

SealsSaint Paul Island,
July 5, 1926

Upon the curved beach of a dark island in the Bering Sea, on the wave-washed, tumbled, gigantic boulders pushed up the steep shore by an eternal, eating ~~sea~~ ^{swarming} lay thousands of brown forms, interspersed with darker ones, like a wiggling mass of ~~bumble-bees~~, - the seals of the Pribilofs. Rampageous old bulls, more fierce in protecting their harems than the lions of the sea, reared challenging above the rest of the herd. Bluff seems to go further here than in the sea lion colonies, as the males are not so bloody and gashed up. The old bulls perch watchfully on the highest rock in the midst of their harems and with half closed eyes dramatically shake threats from their cavernous throats. They are dingy-brown and be-whiskered, while the females are pale tawny, even to gray. The old bulls snort and flare out frequently at the young eligibles lounging in the edge of the water just below the harems. These young beau-Brommells must be kept at a safe distance. The young bachelors, as a rule, are off to themselves further along the beach where they practice necking and sparring at each other which ^{is to become} becomes the fervid art of their later lives. Above the harems lie the solitary bulls that are waiting for their wives to appear from the sea. Like wave-washed logs they sprawl, dead asleep and lopping over the rocks. The males ^{seals} appear (on the breeding grounds) early in the spring, to select their old stamping grounds and await patiently the arrival of the females and acquire as large harems as they can. They eat nothing during the whole summer on the rocks, but the females, having pups to nurse, go to sea every few days, making trips of a day or two to feed and refresh themselves. Their lords and masters, however, do not allow them to leave the harem until ^{the pups are born and} the mating is over. Then they may go, ~~for good~~. But they must necessarily return to attend to their pups, to nurse them and train them in swimming for their long sea trips in the fall.

The sleek, black baby seals are born soon after the mothers arrive in the colony. Mothers, bulls and babies are all ~~in~~ together during the early part of the season, but later the pups becoming more able to handle them-

selves, ~~congregate by themselves~~ a little way off in groups, and the mothers
 returning from the sea trips, waddle up into the harems and call their pups
 to them ^{nurse} to feed. In the households, frequent arguments arise between wives accom-
 panied by grunts, coughs and mouthings. The old monarchs prance around their
 consorts, having mouth-to-mouth understandings which may be manifestations
 of affection with grunts and puffings, but which look more like family
 jars. ~~Wixxx~~ An old bull's mind, however, is seldom free of suspicions of
 his wife's intentions of ^{to} deserting him. He humps his massive neck and
 glowers over her, grimacing and grunting his ferocity. The female bawls
 up into his face, nipping him with quick jabs on the neck, and stands her
 ground for a few minutes. But he corners her from any angle of escape, and
 she soon gives in- if she ever had any designs of disloyalty- and waddles
 back to the bunch of wives, with ^{hungry} longing looks out to sea. Mothers sprawl
 asleep with babies nursing, one baby to each mother.

Such a babel of bellowing. An old bull seal on the warpath
 sounds just like an old bull in a pasture, and the female sounds like a
^{bleat} cow. The young bleat ~~more~~ like sheep or young calves.

This is a populous place. The wash and roar of the waves, and
 the continuous bellowing and bleating, with the flapping and romping of
 the half grown in the water make it a tempestuous tenement. And the sea
 is always alive with black flippers ^{lifting} hanging up out of the water.

An old male who lived down at the water's edge had three pale
 wives who worried him all the time. He was always hopping and snorting
 around them, blowing off ^{puffs of a saw engine} steam about what he would do to them if they didn't
 keep a chaste eye right at home. And I guess he had some grounds. Even
 when he sprawled out for a minute's rest, he had to keep an eye on the
 latch and one flipper waving to let his neighbors know he was at home.
 Then his pale gray wife took advantage of his weariness and tried to sneak away
 behind the other wives. But he caught her, and lunging from his pedestal,

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he grabbed her by a hind flipper and flung her back where she belonged, rolling her over and over. This episode excited him for quite a while and he lectured the whole household, testing the breath of each wife to see if she had a pure mind, shaking his head vigorously ~~about it~~.

Close down to the water a stray black baby was bewildered or venturesome. He made a dash for the water and got away from home. Two young upstarts of ~~black~~ bachelors playing in the water immediately pursued him. *He was good game for a prank.* They pulled and tugged till his hide was stretched and his ears and head bore deep gouges. He dodged and ducked under his assailants as they lost their holds on him, but he couldn't cover enough ground to escape. He lifted his head and cried for help, but none came. Then one tormentor flung him clear up on the shore and thereafter kept the others at bay, only to tear and torture the little fellow himself. Time and again the baby started off on his little flippers up to the rookeries where he had foolishly left his mother, only to be grabbed ~~and~~ and dragged back and mauled till all he could do was to sit on his flippers ^{the bully} so ~~they~~ couldn't get hold of them, or cower close under his abuser. His lot was a hard one. It was cold, night was coming on and no mother or supper in sight. He huddled, beseeching and bruised, not daring to move. Then, all at once, the three or four boisterous bachelors got into a pitched battle and for a few minutes were oblivious to him. He hobbled like a galloping little hobby-horse into the midst of ^{the first} a strange harem, where he received thrusts and nips from sharp teeth before he could scuttle through. ~~Then he~~ lifted himself onto a rock and stretching up, tried to take his bearings and see the way home. It was a moving sea of mothers with impregnable bulls barring his way, but having a faint inkling of the direction he wanted to go, he dropped down and made a dash for it. He was smelled, then jabbed, then pushed, then sat on and rolled over, but he kept on as best he could, till all at once he touched noses with a mother that smelled him all over, ^{and} then grunted her ownership. So he was soon getting a good warm dinner, forgetful that he had ever tried to take a journey ^{alone} to the sea at one month old.

