IRENE BARNHART FINLEY '03, *transcribing field notes in Alaska.* WILLIAM L. FINLEY '03, *with Cuffy and Tuffy, young black bears.*

Photos by Finley

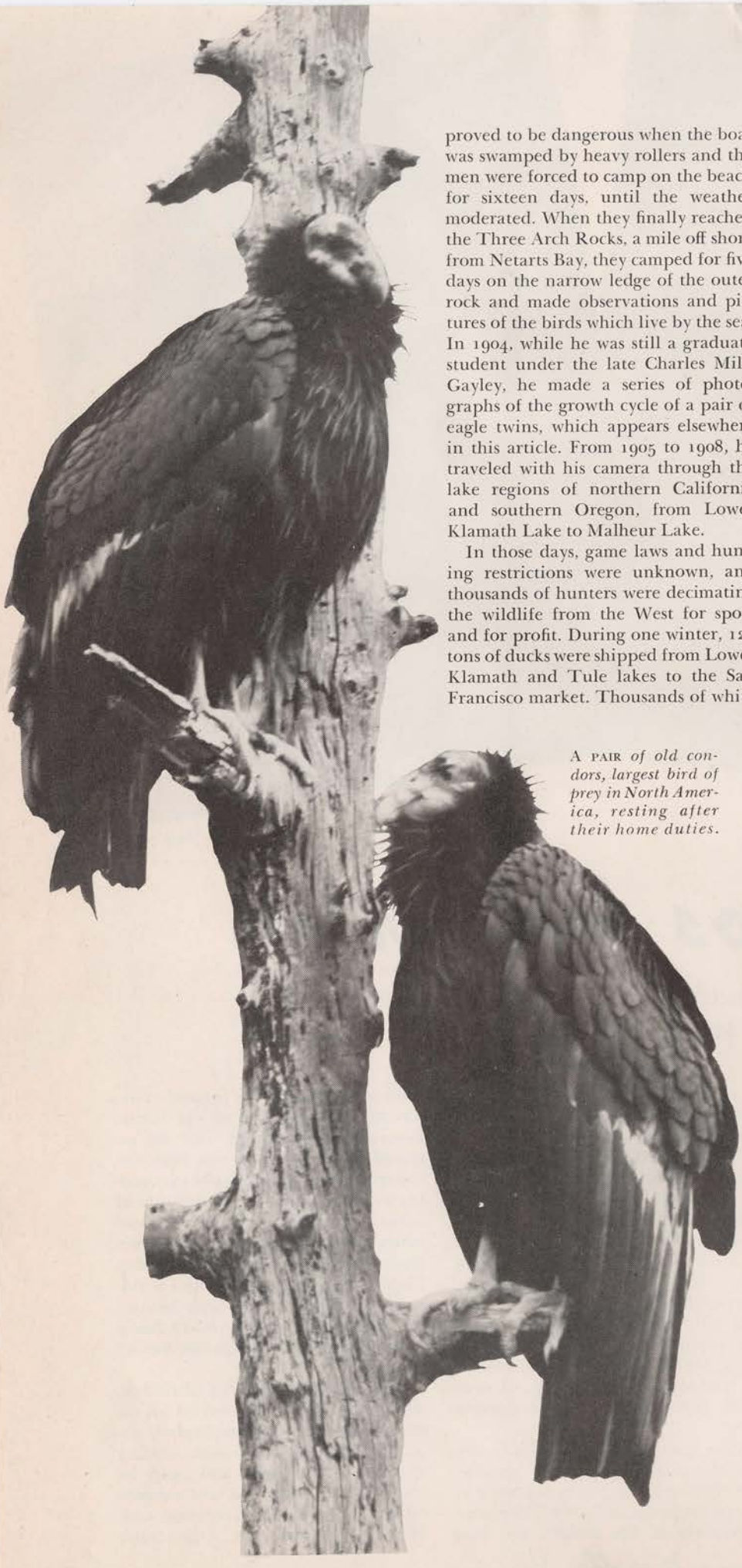
THE STORY OF A UNIQUE PARTNERSHIP ILLUSTRATED WITH "PHOTOGRAPHS BY FINLEY" • BY WM. FREDERICK CALKINS '31

In 1899, there came to University of California a young man with a passion for photography and a love for the out-of-doors. He had one other quality, perhaps one that he did not yet recognize, a resentment against the wanton stripping from our land of our natural resources of wildlife, forests and grass, and water.

One day, almost forty years ago, this young man, with a coed, sat beneath a nut tree in one of the wooded canyons of Berkeley's rolling hills. They were watching the antics of a red squirrel, hurrying here and there on his never-ending quest for food. He was a tame little fellow, and soon they were tossing nuts to him, watching amusedly as he snatched them up and hurried away to hide them against the winter's famine. Intrigued by his quick intelligence, they tested him by tying a nut to a string, drawing it away just as he was on the point of seizing it in his almost humanlike hands. The squirrel quickly learned the game and would chase the nut until he captured it. Then, to test him further, the young couple threw the string over a low-hanging limb, pulled the nut just out of reach of the red fellow's extended paws. The squirrel, after several unsuccessful jumps, scooted for the tree. The pair watched, waiting to see if the squirrel would slide down the string, but, to their great astonishment, he hauled the string up, hand over hand, grabbed the nut, and scurried away.

