enough without moose. If I have a chance to face one of these old Kodiaks, it will be enough for one summer in Alaska. These bears go barefoot and run fast, and they swing at you only once.

I do not know what difficulties you are going through while I am moving peacefully further and further away. The board and room problem in Berkeley is the one thing to take care of, and I can't even know what's going on. If you get any information from this Mrs. Spieldock and Miss Stebbins and forward it on to Seward, it will only lie there till we get back there at the end of July. I would not talk these things over with the folks in town, because they can't help and they think you didn't take their advice and assistance in the beginning. Keep things to yourself and do the best you can. There is a young fellow on the boat who lives in Berkeley, and he mentioned the Dana Hotel next to the Y. M. C. A. right on the campus border. He and his wife staid there while their house was being built. They take students, both boys and girls, and the board and room is \$50.00 per month. They are not under the dormitory system, so are not subject to the Dean of Women or Men. This is two in a room, of course. But he says it is a nice, quiet place and the board is good. He says getting furnished apartments is a difficult thing. They come mostly in three little rooms, a bedroom, a wall bed in the living room as well as dining table, and a little kitchenette. This would be awful. He says this would cost you from sixty to a hundred dollars a month, according to location. If you could get in a house, you might have a sleeping-porch, etc, but it would be in an old house, merely with housekeeping accommodations. We would have to be on the spot to get an apartment, as it is even worse than board and lodging problems.

Mr. Timson sent a wireless to Seward for me the other day reserving berths for Billie and me for August 1st; that is, he reserved them for a whole month, so we can take them up any time up to August 1st. Now it's up to us to be there. So we hope to be home about the 7th or 8th, as we arrive in Seattle, I think. Anyway, when we get to Seward, we can send you wire telling you when and where.

I hope the exam with Mrs. Allen went all right, and that you are not wasting time even so. Keep on reviewing and reading some things that will help you when you get down to B. Please pay her. She needs money. If you need to do more work with her, take some extra summer lessons, if she will help you, and pay her for them. How's the tennis?

*Love to all of you - Mother.*



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*50 folks at home*

On the 12th, we had to wait for the tide to be just right for us to go through False Pass, a shallow channel between Unimak Island and the main peninsula. It is a bad place and only little boats go through there. The big boats go away around the end of the Aleutian Chain of islands to get into the Bering Sea. Well, we got stuck on the sandbar in the middle of this place and the wind was blowing like a hurricane. We had to stay there three or four hours till the tides changed. The waters from the Bering Sea and the tides from the Pacific Ocean fought till they tipped the boat over on one side. Then we had to go out of that place at high tide and there was a roaring storm on in the Bering Sea. The boat rolled terribly all night- and I got the benefit. The next day was Sunday and we were anchored out in Urilla Bay, but the dory had to make two trips that day to find a safe landing place on the shore. The next morning the tide was low, so the men took all the camp stuff ashore and all of us went on shore in the afternoon.

After all the camp work was done in the evening, Campbell, Sr., Adelaide and I went out on the tundra (thick moss bed over all this ~~country~~ country) to find a caribou. We had a most exciting walk and sighted an old bull within fifteen minutes out of camp. It was fun stalking him on our hands and knees, for there isn't a tree or shrub to cover your approach. Not far back of our camp was a chain of forty or more inland lakes, great feeding places for caribou and bear. The next day the men saw twenty-six caribou in a herd, two big Kadiak bears, found a red fox den and saw a lot of birds.

It was so windy that night it nearly blew the tents down and tore some of them. In the morning it blew the stove-pipe down while we were getting breakfast. After Breakfast Billie and I went out to stalk caribou or bear and get some pictures. We had good luck and found a herd of sixteen, but getting near enough was the rub. However, we did and got some fine pictures. While we were shooting over a hill-top at the caribou, an old bear came ambling down the hill. So we shot him, and then crawled on our hands and knees nearer to him to get a close picture. We got it, and then he bolted and I waved my hand at him as he loped off up the mountain. We have been out several days getting pictures of caribou, birds, etc. and its great fun.

Two days ago, all of us were going up the beach to the mouth of another river and had a motor canoe, a row boat and a little canoe all tied together. When we got near shore, we cut loose and had hardly shoved away from the motor canoe, when it foundered and Mr. Church, the Captain and second engineer were floundering about in the breakers. They had a hard pull and young Campbell took the rowboat and went out and got them. They were nearly frozen and buffeted by the waves.

