

June 27th, 1928

Mr. Edward F. Nelson,
C/o The Associated Press,
Telegram Building,
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Mr. Nelson,

Enclosed I am sending you a sketch covering some of Mrs. Binley's experiences. I do not know whether this is what you want, but if not you can either re-write it or make suggestions, and we can go over it again. There is enough material so as to make a good sketch.

I am also sending you some photographs that can be used. Please return those you do not want

Be sure and let me know whenever any of this material is used.

Sincerely yours,

WLF/S

FRANK B. NOYES,
WASHINGTON STAR
PRESIDENT

FREDERICK I. THOMPSON,
MOBILE (ALA.) REGISTER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

W. J. PAPE,
WATERBURY (CONN.) REPUBLICAN
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The Associated Press.

PORTLAND, OREGON
TELEGRAM BUILDING

June 13, 1928.

William L. Finley, Esq.,
Jennings Lodge,
Oregon.

Dear Mr. Finley:

If you can get up an interesting article on Mrs. Finley's work--and I am sure you can--I would be very glad to get it, together with a picture layout. I would suggest a picture of her in connection with some of her animal subjects, and also a closeup of her face.

The matter which I sent in about you has not yet come back. Sometimes it takes some months for these articles to get set up and distributed. HOWEVER, it has been sent to our headquarters and will appear in due time.

The biographical sketch of you which I prepared was not intended for immediate publication, but was for our biographical service which includes sketches of notables in all parts of the world.

It might be interesting for you to know that I was asked to send in a list of then ten most prominent persons in this territory, not already represented in the biographical list, and the only one ~~xxxxxxx~~ that they cared to get a sketch on was yourself.

Sincerely yours,
Edward F. Nelson
Correspondent.

(A) MEANS ASSOCIATED PRESS

Gen. Edward F. Nelson, Associated Press, July 21, 1928
Portland Oregon June 28 - 1928 + 5 photos.

Line + Bentley
" anti
" on Mt. Rainier
" "
" white crests

IRENE FINLEY

Take a hundred thousand homes scattered through all the states in the Union, and you could not find a woman who has had a more varied line of ^{best kind} experiences than Irene Finley. More than twenty years as a field naturalist, photographer, and writer have been crowded with thrilling adventures. She has ridden the Arizona range, cruised the Texas coast in the wake of a tidal wave, filmed rattlesnakes, packed over the roof of the Rocky Mountains and through the forests of the Cascade Range, climbed to the summit of Mt. Rainier, fourteen thousand feet high, discovering an Alpine chipmunk living alone in the rocks of the crater, and explored the glaciers and ice caverns of Mt. Hood and Mt. Jefferson. As a member of several exploring expeditions, she has canoed the treacherous rapids of British Columbia, and camped on the Pribilof Islands far up in the Bering Sea, the home of Aleuts, blue foxes and fur seals. She has faced a Kodiak bear with only the protection of a camera, explored the crater of volcanic Bogoslof Island just before it erupted, and she narrowly escaped as one of the members of a landing party that was wrecked on the shore of Unimak Island in the Aleutian Chain.

This escape from the treacherous Arctic waters was one of the exciting events of the Bering Sea Expedition on the Yacht Westward, owned by Campbell Church, an exploring cruise under the auspices of the United States Bureau of Fisheries and the American Nature Association. While cruising the Aleutian Chain, Mrs. Finley accompanied a scouting party that put off on the north coast of Unimak Island. Attempting to enter the mouth of a small river

to photograph Kodiak bears that are accustomed to fish for salmon, the small boats edged cautiously toward the sea of tumbling breakers caused by the precipitous rush of the river against the incoming surf. Caught in the mad cross current, the leading boat turned turtle while its occupants struggled in the combers that are born of icebergs. Escaping by a hair's breadth, they had to desert the stranded boats and part of their valuable equipment to the fate of the sea.

This was merely the fortune of one day, and having survived, Mrs. Finley tried stalking an old Kodiak bear the following morning, on the treeless slope at the base of Shishaldin Volcano. Behind tufts of grass she crawled, with Mr. Finley, to within fifty yards of the bear as he fed along the ridge. Without being detected, they followed cautiously out on the tundra. At the click of the camera, the huge monster reared up to view strangers he had never seen before; then lunged toward the photographers. For a brief moment it looked like facing death, but the old bear with his unpopular reputation for aggressiveness was merely back-tracking the trail he had come down. He dashed by under the click of the cameras and on up the slope to his mountain haunts.

"These adventures make life worth living", says Mrs. Finley, who, besides keeping a home and bringing up two children, has mothered all kinds of wild children. No unfortunate or stray bird or animal is ever turned away from her door hungry, and it is likely that she has brought up more bottle babies than any woman in the world. When one calls at her country home on the Willamette River, he must be prepared to be greeted by a slim dignified

antelope named Ante, or a prickly porcupine called Dinty, or Bob, a big calm bobcat, and especially Don Q., a small California quail personage, who inspects the visitor's shoes and croons over them if they are tan. In fact, one is likely to meet almost any kind of a well bred wild child here from a hummingbird to a bear cub.

And between times, Mrs. Finley has found time to be co-author with Mr. Finley, field naturalist for the American Nature Association, of many magazine articles and two books, "Little Bird Blue," and a recent one, "Wild Animal Pets," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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