Here was started a career—in reality two careers—and a unique partnership. For William Finley '03, now known as one of the most eminent wildlife photographers of the nation, saw that there were lessons to be learned in observing the home life of the Pacific Coast's animal citizens, and he received his first inkling that here was material for his photographs that people would want to see, photographs of natural comedians which would amuse many audiences. And in the girl, Nellie Irene Barnhart '03, who became Mrs. Finley in 1906, he had found a colleague, a partner to go with him on the picture trail from Arizona's desert to the Pribilof Islands in the Bering Sea.

Even before he was out of college, William Finley was started on his career of naturalist, photographer, explorer, and conservationist. During the summers of 1901 and 1903, he made studies of the sea bird colonies off the Oregon Coast, in company with Herman T. Bohlman. One cruise



A PAIR *of old condors, largest bird of prey in North America, resting after their home duties.*

proved to be dangerous when the boat was swamped by heavy rollers and the men were forced to camp on the beach for sixteen days, until the weather moderated. When they finally reached the Three Arch Rocks, a mile off shore from Netarts Bay, they camped for five days on the narrow ledge of the outer rock and made observations and pictures of the birds which live by the sea. In 1904, while he was still a graduate student under the late Charles Mills Gayley, he made a series of photographs of the growth cycle of a pair of eagle twins, which appears elsewhere in this article. From 1905 to 1908, he traveled with his camera through the lake regions of northern California and southern Oregon, from Lower Klamath Lake to Malheur Lake.

In those days, game laws and hunting restrictions were unknown, and thousands of hunters were decimating the wildlife from the West for sport and for profit. During one winter, 120 tons of ducks were shipped from Lower Klamath and Tule lakes to the San Francisco market. Thousands of white herons, western grebe, and other birds were shot during the breeding season for the millinery markets of New York and Paris. Finley was one of that small group of far-seeing men, who could envision the extinction of our native wildlife, and his resentment against pitiful destruction led him into a career of usefulness, which has taken his name throughout the country into the halls of the great, where he has fought handily and hardily the battle of conservation.

When he went to Washington, D.C. in 1908, he was armed with a letter by the late Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of University of California, to his friend, the late President Theodore Roosevelt, which said, in part: "William L. Finley is an ornithologist of great distinction and of distinguished service . . . he is as square as a brick and in every way worth knowing. . . ." When Finley was ushered into the presence of the President at the White House, he was welcomed with the famous toothy smile and the greeting, "Dee-lighted. So you're the young man that makes wildlife pictures." And so the President and a photographer-naturalist sat down to thumb through the latter's album of nature, and out of this meeting came the special executive proclamations of 1907 and 1908 for the protection of wildlife in Oregon, which established the Three Arch Rocks Reservation off the Oregon coast and the Lower Klamath Lake Reservation and the Malheur Lake Reservation.

But the work of the young naturalist did not end there. He went home to Oregon to urge the passage of legislative measures establishing six more wildlife reservations. With Dr. Joseph Grinnell, of the University of California department of zoology, and Dr. Walter P. Taylor, he located the cave home of the almost extinct California condor, largest bird of prey in North America. For almost five months, trips were made into the mountains north of Altadena to record the complete history of this disappearing species, from egg to maturity, and out of this record of science came the establishment of another reservation in southern California.

In 1912, Mr. and Mrs. Finley were studying the big game animals of the northeast section of Oregon, and they found that the elk, or wapiti, which formerly had been abundant, were practically exterminated. In conjunction with the biological survey, thirty of these mammals were captured in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and Mr. Finley transferred them from the moun-

OLD *condor breaking the shock of his twenty-five unds as he alights on the limb of a dead tree.*

GENERAL *was observed from egg to maturity by the Finleys, who took him to their Willamette River home as a pet. Here he is sunning his wings, nine and one-half feet from tip to tip.*

BOVE, *dinner time for a pair of young Seattle wrens.*
elow, a pin-tailed duckling ready to see the world.

ABOVE, *Mrs. Finley poses with a pet antelope at their Oregon estate, Riverby, which is a veritable wildlife refuge. Cougar kittens (below) are as gentle as ordinary pussies.*

tains by sled and train and established a refuge for them in Chesnimnus Forest. This later resulted in the restoration of the elk throughout the northeast portion of Oregon, where, during the past four years, elk hunting has been permitted. His studies of the antelope, or pronghorn, in southern Oregon, northern California and Nevada, resulted in the establishment of the Hart Mountain Reservation in southern Oregon and a continual increase of the species.