We are at Akutan tonight and will be here for a couple of days. So I am sending you a wireless and asking for an answer to be sent immediately here in care of the Pacific Sea Products Company. We expect to get whaling pictures here and then go on to Bogoslof Island, and then on to the Pribilofs. *all well and happy - fine crowd and getting*

*Nothing.  
lot of good pictures.*



THE EVENING OF THE FIRST DAY.

*Urilla*  
Urilla Bay, Unimak Isl.  
June 14, 1926

*Urilla*  
Supper was over. The camp on the bend of the little river back of  
The white tents  
Urilla Bay was peaceful. It rested on a bed of sedge grass ~~with wild flowers~~  
~~here~~ at the foot of old *Shishaldin* Smoking Moses, a magnificent snow-clad cone with a  
gaping crater like a fish's mouth opened to the blue heavens and the ever-  
moving misty clouds. A strong wind blew to sea, bending the coarse grass and  
tipping the tents toward the stream which flowed by their doors. Just now all  
that could be heard were the whirring of the wind and the gurgling of the  
water. All about in the sedge grass, white strawberry blossoms and big blue  
violets peeped, with myriads of other mossy midgets of flowers too timid to  
reach above the shelter of the wiry grass and the dwarfed willows that cling  
as persistently as if they were anchored to the foundations of the islands.  
And so they have to be foresighted and rock-rooted to keep their footing in  
these wide rolling reaches that are continually swept by tormenting winds.

"Now's the right time to go out stalking the caribou," broke in  
Campbell, Sr, as he laid down the ax and took off his hat to scan the horizon  
for any moving objects.

It was nine o'clock with still a clear light glowing over the  
the hills. All hands had had a strenuous day embarking from the Westward,  
which was now rocking at anchor among the white-caps, and getting camp settled  
for nine people and two black bear cub mascots.

You must know that this was a Nature Expedition on an exploring and  
photographic ~~ex~~ cruise along the Aleutian Chain of islands and the wave-  
washed Pribilofs, home of the much-prized fur seal, away and away in the  
Bering Sea. Other islands were to be visited, such as ~~the~~ Bogoslof, which  
has the habit of rising and sinking into the sea most unexpectedly and to  
the discomfiture of navigators who ply the highways of these changeable water  
routes. On these solitary sea islands, mysterious gardens of wild flowers glow  
in the scant summertime as if imbued with the living fires within.



Unimak Island is a government game reserve where bands of caribou roam the marsh lands and the grassy hills, the big Kodiak bear comes down from the mountains and higher levels to feed fat on salmon that come up the tide water streams to spawn, and that happy season ended, he takes to wild berries and squirrels, and I doubt not a tender young caribou if chance affords. Over the island in the myriads of inland lakes, ducks, geese and other game birds, as well as many other kinds, make their homes under the mists of the white mountains. The red fox hides her den here, there and everywhere in the little hollow protected places between the hills. It's a great, solemn, silent land with violent mountains and raging seas, yet for all a land of life beating strong, with food and courage enough and to spare.

"Go after caribou at this time of night in a raging wind!" Boomed the crowd around the fire in a cosy tent. "Why, you'll get lost in ten minutes on this forsaken island that drags half way across <sup>the sea</sup> to Japan. No one knows this country and only a couple of old trappers for fox and varmints ever come<sup>stick</sup> here, and they stay close to the shore. Do you really mean it?" came the eager voice of Campbell's fifteen year-old daughter, slim and brown-eyed and visioning a big brown bear just over the first rise.

"Get your gun," said her father calmly, as he fingered his nine-point five Mannlicher and stuffed ammunition in his ever-ready pockets. Adalaide's We might meet a bear instead of a gentle caribou." eight-millimeter Mouser was always handy. "Now see to your shoes," cautioned Campbell. "Always be ready to run fast and wade anything that comes in your way, and at the same time keep warm and comfortable, for the winds and the streams of these high plateaus bite deep."

