

23 July. wind from west for first time. The other days the wind has been from the north.

11. The following is an authentic description by Mr. Richard Olson of the activities of the caribou at Schroder Lake July 20 and was recorded at the time of observation. "More than 1,000 caribou in a compact herd, its front ascending me with curiosity across the stream at 30 yards distance. They were mangy and of very drab color - a motley animal at this time of year - some were buff, dirty yellow, deep brown, but most were spotted and mangy, as the heavy winter's fur sluffs off, revealing a shorter, smooth new coat. They were grunting, snickering, puffing, coughing wheezing, wagging and shaking their rumps, scratching with a hind leg or biting their sides. They ran fast one moment as if in escape or pursuit, then the next moment idled over a tuft of grass chewing and shaking and wiggling, biting and scratching. Many limped carrying a broken leg or damaged leg lamely, obviously unable to keep pace with the great migration for long. Most of them with but a pair of small hornlike antlers rising 6 or 8 inches over their thin flopping ears. Some with huge, treelike, branching growths of antlers - the size of rocking chairs. Many calves trotting and stumbling by at the heels of the does.

I count 5,000 in the space of 1 1/2 hours while I sat quietly on the stream bank. They are passing along the opposite side of the canyon, then wheeling across the river 100 yards above me. But they are startled, then confused when I remove my jacket as the cloudy sky breaks open and the sun streams down. They mill uncertainly in one direction then another, but fear the crossing. Eventually they mill down the canyon until the front is but 30 yards from where I sit quietly. The stream continues to flow into this herd - 2,000 or more, I calculated, although I have stopped counting them now and am watching the caribou front, as it watches me, with curiosity only. Finally, the herd crosses the river. Others follow and the stream is once again in motion.

Now they collect on my side of the river where there is less space. Then numbers increase but they still seem undecided as to direction. Now they are only 20 paces away - immediately behind me - seemingly at ease, unconcerned by my presence - perhaps not aware of it now as they have