



1904

S T A T I O N   D I A R Y

Attendance

Eleanor Blodgett, South Bend  
 Brode, Howard S., Walla Walla  
 Carver, G.K. L., Buckley  
 Coghill, George E., Forest Grove, Ore  
 Corey, Anna, Seattle  
 Covey, Alma, Seattle  
 Flett, G. B., Tacoma  
 Foster, A. S., Portland, Ore  
 Grunbling, C. M., Tacoma  
 Hancock, Elizabeth, Seattle  
 Hubbard, Emma, Seattle  
 Hungate, Joseph, Walla Walla  
 Johnson, Aylett, Bellingham  
 Landes, Charles, Bellingham  
 Mehner, Albert, Juneau, Alaska  
 Moon, H. L., Iowa City, Iowa  
 Pope, Arthur S., Kent  
 Romine, A. P., Bellingham  
 Sharpless, Ada W., Port Townsend  
 Kincaid  
 Frye

DIARY

Marine Station, Friday Harbor

The lighter phase  
 by members of the party,  
 summer 1904

When the probable members of the party were under discussion the question of chaperones came up. It looked as if either Dr. Frye or Prof. Kincaid would have to furnish one. It was suggested that they toss up to see which it would be, but both were so busy that they had not the spare time required to do it well, and not to do a thing well would be setting a bad example to science students. So the whole matter was turned over to one of the assistants, Mr. Mehner, who put his whole heart into the subject and succeeded admirably, but irretrievably lost that important organ.

Dr. Frye, Mr. Pope and Mr. Foster were the first members of the party to start for Friday Harbor. They reached Argyle Friday, June 15, sleepy and tired, walked to Friday Harbor, saw some of the furniture unloaded, including Mehner's boat, bought a broom and rode down to look into the condition of "our house". Meanwhile a dray brought the stove and blankets. The stove was set up without any language not suited for publication, and the house was swept. Evidently they were afraid to try to do any cooking for they all ate at the hotel, and Mr. Foster went to the hotel to live; but Dr. Frye and Mr. Pope spread their blankets on the dining room floor and went to bed with the setting of the sun, for they had no lamp.

June 18, Saturday Blue spots over all projecting bones. Mr. Foster worked hard clearing away brush about the house. Dr. Frye and Mr. Pope rowed over the strait in Mehner's boat, to Shaw Island, to see Captain Douglass about the time of the completion of the launch. Strong tide south; high north wind; big waves for a small boat; blustering weather; blistering hands; rain; cold; through wet; enough rowing to last a long time. Barely made the Island.

reached camp in the evening, gently applied their blue spots to the floor, and went to sleep, being careful to touch at as many places as possible.

June 19, Sunday. Went to Church and Sunday school. Made the kitchen, diningroom and laboratory tables. Renovation, deodorization, disinfection, and disinsection of the Vatican in anticipation of its occupation by His Holiness on Monday. Blue spots have become calluses.

June 20, Monday. Prof. Kincaid, Misses Corey and Blodgett arrived on the Lydia Thompson. First meal in the new house at noon. Everything worked fine. Seems like Robinson Crusoe, except that we can go to town after fresh beef. First tents went up. Green Boat came.

June 21, Tuesday. Dr. Frye, Mr. Pope and Mr. Foster went over to Lichtenburgs in the "Guard" after a boat: genesis of the leaky boat. Got it by dragging it for a long distance over a rough beach. Got the big boat from Middleton.

June 22, Wednesday Fair. Misses Sharples, Hancock, Covey, Hubbard; Mr. Flett and the Brode Family arrived on the Lydia Thompson. In the afternoon Messrs Landes, Johnson, and Romine came on the Buckeye. Tents sprang up all around and "Faculty Hill" began to assume its permanent appearance. At supper table Prof. Kincaid warned all that regular work would begin at 4:30 the next morning, and that the breakfast bell would ring promptly at 4:00/ Everybody looked at his neighbor to see whether it was intended as a joke or not.

June 23, Thursday. Glorious morning but a little chilly around the edges, specially at four A.M. Promptly at 4:30 all except Mr. Foster started in rowboats for Minnesota Reef. After an hour's row all reached the reef and found the tide at the lowest. After filling pails and cans the tide was too high for further search so the party returned to the Station, arriving there about noon to find that two new members had arrived, - Mr. Coghill and Mr. Hungate. After dinner everybody (feminine P.C.F.) went to the post office and Miss Hancock got three letters, addressed in large handwriting.

June 24, Friday At 4:00 A.M. Dr. Frye made the rounds armed with a war whoop and a call to breakfast, while Prof. Kincaid split kindling. Chilly and early; but after a hasty breakfast all except Mr. Foster went in row boats to a reef south of Minnesota Reef, but did not find it as promising a field as was expected. We were late in getting started for home, and true to Mr. Foster's prediction a strong wind came up and the boats had some difficulty in rounding the island near Minnesota Reef. The boat containing the bride and groom was out of sight so long that Dr. Frye insisted upon landing and going in search of it. The boat finally reached home and we were informed that they had been botanizing, and had seen nothing of Dr. Frye. Neither did he appear until just after dinner just as a search party was being organized to go for him. P.M. A number of the party took nets and went into the country to get insects. After supper Dr. Frye gave his first lesson in rowing.

June 25, Saturday Fair. Made our first trip to Newhall, in the "Sea-Gull". Douglass' boat was not completed so we got this smaller one. Had our first lunch out-doors today. Ate on the beach, making our coffee and getting our drinking water from a stream coming over the rocks near by. Afterwards when the men were going after the scow they met a boy with a pail of water for them. He explained that the water we had used came from the hotel farther up and contained the dish-water and kitchen refuse. He was told to go back and keep still or there might be several cases of sea-sickness in the crowd. The men fixed the windlass on the scow, made a washing table on which to dump the contents of the dredge, and tore off the rear end of the roof. This took some time but we got it floated on high tide in the middle of the afternoon and started to dredge on the way home. Hence forth the "Royal Barge" was a part of the Marine Station. Dredged a mud bottom full of Sea cucumbers.