Campbell, Adalaide and the naturalist's wife soon made a trio tramping off across the mossy hills that rose in waving lines between the camp and the big mountain. They were pushing hard against the wind which bit their faces and blurred their eyes. But oh, the feel of it! The thick moss under foot was ~~like~~ a soundless carpet as they padded along in rubber packs and <sup>warm</sup> light-weight



good  
presence  
Filson jackets. As silent as shadows they moved with the ~~masses~~ of wild things <sup>all about</sup> pressing their tingling anticipation. Approaching each rise of ground, they peering over to search skulked low on hands and knees, ~~searching~~ the shadowy lowlands that stretched away and away in the pale, dim dusk of the northern night. Nothing stirred but the wind. The birds that had dropped to sleep in the tusocks of grass all over this treeless region did not flutter away at the nearness of footsteps.

"Down on your knees!" panted Adalaide. "I see one!"

The three dropped to the moss. Campbell crept inch by inch nearer the rim of the rise. "Now, Irene, keep behind the gun, but close. Adalaide, rest your gun on my shoulder and keep cool. He's a fine buck."

good  
Through a fringe of marsh grass that looked as big as bayonets to her excited eyes, Irene beheld some hundred yards off an indistinct, soft outline of something with bent head apparently grazing in the silver, gray-green expanse. Then she <sup>lay flattened into the thick moss and</sup> ducked her head <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ "played dead," for this was a waiting game. Whispers came to her ears, but she lay quiet, fingering the fronds of moss ~~under~~ beneath her very breath. Tiny pink bells were bedded in bunches all about, with now and then pale, star-like flowers, and then her fingers felt a larger stem, - a hardy purple ~~ix~~ orchis with its treacherous lip for foolish insects above spotted, tiger-like leaves. Silence, with the wind blowing over her back. It was cold rigid on her neck. Two ~~six~~ forms lay beside her, one raised on her <sup>an</sup> elbow with her gun sighted over the other's shoulder. The dim figure in the distance grazed on. Over the rim of a hill, the moon showed a slim crescent as if impatient of the slow-waning day that still spread a mellowness over the earth.

An explosion that shook everything awake! Through the spikes of grass she beheld a wonderful wild thing, standing ~~six~~ startled with head high and antlers lined against the light. Bewildered, it leaped ahead, and stumbled <sup>on one knee</sup> as it ran; then turned in fear to look again at that awful hill-top, - off again in a smooth, swift flight that would soon carry it out of sight. The Mannlicher began to spit, once, twice - the form still fled on - thrice, and four times - and it



lurched headlong, a shuddering and convulsive jerk- and lay still.

WTP A golden-tawny caribou lay stretched on the mossy sward under the faint shadow of the snowy mountain, his mountain and he the spirit of it.

"Well, that's some quick work and some fine meat for a hungry camp!"  
came the quiet voice of Campbell, " just fifteen minutes since we left camp."



*Look up Burroughs on birds of  
Alaska -  
"Far and  
Near."*

It has been a wonderful spring day- even too warm. Our faces showed that vivid copper color which later brought discomfort. Now, at nine-thirty in the evening a fog has suddenly enveloped everything like a heavy pall. A

*Shishaldin*  
As I sit looking out of the tent door with a cosy fire at my back, old Smoky Moses has hidden behind the fog. Out of this blue veil come the lark-like notes of the Alaska longspur, one of the strikingly-marked songsters of the tundra. Now from the top of the hill above the river they sound, now from across the flat meadowland in answering cheer against the muffling murkiness of the coming night.

It is a brave effort in this lonely land, but I doubt if the longspur feels any loneliness even up here at the top of the world. From the numbers that flit above the tundra all day long, zigzagging from one tussock to another feeding on the abundant weed seeds, there is no lack of companionship and cheer. Up, up into the sky the bird flies, hangs suspended for a minute pointing the tips of its wings upward, then wavering lightly down on the wind like a little kite, he spills his tinkling notes as he drops.

And he is as jaunty in dress as he is in song,- fore parts black in sharp contrast to grayish-white under parts, with a white line running down from the eye to the neck line, back streaked irregularly with black, brown, buffy and gray, wings also streaked, and most noticeable even from the field a deep rufous collar around the back of his ~~neck~~ head. He gets his name from the long, nearly straight hind claw, which may be used as a scratching instrument. His heavy, pointed bill is distinctly yellow. Hasn't he a right to be proud of his voice and coat?

