

green ice with a flat, white top - the whole looked like a sea-green submarine with a white deck and conning tower. Behind it rose the steep rock cliff, its face pathed with an absolutely vertical waterfall of snow white. There was more rock and less vegetation here. The trees were smaller and the bushes more numerous. It was goat country. (How many times would I repeat this to myself? It rang in my ears.)

The sun was coming in over the steep walls; in the early morning, it had been far above us. In the cliff near the starboard side of the boat was a henna-red vein of iron and far above the rock face was a great snowfield, glazed by the sunlight. Back of this was a small receded glacier. *where were the goats here?*

Chunks of floating foam from the falls dotted the water at the base of the cliff and here also, on the rocks, were reddish-brown water marks that at a distance looked like an etching. I watched the sunlight golden a bushy, green slope on my left. There were so many shades of green: turquoise water, olive green trees, and apple green bushes. Some of the rocks were yellow with moss. (Above me floated cottony clouds.)

The camera hunters were ready. While I had been dreaming, they had collected about me. Mr. Rankin leaned against the forecastle, his glasses to his eyes. *Bill* and *Mike* were trying to get a better focus on the Akeley. And *Ray* the guide of the expedition was holding an Eyemo in one hand and pointing to the water with the other.

"That's a marbled murrelet." He indicated a small patch of speckled gray and white, floating on the surface. "No marbled murrelet's nest has ever been found, but *one of* our old guides *id* says they nest on these inland cliffs. We can expect almost anything now...especially goat." He winked at me.

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I heard the scrape of a boat on the upper deck and the crunch of the davits. We were getting ready to land in a hurry, if necessary.

The tide was slowly coming in and as we glided into the narrow entrance, I heard the purr of the auxiliary engine, which was quieter than the big diesel. On our port side was a rocky point and a bar. We glided around the point, hugging the cliff. A pair of harlequin ducks flew out over the water, (and far away at the head of the inlet appeared a snowy peak.)

On one side of the narrow gorge ahead stretched a white slide.

The Captain spoke from the pilot house. "Three goats were seen on that slide the trip before!"

As we passed it, five or six pairs of glasses combed its surface.

"We'd better lie low and cruise along the inlet, watching both banks," said Mr. ^{Church} Rankin. "It's much easier to see goats from the yacht than from a small boat. If we spot one with a kid at a reasonable distance, we'll put in to shore and give chase. I know there'll be action before long."

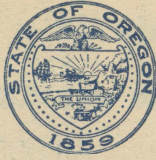
But Mr. ^{Church} Rankin couldn't have guessed how much action we were about to have. If we didn't get a young goat today, our chances were over. We must be ^{back} in Ketchikan in two days. So each of us ~~was~~ focussed on goat. We were bound to spot at least one but would he be near enough for our approach? The nannies give birth to their young low down on the slopes and then seek the cliffs later on when the young goats are able to climb.

"If we do see a goat

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"If we do see a kid and its mother, they'll lead us a merry chase. Those animals can climb almost anything," said Barry, adjusting a ray filter to his camera. "If you had one of them trapped with rock cliffs on three sides of him and you on the other, he'd try to scale the cliff and failing that, he'd butt you over the edge and depart at his leisure."

(Well, I felt brave at the time and this didn't deter me. It's always easier to think than to act.) Later on, when Richmond really saw the goat and the position it was in, I needed a spur for my flagging nerve. Of course, everyone took it for granted that I would go on the chase, and I wanted to go. It was the chance of a lifetime.

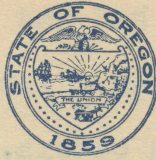
As I said, Richmond spotted the goat and, miracle of miracles, she had a kid at her heels! Things seldom happen to me in halves. I get the whole or nothing and I was getting a big break now, even though I was taking a good many chances. The two goats were three hundred feet above us in a pocket of the cliff. They had evidently worked up from below and could go no further. A solid rock face blocked their passage on three sides, with the exception of perhaps a seventy-five foot jump on the right. A fine position in which to get a good picture of the mother and corner the kid!

Richmond and I got into a canoe with our cameras and Barry paddled us over to the shore. Mr. Rankin and Mike decided to get into another boat and stay in the bushes on the bank so that if the goats came down, they could block their passage. Richmond and I worked thru the bushes, slanting upward to the left of the cliff. The ledge was steep and the branches matted, and our movie cameras were in constant danger of being ruined. We came to a clump of trees and saw goat sign. From here on, our path was the path of the goats.

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