Late in the afternoon the camp was visited by two small boys who told the following tale: Rev. Sharp, Presbyterian Church, Friday Harbor, had divided the Sunday School into two sections, a blue-button and a red-button one. Each side is to secure as many new members as possible: the side securing the greater number is to have the pleasure of eating ice cream at the other's expense. The boys

applied to The Pope, as the spiritual leader of the party, and secured a promise from him to join the Blues. But that was not enough; he must go with them to call upon the other members of the Camp. The three made the circuit of the tents. The Pope's eloquence and the evident zeal of the boys secured many promises to join the Sunday School and all joined the Blues.

June 26, Sunday Fair and warm. Nearly all the camp showed an unexpected piety and started Presbyterianward. One of the flock strayed and got into the Methodist fold, but promised to stay with the rest the next Sunday. In spite of the heat all declared that they had enjoyed the hour, and came home the proud possessors of blue buttons.

June 27, Monday Fair. Dredged off Upright Head in the forenoon. Hunted for a camping spot on Shaw Island that had water near it. Saw several seals. Camped in a small cove on the east side of Shaw Island for dinner. After dinner several of the party collected plants on Shaw Island while the rest dredged some more in the channel. Picked up the shore party about 4:30 and sailed for home.

June 28, Tuesday Mr. Carver came. Got in with Mr. Flett. Miss Hancock got 2 letters. Pickled yesterday's catch.

June 29, Wednesday. Early this morning a fine day appeared. At 7:00 the entire camp started across country for Kanaka Bay. All of the men except Dr. Frye and Mr. Foster walked. The girls rode in a big lumber wagon, and took turns sitting on the two spring seats and the soft side of a pine board. It was a beautiful morning and the ride thru the woods was glorious. As we passed thru Friday Harbor Dr. Frye and Mr. Foster who had gone around that way to do some errands joined us.

Owing to a misunderstanding between Miss Covey and the driver, Mr. Foster who had got out to pick some flowers for Miss Hubbard, got left and had to walk the last half mile. Miss Covey worried all day for fear she had hurt some one.

Two of the men who had started across country, got lost, but reached the others after considerable extra tramping. All started across the mud flats for the collecting ground near the entrance of the choked harbor. MUD! Acres of it! Over the shoe tops! Glorious! The girls crossed a stream on a bridge of bucket bottoms so as not to wash it off their shoes. Miss Blodgett jumped a channel about 3 ft. deep in two jumps, mostly the first.

While waiting for the party to assemble at noon we saw two tall figures appearing out of the mist. Some one suggested that it might be Moses and Elijah appearing in a cloud. On their approach they proved to be Mr. Brode and Mr. Coghill.

Dinner on the beach as usual.

On the way home when the wagon reached the hill out of the Harbor toward the camp, the whipple-tree broke and the wagon started down hill backwards. Miss Sharples, with rare presence of mind, put on the brake, while the driver seized the horses by the heads. No one was hurt and we walked the rest of the way home, getting there very warm. The men walked all the way home and arrived there warm too. Some stopped for a salt-water swim at Argyle.

June 30 Thursday All are employed at home today. Miss Hancock wrote 6 letters. Mr. Carver and Miss Sharples went collecting among the piles up at the Harbor. Mr. Hungate looks homesick. Mr. Pope made 13 trips to the Harbor.

July 1, Friday Mr. Illingworth and his shot-gun arrived. Dredged in Deer Harbor today. This trip will be long remembered for two reasons. (1), Because of the fulfilling of the promise that if you "cast your Brode upon the waters" it will return to you again. Dreams of boyhood days, hot sun, deep shadows, clear brook, deep hole; it was too much, and he plunged. (2), We were witnesses to the Mehner's first quarrel. Oh! That a miserable little camera should come between us - or rather that it should slip away between us and slip quietly away into the blue waters! Well, the fishes want their pictures taken too.

July 2, Saturday Mr. Illingworth went after birds. In trying to get a pail of water Miss Covey pulled the faucet out of the water tank. The Jap came to her assistance. She stood with her thumb in the hole while the Jap went up town to

the blacksmith shop and got a faucet(at least time seemed long). Meanwhile she tried to keep the dock dry by catching the spillings in her shoes, but they would not hold it. They fixed it, but she had to be hung out to dry for a while.

July 3, Sunday. Camp well represented in S.S. today. There was a good deal of excitement over the supposed new arrival but it turned out to be Mr. Carver minus his mustache. Funny tho to see members of the party look askance to see what the new man looked like. Miss Hubbard did not know him until some one told her when she asked about him. How young a man looks without a mustache. It never occurred to me (a man) before why women do not have them. Miss Hancock and Mr. Johnson made out the 4th of July program.

#### THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

The approach of the national birthday threw the inhabitants of the marine station into fervors of patriotic enthusiasm, and a committee designated for this purpose drew up plans for the occasion which threatened to eclipse those that had been outlined by the populous city of Friday Harbor. Only unforeseen circumstances prevented the carrying out of this splendid fete in detail. The events of the day may be outlined as follows:

4:30 A.M. Sunrise Salute (21 guns)

This feature was somewhat marred owing to the fact that the guns requisitioned for this purpose failed to arrive in time and moreover the gunners detailed for this purpose did not awake till after the glorious orb of heaven had travelled much above the eastern horizon. To fulfill in some measure the obligations involved in this part of the program a number of fire-crackers were lit and thrown into the tent of the would-be gunners. The results were highly satisfactory to those stationed outside the tent.

At 7:30 the patriotic party breakfasted and made ready to enjoy the magnificent spectacle furnished by the naval parade which was outlined as follows:

#### Order of Procession

U.S. Cutter - "Arcata"

U. S. Cutter - "Guard"

Royal Barge, the flagship of Admiral Romine

Flotilla of small boats.

This feature was somewhat marred owing to the fact that the U. S. Cutters "Guard" and "Arcata" were unavoidable absent and the Royal Barge, lacking sufficient motive power, was out of commission. The weather being somewhat heavy the small boats were not available for the occasion. As a stimulus to the imagination this event was a brilliant success, as the possibilities of the occasion could hardly be overestimated.

At 11:00 A.M. the assemblage gathered to listen to the literary program which was as follows:

Song -----"The Star Spangled Banner"

Oration ----Trevor Kincaid

Song ----"America"

This part of the program was also somewhat hampered owing to the fact that the orator of the day was suffering from a severe indisposition. He was, in fact, very much indisposed. This feature was also very stimulating to the imagination as anyone could readily imagine what he would have said under the circumstances.