(5)

hearing
It was ~~about~~ sunset and the sands where the three-year olds lay blew cool and fresh above the bay. The scattering boulders here and there were worn smooth by heavy bodies and green with guano and dead moss. Here the most valuable fur-bearing animals in the world lived and lolled. Five or six thousand of them lay happily playing in this one hauling ground, and on this one small island in the Bering there were fifteen or sixteen ^{more} seal rookeries, each with its hauling-ground of young fur-bearers. Some rookeries, of course, were not so large as this one. On another island ^{St. Is.} (of the sea) not far away ^{there} are more seal rookeries. These great seal colonies are the tid-bits ^{the favored} of ~~enjoy~~ several nations, ~~the Americans~~, the English, the Russians and the Japs. Since pelagic sealing was stopped, the three nations most vitally interested formed a treaty of protection and profit from the fur industry, the Americans, English and Japs. The industry is in the hands of the Americans, who handle the stations on the two islands, prepare the furs for market and sell them at a big annual auction in the states. England and Japan each receive fifteen per cent of the profits from these sales. In 1925, seventeen thousand seals were taken. This year it ^{was} is hoped to take at least twenty thousand without damaging the herds. A safe proportion of young seals are always ^{branded} marked ~~for identification~~ ^{and separated} as breeders ^{to be} from the numbers killed. Only three-year olds are killed, as this is the best fur.

*and
just
fores*

The bachelors' colony sported in the pale evening light, oblivious to impending doom. Like moulded statues with slim, beautiful curves, they lifted their lithe bodies onto boulders with round, whiskered noses sniffing the dank smell of the sea, which was life to them. At nine o'clock, life was in full swing with much noise and boisterousness. ^{then} Men appeared with big sticks in their hands. The group of young seals, craning their necks and bellowing uneasily, perched in a great mass with heads toward the ~~the~~ intruders. They were soon surrounded and as the light began to fade, the drive to the killing grounds three-quarters of a mile away began.

Like sheep to the slaughter, the bewildered, blundering things hobbled along through the wet grass over the hill-top. The light faded. In the half gloom, as all things took on a vagueness of form, the myriads of crawling things, lumbered up and down like an army of big dark beetles. Mostly now they lowered their heads as the minutes and hours went by, as if trying to hide from something. It was misty and the grass was damp, but yet to sea-goers the road became dry and their flippers harsh and hard to move through the tall grass. They must stop and rest. With such a layer of fat under their furry, water-proof hides, the going was warm and weary. The hours passed. By the pale glow of sunrise, the tired, sheep-like creatures were on the death grounds. And soon it was all over.

Just It was a picturesque sight. ~~The men~~ The men divided up into squads of from four to six. Each squad selected ~~selected~~ a different hauling ground, sneaking quietly down toward the shoreline; then made a rush to keep the bachelors from hobbling back into the water. When they once started them up the long, grassy slope, they went very much like sheep, following the leader. The men made no noise except the clapping of flat sticks together.

Could It was an impressive sight. The light was dim, but just enough to show the men and the hobbling of the herd in the distance. A heavy mist was falling, which is the best time to drive, because the seals *only* moved through the wet grass. They stand traveling much better if the bodies are damp. A thousand were soon herded together up toward the long slope of the hill out on a sort of a meadow. Then followed another thousand, and another. Some big bulls lumbered along with the bachelors. Some bachelors that had already been *branded* ~~marked~~ also. Thousands were driven up. The drive began *at* ~~to~~ nine o'clock, and was not completed till two or three in the morning. The herds have to move very slowly with time for frequent rests in order to cover two miles.

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While some of the Aleuts do not hanker for hard work, they are always ready for the drive of the seals. It is in the blood of the race. The foggy, wet night, the wild coastline with white breakers dimly pounding the shore, the great numbers of seals, the sights and sounds must harken back to the very beginnings of their race. There is never a lack of men for the seal drives.

Land

① There is probably no part of Alaska concerning which more interest is manifested than the Pribilof Is. in Bering Sea. The fact that they are the breeding ground of the largest rookeries of fur seals in the world makes them not only of great interest, but a valuable asset to the U.S. Govt.

Report of E. L. Jones - Arrived St Paul July 10, 1914. Made report on physical & moral conditions, & found them very bad.