In 1910, when Oswald West was elected Governor of Oregon, little had been done toward proper game conservation. Governor West asked Mr. Finley to make a complete study of fish and game commissions in all parts of the United States to prepare a law for the next session of the Oregon legislature. After months of study, the measure was prepared, and passed by the legislature in 1911. Governor West appointed Finley as the first member of the Oregon Fish and Game Commission, but after serving for a while as commissioner, it was decided that he was the best expert available for the administration of the new law, and he was, therefore, appointed as state game warden for four years. After his resignation, a special act of the legislature was passed, making possible research work, and Finley served in the newly created post of state biologist for Oregon. For the purpose of educating the public in the proper protection of wildlife species, Finley has served as field naturalist for twenty years for the National Association of Audubon Societies and for twelve years as naturalist for the American Nature Association and *Nature Magazine*.

All the while, Finley was following the game trails of the West, with his camera on his back and with Irene Barnhart by his side. Their travels have taken them to Arizona, where, hidden in dummy cactuses, they have photographed the shy desert life; to Alaska and the Bering Sea, where they have made portraits of the gigantic Kodiak bears, and where they have seen whales jumping like mullet in the water; to Texas, where they have "shot" the beautiful bird life of the Gulf of Mexico; to high mountains, where, disguised as mountain goats, they have made their remarkable studies of goats and bighorns; even to the summit of Mt. Rainier, where Mrs. Finley made the unprecedented discovery of a chipmunk and a white-footed mouse that had traversed the bleak snow fields to an altitude of 14,408 feet. During these years of tramping and living out of doors. Mr. and Mrs. Finley have amassed a collection of 55,000 still pictures of birds and animals and over a quarter of a million feet of motion pictures.

At the same time, this couple has been on the lecture trail throughout the United States, telling audiences of the habits and lore of birds and animals, amusing them with the antics of their pets, telling the story of conservation to whoever would listen to it.

Wherever Finley has gone, he has been accompanied by Mrs. Finley. When, in the middle of taking his condor series, Finley was badly injured while picturing bald eagles in their aeries on the cliffs of San Clemente Island, Mrs. Finley took his camera and continued to work. When they published their books, *Wild Animal Pets* and *Little Bird Blue*, the names of both of them appear on the title pages, and they share their lecture assignments throughout the country.

This pair knows well the wild creatures that roam from Lower California to the Bering Sea, and perhaps their most unique accomplishment is their ability to tame almost any animal with which they may come into contact. Their home beside the Willamette River in Oregon is almost a wild game refuge. There they entertained, for a while, the three cougar cubs pictured with this article and found them to be pleasant companions. There they raised General, the giant condor, before he was shipped off to New York Zoological Park. There lives Don Q, a quail that follows them about like a dog and perches himself on the typewriter when they are writing.

Mrs. Finley holds that natural history is not centered entirely on the records of species and subspecies relating to correlation, habitat, and food. She has the conviction that knowing wild creatures themselves, their habits, behavior, instincts, and personality, is a necessary supplement to the collection of specimens and the establishment of museums. Many government and state bureaus have devoted much time to important scientific research, and many reports and documents have been issued. These do not, however, reach or teach many beginners or lovers of outdoor life, and Mrs. Finley has felt the need of picturing in writing in a popular style, with the purpose of leading children as well as adults into the real understanding of the out-of-doors, because it brings satisfaction and happiness.

To this California couple, the out-of-doors and their work with it has brought satisfaction and happiness in partnership.

MANY YEARS AGO, *a pair of golden eagles* (Aquila chrysaëtos) *came to live on the southern rim of Mission Ridge, south of Oakland. In 1904, shortly after his graduation, William Finley determined to photograph the old eagles' aerie and the growth of their eaglets. One morning, he and his companion boarded the train in South Oakland, which took them to the fertile, hilly district, wherein lies the Mission Ridge. They rode their bicycles as far as they could, then tramped to the top of the range, carrying their heavy photographic equipment. At the very top of the range, the mountain breaks into the head*

of a big canyon, and in a giant sycamore tree, rooted in the bed of a little stream, they found the eagles' aerie. As they approached, the old eagles, timid in the presence of man, floated silently away, and never during their seven visits to observe the eaglets' growth did they catch more than a glimpse of the royal pair. The photographer-naturalist immediately clambered up the trunk of the sycamore tree (upper row, extreme left) for a close-up shot of the nest with its pair of eggs (center photograph). On their next trip, the eggs were hatched and there sat two eaglets, about the size of chickens, clothed in their white down (upper row, extreme right). This photograph was made when the eaglets were about twenty-five days old. In the pride of his youth at sixty-two days (lower row, extreme left) the young eagle still must wait another month before he may learn to fly, for his wings develop exceedingly slowly. Finley and his assistant (lower row, center) make a close-up of the eaglets. The eagle is the truly untamed king of the air and at no time during his visits to the aerie did Finley venture his hand within the reach of their beaks and claws, for he knew they would rend to shreds any enemy hand that might touch them. Nor were the eaglets less savage as the visits progressed: they opened their mouths in defiance each time Finley poked his head above the rim of their five foot nest, which, interestingly enough, was always decorated with a fresh green bough of evergreen. Lower row, extreme right: an intimate portrait of one of the twins, showing the typical cered bill and deep-set eyes. Eagles are excellent in the control of rodents: Finley estimates that this family consumed no less than 540 ground squirrels during the three months they maintained housekeeping in the sycamore tree on Mission Ridge.