At 1:00 P.M. a very satisfactory part of the proceedings transpired. At this hour a sumptuous repast was spread in the spacious dining hall of the station, and about the festive board were gathered those indigenous to the camp, and also a number of persons from the outer world who were interested in the welfare of the institution including Lieut. Cutter and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Culver. Miss Sharples presided at the banquet board in a very happy manner as toastmistress of the occasion and several hours passed away in festivity and good fellowship.

At 3:30 the members of the party assembled in Warbass' hay-field to compete for honors in the Field Meet, which included all the events ordinarily scheduled for such an occasion. Suffice it to say that in the 100 yard dash, the broad

jump, the half-mile run, the high jump and relay race, records were established which contestants at future celebrations of the same character will find it difficult if not impossible to surpass.

At 5:00 P.M. it had been planned to present aquatic sports, of which the majority of those present at the station were ardent patrons, in the form of a Regatta. Owing to lassitude due to the arduous exertions of the field meet, combined with unpropitious weather, this feature was abandoned.

At 6:30 P.M. the party partook of lunch.

At 10:00 P.M. the celebration closed with a display of fireworks of great magnificence. The royal barge was used as a float from which to display this brilliant pyrotechnic exhibition. Some slight disappointment was incurred among the spectators from the fact that the makers of these fulminary productions, in their haste to enrich themselves, had failed to supply sufficient of the necessary explosive compounds, and as a result the Roman candles were not as violent as could have been desired, and the pin-wheels refused to perform their expected functions and sputtered an angry refusal to those who would have coaxed them into greater activity.

Before retiring to their tents the members restored their wasted energies with a carbohydrate diet in the form of fudges. Thus closed this arduous, brilliant, and never-to-be forgotten day.

Three new members arrived: Mr. Moon, who had been long expected, reached the station in time to justice to the dinner and to help stir fudge. While going down to the Harbor in the afternoon Mr. Hungate was very much surprised to find his wife and Baby Joe sitting by the roadside. Mr. Hungate looks several degrees happier.

July 5 Tuesday Started early in the morning for San Juan Channel. Dredged around there until noon. Ate lunch at an old lime kiln along the east shore of San Juan Island.

After lunch a party consisting of Misses Corey, Hancock, Hubbard, and Covey, Messrs. Pope, Foster, Platt, and Sharp started out to explore the island. Miss Hancock grew weary and lay down by the wayside to rest but the others made their way over fallen logs, thru brake and brush, to the top of San Juan Mt. On the way down Mr. Sharp fell off a log that was raised from the ground somewhat and covered with shrubs. He rolled underneath. Somebody came along before he could get out and saw him there. "Hello, what are you doing under there?" "Oh hunting strawberries."

The rest of the party dredged around the Wasp Islands until about 4P.M. and then picked up the shore party and all sailed for the camp.

July 6, Wednesday Early in the morning all went in boats to Prospect Point to do shore work while the tide was out. Lots of the big red sea-urchins, the twenty-rayed star fishes, sea weeds galore. Got the big devil-fish. In the afternoon we took care of the catch.

Mr. Coghill went home. Children sick. Suspect he was a little homesick too.

July 7, Thursday Early start for President Channel, scraping the barnacles off the bottom of San Juan Channel on the way. Our first experience in deep water. Found it hard to keep the line down. Many of us will remember for some time how it feels to wind up 1000 feet of wire cable with a sack of rocks and shells at the end of it. Sea weeds scarce as hens teeth.

Landed at the Island Lime works at noon and ate a big lunch from a pole seat and a log table. Cooked coffee on the forge of the lime works' blacksmith - an unlooked-for luxury. After dinner we spent a few minutes looking over the plant, seeing how they blast out the rock, how it is taken to the kiln, how they fire the kiln, and how the lime is put into barrels. Perhaps the most interesting part of the lime business to most, was the making of the barrels.

Dredged all afternoon in deep water. At 4:30 spread all gasoline for home. Spread a good deal more of it trying to get up to dock. (You bet!)

Illingworth's gun went home and took him along. (General rejoicing!!)

July 8, Friday Often and long have we gazed upon the gray, smoky tops of Mt. Constitution and The Turtle. Today we climb the former. At 6 o'clock all were ready and boarded the launch for Olga from which the climb was begun.

The sky was cloudless, the water of the deepest blue, and our launch glided up to the dock promptly at 9 o'clock. Excited by our anticipations we disembarked as speedily as possible and hastened up to one of the stores to enquire the way to reach Mt. Constitution, the distance, etc.etc. The answers were as various as the questions. The storekeeper and living encyclopedia of the village, directed us which road to follow and we started anxious to reach the top as soon as possible. Prof. Kincaid, Miss Blodgett, Mr. Pope, and Miss Corey led; Miss Hubbard and Mr. Foster brought up the rear. After an hour and a half of easy climbing we reached Mt. Lake and stopped for lunch. The real climbing began here. Miss Blodgett and Miss Corey still led the way, vying with each other to see which would reach the top first. The rest of the party was scattered along the trail in various stages of fatigue.

All reached the summit, tired but exultant. The view from the top was picturesque rather than grand. The forest-covered islands, emerald to the water's edge, seemed gems upon the bosom of the water. Beyond were mountains which were dimly visible thru the hazy atmosphere; while the first breath of the crisp, aromatic air, a blending of the odors of the mountain, sea and forest, can never be forgotten.

The descent was much more easily and speedily accomplished than the ascent. The first up were the last down. Verily, "The last shall be first and the first last". Time too short to collect, and the walk too great for the time. At 5 all were on board, the whistle blew, and we started for home. A more tired crowd it would be hard to find; but happy; Miss Corey and Miss Blodgett happy to be able to reach the top first, and the rest happy that they reached the top at all. Thanks to Mrs. Hungate we found supper ready when we got back, but too tired to eat much, each one hurried to his tent.

Mr. Grumling came. Found him waiting for us on the dock when we gasolined in.

The sky a beautiful blue,  
The mountain a smokier hue,  
The boat with a cradle-like rock  
'Till we glided up 'long side the dock.