In order to understand the reasons for the conditions on the islands, it is necessary to view the matter from a broad standpoint. The native inhabitants of the islands are undeniably wards of the Govt. They are on a govt. reservation, receiving from the Govt. at no cost to themselves a certain amount of supplies & rations, their schooling and medical aid. Furthermore, viewing them from a business standpoint, they are of valuable assistance in carrying on the seal & fox operations; so it strikes one forcibly that while from a legal standpoint they may not be considered strictly as wards, yet the Govt. has a grave responsibility in their general welfare, and they and their homes should be protected. On the other hand, the Govt. in early yrs. was clearly remiss in allowing the

② Practical & business side of the islands to be neglected. Sanitary conditions were of the worst, and facilities for obtaining fresh water were so poor that they didn't have a sufficient supply for common cleanliness. The people were also lacking in intelligence & morality, and some of the white men who should have guided them along proper lines of living, set them bad examples. There was a demoralized and bad atmosphere among the natives, both in their talk & actions. I.D. and blindness were prevalent.

(All this changed - not altogether.)

At that time they were allowed to make their native liquor or "quass," which proved a serious menace to morals & welfare. Making of liquor of any kind is forbidden, but as with all Dept. wards, liquor must not be sold or given them.

Education of the natives has been a slow and unpopular process. The practice of sending the older pupils ~~to the~~ Indian School at Chemawa, Oregon, was good. Most of the work now is done by resident teachers, who like the Irish storekeepers, must keep their positions for 3 yrs. or more.

The problem of keeping the native men, women & children busy is a perplexing ^{one} ~~problem~~.

(20)

At times of the year there is comparatively little work to be done. Some of the older spend time making ~~beads~~ + carvers of walrus ivory. Walrus ivory, however, is a thing of the past as it is many years now since the walrus has come to the Pribilofs. Furthermore there is no market for these goods except as men from govt. vessels happened to land. The proper grasses for the making of fine baskets like those at Attu, on the Aleutian Chain, are not found here.

(New houses, comfortable officers' quarters.)
(Green houses, gardens, bathhouses - fine food.)

Unalaska and Dutch Harbor in the same passage, home of North Am. Comm. Co. - big govt. wireless station & coast guard station. Good, safe harbor, etc.

In western Alaska where fresh food is scarce and where Aleuts are really suffering because many former opportunities for making a livelihood are gone, there is nothing that will fill the need better than reindeer herds. They would be a great blessing to the people.
(Has been done.)

^m The fur seals of the North Pacific comprise three distinct herds, which do not intermingle in any way, having distinct breeding grounds, feeding grounds, & routes of migration. The most important of the three herds is that which resorts to the Pribilof Is. These breed upon the islands of St. Paul & St. George during the summer, and in winter pass down through the channels of the Aleutian Is. into the Pacific Ocean, in their migrations reaching as far south as the coast of Southern California and returning along the west coast of North America. The other two herds occupy Asiatic islands and the migration routes are along the Japanese coast and inland sea.

This species or subspecies is called *Callorhinus ursinus*. The male or bull seal reaches full maturity at the age of about 7 yrs. He is probably sexually mature at an earlier age, but not possess the strength & courage necessary to win and hold a place on the breeding grounds. The weight of the adult male is about 350 or 450 lbs. A typical animal measures about 6 ft. in length, has a girth over the shoulders of about 4½ ft. The color varies considerably, the general shade being blackish or dark brown, with longer hairs or bristles of yellowish-white. They are espe-

Especially long and numerous on the thickened
back of the neck forming the so-called "wig." The
bulls are excessively fat on their landing in the
spring, but grow gradually lean & thin during
the season on land, never leaving food or leaving
their posts during the breeding season. Early
observers called the bull "beachmaster", because of
his aggression & pugilistic habits.

The Female

④ Pelagic sealing raised Lavoie in Bering Sea in 1880. Increased, as ~~the~~ females composed most of catch, an injurious effect was noted first by decrease of bachelors. This meant many cubs starved or were killed with mothers.

1886-1890 - Seized British pelagic sealers. (Controversy) Meanwhile herd decreased. Treaty 1892 & succession of conferences.

Pribilofs, named for their discoverer who stumbled onto them in the fog, situated in Bering Sea in latitude 57° north & longitude 170° west. Isolated from other land, nearest point south being Unalaska, 214 miles, mainland of Alaska 309 miles. To north St. Matthew Island is 220 miles. Islands are of volcanic origin & 5 in number - St. Paul, St. George, Otter Walrus, and Sivutich Rock. First 2 only of importance. Main 2 are 40 miles apart. St. Paul is $13\frac{1}{2}$ by $7\frac{3}{4}$ miles. Surface mainly low. Rocky plateaus alternate with low valleys, some with ponds of fresh water. St. G. $12 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ mi. Central

(5) Portion has elevated ridge to height of 900 ft. 3x higher than St. Paul. No harbors of any kind on either island. Bays small & shallow. Can only land small vessels in calm weather. Summer climate is damp & chilly. Dense fogs constantly envelope them; sun seldom seen. In Sept. bright cold days - winds blow away fogs. In Nov. violent winter storms begin. Much snow falls. Much blown away. High winds always. Ice floats about in winter blown down from Arctic.

See seals principal mammals on Is., but blue foxes increasing in no. Some few sea lions at certain points. Few hair seals. Otters formerly not uncommon, but gone now. Lemmings ^{on St. Is.} and shrews found on both. Myriads of sea birds, especially on St. Is. - Cormorants, murres, booby-like birds, sea parrots & gulls (?). Natives gather auklet eggs in boatloads in spring. Phalaropes, numerous (?), teal & mallard in fall (?). Geese - few. White birds have been found on both is. (?)