Longspur's summer home is on these tundra-covered islands and along the Alaska Peninsula, but when the snows come and his food supply is covered up, he migrates to the prairies and treeless plains of Colorado and Kansas,

*Longspur - air-luck  
7/19/26*



and even as far south as Texas. Some fifty yards out in front of my tent is a nest in a dried and yellow tussock of grass, cupped under with a half covered top, finely lined with woven grasses. In it are three eggs speckled with brown on a dull whitish background. <sup>(2)</sup> Perhaps there will be more. And as I sit here, I hear his last notes of the evening, muffled and sweet out of the mist. The air of a glacial chill has settled over us. And directly above the camp on the hill sounds the rolling challenge of the curious ptarmigan again. Beware, the red fox will get you!

This morning while we were eating breakfast, all seated on blocks of wood for stools, Cam called out, "Look at the fox on the hill!" Everybody stretched for a view. There on the slope above the bend in the river some two hundred yards away, sat a red fox inspecting us and our camp. He- or she- complacently surveyed us and as he sprawled liesurely in the sunshine his rich red coat glinted with every move he made. Cam took his little movie camera and skirted the hill on the opposite bank to come up behind the fox's lookout. The naturalist sauntered out and crept up another little hill-top almost facing the red watcher to keep him interested and cover Cam's maneuvers. But a seventh sense of danger guards the wild things from surprise, and before Cam's cap had hardly tipped the rise, the fox spied it. He deliberately turned his back on the naturalist who was in plain sight and nearer him, and caution in every line, he sat up on his haunches ready to spring. Cam moved slowly into view of the bushy-tailed red form, who now seemed to be rather more reassured than scared. He merely waited the nearer approach of the intruder, apparently with the assurance that he could handle him when the time came.

And so he could. When Cam came close enough for caution, the fox got up and trotted on ahead of him, looking over his shoulder casually as if leading this good fellow on, for the game seemed to please him. Sly old fox! He wasn't aware that Cam's camera was shooting him like a repeating gun, edging nearer at every step, getting new pictures as the prey took different positions, as he stopped a minute to sit down and wait or scratch his ear. It was a game that



pleased them both and left a pretty morning record on the film.

That evening on the same little grandstand on the hillside where Reddy Fox played with the boy in the morning, the ptarmigan came again to view this strange new and noisy thing with flapping white canvas and queer movements that had suddenly settled among the wild folks of the island. His curiosity would not let him stay away, and he heralded his coming with a thundering cackle, followed by a staccato challenge- "Come here! Come here! Come here!" Then he ducked his head, ran a few steps and settled to spy again. Nothing happened, so he stood up in plain sight and repeated his challenge more boldly this time, scuttling for a new place and dropping down quickly as if he expected to be answered by the enemy. His actions were plainly those of one piqued by curiosity.



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WILLIAM L. FINLEY  
DIRECTOR WILD LIFE CONSERVATION  
JENNINGS LODGE, OREGON

Urilta Bay, Unimak Island,  
June 21, 1926.

Dear Folks:

It's 10.15 o'clock in the evening, and I am sitting out in front of the tent in our camp "somewhere" on this big island in Bering Sea. A little river runs close by the two big white tents- about four feet away. On the other side of it rises a steep cut-bank (cut by the winding river) and the camp itself is in this flat river basin protected by the other steep bank from the cold, cold winds of this north country. This valley is surrounded by low, rolling hills, and at the head of it rises a snowy, cone-shaped volcano called Shishaldin. It is the most beautiful mountain I ever beheld, and I'll miss it when we leave. The moon hangs over the river bank, and it will be light enough for me to write to you as late as I please- and later. About eleven or twelve o'clock when it gets merely dusk, the top of the old volcano will have its candle lighted, for it has a burning heart. Not far away around the curve of a hill, the wild ocean is roaring like no other I ever heard.

Two oiled-silk teepee-tents stick up close by the white tents. In these sleep Adelaide (17 years) and the two littlest girls, and the Captain and second engineer. In the big white tent sleep Mr. and Mrs. C. and Cam (Jr.). In this tent is also the big stove where we cook- and we! do the cooking. In the little white <sup>tent</sup> sleep Bill and Irene. (Everybody goes by his first name.) Cam and the Captain have just been out on the tundra stalking caribou, but the caribou said nix to them tonight. Billie and I were out earlier, but didn't get close enough ~~to say~~ for pictures.