A walk thru the fir and the brake,  
A lunch by the side of the lake,  
A precipitous climb, and a rest,  
A magnificent view from the crest.

The descent thru the forest and fern,  
The excellent lunch at the turn,  
The voyage home o'er the deep,  
The supper. The tent. Asleep.

A. Nonymous.

July 9, Saturday. Those who were not too stiff and sore to get about went dredging on the Salmon Banks S. of San Juan Island. The water was pretty rough outside the channels where the waves had a clear sweep in from the Strait; came in over the sides of the boat occasionally but everybody watched to get on the other side when a big breaker came, so as not to get wet. Water shallow, and sand bottom. Algae without number, whole dredges full and filled in a few minutes. A near view of the fish traps was interesting.

For lunch we had to get into quieter waters and so sought a bay S. of Argyle, where we landed by the boat in a very shallow place. Rowed in. While some of the men helped to make coffee others tried to get at the nest of a hell-diver in the bank near by. Glorious dinner on beach logs with beach boards for plates.

Mopped the bottom of the bay after dinner. Got several sacks of clean shells. Shot at several ducks. (These ducks were -----divers.Frye) Great sport both for the men and the ducks.

July 10, Sunday The blues attended S.S. After dinner the camp was all confusion, everybody was getting ready to go to Roche Harbor. There were rolls of blankets to get ready; there were boxes of eatables to fix and load, and there was a tent to pull down for the ladies of the party. At five the procession was ready to move, and off we were.

We reached Roche Harbor just as the sun was sinking behind the mountains, or rather reached the camping ground which was on Mosquito Pass, very properly so named, as we found out later. The pot was set to boiling, the tent was pitched, and the men looked about for some mossy bank or sequestered spot on which they might sleep for the night. Profs. Kincaid and Frye visited the City to present their passports or for other reasons. A lot of campfire songs on the beach ended the day, and everybody turned in.

Johnson, knowing Landes' experience in roughing it, kept his weather eye on him, thinking he would select an advantageous spot. He chose a spot on the very edge of the bank along the beach, reasoning that being so near the water, the salty breezes would keep back the mosquitos. Romine and Kincaid thought he used good logic and cast their lot with him. Moon, Frye, and others, defying the mosquitos, went farther into the woods into a cow path, while some slept on the open and windy point.

It took Romine a remarkably long time to make himself comfortable for the night. Each little pebble and root seemed to interfere with his peace of mind and body. On the other hand Kincaid was the first to turn his face to the starry heavens and sing the praises of his couch. Yet an inspection of Kincaid's resting place showed that there were a large number of roots and rough places, but he "didn't notice them at all". It must be that Romine touched all over while Kincaid touched only at certain triangulated points. The members of the group were separated somewhat. Along in the night Johnson was awakened by the feeling that there was a large animal approaching thru the woods. He decided that it must be a cow and feeling that it was dangerously near he loudly shouted "Shoo! Shoo!" Like an echo Kincaid shouted "Shoo! Shoo!" The cow then visited Frye and Moon, to relieve them of the monotony of fighting mosquitoes. The next morning Kincaid accused Johnson of trying to stampede the cow over him. Of those who had taken to the woods Mr. Moon was somewhat disfigured but smiling. His face was swollen and his eyes were red. He said that between the mosquitoes and the cow he had not slept a wink.

July 11, Monday Early in the morning we were in small boats on our way to Ship Island. This island presents a most remarkable appearance when viewed from a distance of 6 to 10 miles; representing very accurately a war vessel, a cruiser, for instance with two funnels and a fighting mast. The deception was so clever that it took several who knew the truth some time to convince me (the writer) of it. The funnels and masts were weather-beaten firs. Ship Island and the adjacent reefs were rich in material specially molluscs, star fishes, myopods, and algae.

In the afternoon a small party, including Prof. Kincaid, and--- rowed southward to explore the coast, returning towards evening with empty pails and smiling countenances.

Prof. Frye, Flett, Foster, Pope, and Miss Corey planned to visit the salt swamps S. of town. Mr. Pope and Miss Corey stopped at the lime works first, then started out to find the salt marsh. They came near a house and found an orchard full of large, ripe, tempting cherries; thought they would help themselves. But alas, as Mr. Pope reaches to get one his hat touches a branch and tingle,tingle tingle go bells all over the orchard. On closer observation they see that the whole orchard is covered with strings stretched from tree to tree and on each string is tied a small bell. This was too much for the honest Pope, so with cherries untouched, he and his companion passed on to some currants, without strings



and bells. They helped themselves, but just as they were ready to leave they heard a loud voice calling to them. Pope's hand was searching for his purse, when he discovered that the owner of the voice was Dr. Frye. He and Mr. Flett had alone found the swamplet.

As evening approached we looked in vain for our beloved Captain, for we had planned to spend that night on Stewart Island. Later we pitched the tents again, and staid on the same ground another night. A feature of the evening was a continued story by the members of the party as they were seated around the camp-fire.

July 12, Tuesday The launch, after being weather bound during the night, arrived pretty early for a cool morning. Breakfast, consisting of cheese sandwiches, was eaten on board the launch on the way over to Stewart Island, and we got there in time to do shore collecting during the early ebb tide. Miss Covey and Miss Hancock staid in the boat to care for Baby Joe. He had serious objections to do large a cradle so was taken on shore where Mr. Johnson had built a large bonfire. Shortly before lunch Mr. Landes and Mr. Johnson found a cherry orchard and brought some cherries back to camp. A number of the party then started for more and bought enough for the whole crowd, and some to take home. In the afternoon we dredged in the rough water just outside the bay. While going out one of the boats got loose, and we left it to be picked up when we got back later. The rancher thought we had lost it and picked it up and demanded salvage. He could not convince us however that he had saved our boat. We had to wait a while for the wind to go down before starting home, and it looked once as if we would have to stay on the island over night, even tho we had exhausted our store of food.