⑥ Islands originally uninhabited. Natives
from Aleutian Is. brought in. Were slaves of
Russians, with no redress for injuries from
their brutal & insistent masters. Lived &
died here, uncared, in big barracks,
half underground and dirt roofed, cold &
filthy. 400-450 natives.

July 10, 1926

IBF Saint George Island

*I like this - go ahead &
use notes I wrote.*

Last night at nine o'clock in the pale dusk of a northern day, I lay on the rim of the cliffs of Saint George (Island) watching the Bering Sea roar and tear as if trying to undermine the island. There is a vastness of wind and water heaving and swinging about the two little Pribilofs away off at the top of the world that dwindles trivial things to insignificance and puts mere life at the peak of energy and effort. There are a primal urge and heroic simplicity of existence that put to shame the noisy glamour of those who live in softer places. The heave of the waves was in my ears and the rythm of the sea was swinging me as I became aware of winnowing wings above me, fanning in from the sea. It was the little choockies returning home after a day at the feeding grounds far out where the surface is scummed with small, floating crustaceons.

I turned over and lay on my back in the deep grass with the heavens for a moving screen. A strong wind ~~from the sea~~ lifted the fog that feathered ^{all day had lightly} lightly the tops of the hills and sailed it slant-wise over the bluff, ~~and~~ drawing a veil across the sky and skimming mistily over my face. Then it was gone, revealing the army of little choockies still plying homeward to Ulikiah Hill.

Least Auklet.

Last night after supper about seven o'clock, I went out along the edge of the cliff to the west of the village and watched the flight of least auklets. A strong wind was blowing from the southwest. The birds were coming in from the feeding grounds in Bering Sea to the big colonies on Ulikiah Hill. This is really a long, high ridge extending across the island from east to west, made up of loose stones and rock-slides, the type of a place the choochkies like for a home.

The fog hung low, although one could see for a distance of half a mile. The flocks of little birds were coming almost in a steady stream. They appeared as tiny, black specks swirling out of the mist, beating hard against the strong air currents. They swung rather low over the water until, approaching the village, they worked along under the protection of the land; then rising, many came up a small gully or break in the cliffs, but as a rule the strong gusts of wind swept them back and they swung along the cliff and up over the point where I was lying. Great numbers passed within a few feet of me with a constant whirl of wings.

For two hours I watched, from about seven till nine o'clock in the evening. By estimating the numbers by hundreds, I timed them in passing and a great part of the time they were coming by at the rate of a thousand every fifteen or twenty seconds, sometimes five or six thousand passing to a minute; at other times perhaps one or two thousand. This was only at one point of the island. Further to the west, I am told there is another line of flight where the birds come in. They apparently leave the colonies from another direction, perhaps going out to the feeding grounds toward the east. I do not know whether the flight of birds continued after it became darker, but early in the morning, the flight was still in progress, although not in such numbers. The flocks were a little more scattered. The wind was even heavier this morning and the birds make headway by tacking up and down in the face of the wind, or

swinging off from side to side. Occasionally in a heavier gust (of wind,) especially along the shoreline, a flock of birds seems tired or has difficulty in making headway and they swing around toward sea and try to make the grade again up over the cliff.

What a story of life is found is found in the little choochkie of these northern waters. He comes to these northern isles in April. He finds himself a mate and hunts with hundreds of thousands of others a home in the miles and miles of crevices of rock slides. The flocking instinct is strong in his little body. He is a bundle of energy day and night, for he must fly miles and miles out over the Bering Sea to the feeding grounds. He is buffeted by storms and winds. He encounters the heavy fogs and mists that are so thick. One might wonder how he can find his way in waters and along the air lanes that are uncharted by land marks, or even signals in the sky. Yet these little birds use the sun as a guiding spot more than we think, although it is impossible to see how this would help when the heavy fogs dim the heavens. We know that in ~~xxx~~ some way they have a marvelous sense of location, some faculty we know not of, for this alone must guide them over the great stretches of the sea where turning and diving and hunting in a thousand ways they feed, and then unerringly they seem to strike off homeward through the fog (miles and ^{many} miles away. How do they know what direction to take? (How) they must know every point of their island home that is twelve miles long and five wide. They must recognize the points and shorelines and cliffs as well as an experienced navigator with his maps and compass. When he wings over the island to the miles of highlands where untold numbers of rocks and rock-slides look alike, he undoubtedly has some way of recognizing exact locations, for in the millions of big and little slabs and slivers and boulders, are as many crevices that are suitable for homes. He knows his own, apparently numbered in some way as we might number the ^{thousands} of houses in a city. He must recognize the little corners and ^{the lanes that lead} under the rocks where his mate and nestling await him.

Names are not always applicable but many are in Alaska where the pent-up fires have blown the ~~xxx~~ earth inside out, piling up great mountains, snow-capped along the shore line, and tipping rifts of rock lava into ~~gigantickzzzzzzkex~~ fantastic shapes, so we have castles~~xx~~ and caves and volcanoes. But no waterway is more appropriately named than False ^{west} and the shortest way from Pass, which cuts Unimak from the end of Alaska Peninsula. So when the ^{the Pacific to the Bering} Yacht Westward slipped ^{changeable} over the shifting sands ~~thatxxxxxxkex~~ and out a shallow channel ^{above} into Bering Sea, we drew a sigh of relief. But an hour later while rounding a rocky cape we were picked up on the tail of a twister that was reported as a sixty mile gale. The Westward took her bath and bobbed up smiling as if she liked it and shortly nosed her way closer in the lee of a mountain and dropped anchor for the night.