Well, we left the Catherine D on June 11th, at noon and boarded the Westward, at Ikatan. A fog lay over everything and it was damp, cold and dreary. But the Westward is a cosy place to live any old time. We have a cheerful fire in the fireplace all the time, and the staterooms are all white-enameled with pretty curtains. Ours is the blue room. There is a peach of a bathroom with all the ~~hot~~ hot water one wants, and we do our washing in there. Also there is a toilet room and another lavatory room, and all fixed up with everything you can think of. But none of these fine things keep her from rolling and pitching like ---! (Tell Bill his friends, the Timpkins, have chartered her for two months later on.)



Dear Richard - <sup>Akutan</sup> June 27 -  
(Dick Westwood) <sup>sent me</sup>

Today finds us at Akutan  
the harbor of Bering Sea whalers.  
We came in this little bay which  
seems to be in the center of the  
island to find a big whaling  
plant in full swing, and  
nearby a village of Aleutian  
natives. Last night at 9<sup>30</sup>  
we stood on the deck and watched  
a hundred & ten foot whaling  
boat <sup>slide</sup> come in with a 67 ft. fin-  
back whale & hung to her  
side. This morning we  
watched and pictured the  
process of cutting up and  
"cremation". Tomorrow we  
go out on a whaler about  
3 in the morning to "shoot" one  
of these monsters of the deep.  
This means a wild ride and  
some excitement. But this

Fin back *Cetorhinus* and  
Sulphur bottom whales.

<sup>3</sup>  
trip cruise is full of excitement,  
so the more the better. The  
westward is a humdinger of a  
huntress, for she moves into  
difficult places and rides the  
bolterous Bering Sea as if she  
was born to it.

The American Nature Expe-  
dition nearly had a sudden end  
last Sunday. Early in the morn-  
Camp. Church, Sr. and Camp. Jr.  
with the two Finleys started out  
in three small boats, a motor  
cause, a rowboat and another  
cause to explore a river <sup>on Unalakleet</sup> whose  
entrance we could see. The  
tundra region at the foot of  
Mt. Shishaldin, an active volcano,



is fine stalking ground for caribou and Kodiak bear.

The surf was high and a heavy wind was blowing. The whole coastline looked impossible for a landing. Finally the lead boat, to which the others were tied, ~~tried~~ started in for shore. At the same time, one boat and the little <sup>canoe</sup> cut loose. The and just in time, for the motor boat which was heavily loaded. Almost immediately we were tossed this way and then by the heavy sea near shore and the waves broke over us faster than we could right ourselves. Then the two little ~~but~~ boats cut loose from the little <sup>motor</sup> boat, and almost immediately she foundered and turned bottom up, spilling

the two out every body and everything in it. The Bering Sea is an icy bath-tub even for good swimmers. ~~But it was nipped and~~ The two ~~men~~ managed to get to shore.

Then young Campbell ~~thunk~~ did some heroic work and saved three people from drowning. It took him over so long to work his way out to the ~~men~~ <sup>men</sup> that every thing in the boat was lost, guns, camera, all the men's clothes etc.

Then we had a Robinson Crusoe camp fire on the beach, as there were two dry matches in the crowd.

It took till noon to dry out and divide up clothes. Then all of us set off in odds and ends of underwear, socks and some bare-foot and walked four miles up the

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WILLIAM L. FINLEY  
DIRECTOR WILD LIFE CONSERVATION  
JENNINGS LODGE, OREGON

Akutan, June 25

Dear Folks:

It's five o'clock, and a Friday, and two big red freighters are edging gingerly in at the little dock. We feel so far away from the world that it is an exciting time when a boat comes in here. Only one little coast boat comes in here once a month. But I understand the whaling company is sending out a cargo of barrels of whale oil. My, these big boats loom up against the horizon and fill up this little blue bay that has eaten right into the center of this island. We are going to send out some mail to you. In fact, I mailed a letter three days ago when we came in here addressed to Gamie B. Of course, it has laid in the little company store waiting for these big boats to stray in here and carry it down to you; so now I'll send another one.