About 5, we started, and it was rough enough then. The small boats were carefully lashed to the launch while the royal barge was towed behind. It seemed at times as if it and its sole occupant, Dr. Frye, would be swallowed by the foaming waves. To add to the excitement one of the boats got loose from the launch and Mr. Flett and Mr. Mehner went back after it. Much to his disgust Capt. Douglass had to turn back after them. After being robbed and tossed about in the trough of the waves our two brothers were once more on board the Dolly D. Then Mr. Carver insisted on going back to Dr. Frye. We tried hard to dissuade him, but he loosed the white boat and was off. After some excitement he made the barge and all once more went well, and homeward. There were several light attacks of sea sickness; Miss Covey is said to have repented of more sins than she had in all the summer Sundays put together. Many were very glad to get on terra firma again.

July 13, Wednesday All at home today. In order that the social side of our natures might not be neglected it was decided to have an impromptu social evening. Accordingly we gave our faces an extra washing and repaired to the dining hall at about 7:00 in the evening where games, jokes and reminiscences were the order of the hour. Admiral Romine had to write an important letter so was unable to be present. This happened every once in a while with the Admiral.

If "Grandfather" hadn't "lots his hatchet" it would have been easier to answer the question "How did he crow" about the much-discussed rooster. Prof. Kincaid was so absent minded that he invariably raised his hands when the order was "hands down".

July 14, Thursday. dawned lowering and misty. At an early hour the Marine Station party boarded the Dolly D. and the Royal Barge with all their impedimenta. The Pope was left at home for discipline, and to reflect upon the punishment that invariably follows insubordination. This was the initial trip of Mr. Grumbling—a pessimistic dupping of optimistic personality, for he turned out to be one of the best and most tractable little boys in the party.

After our craft had got well out to mid-sea it began to mist. About 9:00 we landed at Waldron Island in a small bay north and west of cement point. After a severe arraignment of the boatswains of our Party by Capt. Douglass, for digging the paint off his launch, we landed and improvised a temporary lodge for the ladies and Baby Joe. Some of the men, Miss Sharples in the vanguard, took boats and rounded Cement Point, in quest of shore life. Prof. Grumbling filled his pockets with all the living things he found, including three fine specimens of Strongylo-

centrotus faneiscamus, the names of which weighed so heavily that he tried to get even with Mr. Romine by surreptitiously placing in his bucket three large stones for him to carry back to the lodge. Brittle starfishes, nudibranchs, and the corals found in deep water at other places in the archipelago were abundantly found. Returning to camp the party lunched in a sort of forest grotto. The repast went by without anything unusual save much comment upon Miss Corey's brigg-bats, which may not inaptly be termed a new race or variety of hard-tack, without the latter's objectionable toothsome qualities.

After lunch two parties began to scale the heights of Cement Point. One party consisted of Misses Hubbard and Covey and Mr. Romine; the other of Messrs. Grumbling, Brode and Carver. Agassiz's scaling of the Jungfrau was a belittling circumstance compared with the ascensive exercises of the first party. Many places were found where the goats in endeavoring to pass over the dizzy abruptnesses had been precipitated to the chasms below in instant death. The party did not detour these, but carving out footholds in the scarps, passes over in safety, and with that exhilarating experience that comes to the triumphant mountaineer as she reflects upon what might have been her fate at any moment. After an hour's climb the heights were reached. The other party had a more favorable trail, gained the eminence first, and so were down among the crags that overhang the Puget Sea, exploring for the eyries of the gulls. They succeeded in finding many nests, some of which contained the callow nestlings, others unhatched eggs. Mr. Brode went upon the heights to gallant the ladies to a gull's nest containing eggs; when he put in his evidence with the fair he found that Grumbling and Romine had turned marauders, and each appropriated one of the two eggs in the objective nest. It actually brought tears to Mr. Grumbling's eyes as he recited to the approaching Brode in plaintive notes why he took an egg containing pipping young. As he held the egg in his outstretched hand and exhorted, in the name of his beloved science, that he took it in the interest of Natural History, one could see that he had been up against a shell game before.

If the ascent was perilous the descent was inconvenient. It had begun to pour, but it was one of those delightful Puget Sound rains that never wet.

Meanwhile the rest of the party had been dredging. It required but a few minutes to reach the base of the mountain, and then the party was all aboard for the Sucias. After an hour's sailing the party landed. It was still raining. Fortunately three deserted calf sheds looked a welcome with their open doors. One became a dining hall, another a ladies dormitory, and a third a gent's sleeping hall. The men soon had a roaring fire going. Along pole was propped up to form a clothes line near the fire, and on it a miscellaneous collection of garments was soon steaming, for happily Miss Sharples, in her thoughtfulness, had brought an extra supply of clothing which she distributed among the girls. Occasionally some one would lean against the pole and knock it over, but that was soon remedied, and things would only steam the lustier for it.

One who happened to lie awake that night and listen to the orchestra of nasal chords, remarked that if the music of the spheres was of a similar strain, it certainly would portend a cosmic conflagration. But all in all a reposeful night was spent, and "Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care" refreshed the naturalists for another day's work.

Here at the Sucias Mr. Romine was given his favorite dish-scorched beans. Mrs. Hingate had remained in camp at Waldron Island to cook the beans and when about done went on board. Foster found beans with coals under them and about dry and no one about, so he kindly added water. At the Sucias they were again put on to vaporize the water and so much was driven off that the beans were welded to the bottom of the kettle. Prof. Romine couldn't bear to see them thrown away so he ate them, declaring he liked them. After all, life is a good deal a choice between two evils and in this case it was eat or throw away burned beans.

July 15, Friday. Last night Prof. Kincaid called to the girls that if they would put their shoes on the dining-room table he would put them by the fire to dry this morning. Miss Corey did as he suggested with unfortunate results. Morning light found the shoes full of water. She, in the darkness, had put them too near the edge of the roof and they were under the drip. However Prof. Kincaid had an extra pair of rubber logging shoes, too large for him, which he loaned to Miss Blodgett. She said they were just the fit. Mr. Pope had been left at home for "sassing" Capt. Douglass, so Miss Corey had to wear her wet shoes.

Some of the party botanized, some zoologized, and some fossilized.

Mr. Moon wanted the girls to hide him so he wouldn't have to go dredging. Looking into the calendar it was found that it was not time for an eclipse, so Miss Corey took him along to get blackberries. A Moon is hard to hide, even in a blackberry patch, but he was not found, probably because he had stained his face somewhat.