The coast of Alaska is as safe as any coast to navigate, but it has quirks and turns and a captain must know his waters and a yacht must be large enough and fit for an emergency. Then one may ~~smile~~ ~~smilexxxx~~ sit in the pilot house and smile at the spirit of the ocean. But when one tries as we did to land on the shore of Unimak Island when the rollers of Bering sea are ^{were} ~~playingxxxxxx~~ trying to hold back the ~~fl~~ ^{salt} flood waters of a mountain torrent and the tide is wrestling with the cross currents, he is playing a stiff game with the odds against him and so some were due for a ducking and got a cold one.

Begin
The long chain of islands that reach far to the westward beyond the tip of the Alaskan Peninsula is a country seldom visited except by the whaler, the fisherman, the trapper and the coast guard service. It is a country of appeal to the explorer, and the naturalist. The long shore line, uncharted waters, a harbor here and there, Looked inquisitively at our cruiser as she poked about strange places on the map.

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Leuco is tuneless, but not
singingless. Before sunrise, "an
outburst of tuneless racket," fol-
lowed by dead silence,
male rushes safely to mate.
Hovering and flight notes
only melodious ones.

Alaska presents a great album of impressions to a naturalist~~x~~ visiting her for the first time and they are so different in variety that one might conjure in his mind for months to find which are the most striking.

The long coast line with so many bays and inlets, dotted with islands the rugged mountain chain, with active volcanoes changing the whole nature of the country. The endless schools of salmon. the colonies of fur seals and the rookeries of sea lions. The little Choochkie~~s~~ or Least Auklets that crowd the crannies of the mountain sides on the Pribilofs. The flowers that bloom with tropical luxuriance. The shearwaters or whale birds that makes the waters of the Bering boil as they whip into the surface where myriads of tiny crustaceans live. The big whales that feed on the masses of the same food, the largest of animals feeding on some of the smallest. The brown bear of the Alaskan peninsula and islands which is the biggest living carnivore. The Moose of the Kenai which attains the biggest size ~~of any~~ for its species. The herds of caribou and white mountain sheep. Ice caps and glaciers. Mount McKinley the highest on the top of the continent.

And now we are on the way home and there is something about the word home, that has a pleasing sound to the ear when one has been three or four months in the field. But ~~there was something about this trip we had been on and this summer~~ *was like the* that ~~was~~ parting with an old friend that you were afraid you would never see again. and it lent sadness to the occasion. Some field trips do grow wearysome but in this case we had taken our home with us, as it were .

The long blast of the big Alaska steamer echoed against the great mountains that hem in the little town of Seward and it was past midnight and we were standing on deck loath to go to bed and leave the little yacht that lay at the end of the dock, just a youth in size to the great ocean liner, but ~~in~~ the yacht Westward was so different. It embodied youth and adventure, the nosing into channels and uncharted waters, seeking new bays and glaciers and falls yet unnamed and viewing big mountains never climbed by man. It was this lure attached to the Westward for she could go where the liners are forbidden.

What rugged ranges, vast forests, untraversed rivers, long trails stretches seen only by prospectors or trappers. Myriads of murrees and other sea fowl. the summer home of the flocks of ducks, geese and waders or shore birds swarm into this northland the home of their birth to nest and then set wing for the south when food fails in the north,

In McKinley Park we saw the display of the Northern lights. Tonight Tuesday Sept 21st we are on the Yukon and going out of Cordova into the Gulf of Alaska. The moon is full round and gleaming across the sea. The streak of light like the white of a drifting cloud shot slowly up from the horizon and threw a great flaring oval in the sky, then the border of the oval divided into serrations and as the water settles the sand in waves. Then the waving folds of light were touched with red and violet and the ~~circlet~~ ~~the~~ circlet of white light faded as mysteriously as it came. Another shaft shot up, bent to the left bulged down and took a new start skyward. As it ascended it changed to the waving folds of delicate color and dropped as white water ~~draps~~ ~~it~~ shoots out for the fall and draps the sides of a cliff in

its long fall. Nor was this the end of the great heavenly display for off to the north faint
~~rosy~~ ~~hixix~~ rosy puffs billowed up as if tinted by some far away fire. then a long
~~expart~~ bow of pinkish hue not as perfect in form as a rainbow or of pronounced
color stretched above the mountains and at nine thirty the display was over. (Both
nights we had seen the Northern lights the display was early in the evening and
did not last long.) showers of faint white lights the waving of silk folds from
distant planets. As if the distant heavens showered the dome of th sky with star dust.