I sent a wireless (in Father's name) to you, or Bill, the other night and expected an answer this morning but didn't get it. I hope I get it tonight or tomorrow morning before we go out of here on a whaling expedition. We are going to have a whaling party, and Mr. and Mrs. Kugler (Kugler) who is the superintendent of this company, are going to accompany us. We follow one of the big whaling boats out into the Bering Sea, or through the pass into the Pacific Ocean, and roam around - anywhere between here and Japan - till we strike a school of whales, or any old one. Then we board the whaler itself and climb the rigging (?) like the other monks and take pictures of these monsters of the deep. Incidentally, I shall probably feed the fishes a plenty, as we shall wallop all over the big tub.

We have been watching the whalers come in with their catch. Away down the length of this blue arm of an inlet, we see a little speck. It is a whaling boat, and probably is six or seven miles away. Everybody gathers on the dock; we people on the Westward hop into the dory and sputter over there, too, and the big boat comes in with a great white whale tail hung up to the bow of the boat and the long body tied along the side. The first night we were here, the Tanganak brought in a sixty-nine foot humpy whale weighing forty-nine or fifty tons. Today four whales came in, one of them seventy-seven feet long, a sulphur-bottom or blue whale. It was a whale! Then we scurry around



Dear Laks -

Had breakfast in the depot at Seattle. Found Frank Warren there in a big mackinaw. He is going up to Alaska on our boat, but he goes further up, and will stay two months. He says there is only one boat a month that takes mail beyond Seward. If you send some mail right away to Seward, we may get it, as there may be a faster boat than this fish boat that will beat us up there. Then we could read our mail and get some answers off before we start on up. We are going slowly and stopping at every fish cannery and lumber mill. Beyond Seward, we couldn't get



2  
any more mail for a whole month and even that will depend on whether the Westward goes near a mail station. You may have to settle matters without our help unless we get some letters at Seward:

The country is green, green. The travelling so far is comfortable and the train is full of people. We have a fine observation car. This country is full of japs - red-caps and all odds, ready to carry your stuff. I should be happier if I was motoring, as Bill and I did coming down. Warren says we are in for some rough country and hard going before we get out of Alaska. We have another hour



<sup>3</sup>  
Before we get into Bellingham  
I have to go up and get a pair  
of cheap gloves, as I lost one of  
mine on the train. Also have to  
get one or two other things.

Father has just come in from  
the smoking room and he says as  
soon as Miss Stebbins writes you,  
if necessary you can send us  
a wire to Edward, and they  
will catch our boat by wireless  
wherever we are. You can  
send a night letter 50 words  
for \$3.00. Of course, if Miss  
Stebbins is unfavorable to  
Spieldoch & her house, just  
forget Spieldoch and try for  
an apartment. Then you can  
wire us later anyway about



4  
- 20th  
Whatever comes up, and we  
can send a wireless back to  
you. This is the best we can  
do. Don't let anyone influence  
you about boarding on apartments.  
Consider it well after you get  
information and send us word  
and your opinion. You and  
William talk it over.

We can send you some  
mail from several places  
where we stop on the way up -  
just for company, not much news.

There are a bunch of "fish"  
people from San Francisco on the  
Katherine D. Will and Ella Timson.  
he is head of Alaska Packers Co.

Plenty of company and spice

Lots of love

Mother

over



Hebe -

4  
Father says the file cabinet  
all the letters & correspondence  
is on the table near his  
desk. The letters are filed  
under the name of the town  
instead of the person.

He says, reply to any letters  
that come on. He says, telling  
them you have forwarded  
their letters to him and the  
reply will be delayed a  
few days. He says, not  
"just for company", but  
"just for company".  
There are a bunch of "just  
for company" letters from  
people from our neighbors or the  
minister to - Will and old Tim  
he is head of Quaker Bakers Co.  
Plenty of letters and a few  
more -



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OFFICE OF  
WILLIAM L. FINLEY  
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Saint George Island,  
July 9, 1926

Dear Folks:

We arrived here last night about eight o'clock in a heavy fog and high sea. This is the lesser of the Pribilofs, the main island being Saint Paul forty miles north of this. We arrived at Saint Paul Isl. Sunday, July 4th, in beautiful sunshine and a comfortable sea. If you want to land on these Bering Sea islands, you must arrive at the right tide and wind. There are no wharves here, only bays and the ocean breaks very heavily all around them. At this time of the year they have a lot of fog and wind. We barely landed last night. They sent a boat out after us when they saw the Westward come into the bay, but the tide was running high then and getting worse. So we had to hurry and the shore whistle was blowing for the boat to get back to land, or they couldn't get in for six hours. The Churches were all ready to come ashore, too, but the man who came out said we had better split the party till morning as it would be difficult to land children and we would all get a ducking anyway. So I expected it. When we got near shore, it scared me. The breakers were flying high and dashing away up against the shore which is rocky and rough. I didn't see how we could do anything but be smashed to pieces, as the rollers were carrying us in like a match. The native crew that rowed the boat were talking all at once like excited Chimamen and gesticulating wildly. They held the boat on the crest of a big wave till it had spent itself on the rocks, and then they swung that big boat right in along shore in front of in-coming waves and landed us at the little place and we were all out and the natives were hauling the boat up out of reach before you could say Jack Robinson. A minute later the waves were splashing high up against the shore. These natives are experts with boats.

We had a scrumptuous time on Saint Paul Island. Mr. Christopher, the superintendent, treated us fine. Billie and I had a room in the Company House with the bathroom next door. It was a big room with table and books in it and very comfortable. But the Churches were treated better. They had a suite of rooms- two big bedrooms nicely furnished, a fine sitting room with a big couch for Cam, and bathroom all to themselves in Mr. Christopher's own house. And they appreciated it. And such meals as we had! There were eight of us all the time and we had a big table to ourselves- hot biscuits, jams of all kinds, fancy meats and nice vegetables, and lovely cakes, and ice cream twice a week. We had a real celebration on July 5, which was their holiday,- chicken dinner, with a number of courses, ice cream and angel food cake and "kisses"- n'everything. Then in the evening they had a dance- natives and whites together. Some of the natives had white shirts with low vests and slippers, and the girls had evening dresses on- mostly boudoir (?) gowns! It was a rich show. The Churches and we went over and of course, the people of the place. The natives thought it great sport that the whites would dance with them, and the Churches are spiffy dancers- rather overdone and jazzy, roof-garden stuff. Then Adelaide and Cam gave them an exhibition of the Charleston, and tickled

*4th July 1926  
Portland  
St. Paul*



STATE OF NEW YORK



IN SENATE,  
January 1, 1891.  
REPORT  
OF THE  
COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE,  
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION  
PASSED BY THE SENATE  
MAY 1, 1890.  
ALBANY:  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,  
PRINTERS.  
1891.

Alphi Sigma Phi  
Adrien Morgan



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WILLIAM L. FINLEY  
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over the big dock, slippery with whale oil and running red with blood till you have to wade in it. Big hoses are going all the time washing stuff into the bay, which also runs red. An awful knock-out smell envelopes the whole region, especially when the vats are "cremating" the beasts, which are cut up quickly and with precision by expert Norwegian workers. Most all of the sea-going whalers and the men who work here are Norwegians, big blond fellows. It is a rough sea they live on all the time, for they stay in port only long enough to get <sup>some</sup> food and water on their boats. Even their repairing is done on the run. They go a long way out, too.

Billie and the two Campbells went out in the dory after lunch to the Aleut village to register some mail and films, also Campbell, Sr's watch. Everybody went overboard in the surf the other day landing at the mouth of a little river. Billie and I were in the row boat so we bucked the waves all right. Young Cam was in the little canoe alone, so he was all right. But Campbell, Sr., the Captain and the second engineer were in the motor canoe, and heavily loaded. It was a wild place to land, so their boat foundered and they began to sink till they were sitting on top of the water. Then the boat turned over, spilling everybody and everything out of it. Campbell's best big Mannlicher rifle, some camera stuff (not ours), and a lot of ~~other~~ stuff all went to the bottom of the sea. Then, all of them lost their clothes because when they began to sink, they peeled off all their clothes to be able to swim. They lost their rubber boots, for everybody wears them here. So Campbell's \$300.00 watch got a ducking, too, and had to be sent back to the factory.

Well, I must stop and run across to the store to mail this and look at the big boats. We inspect everybody that appears. Maybe I'll get an answer to my wireless also. We shall be going on to the Pribilofs about Monday, and be there ten days or so. If the weather is too bad to photograph, we may be delayed there. But I think we only need a few days, if things go well.

While on Unimak Isl. one of our mascot Teddy bears was spirited away and transfigured to heaven, not in a cloud, but as far as we can find out, either by an eagle or fox, or some other animal.

(over)

*I wish I could see what you are doing. Mother.*