"That boy Grumbling" went out with others in a row boat, and while there is reported to have had visions of the unfortunate ending of the Apostle Paul's voyage to Rome. He did not describe his vision, but from his general bearing it was inferred that he was in a strait betwixt two, having a desire for a firm foundation on the one hand, and a full bucket on the other. Indeed "The breaking waves dashed high, on a stern and rockbound coast." However a change of direction wrought a change of condition and all uneasiness\* vanished as the boat entered the calmer waters.

After dinner Miss Hubbard and Miss Hancock went across the island to the other camp-fire to write letters. Growing tired of this after the first six, Miss Hancock went to sleep. An extremely pretty picture she made, of the delights of camp life, asleep on the sunny beach, the dark woods for a back-ground, and the sunlit sea in the front, and a big stack of magazines on one side. To complete the picture Mr. Foster placed a big green beer bottle beside her. Miss Corey and Mr. Flett were delighted with the scene and spent some time in getting a picture of her, but unfortunately it was spoiled in developing and does not form one of our collection.

At 4 P.M. the party sailed for the Marine Station. The voyage was a memorable one. The sea ran mountains high. The Royal Barge towed behind by the long rope was nagged into fitful attitudes by irate Neptune. Baby Joe got sea-sick and his mother, - well, she didn't. After 4½ hrs. of tempestuous sailing the party was snug in camp again. The experiences of the trip taught that no matter what the humor of the elements may be, a Puget Sound camping party can preserve its optimism and equanimity under circumstances that ordinarily ruffle the human disposition. If this is egotism it is that pardonable kind - collective egotism.

July 16, Saturday All are busy at home today. Dr. Frye and Miss Hubbard are busy mounting algae. Others are doing various things, sorting, painting crabs, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Mehner dug clams and invited the camp to a clam supper. The clams were served in numerous ways, seasoned with jokes and stories, around the Johnson-Landes camp-fire. A fine time, and fine clams, too.

July 17, Sunday Like all scientific men Mr. Grumbling had a well defined plan in all his work. Upon his late arrival in camp, the first intricate problem that presented itself to his scientific mind was the construction of a bed. After spending some time drawing up plans for the framework, he concluded that he could do no better than to adopt, with minor alterations, the plan of Caesar's famous bridge across the Rhine. This made a substantial framework as it was braced securely in all directions. Having completed this piece of engineering he next determined upon the curvature of the bottom, for he despised those beds which were level and covered with fir boughs. The anticlinal curve seemed to him the most suitable, and finding a large barrel the staves of which were already bent into that form, he made the bottom of them. The structure is now complete. No mattress is needed.

\*It is not stated whether the uneasiness was in his top or middle. T.C.Frye

Meantime on rolls Old Sol behind the western firs. The overtoiled "Matri-  
culates" thruout the camp were enjoying peaceful slumber. Not a leaf moved in  
the forest. The gay-plumaged birds of the woods, and Mr. Grumbling, were at rest.  
The full moon was shining into the open tent door and had already reached the top  
of the anticline. Morpheus held the Professor in his arms. This treacherous  
god and perhaps the clams were displeased with the introduction of anticlines, and  
the god looses his hold. Obedient to the laws of gravity the sleeper unGrumb-  
lingly descended from his classic perch into a bandbox, whose elastic sides closed  
around him. There he lay, "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him  
and lies down to pleasant dreams". Soon dreamy sleep left his eyes and he arose,  
trembling, with the bandbox still clinging to him. His trembling hands soon  
grasped his well known couch, the staves were turned, and the bed assumed a syn-  
cline form. Ah! There are better things than a syncline bed, but is one of  
these a bandbox?

July 18, Monday Fair. The following party made a second trip to Orcas Is-  
land for ferns, etc: Frye, Flett, Grumbling, Carver, Pope.....Frye, chief cock,  
Flett, bottle washer.

Pope went around Mountain Lake. The rest of the party gave it up after reach-  
ing the base of Mt. Constitution and came back, hungry as bears. Dis you ever  
crawl for miles thru fallen trees overgrown with ferns and vining blackberries?  
That evening Pope found a cherry orchard and as the owner wasn't on the ground, and  
no dog in sight, he ate some and tempted the rest to do the same.

Slept in the barn that night on some hay. Grumbling very carefully made his  
bed in the middle of the mow, fearing he'd roll out and perhaps hurt some of the  
sheep ten feet below. There wasn't a bandbox handy to roll into. With the  
two larges men, Pope and Frye, on the outside, no one rolled off.

July 19, Tuesday Quiet on the hay mow. About an hour before daylight there  
was a succession of noises resembling a squirrel's bark, a growl and a whistle.  
Carver was awakened. He sat up and in a stage whisper exclaimed "Say, boys what's  
that? Say you asleep?" The noise continued and he slid off the mow to investigate.  
Frye followed. Near by some animal was "shinning" up a tree. It was too dark to  
see, so we talked half an hour until daylight.

We decided that the vistor was a raccoon. Carver pulled off his shoes and  
"shinned" up an almost limbless tree for 60 feet after the animal, demonstrating  
the kinship of man and "coon". The rest of us stood by with clubs and bated breath  
expecting something to drop; it was the "coon" and Grumbling hit him. Carver came  
down and skinned him(the coon) and put the carcass, nicely dressed(also the coon)  
into the lake with a view to keeping it for eating.

After breakfast we went up the mountain. On the way we met the owner of the  
ranch, told him where the "coon" was, and offered it to him as good to eat. We  
were not sure of coon as we might have been, and each one probably felt that the  
others might bluff him into tasting it. Here was a way to find out. The rancher  
kindly declined, intimating that he drew the line at coon.

The party separated on the Mountain. Frye went towards Cascade Lake on a hunt  
for mosses and ferns! On his way back he stopped at a ranch and asked the way of  
the owner, Mrs. Cox. Shortly after Mr. Pope stopped at the same ranch and was in-  
formed that a tramp had just passed who, she was sure, had set a forest fire which  
was raging at a short distance. It was hard to convince her that her tramp was a  
college professor.

Another night in the hay mow. No coon. More cherries.

July 20, Wednesday. About two o'clock in the afternoon the girls who had not  
gone on the dredging trip were frightened by hearing the most dreadful war-whoops.  
They were hurrying down to camp with what few valuables they possessed preparatory  
to barricading the house, when it was discovered that instead of a band of howling  
savages it was the Orcas Island party, returning hungry as beard; they'd done their  
own cooking, you see.