~~The A great looped lariat~~ The far away streak of white looped itself like a lariat
as if about to ^{fling} throw the noose of mist about the world. The phantom light the white

dust of the stars that blows between rushing worlds. Shadows of white moving slowly

behind the curtain of night Overhanging stretches of space The dancing light

of the aurora borealis that ~~fls~~ darts, and writhes and rolls of its ribbons of silky

color. wierd green, faint violet, far off drifts of snow touched with pink reflecting

some distant fire of another world. A ^{wide} band of white suddenly ~~xxxxxxx~~ formed into

parallel folds as regular as the as if a marching army across the sky had divided into
companies. The milky way flaring white and dancing in eerie splendor.-

Argue the milky way

It was as if the little yacht had ^{met} ~~come to~~ us in our dreams and said "come and I'll take you to lands of your childhood." And how she was equipped for comfort. A living room like the one at home with windows opening to the rising and the setting sun which meant every point of the compass as we plied the endless waters of the north Pacific and the Bering Seas. The open fire place ~~at the end~~ was such an invitation to settle in the big arm chair and read or write notes. Rooms that were homey not with a tier of beds along the wall. A craft stout and sea worthy with the lines of a trail pony rather than the form of a racer. ~~The greatest joy of all was that here was a~~ Then give us companions who love the same things and want to do the same things and go the same ways. What greater joy than to take it leisurely and stop at every interesting turn. A bird on the open sea that one could stop and pursue as one does in the woods at home and pause with your field glass in hand. A glacier to picture, a new river to explore, a mountain to climb. Its all for the asking and the craft to do at the bidding. This is how we explored from spring to fall in a land and waters we had never seen.

use days of Alaska

And How little it means to say you are going to Alaska. You wouldn't explore the United States because it is so big you might go to the Yellowstone or the Yosemite the Maine woods, The Texas coast or follow the high trail of the Cascades. But that is all you would think of doing in a summer's time unless you were a travelling tourist. Alaska is like the United States of a hundred years ago, a great undeveloped and unexplored country with its vast natural resources and its game and wild life almost as in the beginning, not quite, to be sure. One may go to Alaska but he can't see it, or explore it or map it or count the unnamed rivers, and mountains and bays. Not in one life time. He might cruise the Yukon or the Kuskokwim, explore the environs of Mt. McKinley, the Endicott Range or the Kotzebue Sound but you would then have but the faintest idea of Alaska. First put to map of Alaska over that of the United States and notice that it reaches from California to Florida and the Canadian border, and realize that it is an empire of many parts, great rivers, valleys and mountain ranges and think of cruising its coast line that is longer than a voyage around the world.

We like many others set out to see Alaska and we came away with ~~the intention of~~
~~several future~~ plans for many future trips and the knowledge that one has to take
but a small part of Alaska for a season. In reality that is what we ~~did~~ found we
were compelled to do so we cruised the coast of Alaska Peninsula toward the western
end and some of the nearby islands including Bogoslof and the Pribilofs.

Amman's Machine Frontiers.

The Log of Palgrave of 1400 miles
from 4 miles of summer.

Palgrave
Mount a charge of quick says Lorry. at some he returns with
an ~~an~~ the cause of an event that he ~~has~~ cuts - 5 parts in
the pot & bit. Lorry then a note.

We were camped on Unimak, the first large island joining with the tip of the Alaska Peninsula. Hunting the great brown bear or Kodiak was our aim, *if birds,* harboring also caribou, foxes, squirrels, and myriads and since this island is a game reserve, our hunting was to be done with the harmless camera. ^PThe brown monarch of the tundra seemed shy about presenting himself, although we came upon many of his deep beds hollowed out in the rank grass along the salmon streams where he ~~feez~~ gorges on fish and then sleeps it off. It gives one the creeps to stand looking into a big empty bed, ~~maxglarexx~~ no sound but the spawning salmon struggling over a sand-bar of a rushing stream, the slap of tails, the ghoulish wind moaning over the wide wastes. Emptiness is a fearsome thing with the feel of watching eyes, and danger. One backs off and treads softly, watching every step until he has left the region behind, and he dares breathe again.

One day our field-glasses ~~picked~~ picked up a small herd of caribou as the sun ~~picked up~~ flashed on their tawny-yellow coats. There was no way to get near them except to flatten out on our stomachs and caterpillar along over the dwarfed willows padded with deep moss. We finally looked down into the dip of a big, open hollow that sloped evenly off to the shore of a little lake. The herd was *feeding* ~~manching~~ peacefully. The wind was in our favor, as it was blowing toward us instead of toward them. Soon we noticed that a watchful old cow had pricked up her ears and levelled her eyes off toward the slope of Shishaldin, that ~~lifting~~ pointed, symmetrical cone that lifted into the sky ~~and at night~~ with a lighted candle at its tip at night.

The old bruin was shuffling lieisurely down the ridge, stopping here and there to paw out a squirrel hole. With one huge paw, he scooped the dirt out, sending a shower behind him. But he had no luck and looked surly as he ambled on down hill. The camera man was ahead, running low and crouching down to to head Bruin off at the foot of the slope. I followed, hitching along as best I could. I saw the big form reach the bottom of the hill and disappear below the washed-out bank of the lake. The camera man stood up and made a run for it. He reached the top soon after the bear, and I saw him duck down as he went over the top. I labored on, getting less enthusiastic for an adventure

with a Kodiak, especially this one. Everybody was out of sight now, and the land scape was empty. The bunch of caribou, frightened by imminent disaster from two directions, were in full flight around the far end of the lake. The wind followed the racing herd.

I crawled on to the edge of the bank and looked over. The bear had his back to us, leaning over the lake rim, drinking and splashing in the water about fifty yards away. Just then immediately below me, a head and a lifted camera raised up, the movie motor humming. Both of us were in plain sight. At the noise, the old bear turned, startled. The camera man was cornered, and too close.

That enormous, shaggy hulk rose on its hind feet. His head went down and his long, heavy arms and paws dangling at his sides. his neck bowed up like a bull's, The camera buzzed on. I was petrified. I could not make a sound. All at once, that ~~great~~ lumbering beast bolted straight up the path where he had come down, his great, ugly face with broken teeth and burning eyes coming closer every minute. I stood as if in a devastating dream. He swished past. The camera still hummed. As I looked up the hill, the old bear was looking back to see if the demons ^{were} still ^{ing} pursued him.

The male utters his song
as he flies upward from
a knoll or tussock of
grass, and when he reaches
a height of some thirty
or forty feet he extends the
points of his wings upward,
forming a V-shaped figure,
and floats gently to the
ground, ~~with~~ spilling his
liquid notes, which fall
in a tinkling succession,
which are perhaps the
sweetest bird notes of the
barren tundra. It is an
exquisite jingling melody,
with much less power
than that of the babliuk.

tinety yellow. Longspur spends his summer on the northern tundra, but his winter in the interior prairies much further south. He builds a nest of weed stems lined with fine grasses, moss, and horsehair.

Longspur's summer home is along the Alaska Peninsula and on these tundra-covered silands, even far to the North in the Bering Sea. When the snows fall and his food is covered up, he migrates to the prairies and treeless plains of Colorado and Kansas and as far south as Texas.

As I gazed out into the misty twilight, my eyes hovered over a spot some fifty yards in front of the tent where I knew the singer had his nest in a tussock of grass. It was cupped under with a half-covered top and finely lined with woven grasses. As I sat listening, I heard his last notes for the night, muffled and sweet like a spirit of the mist.

Perhaps it is hard for a bird to sing with no bough of a tree for a perch. It may be that he must hang high above the sand hills and fields in order to express to them his vibrant exuberance.

One late afternoon, I wandered up the bed of a noisy, flashing little stream that came bounding around the base of a steep, high cliff not far back on the island. Its banks were as bare of trees as a wave-washed sea beach, but a thick carpet of moss overhung its edges like a soft, rounded padding. Even the face of the cliff was old and moss-grown, dripping green splotches of color where persistent grass clung. It was damp and the wind drew cold around its corners. All at once high above my head, from a crevice of the crumbling rock wall, a vivid black and white form flashed up and up to the sky. This was another singer that perched in the air to sing, I thought. It was the bunting or snowflake, a showy bird that summers as far north as the Arctic islands surrounded by an icy sea. He ascended like a little skyrocket to shower his notes as he wafted down to earth. As I was gazing upward, another bird with a reddish ~~head~~ tone swung out from almost the same spot high on the cliff. The Aleutian rosy finch or leucosticte was a neighbor of the snowflake on the rock wall, making his bulky nest of grasses and stalks with a lining of feathers. Both the bunting and the finch tucked their nests so high up and so neatly in the cracks that they were hard to see and harder to reach. A prying fox had no chance to them. In the rocky streets of the Aleut villages, the sociable

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rosy finch was as much at home as the natives, and more numerous. They reminded me of the ever present English sparrow at home.

Int. - to Kodak story -

The Aleutian Chain of islands is a thousand mile festoon

that dips down from the end of the Alaska Peninsula southeastward, the beadss on the string gorwing smaller till it ^{they} ends with the tiny island of Attu, which pokes so far across the Bering Sea under the Asiatic nose that it seems to be asking for trouble. And these are times when trouble comes without asking for it.

Attu Island is more than double the distance from Dutch Harbor, nearest so far the ~~only~~ fortified seaport to guard the Chain, than she is to Kamchatka, that long barrier that trails directly down to the Japanese Islands. More trouble in the ^{in times} air, when trouble comes without the asking, for this region is rich in fisheries, blue foxes and whale oil supplies, and fur seals, ~~xxxxxxx~~ not to mention wild game birds and animals, - all this a juicy plum for any belligerent nation.

lined with fine grasses and moss.

his winter in the interior prairies further south. He builds a nest of weed stems

tinely yellow. Longspur spends his summer on the northern tundra, but

(2) Perhaps it is hard for a bird to sing with no bough of a tree on which to perch. It may be that he must sit high above the hills and the fields that he loves in order to express to them his vibrant exuberance. Thus are the birds put to it for perches that live on these far, treeless islands. One late afternoon I wandered up the bed of a noisy, flashing little stream that came bounding around the base of a steep, high cliff not far back on the island. Its banks were as bare as a wave-washed sea beach, except that the thick carpet of moss overhung its edges like a soft, rounded padding. Even the face of the cliff was old and moss grown, dripping green splotches of color where persistent grass clung. It was damp and the wind drew cold around its corners. All at once from a crevice of the crumbling rock a white form, touched with black, flashed up and up. ^{high above my head} It was another singer that perched in the air, I thought. ¹ This was the bunting or snowflake, a showy bird of black and white that summers as far north as the Arctic islands surrounded by an icy sea. He ^{or she} ascended like a little sky-rocket to shower his notes as he ^{wattered down} settled to earth. The Aleutian rosy finch or ^{As I was watching} leucosticte was a neighbor of the snowflake on the cliff, making a bulky nest of grasses and stalks with a lining of feathers in which were five glossy eggs. ^{another bird with a reddish head dress} Both the bunting and the finch tucked her nest so high up and so neatly in the ^{white swirling with} cracks that they were hard to see and harder to reach. A prying fox had no chance at them. In the rocky streets of the Aleut villages, the sociable rosy finch ^{like English Sparrows in a city street at home} is as much at home as the natives, ^{was} and more numerous.