July 21, Thursday Ha, Ha, Ho, Ho! Whoop! Ha, Ha, Ho, Ho, Ha, Ha! Peals of laughter  
from Mr. Flett's tent. What's up? Of course all were anxious to know what caused  
so much hilarity. At breakfast the following story came out.

Last night Mr. Flatt dropped his fountain pen into the spring down town at the foot of the main street and could not find it on account of the darkness. At 4 this morning he arose and went to look for it by daylight before anyone got a chance to pick it up. Returning to the tent about 5 o'clock he went to bed again. All quiet, until the breakfast bell began to sound, when he again arose to battle with the world. As his eyes wandered over table, trunks, bed, a puzzled expression appeared on his face. He then looked under all the articles of clothing, and quilts; then looked at Mr. Carver with suspicion in his eye, as tho he tho't that individual had hidden or stolen some treasure of his. Just as Flett was going to make the accusation he saw himself as others saw him and began to laugh, for he already had on the article of clothing to which the collar is attached and for which he had been so industriously looking.

Mr. Romine had trouble with the salt at breakfast. Yea, Mr. Romine, "If the salt hath lost its savor wherewith shall it be salted".

July 22 Friday Dawn of the Victoria trip. Warned by the solemn injunction of Capt. Douglass to be ready to start at 4:30, we were up at 3:00; so well had we been trained that we were a sleepless crowd for fear that we might not carry out the behest of our beloved commander. For a half hour at the boat house we wondered whether the Capt. had an alarm clock, but at last he came, and changing our black looks to those of sweet simplicity we were soon on board and chugging out of the harbor.

It is best to pass over the events that took place within the hour of our arrival at Sidney. Suffice it to say that thanks to the go-aheaditiveness of Dr. Frye and Prof. Kincaid we were able to obtain our special. When the thing was settled we all felt better. Mr. Moon, in order to impress the natives with his maturity, bought a very black cigar, at the same time obtaining a souvenir for his den. Mr. Grumbling was very much interested on finding a prehistoric earthwork near the depot. The rest of the crowd looked on admiringly to see Prof. Kincaid and Mr. Pope feed chocolates to Miss Blodgett and Miss Corey.

After care had been taken to see that Miss Sharples and the "Admiral" were seated on opposite sides of the coach, the old wood burner, with a squeak and a groan, got under way. The trip to Victoria passed off with nothing more eventful // than the occurrence of 2 hot boxes (on the Admiral's side), and before we knew it we were seated in the Dominion Hotel listening to Mr. Pope tell how good the hay crop was for the year.

Concerning what happened in Victoria it takes too long to tell, how Romine, Moon, and Landes spent the time at the "Poodle-Dog"; how Miss Sharples went shopping; how the rest // nearly ran our legs off trying to do a week's sight-seeing in 4 hours. At 5:45 there was a rush to the station, each one with his little bundle of eatables, tired but happy. We made the return trip to Sidney in safety, not feeling exactly at ease however until we found that the Captain had not carried out his previous threat to maroon us. On our way home we were regaled with very choice specimens of Piggus doughnutiensis var. Corey, while Mr. Pope sang "My sweet Anona" to a rapt audience, until the waves began to come into the launch once in a while. At last we sighted the Harbor, where we remained until Mr. Culver inspected Miss Sharples's cap and Miss Hancock's hat pin. Then to camp and bed.

N.B. Mr. Carver missed his breakfast while waiting for the third bell.

N.B. Dr. Frye could not trust the Hotels of Victoria, so to keep off starvation he carried a boiled egg there and back in his pocket. Fortunately he did not need it, but it is always best to prepare for all emergencies.

July 23, Saturday. All at home today sorting, classifying, or doing shore work.

Mr. Flett spent the day in developing pictures and became so interested that he forgot to come home to lunch. In spite of his protestations to the contrary there are those who will always believe that he had help in the dark room that day.

The little green boat continues to be as popular as ever in Zoological circles.

July 24, Sunday This was an eventful day as Capt. and Mrs. Cutter, and Mr. and Mrs. Culver were entertained at dinner. After dinner all but Miss Sharples went down to the dock and had a picture taken in connection with one of the large kelps.

The Station was well represented at church in the evening. One couple started

at found it too warm, so went home, choosing the longest way for it.

July 25, Monday. The summer school from the University visited the Station today. A lunch was set out for them, but they hardly had time to eat it. Prof. Romine decided to show them how to dig and clean clams, but they were too much hurried to have time to see it and so he hardly got to see them at all. Prof. Kincaid wore a collar in honor of the occasion, and Dr. Frye shaved.

So much trouble has been experienced lately by some of the members in getting a boat just when it was wanted that X took the green one over beyond Warbass' house in the course of the late afternoon and tied it there so that X & Y might have the daily trawling in peace. Considering that X & Y had so much trouble in getting the boat the evening before that they failed to get away at all (by water), it was a very natural expedient.

July 26, Tuesday. The first good-byes were said today when Mr. Johnson and Mr. Landes left.

The dredge went on a trip towards Lopez Island. This was the day that Miss Sharpless got shot so badly --with a camera.

July 27, Wednesday. A second trip was made to Kanaka bay, the only women in the party were Miss Corey and Mrs. Brode.

The blues having won in the S.S. contest it was decided to have the ice-cream social before we left camp. The Station was represented at the social by Covey, Hancock, Corey, Pope, Foster, Arner, and I. When Mr. Pope and Miss Corey reached the dock to go home they found that some one had rowed away with their boat and left them either to walk home or to return in the heavy leaky boat of Lichtenburgs. They walked altho it was gently raining. When the party got home they were treated to candy by Mrs. Hungate and Mr. Moon. It was a very choice quality of sweetened sawdust, but they did not realize it. Their appetites or tastes had probably been impaired by the social perhaps. 6 weeks out of doors will do wonders with one's appetite. July 28, Thursday.

All were busy packing preparatory to breaking camp. Promptly at 10:30 we waved farewells to Mr. and Mrs. Hungate, Miss Sharpless, Miss Hubbard and Mr. Foster. More trouble over the green boat.