H These 7 Reddeer migrating
~~proud of his voice and his coat?~~ Longspur's summer home is along the Alaska Peninsula and on these tundra covered islands, even far to the north in the Bering Sea. When the snows fall and his food is covered up, he migrates to the prairies and treeless plains of Colorado and Kansas, and as far south as Texas. As I gazed out into the misty twilight, my eyes hovered over a spot some fifty yards in front of the tent where I knew longspur had a nest in a tussock of grass. It was cupped under with a half-covered top and finely lined with woven grasses and feathers. Already there were three eggs in it speckled with brown on a pale greenish background. As I sat listening, I heard his last notes for the night, muffled and sweet like a spirit of the mist.

Northern lights

(1)

at Umanak Island

(It was nine-thirty o'clock.) The camp on the bend of the little river, ^{long ago} was peaceful in the pale evening light. Although the sun had set, it was still so near that it illumined the sky and put out the stars. The tents rested on a bed of sedge grass almost under the dreamy whiteness of Shishaldin, a magnificent cone with a glowing crater like a fish's mouth upturned to the heavens and the ever moving, misty clouds. A strong wind blew out to sea where the little yacht Westward ^{half a mile out in the Bering Sea} rocked at anchor in the bay. In the evening calm we could hear the crash of the breakers just beyond the turn of the river where it spread its silver fingers across the wide beach to join the sea.

As I sat in the tent door with a cosy fire at my back, the mountain was hidden behind the fog. ^{The white veil of fog} ~~It~~ partially brushed away and there, lifted aloft, was the lighted tip of a candle resting upon billowy clouds. For a few minutes the pointed cone hung suspended in the sky, then was blotted out again ^{and} the fog snuffed out the light. And out of this ~~the~~ veil came the lark-like notes of the Alaska longspur. Now from the top of the hill above the river they sounded, now from across the flat marshland in answering cheer against the muffling murkiness of the coming night.

Living up action felt

far northern country

^{was} 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 of grass to another as they feed on the abundant weed seeds, there ^{was} is no lack of companionship and cheer. Up, up into the sky the bird flies, hangs suspended for a minute, pointing the tips of his wings upward, then wavering lightly down on the wind like a little kite, he spills his tinkling notes as he drops ^{fed} ~~And~~ ^{was} he is as jaunty in dress as ~~he is~~ in song, - ~~black~~ ^{black} in sharp contrast to grayish-white under parts, a white line from the eye to the neck, 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 head. He gets his name from the long, nearly straight hind claw, which may be used as a scratching instrument. His heavy, pointed bill ^{was} ~~is~~ distinctly yellow. ~~Hasn't he a right to be~~

Long dist view of tundra long spurs in air

He floated

We were camped on Unimak Island, the first large island joining with the tip of the Alaska Peninsula. It was nine-thirty o'clock, The tents nestled in the bend of a little river. ~~It was~~ peaceful in the pale, evening light. Although the sun had set long ago, it was still so near that it allumined the sky and put out the stars. The tents rested on a bed of sedge grass almost under the dreamy whiteness of ~~of~~ Shishaldin, a magnificent cone with a glowing crater like a fish's mouth upturned to the heavens and the ever moving, misty clouds. A wind blew out to sea. In the evening calm, we could hear the crash of the breakers just beyond the turn of the ^{stream} river where it spread its silver fingers across the wide beach to join the sea.

As I sat in the tent door with a cost fire at my back, the mountain was hidden behind the fog. The white veil partially brushed away, and there, lifted aloft, was the lighted tip of a candle resting upon billowy clouds. For a few minutes, the pointed cone hung suspended in the sky, then was blotted out again as the fog snuffed out the light. And out of this veil came the lark-like notes of the Alaskan longspur. Now from the top of the hill above the river they sounded, now from across the flat marshland in answering cheer against the muffling murkiness of the coming night.

It was a brave effort in this far northern country, but I doubt if the longspur ~~feels~~ ^{felt} any loneliness even up here at the top of the world. From the numbers that flit ^{over} the tundra all day long, zigzagging from one tussock of grass to another as they feed on the abundant weed seeds, there was no lack of companionship and cheer. Up, up into the sky the bird ~~flit~~ flew, floated there for a minute, pointing the tips of his wings upward, then wavering lightly down on the wind like a little kite, he spilled his tinkling notes as he dropped.

And he was as jaunty in dress as in song, - breast black in sharp contrast to grayish-white under parts, white line reaching from the eye to the back of the neck, 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 the head. He gets his name from the long, nearly straight hind claw, which may be used as a scratching instrument. His heavy, pointed bill was dis-