July 29, Friday. All who were left went to the dock to see the Admiral off. We stood on the dock and waved our last goodbyes as Capt. Douglass and his beloved launch bore the Admiral away in the Royal Barge.

Altho there are a number left the camp seems strangely deserted and all can now sit around one table. Miss Hancock and Miss Corey made a few farewell calls; almost every one is busy packing and getting things ready for moving.

July 30, Saturday. All were too busy or too sad to think of anything except the good time they have had at the Marine Station. That memories lie buried there or what sotries the little green boat could tell will never be known. At last all the tents except the Brode's were down, and all were on their way to the Harbor - some in boats and some along the oft-traveled trail thru the woods. When we were all aboard the Lydia Thompson we waved a last farewell to the Brodes and to Friday Harbor. There is a good deal of sadness in breaking away from our summer's camp.

Once out of sight of the familiar shore our thots are recalled by a very dainty lunch which had been prepared by the thotful ones, and a great big water-melon donated by Prof. Kincaid. A pleasant trip and an exceptionally shore trip too. When we reached Seattle each departed for his own ranch. Prof. Grumbling took the Flier to his home in Tacoma. It was a pleasant summer, and all were sorry to see the close.

#### Addenda

The kettle which could not retain its equilibrium caused the cooks much trouble. All three can relate experiences with it. One interesting occasion found Mrs. Hungate covered with chagrin, Baby Joe with ashes, and the stove with hot mush.

Summary of a few pages from diary of C.M. Grumbling. 7-18-04  
Left camp at 8 A.M. for Mt. Constitution, Orcas Island, to botanize, Prof.

Frye in charge with Flett, Carver, Moon and Grumbling. Prof. Kincaid had charge of "Royal Barge", Miss Sharpless of Port Townsend with crew on barge.

7-19-04

Botanical party named above set out for Mt. Constitution, reaching Mountain Lake at noon. After dinner botanized around the lake, Frye making a specialty of mosses; Flett of ferns; Pope of trees and Carver and Grumbling busy with general explorations and investigations. Pope in his excursion alone went clear around the lake. Frye, Carver, Flett and Grumbling nearly to end then ascended part of Mt. Constitution over rocks, logs, encountering difficulties as great according to Flett as in making ascent of Mt. Tacoma. At last found an old trail now abandoned leading back to camp - found on way an abandoned shack of miner who had evidently been prospecting for copper. Saw paths and lairs of deer - found Pope at outlet of lake where a dam had been built to raise water in lake to serve as reservoir for mill at Newhall. Returned in the evening to camp, Frye with sack of mosses; Grumbling with a large pack of plants, including some fine ferns, in his improvised herbarium. Pope and Carver likewise had numerous collections.

Late at night, while sleeping in Matson's barn all were suddenly aroused by a terrific noise - a succession of unearthly screams. Some wild animals were evidently contending for supremacy. Carver sallied forth, half-dressed, treed one of the animals on a tall young fir 1 ft. or more in diameter but immensely high. Next morning the animal could be seen among the branches. Flett thought it was a small bear; others that it might be a large raccoon. To explore the mystery, two long ladders were spliced and from the top of them Carver made the ascent. When near the ~~top of the tree~~ animal, it climbed higher and Carver kept following. Finally Carver lost the club he had in his belt, and the mysterious animal was now in the swaying top of the tall fir. Thither Carver climbed and shook the top until the animal lost its hold and fell to the ground. Then it was that the writer "made the hit" for which another in his diary gives him credit. He did not hit the raccoon after it had fallen on a log and broken its back. The "coon" did not get away. Carver has since "tanned his hide," and preserves the mounted specimen at Buckley as a trophy. If this version does not quite tally with that previously given the discrepancy must be charged to the writer's imitation of Capt. John Smith, who had a "peculiar regard to ye truth."

As "nothing human is alive" according to Horace, I might add that the barn referred to was built by a Mr. Matson, who was an industrious Swede. He worked hard to earn himself a home out of the mountain side. But excessive toil undermined his health and his frame gave way. His fruit-bearing orchard, garden, flocks, furnished house, meadows, etc. are still in evidence. Rev. Dyer used to preach to him (as he tells me) in the school house near Newhall and County Atty. Wynn tells me he has the keys to the house and is settling the estate. But I have wandered far from

Some of the Ferns found on Mt. Constitution

*Cryptogramme achrostichoides* (Rock Brake)  
*Polypodium hesperinum*  
*Asplenium Felix-femina* (Lady fern) or *Athyrium cyclosum*  
*Pellaea densa* Hook (Cliff brake)  
*Aspidium spinulosum dilatatum* Hook. (Shield fern)  
*Woodsia schropulina* Eaton  
*Cystopteris fragilis* Bernharde (Bladder fern)  
*Polypodium falcatum* Kellogg (Liquorice fern)  
*Aspidium munitum* (Christmas fern)  
*Gymnogramme triangularis*, Kaulfuss (Golden fern)  
*Adiantum pedatum* (Maiden hair fern)  
*Pteris aquilina* (Common brake)

The credit for naming these ferns is due mainly to Prof. J. B. Flett who has spent many years on the coast as a specialist.

I shall also at the risk of being that somewhat pedantic give a list on next page of all the evergreens found on the islands. This credit belongs to Pope and Flett largely.

List of Coniferae found in San Juan Co.

On account of the supreme modesty of my associates who have studiously refrained from recording any scientific notes lest they might be regarded as posing as scientists, I here record for the benefit of those who may be interested in the trees of these islands, as far as explored, the list of the party as preserved by Mr. Pope, a student from the State University of Iowa.

*Taxus brevifolia*  
*Juniperus virginiana*  
*Thuja gigantea*  
*Abies grandis*  
*Pseudo-tsuga douglassii*  
*Tsuga heterophylla*  
*Picea sitchensis*  
*Pinus monticola*  
*Pinus contorta*

The writer would be pleased to have any one of the party furnish the names of additional ferns or trees or make any needed corrections. For the present he withholds his list of names of marine fauna in which he was chiefly interested lest he too completely overdo this diary business. We certainly had a "feast of reason and a flow of soul" and too much cannot be said for the way Professors Kincaid and Frye conducted the work of the Marine Station.

Respectfully submitted by C.M.Grunbling, Tacoma